

Shadows of the

WIK™

the World of Darkness



"Last night, right, I dreamed I was drowning in a river of blood. It was slow-moving, like, and full of bones.

I just knew it wasn't fresh, neither —
it'd been pouring out of a deep gash in the land for millennia.

And then I woke up and it was back to the real river of blood, back to this place full of ghosts older'n most countries and spirits what've eaten century after century full of war.

"Whole country's a boneyard, mate.
An' here we are pickin' our way among the bones."
— Emmy Longham, Bone Shadow

This book includes:

- A look at the United Kingdom of the World of Darkness, from the bloody secrets of its long-ago history to the most current threats lurking in London's shadows
- An elaborate treatment of the UK's werewolves, from new lodges, rituals and traditions to the strange entities that they hunt and that hunt them in turn
- Information on the concerns and key figures of Britain's vampire and mage population



the World
of Darkness®



Shadows of the

WIK™

BY AARON DEMBSKI-BOWDEN, HOWARD INGHAM, CHARLES WENDIG AND STEWART WILSON
WORLD OF DARKNESS® CREATED BY MARK REIN-HAGEN

Codes of Blood

The roof of the parking lot was deserted when the five werewolves reached the top. Above them, the night sky was lost in a caul of grey cloud and the glare from London's light pollution

"I can't believe we're actually doing this " Eddie said again "I mean we already know this is a trap right? Sure we do The spirits for miles around will just be singing about how clever we were for springing this one I bet even the Blackjack Dozen hear about it " Eddie was six foot three of underweight Rahu He looked like the gangly skinny nerd he was but he had a vicious temper a tendency to forget that *the People Shall Not Murder the People* and an inability to keep his mouth shut

"No more Last Vengeance " Xiaolan Luna's Shine held up a slender hand and shook her head "No more words until we are done " The Chinese accent colored her words

"Sure boss " Eddie nodded He smoothed out a crease in his jogging suit "Just saying is all "

The pack walked on in silence fanning out across the roof of the parking lot in perfect predatory formation Hunter's instinct guided their steps as the pack moved fluidly, each member always no more than a dozen feet away from two others

"Shine? I've got something here " Instantly every head turned to face Rajesh except for Eddie's who instinctively began scanning the rest of the rooftop while his pack focused their attention elsewhere Xiaolan Luna's Shine felt her skin prickle as she stepped closer to where Rajesh knelt The Cahalith ran his fingertips through his slick-backed, black hair and nodded to the pack leader. "See here? This graffiti?" He gestured to the low wall around the edge of the roof where a strange symbol — a name in the First Tongue — was splattered among the mundane message of who was fucking whom and when they'd been here "That symbol is done in Mark's blood I'd know the scent anywhere yeah?"

Xiaolan narrowed her eyes The rest of the pack sensed the change in their alpha but only Eddie spoke As he talked, he still watched the deserted roof in a perfect example of hunter's intuition

"I hate always being right Didn't I say this was a trap?"

"Shhh." Xiaolan raised a slender finger to her lips and forced a smile for the young Rahu "Calm down This is the proof that we needed; the proof that our contact has the knowledge we need You worry too much "

"Heads up innit?" Rajesh asked with a grin "Going to have company soon " His eyes were blue green uncommon in Bangladeshi men and they flashed with his anticipation.

"No doubt about that " The young Chinese woman nodded curtly "Fan out When it comes I want us ready for any trouble Spiral and Ghost Howler will do the talking " Karen twisting her blonde ponytail nodded Rajesh stood and walked over to her clearly relishing the chance to speak with what was coming

Xiaolan continued "Clicks and I will distract and if possible disable the contact if he becomes an opponent Last Vengeance you will deliver the killing blow from behind if it is needed Spiral and Ghost Howler are to remain back from the fighting and exploit any weaknesses they see in the creature's technique Everyone get ready and try to keep each other alive "

The air began to thrum with the uncomfortable presence of something alien something ancient and unknown in the modern world trying to make itself known

"We're not going to be able to kill this Shine " Clicks shook his head "You know that Even with Mark this is way beyond us "

"One chance brothers and sisters " Xiaolan Luna's Shine rolled her shoulders daintily and smiled without humor "So let's do this right "

...

I am forbidden to say.

The spirit's voice was an echo in their minds like distant thunder. Rajesh and Karen flicked a glance at each other then back at the spirit It appeared as a man — the very image of their dead packmate — right down to the grisly black bruising around its neck Karen shivered again at the sight of her friend's strangulation She'd seen Mark's real body only three nights before and this was about the most unwelcome reminder she could have imagined

Rajesh swallowed and smiled slightly to shield his gritted teeth "Do you mean you're forbidden to talk about it or it's forbidden for us to know?"

I am forbidden to say.

Rajesh the Bone Shadow Cahalith also known as Ghost Howler was a patient enough guy when he felt the need to be This scene however was getting beyond the realm of amusement He opened his mouth to speak but a motion from his alpha drew his eyes Xiaolan Luna's Shine shook her head once and Rajesh took the signal Karen noticed it too nodding to Rajesh before addressing the spirit herself

"Old One we need to know what happened to our pack brother The help you promised isn't exactly all that it was cracked up to be "

**You ask the wrong questions.
You say the wrong things.**

"Well " Karen tried not to wince at the sound of Rajesh gritting his teeth "What are the right questions?"

That is forbidden. I may not tell you.

The packmates all looked at one another in frustration and growing anger except for Xiaolan Luna's Shine who cleared her throat to get Karen's attention The Ithaeur still toying with her ponytail nervously met her alpha's gaze Shine's expression was clear; it bespoke confidence, reassurance and insistence that Spiral continue with the questioning Karen nodded back to the other woman and turned to face the spirit once more

"We know you killed Mark "

Yes. I tasted his life. I drained the —

"Fine great shut up We want to know who told you to do it "

I know. I desire to tell you. But it is forbidden to me. Yet I wish your revenge to fall on those that bind me still. They have caused me great pain.

"What rule is forcing your silence?" Rajesh stepped forward again "What code? What law can't you break?" He was cut off as Xiaolan clicked her fingers and motioned for him to back off with a wave of her hand

I am forbidden to tell.

Karen felt a smile tickle her lips as she tilted her head and regarded the spirit The smile faded from her face when the creature the image of her dead packmate mirrored the motion perfectly But Karen's confidence remained.

"I've got it I know why you can't talk to us "

You ask the wrong ques —

"I know I know that But I think I know the right ones Let me guess ... " she held up a hand index finger raised. "You are bound never to harm those who bound you to your task right?"

Yes.

Karen raised another finger. "And you're bound never to reveal who they are to anyone who would kick their ass yeah?"

I do not underst —

"Hurt them Harm them You can't talk about who they are to anyone who will harm them right?"

Yes. This is so.

She raised a third finger. "Even if you are threatened with destruction you must still remain silent yes?"

Yes.



Eddie grumbled quietly but Karen ignored him. Her attention was raptly focused on the death spirit as she spoke. "You cannot be threatened into revealing their names. You cannot be forced to tell anyone who will bring harm upon them. And you can't hurt the fuckers yourself? Are these the laws that bind you?"

Yes.

Karen closed her fist and smiled. Turning to Xiaolan and the others, she took a deep breath. "I'll meet you guys back down on the street." When the others looked at the Ithaeur in varying states of alarm, Karen waved away their concern with a brusque chopping motion. "Give me five minutes, and just trust me."

The pack left moments later, with only Eddie pausing to give the death spirit a last look before following the others down the stairs. In the resulting silence, Karen faced the spirit again.

"I am Spiral of the Bone Shadows, spirit talker of the King's Cross Pack. I will not harm you. I will not harm those who have bound you. I will swear blood oath and soul promise to these truths, and you may have my life should I ever break these vows." Karen pulled out a penknife blade from her pocket and stabbed the knife without ceremony into the flesh between her thumb and forefinger. Blood welled out from the wound, which she flicked to the concrete floor in front of the spirit. "If I lie, if I betray you, if I ever harm you or those who bound you, I will willingly die by your vengeance. I swear this."

The spirit image of her dead packmate smiled.

Now, Spiral, you finally say the right things.

The Lesser Gods Pack were watching the TV when death came for them.

The beta, a bear of a man who had worked on the docks of Liverpool four decades ago, was the first to die. He got up from the couch, hating to miss even a minute of the game on TV, and went into the garage for another case of cooled beer.

He died as Last Vengeance crashed through metal garage door, a tower of claws and hate and Rage. Eddie, aware of nothing beyond the red heat of a living being before his eyes, roared and howled as he lashed out. Moments later, with his jaws bloody and sticky flesh running uneasily down his throat in chunks, he felt the Change taking him back. He was himself again, human, carrying a stolen iron railing from the graveyard fence a few blocks away.

Cries of confusion and anger reached his ears as booted feet pounded closer. He raised the iron bar like a baseball bat and waited by the door into the house. Edward Manning, a skinny, year-old with no job prospects and an Anti-Social Behaviour Order from the local court, smashed the stolen fence rail into the face of the first person through the door.

He hissed "*Pow, bitch!*" as the young woman went down, not caring that she wasn't one of the pack.

but the wolf-blooded daughter of the man he had just torn to pieces. He stepped over the body with its now broken face, entered the house, and Eddie Last Vengeance went to live up to his deed name.

• • •

"He's inside." Xiaolan nodded to Elliot and Rajesh and tried to hide her rising fear. "Clicks, we've got maybe three minutes before the police arrive. The garage door assault was a little too public." She frowned as a scream sounded from the house. "Take the front door. Forget stealth. Just hunt. Go." Elliot, dressed in a black sweater and jeans instead of his usual business suit, ran to the house, leaped at the door and kicked it down. Shining Lunar Rise took another look at Mother Moon and let her fury build. "Ghost Howler, come with me."

Xiaolan and Rajesh, both in the form of black-furred wolves, sprinted across the empty road, leaped the fence into the backyard and stormed the house from the rear.

Karen watched her pack go in. She heard the screams and the howls, and she felt each cry as a shiver that prickled her skin. People in other houses were looking out of doors and windows, but she remained hidden in the alleyway across from the house.

Another howl rang out, muffled inside the building but still loud enough to start neighborhood dogs barking. The howl ended in a yelp of pain, and damn it, it sounded just like Rajesh.

She couldn't go in. She couldn't help. She had to stay and cling to the oath she had given the death spirit. She, Spiral of the King's Cross Pack, could not harm those who bound it, or her own life was forfeit.

Another roar. Definitely Eddie. He sounded *pissed*.

Then a gunshot rang out, and oath or no oath, Karen broke into a run.

• • •

Last Vengeance looked up at the man who had just shot him. Something was wrong with his sight. He was dizzy, and his vision was mottled red in one eye and black in the other. Eddie raised the iron bar again, but it slipped from his strength-less fingers and clattered to the fake wooden living room floor.

All around him, wolves savaged at one another. It looked like dozens, though that couldn't be right. Furry bodies, muscled and tight with desperation, crashed into him and bowled him over. The ache where his right eye had been intensified 100-fold, but he blacked out before he had time to worry about where half of his face had gone.

• • •

Xiaolan threw her claws out again and again, battering her talons at her enemy's flesh. Even lost in her fury, she was a meticulously vicious fighter, cupping her hands and curving her fingers so that each strike tore off chunks of body flesh rather than just raking claw gouges on the skin. For all her malicious fury, she was being torn up where she stood by the bigger werewolf.

Rajesh Ghost Howler was not a warrior like his packmates. In his wolf form, he held back, leaping in when he saw a chance and trying to hamstring the colossal Gauru that ripped at Shine. Without thought, the enemy werewolf struck down and smashed the wolf into unconsciousness.

Clicks was berserk and deep into *Kuruth*, long past the point of reason, gripped by Death Rage when he saw Eddie fall dead. The walls around Elliot Mason, a middle-aged stock market trader, were drenched red like something out of a low-budget horror film. His enemies fell over themselves trying to flee him. He was finally overcome when the last remaining werewolf in the living room retrieved his hidden weapon from under the couch and rammed the spear into the maddened monster's chest. Elliot choked blood as he changed down to his human shape, dying as the wooden shaft remained lanced in his heart. The spirit inside the spear screamed its hate at him as he died and kept doing so even after he was dead.

The survivor ran to find his alpha, hearing the battle raging in the kitchen. Within seconds, Xiaolan was confronted by two opponents instead of one and roared a challenge that she would go down fighting.

•••

"Karen, Fuck!" His voice was tainted with pain. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

She was breathless and panicking. "I know, I know. Don't talk. Just ... don't talk."

He ignored her. "My fucking face is gone." Eddie rose to his feet, reaching up to touch what remained of the right side of his head. It was regenerating slowly, but the blood and bone looked *wrong* to Karen's eyes.

They both looked up at the sound of Shine's howl and broke into a run, with Karen crying and Eddie swearing.

•••

She was holding them off, but her fury was spent and her arms were aching too much to keep it up for much longer. She felt the Change gripping her body and her strength diminishing further.

The two werewolves launched for the kill. They died trying.

Eddie, a skinny, shriek-howling wolf man with half its face missing, crashed into the larger Gauru form and was already eating chunks out of its head as he dragged it to the floor. It was dead before it knew what had struck.

A sleek-furred white wolf pounced on the back of the other. Xiaolan met the wolf's bright green eyes reflecting the kitchen light back like a cat's, before the wolf and its prey fell to the floor.

"Karen?" Xiaolan blinked, dizzy from blood loss at the sight of the white wolf clenching the man's throat in its jaws, squeezing out life and blood without making a sound.

The only howling now was from the sirens outside.

•••

The night air hit Eddie's ruined face like an ice storm. "Come on, for fuck's sake!" He was sprinting down the alleyway behind the backyard, too tired to even change into a faster form. Xiaolan, Luna's Rise, regarded Karen, the blood down her chin and T-shirt, and nodded.

"Thank you."

Karen smiled a hollow smile, sensing the being that was appearing behind her.

"You better run, Shine. The pigs are coming."

Xiaolan was a strategist. She knew there was very little chance that her pack at full strength could have overcome the death spirit that was now manifested behind Karen. There was not a chance in Hell that she and Spiral could take the thing alone. She swallowed once, found that she couldn't speak past the lump in her throat, and simply nodded again.

Karen watched her leap the fence and chase after Eddie. After a few seconds, Karen's skin prickled again as she felt cold hands coming around her throat.

•••

The Herd Must Not Know

Rajesh awoke in the back of a police car, but escaping unnoticed was no great worry for a man of his talents. On the news that night and in the following week, the cover-up story was a bad one, but good enough to deceive those it needed to deceive. It involved a great many lawyers and journalists arguing over the Dangerous Dogs Act, before dropping from the public eye a month or so later.

The People Shall Not Murder the People

When Xiaolan, Luna's Rise, Ghost Howler, and Last Vengeance discovered that one of the rival packs had escaped the slaughter, they confronted him the very next night and finished the job. They left the body at its locus. The words "You started this, we finished it. For Spiral. For Clicks" were written in black marker pen on the corpse's chest.

Pay Each Spirit in Kind

It was the hardest thing they had ever done, but they each agreed it was the right thing to do. The King's Cross pack, consisting of three weary Bone Shadow werewolves, finally bound themselves to a totem. They had met the spirit before, though now it took the shape of their murdered packmate, Spiral, who had sacrificed herself to save them. They did this to honor her, and when they laid flowers on her grave, they each prayed that Karen would understand.

Credits

Authors: Aaron Dembski-Bowden, Howard Ingham, Charles Wendig and Stewart Wilson

Developer: Ethan Skemp

Editor: Scribendi.com

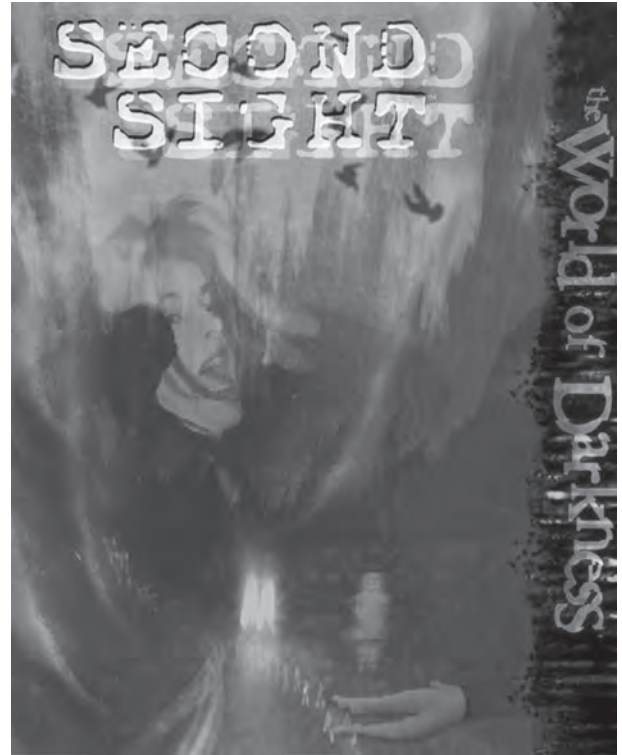
Art Director: Aileen E. Miles

Interior Art: Abrar Ajmal, Matthew Dixon, Clint Langley, Torstein Nordstrand

Front Cover Art: James Ryman

Book Design: Aileen E. Miles

Coming Next:



For use with the
World of Darkness Rulebook



1554 LITTON DR.
STONE MOUNTAIN, GA
30083
USA

© 2006 White Wolf Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of White Wolf Publishing, Inc. Reproduction prohibitions do not apply to the character sheets contained in this book when reproduced for personal use. White Wolf, Vampire and World of Darkness are registered trademarks of White Wolf Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Werewolf the Forsaken, Mage the Awakening, Storytelling System, Mysterious Places and Shadows of the UK are trademarks of White Wolf Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters, names, places and text herein are copyrighted by White Wolf Publishing, Inc.

The mention of or reference to any company or product in these pages is not a challenge to the trademark or copyright concerned.

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

Check out White Wolf online at

<http://www.white-wolf.com>

PRINTED IN CHINA.

Shadows of the

WIK™

Contents

Prologue:

Codes of Blood 2

Introduction 8

Chapter One:

The Lie of the Land 10

Chapter Two:

Keys to the Kingdom 60

Chapter Three:

The Isles by Moonlight 102

Chapter Four:

Local Powers 122

Introduction

“Great Britain
has lost an empire
and not yet found a
role.”

— Dean Acheson

— Dean Acheson

Scars

Britain bears more than its share of scars. The country has been wounded many times in the past, enduring invasion after invasion, dynamic culture shifts, clashes between social classes and suffering injuries from the many of the greatest wars ever to take place in the world.

The land itself shows these scars often enough, but the Shadow remembers all too clearly. Worldwide, the Shadow Realm echoes with the resonance of powerful events both natural and unnatural. Britain's Shadow forces the People to face the effects of these ancient injuries, for in such a small landmass, the entities born of such powerful resonance have only so many places to exist. The Plague and the Great Fire of London, the Blitz, the Roman invasion, the Battle of Britain, the conquering of the Celts, the slaughter of the Picts, the raids of the Vikings, the amalgamation of Anglo-Saxon and Norman culture in the Middle Ages, the Industrial Revolution, the Victorian Empire —

— The face of Britain today is made from its past. It bears these scars even now — thousands of years of history and growth and war and change, in a country no bigger than many states in the USA.

Nowhere is this distinct layering of scars more evident than within the Shadow, because the Shadow remembers it all.

Paranoia

The Shadow is a place of dread and uncertainty for any werewolf or mage, but for the werewolves of Britain the Shadow — “the Other” — is a place where the predation and challenges that already exist are warped by the ghosts of events both recent and ancient. When stepping sideways, a shaman never knows if he is going to come face to face with something arcane, alien and very, very old.

It is a curious evolution — an unfolding of time and the profound effects it has had on the Shadow and its denizens. A death-spirit in Britain might be much like a death-spirit anywhere, at least upon first glance. But what is the rationality, the temperament or the spiritual ban of a creature that existed and thrived thousands of years ago when Roman legions marched the land and slaughtered those who resisted? Such a being has seen sights over millennia and had thousands of years to grow and to change. It is so much more than a mere spirit born of an urban murder. Not necessarily more powerful, but a different and alien being nevertheless.

Couple the doubts and uncertain fears of Shadow with the fact that life as vampire, werewolf or mage here is almost always restricted to smaller territories, divided up between more numerous rivals. The fighting over even a street of a hunting ground can be fierce and bitter. The werewolves who prefer rural and wild protectorates are faced with a nation that offers little in the way of vast wilderness. The British countryside, be it the Highlands of Scotland, the valleys of Wales or the rural fields and woodlands of England, are rightly known for their beauty — but compared to the vast tracts of unspoiled and unclaimed land in North America, the Uratha are penned in, confined and restricted to small hunting grounds that must be defended with ever-increasing ferocity.

A frightening difference between Britain and America is that here, the wild places are almost certainly the domain of the Pure. Some Forsaken packs, predominantly led by Hunters in Darkness alphas or numbering several members of that tribe, eke out an existence in the rural areas and limited wilderness of Britain, but generally the Tribes of Luna and their Ghost Wolf allies are trapped in the cities by virtue of the Pure's strength and entrenchment tactics.

How to Use this Book

Shadows of the UK focuses mostly on the werewolves of London and beyond, but also discusses how the Kindred of the Isles conduct their affairs, as well as the concerns of Britain's magi. The book's various chapters provide invaluable knowledge and advice for centering games in the British Isles, detailing the subtle differences in the Shadow, the Wild Hunt and the werewolves themselves. This book could also provide excellent material for inspiring native British characters to join established chronicles, whether as player or Storyteller characters.

So whether a group wishes to set up a permanent presence in the cities and wilds of the UK, or the Storyteller is merely seeking fresh ideas and new takes on classic imagery, the book in your hands aims to help out with just those intentions.

Spirit Terminology

Although Britain's werewolves speak the First Tongue without any real variation, many favor different translations into English or other languages. The word "totem," for instance, never caught on as it did in America. This is often true for other supernatural entities as well.

Forgotten: A spirit that no longer has a physical counterpart in the modern age.

Other, the: The spirit world.

patron: A totem spirit.

Chapter by Chapter

Chapter One: The Lie of the Land is an overview of the United Kingdom's past and present, with specific attention paid to how the countries appear in the World of Darkness. Here is found information on the vampires of the land and their ugly secrets such as the Blood Farm. Werewolf society is also discussed, as well as the two worlds that the werewolves belong to: the mortal world with its unique history and the Other with its distinct and alien echoes. Finally, the chapter presents a treatment of mages of the land, including the ugly secret of Stonehenge.

Chapter Two: Keys to the Kingdom is a Werewolf: The Forsaken toolkit, demonstrating how the Uratha have come out differently on the British Isles. Here troupes will find the information and the game mechanics revealing just how the British Forsaken can be portrayed in their games. The chapter opens with tribal spreads detailing the differences between the tribes here from their default portrayal, and continues into a bevy of new lodges, rites and Gifts for players of British werewolves.

Chapter Three: The Isles By Moonlight is the Storytelling chapter, featuring a host of advice and information on the ebb, flow and presentation of stories set in the United Kingdom. This chapter seeks to explore the differences in the regions portrayed in this sourcebook and core rulebook, as well as identifying the theme and mood of British horror as opposed to American.

Chapter Four: Local Powers is the section dealing with movers-and-shakers of all stripes. Allies, rivals and down-straight antagonists are all listed here for Storytellers to use and players to interact with. The Uratha's enemies are well-represented with fellow Forsaken, Hosts, Spirit-Ridden, Pure werewolves or some of the spirits unique to the British Isles. However, many a dangerous vampire and mage also makes their appearance in this chapter.

Suggested Material

The following sources may prove useful to anyone seeking to capture the feel of the supernatural and the inherent horror of a World of Darkness game set in the United Kingdom.

In addition, certain supplements for the overall World of Darkness offer elements that resonate particularly well in a British chronicle. It's particularly easy and effective to transplant elements from the **Bloodlines**, **Lodges** and **Legacies** books (some of which have their origins in Britain), and certain beasties out of **Antagonists**, **Predators** and **Skinchangers** are more than appropriate. Although none of these books are necessary to use the content here, they may well enrich a chronicle set in the UK.

The Mabinogion

Collected works of Welsh mythology, written approximately in 13 ce and based on oral legends from pagan eras, the Mabinogion is full of tales of heroes, medieval life, riches, squalor, magic and myth.

The Works of William Shakespeare

As one of the finest writers who ever lived and consistently regarded as *the* English writer without peer, many of Shakespeare's works highlight potential supernatural encounters and dealings, as well as a somewhat skewed view of history. Many of his plays deal with other nations, but the Richards and Henrys — and the highly appropriate and fantastic *Macbeth* — deal with "this sceptered isle" in highly dramatic fashion.

Trainspotting

The book (by Irvine Welsh) and the film are both dark, seedy and gritty looks into the underside of modern British life, and very appropriate to the World of Darkness.

Neverwhere

Neil Gaiman's novel of a hidden city underneath London is populated by supernatural characters that shy from the eyes of the mortal world and exist within their own unseen society. It's well-written and a great read, as well as carrying a thoroughly British tone throughout, and is invaluable in understanding the city of London, and seeing how it is like no other city in the world.

Dog Soldiers

Obviously in-genre, being a werewolf film set in Britain, this film has some great (and quintessentially British) dialogue, as well as featuring a great deal of insight into werewolf pack tactics and the struggle of mortals versus the supernatural. Just forgive the low-budget effects.

28 Days Later

A brilliant "survival horror" film flawed only by a stupid zombie explanation, *28 Days Later* is a great look into the eerie darkness of what a horror story in Britain can look and feel like.

Ultraviolet

A well-acted TV series based on a secretive cell of the British police force that works with the Church in order to hunt vampires. Though critics claimed the show was bland in places, it remains a neat slice of the hidden supernatural in modern Britain, especially in regard to what a character can safely reveal to his loved ones.



It's like an icicle suddenly stabs into Jason's stomach. A figure passes him on the steps where he's sitting, catching some unaccustomed sunlight, getting some rest, and his ears prick and his nostrils twitch and it's like he's just been eviscerated with an icicle.

Jason feels the urge to take on a form for fighting, suppresses the urge for the moment, looks across to where the figure's going. It's a young man, 19, 20 maybe, football shirt, jeans, sort of pretty. He looks completely normal, but it's like Jason can't even look at him without feeling like he's about to flip into a full-on Death Rage. He stands up, starts to follow the young man across the square. The pretty boy walks straight over to the edge of the fountain. Nearby, there's a bunch of kids. They're standing in a ring, watching each other use the fountain rim as a makeshift skate ramp. A couple of other kids glide back and forth on the periphery. One kid glides past the pretty boy, and the bloke reaches out and grabs the kid by the scruff of the neck, lifts him straight off the deck. A split second later, he's started to slam the kid's face against the edge of the fountain. Splak. Splak. Splak.

Jason breaks into a run, has to keep himself from Changing as the crowd suddenly thickens and grows as if from nowhere, has to muscle his way through.

When he gets to the edge of the fountain, he looks around, side to side, mouth open. Nothing. No pretty boy. No skate kid. The other kids are still doing their thing. One or two of them are looking at Jason, wondering what he's so het up about.

It happened. It must have, Jason saw it, felt it happening. But it didn't. There's nothing here. No pretty boy, no beaten skate kid, nothing. Jason takes a deep breath, sits on the rim of the fountain. He puts his hand down on the fountain edge, smells the wetness a split-second before he feels it under his fingers. He doesn't have to lift his hand up and look to know what he's just put his fingers in, but he does anyway, and it's just as red, and it's just as sticky, as he knew it would be.

Ten feet away, there's an overturned skateboard.

Chapter One: The Lie of the Land

This Happy Breed of Men,
This Little World

What is our task? To
make Britain a fit country
for heroes to live in.

— David Lloyd George

Britain is a Union of four countries under one Kingdom. Britain is a melting pot. Britain is divided in many ways: London and everywhere else, England and the provinces, North and South, black and white, Christian and Muslim, rich and poor, ancient and modern. Castles stand next to ultra-modern tower blocks. Working class families live in houses 200 years old. People see themselves as European, and yet irreconcilably separate from Europe. There's no right to free speech, and yet people can mostly say what they like, because a consensus government doesn't see fit to stop them. Britain has the oldest laws and the oldest Bill of Rights in the world, and yet is one of the few nations with no formal constitution.

And the land is bounded by water on every side, water that eats away a few feet of the land's sandy coast every year, an insurmountable moat against invasion and a psychological prison for its people. It's a land of courage, the Bulldog Breed, the Dunkirk Spirit, and it's a land of bigotry. It's a land of sportsmanship and respect for the underdog coupled in the same breath with breathtaking snobbery and the kind of arrogance that once won Britain an Empire and the loathing of the entire world. It's a land where bleak, beautiful countryside lies yards from the worst urban degradation.

We still have much to be proud of. Ours is the tightest set of road laws and the most disciplined army. Ours is a naval power still to be reckoned with. Ours is a democracy that led the way in the West. Ours is a health service that, even though it's been dismantled piecemeal, is one of the most compassionate and fair in the world.

Over a century, a lot has changed. The Great War lost us the belief that God was on our side, or that He existed at all. The Second World War lost us an Empire, and the confidence to even think that we should have one. The '70s and the '80s closed us in upon ourselves. The '90s taught us mass hysteria and the cult of celebrity as a goal in itself. The royal family, once the heart and personification of the nation, are now just celebrities like the rest of them, rich and pointless, to be read about in glossy magazines and forgotten just as surely as *Pop Idol* and *Big Brother* contestants.

We live here surrounded by history we don't care about, people we ignore or discount because they belong to a different social class or racial group, a countryside we're gradually filling up with landfills. We're scared of the outside world. We're scared of the people in the bad part of town. We're scared of refugees. We live in terraced streets where we can stay for 20 years without once talking to our next-door neighbors. At the same time, we're glued to soap operas that revolve around tight-knit communities whose closeness leads to disaster and tragedy in quick succession.

London stands in the center of the nation, the final seat of power in the land, home to one Briton in six, its people unaware of what goes on outside and not caring anyway. The rest of England depends upon London. All roads lead there. In the West Country and the North, London is looked upon and resented, the people of the Southeast mocked as weaklings and fools, all the more so because they're the ones with the money and the opportunities.

And all the English are proud and ashamed to be English at once, no longer even sure of what “English” means any more. England is an Imperial nation without an Empire, and without its Empire, its people have no direction.

In Scotland, they’ve got pride and they’ve got the arts and they’ve got a history of being beaten down bloodied and unbowed. They’re shaped by faith in ways the English aren’t: dour Calvinism and monolithic Catholicism fight in the hearts of people who’ve long forgotten the meaning of the labels they’ve been given, people with hearts as wild and icy and windswept as the glens and highlands that surround cities like seas of gorse and heather.

In Wales, they used to sing, but their singing is on the terraces at the Millennium Stadium, and the smoke from the steelworks chokes the voices of the South. The language is spoken by more people every year, and Wales begins to become more than just a poverty-stricken satellite, but the money and the work still drains away. North and South, divided by more than mountains, look upon each other with suspicion. The people retreat into insularity and parochialism.

Northern Ireland stands at a crossroads. Now that the Troubles are — officially — over, the Protestant and Catholic alike look to what comes next. The Province is unwanted by Britain and Ireland alike, its people divided by mutual prejudice and the memory of far too many murders committed by partisans of either side. The Six Counties have been blasted by the troubles, socially and spiritually, forced into poverty by a war few people really asked for.

And in all of the nations of the United Kingdom, the people of the shadows — shapechangers, magicians, walking dead men and others — live alongside, feeding off the pain, paranoia and uncertainty of the people. It changes them in ways even they don’t realize.

A National Toolkit

You won’t find much in the way of geographical detail in this chapter — you can find that on the web, in a *Lonely Planet* guide and in a load of history books and guidebooks.

This chapter is a grab bag of ideas for British chronicles, concentrating on what Britain is like for the supernatural beings who spend their lives (and unlives) here. This section is arranged according to general themes that you can apply to your own British chronicles. Nearly all of these themes and ideas are accompanied with examples of places in the United Kingdom where they can be applied.

Although some examples are apparently quite closely tied to the locations given them, nothing is really set. If you’d rather place the Other City in Manchester or the Blood Farm in Portsmouth, go right ahead. If putting Reynard the Fox’s lair in Anglesey fits your chronicle better, feel free.

The Hungry Dead

Britain’s vampires stay in the towns, for the most part. The Kindred feel more comfortable with tarmac and

post-war concrete. A few have territories in rural areas, particularly in Wales and Scotland, including a number of elder Kindred whose wish to cleave to their manor houses led to them becoming isolated and lonely as their colleagues retreated to the cities. However, on the whole, since the end of the Blitz, the vampires have clung to urban areas with an intensity that borders on obsession.

At the same time, the British Kindred have a culture of pride. The Kindred’s traditions go back over 1,000 years, they say, and they are proud to be the ancient and terrible hunters of the land, the unimpeachable lords of the night. They claim that they have controlled the political structure of the United Kingdom since time immemorial. They say they are the terror of the powerful, the eaters of the poor, the scourge of the righteous.

They’re mostly deluded.

They may really be evil and powerful, but their evil and power are small things, which they demonstrate in isolated horrors, individual perversions. This isn’t to say that they aren’t dangerous to the individual — far from it: it’s an axiom among the British Kindred that if you’re going to be a monster, you’d better do it properly. But in terms of a bigger picture, the Kindred are, for the most part, irrelevant, and in denial about it.

The people of Britain are doing a fine job of finding imaginative ways to destroy each other, without any help from the undead. The Kindred just prey on the detritus. Sure, sometimes they might gain a position of influence (the last Kindred-controlled Member of Parliament, a Tory, was ousted in the first Labour landslide of 1997), but notwithstanding their claims, the Kindred are *not* secretly running the Foreign Office, MI-5, MI-6, the Ministry of Defence or the Ministry of Transport.

The simple fact is, the Kindred of Britain are these days simply unable to co-operate. More importantly, their elders have little imagination. They’re hidebound. True, some of them can be terribly, terribly cunning, but, in the end, they are no longer able to come up with the new ideas. They can’t even come up with the real evils. The Kindred of Britain believe themselves to be an ancient, terrible power, but really, for all their pretensions, for all their ancient evil, they’re just parasites who can do no more than ape the mortals whom they claim to reign over.

Kindred neonates find themselves stifled and told to wait their turn, to play second fiddle to these rigid old monsters. The elders, complacent in their certainty that the younger Kindred will freely follow the social order of the dead, pay little heed to the complaints of their childer. But the elders grow fewer with every passing year, as torpor and disaster take them one by one, and just as steadily, the neonates grow more numerous. Mortal society has changed, and the young Kindred are the undead inheritors of this new world, with all its attitudes. It’s only a matter of time before something happens to swing the balance and begin a process of violent change.

Seasonal Activity

The length of the night is of great importance to the Kindred. In the middle of summer, the sun sets anywhere between 9.30 and 11 p.m. and rises between 4 and 5.30 a.m., depending how far north one is. In the middle of winter, the sun can set as early as 3.30 p.m. in some parts of the country, and rises well after 8 a.m.

There are quite a few Kindred, especially in the North, who do very little in the summer months, often relying on ghouls and other Retainers to bring them their meals, leaving the Kindred the little time they have to pursue their own agendas.

Liar, Damned Liar and Politicians

In most parts of Britain, Kindred politics are pretty simple. Although a large proportion of Britain is urban or suburban, only a few cities can support more than a dozen Kindred, and, given the huge numbers of ghosts and spirits that plague the Isles, the vampires are often too busy avoiding other things and getting on with feeding to bother overly with politics.

Besides, when there's only a few Kindred in most towns, the chances are that they'll only represent one or at most two covenants and that they'll get by without really making much play of their allegiances. Birmingham, Manchester and Cardiff have representatives of the five primary covenants, but even here, covenant allegiances tend to come out in second place beyond the night-to-night business of surviving. For most of Britain, while a vampire might identify with a covenant, on the whole, British Kindred often hold different criteria for whom they would choose to ally with.

Things are very different in London, where there are easily enough vampires to make conflicts among covenants not only a possibility, but a nightly reality. Among mortals, London is pretty much another country in itself. This is just as true for the Kindred.

The **Invictus** are, and always have been, the most powerful covenant in the British Isles. They have controlled London as far as records go back. About two-thirds of the cities in Britain (and all of the dozen or so largest cities, except for Cardiff and Glasgow) have Princes who claim membership in the **Invictus**. Inasmuch as any city outside London has enough Kindred to count as a society, the agenda of the British Kindred has been set by **Invictus** Kindred. Most of the aristocratic families of Britain have produced a literal bloodsucker at some time. The First Estate's links to the royal family have always been far more

tenuous than the vampires liked to admit, but, even now, there are ghouls whose blood is very blue indeed, and some of the more distant relatives of the Queen owe their quite stunning youthfulness to means other than Botox. Still, the First Estate has seen better days. Once, the **Invictus** Kindred could plausibly claim that the House of Lords was theirs to control. Although — even in the covenant's heyday — stories of **Invictus**-controlled cannibal coteries in the Lords may have been exaggerated, now they're just stories.

The **Lancea Sanctum** has also seen better days. Once there was a time when Britain's Christian heritage — and the tradition of authoritarianism it brought with it — could be relied upon to make a raw neonate give the Sanctified a bit of respect. Now, with faith a rare commodity in the United Kingdom, the new breed often see the Sanctified as peddlers of little more than mumbo-jumbo. Even so, the **Lancea Sanctum** is widespread. The Shadow Archbishops of Canterbury and Westminster claim a great deal of respect, and although neither of them is actually even a Prince, their opinion carries weight among Sanctified and **Invictus** Kindred across the Isles, even if it's only grudgingly accepted.

The Princes of Belfast and Glasgow belong to the Sanctified. Both cities are divided on religious grounds, even among the Kindred. In Glasgow, Protestant and Catholic Sanctified maintain the same hatreds that divided them when they were alive, even centuries down the line. Alan MacLeish, the Laird of Glasgow, is Catholic. He's also highly unstable. Among his recent and often arbitrary edicts have been a ban on feeding on Celtic fans (Glasgow Celtic's supporters are traditionally Catholic; Glasgow Rangers' supporters are traditionally Protestant) and the calling of a blood hunt against one of his Hounds, whose crime was failing to turn up to confession one week. And yet, no matter how much the elders might hate MacLeish, he has the support of the elders of the city, because he is the Laird, and what he does is the Laird's right. Still, although he is backed up by a handful of vicious and powerful Kindred, MacLeish's unpopularity is such that it's only a matter of time before he's brought down.

Belfast, on the other hand, although home to little more than a dozen Kindred, has two Princes, one Protestant, one Catholic, both of whom claim the city — and, in fact, most of Ulster — as their own. Both keep to their own strictly defined territories. Neither has much respect or authority among the local Kindred, about half of whom actually claim allegiance to both Princes. The others might be at least ideologically on the side of their own Princes, but while they'll do their masters' bidding, they tend to keep out of the way of their opposite numbers. During the Troubles, the two warring Princes funded a number of the Loyalist and Republican paramilitaries. The Troubles have — officially — come to an end now among the mortals, but the Princes' hostility to each other is such that even though none of their subjects want it, a single wrong move could cause the Kindred of Belfast to go to war.

The **Carthian Movement** has, over the last few centuries, grown as quickly as the **Lancea Sanctum** has shrunk. Their heritage actually goes back beyond the birth of the covenant itself; proto-Carthians were active during the

17th century, vampiric Levellers whose demands for equality echoed those of their living counterparts. Still, while, similar to the Sanctified, the Carthians are in evidence in most areas of Britain, they're not all that powerful — yet.

Owen Roberts, the Beggar King, recently declared Prince of Cardiff, belongs to the Carthians, although he's so badly behaved, most of the Carthians who have heard of him would rather he didn't. Embraced off the streets by a Carthian Nosferatu, Roberts proved to be skilled at demagoguery and the gaining of favors, and within only three decades had got himself into a position in which he was able to ensure the destruction of the old Invictus Prince while keeping his own talons clean. While everyone is well aware that Roberts killed the Prince just as surely as if he'd sunk his own fangs into his predecessor's throat, there's little chance of reprisal, since Roberts has ensured that the authority in Cardiff is now in the hands of his own supporters. Cardiff has become in many ways as much of a tyranny as the most authoritarian of Invictus cities.

The Ordo Dracul have always been few in number, but they are hugely influential, and, similar to the Carthians, are growing in number. The most notable Ordo Dracul Prince in Britain is a Mekhet named Darren Albright, the Prince of Whitby, an area that, although small and in dispute with the Invictus Earl of Middlesborough (who claims the territory as his own), is highly important for the Order. Whitby Harbour is the site of one of Britain's most powerful Dragon's Nests, which is probably part of the reason why the Order's esteemed founder decided to spend so much of his time there. The Dragon Nest lies under the water of the harbor itself. During the last 10 years, at least three packs of Uratha, Pure and Forsaken, have tried to take over the nest — possibly England's most potent locus north of Birmingham — and so far, all have been foiled by Albright, thanks to the exceptional guile of the Prince, who is well aware that in a fair fight, he and his vassals would stand no chance.

The Circle of the Crone has not held anything like the balance of power among the British Kindred for more than 1,500 years. In England, the Circle has long been a persecuted minority among the vampires, and has suffered a great deal throughout history, particularly at the hands of the Lancea Sanctum. While the Acolytes have been slightly more successful in Scotland and Wales, the Circle has never really been powerful. However, as the Sanctified and Invictus have made losses over the last century, the Acolytes have also capitalized, and there are currently more of them than there have been since the time of Augustine.

The one Acolyte Prince in Britain is Mark Trevelyan, the Gangrel King of Kernow, a domain that, from its seat in Plymouth, supposedly covers the whole of Devon and Cornwall (with the exception of Exeter, which is the domain of a Sanctified Bishop). Unlike so many of his colleagues, King Mark is remarkably well-informed as to what goes on in his domain, and maintains good relations with the Bale Hounds of the Sparrowclaw Circle, who are very much the real power on Dartmoor and Bodmin Moor. Mark himself holds his domain under an extremely tight grip. Rumor has it that in order to cement his power, Mark has made deals with even worse things than devil-worshipping werewolves, if such a thing is possible.

Mark's biggest worry comes in the form of Aislinn. This nomadic Scottish Ventruie is possibly the most potent and charismatic Acolyte in the United Kingdom, and, although she has only visited Kernow on a couple of occasions, her most recent clash with Mark has left a lasting impression on the King, and on the Acolytes of the region, many of whom apparently preferred Aislinn's lead to Mark's. Should Aislinn turn up in Kernow again, Mark will probably find an excuse to call a blood hunt on her. Whether that would work or not is uncertain, but Mark knows for sure that were it to come to a direct confrontation between him and the older vampire, he would come off second best. He'd do anything to avoid that. It's becoming an obsession with him. Ironically, Aislinn considers Mark an irrelevance. It's been a few years since she last came to Kernow, and she's all but forgotten that Mark even exists.

"The voice of an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," the members of **Belial's Brood** often labor under the delusion that they can go toe to toe with an enraged Uratha. Few of the Brood, therefore, last long enough to make much of a difference. Although coterries of the Brood have popped up in London from time to time, they've so far been disposed off pretty quickly. **VII**, on the other hand, seem never to go away. Every year, Kindred vanish, their havens daubed with cryptic messages written in Vitae. So far, no Kindred currently active in Britain today has knowingly seen a member of VII (or at least, not one has been believed when he's said he's seen one). But the stories of vanishing Kindred persist.



Kindred Authority

Just over seven million people live in the city of London, with another three million on its outskirts. No other city even comes close in size. The second biggest city, Birmingham, has just under a million people. Glasgow just about manages 630,000. Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Edinburgh and Bristol have less than half a million people. The only other cities with populations of more than 300,000 people are Manchester, Leicester, Coventry, Cardiff and Hull.

Small wonder, then, that London, with about 10 percent of the nation's population, boasts an even larger proportion of its Kindred. Outside of London, Princes often claim authority over nearby towns and rural areas, cleaving to centuries-old county boundaries. The Prince of Cardiff controls Bridgend, Newport and the county of Rhondda, for example, while the Prince of Reading claims the whole of Berkshire as his domain. Manchester's Prince commands the respect of Salford and Stockport. Meanwhile, the Prince of Dundee owns practically the whole of the lands of Angus.

The ritualized listing of titles and domains in Kindred courts sounds terribly grand, but, in truth, most of these authorities are in name only. The Baron of Oxford might, for example, count Bicester, Abingdon and Witney as his land, but he's never even been to Bicester, and there aren't even any vampires in Witney for him to rule over. For the most part, the isolated Kindred who exist outside of the cities might be subjects of a Prince, but chances are they'll never hear from him. Most have *carte blanche* to get on with their Requiem however they wish.

The Bron

Dark knights among the British Kindred, the Bron bloodline can be found across England and Wales, often claiming villages built around ancient churches, or settlements near to standing stones. Their powers reflect their obsession with the Grail, mimicking and twisting the healing miracles of the fabled True Chalice of Christ (or, in the opinion of some, the Black Cauldron).

The Bron see themselves as Fisher Kings, unable to control the areas they claim as their territory, and yet forced to recognize their link to it. Haughty but damaged, the Bron throw themselves into the politics of Britain's Kindred.

Vocal factions of the bloodline enthusiastically pursue agendas on behalf of — depending on the individual Bron — either the Lancea Sanctum or the Circle of the Crone, even when the Bron's local leaders aren't particularly bothered about inter-covenant conflict. When a Bron becomes influential in his local area, the local politics of the Kindred change drastically, and not for the better, as fanaticism and intolerance suddenly becomes the order of the night.

London: The Cull

The Lady of London has been the final authority of the Kindred of the Capital since the end of the Second World War, and is, without question, the oldest vampire known to be active in London tonight.

She was Embraced 230 years ago. Neonates often find themselves surprised to find this out. The Kindred are an ancient and terrible institution, aren't they? The Kindred have sunk their talons into beggar and prince alike for millennia, haven't they? The Kindred have never been compromised or unseated by the mortals, have they? So why is it that, with all this ancient heritage, hardly any of these immortal monsters are more than a couple of centuries old. Someone invariably points out that there are a few vampires lying in torpor. That keeps them quiet for a time, but then, someone lets slip that that the Prince of Swansea is 400 years old. The Shadow Archbishop of Canterbury is more than 550 years old. The Prince of York claims to be nearly 700 years old.

And yet, in London, greatest and most ancient of the cities of this great and ancient country, most of the Kindred don't even manage two centuries. How come?

Kindred who dig deeper might hear whispered mentions of "the Cull." To bring it up publicly is social suicide. Asking one's sire about it courts destruction. Blood hunts have on occasion been called against foolish neonates whose only crime was not to be bright enough to shut up about the Cull.

No vampire wants to talk about it. It's more than bad taste. It's fear, fear of what's coming. But what actually is coming, no one can say, because they don't know. And that's the part that's so very frightening for those who would otherwise be the lords of the night.

Underground, Overground

The London Underground was, until recently, a separate Kindred dominion in its own right. Led by Sarah Maynard, the charismatic and fearsome Underground Baroness, the vampires of the London Underground kept as strictly to their territory as the Kindred of London Overground did theirs. Underground Kindred were, by a formal treaty, limited to feeding and hunting the lines and stations of the Underground. If a vampire from either domain strayed into the other without prior permission, the lords of the other had the right to destroy him immediately (although both domains weren't afraid to send spies). The Underground Kindred did very well, maintaining havens in the service areas, bunkers and hidden tunnels that litter the network, and being entirely free from daylight, allowing them to hunt any time they wished.

In September 2004, however, a lone Underground vampire turned up in the Lady of London's court, begging asylum. He was the only one left, he said. The others were gone. He was destroyed before he could say more: those were the terms of the truce, said the Lady, and it was her right. He was bringing trouble to the Kindred of London Overground, and she was having none of it. Whoever ruled the Underground had not bothered her domain, and it was not her problem. Better these things were left unsaid. An Overground neonate who protested was destroyed along with the Undergrunder.

Since the Overground Kindred don't go into the network, they don't know whether what the vampire has said is true. Spies sent (not by the Lady — at least not officially) to Baroness Maynard's court, formerly held in an underground hall near Baron's Court, found it deserted.

True to form, the Lady has forbidden speculation as to Baroness Maynard's fate. Out of sight, out of mind, as the saying goes.

Tanner

The Gangrel bloodline founded in the 18th century by Andrew Tanner has, in recent years, grown increasingly common in Britain's inner cities. These harbingers of poverty and decay are often dismissed as urban scum, or as the "chavs" whose style they sometimes ape. But, as anyone who's gotten lost on the wrong side of town will confirm, it's not wise to laugh at the locals. They may be poor, but if they get their hands on you, you're in trouble.

In the areas the Tanners use as their hunting grounds, the streets smell of piss, rancid beer and stale cigarette smoke. The people grow old young. Houses and cars fall into disrepair at a frightening rate. This happens anyway, but the Tanners make it worse. Their very presence actually seems to propagate decay and disrepair in their environment.

Andrew Tanner himself was Embraced near the beginning of the 16th century. In life, he was a common London craftsman, who took his name from his trade: a skinner and worker of leather. Tanner the vampire hasn't been seen for about 100 years. Huge, bald, stinking of sweat, the original Tanner was, for many Kindred, a kind of bogeyman, a thing to be feared. Privately, those who knew him of old are scared that he's just lying in torpor in a lair full of leather goods made from human skin, waiting for the Cull to start again. Recently, sightings of a huge vampire in a leather apron wandering around the Isle of Dogs have caused some of London's Kindred a great deal of concern.

Dobbs' Journal

In fact, Tanner doesn't have all that much to do with the Cull at all, but as one of the only survivors of the last Cull, and one of the few who was intimidating enough to be able to talk about it without the threat of destruction, Tanner has passed into Kindred folklore as the Cull's harbinger. In his possession, he has a copy of a journal, bound in human skin, which passed into his hands after the destruction of Sir Timothy Dobbs, Seneschal of London back in the 18th century. In the journal, Dobbs kept notes of his research into the Cull. He told Tanner, who at that time was London's Hound, that the Cull was coming, that it had happened before and would happen again, and that it happened approximately every 250 years. In the book, Dobbs wrote down exactly what the Cull was in some detail, in the hope that the Kindred would, the next time, be able to stop its happening.

Dobbs failed to stop it happening, and was destroyed, along with all but five of London's Kindred, one night almost exactly 250 years ago.

Tanner, one of the five who were left untouched by what happened, was left with Dobbs' book. Tanner gathered together the survivors. He told them that the Cull was going to happen again, and that he held the key to it. The Kindred, spooked by the almost simultaneous destruction of so many monsters, young and old, preferred not to listen. Eventually, Tanner retreated into his home territory, and reputedly grew old, monstrous and tired before vanishing, the book still in his possession.

The Kindred, meanwhile, rebuilt their society in the growing city, knowing only that the Cull was coming again, and that it would come soon. The other four survivors have all been destroyed over the last 200 years. All that's left is Tanner — and the book. And the ironic thing is that even if this ancient, terrible vampire has awakened, his contempt for the Kindred of London will make it unlikely that anyone else will see Dobbs' book.

And Tanner? He knows the book's value, but he won't do anything to stop the Cull. As far as he cares, they can all meet destruction when it comes.

Besides, he can't read.

Plymouth: The Blood Farm

Urban myths are as common in Britain as they are anywhere else. Across the South of England, one of the more popular ones right now is about the factory farm.

It goes like this: on the outskirts of a town somewhere down south, Portsmouth maybe, or Brighton, there's this warehouse building. It's got the guard dogs, and the security men, and the barbed wire and the broken glass on top of the 15-foot wall. This is because it's full of refugees, hundreds of them, Chinese, Afghan, Albanian, Iraqi, the lot. And they're all chained up, and they keep them there, and they fatten them up, and then they kill them and they turn them into burgers and dog food.

This story is pretty much true. Every month, more than 300 men, women and children are taken into an all-too-real warehouse, fed, bled dry and rendered down into animal feed. The animal feed is just a sideline. It's the blood, bagged and refrigerated — that's where the real profit lies. And Robert Birkett is making a killing out of it. So to speak.

Refugee

Since the late '90s, about 80,000 or 90,000 refugees a year have applied for political asylum in the United Kingdom. They're not treated all that well: interrogated, detained, sent to camps. If, somehow, they manage not to get deported, they're let out into a society in which the tabloid press blames them for every evil in our country, where the best job a doctor from Chile can hope for is waiting tables, where Kurdish men who escaped torture and worse in Iraq are killed on the streets of provincial towns in Wales. Some of them wonder if it was worth the effort.

Every year, it's estimated that about the same number of people again, unable for whatever reason to apply legitimately, attempt to enter the country illegally. If they make it in, the likelihood is that they fall through the cracks. They become exploited, underpaid, ignored. And then there's the ones who don't make it — many illegal immigrants pay the people traffickers with everything they have, only to die, or worse. Some get dumped in the North Sea. Some suffocate to death in abandoned shipping containers on the shore of their destination. Some are sold into slavery in sweatshops, or in the sex trade. And some of them are chained up inside a warehouse just outside of Plymouth and slowly bled to death.

This is the Blood Farm: outside, it appears to be a pretty well-guarded factory unit. The sign that says Hallam Animal Products on the high, anonymous concrete walls, the iron gate with the keypad. Inside the grounds, guard dogs patrol. CCTV and security guards with truncheons keep watch over the fleets of white vans that come and go from the building's galvanized steel doors.

If the wind is right, the small building on the right of the compound blows vapor smelling of blood and smoke and burning fat across the nearby suburb of Torpoint. Inside the metal doors, the smell is much worse. The smell of sweat and shit and piss and spunk and fear makes the unprepared visitor choke and gag. Over the chugchugchug of the generator rise the screams and the moans of the people who haven't yet realized that no one who cares can hear them.

In the dim light of underpowered, flickering fluorescent tubes, they keep corridor upon corridor of people — maybe 300 or 400 at any given time — numbered, branded on the forehead, manacled and collared. They're crammed into factory animal stalls, unable to even move more than a foot either way, except to stick their heads out of the stall and feed from the trough. And many of them don't even speak the language of the human being in the stall next door. Terrified, unable to communicate, they watch as masked guards drag one of them out every hour, and take him to the clinic next door.

The clinic's sterility, its smell of chlorine and antiseptic, is shocking, coming after the squalor in the main area. A man in plastic overalls, also masked, watches as the guards strap his next subject into the chair. He quietly and efficiently ignores the cries as he hooks up the victim and takes a pint of blood.

Then, while the doctor arranges the tests and has a tea break, the guards put their charge back and go and get the next one.

And this happens Monday to Friday, nine to five, every week. Three times every week, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, refrigerated white vans head up to a depot in London. Agents in the Capital sell the contents of the van to vampires, who, for whatever reason, have a need for sweet-tasting blood in bags — and make no mistake about it, it tastes *good*, really good, nearly as good as the warm, fresh stuff.

Aside from the doctor, a Londoner, the staff mainly come from the North Prospect area of nearby Plymouth. Most of them are quite happy to do the job. The money's good. The animals are foreigners. As long as the guards don't draw too much blood, the management allows the guards to do whatever they want with the women and the children.

The ones who aren't happy with the job — the ones who accepted the promise of pay and only found out what the livestock where on their first day on the job — they couldn't get out of it if they wanted to. The best they'll ever be able to do for the livestock is provide small kindnesses.

Most of the children last about 10 days. The adults last anything from a week to a month, but they all give up the ghost when there's no blood left to take. And when they drop, the guards unchain the bodies and take them to the building next door, where the machines render down parts



of the bodies into good, high-quality animal feed, which the Farm's agents sell all over the country. And no one outside of the Blood Farm ever knows these people ever even reached the country.

The last time one of the staff thought about talking, he ended up here as well.

Market Forces

Imagine an elder of the Kindred, a lady of the London Set. She has set her sights on a companion. She's watched him, she's considered him, she's made the decision, she's waited for *just* the right time, she's seduced him, she's given him a piece of her will and she's brought him into the fold.

And then her prize childe goes and spoils it all. He has a conscience; he has no stomach for the hunt. Maybe he's even — whisper it — eating animals. Animals! Imagine the humiliation. Of course, milady isn't going to destroy him. What a waste.

She shouldn't be so hard on herself. It happens to a lot of them. And they all come round in the end. She did.

It's true what they say: when you've taken your first drink of good, warm human blood, you never really look back. All it needs is a nudge. She just needs to make him see sense. So here's what she does: she gets some blood in those nice little bags. She tells him it's from a blood bank. It's good blood, sweet-tasting, and she tells him it's all the more sweet because no one was hurt getting it.

What few people really understand is that here in the United Kingdom, blood banks are very tightly run. They account for every single drop of blood that passes through, with a trail of data that leads for miles. Security, data security and physical security alike, isn't exactly impregnable, but it takes a fair amount of planning to get around. Vampires, rigid and unimaginative creatures that they are, find it difficult to get their heads around the new data technology — and this goes for any vampire Embraced before about 1989. The effort involved in getting a few bags of blood far outweighs the benefits. To do anything, a vampire would have to Dominate, enthrall and/or make ghouls of most of the staff and their superiors, figure out a way to avoid the security (more than just CCTV) and then make sure that no one finds out. The only Kindred powerful enough to get through all the obstacles with relative ease are the ones who are old enough to no longer see the point in going to all that effort, because hunting the living and tearing the Vitae from their warm throats is simply so much more enjoyable and rewarding.

But if a vampire *could* get his Vitae in bags, if he only *could*, and it was just on sale, just there for the taking for a decent price, chances are there would be a market. It'd make a lot of things so much easier.

Robert Birkett

Meet Robert Birkett. He's a good-looking gent: a twinkling eye, a strong handshake, a well-tailored suit. He's variously an Old Etonian, an alumnus of Merton, a member of the Countryside Alliance and the son of a junior Foreign Office Minister in Margaret Thatcher's day.

He's got an aggressive portfolio; he sits on the board of four companies, mostly in farming equipment — animal feed, fertilizers, that sort of thing.

He's been selling blood to vampires for about two years now. He doesn't see anything to regret. Robert Birkett comes from a long line of parasitic bastards, and not one of them — Robert included — any more or less than a living, breathing human being.

There's a long history in the Birkett clan of doing what the British do best. Eleazar Birkett slaughtered the Irish with Cromwell at Drogheda. His grandson, the slaver Andrew Birkett, paupered 300 honest men during the time of the South Sea Bubble, and made a fortune off the back of it. John Birkett, a high-ranking officer in Kitchener's staff, sent 100,000 soldiers to die in the trenches and got the British Empire Medal for it. And in the late 20th century, Sir James Birkett, a staunch supporter of Margaret Thatcher, and, like his party leader, a regular dinner companion of General Pinochet, made a splash in politics, profiting greatly off the back of several shrewd off-shore investments. And all the time he somehow side-stepped the awkward inquiries of the press into his business dealings: somehow, the sins of other Members of Parliament always seemed to be exposed first.

Robert Birkett, Sir James' younger son, is as shrewd and as ruthless as the best of them. It's in the blood. And blood is very important to Robert. It's his business.

On the rare occasions that he has reason to talk about it, Robert has never given the same explanation of how he got into his line of work twice. It might have happened like this: approached over a series of nights by an old chum from Eton who was supposed to be dead who offered to make him a vampire, too. Robert declined and made a business proposal in return. Or if it didn't happen that way, it might have happened this way: Robert's less-savory business connections came into conflict with other, less-alive business concerns; one breach of the Masquerade later and a few years of inquiries and investigations, and Robert realized he had a new market he could exploit. Or maybe it didn't happen that way, either.

Whatever happened, Robert's contacts, his resourcefulness, complete callousness and endless ingenuity led him to come up with a way to steal a march on his fellows and actually make money out of refugees. It also, notwithstanding a few near misses, enabled him to stay alive and fully human. Robert has no desire to be a vampire. He has no desire to be a ghoul. He is beholden to no man or woman, alive or undead, and he prefers to stay that way.

As it stands, the Lady of London and the King of Kernow have both declared Birkett off-limits. It might seem odd, but given the small but definite value of his enterprise to so many of their subjects, it's not all that surprising. Birkett is absolutely neutral and prepared to kill to protect the Masquerade. There seems, for the time being, to be little point in disposing of him. While many Kindred would love to bring Birkett into the fold, he's too useful a resource to allow to fall into the hands of any one covenant. Birkett himself doesn't know the first thing about the vampires' factions, and he doesn't care. He's just interested in turning a profit and staying alive, and he has investigated the means

of doing so in great detail. If the Lady of London knew about the lengthy private experiments Birkett completed only a few months ago on one of the Lady's more useful subjects, her Ladyship might change her mind.

The Others, and the Other

The Blood Farm is, unsurprisingly, a substantial Wound in the making. It has become almost as much of a factory for spirits of pain, violence, lust and greed as it is of blood and animal feed. Problem is, the only werewolves in Devon and Cornwall with any real degree of organization or territorial power are the Bale Hounds who belong to the Sparrowclaw Circle. Their demonic masters are quite happy with the Farm's progress in the Other, and the Devil Wolves, unbeknownst to Birkett or the Kindred, take pains to maintain the place's terrible sanctity. While there are a few packs of Forsaken in the area, their business is staying alive. None of them know about the Farm yet, and even if they did, the chances are they'd be unwilling to do anything, given the savagery of the Farm's guardians.

Likewise, the few mages of the area don't yet know about the Blood Farm. The Glastonbury Consilium, controlled by the Guardians of the Veil, is one of the most conservative and parochial in the entire country, and dedicates the vast majority of its energy to internal politicking and avoiding change. Even if the Consilium found out, there's no guarantee that the mages do anything about it. While the breakaway Consilium of the Citadel suspects that something is very wrong, they're still not sure what's going on, let alone what to do about it.

The Unbelievable Truth

The Blood Farm is more than a simple source of food. The caliber of neonates has, in the opinion of many elders, fallen quite drastically in recent years. Too many young Englishmen and Englishwomen, when Embraced, bottle out. They want to be human, they say. Some tell their friends and family what they are, and ask nicely before feeding! Some — although it's difficult to credit — even feed from animals! What are the neonates of today coming to?

It's the duty — the God-ordained *duty* — of a responsible elder to show the deluded youth the error of their ways. A neonate deluded in this way needs to learn. He needs to fall. He needs to learn not to blight the Requiems of his fellow Kindred with his infernal self-righteousness.

An elder confides in the virtuous neonate. She “understands” — she feels that way, too, and that's why, she says, she has a source of humanely obtained and nicely bagged

blood from a bank. No pain, no murder. The neonate owes the elder a favor. But that's OK: the humane vampire maintains his dignity and his moral standard.

And then another elder appears. He explains to the neonate that the blood didn't in fact come from a bank, and then swishes away. Will our humane friend make an effort to find out where it's from? Where will it lead him? And what will he do when he finds out the truth?

Over the last 10 years, this strategy has been used so many times and in so many places that it's practically become a joke among Britain's elder Kindred, a well-used strategy for taking the smug and the self-righteous down a peg.

Occasionally, one of these bleating guardians of morality makes it down to the Blood Farm. It's happened a couple of times. Birkett is personable, if well-guarded, and has explained, quite reasonably and accurately, that the Blood Farm is really no more than a refinement of what vampires do anyway.

What even the elders are prepared to admit is that it was a human who came up with this idea, and that to him, this “mere mortal,” the vampires are nothing more than a marketing opportunity. They're animals whom Birkett holds in utter contempt. Maybe some day one of the Kindred will want to impress on Birkett that perhaps his contempt is misplaced. In the end, however, they'll have to contend with the knowledge that Birkett is, in the final analysis, quite right.

An Old Species in an Old Country

They've been here for thousands of years, and even though the wolves are all dead, the werewolves remain. This is not an easy country to live in.

The lack of the wolves just increases the isolation the werewolves feel. Separated from the animals, caught in a country where every inch of land bears human's mark and yet unable to ever fully become part of the human communities in which they're forced to live.

Many go mad. They decide that they're damned to Hell, as the werewolves were in the stories their great-grandparents believed in, and, having nothing to lose, they come to terms with it by giving themselves over to the demons. Some never find a tribe to be part of, or can't get over their social or religious hang-ups. They stay on the outside, getting by in their own way, as best they can. Some get to find their way into one of the Tribes of Luna. But that has its own difficulties.

The werewolves of Scotland, England, Wales and Ireland are much like any others in most respects. Some fight to uphold Father Wolf's duty, some fight only to protect their hunting grounds and loved ones and others seek no more than to come to terms with the changes that have taken hold of them. But they all fight to survive. One way or another, the urge to keep going, to struggle on, to get through one more night, is ingrained in the blood and souls

of these Uratha. Being a werewolf in the British Isles often comes down to one thing: survival.

It can be a desperate existence for many of the People. The Tribes of the Moon are populous, actually outnumbering the Pure, but the Pure seem to hold all the prime hunting grounds and are ruthless about never giving ground. Luna's children scavenge and claim what they can, but they are also scattered, in some cases broken, and greatly weakened overall by their mistrust and isolation from one another. Even in countries as small as those of the UK, the large Forsaken population is disparate, perhaps even shattered. Infighting and isolation are the watchwords of Uratha relations.

Unlike the United States, the United Kingdom never saw the savage outbreaks of Pure and Forsaken battle that is now known as the Brethren War. Here, the two factions of werewolves have been meeting in irregular hostilities for centuries with no distinct turn in the tides of war. The Tribes of Luna have enough to worry about in regards to each other, which means that in many hunting grounds the Pure are a very distant threat and worthy of much less concern than the other Forsaken packs nearby.

When trouble rises, nobody comes to help. A werewolf can rely on his pack and no one else. Trust is the most precious currency among Forsaken packs, and, on the rare occasions trust is exchanged, it is worth much more than its weight in gold.

Just as the British Isles are ethnically and culturally diverse in the modern age, so it has been throughout history, as the population adapted to suit invading cultures, suffered the effects of conquering colonization or accepted immigrants and refugees from abroad. Mirroring this, the werewolf packs of Britain — especially in England and Scotland — are commonly formed on multi-tribal bases. This is much more the norm than in the United States, where packs can roam for dozens, even hundreds of miles in the wilderness without encountering others of their kind. The werewolves of the United Kingdom are something of a melting pot, much like the mortal population. In some cases, this practice emerges from tolerance and co-operation. Though these Uratha take pride in their tribal allegiance as any others, prejudice against the adopted children of other Firstborn is rare in most territories. It's usually because there is no room to worry about being elitist over something as unimportant as tribe, because to British werewolves, a close-knit pack comes first, last and always.

The Forsaken

The Forsaken of Britain are in a sorry state. Most of the rural territory belongs to the Pure, meaning that, for the most part, the Forsaken have been forced into the cities, in close proximity with humans. The Forsaken are disorganized and isolated. They fail to track down many of those who undergo the First Change, and find it hard to properly control territory when their main concern is the everyday business of survival.

This means that they can't exploit the greatest resource they have — their numbers. Unlike most other parts of the

world, in Britain the Forsaken outnumber the Pure. However, here the Pure have all the best territory, all the hunting grounds and all the resources. The Forsaken have nothing, and they have to live alongside people from whom they're going to be separated all their lives, a constant reminder of their difference and their curse.

It's like this in almost every part of the United Kingdom: the Pure have the countryside and the Forsaken have the cities. There are exceptions — there are some places in the South of England where there are Pure in urban areas (including parts of London), and there are plenty of rural Forsaken in parts of Scotland and Wales, but, for the most part, the Pure get the open spaces and the Forsaken get the claustrophobia.

Everywhere in the nation the Gauntlet is weak. Ghosts and spirits alike batter at the gates, and the Beshilu, strong and clever here, gnaw at the borders of reality. Everywhere, the holes are widening. The Shadow reaches out across the Isles, threatening to swallow the nation completely sooner or later, and the Forsaken may be powerless to stop it.

I Want to Live Like Common People

Wyn Bright:

You can't get away from them. The people. They're bloody everywhere.

I lie awake at night sometimes, imagining what it must be like, having the home ground advantage in one of the places where there's no bugger else apart from the birds and bees and the stuff you can eat. But those places, the Highborn've got 'em all.

So we're stuck with the shitholes, like. Full of people. No getting away from them. No getting away from the smell. Smell's everywhere, man. In my clothes. My hair. I fucking hate it. Just being around them is worse. Just seeing them go about their lives, like. And knowing you ain't ever going to be part of it. That's the worst of it.

You're looking at me like I'm mad. Hasn't got to you yet. But it will, all right. Right now, you're like, they're weak and can't do fuck-all and they don't see nothing. And you're right. But that's part of it.

You spend a few years getting on with being a hairy bastard and one day you wake up and you think, Great God, you think, I've got to get away! I've got to hide! Because the people, right, they're everywhere, and you have to watch them living their lives, and by God, they make themselves miserable, just as miserable as you are, but the difference is, they don't actually have to be.

They get to be happy, sometimes. Some of them get to fall in love and have dates and hold down day jobs and have kids and they've got their XR3s and their five-a-side trophies and their semis in Taff's Well, like, and they live out their lives and they get to be happy sometimes and do stuff we don't get to do. Ordinary stuff. Everyday stuff. And we're so fucking close. It's rubbed in our noses all the fucking time. And you don't see it to start with, and you tell yourself you don't miss that stuff. Nights at the pub and family dinners and Christmas

shopping trips. You think, yeah, that was my old life. That's not real, that's not worth anything, you think.

But you start feeling it. It's not like we leave it behind. It's just not allowed to us. For us, it's war and it's death and it's being separated from these people and having them all so close it's like having your nose rubbed in the fact you can't ever be one of them like it's a fresh turd. Spend enough time around them, man, and it hits you. Thing is, you weren't never one of them. Even when you thought you were. You know that. And you've got to live next to the ordinary people, and it sticks in you. It's like being born crippled and knowing you're never going to use your legs and there's all these clueless bastards going on 10 mile walks right in front of you. And they're making themselves miserable, and they don't even see what they got.

It's like God pushing a turd in your snout every minute of every day. Just smelling them and seeing them piss away their perfect little lives. Drives me mad, it does. Some days I want to tear every last one of them to pieces and piss on the remains. Fuck 'em. Fuck 'em all.

The Death of Bad King Wolf

In some parts of Britain, particularly in Northern England and the Provinces, many of the Forsaken tell a radically different story about the loss of Pangaea.



This is how it goes:

“When Father Wolf led his children against the Spinner-Hag and the Plague King, he defeated them and they did not escape, and he claimed victory and the spirits and animals alike declared him King. A great gathering of the animals of the Earth proclaimed his right to the fealty of the mammals and reptiles, to the choice of hunting grounds and the right to eat of their flesh to the King.

Now three of his children were the children of King Wolf's two Spirit-Wolf Queens. The First Spirit-Wolf Queen was the mother of Dire Wolf. The Second Spirit-Wolf Queen was the mother of Silver Wolf and Rabid Wolf. At the birth of each, Luna, the Moon, gave each of them her blessing as a naming-gift, and they were the first werewolves. And five were the children of Luna herself, and as such were not given the rights of the others, although the gift was theirs, and they became the second werewolves. But the elder wolf-children were Highborn. They would one day rule.

The five children of Luna accepted this as the order of things, for King Wolf was their alpha as much as their King. But the Highborn were impatient and jealous. They decided that they should reign over the world, and that they would speed on the deaths of the King Wolf and his Queens.

And so, one night, Dire Wolf stole into the place where the remains of the Spinner-Hag were left and broke away one of Spinner-Hag's fangs.

Then he crept up to the place where the First Queen Wolf lay, and stabbed it into his mother's foot. The First Queen Wolf stirred in her sleep, and then awoke in pain and fear as her blood boiled within her and her veins burst open, and a swarm of spiders flooded out of her body. And then Dire Wolf took the fang away and hid it under a stone near where the King Wolf slept.

This was how the Spider Hosts came into the world.

When King Wolf found her corpse, bloodied and violated, he went mad with grief and anger. Alone, he went to the place where the Spinner-Hag lay and saw that a fang had been taken, and saw the footprints of one of his children. He came back and demanded to know who had done this. The children of Luna insisted that they knew nothing, but Dire Wolf said that he had seen Red Wolf and Black Wolf steal the poison fang and kill his mother; Silver Wolf and Rabid Wolf said that they, too, had seen the children of Luna do this. And Father Wolf believed them, for they were his favorite children, and, in a rage, made Red Wolf and Black Wolf eat their own children, and they did so, although they complained that they had been wronged all along.

On a second night, Silver Wolf stole a claw from where the Plague King lay. Silver Wolf found where the Second Wolf Queen lay and stabbed it into her foot, and she died in agony, as her blood boiled within her and her veins burst open, and a swarm of rats flooded out of her body. And then Silver Wolf took the claw away and hid it under a stone near where the King Wolf slept.

This was how the Rat Hosts came into the world.

King Wolf found her corpse and went mad with grief and anger. Alone, he went to the place where the Plague King lay and saw that a claw had been taken, and saw the footprints of one of his children. King Wolf came back and he demanded to know who had done this. The children of Luna insisted that they knew nothing, but Silver Wolf said that he had seen Winter Wolf and Destroyer Wolf steal the poison claw and kill his mother; Dire Wolf and Rabid Wolf said that they, too, had seen the children of Luna do this. And Father Wolf believed them, for they were his favorite children, and, in a rage, made Winter Wolf and Destroyer Wolf eat their own children, and they did so, although they complained that they had been wronged all along.

Now Rabid Wolf was crafty. He wished to see King Wolf dead, but did not wish the blood to be on his own head. So Rabid Wolf came to Death Wolf as a friend, and told Death Wolf that the King was mad, and that he had killed his Two Wolf Queens himself. And Rabid Wolf showed Death Wolf where the claw and the fang was hidden, and he took Death Wolf to the places where the Spinner-Hag and the Plague King lay. And he showed Death Wolf the footprints of the King, which were larger than any others. Through many arguments, Rabid Wolf convinced Death Wolf that the King had to die. And Death Wolf, although wise, was blinded by his anger, and called together the other children of Luna, and told them what he had learned. And they decided that the King had gone mad, and that he could no longer be their alpha.

But the three children of the Wolf Queens hid and would not join their brothers.

And so the children of Luna found King Wolf, and they killed him, and because he was killed unjustly, Pangaea was lost. And the Highborn hated the children of Luna, because in their hypocrisy, the Highborn blamed the children of Luna for taking away their Kingdom. “

Not all of the Forsaken tell it this way — many tell the same story that Uratha in other parts of the world tell. In fact, there’s reason to believe that this story only dates back to the Middle Ages.

But it’s a dominant myth, and it’s significant because of how it defines the way that the Forsaken of Britain think. For one, they often see the conflict with the Pure as the conflict between noble and commoners. Often, British Uratha will refer to Pure and Forsaken as Highborn and Commoners, respectively.

Second, the myth says a lot about their self-image. While perhaps the Forsaken were in the right, the children of Luna are very much the underdogs in this story, being subjugated, unjustly punished and then tricked into killing King Wolf before his time. The Forsaken of Britain often see themselves as having been unjustly treated by fate. The Highborn may be a bunch of psychopaths, but that doesn’t stop the Forsaken from being intensely jealous of them.

The Pure, incidentally, also tell this story, although in their version, the children of the Two Wolf Queens are telling the truth — the children of Luna did do it — and Rabid Wolf is fooled by Red Wolf into thinking that King Wolf is the culprit. And when they kill Father Wolf, they do it when he and the Highborn are asleep.

Ghost Wolves

One of the biggest problems for the Forsaken and Pure alike comes from tracking down Uratha who are undergoing the First Change. Although the Pure have got the territory and the chances, there simply aren’t enough of them to catch every new werewolf. The Forsaken aren’t organized enough, or are too busy trying to simply get by in a nation overpopulated with hostile supernatural forces to be able to devote time to tracking down a new wolf.

As a result, Britain has an extremely high number of werewolves who never got initiated into a tribe, and who go it alone as best they can. There are Ghost Wolves everywhere in the UK, and while the Pure aggressively try to recruit them and the Forsaken grudgingly accept them, many Ghost Wolves don’t get to meet all that many other werewolves. These werewolves are doubly isolated and only have their own spiritual preconceptions to go on when facing the inhabitants of the Shadow.

Many Ghost Wolves don’t last very long. Many decide that the path of least resistance is their best bet and give themselves up to the demons.

The Dangerous Dogs Act


In 1991, the British Government passed a law banning outright ownership of four breeds of “fighting dog,” and making an attack by a dog a criminal offense for which the owner is culpable. If someone gets attacked by a dog, it’s a police matter, and it’s possible to pay a fine or be imprisoned if your dog gets out of control. And they’ll kill the dog, too.

This has implications for werewolves who try to rely on Lunacy to stay hidden — true, a rampaging Gauru might usually be remembered as a large savage dog, but this creates problems of its own. Every year, a couple of careless Uratha end up getting arrested when CCTV footage puts them right next to the scene of a dog attack, making them, thanks to the Lunacy, the most likely owner of the “dog.”

Birmingham: Pariah Dogs

England’s second city, Birmingham is one of Britain’s most cosmopolitan places. It has a lively mix of religious and ethnic groups. Its sprawling, complex, organic plan makes it easy to get lost. This both suits and frustrates the werewolves who live there; with 100 different smells of man and machine, canals and road intersections that seem to follow no rhyme or reason, hunting down newly Changed werewolves is very difficult. On the other hand, many of them don’t want to be hunted down.

Birmingham is big enough to support a number of packs, and, over the last few years, as new Change after new Change



has slipped through the fingers of the Forsaken in the city, a group of Ghost Wolves have formed a sizeable pack of their own. These “Pariah Dogs” mostly come from the Indian and Pakistani communities, although at least a couple come from the Afro Caribbean community, too. Most of them are fairly liberal Muslims, who interpret a lot of what they experience in the light of the Muslim mythology of India. Their leader, Raish Khan, sees himself as a latter-day master of the djinns, a hero from a new Islamic mythology. More than anything, he’s a relentless self-publicist. The Forsaken see him as a damned nuisance who’s never met a Highborn or a Bale Hound, and who doesn’t know he’s been born.

Birmingham’s huge new Bullring Shopping Centre, a literally shining example of ultra-modern architecture, has developed in its center a powerful locus that no one pack has yet claimed, by agreement between the packs in the city — for the time being, anyway.

Faith and the Wolf

For well over 1,500 years, Britons were Christian in some form or another, whether Catholic, Protestant, Anglican, Puritan, Methodist, Salvationist or Evangelical. After the Great War, the British on the whole ceased to believe in God, but the faith continued to affect British culture more deeply than most outsiders can imagine.

England has a state church. The Queen is the head of the Church of England, and everyone born in England is by law a member of the Church of England, whether communicating or not, unless they say otherwise. On the other hand, although two-thirds of Britons claim identification with some religious group, less than 10 percent of Britain’s citizens actually take part in an act of religious worship more than once a year, and that includes Britain’s sizable communities of Muslims, Hindus, Jews and Sikhs, not to mention the other, smaller religious groups. And although the superstitions and folklore of previous ages were almost wholly Christian in their viewpoint, superstition more or less died with religious observance.

Now, the majority of people in Britain under the age of 40 haven’t the faintest idea about even the basics of the Christian religion. Compared to the USA, where mainstream bookshops have large “Christian” sections and there are areas where most people still go to church, Britain has hardly any religious input. The United Kingdom is, in practice, a wholly secular society that happens to have a religious element to its government.

What this means for the man on the street is that people who *are* committed enough to a religious faith to be regular adherents tend to be *very* committed. It’s an outsider activity, and a relatively rare one. And it’s not something many people can easily leave behind.

Imagine: a young Evangelical Christian goes through the First Change. Suddenly, the world becomes a nightmarish place. Demonic creatures appear as if from nowhere. The urge to violence fills his soul. And yet — isn’t the world fallen and corrupt? Is the battle between spirits what he always thought it was like anyway?

The fact is, a large number of British werewolves turned to their Christian, Islamic or Jewish faith long before their First Change *because* spirituality is very much an outsider pursuit, and *because* they wanted to make sense of their dreams and sense of separation from the world in an environment where, no matter how disconnected they were, they would be accepted. They wanted to belong. Suddenly, the world gets turned upside down. A very few religious people lose their faith altogether. It’s too rigid to bend, and it snaps. They find their new faith in the werewolves’ tribal animism, a new myth in the tale of Pangaea and they join the tribes of the Forsaken or the Pure.

Many werewolves, unable to get past the traditional idea of the werewolf as a child of Satan, become convinced they’re damned. With nothing to lose, they give themselves up to the demons they would once have tried to drive away and become Bale Hounds.

And a significant number of Christian and Muslim Uratha do the same thing that people of faith have always done when their certainties are overturned — the Uratha go through a period of crisis, and then reconstruct their faith in the light of their new knowledge. They rebuild their faith to take into account spirits and shapeshifters. These Uratha might even carry on attending their church. They don’t feel they can join the tribes or take a spirit as a pack totem, but they come to terms with being Uratha in their own way.

The Forsaken of the Five Tribes find this whole attitude confusing, and treat these religious werewolves the same way they treat all the other Ghost Wolves: with distrust, mingled with quite a bit of pity.

This isn’t to say that there aren’t Christian and Muslim werewolves who feel comfortable in their tribes — after all, the tribal ties of the Uratha are less religious than they are philosophical, and it’s quite possible for a Christian or Muslim werewolf to be completely able to buy into the tribes’ way of seeing things. But many werewolves find a great deal of difficulty.

Bale Hounds

Britain’s disproportionately high number of Bale Hounds is a function of the country’s equally disproportionate number of Ghost Wolves. Here, Bale Hounds in Britain are an independent force in their own right, with their own packs, their own lodges and their own territory.

Werewolves were long thought in British folklore to be born of unions between witches and the Devil. Although the common man’s belief in werewolves has long since faded into the past, there’s enough of a memory — and enough literature — for the stories of demonic werewolves to become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

More often than not, it works like this: a young woman experiences her First Change. Alone, with no one to explain what she’s going through, she tries to make sense of it herself. Spirits begin to surround her, whispering to her, making offers, suggesting deals. She finds some literature, maybe talks to a minister or someone who knows some of the stories. It dawns on her — and the whispering demon voices contribute

to this — that she's damned. She begins to talk back to the voices, tries to find a way out. Or maybe she throws herself right into the deal, reasoning that she has nothing to lose.

It's then that her descent begins.

The Devil's Arrow

The most common totem spirit for packs of Bale Hounds is some form of the sparrow. Although by all appearances pretty inoffensive, the sparrow has been a spirit of ill omen for centuries, the herald of devils and witches.

While the actual bird has done little or nothing to deserve this reputation, sparrow-spirits, either inspiring the legend or more likely feeding from it, are uncommonly malicious. The greater sparrow-spirits are drawn to werewolves, and will deal with them for sacrifice — blood, souls and worship.

The sparrow-spirits are often proxies for darker, greater evils, tithing most of the Essence they've gained to their masters and passing down messages from hellish, nameless entities to the Bale Hounds, whose minds and free will are soon completely given over to the worse monsters they serve. The sparrow is so ubiquitous that often other spirits will manifest in the form of a sparrow for ease of dealing with the fallen werewolves, just as other demons will appear as angels or other animals.

Devon and Cornwall: Beasts of the Moors

The largest and most powerful group of Bale Hounds in the United Kingdom by far is the Sparrowclaw Circle,

which controls Exmoor, Dartmoor and Bodmin Moor. All three of these areas are bleak and haunted. Perhaps due to the ghosts — and other things — the wilds had been left uninhabited before the Bale Hound pack arrived, spurred on by suggestions passed on by their totem, the Clawing Sparrow. The pack has been here for 30 years now, and only Eleanor Hepburn, the now aged pack alpha, remains of the pack's original numbers, the others having been sacrificed by their own, killed when they got too old or fallen prey to the other inhabitants of the moors. Still, the Bale Hounds keep coming here, guided by the Shadow sparrows, and the Sparrowclaw Circle still numbers a terrifying 16 members.

Thanks to the care of Hepburn's enormous pack, Dartmoor Prison now stands alongside a small but festering Wound. A second Wound has recently opened around a heavily-guarded building near Torpoint, and the Sparrowclaws will do much to make the Wound open further.

The Pure

The Highborn are in a contradictory position. They are fewer here in comparison to their archenemies than anywhere else, and yet the Highborn's is the best territory. In Scotland, they claim the highlands, and most of the glens. In Wales, they own Snowdonia, the Gower, Pembrokeshire and Monmouthshire, and much of the rural North. And in England, the only large rural area they don't mostly control is the moorland of Devon and Cornwall. Only in Northern Ireland do the Forsaken control more of the countryside than the Pure, and even then, that seems to be mainly because the Pure don't actually want it.

Though it's estimated that the Forsaken outnumber the Pure by as much as three to one, the Highborn's control of their territory is mostly accomplished through agreements with the spirits of the land, with whom the Highborn have long-standing ancestral ties. These spirit-allies — and a belief that the land is rightfully theirs held by both Pure and Forsaken — have been the keys to the Pure Tribes' success.

The Commoners are scared of the Highborn. As *they should be*, the Highborn say. But how long can this last? It just needs one pack of Forsaken to call their Highborn enemies' bluff, to strike a blow for equality, and it could be the beginning of the end for the Highborn's supremacy over the Isles. The Highborn don't dare even think about it.

Predator Kings

Of all the Pure in Britain, the Predator Kings are the most uncomfortable. Dire Wolf's ban — that he touch anything fashioned by human hands except to destroy it — is reflected in the Predator Kings' less extreme but still difficult tribal ban, and makes living in Britain, a country where even the remotest places bear the marks of humanity's passing, painful for them. Nearly every hour of every day they're reminded of what they're missing, and how they're failing. The agony is almost physical.

They're the fewest of the Highborn. The large majority of Predator Kings stay as far away from human habitation as possible; most of them are in the Scottish highlands



and in the mountains of Wales. Wherever Predator Kings end up, the frustration they feel at their predicament leads them to be even more unreasonable and vicious than they are in other nations.

Rumors that some Predator Kings have found another spirit to whom they have transferred their allegiance are unsubstantiated. Even if the rumor were true, what kind of spirit would want to be patron to a group so dedicated to violence, so unable to let go of a grudge?

Ivory Claws

The Ivory Claws are the quintessential Highborn; the Ivory Claws, of all the tribes of the Uratha, insist on accepting only their own relatives into the tribe. They're aristocrats. Over the centuries, their pure blood has served them well. All of the Ivory Claws in Britain today are somehow related to the British aristocracy, and several of them are very rich indeed. The British upper classes' traditional disregard for the welfare of commoners is multiplied by the blood.

Stories come around every so often of an earl with a small estate somewhere in Berkshire who stages hunt meets with his family, where the prey is human, or, if he's lucky and desiring a challenge, Forsaken. How exactly the ban on hunting with dogs is going to affect him, if the stories are true, is unclear.

Fire-Touched

The Fire-Touched of Britain are just as wild as they are elsewhere, but they temper their strangeness with a streak of apparent reasonableness. Whether it's a gift unique to them or simply a skill, the Pure point of view often seems to be eminently sensible after the Fire-Touched have finished talking. They're also prepared to live among wolf-blooded relatives, although the Fire-Touched often treat them brutally.

The Fire-Touched are often found on the move. There are traveler sites and working canal boats where the chief man and his brother are Fire-Touched. They're also prepared to live in urban areas more than their allies.

A pack of Fire-Touched has made a home in the tunnels and secret rooms of the London Underground. Having lived alongside the vampires that hunted the Underground, the Fire-Touched decided it was time to wipe the vampires out, which, apart from a few stragglers, the Fire-Touched have. It would be the first step in taking the city, but their leader, who goes by the name of Coal, has been warned by one of the underground Incarnae that something is about to happen in London that will change everything. For the time being, the Fire-Touch will watch and wait.

The Other

Few countries on the planet have been so comprehensively altered by the history of the human race as the United Kingdom. There isn't, arguably, a single square inch of the island of Britain where a human foot hasn't trod at some point in history. Even the remotest places bear the marks.

Even in the remote fastnesses of Dartmoor, the fens or the highlands, humans have mapped every detail, and sliced across them with roads and railway lines.

What's left of nature on the island retreats to these places. Their wildness is a kind of reaction. A visitor to the wilderness often gets the feeling that the place exists in opposition to the domesticated lands lying nearby. The land lies, wounded, resentful, impotent. It watches. It waits. It looks upon the traveler and the visitor with malice.

The sensible traveler knows this is nonsense, of course. It's the pathetic fallacy writ large. It's the environmental guilt of the townie projected onto harmless countryside. The sensible traveler is wrong.

Over thousands of years, the land has been scarred, over and over again, grazed and worn down to the bone by the effects of century after century of human habitation: farming, enclosures, wars, industrialization, culture after culture, century after century of humanity taming the land. Each layer of history has been built on others before it, covering but never quite removing the traces of the layers beneath.

Step over to the spirit realm and see: in the cities, the fossilized bones of the past intrude on the present. In the countryside, the land's resentment festers and grows.

The Shadow, the "Other" as the British Uratha call it, is full to bursting. And as time goes on, it begins to impinge on the material realm more and more. Spirit-infected in-between places begin to nudge themselves into gaps that weren't there. Other places change, suddenly, drastically, for a night, and then change back. Others still might lose their people for a day, or a week or a month, all of them vanishing, their place taken by ghosts and spirits until such time as things right themselves.

Ordinary people don't see it happening. The few rare people blessed with the second sight can see it. The magicians see it; so do the undead. The werewolves, however, understand it. They know that the Shadow might one day swallow the whole nation, if something isn't done.

Few of the Uratha, if any, have any idea what it is they're supposed to do to keep Britain for the living and the material. While the Forsaken argue the toss with each other, the Ghost Wolves keep on growing and the Pure stagnate, the times when the worlds of the dead and the spirits encroach upon the world of the living become more frequent, longer-lasting and greater in area every time. Spirits and ghosts alike reach through a weakening Gauntlet, punching through with increasing violence, often dragging victims who go unnoticed, unmissed.

The Gauntlet across the land, battered from both sides and gnawed at by hordes of Beshilu rats, is growing weaker with each passing year, and, as the Gauntlet withdraws, the Shadow leaks into the material.

Other Dwellings

The spirit realm of Britain is overcrowded, stuffed full of the spirits of things that long since ceased to exist in the material realm.

Bones are everywhere. In the Other, the cities of Britain appear as vast skeletal creatures whose skeletons intersect and lattice together, forming a strange, choked, labyrinthine network of fossilized bone, around which the spirit fabric of the living city wraps itself like muscle and skin. The remains of other ages poke through like wisdom teeth. Picture it: old walls intersect with the new, door frames, long since bricked up in the real world, erupt from plaster like lesions. Spirit doors don't necessarily open to the places you expect them to.

Dormant spirits of cobblestones speckle the sleeping asphalt. A hundred years ago, a furtive assignation in a coach means that its spirit roams ephemeral streets alongside the spirits of cars. The spirit of a gallows oak in a public park still grows acorns filled with murderers' blood. The stand of a football stadium where a riot began still exists in the Other, even though the stadium was converted to all-seating 20 years ago. A stretch of canal running through a factory area still flows with water that sometimes seems to have the faces of the drowned floating beneath its surface.

The land does not forget, and 2,000 years of urban living have choked the Shadow of the Britain's towns and cities with waking spirits. Spirits born of centuries of pain, plague, poverty, illiteracy, violence, isolation, suspicion and bigotry feed off the decay at the heart of Britain's towns and, in turn, feed on it.

Alcoholism, gang violence, drug addictions, theft: they all bring the spirits to wakefulness. Sometimes, a house or even a street where something terrible happened opens up a Wound, which, thanks to the Gauntlet's potential weakness, bursts like a boil into the material world.

Gloucester: 25 Cromwell Street

Between 1967 and 1990, Fred and Rosemary West are known to have murdered 12 young women, including two of their own children, and buried them in their backyard. Fred West claimed to have killed more than 20 more. He said that he had hidden the bodies all over Gloucester. He committed suicide before he revealed the location of any of them. Fred and Rosemary West's house in Gloucester may have been pulled down, replaced by a landscaped footpath, but in the spirit realm it still stands, pale and bloodied, the center of a Wound that affects the whole area of the town.

In the physical realm, the area used to be part of the territory of a pack of Ivory Claws. They're gone now. No one has claimed the place. No one wants it.

In the Other, the street is completely silent. There seem to be no active spirits here at all. There is only the spirit of the house, malevolent and triumphant and unbowed, master and consumer of all that surrounds it. The door of the house gapes open like the maw of a diseased shark. Inside — nobody knows for sure. No one material has gone inside for 30 years or more. The house had gorged for so long on the spirits of fear, pain, perversion, lust and death that the inhabitants produced that the house has become a massively powerful sinkhole of all of these concepts. The house has consumed the spirits of the surrounding area. The house is the surrounding area. And it's getting bigger.

Although the murders have stopped, the Wound's influence is growing. At some point, the house will have to be faced and cleansed. Right now, the Uratha who live in Gloucester are ignoring the house, hoping it'll go away. In the meantime, they're keeping out of its way.

This is a mistake. Soon the house is going to be able to invade the material realm. The house could, if it isn't stopped, become a bridgehead for the final invasion of the material realm by the Shadow.

London: Bedlam Hospital

In four places in London's Shadow stand spirit remnants of Bethlehem Hospital, the world's oldest insane asylum. Home to spirits of madness and need, the hospital is by no means a safe place to visit — its very halls can drive an unwary Uratha mad. But the hospital can sometimes be a necessary place to visit, since its inhabitants, many of whom are ancient and hugely knowledgeable in their own way, know many Gifts and have a comprehensive knowledge of London's twisting backstreets.

Shadow Countryside

The transition between town and country is as gradual in the Other as it is in the physical world. As you leave behind the Shadow City, the clutter of the urban realm gradually dissipates. What replaces it is countryside — but the countryside looks somehow *wrong*. Putting a finger on exactly what's the matter is difficult, but, to the Uratha, the land feels like it's been cowed, like it's in chains. The land radiates resentment, like a prisoner unjustly sentenced.

The land's inhabitants carry the mark of man just as much as the land does. There's barely an inch of land on the Isles where man has not laid his foot. In most places in England and Wales, you can't travel half a mile without stumbling on to the site of a battlefield, or a military camp. Anglesey's trees still grow human heads and hands as fruit, left over from the days when the island's glades were the site of Druid human sacrifice. Spirit strawberries grow across every field that saw a battle in the civil war, and every strawberry is succulent and sweet with the taste of blood. The tutelary spirits of peat bogs resemble the perfectly preserved virgins ritually murdered there millennia ago: shaven-headed, dyed black by the earth, the cords still tied tight around shrunken throats. The tufted, rocky, inhospitable spirit wilds that surround Dartmoor prison reflect the gaol: thistle-spirits grow steel knives and keys. Swarms of midge-spirits suck anger and guilt as enthusiastically as their physical counterparts suck blood.

Distances are different. A mile is a lot farther in the British Shadow than a mile is anywhere else. Between destinations, the countryside isn't any different, although here and there, extra places that have no material world analogue appear: deserted shadow villages; forests full of trees and animals that don't exactly reflect any real world species; isolated motorway service stations devoid of staff or clientele, signposted for places that never existed.

The Shadows of the very remotest places, such as the moors, the fens and the highlands, are perhaps the only

places where the countryside really feels like countryside. But all of these places are inhabited by spirits even more hostile to the Forsaken than the normal run of spirits. The last wilds of Britain belong to the Pure and the Bale Hounds. The Pure are more closely allied to the spirits of their territories than the Forsaken could ever be, while Britain's Bale Hounds have, over the centuries, repopulated the wilds of their own territories with their own allies.

Foulness Island: The Abandoned Brain

During the Second World War, preparations were made for the worst: an invasion of Britain. By the end of 1940, gun emplacements and turrets had been built across the south coast of England, designed as a line of defense should the land be invaded by sea.

The invasion never came; the Battle of Britain did happen in September 1941, but it was fought in the air. After the tide turned, the emplacements were abandoned. You can still see them there on village greens and cliff tops, little concrete bunkers, now grown over with ivy, full of leaves and earth. They've become places where animals nest and children play. A lot of people born decades after the war ended have even forgotten what the little bunkers were originally there for.

In the Shadow, many of these places have developed in very odd ways. Charged with fear and patriotism, even when they were built, these bunkers burst into the Shadow before they were finished. As time has gone on, local plant- and

animal-spirits and the dreams of the people in the nearby areas have transformed the emplacements.

One of the most bizarre examples lies out on Foulness Island, a little to the northeast of Southend-on-Sea, in Essex. While the material counterpart is no different from any other concrete bunker, in the Shadow, the thing looks like a cracked, overgrown concrete statue of a human brain, surrounded by rubble resembling the broken remains of a huge spinal column. Rail pools in the concrete structure's cracks and folds.

Inside, it's vast: leaves sweep into a hall, beyond which is what would have once been the place where the Home Guard watched for the enemy. Tiny spirits run wild across the floor — little skittering notions that rush back and forth like small leathery nerve cells, and never stay still long enough for their shape to be properly made out.

Under a lattice of wildflowers and ivy, antique levers and dials can be seen set into the sloping wall underneath the gun slit. They look like they should do something; it's hard to tell exactly what that does. Pushing back the foliage, there's a fuel gauge, a speedometer, measured in knots, and what looks like an altitude meter. A reel-to-reel tape machine sits inside a steel cabinet behind a rusted door. An empty bird's nest sits on top of it, but the tape still turns. It's very faint, but anyone listening hard enough can hear the tape repeat a brief message. Everyone hears a different thing.

Do the controls do anything? And if they can be made to work, what then?



Co. Antrim: The Dundermot Mound

The tree-covered Dundermot Mound, near Ballymena, has for several hundred years been believed to be a gateway to Hell. There's something in that, for the Mound is the site of a vast, albeit periodic, hole in the Gauntlet. At irregular intervals the Mound opens, like a vast maw, swallowing anyone nearby and unleashing vicious, ravening spirits onto the physical realm.

The Mound's in the territory of a pack of Forsaken who are beginning to realize that when the pack of Fire-Touched who had previously claimed the area retreated in the Forsaken's favor, it wasn't necessarily because of their superiority. The packmembers aren't by any means cowards, but there's only so much that even a werewolf can take, and they're reaching the point where they will resort to anything rather than have to face even one more night of terror.

The Lake District: Landmarks

In the Shadow around the lakes of Cumbria, a number of landmarks can be found. Some of them are prone to move, although the spirits of Lake Windermere and West Water always seem to know exactly where the landmarks can be found at any given moment. All of them are sources of valuable knowledge. All of them are in the territory of the Predator Kings. Are the secrets they hold worth the risk?

A **Brass Post** with a cast dragon's head atop it stands on one of a number of hilltops between the Shadows of Devoke Water and Seathwaite Tarn. The post stands with its mouth open, its fangs bared. Its tongue and many of its teeth are broken off, but the post can be heard to speak. It knows the true names of every demon that ever stood on the British mainland in the material realm. The post will answer without argument, but only if the right words are said before; and it will only answer once in any individual's hearing.

A **spirit-reflection of a Morris Minor** lies, wrecked, far from any road, somewhere near Whitefell. The spirit is dormant, but other spirits leave it be. Its radio still works, and still plays music from times long past. Sometimes the music stops and crackly voices tell secrets.

Somewhere within 10 miles of the Shadow of Hobcarton Pike, a **great stone hand**, some 20 or 30 feet high, rises, fingers outspread, from the ground at the bottom of a valley. Chipped and grown with moss and algae, surrounded by grass-covered rubble as if the hand burst from the soil long ago, the hand's location changes monthly. One pack of the local Pure makes a point of finding it each time it moves and repelling anyone who tries to get near with extreme force. The hand is well-known, but none of the Forsaken have ever gotten close enough to it to find out exactly what it does.

Above the Shadow of Swinside Stone Circle, **huge, tangled strands of linen** hang in the air, 20 or 30 feet above the ground. There's something written on them. The Pure who keep the locus that surrounds the Circle don't know what the writing says, and will resort to murder to make sure that no one else ever does.

Spirits

Britain has been fundamentally altered by man's habitation; the land's reflection in the Shadow mirrors this, and so does the land's inhabitants. Most of Britain's spirits have a vaguely human form. Many appear human, particularly those that embody places — these elemental-spirits, such as the inhabitants of the Cornish mines, the mermaids of the Northern coasts, the butterfly-winged watchers of English hedgerows and many others. They closely resemble the elves and goblins of English superstition. Most are not powerful enough to be noticed by the Uratha, and rarely have much to do with the werewolves. Animal-spirits often take on an anthropomorphic form, sometimes even appearing in clothes, holding tools or driving vehicles. The spirits of mammals — particularly domestic animals, and rural animals such as badgers, water-rats, moles, weasels and otters — are prone to appearing this way. Sometimes, too, fish and amphibians take on a half-human form. They often have other powers and other opinions, beyond those of their fellows in other nations.

Robin-spirits have healing powers and are among the most benevolent of all the bird-spirits of the Isles, although they are bound to take a terrible, bloody vengeance on anyone, mortal or Uratha, who harms a robin. Uratha often seek after cat-spirits, who are known as the possessors of many gifts. However, for reasons unknown, the spirits of cats born in the month of May are malevolent, and their ban forces them never to honor an honestly-made deal.

Magpie-spirits are prone to steal shining objects and small bright pieces of Essence, but these spirits are often goldmines of supernatural knowledge. However, their own ban forces them to haggle. Few Uratha get a good deal from a flock of magpie-spirits. A further complication is that magpie-spirits can only deal in certain ways if they appear in certain numbers. Jackdaw-spirits, on the other hand, do know many gifts, but are best avoided, since they are compelled to bring disaster on those who give less than what the spirits think a Gift is worth.

The spirits of owls and nightingales often teach Gifts of soothsaying and death. Neither one, however, is as knowledgeable in the field of death as the spirit of the black rabbit. The black rabbit will not negotiate unless the person dealing with it repeats its name three times before addressing it. It can teach much, but the cost must be weighed carefully, because the black-rabbit-spirit often demands memories of lost friends or relatives as chiminage.

Wise Forsaken avoid having anything to do with sparrow-spirits, which are far more dangerous than they appear. They demand sacrifices of more than time or goods. The sparrow and the spink are referred to in the old rhyme as "the Devil's bow and arrow" for good reason. More powerful sparrow-spirits are often the preferred patrons of packs of Bale Hounds.

Among the most powerful of the bird-spirits of the British Isles are the lesser Incarnae known as the Seven Whistlers. These whistling birds of indeterminate species never teach Gifts, but will, if approached correctly, give accurate information about the likely outcome of an enterprise, and good advice for its execution.

Mouse-spirits are also able to teach gifts of death and soothsaying, but if the correct forms are not observed to the letter, can inflict endless, sudden swarms of mice over an unfortunate bargainer's home until recompense is made.

Frog-spirits know gifts of protection and evasion, but are bound only to name their price after they teach a Gift. Usually, they simply demand protection for a month or so for their physical counterparts. But then, this can prove problematic if the frogs in question live in a pond that's on the planned route for a motorway bypass.

Fish-spirits can be very willing to teach Gifts of knowledge, but their bans are often so complex that to even be able to speak to one, a potential bargainer must perform three (or sometimes seven) specific deeds. Snail-spirits know gifts of healing. Their own needs are simple, but speaking to a snail-spirit without causing terrible offense can be difficult. Snail-spirits never forgive and never forget even the smallest slights.

All of these spirits, despite their shape, and possibly their manner, are still bird- and animal-spirits. Their concerns are the same, and their actions still reflect that, even if, in conversation, they demand to be called "Mister" or "Miss."

Plant-spirits can appear in anthropomorphic form, ranging from the so-called flower fairies of Victorian fancy through to ancient, grim erl-kings. The plants of herbs, flowers and spices all possess complicated bans and powerful gifts.

Rose-spirits can teach many gifts, but demand silence in all communications. The spirits of trefoil, vervain, John's wort and dill can teach werewolves how to find and stop magicians. The spirits of the lilies demand that some justice is righted before they will co-operate with Uratha. Briony-spirits know healing gifts; lilac-spirits know curses.

Henbane- and hemlock-spirits are possibly the most malevolent of all the plant-spirits of the British Isles. Again, often chosen as totems by the Pure and the Bale Hounds, henbane-spirits and hemlock-spirits know many malevolent Gifts but exact prices that Forsaken with any degree of Harmony are simply unable to pay.

The abstract spirits of Britain are the most human-like, but, at the same time, the most alien. Spirits of poverty appear as prematurely aged children wearing knock-off trainers and torn sweatpants. Spirits of loneliness claim the isolated, creating grey men who suck life and joy from all they meet. Spirits of lust and desperation materialize nightly and solicit clients, indistinguishable from the other prostitutes.

There are the spirits of the crowd, who appear among the mob, faceless individuals who lead by urging the mass from within. Two rival groups of fans turn a Premier League match into a war zone, and, in the aftermath, no one has any idea what started the fight. A mob breaks down the door of an innocent old man's house and beats him to within an inch of his life, after the rumor gets around that he's a kiddy-fiddler. When the arrests are made and the pieces picked up, no one seems to know how the rumor started. Cars slow down to watch an accident scene, causing tailbacks on the motorway, and yet, if anything the traffic's lighter than usual.

Some spirits have learned how to materialize briefly in a perfect human form, which is undetectable by ordinary humans, although supernatural beings feel that something

is terribly wrong the moment they see these beings. In the few minutes these beings have before they must return to the Shadow, they have the freedom to do whatever they want, without any of the humans noticing. Driven to acts of violence, the spirit chooses the first victim who takes its fancy, slaking its thirst for blood and pain before dragging the victim back to the Shadow and devouring her, body and soul.

No one mortal (at least no one without the Unseen Sense or some other hint of the supernatural) sees it happening, no matter how public the spirit acts. Family and friends forget the victim, even as her spirit assailant is eating her. There is little that can be done with a spirit such as this — there is no hope of negotiation; changing the spirit's nature is impossible. Uratha do their best to find these creatures as soon as the Uratha know that they're at large in their territory and destroy them.

Magpies

One for sorrow, two for mirth,

Three for a wedding, four for a birth.

Five for Heaven, six for Hell,

Seven the Devil's own sell.

Patronage

British werewolf packs that seek totems (or, a British Forsaken and Pure alike prefer, "patrons") often find that although spirits are more willing on the whole to accept the role, their demands are complex and inexplicable, their agreements labyrinthine and legalistic.

Often, offerings need to be made of herbs, the branches of trees or maybe dead birds or animals. Certain phrases or rhymes must be said every time they meet together (or certain other phrases must never be said at all). Contractual necessities demand that Uratha must keep religiously to their agreements, on pain of death or worse than death. Many of these necessities appear utterly insignificant (never use a doorbell, whistle a certain tune three times a day, always check under the bed before sleeping) and yet so very often the more trivial the demands are, the more terrible the retribution when these things are forgotten.

Many Forsaken packs — particularly the ever-growing number of Ghost Wolf packs — go without patrons altogether, preferring to go without the benefits rather than accept the risks of forgetting a trivial thing and dying for it.

The Piper at the Gates of Dawn

A manifestation of the Great God Pan, the Greater Juggling (or possibly Minor Incarna) known as the Piper at the Gates of Dawn is either prolific and fast-moving, or actually several very similar spirits. The Piper has become, over

the years, patron to a succession of Forsaken packs in England. Gaining his favor is hard, but the rewards are great. He offers aid in surviving in the countryside (valuable when most of the countryside is controlled by your enemies), and even gains his packs the goodwill of some Helions. He demands strict adherence to his bans, however — his pack must never eat any animal they haven't killed themselves, and they must only kill those animals they need for food. If they don't eat it, they don't kill it. Humans count as animals, too. The consequence of failing to observe his ban is madness.

Still, the Piper doesn't eschew violence or maiming, and his bans suit many packs. He is particularly well-regarded by a growing number of Ghost Wolf packs, which, uncomfortable with the morality of the Forsaken and Pure alike, find the Piper's prohibition on gratuitous killing quite attractive.

They're becoming so many that there has been some speculation that the followers of the Piper might one day make their totem powerful enough that they might gain a kind of tarnished, second-hand tribal status in their own right. Even in the unlikely event that this turns out to be more than a pipe dream, it's going to be a long way off.

The Tamworth Mound: Spilling Your Guts to a Fox

Fox-spirits are growing increasingly common. The victory of ideology that led to the banning of fox-hunting meets and the diminishing of the Great Hunter (see below) has made fox-spirits spring into being at a rate never seen before.

Fox-spirits are small and have the power to materialize. In the physical realm, they appear as shadowy foxes with uncannily bright, sharp eyes. In the Other, they often appear as small, fox-headed anthropomorphic figures, wearing smart clothing and exuding a powerful sense of menace. They're thieves. They are often well-disposed to the Uratha, and will willingly teach Gifts of stealth and larceny. However, getting anything from a fox-spirit is a tricky business.

The form works something like this: a young Uratha approaches the fox-spirit, and asks for a Gift. The fox-spirit replies, *What will you give me?* The Uratha says, in all politeness, that he will give nothing, and that he is asking for a free grace. The fox-spirit objects, says it's not his business to give charity. The Uratha asks a second time. The fox-spirit again objects, and accuses the Uratha of mocking it. The Uratha asks a third time, and again says that it must be a free grace. This time, the foxling says yes, and teaches the Gift.

Except:

The following day, the Uratha expects to lose something. The safest way is for him to leave something valuable in a place where it can be stolen, because fox-spirits will

take easy pickings first. The thing left for the taking must be valuable enough to satisfy. It has to mean something to the werewolf, or be of rarity or financial value. The greater the Gift, the more valuable — emotionally or monetarily — the thing that must be left for the fox-spirits. They will not be cheated.

If the werewolf offers anything to the fox-spirit, the spirit is insulted and attacks the werewolf, or leaves. If the werewolf mentions to anyone why he's stupidly leaving something out where it can get nicked, the werewolf's memory of the Gift fades. If some helpful friend takes the werewolf's keys from his car and locks it up for him, or takes his copy of *2000AD #2* inside and hands it back to him rather than leave it there on the front garden wall or if the werewolf forgets to leave something out, the fox-spirit takes something else, and not always an object. Sometimes the fox-spirit takes a memory. Or an emotion instead. If the Gift was very powerful, the fox-spirit might not be satisfied with anything less than the Uratha's mind.

Fox-spirits are happy to take on the roles of spirit patrons for a pack of Uratha, but they exact a heavy price. Again, they are convinced to give something, after which they steal something, and this arrangement, from the point of negotiation on, must never be spelled out to anyone. Otherwise, the deal goes sour and the fox-spirit abandons the pack, at the worst possible moment.

The fox-spirits have a number of potent individual lords. The most significant is the Incarna Reynard the Fox. He roves across the whole of mainland Britain, but his center of power lies in Warwickshire. His den (or at least a manifestation of his den) is in the Shadow of the Tamworth Mound. In the waking world, the Mound is a rocky place. The ruins of Offa's Castle stand in its center, surrounded



by unhealthy grass. In the Shadow, the walls of the ruined castle are higher and sharper, great spires of white stone halfway on the way to being unfossilized, converted from stone to bone. The Shadow Mound is strewn with the bones of poultry and small animals. Among the piles of gnawed leftovers can be found lost items — car keys, wedding rings, pendants, single earrings, favorite toys long ago mislaid. The Mound's Shadow is a dangerous place to visit.

It's easy to become drawn into the place, to find oneself against one's will taking a strange sort of delight in picking through the trinkets and found objects among the chicken bones. Before you know it, you're lost, and the eyes of a dozen fox-spirits surround you.

Reynard's ban ties him to the people of Warwickshire. If he has not already done so, he is bound to grant a blessing to one ordinary human being who comes onto the mound and who conforms to his criteria. Reynard's chosen one can be a man or a woman, but he or she must always be "unbound" (that is, without a lover or a spouse), have lived no more than three-and-20 years and, most importantly, he or she must be red-haired. For a year and a day, Reynard bestows his unsuspecting protégé with his blessing. The favored of Reynard can steal anything he pleases — goods, money, hearts, lives — and always get away with it. Sure, people nearby will see that a crime was committed, but other ordinary humans (as opposed to supernatural beings, which are unaffected) are prevented from suspecting the chosen one, even when all sense points to him, even when he did the deed in broad daylight in the sight of dozens of witnesses.

Reynard's chosen one doesn't feel any different. He might never notice his new ability, although Reynard's children follow him around, and through a little push there, an influence here, they put temptation in his way, over and over again. If the blessed human spends a year and a day without stealing anything at all, Reynard and his children leave him alone, and Reynard finds himself another chosen one. If the chosen one has taken even one thing, no matter how small, he will, when the year-and-a-day is up, be required to put up his side of a bargain he didn't even know existed. On the last night, Reynard himself comes for the chosen one, and claims him. They spend a night of rampant disregard for property and life, before returning to the Tamworth Mound. There, Reynard leaves his blessed behind; the human then takes a knife and eviscerates himself. A new fox-spirit is born from the body, joining in as its brothers reach through the Gauntlet and drag the corpse into the Shadow, there to devour it. The only thing remaining in the material world is a plastic bag full of viscera, left behind on the Mound.

The packmembers of Fire-Touched who, to Reynard's amusement, claim the territory around the Mound as theirs, make a point of collecting the bag of guts. No one has gotten close enough to ask them why.

Shiver-Trees

In old English folklore, the aspen was thought to have been the tree that supplied the wood for Christ's cross.

You could see the tree, they said, shivering in the wind, and shivering in no wind, shivering with guilt for what it had been party to. Shiver-Trees, they called them, and considered them ill-omened.

Whether the truth fed the folklore or the folklore made them that way, nobody knows, but the fact is that the spirits of British aspen trees are also powerful spirits of guilt. They appear as impossibly thin and ancient men and women with skin like pale wood. Their hair is tangled with leaves, thorns, nails and sometimes glass and barbed wire. They feed from guilt and remorse, and work to promote those feelings and then feed from them. Their ties to Christian legend attract them to churches, and they sometimes ride preachers and ministers, whose sermons grow ever more condemnatory, their faith twisted into a means of control. Christianity in the United Kingdom is mostly dying now, but even so, awakened Shiver-Trees can still find themselves attached to those traditionalist Christian groups that still have a powerful hold on communities in the remotest parts of the rural provinces: Ulster Presbyterians, Evangelical Movement of Wales youth camps and Scots Wee Frees are particular favorites.

No matter how pure, honest and transcendent the creed, humans have the ability to twist it into something small-minded and self-serving, without any outside help. The tragedy of these communities is that communities targeted by a Shiver-Tree don't often notice any difference in their minister. These congregations had already been twisted into sources of potent, delicious guilt: all the Shiver-Trees need to do is harvest it.

Shiver-Trees have potent healing powers, and are often worth seeking out. Negotiation with a Shiver-Tree must always begin with an incantation, which, in its most common form, goes:

When Christ Our Lord was on the Cross,

Thou didst sadly shiver and toss.

My aches and pains thou now must take;

Instead of me, I bid thee shake.

A Shiver-Tree is bound to listen to whatever deal a petitioner who approaches in this way presents.

Life-Demanding Rivers

Tradition has it in the rural areas of England and Scotland that, if they are not to flood, rivers demand the sacrifice of lives. This is broadly true: many river spirits want to flood, *need* to flood, but are bound not to if they are appeased by death. The specific ban varies. Depending on the spirit involved, the river could need several people to be drowned in its waters before the same day each year, which could be Midsummer's Day, St. Swithin's Day or the Autumnal Equinox.

As the folk-rhyme has it:

Bloodthirsty Dee, she needs three,

But Bonny Don, she needs none.

Some of the rivers manifest in the Shadow as hags with wet, grey-green skin, lank hair and yellow eyes. They've all got their own personalities and names, and some, over the



years, consumed the spirits of their tributaries and streams, giving the rivers a great deal of power. Jenny Greenteeth — named for her green algae-covered teeth — now personifies the rivers of most of southern England. Black Annis still prowls the waterways, river and canal alike, of the Midlands and Peg Powler looks for food in the North.

All are powerful, malevolent, but unable to leave the confines of their rivers. They have, on occasion, been known to teach Gifts and even give aid to the Uratha, but the cost of their aid is terrible. The favored chiminage of the river-hags is human flesh, the younger and more succulent the better.

Djinn

Werewolves and mages alike of Islamic heritage often lump spirits in with the djinn of Muslim legend. For all intents and purposes, this is fair enough, given that other spirits react to being commanded by a Pirezada or Pariah Dog in much the same way that the djinn would.

Certainly, some spirits claim to be djinn, but whether these are the real djinn of the legends is open to debate. Do the djinn exist outside of their homelands? Are they tied to the land or to the people? Is it enough to say that they're just a kind of spirit — or demon — or something more?

Incarnae of the Isles

Most countries can be said to have their own individual souls, personalities that assert themselves in the form of powerful spiritual entities. What makes Britain unusual is that its long and complex history of strife, and cultural transformation, has caused the land to develop over the centuries many souls, many spirits, each of whom personify the nation, the land and the age.

As with so many of the spirits of Britain, their appearance reflects the people of the land, and, as time goes on, their appearance changes.

None are eternal, although they might claim they are. Even the most ancient spirits of the land can fade away or be absorbed by other spirits. Spirits of the Age are as prone to die off, spring from nowhere, merge and change with time as other spirits. Spirits of the Land are more enduring, but they have still changed as the relationship between the land and the people has developed. As most of the spirits of Britain, they've been made what they are by the people of the Isles.

During the last 10 years, the Incarnae of the Isles have changed. Albion has vanished. Diana has sprung into being, new and fully-formed. And Herne is gone. The personification of the Hunt, the eternal huntsman Herne had grown progressively weaker as time went on. Forced by his bans to only draw Essence from human hunters, and

diminished over the last century into almost nothing, the Hunter was forced at the end only to draw Essence from fox-hunting meets, their party atmosphere a poor substitute for the honest Essence of a hunter pursuing his quarry for food or justice.

When the fox hunts were finally outlawed, Herne vanished. There are still people campaigning for hunts to be returned to the nation, but it wasn't enough. There has been no sign of him since. Stories have circulated among Forsaken Ithaeur, suggesting that shortly after the hunts were banned, a pack of Pure — or sometimes the story goes that it was Bale Hounds — hunted the ailing Incarna down and destroyed him, hunter become hunted. Unless Herne reappears, or his killers claim responsibility, it's unlikely that anyone will ever know the truth.

Other Incarnae have also vanished; Jerusalem (the counterpart of Albion) disappeared sometime after the Blitz. Los, Enitharmon and Orc, all of whom moderated and reined in Urizen, vanished during the 1970s and 1980s, leaving the Ancient of Days unfettered.

Most cities in Britain have an Incarna that reflects both the spirit of the town and common belief about its character. The Incarnae appear only partly human, each having something of the character of the land about them — their angular or ancient architecture the bones on which ephemeral flesh is built. The archetypal aura of the city they personify — whether decay, growth, order, chaos, age, whatever — rises like a wave from the earth whenever they pass by, changing their surroundings, just for a moment, into something like they already were — only more so.

London has several Incarnae: the Spirit of the Capital wears a top hat, and is as prone to bigotry, short-sightedness and greed as he is to courage and good cheer. Meanwhile, the Spirit of the Underground rules over a court of stations and lines, each of which reflect something of their name: there are Seven Sisters that hold court at the station of the same name, a gladiatorial arena at Piccadilly Circus and an interstitial park of great beauty and terror at Covent Garden. The Spirit of the Underground itself is rarely seen, but is both complex and unbending in his dealings.

Manchester is straightforward and bluff. Plymouth is hostile and smells of polluted seawater. Cardiff is prone to vainglory above her station. Birmingham is open and warm, but ugly. Edinburgh is decorous; Glasgow is vicious and noble. Belfast stands defiant in all things and will not be approached peacefully unless proper forms are recognized. York is ancient and forgetful; Milton Keynes is young but devoid of humor and imagination.

Blest with Beauty, With Matchless Beauty Crown'd

Britannia was not the first Spirit of the Land, but, of them all, she's lasted the longest. Two thousand years ago, she was known to the magicians of Rome as a barbarian maiden, tall and untouchable, savage and noble, warrior, virgin and princess. In the Middle Ages, she stood bloodied but unbowed on every field of war as the courage of kings

was put to the test again and again. Five hundred years ago, she was Gloriana, the spirit-reflection of England's greatest queen, mother of a young empire. Over the last few centuries, Britannia has changed from dour matron to debauched doxy to grand authoritarian figurehead, grim and proud and singed at the edges. In the 20th century she changed again and again, reflecting two world wars, Swinging London, the Winter of Discontent and the punk era. She reflected the spirit of nihilism that grasped the nation during the Silver Jubilee and the cold, self-serving grasping of the Thatcher years. She was there when the nation's pride rose in the mid-'90s and reflected its grief at the end.

These days, where once Britannia was dignified and haughty, now she's lairy and hostile. Where once she was modest and decorous, now she's trashy and foul-mouthed. Britannia is nonetheless willing, as she always was, to treat with the inhabitants of her land, although she favors ordinary humans above any supernatural, and will take the side of a mortal over a supernatural being in any conflict, no matter who is actually right.

Enlisting Britannia's aid may be possible, if she is shown proper respect — and it's harder now to ascertain what "proper respect is" than it ever has been before — and her petitioners can prove that they are working in the interests of the nation's people. She's fallen far, but she is still the nation's soul.

And Did Those Feet ...

While Britannia is, for all intents and purposes, the soul of Britain as a nation of people, Albion was the soul of Britain as the physical land. Restrained and noble, craggy like the mountains of Scotland, green like the rolling valleys of Wales, vast like the glens and highlands, Albion grew ill and strained over the last two centuries before disappearing altogether sometimes after the Second World War. His female counterpart was once a spirit called Jerusalem (a personification of a conceptually Perfect Heavenly City, as described in the Book of Revelation, a perfect urban-spirit to balance Albion's perfect countryside). But Jerusalem vanished.

A decade ago, Albion vanished, too. Rumors that he is not dead, only hiding, have been circulating for quite some time now. They are completely true.

Since his disappearance, Albion has Claimed a number of people in turn, each of whom has traveled across the nation, hoping to find the true heart of the nation. He is currently in the body of a young man named Daniel Hood. He has little time for the country's supernatural inhabitants, instead preferring to live among the ordinary people. He takes on manual jobs and moves on.

He wants to find Jerusalem, or make her anew, to build a Perfect Heavenly City in England's green and pleasant land. His tools are the souls and arms of the people of Britain. Wherever he goes, he inspires. He's an idealist and a demagogue, a firebrand preaching a utopian gospel. He seeks the restoration of the New Jerusalem on earth, unfettered by twisted laws or cold reason, a state built on compassion and honor.

He is powerful enough to make any human he hears do his bidding in this, but his ban is that he is never to coerce a mortal. He can only convince ordinary human beings to find their own way. Too often, the spirits of apathy, compassionless greed and mob hysteria that rule over the land steal a march on him. The people don't want to hear him. They don't want messages of hope. They don't want to hear about struggling for a better world. They just want to get by. Albion has had little or no success so far, but he hasn't given up hope. He isn't able to. It's not in his nature.

He has no such ban against the supernatural denizens of Britain, and is not afraid to use force on Kindred and Uratha alike. He has no time for the vampires, seeing them as instruments of humanity's oppression. He knows where they are. When Albion's worn shoes walk on a city's streets, he knows instinctively where they hunt. When he finds them, he works for their destruction, usually by finding ways to cause them to fight among themselves. He has little time for werewolves. He believes their time has gone.

The magicians interest him, for they are mortals who have found true inspiration and the means to change things. If he can find in them the means of remaking Jerusalem, they may be his only hope.

Albion, bereft of his mate, is a little mad. If he can be convinced that his help will work to bring back Jerusalem, he can make a potent and knowledgeable ally. Until then, he shall not sleep from his psychic battle, nor shall his sword — his word of inspiration — sleep in his hand, until he has seen humanity build Jerusalem.



I Shall Not Sleep From Mental Fight

The loose confederation of mages that calls itself the Pygmalian Society has much the same goal as Albion — the creation of a utopian world by the awakening of humanity through inspiration and creativity. The names are different (for “Jerusalem,” read “Atlantis”), but the Pygmaliens' idiosyncratic take on the Atlantis myth amounts to pretty much the same thing as Albion's doomed enterprise.

Could the Pygmaliens get the people of Britain to build the New Jerusalem? The Pygmaliens have to find him first.



The People's Princess

When Princess Diana died suddenly in a car crash in the summer of 1997, the British flung themselves into a frenzy of public mourning. The random leaving of flowers and the signing of books of condolence were the order of the day. People were all but lynched for suggesting that she might not have been anything more than an ordinary, imperfect woman who, although she worked for charity, had still indulged in marital infidelity. People who pointed out

that she was no saint were ostracized. Elton John rewrote one of his former hits so that it referred directly to the Princess, and it topped the charts for most of the year.

And then, almost exactly a year later, it stopped. Someone described the British people as being at that moment like someone who embarrassed themselves the night before, and who, hungover, wanted to forget it. But they didn't. Not really.

Since then, the British people's emotional floodgates have opened. Mass hysteria and panics have swept the people of Britain, one by one. Rumors of registered pedophiles living in the community cause mobs to form and people to be beaten and killed, often innocent people (in one memorable occasion, a Welsh paediatrician was attacked by mistake). Protests by hauliers at the cost of petrol lead to panic buying in petrol stations and supermarkets, and violence in shopping centers. When two children were murdered in the village of Soham, people from hundreds of miles away flocked to leave floral tributes and messages at the village, even though they had never even been there, let alone knew the children.

Mass hysteria is part of the New Britain, and it began with Diana.

When Diana died, spirits of grief and, panic across the country fed and fed on the people's hysteria and on each other, getting stronger and stronger. They began to consume each other, and by the end of the year, a New Diana, an idealized form, an *idea* of the dead Princess, came into being, luminous and smiling. She's a true People's Princess, the embodiment of self-serving grief and the madness of crowds. This newest Spirit of the Age is beautiful and benevolent and vulnerable, and her vulnerability is her weapon, for when she manifests, chaos results. Diana inspires protectiveness and sentimentality; she inspires people to believe that there is a danger to themselves or to their children, or that their own emotions are vital, even in an event where their only link is that they saw it on the news. She feeds the mob, and is fed by it. When Diana appears to you, you know that you must do something, that you must act, that you must take things into your own hands. Because it's all about *you*.

The Soul-Shuddering Vacuum

The most powerful Incarna by far in Britain is, essentially, God. To be more exact, he's an *idea* of God as given form by the negative impulses of three centuries of post-Enlightenment authority. Given a name by Blake, Urizen appears as a God played by the hoary old man of the mystery plays. He plays the part of the omnipotent creator of the universe. He isn't. However, he's the closest thing to omnipotent that the Shadow of Britain has.

Urizen is the personification of the good and noble — science, order, progress — twisted into tools of control. His is cold progress, unyielding order and progress at the expense of compassion and humanity. Alone, at once inhabitant of a gulf at the notional heart of the nation's Shadow and backbone of the very land, Urizen clutches his eternal book of law and sleeps, fitfully. His dreams power

every misused authority, every enterprise that puts profit and product over human well-being, every religious group that preaches guilt and bigotry over acceptance and love.

When abroad, he feeds from the abuses of authority, too blind to see that he can do anything other than what is right. Urizen decries as evil all who oppose him. His certainty is his greatest defense. He will never turn back from a course, once decided. He cannot be reasoned with, cannot be gainsaid, for he is the ancient of days, and those who fail to follow his inflexible iron laws must be cleansed with fire and wrath, and arrows of stone, fired from a great bow made from ribs and vertebrae.

Urizen is not fundamentally evil. Originally, he was part of a pantheon of beings that, representing the soul of Britain, balanced each other. He was once fettered by Los, an Incarna of divine creativity, balanced by Enitharmon, a spirit of beauty and compassion, and held in the tension of perfect opposition by Orc, an Incarna of rebellion. Los, Enitharmon and Orc have all gone, beaten down to nothing by Britain's travails in the 1970s and 1980s. Now only Urizen exists, unchained and unmatched in his power.

When Urizen Sleeps

In a horrible dreamful slumber;

Like the linked infernal chain;

A vast Spine writh'd in torment

Upon the winds; shooting pain'd



Ribs, like a bending cavern

And bones of solidness, froze

Over all his nerves of joy.

— William Blake

Ghosts

Britain's ghosts exist in vast numbers. The nation's legacy of invasion and war, poverty, overpopulation and social strife has left behind more unfinished business than could possibly be imagined. The ghosts are everywhere.

Every night, the shadow plays of this land's history are enacted. Long-dead Cavaliers and Roundheads return each year to Edgehill. The Romans still make their camp by Offa's Dyke. The dead of Culloden still march and spectral thieves still loot the casualties at the Pass of Killiecrankie. The women of Merthyr wail for Dic Penderyn nearly two centuries after the fact, while in Gloucestershire, the shades of police and peace protesters replay the Battle of the Beanfield, barely 20 years after it happened. The dead play cards in Glamis Castle and football in Birmingham. Beheaded queens walk through the Tower of London. Hanged murderers wait outside the gates of Dartmoor Prison. The ghosts of Britain haunt television studios and new suburban homes, guildhalls and rubbish dumps. Sawney Bean, the cannibal patriarch, still waits in his cave, hankering for new food. They're everywhere.

Few of them are dangerous to the living. Most simply go about the business of replaying the same actions, night after night. Some simply appear, silently. Grief and regret are more common motivations for these ghosts than anger. The consequence of seeing a ghost might just as easily be a crippling, debilitating sadness as much as a physical peril.

This has its own hazards, particularly for the Uratha, who, although spiritual beings, tend to respond to threats with violence. How can you fight sorrow with tooth and claw? How can you run away from grief?

There are rules governing the interactions of the living and the restless dead. But the laws of the dead in Britain are no more easily navigated than the laws that govern the living — the dead never had a constitution. Precedent and tradition governs them. Some can only communicate with the living, or harm them or take them away, never to be seen again, if certain conditions are fulfilled, certain words said, certain places stood upon.

There are no hard and fast rules for dealing amicably with the dead. Most Uratha (and vampires, and mages) avoid it if they can, but, all too often, they have no choice: the dead are too many to avoid every time.

Keeping Track

The bans and rules surrounding Britain's remnant dead are a source of much interest. The night people in the more haunted areas collect such lore, if only to be able to survive in their hometowns.

Commoner Elodoth maintain oral traditions, passing them on to their packs and their children's packs. Awakened Consilii keep information in manuscripts, filing cabinets or magically protected servers. It's often the job of a Kindred Seneschal to know about what needs to be done with the dead of his city, although getting the information out of him can be very costly.

However they keep this lore, the likelihood is that whoever the lorekeepers are, what they know isn't anywhere near comprehensive. Most of the time, magical initiates, young werewolves and neonate vampires alike simply have to work it out for themselves and hope that the cost of trial and error is not their souls.

Corpse Candles

A summer evening, by the lake. Something gets your attention, as if someone walked over your grave. Just below the surface of the water, there's a light, greenish, faint, getting brighter as you approach. You lean forward, you see a face. It mouths something. It might have been your name.

As if in a dream, you lean further forward. A hand reaches out. You take it before you even know what you're doing. When you come to yourself, it's too late. The grip is icy, unyielding. The hand yanks you down into the water. More hands hold you there. Water fills your lungs. Your last thoughts are of terror and pain.

One year later to the night, you see someone else come by the river. You appear, just beneath the surface. You shine. You call her name.

Prayer for the Dying

*All you that in the condemned hole do lie,
Prepare you for tomorrow you shall die;
Watch all and pray: the hour is drawing near
That you before the Almighty must appear;
Examine well yourselves in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent.
And when St. Sepulchre's Bell in the morning tolls
The Lord above have mercy on your soul.*

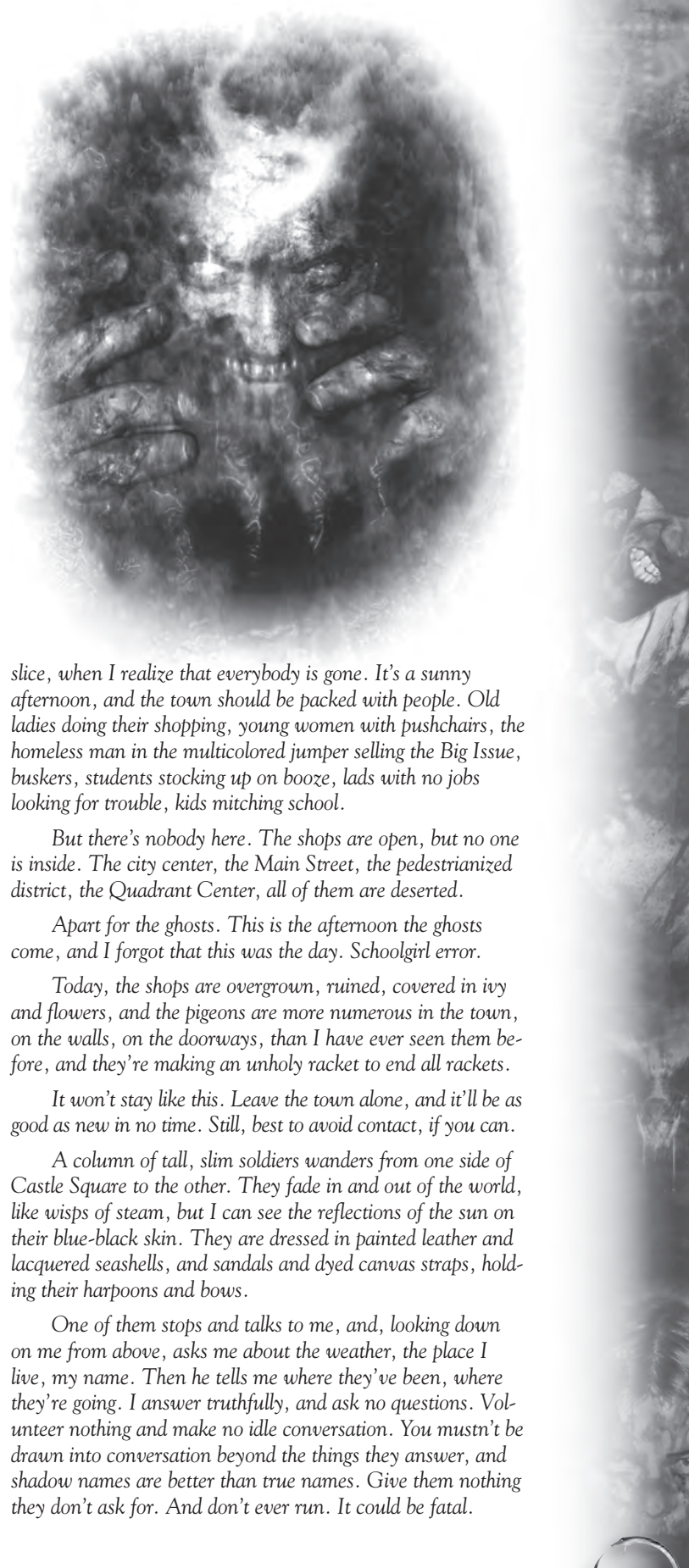
— Traditional

Swansea:

The Second Saturday in November

Lucy Sulphate:

I've just come out of the baker's with a chicken tikka



slice, when I realize that everybody is gone. It's a sunny afternoon, and the town should be packed with people. Old ladies doing their shopping, young women with pushchairs, the homeless man in the multicolored jumper selling the Big Issue, buskers, students stocking up on booze, lads with no jobs looking for trouble, kids mitching school.

But there's nobody here. The shops are open, but no one is inside. The city center, the Main Street, the pedestrianized district, the Quadrant Center, all of them are deserted.

Apart for the ghosts. This is the afternoon the ghosts come, and I forgot that this was the day. Schoolgirl error.

Today, the shops are overgrown, ruined, covered in ivy and flowers, and the pigeons are more numerous in the town, on the walls, on the doorways, than I have ever seen them before, and they're making an unholy racket to end all rackets.

It won't stay like this. Leave the town alone, and it'll be as good as new in no time. Still, best to avoid contact, if you can.

A column of tall, slim soldiers wanders from one side of Castle Square to the other. They fade in and out of the world, like wisps of steam, but I can see the reflections of the sun on their blue-black skin. They are dressed in painted leather and lacquered seashells, and sandals and dyed canvas straps, holding their harpoons and bows.

One of them stops and talks to me, and, looking down on me from above, asks me about the weather, the place I live, my name. Then he tells me where they've been, where they're going. I answer truthfully, and ask no questions. Volunteer nothing and make no idle conversation. You mustn't be drawn into conversation beyond the things they answer, and shadow names are better than true names. Give them nothing they don't ask for. And don't ever run. It could be fatal.

They marched out of the ocean and on to the land, and across the Seafront Road, and into Swansea up Wind Street, barbarians in the middle of wine bars and cheap pizza places. He tells me it's time for them to go now, and I nod, silently. Before he goes, he asks me how I know how to speak Rmoahal. I shrug. I thought we were speaking English, but I've just realized we've been talking in the High Tongue all along. The Rmoahal soldier raises his hand. They leave me behind.

I'm breathing a sigh of relief here.

Royalist soldiers and Parliamentarians, Cavaliers and Roundheads, charge at each other on Oxford Street and vanish before they impact, a split-second mist filling the walkway.

A Victorian mother walks hand-in-hand with two silent, well-behaved children, little boys in shorts and caps, past Burton's, oblivious in a studied, deliberate way to the medieval peasant being strung up from a lamppost by an angry mob. I want to know what he did, but to ask would be fatal. I don't make eye contact. I just walk past, speeding up as I hear someone calling my name, my real name.

I duck into Poundland. There's something unutterably sad about cheap shops. I think that the lighting makes everybody inside look a bit sick. The stuff they sell doesn't have any kind of order to it: low-quality things that shouldn't by rights be sold together, framed by gaudy signs offering low, low prices.

But it's full of ghosts in here, too.

A medieval beggar scuffles with a workhouse urchin over a packet of smoky bacon crisps. A scabrous highwayman in his 30s tries to stuff bottles of bleach and knock-off action figures into his voluminous coat. An Elizabethan prostitute, diseased and calloused but still no more than a girl, stands in the middle of the aisle, trying to comprehend what seems to her a wonderland of things undreamt of. I duck behind the decorative mugs, get out, walk smartly round the corner.

It's like the dead are shopping. I stop and sit on the bench in front of Woolworths. The ghosts seem to have thinned out a bit now. Maybe I can sit this one out. There's some pigeons. I realize I'm still holding the slice. It's gone cold. I'm not hungry anymore.

I throw a bit of pastry to one of the pigeons. And then I realize I can see through it. My stomach does that flipping over thing. I don't need to look up: I know they're suddenly standing all around me, watching me.

Fuck.

And the children sing

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,

Here comes a chopper to chop off your head,

Chip, chop, chip, chop, the last man's dead.

Twilight to Twilight

The closeness of the Shadow to the material realm affects the dead as much as the Shadow affects the living. Spirits in Twilight find themselves close to the restless dead. Many, over the ages, have learned how to consume ghosts in the way that they would consume their fellows; some are compelled to. (See the Numen: Ghost-Eater in Chapter Four).

When a spirit absorbs another spirit, the first spirit takes on some of the second spirit's characteristics. Ghosts are of a different order to spirits. Unlike spirits, which are single-minded and narrow in their concerns, ghosts are the remains of rounded human personalities. A spirit that eats a ghost is often eaten from within by the personality of the ghost the spirit consumed.

The creature that results is a spirit that, although still affected by the compulsions and bans of its former nature, has some of the personality and memories of a human.

Some spirits are compelled by their bans to seek out ghosts-in-the-making and consume them.

The compulsion to seek out and consume the dead is particularly common among bird-spirits, no doubt somehow giving rise to the popular belief that the souls of the dead become birds. Lapwing-spirits and seagull-spirits have this ban upon them. Unable to say why they must make provender of the dead and beaten from the inside, these spirits manifest and seek out the restless. Only the oldest, most powerful bird-spirits have any chance of succeeding in this, but they all try.

Watchers of the Quiet Dead

It used to be so well-known that the last person to be buried in a churchyard became its Watcher that rival funeral parties would race to the churchyard or come to blows rather than have their dead kin be forced to guard the cemetery.

Although the superstition is mostly forgotten, the Graveyard Watchers are still there. Graveyard-spirits across Britain consume and thus join with one restless soul every decade. The rule was that the chosen soul's body had to be buried in the graveyard. When the 10 years were up, the Graveyard Watcher would choose another ghost, and, after joining with this new ghost, expend some of its Essence directly into the earth of the graveyard. The spirit gains fragmentary human memories and a remarkably human-like sense of responsibility. As a spirit, the Graveyard Watcher inhabits the Shadow and wields considerable power over its precincts. When the Watcher manifests, it looks like the human whose ghost the spirit last consumed, slightly decayed, reeking faintly of earth and mold.

Becoming a Graveyard Watcher's ghostly half is not pleasant. Restless and lost, the ghost finds itself assaulted, consumed by something cold and alien. Its role doesn't allow it to rest, or sleep or find any kind of companionship. These strange, sad, lonely spirits are powerful and dangerous, but it was known that if their bounds were respected, they need not be feared. Over the last century, however, fewer and

fewer people have been buried. Many cemeteries in Britain haven't had anyone buried there for 90 years or more.

The human halves of most of the Graveyard Watchers in Britain have labored without replacement for decades. When a Watcher's human soul has been in place for a few decades, the spirit, infected by a human nature the spirit was never supposed to have for so long, becomes weary, and this weariness becomes bitterness and resentment. Resentment becomes a tendency to anger and jealousy of the living and the resting alike. The spirit begins to find excuses to vent its fury. It responds in brutal, gruesome ways to those who violate the bounds of its cemetery.

Graveyards that have Watchers become, over time, powerful loci, as the soulstuff of former Watcher ghosts resides in their earth. No Watcher will permit its cemetery to be used as a source of spiritual power or as a gateway to the Shadow. That's a violation. A weary, angry Watcher will enforce this with terrible violence. The intractability of some of these spirits, and their tendency toward violence against innocents who wander through the cemetery gates after dark, has caused some younger packs of Forsaken to decide that their local Watchers should be destroyed.

The problem is that the role of the Watcher is to keep its grounds safe from the Shadow. The spirit's presence causes important rules to come into play, reciprocal bans that affect all other spirits. The rule is that no spirit can enter the bounds of a graveyard that a Watcher guards, no matter which side of the Gauntlet the graveyard stands. Hosts, too, cannot pass the border of a Watched cemetery. A church-

yard whose Watcher is lost has the potential to become a Shadow battleground, as the spirits of the surrounding area flood in, all desperate to rush through the weak Gauntlet of the cemetery. Packs of Pure and Bale Hounds move in to claim the locus. Necromancers come looking to exploit a death Hallow. Vampires of the Ordo Dracul swoop in on what they consider a valuable "Dragon's Nest."

Unguarded, a resource such as this becomes a Shadow battleground. Sometimes, a bitter, murderous Graveyard Watcher might have to be tolerated, because the alternative — war over a precious resource — can be a lot worse.

Cremation and Burial

Right up until the Great War, the cremation of the body was an enormous social taboo in Britain. People did have themselves cremated when they died, but the cremation was always noteworthy, and always seen as somehow morally wrong — as good Christians, the people of Britain believed that the destruction of their mortal remains would stop them from being present at the Resurrection on Judgment Day.

The Great War of 1914–18 saw an end to that. With literally an entire generation of young men dead on the fields of Europe (60,000 British men died on the first day of the Battle of



the Somme, more than the United States lost in its entire 10-year involvement in Vietnam), hundreds of thousands of bodies were shipped back to Britain. There was nowhere to put them. Suddenly, the graveyards filled up. Out of simple practicality, the taboo against cremation vanished at a stroke, on both religious and social grounds. Besides, after the horrors of the war, the British, for the most part, stopped believing in God.

These days, the vast majority of people are cremated when they die. Cremation is easier, cheaper and is now the default for the dead in England, Scotland and Wales.

Saucy Jack

Sometimes a dead mortal can become the personification of a concept. Toward the beginning of the 20th century, the Whitechapel Murderer died. Although his name was never known, his bloody-handed ghost was surrounded almost from the instant of his death by spirits of madness, murder and fear. Greedily, the spirits, which had followed him for much of his life, consumed him and each other in a frenzy of pain and lust. The single entity that emerged from this still had a splinter of the nameless murderer's personality, but was much more. The Ripper had become the epitome of the mythology that surrounded him.

It doesn't matter what "Jack" was actually called, or even who he was. The spirit was everything the myths said he was. Every hoax, every one of the "Ripper letters," every false lead, every mystical explanation, every anti-Semitic conspiracy theory, all of them have crafted the murderer's ghost into the Shadow paragon of murder. Living, the Ripper could never have lived up to the stories. Dead and transfigured into the Shadow, he's all that anyone could ever have believed and more besides.

He's Saucy Jack, the Iscariot, the Prince of Knives, the Jack of Blood. He's Peter Sutcliffe. He's Fred West. He's Myra Hindley. He's Ian Huntley. He appears as all of them and none of them, and while it's easy to call him up, and he's charming and easy to deal with, generous with Gifts and open with secrets, he'll always turn things to the bad. For he is death. For he is murder.

Eight Little Whores

Eight little whores, with no hope of heaven,

Gladstone may save one, then there'll be seven.

Seven little whores, begging for a shilling,

One stays in Heneage Court, then there's a killing.

Six little whores, glad to be alive,

One sidles up to Jack, then there are five

Four and whore rhyme aright,

So do three and me,

I'll set the town alight

Ere there are two.

Two little whores, shivering with fright,

Seek a cosy doorway in the middle of the night.

Jack's knife flashes, then there's but one,

And the last one's the ripest for Jack's idea of fun.

— attributed to Jack the Ripper

Fairies

Popular superstition has always had it that the fairies hide in plain sight among us. People stopped clapping their hands when asked if they believed long ago, but at the fringes, the belief in the fey still exists. Every so often, New Age magazines run articles with titles like "Do You Have a Fairy for a Friend?" Sometimes, people find their milk gone sour or their garden visited by an oddly colored bird. People wonder. Sure, they'll be rational, they'll laugh it off, but they'll wonder all the same.

Many werewolves believe that there are faeries. Mages who Awakened at the Watchtower of the Lunargent Thorn claim to have seen Arcadia, the mythical home of the fey people. Arcadia has plenty of fey — but the Fallen World? Are they here too?

Many werewolves and mages alike have met people alike who, although they look superficially human, clearly use powers that don't look like anything else, ranging from delicate enchantments to bloody terrors. After the encounter, they'll ask themselves, *who was this?* Each encounter like this, leads unerringly to the conclusion that the Hidden Throng are among us. What do they want? Even the most knowledgeable Elodoth and Acanthus alike shrug. Maybe it'll come out in the wash. In the meantime, most werewolves and mages just get on with their lives, and keep one eye out. Just in case.

Fey and the Shadow

Travelers in the Shadow have observed on many occasions that there are many spirits in the Shadow that look just like fairies, ranging from mine goblins right down to butterfly-winged flower-sprites. The question is, are these fairies?

The answer is yes and no. They certainly behave like fairies and look the part, but, on the other hand, they're (literally) much more ephemeral, and although spirits don't have much to do with mortals, the fairies seemed to be so much more visible, or at least they were, once upon a time.

Lorekeepers among the British Forsaken who have the time for things like this have posited that fey-seeming spirits are just another example of the way that humanity has affected the Isles, in that human expectations and ignorance have molded the shapes of the spirits. Others find this a bit hard to swallow, but since they haven't got a better explanation, they keep quiet about it.

Woolpit: The Green Children

About 800 years ago, two strange, green-skinned children, a boy and a girl, were found in a field by the village of Woolpit, in Suffolk. They couldn't communicate with the locals, but as time went on, the children learned how to speak English and told their story. They said they had come from a "luminous place," and that they had followed the sound of bells through the mouth of a cave, and had come out in a field.

As time went on, they lost their green coloring, and forgot about their origin. The girl grew up and married a man from Kings Lynn. The boy pined away and died.

That was the end of it, bar a picturesque story and a picture that can be seen on the village sign to this day.

Except that the lost girl from the luminous place stayed in the land, and had descendants. And over 800 years, literally thousands of people bear her bloodline. Every so often, a child is born in England with a green tinge to its skin. The color vanishes within days, but even so, these children always seem to have something a bit *fey* about them as they grow up.

Of course, it probably doesn't mean anything.

Interstitial Terrain

Britain's land is not solid. It's not concrete. Hills and trees, houses and street lamps and asphalt are no more constant than ideas. Sometimes things move to one side, or change in some way. Distances are fluid. There are places that alter on certain days of the year, or when certain circumstances are met; others appear from nowhere, shuffling the land around them to one side.

The proximity of the Shadow to the physical realm has a lot to do with this. As the Gauntlet weakens and the Shadow becomes overcrowded, a kind of spiritual seepage happens, a gradual leaking of the Other into the material world that gradually builds up, until the seepage manifests in one of three ways.

Sometimes, a place develops an ambiance. The atmosphere changes. Objects appear, places that have been there for years develop a kind of personality.

Other places physically change — they become completely different places, as if the old places have disappeared and the new places have replaced them. Sometimes their inhabitants vanish completely; sometimes the people become different people, with different memories, living

different lives. On the other hand, places with no people suddenly develop what look like entirely ordinary — but temporary — human populations of their own.

The third order of interstitial terrain is perhaps the most sinister — entirely new places appear, *between* other places. Two streets of terraced houses move aside to accommodate a third, new street. Unlike the other places, which can sometimes appear entirely normal, these places always have something very wrong with them. A clueless visitor takes a wrong turn and stumbles into a rundown district of the East End, where the inhabitants are strangely deformed, and the sun shines black in the sky. A hitherto unnoticed door in the basement of a museum leads into a gallery where human beings are exhibited in cases, still alive and partly dissected, frozen in attitudes of terror. A woodland path takes a wrong turn into a place where the trees lean and clutch and grab.

There are as many kinds of interstitial manifestations as there are manifestations, but for all of them, one thing remains constant: ordinary people (that is, people without the blood of the wolf or the ability to see magic or hidden things) don't notice the manifestations. No matter how wrong these places appear, no matter how bizarre they are, local people know for a fact that their home has always been called Unthank, or that they have always lived here, or that the lady of the Grange is called Catherine, not Margaret, or that there has always been a village between Ferndale and Maerdy. Not just people's memories change. History books, encyclopedias, ordnance survey maps, sources on the Internet, phone books, all the paraphernalia of everyday life: they all change with the land. It's not simply that the land is like this temporarily; it's that, for maybe one day, or a week or a month, things have always been this way, and it's only those people with the Sight who notice anything wrong at all.

In recent years, many of the manifestations of interstitial terrain have become more frequent. None have become so frequent as to become permanent yet, but many are become stronger and stronger as time goes by. It may come to pass that one day soon, they replace the terrain was already there.

Haunted Britain

The smallest manifestations are only temporary, and don't even really change the terrain, really. They can be found all over the country. Sometimes, they only happen once or twice, and then vanish, never to be seen again. Other times, they're the first signs that soon, a full manifestation, an entirely new place, will appear when enough of the stuff of the Shadow has seeped through into our world. Sometimes these manifestations are permanent.

Opposite the **Millbridge Inn**, in the area of Stoke, in Plymouth, a pack of cards sometimes appears, scattered facedown along a length of pavement. No matter how wet the day, the cards are always dry, and if one stoops and picks up a card, the first card picked is always the same.

On one of the pillars of the Zoroastrian temple on **Rayners Lane**, Harrow, an alchemical tractate is sometimes

written, along with crude diagrams of the four humors and their significance, the references for several verses from the Book of Revelation, and some other writing, presumably significant, written in a language none of the locals can read. All of it is scrawled in magic marker. Although the area, a busy shopping street opposite the Underground station, is under CCTV surveillance, no one is ever seen writing, and no one ever cleans the writing off. Some days it's there, and some days it isn't.

In the section of **Sheffield University Library** dedicated to the theology department, objects often appear between the pages of the books: a black-and-white photograph of a young man on a beach, a flower pressed between two pieces of tissue paper, a yellowing receipt from Tesco, for things that Tesco have never sold.

An old tramp, a big bearded man, walks endlessly along **Heywood Lane** in Tenby, from one end of the seafront to the other and back again, back and forth, never talking to anyone, never acknowledging that anyone else is there, and never, ever, once stopping, day or night. When he dies, someone else takes his place. The owners of the guesthouses that line the esplanade advise their guests never to speak to him. They say it's dangerous, although they can't ever tell you why.

In a grocer's shop in **Selly Oak**, Birmingham, the old grocer sits, hunched at the window, his glasses reflecting the light, his white hair grubby, yellowing, his shop empty. His clientèle consists wholly of the ghosts of Birmingham. Inside the window of the shop is a sign, written in grocer's marker pen, saying, "Smoking killed my wife." He hopes that one day she'll be one of his customers, but she never is. The spectral customers, who never buy anything, can be spoken to, when they're in the shop. They know many things.

Rhondda Fach: Pontycythraul

The Rhondda Valley, in South Wales, is counted one of the poorest single administrative regions in Western Europe. Once, the picturesque rolling valleys were home to a thriving coal mining industry, but as the mines closed down, there was nothing to replace them, and the villages of the Rhondda Valley fell into poverty and decay. The poorest area of all is the Small Rhondda, the Rhondda Fach. It's so narrow that only one main road winds through the valley. The villages that line its sides all run into each other: Maerdy, Ferndale, Tylorstown and Wattstown, so close to each other that they might as well be one community, the side roads that branch off up the slopes of the valley all eventually curving back onto the one main road.

The little terraces and tiny council prefabs, still being used decades after they should have been taken down, huddle together on the sides of the valleys in the shadow of the still-smoldering coal tips, huge warm heaps of black slag, now covered with a thin dusting of moss, sitting like rounded cancers on the hills.

The mines are gone, but the mineshafts are still there, inadequately boarded up. Now, most people here are unemployed. Drugs and alcohol are real problems. Still, people

get on with their lives, and there's a sense of community here that's rare in Wales these days.

One night every couple of months, the road between Ferndale and Maerdy extends by about a half a mile, and another village appears, and stays there for about a week, with its own bordering hills, its own mineshaft, its own coal tips and its own sign.

The sign says it's called Pontycythraul: please drive carefully.

Disreputable Inhabitants

Fear settles over the people in the other villages in the valley. As far they're concerned, Pontycythraul has always been there, and it's always been a place to be scared of. Cars heading through this stretch of road go very fast — forget the speed cameras — and it's the unspoken rule that you do not stop for anyone, not for a hitchhiker, not for a policeman or a breakdown, not for an accident, not for anything.

People in Ferndale and Maerdy stay in at night, and ignore the screams and the shouts. They don't get the police involved, and they don't try to help anyone they know who gets in trouble there.

You go to Pontycythraul and you come out alive, no one talks to you, like you're tainted. Even when the village is gone, and the world's gone back to being a place where it never existed, survivors of the place are still shunned. You don't ever get out unmarked.

People *from* Pontycythraul — they're a different matter. Mostly, they don't leave the village. You can see them as they drive through. They all look similar, with their greasy curly hair and their sloping faces and pockmarked, pasty skin and their hunched shoulders under Burberry caps and Reebok trainers and Kappa tracksuits. They stare at you as you drive past with eyes, dark and dull like turned-off TV screens, and pinched mouths and beetling brows.

Sometimes, one of them ventures out, wanders smirking into the Happy Shopper in Tylorstown, buys a packet of Lambert and Butler and a four pack of Heineken; he doesn't say anything different, but that smile on his face, the way he asks, the way he pauses before handing over the money, it near gives the old lady behind the counter a heart attack. She's barely able to breathe when he's gone.

A bunch of Pontycythraul girls, teenagers with the same bestial faces, the same pasty skin, start hanging around outside the gates of Ferndale Comp. The local kids try to avoid them, but there's always a couple of children who make it home with torn shirts and cigarette burns on their faces. None of the teachers ask why the kids aren't at school. About 10 years ago, they'll tell you, a young teacher, an English fella, he laughed — *I'm from Moss Side*, he says — and he went to visit some of the parents in Ponty. That's the end of the story. That was the last of him. When Pontycythraul isn't there, they say he died in a car accident, *bad stretch of road that*, they say, but when it's there: then they know.

None of the denizens of Pontycythraul have jobs. They just stand there and smirk, and frighten the locals nearby,

and everyone tries to ignore them, and when they've vanished again, everyone says what a miserable week it's been, and they get on with their lives again.

Bleak Houses

The countryside around is one of the few rural areas claimed by the Forsaken. Packs of Pure are everywhere around, but the Rhondda Valley they leave alone. And so, some of the Aberdare, Mountain Ash and Treorchy packs, most of whom were born in Cardiff, are starting to think that maybe there's a reason why the Pure don't care the Forsaken are there.

The werewolves know. They know that Pontycythraul isn't always there, and they know that there's no point in trying to tell anyone who hasn't noticed already, and they know that there's something very, very wrong with the villagers and the land.

So one night when the village appeared a few months ago, Owen and Rhiannon from the Aberdare pack snuck into the village. They'd been watching the place for a while and they noticed that some nights, the place got quiet.

This is how the pack tells the story: turns out that a lot of the locals headed up the hill, and headed down into the Pontycythraul mineshaft. So Rhiannon and Owen, thinking they could handle themselves, went into the village. They still got into a fight. There were still people there, too fast and too strong, and their blood didn't taste right and the Lunacy didn't take them.

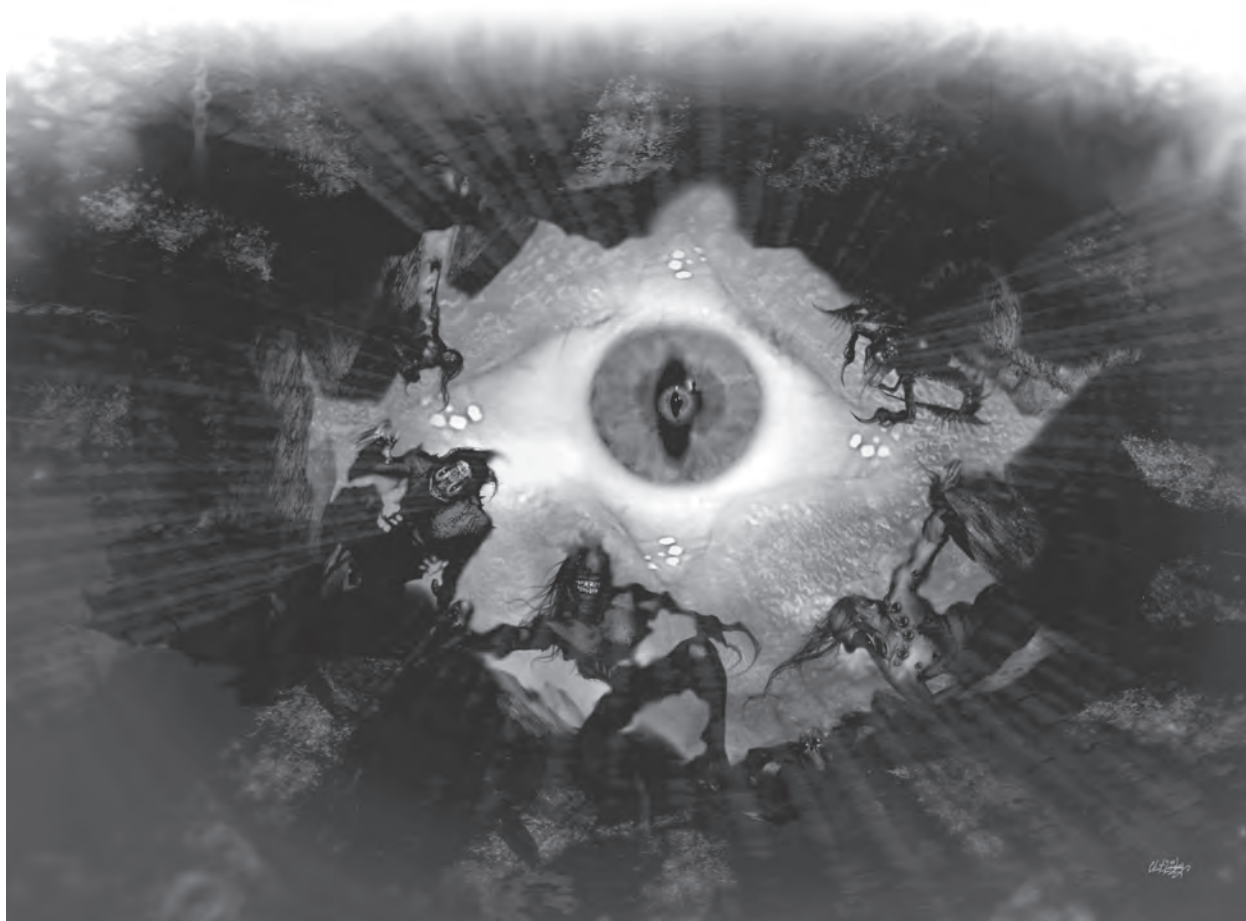
But Owen and Rhiannon took them, and ducked inside a couple of houses, to see what they could see. The houses were kind of dirty inside, kind of faded and stuffy. They looked like the decor hadn't changed since the '70s, and the furniture was covered with cobwebs and dust, as if no one had actually used the place. The place next door was much the same, although there were footprints in the dust, and there was a hole in the kitchen.

In the floor. The linoleum had a big round hole in it, about seven or eight feet wide, and the lino around the edges was torn and blackened. So the two Uratha went and looked down the hole, and it went down for miles. Owen says, "What's that?" And Rhiannon leans forward, and then, an eye opens at the bottom of the hole, huge and yellow and slitted and staring right at them, and then these figures, silhouetted against the light of the eye began to clamber out holes in the wall of the pit and climb up toward them. Rhiannon begins to growl, and Owen pulled on her arm and said they had to go, but they were waiting for them outside the house, and there was something inside.

Owen got out alive. Rhiannon didn't. The last Owen saw, they dragged her back into the house, dozens of them, lost in Rage but overrun. When Owen got back with the rest of them, the village had gone again.

The packs know they have to do something about it, but they don't know what.

The strange villagers of Pontycythraul are doing something down there in the mineshaft. There's something



underneath the land, trying to get out, something vast and terrible. And the local packs don't know what to do.

Glasgow: The Other City

Glasgow is a city of contradictions: it's cosmopolitan, with a thriving ethnic community, and yet still there's sectarian violence between Catholic and Protestant. The city is industrial, but in places its architecture has its own rough beauty. The city is full of shocking poverty and ignorance, and yet it's almost as much of a cultural center as Edinburgh. Glasgow nearly half as big again as Edinburgh, and yet Glasgow is always going to be Scotland's Second City.

Since the early '60s, this tension has manifested itself in a bizarre change that comes over parts of Glasgow one night, maybe once every few months or so. By night, the people in parts of the city — rarely more than maybe a couple of streets at a time — find themselves and their surroundings changed. This new city that invades Glasgow's space usually has a name, but it's not the same name every time; Glasgow has had a number of different names — it's been Grassic Lewis, Unthank, Golgonooza and Bethmoora a couple of times each so far, and may have other names in the future. Whatever Glasgow is called, it's more or less the same. These places, these districts of the Other City remain changed for maybe a few days or sometimes a few weeks at a time. In regions where the Other City has invaded, the sun never rises, although twilight threatens, on occasion, and the weather is always cold and slightly heavy, as if about to rain, although it never does. The Other City changes its location — different parts of Glasgow are changed at different times.

The streets and alleys of the small districts covered by the Other City open up, extending for miles, curving in on themselves, branching out, growing vast networks of asphalt and stone. From the outside, from round the corner, or from the top of a nearby hill, the districts look no different, and you can still enter them. You just won't be able to leave after you've got in, until the Other City releases its hold. Walk into the bounds of the Other City, and you're bound by its rules.

Rusty, squealing tramlines grow into the streets of the Other City's districts like ivy. Huge monolithic institutions, hospitals, cathedrals, centers of local government, loom above streets that were never built alongside them. They're enormous, labyrinthine places, almost countries in their own right, their bureaucracies becoming vast and complex beyond human understanding. They're behind everything. Street lamps shed dim orange light onto the streets, dying everything in yellow but failing to supply any kind of warmth. And there is no moon in the sky — only a dark absence where a moon should be.

A man gets taken to court and hanged without ever knowing what he's supposed to have done; the Other City's laws are somewhat archaic, and they still have the death penalty, although it's applied for the strangest things. Another man goes to take a tram that he's regularly taken to work for months, only to be refused entry, because his papers

aren't correct; he's told that it's always been that way, and that he's lying when he says he's taken this tram before. The new driver says he's always driven the tram. Bank managers foreclose at random, setting the bailiffs on people who never even had a bank account or taken out a loan.

And, always, somewhere in the background far away, colossal unseen engines throb and clatter. And, sometimes, something long and wingless and many-tailed flies shrieking across the night sky, too quickly for its shape to be properly made out.

Citizens

The citizens of the city fall into three groups.

The people who were already in Glasgow when the place changed take on different roles. They become different people, like actors playing different parts in a new production. The rich become poor and the poor become rich. Honest men become criminals; homeless people on the streets get jobs, homes, loving spouses and beautiful children. Everyone has a different name, a different memory, different lovers, different friends and different enemies. Everybody lives under the rule of the strange by-laws of the city council.

But the Other City's population numbers potentially millions more than the 630,000 living inhabitants of Glasgow, and most of these others weren't here before. Many are people who died years ago, or even just yesterday, restored to flesh and blood and normality with different names and only partial memories of who they were. Some haven't been born yet. Some never existed at all, but still take rooms in guesthouses, jobs in the endless corridors of the Other City's all-pervading, incomprehensible bureaucracies.

The last of the Other City's people are the people who can see through the city's illusion: the vampires, werewolves, magicians and fairies, but also ordinary people blessed — or cursed — with the Unseen Sense. They find themselves in an odd position. They remain who they were, but the rest of the city's reality doesn't seem to accommodate that.

A magician meets a complete stranger who recognizes her as a friend or a relative, and who calls her by a completely different name, and no matter how many times she tells people her name, they only hear the name that the Other City has bestowed upon her. Entire families, lovers, friends and enemies who, as far as they know, have been part of a hapless Uratha's life since he was born, surround him and supply his life with stories, memories, dusty photographs of a childhood he never had, and responsibilities he never understood.

Individuals often have to piece together who they're supposed to be before the city's bureaucracy detects that they're somehow out of step and takes ponderous, unconscious, unavoidable steps to destroy them.

Time spent trapped in the Other City can be dangerous, unsettling and lonely for someone who remembers a life in the "real" world. Some start to doubt their old memories, beginning to believe they're who the others say they are. Then they *become* these people, remembering the same

things as the people around them.

Outside, no one notices the difference. People makes phone calls to friends trapped in the Other City, and even though the voice at the other end of the line has a different name and different memories, somehow both ends of the line hear what they expect to — and not what the other end of the line actually said. From the outside, the districts covered by the Other City look the same as they always did. The moment someone from the outside crosses the border, that person is in thrall to the Other City: his memories change, his relationships alter. He becomes a creature of the Other City.

No one outside misses him.



Presences

What are the winged creatures that hurtle, shrieking, across the sky? Why is there always a sense of being watched? There are presences in the Other City, waiting just at the corner of your eye, just out of sight, shapeless, near-invisible, predatory. Sometimes, you don't see them until they snatch someone away.

What do they want? What is their connection to the Other City's suspension between time and space? Can they be confronted? Can they be fought?



Transformations

Many people in the Other City change in more ways than in simple psychology. Sometimes — and this is particularly true of the people who weren't inhabitants of the "real" Glasgow — they live through an entire lifetime, going from youth to decrepitude in the space of a few days.

And then there's the other transformations. A woman wakes up to find that she's grown extra mouths on her hands or inside her thighs or on her stomach. The mouths, small, round, ragged-edged, sucking mouths, won't stop talking. They start talking about philosophy. *You're insignificant*, they say. *The universe is vast and uncaring*, they say. *There are Gods, but they do not care*, they say. They mock her and try to convince her to give up any aspirations she has.

A man is in the shower one pitch-black morning, and finds an itchy patch of black, scaly skin on his side. Each day, the patch of scales gets bigger. It covers his arm; he grows claws on his webbed fingers. His face becomes a snout. Wings sprout from his back. His memories become faint, indistinct underneath the need to eat raw flesh. He still knows, somehow, that there is something wrong with him and that there is little he can do, and this knowledge fills him with a sense that the world has perpetrated an injustice against him; in turn, this becomes cold rage.

Another man grows eyes on his chest, where his nipples were, huge, red, long-lashed eyes that can see through walls and into the hearts of people and buildings and animals

alike. He can't make them stop. He digs them out, all four of his eyes, with a pair of scissors, but even when they're gone and they're just bloody pits in his face and chest, he can still see. He goes mad.

Sometimes, the changes reverse themselves. Mostly, they don't. There doesn't seem to be any rhyme or reason as to who escapes and who doesn't. It just happens. There may be a way of avoiding the transformation, or slowing it down or reversing it before it's complete. What that might be is unclear, although all of the recovered victims have close friends or family, who stick by them throughout.



The Other City's Shadow

Uratha or mages who try to escape the Other City by stepping sideways find, first, that the loci they knew in Glasgow aren't there, and second, there doesn't seem to be a sideways direction in which to step. The place doesn't have a Shadow; there don't seem to be any spirits here, either.

The simple reason for this is that while the Other City overshadows the Shadow, these parts of Glasgow trapped on the border between the Shadow and the physical realm — they're what the magicians would refer to as a vast Verge, where one stands with one foot in the material realm and one in the Other.

The Glaswegian Ithaeur Sandy Munro vanished completely about a year ago, but, before he disappeared, he spent several years investigating the Other City. He managed to get a sense of where the Other City was going to be, and crossed the border into several successive manifestations of the Other City across Glasgow. Munro was of the opinion that the Other City is a taste of what the entire world might become if the borders between the Other and the physical world are finally destroyed. It's a world where the spirits appear to be for all intents and purposes gone, incorporated into the fabric of an inconstant, untrustworthy reality. The borders are retreating. The Other City swallows a little more of Glasgow every time the Other City manifests.

Although quite a few of the Glaswegian Uratha think that Munro might have been on to something, their most common reaction to pack-mates bringing up his thesis is somewhat more practical: yes, it might be right, and it's all very well now, but it didn't help Munro any, did it? Besides, that doesn't explain the presences that are here — invisible, shapeless intelligences that wait and fly and sometimes seize people from the streets.

The Mundane College

Sometimes, in a quieter precinct of the Other City, there's a small private road, down which, behind a rundown wall and a row of overgrown sycamore trees, is a building with five wings, built in a mid-Victorian Gothic style.

The building always seems to have a covering of frost, in defiance of the weather elsewhere in the city. Through office windows near-blocked with frost-laden cobwebs, august academics can be seen shuffling papers, reading books, writing treatises.

Walking up the path, stepping inside, visitors must take care not to slip on the heavy covering of ice that coats the ground and the corridor's parquet floor. The corridor is lit with a naked electric light bulb. At any time, it's possible to hear voices coming from the doors that line the corridors.

Behind at least one of the doors is a class full of students, taking notes from a lecture, given by a tall, thin man with bottle-bottom glasses pushed right up to the top of his nose. Through hundreds of rooms, lecture after lecture goes on eternally, while in nearby offices elderly men and women sit alone at desks surrounded by notes and dusty quartos, taking notes.

Everything is covered with either dust or frost — including the people. No one seems cold.

The last room on the corridor, which seems to be literally miles away, is a departmental office. The pale, pinched woman behind the desk smiles curtly, nods, hands the visitor a schedule of courses and lectures, directs an inquisitive visitor to the catalog for the answers to his questions.

The catalog is the size of a phonebook; its text is minuscule and cramped. Many times in the book, the text refers to a map, but there is no map to be found in the book.

A random sample from the lectures and seminar list looks, in part, something like this:

An examination of the adolescent dreams of Martin Suggs, mechanic, West Woolwich.

The movements of aphids in the garden of Theresa West, Brynmill, Swansea.

Exegesis of a domestic contretemps between Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott, High Street, Durham.

Reader-response criticism of the book Iris Page (Penny-cross, Plymouth) never managed to write.

The dreams of pop idolism of Jade Wright, nine year old, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

This is the Mundane College, “Mundane” in the archaic sense of dealing with the world. The courses study the minutiae of the lives of everyday people. Things that an average academic couldn't possibly know. Every person is important, worthy of study. Every dream, every whim, every conversation is worth thinking about; every life's story is material for any number of essays and theses.

The visitor can walk, randomly, through the college's corridors for an hour or more, not really feeling the cold, poring through the list — arranged, frustratingly, in the order the lectures are given, rather than by subject.

In the basement, on a door covered in chipped blue paint, is, screwed on at eye level, a sign, Thesis Store. The door is never unlocked.

The thesis store is a massive room, far too big for the building. Lit dimly by naked yellow lightbulbs, library stacks stretch off for what seems like miles in every direction, receding into shadow before anything like a far wall is reached. Spiders' webs glisten in the low light, strewn with little crystalline drops of ice.



Any search is complicated by the cataloging system — the theses are alphabetized by author. Still, the possibility of hitting on what you want to know, although minute, is still there. In these books, written in deathly academic language, you can find the secrets of people's lives — not supernatural beings, ordinary mortals, and not mortals in the Other City, people in the real world.

The Circumstances Surrounding the Accidental Death of Mark Dingle and Its Effects on the Unity of His Family. J. Desult, PhD, 1999.

Stormboy: The Failure of Dandelion Clock's Debut Single and the Subsequent Breakup of the Band. A. P. Doyer, PhD, 2001.

Through the near-eternal stacks, the invisible presences of the other City prowl. Finding some facts, or even some truths may be possible, but staying too long in the Mundane College's thesis library is dangerous. Many walk down one of the stacks, turn a corner and walk face first into something hungry and grasping, and that's the end of them.

Lorries, Machinery and Vats

In the background of every manifestation of the Other City, the machinery of huge factories constantly thrums and clangs. Many of these factories and forges form the main employment for the people during their time in the Other City — they work on endless production lines, churning out rounded, riveted steel objects full of apparently useless machinery, which, loaded into driverless lorries, leave the city and head for parts unknown.

One enterprising Uratha stowed away on one of the lorries a few years back, looking for a way to escape. He might well have made it out; since none of his pack ever saw him again, the point is moot.

Not all the factories are sources of employment. Some don't ever appear to open their gates, running without consuming anything or producing anything other than goutts of black smoke that darken an already-dark sky.

Calum Thompson Burns, a Hunter in Darkness from Lanarkshire, managed to get in to one of the larger closed factories. This is what he says he saw, from the vantage point of a factory window: a single hall, high and wide, filled with steel vats. In each vat was a boiling ferment of human flesh, limbs, faces, bodies, all joined together in a single liquescent form, screaming in agony and despair. Across the vaulted ceiling of the factory, the shrieking many-limbed presences of the City flew back and forth. Although he couldn't look straight at the things — his gaze slipped off like a hand trying to hold on tight to a wet bar of soap — Calum could have sworn that he saw a person dropped into one of the vats. He suddenly realized that he had been seen, and that he had to leave, quickly.

Calum's last few weeks in the Other City, before it changed back, were a nightmare of paranoia and pursuit by unseen things. Then he was back in Glasgow, a second after he left the place. Calum moved to Edinburgh after that. The thought of being in Glasgow when the Other City comes again terrifies him, although he is willing to talk about the place and its landmarks, having got to know it in those last few weeks

about as well as any other surviving Uratha. His take on what the Other City is simple: he says it's a preview of Hell.

Stuck in the Past

Clothing, buildings and technology in the Other City all seem to look like the early '80s, although there are no TVs. No music plays, except for old-time band music from the '30s and '40s. Radios play the news and dreary, endless soap operas set on farms or on half-deserted city streets in places neither in the Other City nor in the real world.

When the Other City Lets Go

As far as anyone outside of Glasgow is concerned, nothing ever happened. The entire change, which the people perceive as a year, is in fact over in barely a split-second, and although lives ended and lives conceived remain so, no one who was there when it's over remembers who did what to whom. They become who they were before, in the places they were in when the city changed. If they died, it simply looks to the outside world as if they die, instantly, in the split-second things changed and changed back.

People who transformed into other things and did not change back disappear with the city, and do not return when the Other City overshadows Glasgow again. Those who knew who they were when the Other City came, and who then allowed themselves to believe that they were somebody else, remain that way permanently, suddenly finding themselves in a place where strangers call them by new names and have unfamiliar memories of them a second time. Minds can break under the strain of this.

Whatever happens, some nights in Glasgow, people vanish, go mad, age 50 years, grow younger by a decade or die suddenly, inexplicably, and only a few people really know what happened.

The Hosts

The Hosts are here, too, and, just like everywhere else, they're a plague upon two worlds. But plagues can manifest in different ways. As the spirits whose heritage the Hosts share, the Land has changed them subtly. An American Uratha visiting the country who fell foul of one of these creatures would probably be surprised at how different they are.

The weakness of the Gauntlet around the British Isles is both an influence on the Hosts, and a testament to the way the Rat Hosts have gained their ascendancy. The Azlu, on the other hand, struggle to survive at all.

Beshilu

The Beshilu, the Rats, are everywhere on the British mainland. They're numerous, they're powerful and they're a

constant danger. The weakness of the Gauntlet isn't entirely their fault, but they're partly responsible for the worsening. Through history, they've run through the cracks and gaps of the cities of Britain, hiding within human skin, spreading plague, gnawing the Gauntlet apart. The Rat Hosts nestle under the floorboards of suburban terraces built a century ago. The Rat Hosts swarm through the sewers of every country in the land. The Rat Hosts' bolt-holes lead to places larger and more unpleasant than just simple holes.

Britain is the Beshilu's paradise. While, like all Beshilu, the British Rat Hosts survive on their instinct, at some point their instinct has expanded to include religion, God revealed in the heart of a rat.

Without the Azlu in any numbers to act as a limiting factor, the Beshilu have a confidence, a "knowledge" that they will triumph here first. When they do, the hole they'll have created will be all that's needed to make the physical realm and the Gauntlet one — like a rip in cloth that, once started off, gets wider and longer by itself. A hole the size of the British mainland is enough to finish the Plague King's work. They're sure of it. Because in the back of the twisted, verminous half-mind controlling each Beshilu is the touch of God. God has foretold the Beshilu triumph, and has laid it on every Beshilu heart.

God Have Mercy Upon Our Souls

Maybe the rats take more from the humans they infest than even they know. How else would the Beshilu of Britain have found religion? Hundreds of years of eating Christian Englishmen from within appear to have had an effect on the Rat Hosts. From the half-rat greater Beshilu, right down to the near-mindless minor shards that swarm across Britain's urban sewers, the hankering for divinity fills them all.

Ancient, human-like Beshilu "Ministers" preach to congregations of rats and homeless alcoholics; sheets of paper scrawled in blood and feces reveal the existence of a Rat Scripture, complete with chapter and verse. Each Minister takes a title — the Minister of Sickness, the Minister of Filth, the Minister of Rot — and each has a Sacred Mission. Like savage sleepwalkers, they spread the word of Thisrah, the Rat of Unrest, a near-divine spawn of the Plague King, a Rat Messiah whose return will bring about the End Times and the Tearing, and the ascension, the Final Joining of the faithful (read: Beshilu that accept the Rat Gospel) with the Plague King.

They scream fragments of it at enemies and converts alike, a shrill, endless hellfire sermon, chapter and verse. It's written on the walls of the tenements and subways of England, literally, chapter and verse in ink made of urine,

THE BOOK OF BROODS

CHAPTER ONE

WHEN God had made the Great Animals, He saw that He had not given every place its inhabitant. And He said, I shall make a Great Animal, and it shall have Dominion over all the Earth.

²And God made the Rat, and the Spider, and the Wolf.

³And first God made the Wolf.

⁴And God said to the Wolf, Multiply, and let thy Dominion extend over all the Earth.

⁵And the Wolf multiplied, but the Wolf did not conquer the Earth.

⁶For the Wolf was a coward, and he said to his children, Why should we need to take dominion over all the Earth when we have a territory, with all good things, where we are master? For the other animals will resist us.

⁷And God saw that the Wolf and all his children were weak, and God turned His face from the Wolf and withdrew His favour from the Wolf's children.

⁸And second, God made the Spider.

⁹And God said to the Spider, Multiply, and let thy Dominion extend over all the earth.

¹⁰And the Spider multiplied, but the Spider did not conquer the Earth.

¹¹For the Spider was lazy, and she said to her children, Why should we range far and take

dominion over all the Earth when we have our webs, where we can sit and wait for our prey to come to us, and eat our fill?

¹²And God saw that Spider and all her children were weak, and God turned His face from the Spider and withdrew His favour from the Spider's children.

¹³And third, God made the Rat.

¹⁴And God also said to the Rat, Multiply, and let thy Dominion extend over all the earth.

¹⁵And the Rat multiplied and was fruitful, and he said to his children, Be strong, and take this world, for God has bestowed His favour upon us and we have nothing to fear.

¹⁶And the children of the Rat were strong and brave and theirs was the Earth and all that was in it.

¹⁷And God was well pleased with the Rat.

¹⁸And God spoke to the Rat and God said, I shall make unto thee an animal that you may feed from them and profit from them, and they shall be yours to own, and they shall be yours to use for thine tool and benefit. And they shall be a gift as a sign of My favour unto thee and thy progeny.

¹⁹And so God created man.

invisible to the naked eye, but there all the same, the Gospel of Thisrah.

It's a peculiar heresy, and includes a creation myth that bears hardly any resemblance to the accepted tale of Father Wolf, the Spinner-Hag and the Plague King as told by the Uratha and the other Hosts. There's no mention of Father Wolf's destruction of the Plague King and the Spinner-Hag. From what little the Uratha can decipher, although clearly composed from a rat's point of view, the Gospel of Thisrah has a flavor of human fervor and bigotry that leaves a strange, uncomfortable impression on those who hear the Gospel or read it, made all the more unsettling by the Ministers' habit of quoting from the Gospel, using references to chapter and verse.

The Rat Scripture ascribes the death of the Plague King to the jealousy of the Wolf and the Spider, and claims that they colluded, that the Wolf agreed to allow the Spider to bite her, and told the Wolf to kill her, so that she could escape God's wrath for a sin of some kind. Bitten by the Spider, the Wolf had the Spider's poison in his teeth, and could, so this version goes, murder the Plague King. However, the Plague King was told how to escape by God, by allowing his children to take on fragments of his soul, so that he could live on. Meanwhile, the Rat Scripture claims that the death of Father Wolf was God's judgment on him — God, they said, cursed his children and drove them mad, so that they killed him, not knowing what they were doing.

If the amount of time the figure is referred to is any indicator, the most important figure in the Rat Scripture, even more than the Plague King ("the Great Rat"), is Beshilu Thisrah ("Rat Host of Unrest"), or just Thisrah, which seems, from the bits that Uratha who care to know have pieced together, to have the role of some sort of avatar, or possibly a favored son or prophet, of the Plague King.

Thisrah was, apparently, the bringer of the Great Plague — the rats' Great Triumph — to Britain in 1665. At some point, Thisrah was martyred by the Wolves, but escaped and shall come again. Whether Thisrah shall return as an individual, or as the result of the joining together of all the Rat Hosts in the British Isles, seems to be a matter of some difference among the Ministers themselves, which, like the hellfire Protestants they echo, are prone to schisms and splits.

On one memorable occasion, in fact, a group of Uratha on the Shetland Islands stood back and watched, bemused, as two rival groups of Beshilu tore each other to pieces, screaming at each other about some point of theological difference as they did so.

The Rat Hosts don't even realize what they're doing. Their "religion" is almost unconscious, a fundamentalism seemingly imposed on them from outside. What if it really were the act of God? Or a God? What is pulling the strings?

The worthy fruits of faith

JESSAMY, 4

in Thisrah and his inheritors

trusted that he would know.

¹⁹Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

²⁰By faith Thisrah did hold on to the promises of God; by faith Thisrah made utility of man, our helper and instrument.

²¹By faith, Thisrah did feed on the weak, for God had commanded that the weak be consumed;

²²For through their consumption are they made of use.

²³By faith, Thisrah did carry the flea that God had vouchsafed unto him.

²⁴For God said that it was small, but did have great power.

²⁵By faith, Thisrah gave the flea his blood, and let it go.

²⁶And by faith, Thisrah reaped the harvest for the children of the Rat;

²⁷And the flea did spread the Gospel, and brought bright pestilence and Man died, as was his right.

²⁸So, then, we too shall triumph by faith.

²⁹God has given us Thisrah and a great cloud of witnesses also;

³⁰For how can it be otherwise?

CHAPTER FIVE

LET the promise of God be known, and so let you all follow Thisrah's example, for now the purpose

never see fruition?

⁶No, for the promises of God to the Rat have never failed, and can never be gainsaid.

⁷And now, these three remain: faith, hope, and hunger, and above all hunger.

⁸For hunger is the source of Thisrah's blessing.

⁹For hunger is the means to the triumph of the faithful.

¹⁰For the hungry shall inherit the earth, and make it their provender.

CHAPTER SIX

SO then, brothers, shall we be defeated by the children of the Wolf and the Spider in their jealousy and hate?

²We shall not; for we are conquerors and more than conquerors.

³For nothing shall separate us from the promise of Thisrah;

⁴Neither height, nor water, nor Wolf, nor Spider, nor Spirit, nor past, present, future, nor any powers shall separate us

Azlu

The generally benevolent place of spiders in British folklore is a pointer to the weakness of the Azlu. There are no stories about spiders being dangerous, no legends about spiders portending evil and chaos. In the British folkloric canon, spiders are humans' helpers. This is because the Azlu, although they do spin their solitary webs around the Isles, have had little or no effect on the nation's soul.

Fragments of the Rat Scripture apparently tell of a war between the Azlu and the Beshilu on the fields of England, and the defeat of the Spider Hosts. Whether this is true or not, the Beshilu certainly have a huge advantage over the Azlu. In fact, British Azlu have even been known to cooperate with Uratha against the Beshilu. These alliances are always brief, and often end badly anyway, as the mutual distrust between the two species grows into violence of one kind or another.

Spitters

Accounts of Azlu who have the ability to spit their poison have come from most parts of the world. These slightly smaller, more agile Spider Hosts are very rare in most countries. Here in the UK, they actually constitute the Azlu majority.

There is no really convincing reason as to why this should be; there are certainly no real spiders like that in Britain. Whatever the reason, attacking an Azlu head-on is rarely a good idea; having one's eyes burnt out of their sockets makes it a lot easier to be eaten, and the Azlu don't hurry when they eat live prey.

The Isle of Wight: Fossils

One of the larger groups of Azlu in Britain hides today on the tiny, quiet Isle of Wight. These Azlu are well organized, fierce and well hidden. They're guarding something by the cliffs.

Phoenix, a mage belonging to the Pygmalian Society, claimed some five years ago to have stumbled across a beach grotto not far from Newport containing more Azlu than most British Uratha will ever see in their lives. The Spider Hosts were, however, quiet and did not behave in a threatening manner. Her hasty retreat was caused by the rasping voices that began to speak in her head, coming from the things the Azlu seemed to be guarding: three objects, which looked, for all the world, like the fossilized exoskeletons of enormous spiders.

A Third Host?

The Uratha have long shared rumors of a "Third Host," another malevolent half-spirit, half-physi-

cal creature at large in the physical realm. The werewolves of Britain have their own theories as to what the Third Host might be, claiming on occasion to have met Bee Hosts, Cat Hosts, Raven Hosts, Weasel Hosts and even Slug Hosts.

They can't all exist. Odds are, there are equally plausible alternative explanations for most or even all of these phenomena. But still, there remains the possibility that another breed of Host preys on the people of Britain. Perhaps, sometime soon, someone will get to the bottom of it.

Less Welcome Tenants

Britain's folklore is testimony to the nature of the land: domesticated by humans, but all the more haunted and uncertain for it. Many of the ancient beasts and monsters of folklore are folk memories of the Other, but some of the creatures of Britain are unique — bizarre creatures with their own origins quite apart from the Other. Many are tied to the land, and have existed alongside the human race for longer than any history, even the oral history of the Uratha, can measure.

Not all of these creatures necessarily even exist; in fact, the existence of some of them would, if it were true, pretty much rule out the existence of some of the others. For most of them, the only evidence that they exist at all comes from "friend-of-a-friend" urban legends. The Uratha and magicians of Britain swap stories about most of them, but even in the unlikely event that these creatures exist, they creatures are, for the most part, rare, and the chances are that very few young Uratha will ever meet them. This is probably for the best.

The Coming Race

Legends persist of a network of underground caverns and passages, accessible from a number of places across southern England, inhabited by a tall, not-quite human race possessed of considerable magical or scientific powers. Although relatively few, these beings, whom esoteric legends have dubbed "Vril-Ya," are allegedly aiming to conquer the land above them when the time is right. Expert in the manipulation of psychic energy as weapon, power source and vehicle, the Vril-Ya could conquer the upper world any time they like; however, the story is that they choose not to until the astrological signs are favorable to them.

A number of mages of the Mysterium under the aegis of the Hierarch of Carmarthen have dedicated a number of years to the study of the Vril-Ya, noting that "Vril" was the name for the refined Mana used by Atlantean mages before the onset of the Quiescence. Some Mysterium scholars have suggested that the Vril-Ya are the last of Atlantis' pre-human survivors, and hope to be able to reason with them

and learn from them when their time comes. Although the only evidence of the Vrilya's existence has been, at best, circumstantial — friend-of-a-friend accounts, unsigned handwritten documents and dreams — the Mysterium scholars of Carmarthen haven't stopped believing in the Vrilya. The mages argue that the only reason proof of the Vrilya hasn't been found is because the Vrilya haven't wanted it to be.

Little People

The legend of the Little People, sometimes malevolent, sometimes benign, has been with the British people for 2,000 years or more. In some versions, the Little People are ill-tempered faeries who, when angry, boast the power to sour milk, rot food and make people and animals infertile. In another version, the Little People are a primitive, hidden remnant of a long-lost aboriginal people. In some versions of the stories, the Little People abduct people in much the same fashion as the so-called Grays of American folk legend, leaving their victims unable to explain their missing time. Other accounts tell of the Little People sacrificing their abductees on a "shining pyramid", whatever that may be, after having forced their victims to take part in the most dreadful and degrading rituals.

Most stories of the Little People fall into two categories. One group — the group more often spoken of, particularly in England — appear as small old men. They appear — at first, anyway — as benign and charming of aspect, although they still make the viewer uneasy in their strangeness. When dealings with them become more serious, their benevolence becomes rarer.



The other group are clad in rags. These creatures look faintly reptilian, with yellow slit eyes, forked tongues and leathery skin that has a mottled pattern to it. Stories of these creatures seem limited to the hills of South and East Wales, the Scots glens and highlands and some of the rural areas of Northern Ireland. Unlike their counterparts, who can at least affect charm, this group is always savage and always belligerent. If the stories are true, they exist in great numbers, half-reptilian swarms lurking under the hills, who could overcome a pack of Raging Gauru in seconds by force of numbers alone.

In many of the rolling hills of Britain, it's possible to find exquisitely tooled implements of stone — arrowheads, axes, mortars and pestles, jewelry, a black seal carved with cryptic syllables — too small to be used by a human with any ease. Those who believe in the stories cite them as evidence of the Little People's existence and tremble, for these objects have a habit of going missing along with the people who found them, as, perhaps, the Little People reclaim their property.

Gatherers

One of the more offbeat urban myths about the Little People concerns a tribally-based group of diminutive, shaggy figures who inhabit underground burrows in urban green areas — parks, public gardens and the like. These "gatherers," or sometimes "collectors," are said to come out at night and steal objects left unattended by daytime people.

No one who tells this story ever has a satisfactory explanation of why they should want to do this. Sensible Uratha will treat wild stories of underground burrows full of bizarre contraptions built from stolen goods — which are probably just conflation with the legend of the Vrilya, anyway — with the liberal pinch of salt they so richly deserve.

Alien Big Cats

By the standards of British folklore, the phenomenon of the alien big cats is very new — sightings have only really become common over the last 30 or 40 years. The alien big cats have been seen across Britain, although the most concentrated sightings have been in southwest England and Northern Ireland. Footprints, blurred photographs of sleek hulking creatures, clumps of shed hair and the mangled corpses of sheep, foxes and domestic animals all point to there being *something* out there. But what that is, no one is quite sure.

Speculation as to what they can be divides the Uratha as much as it does the humans. One story is that during the 1970s, when dangerous pets were outlawed, the wealthy owners of a number of leopards and panthers — for which

there was something of a fad in the late '60s and early '70s — let them go in the wild rather than turn them in, and there they flourished. Another theory is that they've evolved from crossbreeds of domestic animals gone feral with creatures gone wild, grown to frightening size by environmental factors. Other naturalists argue that the big cats have been there all along, but that it's only recently that the encroachment of humans on the wilds has made the alien big cats visible.

And then there's the supernatural explanation: maybe they're the ghosts of long-extinct animals, roused to anger by the advance of humans. Maybe the alien big cats are spirits. Maybe the alien big cats are something else entirely.

Tyrone: Hunters

County Tyrone in Northern Ireland is the center of alien big cat sightings in the United Kingdom. The Forsaken who hold the area just east of Belfast know this all too well. Whatever it is that is killing all those sheep and cattle — there's more than one. But, as the pack of Forsaken who have spent the last three years trying to track them down have found to their frustration, there's no scent. The things appear, leave their prints, kill some animals — and then vanish.

There have been occasions when the pack has spotted one of them, half a mile away, only for it to go behind a tree and vanish before the packmembers get there. Or they've heard something snap in the undergrowth, feet away. And once, they found one of their own, separated from his packmates, with his throat torn out, and, apart from the prints, no other physical trace of the thing that did it: no spoor, no scent.

The pack is getting desperate, angry and impatient. None of the werewolves cares what the cats really are any more, only that the pack has to kill them. Dreams of being followed, of being savaged by great shadowy beast, of dying plague the werewolves. Shadows follow them and vanish. The beasts may find the werewolves before the werewolves can find the beasts.

The Devil's Footprints

Apart from high, remote areas, Britain doesn't get an awful lot of snow. When it has snowed, a phenomenon has sometimes been observed: cloven hoofprints, left by a clearly two-legged figure, walking in a straight line — so straight, that it crosses directly over obstacles, including buildings, where the prints can be seen going straight across the roof.

Drowned Men

The British Isles are, above all, isles, and Britain has a great maritime tradition, replete with heroism, enterprise and exploration. However, Britain's maritime tradition

also includes sometimes legalized piracy, whole regional economies built on slavery and the legacy of the smuggling crews who still traffic contraband goods, although the gold and cloth of yesteryear have been replaced by drugs and illegal immigrants.

The smugglers inspired their own dark mythology. Tales were told of murdered smugglers who, betrayed or punished for betrayal, clawed their way from the depths and took vengeance on their duplicitous crewmates who joined them in the sea. Stories of decaying, mutilated crews that attacked Coast Guard ships and killed the lot of them competed in the fireside imaginings of coastal Britain with stories of ships, lost with all hands, who even beyond their watery grave returned to their cave-stowed hoards and dragged the curious and the treasure-seeker alike to be with them beneath the graves.

The tales go back further. In the time of the Virgin Queen, sailors trembled to see shipmates they'd thought long since dead and drowned standing on the docks of Plymouth and Bristol. In the time of the Danes, hardened men would go white when decaying, one-eyed men the sailors had already killed greeted them on the shores they came to raid a second time. Before the Romans came, people of Ireland and Albion alike wove one-eyed, one-footed Sea Demons into their myths, creating the Fomhoire of the Tain.

Unlike many of Britain's more outré creatures, stories of Sea Demons have increased, becoming gruesome urban myths. The dead return, always mutilated, always having lost an eye, a foot or a hand, often with other deformities: a patch of scales, a glassy fish eye, a tentacled growth from the side of the neck or the cheek. In the earliest stories, they came in armies. As time went on, they would only appear on land alone. Now they come in threes. There seem to be more of them than ever.

They speak freely and act with purpose, although they are not the men and women they were. Their actions are often frustratingly contradictory. They'll raid a street in Portsmouth and take five people back with them, leaving the first three people they see. They'll guard an empty cave on a Cornish beach, touching nobody who does not come further than 13 feet into the cave. They'll grab anyone who comes close to their Yorkshire haunt. They'll attend a church service in Eastbourne, sitting at the back, talking to no one.

The Gull

Vampires, progeny of a Gangrel who had once been a Bristolian slaver, the Gull are night-borne sailors extraordinaire. They take on the forms of fish and seagulls, and boast an unnatural power over the weather, although they are unable to cross or travel on fresh water without aid. Making their havens in docks or in the holds of ships, the Gull claim a chilling power over storms and mists. Tales of becalmed boats whose crew fell

prey to wasting sicknesses, of slave ships whose cargo all died before arriving at their ports of call and of sailors attacked by night by vicious seagulls have all been laid before the Gull.

Britain is not the naval power it once was, and while the Gull were, even 50 years ago, pretty numerous, they've declined in recent decades — many have been destroyed or have fallen into torpor as the docklands and marinas of Britain have vanished, to be replaced with luxury flats and expensive business developments.

Still, the few Gull who remain active seem against all indications; to the contrary, they seem to be doing rather well. Rumors that several Gull have made deals with the “drowned men” are denied by the Gull involved, but seem to be corroborated by sightings of yachts and tugs owned by Gull and crewed by what look for all intents and purposes to be mutilated, water-borne corpses.

Great Worms and Inhabitants of Lakes

The great worms of the Isles are, for all intents and purposes gone now, although the familiar winged, fire-breathing dragon of fantasy literature has little resemblance to the creatures behind the mythology. Great, amphibious, burrowing serpents that inhabited lakes and wells, the dragons of ages past, would come out to grab a sheep, or maybe a horse or a child and then return to their bolt-holes and hibernate until their prey was digested.

Of course, there's still supposed to be one in Loch Ness, but if it's still there, it's proven elusive. Otherwise, there's little evidence of the great worms still being alive today. But if there were still enormous serpents in Britain, serpents that had hibernated deep in the ground for possibly centuries, they'd probably be very hungry indeed by now. If one awoke, it would pose a great danger to people and animals alike.

The Owlman

Sightings of an “Owlman” (or a species of Owlmen) have been relatively constant across the South of England since the mid-'70s. The Owlman is more than a simple creature — it's always accompanied by strange lights and sounds, and its appearance makes its surroundings seem slightly off-kilter, like a dream.

The Owlman is about the size of a man, with huge, black-clawed wings and equally clawed legs, no neck, round glowing eyes (hence the name), pointed ears and a wide, gaping mouth. Its appearance often accompanies experiences of “missing time,” and has been investigated with little success by UFO groups, although a mage in Kent

who claimed to have encountered the Owlman observed that it left behind a psychic resonance that was unnatural, but definitely of this planet.

What does the Owlman want? It never seems to attack physically; its intent seems only to scare or to disturb. The stories of people who meet the Owlman often continue with the Owlman's contactees never being quite the same again. They suffer nightmares. They find themselves at the center of increasingly bizarre coincidences. They begin to receive telephone calls from voices that speak in stilted, gnomonic sentences, or see the same messages broadcast briefly on their TV sets. The subtext is clearly that someone — something — is trying to tell us something.

Angus: The Madonna of the Wasps

The story goes that a group of hapless and poorly-informed Ghost Wolves from Dundee found fell foul of a village of people who seemed unaffected by Lunacy, and who, silent, blank-faced, behaved like insects in a hive. The central power in this place, the queen of the hive, was a waxy-faced woman with faceted eyes who styled herself “The Madonna of the Wasps.” The woman effortlessly took control of the werewolves' minds; only one of them was strong-willed enough to escape, and he had to kill one of his own packmates to do it.

The lone survivor's name isn't generally known. He's never any closer than a “friend of a friend.” This isn't the only story about the Madonna of the Wasps — she's become something of a legend among werewolves, vampires and mages alike. Is she a ragged survivor of a lost Host? Is she a vampire belonging to a particularly freakish bloodline? Is she a demon? Anyone who really wants to find out will just have to go to the village.

The Friends of Magic

Once, the Awakened magicians of the world looked to Britain. Britain's culture ruled and defined the world. The land had a credible claim to having once been part of Atlantis. The mages of Britain were at the forefront of the Pentacle, and only a few generations ago were confident that the heads of the British sections of each order were the *de facto* leaders of the Awakened across the world.

Times have changed. But many of the willworkers haven't moved on. Their leaders still behave as if the world looked up to them, and the younger mages, the ones with ideas for reform, for modernization, they're ignored or suppressed.

There are almost two dozen Consilii in the United Kingdom, two of which, London and Carmarthen, tower above the others in influence and prestige. London is bound in tradition, pomp and ritual, and the mages at its head compete with each other for political supremacy while those at the bottom of the pile do their best to find their own way without their superiors squashing them. Meanwhile, they're being left behind by a Night Cabinet of the Seers of the Throne, whose influence over the nation grows ever more surely as the Pentacle's wanes, and who are picking off the mages of London one by one.

The Consilium at Carmarthen may be more enlightened and democratic, but its desire to observe the structures it has set in place could mean that the Consilium could fall prey to a terrible danger while its members sit around in discussion.

The Orders

The ancient forms observed by the magical societies of Atlantis haven't changed since the old days, but their presentation has, over time, altered to a great degree, and British mages are proud to tell you that many of the titles, duties and manner of the Awakened were set centuries ago by British mages in British Consilii. Many mages from elsewhere say they've got ironclad historical evidence that proves that this is a load of imperialist claptrap, but as the British magicians will tell you – they're just jealous.

Whether it's true or not, it is a fact is that magicians from most of the Western world (and, indeed, anywhere that Britain ever had a colony) won't find anything hugely unfamiliar in the way that British Consilii run their affairs. They stick to the forms that Atlantean orders across the West use — only much, much more so. Rigidity is their religion; change is a dirty word. It isn't for nothing that the Masonic Hall in which the Worshipful Council of York hold their meetings has this peculiar expression inscribed on its pediment: *Nisi Fractum, Non Reparandum*.

If there is one major difference in the way that older British mages operate, it's that until very recently, their establishment has been significantly less hidden than that in other countries. They're still completely secretive — but here they can hide in plain sight. In a nation in which secretive cabals of men (and, less frequently, women) have more or less run urban areas for years, and where churches and city councils alike are run on byzantine lines reminiscent of Freemasonry, it's not hard for another group to openly meet in a hall in the middle of town without telling anyone what they do. Hardly anyone is going to ask what they do (because they'll all have their own ideas anyway) and few are going to resent not being asked to join because membership in these groups is usually by invitation.

This has changed a lot since the '70s and '80s. Secret societies and closed groups have gone out of fashion, and these days it's a lot harder to hide a group's actions from scrutiny. Some Consilii have – with regret – gone completely underground in the last 15 years.

Younger mages find themselves frozen out of the decision-making process of the Consilii the way they always

have been — only now, they're not willing to take it. The mages with the authority often find this hard to deal with in any reasonable fashion, and end up reprimanding their younger charges in an excessive fashion.

The Guardians of the Veil

The Guardians are indisputably the most powerful order in Britain. The Hierarch of London and most of the Council and Provosts are Guardians, and there are Guardians in prominent positions in every Consilium in the country.

After London, the most typical Guardian-controlled Consilium in the country is based in Glastonbury, and is one of two rival Consilii who claim authority over the southwestern peninsula of England. The Glastonbury Consilium is, although the stronger of the two and in possession of one of the country's most powerful Hallows, so parochial and so concerned with past glories and internal power plays that its leaders simply don't care about the chaos that reigns under their supposed jurisdiction — not least the huge pack of demon-worshiping werewolves who stand in control of vast swathes of countryside. The Glastonbury mages insist that these things are under control. In truth, it's out of their hands.

The Sodality of the Tor

Glastonbury Tor itself, the central focus of the Consilium, has been traditionally guarded by a cabal of witches belonging to the Sodality of the Tor for several hundred years.

The Sodality, although spread across the Western world, is very much a British phenomenon, and rare is the Consilium in the British Isles that doesn't have at least a few of these mages. Their influence in the Glastonbury Consilium is not to be underestimated, and their leaders' advocacy of old-school witchery is at least partly responsible for the Consilium's staunchly traditionalist stance.

The Mysterium

The land has a written history going back some 2,000 years, and a Shadow history going back considerably further than that. With all this history, all these secrets, the Mysterium has flourished. After the Guardians, the Mysterium is the most influential order, and, similar to the Guardians, is represented in numbers in most of the nation's Consilii. Bendigeidfran, the Hierarch of Carmarthen, belongs to the Mysterium, and many of his decisions reflect his allegiance.

The small Consilium at Douglas on the Isle of Man is notable because it's governed by a Mysterium majority, and, after Carmarthen, is center to some of the most concentrated study on Atlantean relicts in the British Isles. The leaders of the Consilium seem almost obsessive in their

efforts to retrieve every piece of Atlantean evidence they can, no matter how tenuous it might be. This certainly has a lot to do with Kumarpal Raam, the recently elected Provost of Douglas, who is a member of the strange and intense group called the Daksha.

The Daksha

The Daksha's obsession with the return of Atlantis and its role in human evolution has led them to alter their own bodies — all have a third eye, and some have, apparently, achieved hermaphroditism. They include some of the greatest experts on Atlantean lore among the Awakened.

The Daksha are more or less cognate with the Mysterium. They're close-knit, however, and many of their Mysterium colleagues believe that the Daksha's first allegiance is not to the order, but to their Legacy, which has a hierarchical structure of its own.

The Adamantine Arrow

The Arrows, although less strictly powerful than either the Mysterium or the Guardians, are numerous. Traditionally, the Arrows have drawn their recruits from Awakened members of the armed forces, and they have a centuries-old reputation as soldiers of two worlds, faithful members of the army, navy and air force, and the reliable strong arm of the orders. There's at least one Adamantine Arrow Sentinel in almost every Consilium in Britain.

These days, Britain's standing army and navy are smaller than they have ever been, and, since the abolition of national military service, the Arrows have begun reluctantly to recruit from mages who have no experience in the services. These non-military Arrows still find it hard to get anywhere in the order, no matter how talented they might be, overlooked in favor of magicians who have spent some time in the forces. Interestingly, the Arrows, although they favor servicemen, and, recently, servicewomen, don't make any distinction between officers and enlisted men — a former squaddie or matelot has just as much chance of becoming the Hierarch of a Consilium as a colonel in the SAS.

This is certainly true in the barely legitimate Consilium of the Citadel, based around the naval base in Plymouth. Lord Zen, Provost of the Citadel — there is no Hierarch or Council, just the one Provost — is a warrant officer in the Royal Marines. A serious, no-nonsense sort of magician, Zen (real name David Ezra) formed his breakaway group out of frustration with the Glastonbury Consilium's inability to do anything about the horrors encroaching on his home. As the only trouble he got from Glastonbury was a series of strongly-worded objections, Lord Zen has begun to pursue a hard campaign against the werewolves of the moors. Although outnumbered and short of resources, Lord

Zen is a keen military tactician. His central axiom is that everything is a weapon — it's just a matter of degree, and he and the magicians who'd give their lives for him are not afraid to act on that.

The Silver Ladder

The Silver Ladder, on the other hand, is possibly the smallest of the orders in the United Kingdom, while at the same time being the most prestigious. This says that they choose the brightest and best, and although their elitism has limited their numbers, a disproportionately high number of them are Councilors or Provosts in Britain's Consilii. Of all the orders, the Silver Ladder of Britain were the most enthusiastic advocates of Britain's Imperial Destiny. They flew the flag of patriotism. They alone treated with Britannia herself and made her their patroness. They were there at the great battles of Empire. They brought British magic to India and Africa, China and Australia.

When the Empire's star faded, the Silver Ladder's philosophy gradually changed. Theirs is still the philosophy of Empire, but now it's an Empire of the heart. Of all the four ancient orders, they are the ones who have come the closest to moving with the times. They're patrons of the arts, propagandists, advertisers, politicians and demagogues.

The Hierarch of Edinburgh belongs to the Silver Ladder, as have his five immediate predecessors. Although the accusation of favoritism has been leveled at Edinburgh a lot, there's no denying that it's one of the most dynamic and successful Consilii in the country, with a great deal of money, and healthy relations with its neighbors in Glasgow and Aberdeen.

The Free Council

The Free Council is the healthiest of the orders of Britain, if its growing membership is any indication; every few years, another member of the Free Council is elected to be Hierarch, Provost or Councilor of some Consilium or another. The Libertines are the future, and they demand respect.

The problem is that the Free Council has been the future now for more than a century; new traditions are still traditions, and traditions can stagnate within a generation. The Free Council in Britain still clings to its Victorian ideals, sure, but it also clings to its Victorian practices. Many Libertines are just as hidebound as their Atlantean counterparts. The Libertines just don't admit it, not even to themselves. They often cling to political and religious ideologies that have become, for better or worse, unfashionable — the left-wing evangelicalism of the 1904 Revival, for example, or spiritualism or old-school socialism. Often, it's a good thing that there are people around who hold to these ideologies, since many have much that's worthwhile in them, but to some the ideologies have become more important than the magic.

Having said that, the one way in which the Free Council has stolen a march on all the other orders (with the possible exception of the Silver Ladder) is that the Free Council is the order most aggressively recruiting the newly Awakened members of the various ethnic and cul-

tural groups of the New Britain to join. In the British Free Council, Islamic pirs (mages who cherish the ability to command and control the djinns) and Awakened Hindus rub shoulders with Christian revivalists, while Uncrowned alchemists join cabals alongside Pygmalian artists.

The West Midlands is the Free Council territory *par excellence*. With a broad ethnic mix and active society, the Warwick Consilium (really the Birmingham Consilium in all but name) is one of the fastest changing and most active in the country. This works both ways: while the Consilium's meetings are always vibrant and fast-moving, there's often little consensus and very little gets done.

The Pygmalian Society

Although not by any means common, the artists of the Pygmalian Society have often distinguished themselves as mages of uncommon talent, particularly in Britain. An increase in numbers in recent years — not unconnected with that of the Free Council — has meant that several up-and-comers on the British magical scene are Pygmaliens, such as Lucy Sulphate, the club DJ from the Carmarthen Consilium whose recent achievements have far outstripped her actual knowledge or experience.

On the other hand, the Pygmaliens have a reputation for going bad. The most notorious British mage in living memory, Welsh poet Enoch Christopher, was a Pygmalian. Christopher believed that strife and pain were essential to true magical inspiration, and acted upon that belief. He died in 1987, but some of his pupils are still active and extremely dangerous. The manuscript of his poetry cycle *When I Came Back, It Was Gone* is rumored to be a powerful artifact in its own right, bearing a resonance as bleak as its content.

Creases in the Soul

There are Banishers in Britain, too. They're usually individuals, but are to be treated with no less caution. In one memorable instance, a Banisher in Swansea managed to kill a five mages, one by one, before being taken down, completely by chance, by a lone mage who would have been the Banisher's sixth victim. While the so-called Timori don't seem to be quite as active as they are elsewhere, sometimes cabals of them crop up.

The Seers of the Throne seem to be omnipresent. Whenever a Consilium fails in its duty, whenever a Mysterium scholar misses out on getting to an apparently genuine Atlantean artifact, whenever the Consilii of Britain would rather argue amongst themselves than get anything done, the Seers appear, as if from nowhere, and score another point. They seem to have a great deal of influence over the British

government, particularly over the police and the prison service. It's difficult to draw conclusions, though; one can only look at the cases and try to make informed guesses.

For example, the case of Spring-Heeled Jim. Jim (James Carroll), now a member of the Free Council, awakened as a teenager. He found himself arrested by the police on a trumped-up charge shortly before he Awakened. The magistrates sent him, with hardly any argument or discussion, to a juvenile detention center outside of Liverpool. The officers and officials there — clearly a cabal of mages — seemed to have developed a particularly efficient and brutal method of brainwashing; within weeks, most of the boys sent there who weren't already complicit with the guards were numb, willing tools of the center's system. And being Awakened wasn't going to help him. Because they were a whole lot stronger. They would have got him, too, if a cabal of Free Council mages hadn't sprung him and burnt the place down.

Recently, Jim heard that it's been rebuilt, and the same group of officials are there, not looking a day older.

Meanwhile, mages in Bristol have reported being harassed by the law, no matter how innocent they might be. It's as if the police know when they're about to do something. They're being watched, they know it, and sometimes there's a man in grey with a nimbus like shards of steel standing in the distance, watching.

And then there's Westminster.

Mother London

London is a place of power — the whole city leaks magical energy from its streets, from ancient buildings, from the river with its great, proud spirits. London is the Heart of Albion. The magicians know it's the Heavenly City, here on Earth, Jerusalem.

The magicians of London hold to a tradition of high magic; the London Consilium has in its library the secrets of spells, beyond the capacity of any living mage, that could open the earth and swallow the city, that can cause rains of blood and swarms of angels. Theirs is the right to a heritage of raw magical power, a union of arts the likes of which the world has not seen in any other place. The world won't see it again, either, for it's all under lock and key.

Civitas, the aged Hierarchy of London, has a policy of suppression of vulgar magic. His city is full of werewolves, vampires and other things; his policy is to avoid these creatures whenever possible and to reprimand any mage whose magic doesn't follow strictly controlled forms, which are designed to attract the smallest possible amount of attention. As time goes on, the edicts and reprimands, given out from the Consilium's Sanctum, a board room in the building of the Institution of Civil Engineers, near Westminster Abbey, become ever more severe.

As the history of London goes, this is a fairly recent development, having only really happened over the last 30 years, when mages began to vanish. One or two a year to begin with; in recent years, more still. And with every disappearance, Civitas and his Councilors grow more insular,

more determined to hide the magic of their charges, all the time trying every trick in the book to fathom out an invisible enemy before anything worse happens. They may already be too late. A number of mages have suggested that something terrible is coming to London, and coming soon.

It's the nature of the Guardians of the Veil to keep their cards close to their chests. And so, no one outside of Civitas, Decurion, his Provost, and his four Councilors know about the regularity of the vanishings. This may well be a misjudgment on the Hierarch's part — his what-they-don't-know-won't-hurt-them attitude has only bred resentment, as a new generation of mages without the inborn respect for authority that Civitas and his contemporaries take for granted begin to chafe at the restraints on their magic.

Unrest

Central to the resistance to Civitas' strict control of magic is a cabal calling itself the Guy Fawkes Precedent. Renaming themselves after the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot, their leader Catesby produced a radical manifesto, which arrived in the home postbox of every mage in the Consilium on the fifth of November three years ago. Ever since, the cabal has been a thorn in the side of the Provost and Hierarch alike, a gang of magical time bombs with a talent for making trouble and an urge to break up Consilium meetings — and get away with it. Which they have, on three occasions now.

The cabal has also had more to do with the werewolves and the vampires than any other cabal for some years now. Dealings with a pack of werewolves at Kings Cross with a spirit that looked like a bloody corpse as their patron nearly ended in more than one death. Most of the vampires who have met with Catesby and his friends have ended their nights as handfuls of ash running through the fingers of the cabal, although one huge, hulking, foul-smelling vampire has eluded them on a number of occasions now.

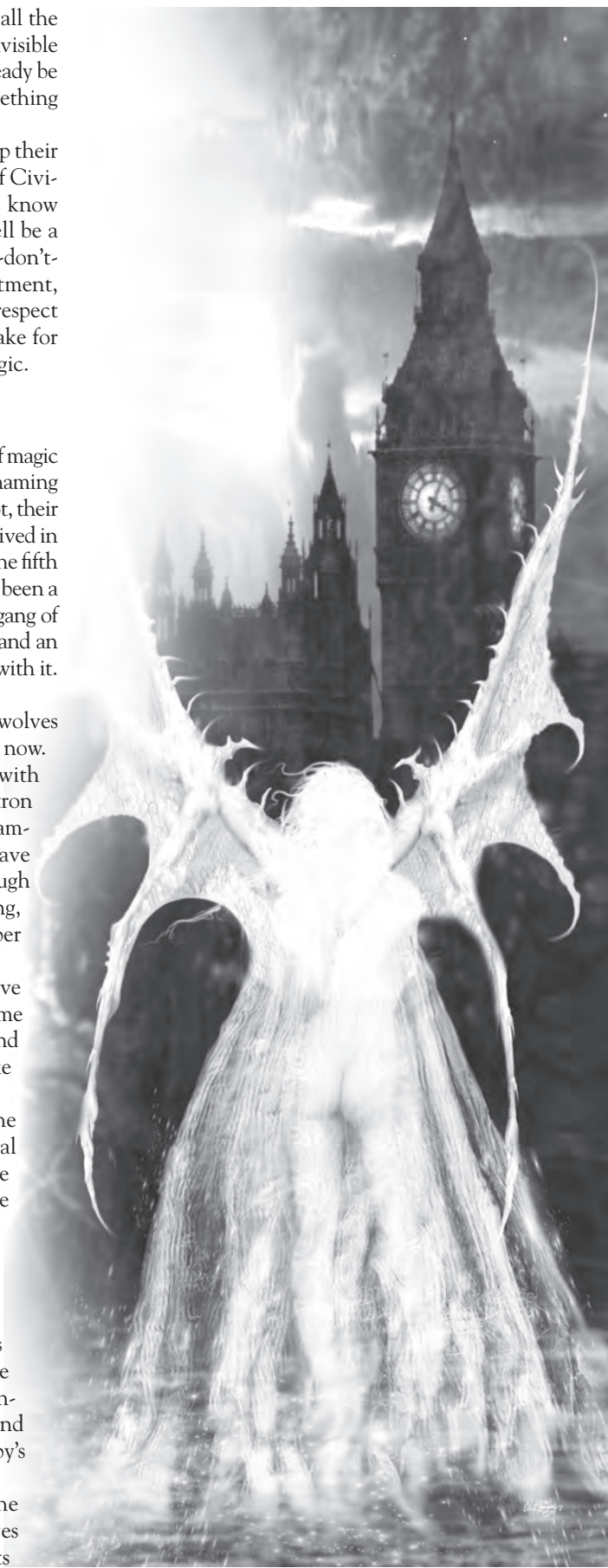
As their protests and acts of magical terrorism have begun to have their effect, it's begun to dawn on some of the Guy Fawkes Precedent that the Hierarch and his clique have something else on their mind. It's like Catesby can smell it.

He's going to get this secret out in the open. The Guy Fawkes Precedent is going to blow the magical scene of London wide open, and make the magic free for all who can take it. It might mean the end of the Consilium, but then — that was the idea.

Parliamentary Questions

This is the irony: the greatest and most direct threat to both the Consilium and the Guy Fawkes Precedent meets once a month in a secret room in the cellar of the House of Lords, no more than a few hundred yards from the meeting room of the Consilium and in the precise spot where the inspiration for Catesby's cabal laid their gunpowder.

Neither group knows how close they are. The esoteric movers of the Night Cabinet find themselves drawn to the parliamentary cellar on most nights





without really knowing the force that draws them there. In the homes of a dozen mid-ranking civil servants, the phone rings twice. Every man and woman walks outside to find a cab waiting. They arrive at the House, one by one. The door to the cellar is unlocked. There are no security guards anywhere in sight. All the CCTV cameras are turned off.

And then they meet, and they discuss the will of the Exarchs in the same way they'd discuss the opinions of the PM. They set goals and action plans in the way they'd set them in the parliamentary office on a Monday morning. Sometimes they decide on a target, a mage from the Consilium. By the next time they meet, their target will be dead. No one will ever find a body. They're all agreed that disposing of the Awakened, one by one, is a fine plan, and if their target happens to be someone whose disappearance will throw the Consilium into disarray or sow distrust between its already fraught factions, so much the better. They have the resources, the tools, the means to never have to face their enemies, and all the time in the world.

They believe that the Exarchs have showed them that they are the true rulers of the nation. If their actions toward directing Britain toward the will of the Exarchs show small results, this is only to be expected, since secrecy is paramount, and subtlety is valuable. Still, their temporal power is certainly greater than their opponents, and that makes all the difference.

Carmarthen

Carmarthen is the reputed birthplace of Merlin, and in terms of prestige and power, Carmarthen is the only Consilium that matches London. For 200 years now, both have claimed that they're the First Consilium of the United Kingdom.

In truth, London has the edge, but Bendigeidfran and his Councilors would rather tear their own hearts out than ever admit that.

The Carmarthen Consilium claims jurisdiction over pretty much the whole of South Wales, from Newport to Fishguard. Unlike London, whose ruling Council have a direct say in everything that goes on, the Carmarthen group has devolved its power to local groups within its geographical area, the largest of which are in Cardiff and Swansea. This somewhat controversial innovation has worked well for the Consilium.

The Swansea mages, under the care of the Free Council Provost "Grey Robert" Lowe, have recently begun to notice that something is very wrong in the Rhondda Valley. They're uncertain of what to do about it. While the Consilium has been notified, little has been done of yet. Grey Robert is beginning to wonder if he shouldn't just face the evil head-on rather than wait for Bendigeidfran and the Councilors to vote on it.

Walkers in Mists

The British Druids are treated with a great deal of respect, but at the same time frustration; they may have wisdom in abundance, but the com-

mon perception of them among the old guard is that they're flighty. Certainly, few stick around long enough to become influential in any conventional way, although they do gain a great deal of respect for the breadth of their knowledge.

The Carmarthen Consilium has produced quite a few well-known Walkers in Mists. The most famous in recent years has been Owain Hughes, also known as Owain Glamorgan, also known as Morvran.

Although resident in Boston these days, Morvran is quite capable of visiting home any time he wants, without the expense of a plane ticket, although he rarely does so these days.

Christianity and Islam

Much like the werewolves, many people of faith who Awaken often find themselves rebuilding their faith around their new powers. Unlike the Uratha, magicians who reject the foundation myths of most of the Awakened are still welcome in the Pentacle through membership in the Free Council. There's often a lot of tension there, and it's to be expected that many people of faith end up as the United Kingdom's most fervent Banishers.

On the other hand, religious groups in the United Kingdom have produced a number of unique Legacies, most of which are very small in number.

One of the best known is the Hostspur Brigade, founded in 1816 by Northcountry Free Church minister Harold "Hotspur" Erskine. Its membership peaked in 1904, when the Hostpur Brigade could claim the allegiance of fully one half of all the Obrimos mages in Britain. Now the Legacy's practitioners number barely three dozen. Steeped in the muscular Protestantism of the 19th century, the Hotspur Brigade have always exemplified the very best and worst of British Christianity. Hotspurs can be clean-living, patriotic, honest, sporting, cheerful in adversity, undismayed by mortal danger and driven to promote justice for the underdog. They can also be inflexible, hectoring and preachy, bigoted, sexist, jingoistic, prone to self-loathing and obsessed with rugby and cricket to an unhealthy degree.

Many Hotspurs show most of these character traits, good and bad, at once.

Their magic reflects this. The Hotspurs work miracles: the lame walk, the blind see and demons are cast out. And on the sinner, the judgment of Heaven falls in fire and wrath.

Among the Islamic community, there are similar groups. The Brothers of Sadr-Ud-Din, for example, are a group of Thyrsus who follow the tradition of the Pirzadas of India. Their magic is used to command spirits (who in their opinion are all "djinnns") and to heal, all in the name of Allah.

While more liberal Christian and Muslim mages are quite happy to buy into the Atlantis tale, a number can't bring themselves to put aside a literal belief in creation myths of their own faith. It's not uncommon to find a religious mage who believes that the story of the Atlantean fall is a skewed, garbled allegory of the Adamic Fall, the Flood and Babel.

The Megalithic Briton

Britain has a huge number of prehistoric megaliths, chalk figures and prehistoric mounds. They litter the country. Most of them were built on loci and Hallows. Many of them are still loci and Hallows — such as Glastonbury Tor, which has both within its area — and many of them aren't.

Stonehenge used to be a powerful locus, but a combination of the three-way conflict between the heritage management authorities, New Agers who wanted to go there at the solstices and equinoxes and the police, who often got called in to break up spontaneous parties by the stones, on the one hand, and simple continual overuse, on the other, led to the place being completely drained of any energy it had.

In the Shadow, the whole area is blasted and lifeless, a cold landscape of rock and bone.



Just about bloody typical, Ram thought. He hadn't liked the Underground since he was a kid, and since he'd been all twisted around and had the Wolf jammed in him, he'd hated it. Too much human traffic in too small and enclosed a place.

And he liked the city, otherwise. He loved the riverfront, grime and all. Sure, it'd be much nicer if the water were clean, but that could happen someday, right? He liked the fog, especially on nights when it was a little cleaner than usual. He liked the rowdy drunks spilling out into the street, in kind of the same way that a big game hunter liked to watch a lion some days without having to put a bullet in it. He liked the age of it, old enough to be really ancient. Not like the Tube.

"Right," he growled softly, glaring around. "Where are you, then? And who are you really?"

Didn't take long to find the answer. She was looking right at him, with that glazed expression that was too damn familiar. She might have been middle management, a travel agent, any sort of semi-posh job where you can do a day's work without wearing the lacquer off your nails. But her makeup was smeared a bit, and even if her clothes and hairdo said "I'm in control," her posture didn't. Something was in control, yeah. But not her.

Ram's left eye blurred, went white. And it saw the power gathering around her, a heavy blanket of shadow concrete and metal and glass and smoke lying about her shoulders like a king's mantle.

He stumbled a bit, then lowered his head and knocked his fist to his chest in an awkward salute. "Father... ah, Mother London. How can I serve you?"

Chapter Two: Keys to the Kingdom

Blood Talons

The monster roars at the city, at the Heavens, at the world itself. Her claws are wet with the blood of one who has trespassed against her for the final time. Her jaws ache from tearing flesh and cracking bone. Her throat is raw from howling and from the taste of her enemy's blood. But she still stands. As her mother and her mother's mother, back into countless generations, the werewolf stands defiant in the aftermath of her victory. Wounds heal. Glory fades. But survival, even for another night, is everything.

In old British myths, the legends of hellhounds tell of demonic canines that hunted and slaughtered people in the moonlight. It's just possible that the Blood Talons know all about those old tales, and have ancestors that remember the stories firsthand.

In modern history, Britain has been a land of soldiers, loyal at first to an empire, and then to King, Queen and country. In eras before that, Britain was a land of warriors, tribal heroes and war-chiefs. Britain is a small island, but has no shortage of heroes to look up to, and every great war has had a name passed down through the ages, from Boudicea to Admiral Nelson and on to Sir Winston Churchill. The warrior ideal is a notion that has many facets and possibilities within the mind of British werewolves. Though modern British people are no more or less violent than the citizens of many nations, and the face of warfare has changed since individual heroes were truly possible, the echo of such possibility lives on in many who grew up learning about heroes both recent and ancient. Couple that with the Blood Talons' aim of the warrior ideal, and you have a recipe for some of the most ambitious and noble war-leaders, as well as the most daring and reckless hero-wannabes.

Of course, individual Blood Talons rarely seek to emulate historical acts of mortal heroism. Traditionally, in the tribe, the heroism that matters is the stories that are passed down through bloodlines, involving talk of ancestors' deeds. A *Suthar Anzuth* with a mighty ancestor could feel honored (or pressured) to live up to the ideals set by this precedent, but might also take pride in seeking out another path to success in battle. A surprising number of Blood Talons seek to "try something new" when faced with the deeds of ancestors — a descendant of a great spear-wielder might seek to master the pistol, for example. For each Blood Talon who forges herself into another proud link in the chain of generations of skilled axe-bearers, another will break tradition and prove himself master of one or more new weapons.

In this manner, the warrior ideal stems from personal improvement and individualism as often as from rigid traditional observance. Both paths have their own honor.

With such a national history of war and a culture formed by so many different cultural identities, Britain's warrior tribe has been shaped in part, over the centuries, by the conflicts of the land. Fetish weapons are obviously popular among the Blood Talons, and take the form of antiques and replicas from any number of wars and battles throughout history. Bows are more popular among

the British Forsaken than their American brethren, with fletching and bowcrafting being prized skills in some hunting grounds and treasured by many *Suthar Anzuth* bloodlines. Fetish bows and talen arrows are among the most valuable and useful weapons of the British Blood Talons and are considered artful and traditional in both battle and on the hunt. Some Blood Talon werewolves turn to the bow when old age begins to set in their bones, but those who start their lives of battle with the weapon are accorded no less honor than the hardened brawlers or melee fighters within the tribe. Uratha of all auspices frequently learn to create their own personal weapons during the course of their lives, in addition to any weapons they may have been lucky enough to inherit.

Two particular notions of battle are accorded significant respect: the killing blow and the headhunt. Many Blood Talons seek an instant killing blow when facing their foes, and there is great respect accorded to battles in which the first blow was also the last. This goes beyond mere battle prowess to something of an art form, in which many traditionalists in the tribe always aim the first arrow at the eye of their enemy, and aim the first sword slashes and axe chops directly at the neck. If the first blow fails to kill, the battle proceeds as normal, but there is great respect to be earned for delivering an instant killing blow. Secondly, the notion of headhunting is one derived from ancient warrior cultures and is still practiced today. Taking the head of a fallen foe is a gruesome but accepted tradition among the Blood Talons, and some elders maintain eerie collections of preserved heads and skulls made into fetishes — all hidden from the eyes of any mortals, obviously.

An unusual aspect to the Blood Talons' hunting tradition is the fact that though they deride all forms of armor (even a Kevlar vest when in Hishu form is often regarded as cowardly and stupidly restrictive) some Blood Talons still make great use of shields. Shields are regarded as a skilful and traditional way of defending oneself without resorting to using worn armor and restricting shapechanging ability. It is the custom of most Blood Talon families that the shield is to be buried with its owner upon his death, or destroyed if the body cannot be recovered. Few shields are ever passed down to descendents, and although "hiding behind your father's shield" was originally a slur against those Blood Talons who wielded family shields they have inherited, it now applies to any *Suthar Anzuth* who prides himself too much on his bloodline or his inherited fetishes.

Nightly life as a Blood Talon requires a considerable awareness that can surprise members of the other tribes. A Blood Talon must be aware of the denizens of Shadow in the hunting ground — just like any werewolf doing his duty — but he must also remember the weaknesses and potential threat factors of dealing with the spirit. In a bid for a strong, well-defended territory, many a Bone Shadow or Ithaeur has been advised on a spirit's ban or unexpected weak point by a Blood Talon packmate of any auspice.

Whether through attention to critical details or diligence in training (or, usually, both) the core ideal of being *Suthar Anzuth* is to survive. Glory though survival is an ideal close to the heart

of this tribe, and one that earns great admiration from other werewolves. The renown you earn is not simply from having the prowess to kill your foe, but from being canny and skilled enough to survive whatever odds you faced. What is recognized and respected is that your enemies are dead, and you are still standing come the end.

Unsurprisingly, the Blood Talons of the pack are the ones who battle hardest to ensure that everyone survives. Personal glory comes through survival soon enough when a werewolf must fight the horrors of Britain's scarred Shadow. Therefore, only a reckless (and often foolish) Blood Talon risks the steady road to Glory renown by throwing himself at danger heedlessly, seeking recognition through heroic and unnecessary battles.

But, of course, it happens often enough. Fewer werewolves who walk the path succeed, but the Glory no doubt tastes just as sweet.

Appearance: Naturally, many Blood Talons are in excellent physical shape, and even those who are overweight or skinny tend to possess a core of inner strength that comes to the fore when danger is near. Given the frequency of conflict between Forsaken packs over hunting ground rights, scars and patchy fur are also relatively common among members of this tribe.

Sportswear and other loose clothing are a practical choice — whether brand-named and expensive or a cheap knockoff is important to some, less important to others. The majority of urban-based Blood Talons have difficulty getting away with the trophy decoration that their American counterparts can enjoy in the more spacious wilderness of North America, but subtle victory markings such as small bones or trinkets taken from slain enemies are frequently worked into handmade jewelry such as necklaces or bracelets, much like Celtic or Norse jewelry.

In the feral forms, the Blood Talons are an echo of the hellhound myths that were once taken as fact by the people of Britain. The Blood Talons' fur is often patchy and their skin scarred in places from wounds, but those who are part of an all-Blood Talon bloodline tend to share the same pure white or night black fur of the "demon dogs" of yore.

Initiation: The Blood Talons are probably the tribe with the strongest

ideal of traditional bloodlines when it comes to initiation. Family members often seek to follow in the footsteps of parents, grandparents and ancestors. Of course, no applicant is turned down out of hand, no matter her lineage, unless by the strictest of traditionalist ritemasters.

The *Suthar Anzuth* Rite of Initiation generally tends to focus on putting the applicant through some kind of endurance test. Surviving a night alone near a Wound or the location of an ancient magath are at the extreme end of the scale, but far from uncommon. After all, almost everything about the Blood Talons is at the extreme end of the scale, and the tribe accepts only the very best of proven survivors.

All Initiations, especially lesser trials such as "merely" running through a rival pack's territory from dusk until dawn and making it back alive, are complemented by a final fight between an established Blood Talon and the Talon-to-be. This final trial pits the applicant against his own stamina as much as a physical opponent, showing to all watching just how much the werewolf can endure. If it is enough, then he becomes a Blood Talon. If he fails, he is either refused afterwards, or he has died trying.

No werewolf gets to try twice.

Concepts: In addition to the obvious violence-orientated stereotypes, any career, lifestyle or ethos that emphasizes endurance, resilience and survival makes for an ideal Blood Talon concept that fits the tribal outlook perfectly. That might include graveyard shift workers and workaholics in any field as easily as it would include a more martial character.

Quote: "I hear you, spirit. I hear your claims of immortality and ownership to the rights of this place. But one way or another, the blood of my blood has been here just as long as you, and I swear by my ancestors, you'll go down if you try to take on my pack."



Bone Shadows

In his dreams, the boy's blood was poison. Everywhere he walked, he bled, and where he bled, his friends and family and even the plants would die. He didn't mean to kill them, but he couldn't stop his blood dripping out drop by drop and hurting them all. A wolf would come into his dream every night to lick the wounds clean and closed. This wolf told the boy that the nightmares of poison weren't his fault, and that he shouldn't worry, as long as he stayed away from the old chalk quarry at the edge of town. The boy never asked why, but took the wolf's warning to heart.

There is a great deal of darkness out there that demands the Bone Shadows' attention.

This is the way they are now, and have always been. While the Other is not the exclusive purview of the Bone Shadow tribe, the *Hifathra Hissu* of Great Britain arguably see the ripples and portents of the second world with a greater clarity. And there is so much to see.

It is fair to say that the first question on most Bone Shadow werewolves' lips is, "But why?"

To join the Bone Shadows is to take on the responsibility of not just balancing the Shadow, but of *understanding* it. A Blood Talon might know the strengths and weaknesses of certain spirits, and a Hunter in Darkness could be aware of the habits and proclivities of any Shadow being in the local area, but it falls upon the Bone Shadows to find out the whats and the whys and the wherefores.

Within a pack, the Bone Shadow is the one who seeks out deeper reasoning behind a spirit's motivation, or the ultimate source of an omen. The Bone Shadow is the one who is compelled to find out just why a spirit acts the way it does, and how this relates to other aspects of its existence. How does the alignment of the stars affect the local Shadow? What events in the past have bled through the years to create echoes in the present? What mortals and locations in the area are responsible for an unusual amount of activity and change across the Gauntlet? How do these factors affect the pack, and do they need to be addressed?

It is an exhausting life, make no mistake. Some werewolves get tired just trying to keep up with a Bone Shadow's thoughts and findings.

Given the chaotic nature of Britain's Shadow, many Bone Shadows are keen negotiators when it comes to dealing with spirits; whether they use a Rahu's threats, an Elodoth's reason or an Irraka's deceptions as they deal with the spirits is down to individual werewolves, of course. But a number of tribe members spend significant time working with the local spirits and seeking to establish truces and alliances with them. This serves a double purpose, for it not only sets up the possibility of allies for the pack but also allows Bone Shadows to gain a greater understanding of the local Shadow and the events and beings that shape it. Invaluable insight such as this is fine when told in stories and rumors, but, in truth, this is the kind of experience you only get when getting your hands dirty and seeing things for yourself.

Britain is also a nation with no shortage of ghost stories,

haunted locales and tales of possession. A Bone Shadow dedicating herself to the pursuit of ghostly happenings could keep busy for her entire life. Some werewolves follow this path, seeking to put souls to rest or destroy ghosts before they can interfere with the living any further.

This gives rise to a peculiar and sinister custom among many Bone Shadows of the British Isles: the tradition of wearing the accoutrements, possessions and clothing of the dead. Many ghosts are bound to the world of the living by their haunting of a place or their desire to possess an object from the living days. Whether the Bone Shadow werewolves destroy these ghosts or help reconcile their afterlife desires is down to individual *Uratha*, but *Hifathra Hissu* often wear mementos of the dead souls they have dealt with, such as the wedding ring that bound a particular ghost to the world of the living, a necklace of teeth from a corpse that rose from its grave or a keepsake taken from a spirit's haunting place, such as a curtain from a haunted house made into a scarf.

A side note to the notion of wearing accoutrements of the deceased is the Bone Shadow tradition of cremating one's enemies. Obviously, spirits cannot have their remains consumed in fire, but mortals, Ridden, Pure werewolves, the remnants of some Hosts and any other being that leaves a physical corpse on its death are frequently cremated by the Bone Shadows. This goes beyond mere good sense at hiding potentially damaging evidence from mortal authorities. Many werewolves of this tribe use the ashes of their enemies as chiminage for certain spirits of negative or violent aspects, while other Bone Shadows collect the ashes of their fallen foes to reflect upon or show to other Forsaken as a testament to the Bone Shadow's prowess.

The immense number of animal-spirits that populate the chaotic Other reflection of the Isles is also something that affects many Bone Shadows. As marks of respect to the spirits they have dealt with in the past and as signs of honoring those they hope to deal with in the future, it is customary for British *Hifathra Hissu* werewolves to craft simple trinkets and homemade jewelry from the feathers, scales, fur and bones of many animal-, fish- and bird-spirits, most notably robins, magpies and salmon. For example, snail shell necklaces are relatively common among werewolves with a penchant for healing: rural herbalists and hospital surgeons alike wear them in honor of the snail-spirit's healing powers.

Britain's occult traditions and legends run deep, from Victorian demonology cults to Celtic myth and beyond. The Bone Shadows who choose to explore this side of the nation's hidden past have a difficult trial on their hands as they come face-to-face with ancient horrors and bizarre aberrations from the Shadow. Many werewolves of the *Hifathra Hissu* make it a point of learning all they can regarding mortal hedge magic, mythology and occultism, just to see how such knowledge can apply to the denizens of the Other. The results and similarities are often surprising, albeit viewed through the blurred lens of human misunderstanding.

Appearance: Though British Bone Shadows don't tend to travel as much as their American brethren, the slender appearance of tribal members remains constant across the

Atlantic. Many werewolves of this tribe are near-relentless in their work, because there is so much to be done. With the Shadow filled to bursting point with so many strange spirits, the efforts Bone Shadows make to comprehend the world behind the Gauntlet can eat all of a werewolf's waking hours and more. Constant effort and grave diligence gives many of this tribe a wiry physique — not unhealthy or lacking in muscle, but often without any unnecessary fat, which is worn away by missing meals and remaining awake for long hours.

This lifestyle shows in a Bone Shadow's Gauru and wolf forms, keeping the *Hifathra Hissu* slim in all shapes. Tightly bunched muscles cling to slender limbs in clear definition. Notably, the eyes of a Bone Shadow werewolf set him apart from the rest of the People. The eyes of a young member of the tribe are often blood-shot and narrowed from constant thought or lack of sleep, while an elder can look at all before him with a 1,000-yard stare that remains even in slumber, as it is not unknown for older Bone Shadows to sleep with their eyes open.

Initiation: Initiation into the Bone Shadows often involves a wearying ordeal of hunting and investigation. A ritemaster often demands that the applicant track down a certain spirit — usually many miles distant from the hunting ground — and learn all she can about the spirit, including its ban, if possible. Once the werewolf returns with the information she has gathered, the Bone Shadow judges whether the applicant performed well.

This sounds deceptively easy. What it truly involves is the werewolf going away from the hunting ground — alone — for what might be days or weeks. Over the course of this trial, she will encounter other spirits, and will also be judged on her reactions to these creatures when she reports back.

As with most initiation rites, the Bone Shadow judges put great stock in seeing how well the applicant endures hardship and exhaustion. This will often take the form of

days-long communication with the chosen spirits, which are almost always chosen for their uncooperative and hostile natures. Very few Bone Shadows return from a Rite of Initiation with a quick resolution to speak of, but they can all attest to a great many lessons learned during the trials.

Concepts: Any mortal lifestyles involving or focused entirely on investigation (such as law enforcement), the occult or the paranormal are particularly apt for Bone Shadow characters. Other possibilities include careers involving serious negotiation or diplomacy, such as corporate business employment or embassy work.

Quote: "You're not listening. The spirit of the village green isn't insane; it's just very, very old. It's had since the Roman invasion to get more and more inhuman. I say we do what we can to calm it down, then find what's really causing all the Ridden in the area."

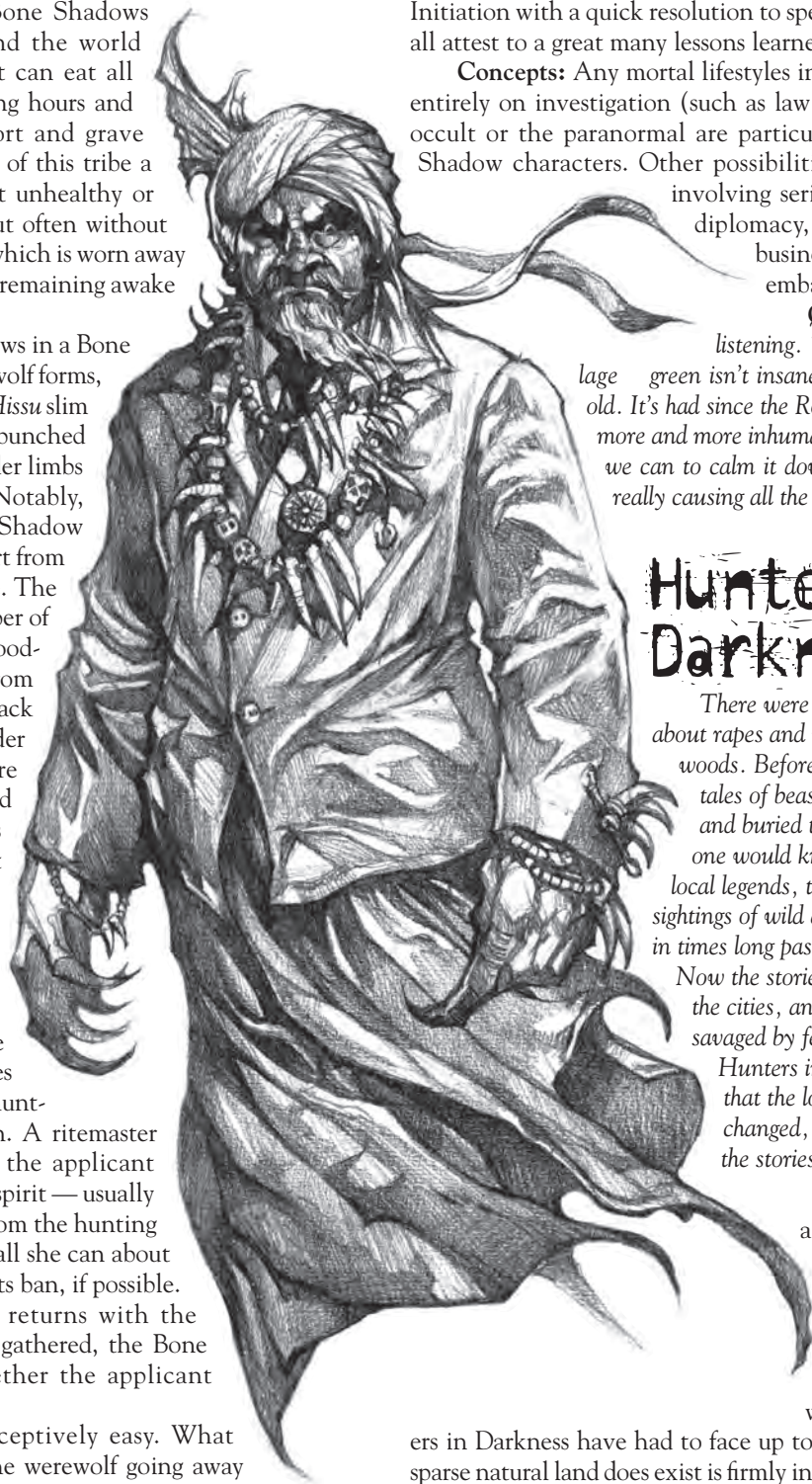
Hunters in Darkness

There were stories, of course, about rapes and murders in the woods. Before that, there were tales of beasts that ate people and buried the bones so no one would know. Before these local legends, there were apparent sightings of wild dogs, panthers and, in times long past, the Devil himself. Now the stories were of howls in the cities, and bodies turning up savaged by feral canines. The Hunters in Darkness know that the locations may have changed, but the monsters in the stories remain the same.

The Meninna are a tribe on the edge. Britain is a small nation, with little in the way of unspoiled wilderness to begin with, but the Hunt-

ers in Darkness have had to face up to the fact that what sparse natural land does exist is firmly in the grip of the Pure Tribes. Forced from the wilderness and into the cities, many members of this tribe prowl the borders of civilization like caged beasts, seeking any opportunity to enter the wilds and fight the Pure with fang and claw.

Tribal unity on anything larger than the pack scale is often an illusion or an idealistic dream, but if any tribe could



ever be said to be at war, it is the Hunters in Darkness.

As the seasons turn, so, too, does the ire of the *Meninna* werewolves. Year after year, some Hunters in Darkness packs strike out from the cities and seek to take hold of rural or wild areas, defending them from the Pure and the eerie denizens of the spirit wilds. Some werewolves of this tribe consider loci in the wilderness worth dying for, if such a death serves to prevent the spiritual font from falling into the wrong hands, or worse, becoming Wounded. Other Hunters in Darkness are willing to call the cities their own, but the press of humanity and rival packs alike

makes it hard for them to sanctify their hunting grounds of concrete, iron and glass.

Hunters in Darkness who join multi-tribal packs often share the same hatred of the Pure and the same desire to break out from the cities as their brethren, but temper their urges with the cold light of reason. Some Hunters in Darkness convince their packs to track out into the wilds and assess the opportunities for holding a hunting ground out there. Other Hunters in Darkness resign themselves to the concrete forest of the cities and seek to preserve what wilderness and purity exists within the city limits. Either way, the tenacious survival instincts and justified paranoia of the British Forsaken is exemplified in the lives of the Hunters in Darkness.

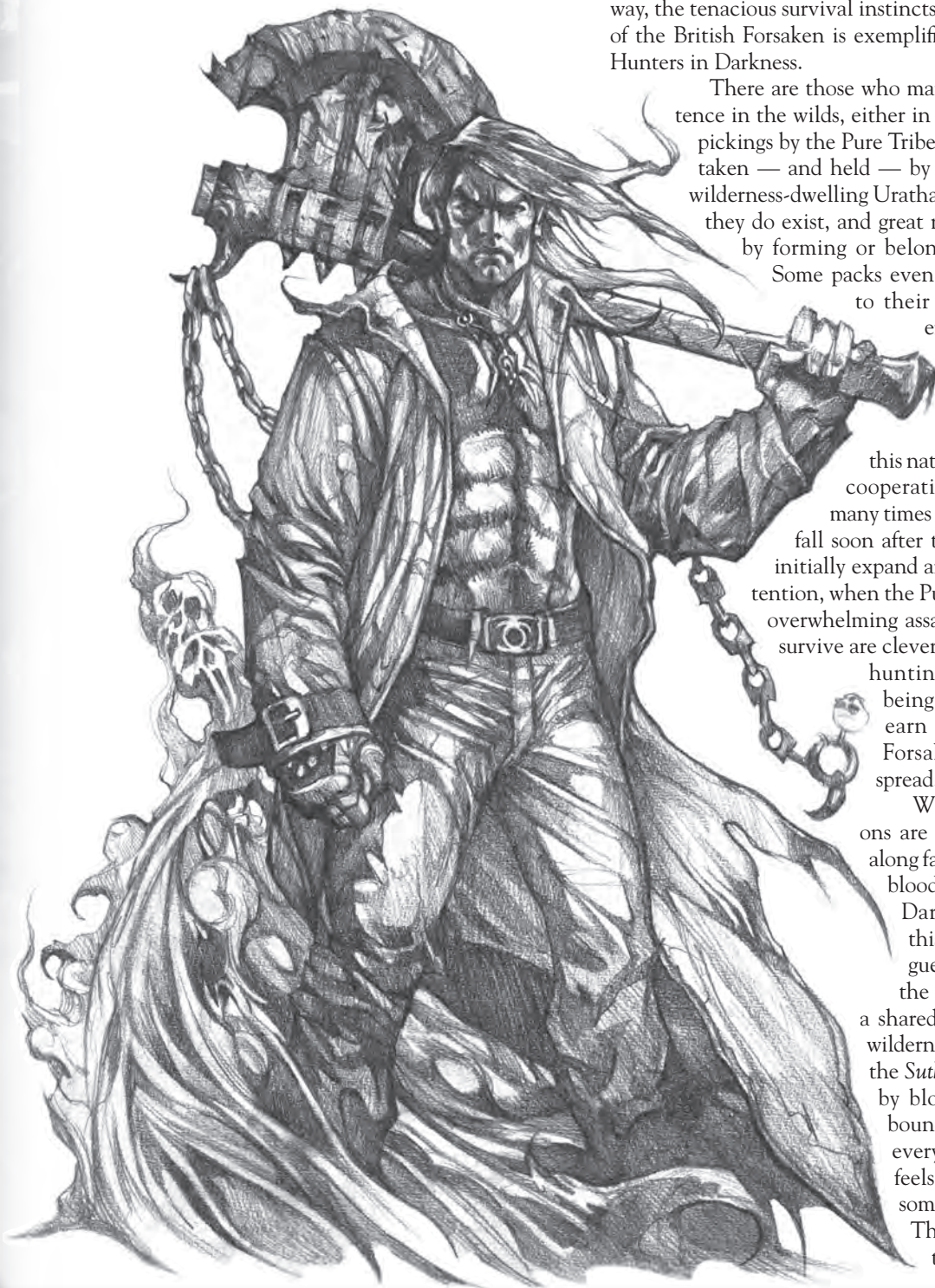
There are those who manage to carve an existence in the wilds, either in lands considered poor pickings by the Pure Tribes, or a hunting ground taken — and held — by force and fury. These wilderness-dwelling Uratha are relatively rare but they do exist, and great renown can be earned by forming or belonging to such a pack.

Some packs even receive “pilgrimages” to their loci, as other Hunters in Darkness venture

to the region and seek to help the pack expand its territory. Small protectorates of this nature, guarded by several cooperating packs, have risen many times in the past. Most packs fall soon after their founding as they initially expand and draw the wrong attention, when the Pure launch yet another overwhelming assault. Those packs that survive are cleverly entrenched in their hunting grounds as well as being valiant fighters, and earn the respect of many Forsaken once the stories spread.

Where the Blood Talons are often drawn together along family ties and ancestral bloodlines, the Hunters in Darkness tend to share this ferocity and urge for guerrilla warfare against the Pure, stemming from a shared desire to live in the wilderness. It is said that while the *Suthar Anzuth* are bonded by blood, the *Meninna* are bound by soul and almost every Hunter in Darkness feels the pull of the wild at some point in their lives.

The pull is tarnished by the presence of the



Pure, but no less strong (and in truth, perhaps stronger) for that fact.

The Hunters who venture out into the wilds on these excursions and raids are also notably experienced with the eerie goings-on behind the Gauntlet out there. Spirits that have no physical counterpart are worryingly common in some parts of the country, as history and mythology clash in horrific and unpredictable ways. Once again, many among the Hunters resent the fact that they are not out there constantly, keeping a wilderness hunting ground in balance, but they do what work they can when the opportunities arise.

Since time out of mind, most Hunters in Darkness werewolves have traditionally taken a part of their deed name from some aspect of the natural world that they identify with personally. Hunting animals and prey creatures with admirable talents are common, as are the names of trees and plants both benevolent and poisonous, depending on the properties of the wildlife the Hunter feels a connection with. Names drawn from Norse, Celtic and Roman mythology are also common (the myriad “lesser” gods of the Celts and Romans offer a great deal of choice), as are the surnames and titles of great British heroes — a *Meninna* Rahu has earned the name “Lion-Heart,” for example, and kings and heroes alike throughout history have a great many names that could be given to Uratha, whether in irony (“the Great,” “the Unready,” “the Confessor”) or in honor of deeds done (“the Conqueror”).

Among the Hunters in Darkness, one tradition remains strong throughout the British werewolves of the tribe — the seasonal rites. Each of these evenings falls on a celebration or solstice night from one of the many cultures that make up the modern British people, and the *Meninna* have adapted and shaped these rituals to mean something personal to their tribe. Most are altered versions of Celtic or Norse celebrations and rituals, with the bloodier aspects of Christian mythology included when appropriate. The seasonal celebrations and traditions do vary from region to region, with one exception.

The most important of the season traditions falls around Halloween, the pagan Samhain, and is known to the Hunters by the Norse name of *Winternight*. Winternight is a time of darkness and grim tales, when Hunters gather around fires in the wilderness and cities alike to share their regrets over the past year, and then rise in silence to run through the Shadow in the Wild Hunt. No other Uratha are allowed to join this night-long hunt, when the *Meninna* race through the Other and kill all spirits that threaten or imbalance the local area. Hunters leave their packmates and track down others of their tribe, howling to Luna to guide them through unknown territories and racing toward the answering howls of other Hunters. Even grievous blood-enemies among the tribe sit together and share tales on Winternight, and they fight together as one when the Wild Hunt is called at midnight.

At dawn, as the final howls sound, the werewolves go their separate ways once again, with friendships and grudges forming, shifting and changing every year.

Appearance: Few Hunters in Darkness dress to stand out. The case is usually quite the opposite, and a werewolf

of this tribe will often show uncanny skill at dressing to blend in with the social situation or location he is going to. Individual tastes might vary from designer labels to cast-offs, but few *Meninna* wish to be picked out of a crowd unless it's for a good reason.

Something that alert mortals and werewolves of other tribes have been known to pick up on is the predatory air around some Hunters. All Uratha exude the air of a predator, but there is often something else lurking behind the features of a Hunter in Darkness — a subtle tension or a hidden anger. Black coats of fur are commonplace among the Uratha of Britain, and many of the Hunters in Darkness display night-dark fur resembling that of their Firstborn totem.

Initiation: The true wilderness of the United Kingdom might be home to the Pure Tribes, but the Hunters in Darkness put a great deal of stock in being able to survive in such dangerous territory. This is reflected in many Rites of Initiation, in which the applicant is sent into the countryside and told to return in a few nights. Deceptively simple at first, such a trial involves putting a werewolf's survival abilities to the test moment-to-moment, for the spirit wilds offer untold and unknowable dangers, and the physical realm is patrolled by Pure packs all too keen to taste the flesh of the Forsaken.

A variation on the theme might involve sneaking undetected into another pack's hunting ground, stealing a certain fetish from the pack and returning without ever being seen. Another popular test is to track a particular spirit through unclaimed territory for several nights, and if the applicant is successful in the hunt, he faces 101 questions regarding the potential for taking the region as a hunting ground to test his awareness of all that was around him.

Concepts: A Hunter in Darkness is unlikely to hold a career or position involving a great deal of time spent in the wilderness unless he is a member of a rare pack that claims territory away from the cities. That said, many Hunters interested in employment do seek jobs that allow them some time away from the urban sprawl. Other Hunters work to preserve what natural wilderness does exist in and around the cities, such as parks and woodlands. Most often, a Hunter will do whatever needs to be done — city or no city — and spend most of his time either making the best of a bad situation, or focusing on a way to claim a hunting ground in the wilds.

Quote: “When we fought the Hosts out there, we had to fall back. When we met the magath of the woodland clearing, we had to flee with our tails between our legs. When we battled the Predator Kings, we fled and the spirits themselves will remember our cowardice that evening. But it stops here. No more running. Tonight I howl to Luna. Tomorrow I will taste Pure blood.”

Iron Masters

At the heart of one of the world's greatest, largest, densest cities, the police officer relaxed in the driver's seat of the car and calmed his mind. The heartbeat of this immense hive of humanity beat in his ears, and he listened to the voices of

100,000 spirits nearby — spirits of objects and places and ideas. A few moments later, he heard what he was seeking, and started the engine. The pulse of the city once again showed him the way — and the Hunt was back on.

The Iron Masters are the one tribe that suffers least because of the Pure. Although most werewolves are at home in the cities, the *Farsil Luhai* have adapted best to urban areas, and the tribe as a whole bears no great grudge against the Pure for controlling the majority of Britain's desirable wilderness. This makes life for the Iron Masters less of an ordeal and a trial at times, but it balances out in other areas easily enough. There's trouble for the Forsaken everywhere, and the urban sprawl is no exception. Iron Master werewolves — the Forsaken who are most at ease with the modern world — know that ancient horrors dwell unseen in the shadows of towns and cities that have stood and grown for thousands of years.

The tribe itself lacks the zealous (and often bitter) drive seen in many Hunters in Darkness, and has little truck with longstanding traditions of bloodline and ancestry favored by the Blood Talons. Instead, the Iron Masters of Britain are all about finding new ways to solve old problems. The Shadow is ever-shifting, ever-changing, with the scars of the past bleeding into the present, making some of the oldest spirits in existence even more mutable and difficult to understand, contain or destroy.

With the Iron Masters' intuitive understanding of change and progress, the plight of the Forsaken rings out as uncomfortably static to many Iron Masters. In fact, more than a few *Farsil Luhai* find much in common with the Hunters in Darkness and the Storm Lords, when likeminded werewolves join together and seek to throw off the weight of centuries-long oppression by the Pure. Even as the cities grow and evolve over time, there will always be

those among the Iron Masters who see the stasis of Forsaken society as a problem to be overcome. Every tribe has its revolutionaries, and the vow to Respect Your Territory in all Things can just as easily apply to the wilderness territories stolen from the Forsaken by the Pure Tribes in ancient times.

Just as all of the Tribes of Luna, the Iron Masters have no shortage of work before them. Britain is a nation that changes constantly, both in the physical world of mortals and the Shadow Realm behind it. Insane spirits from bygone empires and ages still lurk in the *Hisil*,

and the depths of the cities' reflections can conceal some terrifying beings when brave packs go looking. Plague-spirits from 400

years ago still lurk in the bowels of

London's Shadow, while stories are told of murder- and war-spirits in Colchester's spirit mirror, born from

when the Celts sacked the city and slaughtered the Roman citizenry. Every event has its repercussions that flow

down the centuries, and the cities of the United

Kingdom have seen more than their fair share of

such moments. So many people packed together

in places with so much history — it's no surprise

that the Iron Masters also fear the cities, considering

how well the Iron Masters understand them.

In a pack, an Iron Master might be the driving force behind his brethren, or the experienced scout who leads them. The dark places of the city might

not welcome any living being, but the

Farsil Luhai are the best equipped to understand the creatures

that dwell there. Any cover-ups needed to conceal a

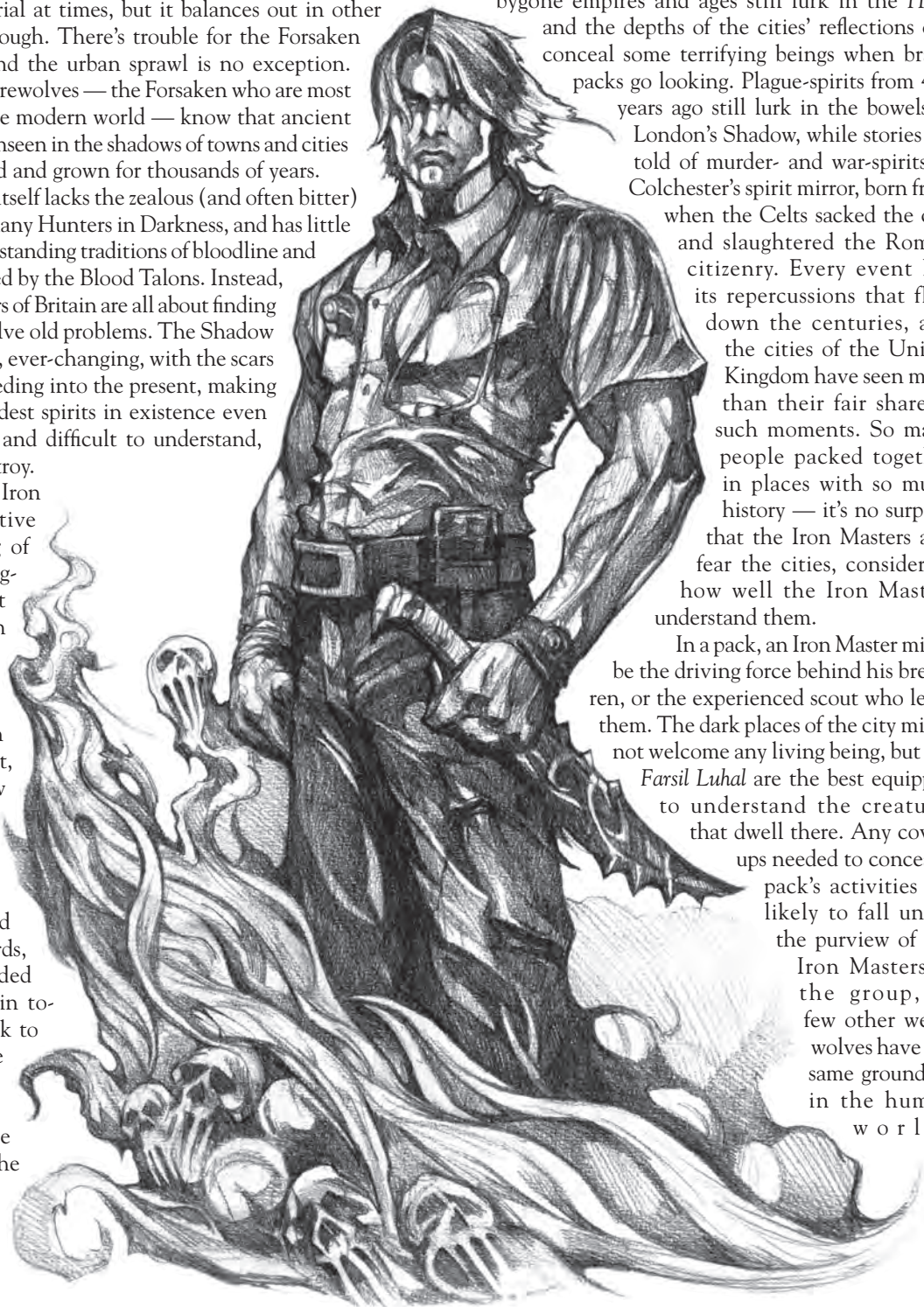
pack's activities are likely to fall under

the purview of the Iron Masters of

the group, as few other werewolves have the

same grounding in the human

world.



Even the members of the tribe with no sway in the mortal world and few dealings with the denizens of Shadow still have the opportunity to bring fresh perspectives to any situation faced by a pack, and that is the another advantage behind the ethos of the versatile, adaptable Iron Masters.

On an individual scale, the level of innovation found among the British Iron Masters is nothing short of phenomenal. Although ironclad traditions are rarely found in the tribe, the *Farsil Luhai* possess their fair share of unique rites and fetishes based on the clash of cultures that makes up Britain today. A werewolf who has never even set foot in Asia might think nothing of using Islamic prayer beads and chants if they work to appease a certain spirit, and ancient Celtic and Roman rituals can peek through the cracks of modern life with curious overtones. For example, a competitive and aggressive Iron Master who races motorcycles in his spare time might mark his vehicle with subtle (or garish) images of Mars, the hot-blooded Roman god of war. A musician might bless her guitar by consecrating it to the spirit of Maponus, a Roman-Celtic god of music and poetry. It all depends on the nature of the individual werewolf and what he or she finds useful and worthy of dedication. Where the Iron Masters are concerned, they experiment and use what works for them, rather than relying on traditional methods out of habit or laziness.

England's (and to a lesser extent, Britain's) past class distinctions between the working, middle and upper classes have no place in the Iron Masters. As werewolves who seek to look beyond the limitations of tradition and stasis, few *Farsil Luhai* could give a damn about how much or how little money a werewolf is born to. They save the biases and judgments for the Storm Lords to argue over, while the Iron Masters seek to get on with their lives.

Appearance: The Iron Masters dress like everybody else when they are among the Herd. There will always be something threatening or intimidating about a werewolf among humans, but an Iron Master rarely stands out because he dresses to do so. It's simply not a wise course of action when the Uratha are penned into the cities among the mortals.

Social background can make a difference in the way Iron Masters appear, however, in both day-to-day life and when on the Hunt. Werewolves from poorer backgrounds might wear cheap imitation gold jewelry, jogging suits and brand-name caps, while other Iron Masters turn up to work in Versace suits. There's little in the way of standard attire among the tribe, though most Iron Masters of Britain tend to alter their feral forms slightly, perhaps by wearing some urban-scavenged trinket around a wolf's neck, or dying patches of fur shocking red and black, for example. In a tribe that prides itself on individualism and breaking boundaries, this one tradition is actually just another way of (literally) standing out from the pack.

Interestingly enough, many Iron Masters are also fond of carrying concealed weapons that can be easily used in Hishu form. This allows access to a weapon that can hurt or kill without attracting the unwanted attention that claw marks will draw, and is a useful mundane alternative to shapeshifting and taking on prey as a wolf when witnesses

might be near. These weapons are rarely firearms, with knives, brass knuckles or clubs taking precedence.

Initiation: As mentioned in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, Iron Master initiation rites often feature heavily stacked odds against the applicant, and cheating is considered fair game as long as the werewolf performs the task in the end. This remains true among the Iron Masters of Britain, but the notion of the Gauntlet is a tribal tradition that sees a lot of use when testing prospective new blood.

The Gauntlet is a series of five tasks, each to be performed within the span of a single evening. Each task is set somewhere within the city, and must be completed before moving on to the next. The individual tasks are set to be extremely challenging, whether they involve locating a hidden talen, remaining unseen in the area for an hour while being hunted by the pack or any one of a hundred trials of endurance, patience, wit and skill.

The main theme of any Rite of Initiation to impress the totem Sagrim-Ur is that the applicant must prove that she can think on her feet and react to new situations as they develop. The actual details of such rites are unimportant, as long as they present a significant challenge and the opportunity to overcome it with quick wits as well as survival skills.

Concepts: Obviously, any urban-based lifestyle or career resonates strongly with the Iron Masters tribe and suits a character perfectly. However, moving beyond the obvious, any character with a desire for change, a revolutionary outlook or a keenness to face new challenges will find a home among the *Farsil Luhai*.

Quote: "I know just what's hidden in the city's Shadow, mate. You can storm down there kicking and screaming if you like, but that bugger's been messing about in the darkness since the Great Fire, and I'll tell you this for nothing — you've got no chance of coming back alive unless you know what I know."

Storm Lords

The storm was a grey blanket that ate the sky, led on its charge by black thunderheads. The night itself shook with the coming anger, and howls sounded from across the land. From the cities, howls echoed in alleyways and from the roofs of tall buildings alike, and all who heard the eerie calls shivered in the beds. The Iminir were hunting, and though the four nations had long forgotten the tread of true wolves, the Storm Lords were ready to rise again and make the land remember.

The Forsaken of the United Kingdom are in great need of strong leadership. They have suffered a lingering defeat for hundreds of years, unable to rise against the Pure. The Storm Lords acknowledge the desperate, downtrodden position of the Uratha, and no matter the odds, they swear they will claw a way out of it.

They have been swearing that oath for a long time now.

The Storm Lords bear a dark responsibility over their brethren, echoing the duty of their totem, Skolis-Ur. To lead the Forsaken is an intense trial, and the shattered British Uratha make the burden that much harder to bear. The

People are no strangers to disunity, and the Forsaken of the United Kingdom are a grave example of how oppression can scatter the chances of alliance.

But the *Iminir* believe there is hope. Not every Storm Lord seeks to become alpha of his own pack, but almost every member of the tribe has a dream, a plan or a vision to make things better for her pack or the Forsaken as a whole. The ambitious Storm Lords are ruthless in their pursuit of making these ideas happen, while others work to strengthen established leaders and either offer counsel or seek additional support for their chosen alphas.

The Storm Lords' responsibility, many werewolves of the tribe argue, is to see that the Forsaken are led well, not to establish the *Iminir* as leaders themselves in all areas. Traditionally, many Storm Lords have gained as much respect in creating, honoring and supporting a strong leader (and in many cases, acting as advisors) as they have in rising to dominance personally.

But this is changing. The old ways are tried and tested, but some believe new perspective is needed.

A growing number of Storm Lords are aggressively seeking to assert their influence over their packs from the moment they join. They have an eye to lead the Forsaken out of the cramped hunting grounds and cease the infighting over territories too pathetic for the Pure. There has been no shortage of these potential leaders in the past, but recently the tribe has seen a great upsurge in the number of ruthlessly ambitious and active Storm Lords acting as alphas of their packs. As much as any tribe can be united on a single front, the werewolves of the other tribes detect a sense of anticipation and the threat of change in the night air when the Storms Lords are nearby. It is becoming clear that, for many of the newest generation of Storm Lords, holding to tradition and keeping a pack's urban territory is no longer enough; these werewolves want to break out from the shackles of both the rural spirit wilds and the Pure Tribes.

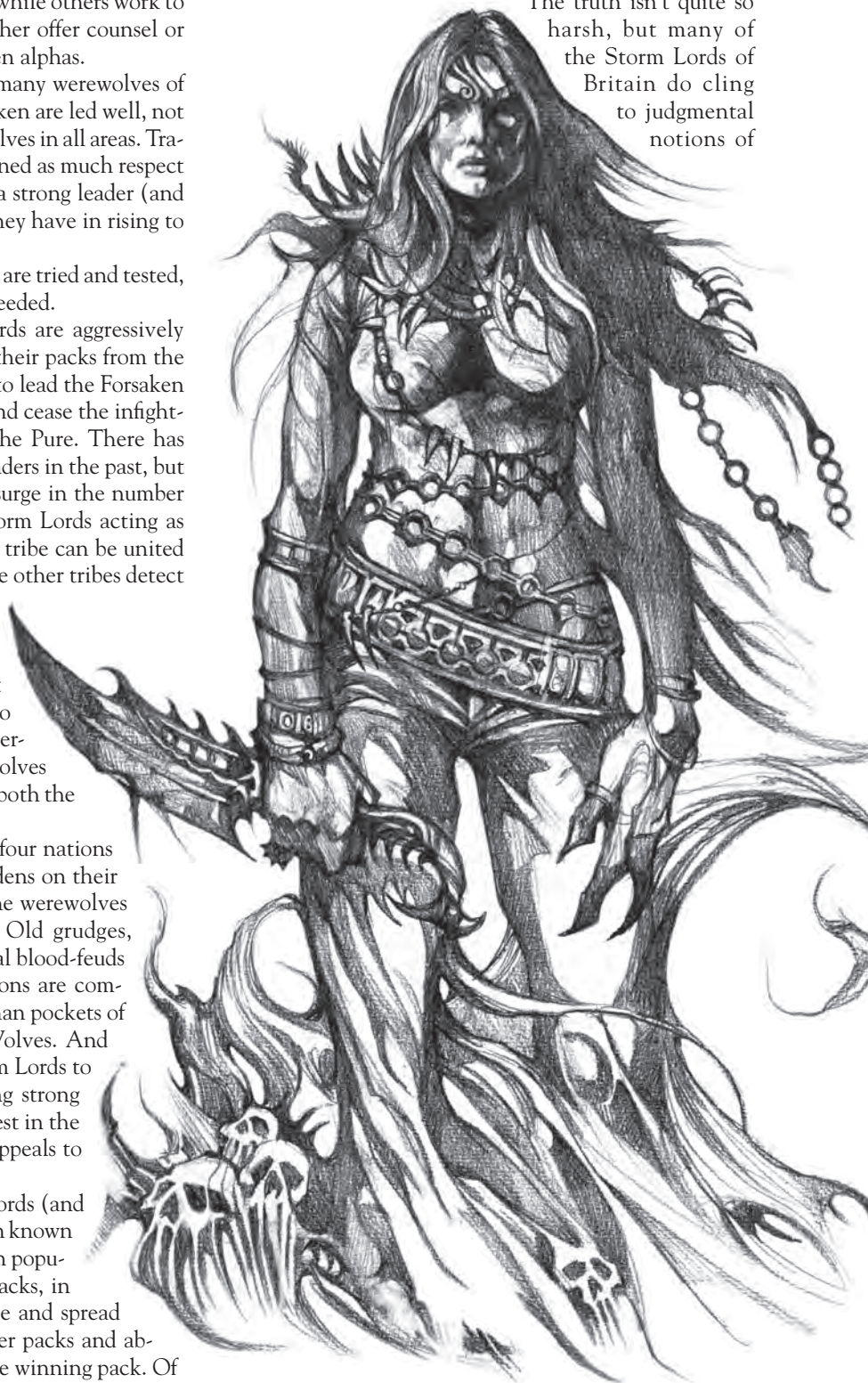
Storm Lords scattered across the four nations are finding themselves with great burdens on their shoulders when it comes to uniting the werewolves of Britain, even on the pack level. Old grudges, prejudices and, in many cases, ancestral blood-feuds between Uratha can mean some regions are completely unstable, offering little more than pockets of infighting between packs of Ghost Wolves. And it falls upon the shoulders of the Storm Lords to bring such regions into order, creating strong packs and helping those with an interest in the Tribes of Luna to join the tribe that appeals to their lifestyle and beliefs.

In a similar tactic, a few Storm Lords (and occasionally their packs, too) have been known to act as emissaries to regions of Britain populated by Ghost Wolves and warring packs, in a bid to bring the infighting to a close and spread a little unity by conquering the weaker packs and absorbing the beaten werewolves into the winning pack. Of

course, for every "uniter" among the tribe, there exist nine Storm Lords who concentrate purely upon keeping their own packs strong and to Hell with all others.

Of the five tribes, the *Iminir* are the most split by the archaic class distinctions of Britain's past. On the noteworthy occasions that Storm Lords from overseas have met their British tribemates, the *Iminir* of the Isles can seem aloof, stubborn and overly conscious of a werewolf's bloodline.

The truth isn't quite so harsh, but many of the Storm Lords of Britain do cling to judgmental notions of



a Uratha's ancestry. Ancestor-spirits — at least, those tied to bloodlines considered noble or particularly worthy — are treasured guides and advisors among the tribe, for they represent a tie to the honor that each generation seeks to uphold.

The division isn't as simple or as clear-cut as the rich "haves" versus the poorer "have-nots." In some territories, that bitter divide can rage between packs and tribemates and that type of prejudice exists in the hearts of more than a few *Iminir* werewolves, but it doesn't come close to a tribal consensus. When a Storm Lord speaks of a noble bloodline, she is most often talking about the deeds and the reputation of a family, not how much money the family name is worth in the human world. For example, a werewolf from a wealthy family is likely to suffer an inordinately challenging Rite of Initiation into the Storm Lords if it is known that Uratha of previous generations have acted less than honorably in some distinct and memorable ways. Even the reputations and actions of wolf-blooded relatives can be considered by staunchly traditionalist Storm Lords when they deem an applicant worthy or unworthy of becoming one of the *Iminir*.

As in all politics, the chaotic tangle of who to impress, who to deride and who to bribe can be a complicated one. Many among the so-called ruling tribe can exemplify the bitter web of political machinations and prejudices all too clearly.

Appearance: Some Storm Lords dress to impress, some to make an impact, some just to look good and project an air of confidence. The majority will take the time to learn just what clothing looks good on them and gives them the image they wish to show to others. But, ultimately, clothes are not what set a Storm Lord apart from his fellow werewolves.

A homeless man dressed in rags can stop a battle between packs with his glare, and a woman in a business suit can make even the most confident of her enemies think twice with a crooked smile and a slight shake of the head. No matter how a Storm Lord is dressed, the aura of authority comes in the subtle (and not so subtle) body movements and expressions. Most *Iminir* have a calculated authority about their movements, and almost every Storm Lord has that one expression that gets people listening, whether it's a feral stare-down, an overconfident smile or a silent and sincere look of expectancy.

Curiously, Storm Lords tend to go to either extreme when it comes to the wearing of jewelry; most either wear a great deal in an effort to stand out, or keep their adornments minimal and hidden, so as not to distract from their personal appearance.

Initiation: Any Storm Lord Rite of Initiation focuses on testing the applicant's ability to survive under pressure and think on her feet. Ordeals are often based around intense periods of physical activity, such as a battle against overwhelming odds in which the applicant must prevent himself getting hit for as long as he can, or a race to avoid another pack hunting the werewolf from dusk until dawn. Easy enough on the surface, but the Storm Lords then make the applicant perform the trail again. And again. And again.

A traditional *Iminir* initiation rite involves the applicant fighting for six hours solid against a number of successive foes, before being forced into a six-hour run around the perimeter of the pack's hunting ground. It is a savage and brutal trial to say the least, but it is extraordinarily effective at weeding out the weak and the undedicated, as those who complain or stop for rest are always deemed unworthy of joining the ranks of the Storm Lords.

Concepts: Storm Lord characters can boast a wide variety of concepts, with no stereotypical "authority" career required to make it realistic. Typically, an *Iminir* of any auspice or social station will be ambitious, thoughtful and dedicated to seeing that things get done properly. Even shy and withdrawn members of the tribe will likely have concepts that revolve around manipulating events or people from behind the scenes and establishing a strong leadership for the pack by any means necessary.

Quote: "We can sit here arguing about who gets the town center, or we can fight about it and see who deserves it. Wait, wait, there's more. I was going to say: we can do all that, or we can get over that little scuffle our great-grandparents had and just join together. Your little pack is easy prey for the shartha here. We could leave you guys to die and never look back. But united, we stand a chance against anything those rats can throw at us. What do you say?"

Ghost Wolves

The werewolf cared nothing for distinctions of Pure and Forsaken, or who owned which slice of the city. All he wanted to do was make it through another night in this goddamn neighborhood. He had dead men in Roman armor stalking him every time he crossed into the Shadow, and was taunted by the howls of his pursuers in the physical realm. All that the werewolf needed was a few hours sleep, a little luck and he'd be gone before sunrise. But the howls were getting closer.

The werewolves who walk without a tribe are the outcasts, the loners and the truly "forsaken" members of the Uratha culture in Britain. Occasionally despised, often overlooked and rarely trusted, the Ghost Wolves scrape an existence as best they can on the edges of the already overcrowded allocation of hunting grounds. Whether in the cities or the wilderness, these werewolves get the rawest end of every deal if they try to make it alone.

Those who join up with the Forsaken suffer the same trials as the Tribes of Luna. In some territories, there's going to be additional prejudice to endure, but, overall, the Ghost Wolves are judged on a case-by-case basis by the Uratha. A werewolf who hasn't yet joined a tribe or finds little of worth in membership has all the chances of becoming an accepted and valued packmate, whereas a loner who remains aloof by choice is likely to be spurned should he ever approach a pack with his views. Mostly, it comes down to the personalities, viewpoints and details of the werewolves and their hunting ground.

To many werewolves of the five tribes, Ghost Wolves represent failure. The Tribes of the Moon are scattered and without unity, hemmed in by the Pure, but the *Thihirtha Nu-*



mea are shattered, completely without organization and, in most cases, without anything in common with each other beyond a lack of tribal allegiance.

The Forsaken of Britain also often assume that a Ghost Wolf remains without a tribe because she failed her Rite of Initiation. In such cases — more common than might initially be imagined — a certain prejudice arises toward those who “couldn’t cut it.” Excuses regarding overly difficult initiation rites and extenuating circumstances might hold some weight, but the fact remains that the werewolf tried to make it into a tribe and failed when she had the chance.

Other Ghost Wolves want no part of the tribes because the Forsaken are the ones who seem to have failed. Some Ghost Wolves were once members of the tribes, while other

Ghost Wolves have never desired to join at all. These elitist *Thihirtha Numea* regard the Tribes of Luna as weaklings who do nothing to throw off their oppression, or at the very least, don’t do enough. Such Ghost Wolves walk alone by choice, perhaps hoping against hope that the Pure will take them in, or that they’ll never have to be involved in local Uratha business at all.

A relatively popular choice for experienced Ghost Wolves is to act as mercenary fighters or tutors for werewolf packs. The outcast is offered something — a place to stay, food, money, a fetish, anything of value to the Ghost Wolf — and, in exchange, he works with the pack either as a hired fighter or a teacher. Many Ghost Wolves in their years between Forsaken territories have had the opportunity to learn new abilities and Gifts — and a great deal of forgotten lore — all of which can be bought and paid for by a pack offering the right incentives.

Finally, there are those Ghost Wolves who simply want no part in Uratha life. These Ghost Wolves use their abilities to improve their own lives and to Hell with the other werewolves. Many Ghost Wolves are wanderers, moving from city to city seeking out a patch of turf that yet remains unclaimed. Others retreat to the deepest available wilderness, hoping to lose touch with the outside world and keep a hunting ground small enough that it won’t attract the attention of the Pure.

Appearance: Two types of Ghost Wolves tend to stand out from the others, for, although most *Thihirtha Numea* can appear any way they want, life choices often result in one of two general appearances among the tribe-less wolves.

Those who seek to spend more time with a human mindset and shun Forsaken culture do their best to appear as human as possible. Understandably, this “disguise” might become frayed around the edges as the realities of being a werewolf interfere with the illusion of normality, but, on the whole, the effect is a good one for most of these wolves among the flock.

The other extreme is for those Ghost Wolves who fully embrace their dual nature and the life of a werewolf. These Uratha tend to appear shabby, dirty and often feral, as they spend much of their time in the Shadow and the wilderness, away from mortal eyes, living and hunting as a werewolf. The ragged appearance of such hermit werewolves can come as a surprise to urban-dwelling Forsaken, to say the least.

Initiation: As werewolves without a tribe, no Ghost Wolves are as they are because they were initiated that way.

Some *Thihirtha Numea* bear scars or tokens from the tribes they wished to join, to remind them always of their failure or their ambitions to try again. Others eschew all trappings of werewolf identification, all the more desperate to appear tied to no group.

Concepts: Literally any concept in the human world, and most in Uratha culture, can apply to a Ghost Wolf, though characters tend to have a tough, independent streak and good survival instincts due to living alone. Wanderer and mercenary concepts are particularly appropriate, but *Thihirtha Numea* characters are spoiled for choice when it comes to who they were before the Change and who they are now.

Quote: “Listen, I’m as tired of running as any of you guys are. Probably more. The only difference is that I don’t have a choice. I’ll help out if you want, but you owe me next time I come round this way and there’s all Hell breathing down my back, okay?”

Lodge of Echoes

Children of the War-Spirit

The spirit is a reflection of so many ideals, he cannot recall where one part of his form begins and another ends. He is Tyr, Morrighu and Mars. He is metal birds of prey spitting bullets at each other over London. He is the death of kings and the birth of nations. He is the red mud of battlefields, and he is the roar of armies locked against each other. He is every scream of exultation, every fatal wound and every moment of regret felt by soldiers and warriors throughout the ages.

Through the centuries, the spirit grew. The four nations were no strangers to war, and he fed and grew in power with each year. When invaders came to despoil and conquer and settle, they added facets and aspects to his personality through their own beliefs in battle. The spirit was an ever-changing, ever-developing being. To the Christian faith that came to permeate the minds of the mortals, he was called the First Horseman. This became his favored form, and the cowed figure thundered across the skies of the Shadow atop a white horse. He watched every battle, and he grew ever more powerful.

Lesser shards of the spirit, weaker reflections, had served the werewolves in their packs many times in the past, but this all changed when 100 packs joined together and tracked the war-spirit across the Shadow in order to force it into submission. The spirit — a reflection of so much of Britain’s wars — was an immensely powerful being, but the werewolves knew their task well and earned their scars that day. Eventually, the war-spirit was beaten.

“Honored spirit,” the alpha of alphas spoke to the defeated Horseman, “you who are born from so much of this land’s conflict; we ask that you aid us now. With your patronage, we will bring death to the Pure Tribes and destroy our enemies. No other spirit knows war and battle as you do.”

The war-spirit agreed, seeing so much promise in the claws and jaws of his new children.

The Lodge of Echoes is a lodge dedicated to understanding and harnessing the lessons learned in war and battle. Britain is a land that has seen and endured much bloodshed over the millennia, and the spirits of war that still exist within the Shadow can be powerful, complex beings. Of all these, perhaps the most renowned (and apparently the most powerful) is the patron spirit of the Lodge of Echoes, the Horseman. It is immediately clear that the patron is not the true First Horseman of the Apocalypse, or the spirit of war all over the world — or even all of Britain. Instead, he is one of many spirits made up from Britain’s history of conflict. In truth, the Horseman is a frightening amalgamation of a thousand, thousand, thousand deaths over many centuries. It is the echo of 100 wars.

The Lodge of Echoes is named for this patron, for the lodge itself has a powerful reverence for the lessons learned in battle. Each werewolf takes what he can from the wars of Britain’s past and applies that knowledge to his own life in the modern age.

Many members of this lodge have traced their family ties to one of Britain’s ancient cultures, and use the lodge as a means of living out some of the admirable aspects of their ancestors’ way of life. Few werewolves with blood ties to a Scottish clan would be foolish enough to walk around their hunting grounds with a kilt, sporran, tartan cap and a claymore, but many might consult with their ancestor-spirits, learning the stories of historical tactics, victories and defeats, and perhaps even the art of weaponsmithing — all in the hope of mastering the art of war and applying it to modern life. Legacies are often passed down through the generations in the form of antique jewelry, well-used weapons or fetish tools that were made by the Celts, the Norse, the Romans or the Normans, for example. It’s not surprising to learn that these treasured fetish weapons are more common among the Lodge of Echoes than any other lodge, and seeing a Storm Lord preaching of unity while carrying a plain and worn Middle Ages broadsword on his hip can be an intimidating sight, for example. There is a great deal of presence about a weapon that was forged centuries ago and has been taking life for hundreds of years.

The ideology behind the Lodge of Echoes is simple and understated, rather than blatant. The lessons learned are to complement a werewolf’s (and his pack’s) skills, not replace them in an embarrassing display of faux-historical bluster. Speaking with the spirits of your Celtic forefathers, learning what they can teach about the warrior’s path within their culture and wielding their fetish axe when battling in the Shadow is one thing. Going into the city center with the axe under a coat and painted with blue woad all over is quite another.

The Lodge of Echoes strives for dignity: this lodge is a path of contemplation and study as often as it is a way of emulating the noble (or at least successful) warriors and heroes of the past. Werewolves who seek to take the path as a modern-day kilted Highlander and fight for the “honor of the clan” are in for a great deal of trouble when dedicated members take offense at such a tactless, tasteless display. Many people in Britain can trace their family roots to Roman, Celtic, Nordic, Anglo-Saxon or other European roots. For any werewolf to do

the same is not a unique notion. What is unique about the Lodge of Echoes is that the werewolves within the group strive to learn and master the victories and advantages of the past, without replacing the way they live now. It is a fine balance, and a noble one for those who find it.

These werewolves are echoes of the stoic English knight's nobility, the Celtic warrior's passion and the Viking raider's ferocity. It can be easy at times to see why these werewolves are so feared.

Patron: The Horseman

As a spirit born from shards of so much suffering, the Horseman is a dark-minded creature with a passion for violence. The Horseman has as much malice and the urge to dominate others within its heart as the spirit does nobility and loyalty to comrades. And beneath it all — beneath all war — is a core of fear. No man or woman goes to battle without any fear, and this is reflected in the heart of the great war-spirit.

This makes the spirit a temperamental and unpredictable being when it interacts with its adopted children. The werewolves sworn to the patron know that the Horseman is a chaotic creature at the best of times, but it can swing between staunch nobility and loyalty to malice-driven killer in the span of a heartbeat. A lodge member never knows which face of the totem she will be dealing with — and the Horseman is never shy about manifesting before one of his werewolves for a simple conversation, a lesson or to ask for blood to be shed in his honor. The Horseman is an active spirit.

The werewolves of the Lodge of Echoes recognize all of these chaotic aspects of the spirit as part of the nature of war itself. Men feel courage and fear on the battlefield, and wars ebb and flow like tides, moving to unpredictable rhythms as fate decrees. It is part of war, and it is part of the war-spirit.

Joining the Lodge

Joining the Lodge of Echoes is deceptively simpler than joining many other lodges, because one does not ask the lodge for membership — members approach werewolves who show potential and, in many cases, are of the right bloodlines. Most of Britain's native population can be traced back to one or more of the ancient cultures that settled or conquered the four nations, and, with ancestor-spirits, a werewolf has an even greater chance to find out his roots, whether they lie with the Celts, the Romans, the Vikings, the Anglo-Saxons, the Jutes, the Normans or any other European culture.

To show that someone studies the battles of the past and applies what he learns to the life of a modern Uratha isn't always a very clearcut or obvious path. Instead, the lodge looks for those who have a passion and an interest in many of the old ways and who pay heed to their own bloodlines. Most commonly, this is in the form of werewolves who contact ancestor-spirits to learn of the old ways and to pay respect to their bloodlines, those who look into the strengths of ancient weapons and seek to forge such tools for their own use or those who adapt old customs and battle traditions into modern rituals or fetishes. It could even be something as distinctive as using blue woad body paint to stand out in battle, or taunts and minor flagellation to inspire greater frenzy and

ferocity in the coming fight, such as the Viking "berserkers" were known to perform upon themselves.

Whatever the case, once a werewolf has shown an interest in some aspects of the "old ways of battle" (a nebulous term referring to any of Britain's ancient cultures) and there is proof that she is descended from the culture's blood, there is a chance her behavior will be noticed by any members of the Lodge of Echoes nearby. Blood Talons are more common within the lodge, owing to their pre-existing interest in warfare, but members of each of the five tribes round out the lodge's ranks.

The applicant is set a trial to prove he is worthy of acceptance into the lodge, a trial customized to his growing skills. Forging a weapon as a gift for the ritemaster is a task given to those who show interest in creating such tools, or flying into a berserk rage and battling against incredible odds might be a trial for a Rahu with claims to Norse blood. It is true to say that the majority of the trials take the form of battles, giving the applicant the opportunity to shed blood and impress the ritemaster judging the test.

Prerequisites: All applicants must have at least Academics • with a specific Specialty (Celtic History, Roman Empire, Viking Culture, etc.) to reflect their knowledge of the ancient British cultures. In addition, applicants must possess a minimum of Glory • and Honor •.

Benefits: Lodge members train in a number of areas, and pay new dots x2 instead of new dots x3 for the skills Academics, Brawl and Weaponry. Members are also given the opportunity to inherit any fetishes or weapons that the Lodge of Echoes has been holding in trust, as lodge members traditionally pass heirlooms only to descendants that also enter the lodge. The weapons and fetishes of fallen members are also given new honors by being bestowed upon especially promising new members. Failing either of the above, it is common for an established member to create a fetish or weapon for the newcomer.

Lodge of Echoes Fetishes

The Jeffrey Family Kläive (●●●●)

Named for the wealthy English family line that forged the weapon hundreds of years ago, the Jeffrey Family Kläive has an illustrious history of battles and bloodshed. The weapon is a beautiful creation of polished iron, forged in the shape of a medieval English long sword and decorated with the tiny glyph marks of previous wielders scratched into the metal. Apart from the name-carvings along the blade, the Jeffrey Family Kläive differs from a traditional weapon in that the hilt is extended to be 18 inches in length, allowing the sword to be gripped two-handed in Hishu and one-handed in Gauru.

The hilt, grip and pommel are covered in bandages until the weapon is drawn in battle, to restrain the powerful spirit of fire within the weapon. When wielded with the grip covered, the sword performs as a standard weapon of its type. However, when the bandages are unraveled (it takes a turn to do so) the family crest on the cross-guard of the sword begins to hiss and the grip heats up rapidly,

scalding the bearer's hand as he wields the blade. The fetish is considered always active for this purpose, but requires a "true" activation for use in battle.

When activated properly, as a standard fetish, the Jeffrey Family Klaive inflicts aggravated damage, but the bearer suffers two levels of lethal damage himself at the start of the scene in which he uses the blade. Using gloves violates the fetish's ban, and the spirit will refuse to awaken for one lunar cycle if the bearer uses any protection for his hands.

Action: Reflexive

Restraint Torc (●●)

Fashioned from a metal such as copper, bronze or gold, a torc is a short length of metal that is worn by curling it around the wrist or neck. The Celts and Norse once made use of torcs as a sign of a warrior's prowess and as traditional jewelry. Although some modern torcs are crafted in similar exotic and spiraling designs as the ancient craftsmasters once forged, the majority are more subtle — thin bands of cheap metal wrapped around the wrist or throat and hidden by clothing. These torcs are not

usually for decoration, but to help prevent the wearer from suffering the effects of Death Rage. When a werewolf would otherwise succumb to *Kuruth*, the Restraint Torc tightens considerably around the wearer's wrist or throat, as the snake-spirit within reacts to the sudden rush of intense emotion. This causes some pain to the wearer but no injury, and the player can add one die to all Resolve + Composure rolls to resist the onset of Death Rage as the spirit drags his focus back to the moment. The fetish is considered always active.

Action: Reflexive

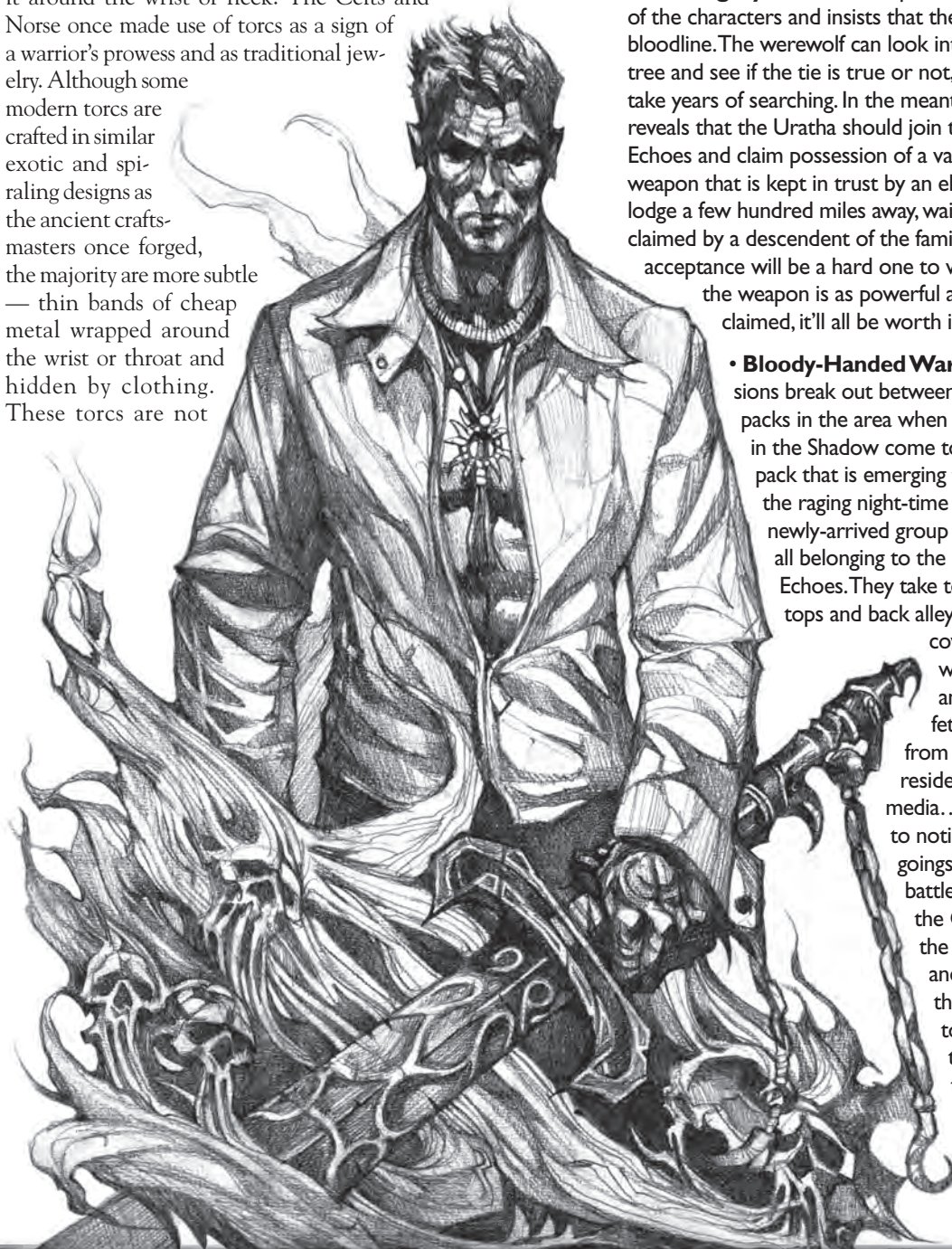


Lodge of Echoes Story Hooks

- **The Legacy:** An ancestor-spirit contacts one of the characters and insists that they share a bloodline. The werewolf can look into his family tree and see if the tie is true or not, but that could take years of searching. In the meantime, the spirit reveals that the Uratha should join the Lodge of Echoes and claim possession of a valuable fetish weapon that is kept in trust by an elder of the lodge a few hundred miles away, waiting to be claimed by a descendent of the family. The path to acceptance will be a hard one to walk, though if the weapon is as powerful and useful as claimed, it'll all be worth it.

- **Bloody-Handed Warriors:** Tensions break out between Forsaken packs in the area when recent horrors in the Shadow come to a head. The pack that is emerging triumphant in the raging night-time conflicts is a newly-arrived group of werewolves all belonging to the Lodge of Echoes. They take to the rooftops and back alleys of the city

covered in Celtic woad body paint and with vicious fetish axes made from bronze. Local residents (and the media...) are starting to notice the strange goings on as the battles spill out over the Gauntlet into the real world, and it falls to the characters to decide how to counter this emerging threat before the werewolves from the lodge



rule the hunting grounds unchallenged and unopposed. An alliance with other packs might work to stem the conquerors, as might cunning negotiation with the wild-eyed axe-wielders. Failing that, a werewolf always has his claws and the ability to think up a plan of attack.

• **Blood Brothers:** A Blood Talon member of the Lodge of Echoes takes a very serious dislike to a member of the players' pack. At first, this seems to be completely unprovoked and unwarranted, but when the accusations fly around the hunting grounds, it surfaces that the Blood Talon believes he is the half-brother of the character he hates, born of a parental indiscretion many years ago. It seems that the werewolf is still carrying bitter childhood grudges against the "other family" and believes the character knows the location of a powerful family fetish that was owned by their long-dead grandfather. The Blood Talon is determined to make the character's life difficult by declaring challenges and constantly bating the other pack — unless some common ground can be reached or the fetish can be found.

Barney "Firefist" Jeffrey

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, 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 3

Mental Skills: Academics (European History) 3, Medicine 1, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (Hishu) 4, Drive 3, Weaponry (Jeffrey Family Klaive) 3

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Intimidation 3, Socialize 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Language (First Tongue) 1, Fetish (Jeffrey Family Klaive) 4, Resources 3, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Envy

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

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

Defense: 2 (all forms)

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

Renown: Glory 2, Honor 1, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Crushing Blow, Clarity; (2) Attunement, Mighty Bound

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

Barney Jeffrey stands out from many of the more distinctive members of the Lodge of Echoes in that he makes no claims of Celtic, Viking or Roman blood. Instead, he holds to the fact he is descended from a noble English

family with roots stretching back to the 1200s. Two of his wolf-blooded ancestors fought in the Crusades, and a Uratha ancestor of his bloodline once held a minor title in the lands of Kent in southern England. This notion of medieval nobility sustains him now, as even today his family live off long-held family land and vast savings.

He voraciously researched his family tree, and took long counsel with the ancestor-spirit of his family in the years after his Change at age 14. He was fascinated by the tides of history and his family's place in it. When he was 17, Barney attracted the attention of the Lodge of Echoes when he assaulted a local Wound alone, armed only with a spirit-awakened longbow he had made according the instructions in an antique book on medieval warfare. He failed to cleanse the taint in the Shadow, and the bow was a minor weapon worth very little, but it brought the Lodge of Echoes to his door. He passed a trial to seal the Wound a second time, and was given his family sword — last used by his great-grandmother, who had wielded it in secret more than 200 years ago when she led her own pack. It is from owning this blade that he bears the name Firefist, for the repeated burn markings that hideously scar his right hand.

Barney has ambitions of leading his own pack, but is more focused on bringing the local hunting ground into balance for the time being. In conversation, he is a little aloof and unfailingly polite, speaking in measured tones and rarely raising his voice in anger. In battle, he fights in eerie silence, lashing out with his heirloom klaive in Hishu form even as it scalds his hands. Perhaps more frightening, in Gauru form — even in Death Rage — Firefist slaughters his foes in silence, with only the rustling of fur and the thunder of his breathing audible as he battles.

Lodge of Howling Death

The Legend of the Cwn Annwn

The white wolves ran through the forest, baying at the moon and chasing down their prey with jaws already bloody from earlier kills. These wolf-spirits were born from a primal fear of the wilds — the fear that all mortals feel when they stare into the darkness of a forest at night. And tonight, as all nights, the white wolves hunted their prey. Forest became fields, fields became hills and hills became marshes, for the white wolves hunted the land that humans did not touch. All was the white wolves' territory. The mortals called them the Cwn Annwn — the hounds from the land of the dead.

The fear-spirits slowed in their hunt when they came across a violent battle between two groups of werewolves. The spirits recognized the Forsaken, fighting for their lives in unfamiliar territory, seeking to stay alive long enough to claim a hunting ground in the wilderness. The white wolves also recognized the Pure, who fought brutally merely to spite the Uratha and deny the Forsaken any hope of leaving the choking, dirty human cities. These Pure battled to keep a strangle-

hold on the chaos of the Shadow, and would never heal the imbalances or the Wounds that ravaged the land in places.

The alpha of the white wolves, the Lord of the Cwn Annwn, howled as he leapt into the fray. The white wolves followed, and soon the remaining Forsaken stood regarding their saviors.

“We have come for the land,” the Forsaken alpha said, in the calm after the battle. “We will do our father’s duty here, as we have done in the cities for generations.”

The white-furred alpha of the Cwn Annwn growled acceptance, pleased at last that the children of Urfarah were coming to do their duty and atone for their sins.

“You have finally come, Uratha. And we will help you.”

In Welsh mythology, Annwn is the land of the dead, ruled over by Arawn, a deity that led a Wild Hunt made up of ghostly hounds. Whether the superstitions and folklore of the ancient populace were born from sightings of the werewolves of this lodge, or the legends inspired the lodge’s creation, time may never tell. What is known is that after the lodge’s founding, the Lodge of Howling Death was small, vulnerable and beset by enemies. Nothing has changed in hundreds of years.

Originally, the lodge was composed of a single large pack, primarily made up from werewolves of the Hunters in Darkness tribe. These Uratha traveled into the depths of the Welsh countryside, seeking to take and hold a large and rich hunting ground in the wilderness. The journey ended in a huge battle between the Forsaken and a Pure pack, and it was here that the Uratha allegedly met the wolf-spirit that would serve as totem for the lodge. Over the following years, the pack suffered horrendous losses, but still held the territory. Though the packmembers were aided by the white wolf-spirits that also hated the Pure’s defilement and corruption of the land, additional reinforcements were to come in time. They arrived in the form of werewolves who had heard of the pack’s success, and soon several packs were staying at the prime locus of the hunting ground and sharing ideas, tactics and plans to carve wilderness territories of their own, ripping the land away from the talons of the Pure Tribes.

It was here that the Lodge of Howling Death was truly born. The gathered packs swore a binding oath to the patron known as Spectral Wolf, promising to never spare the lives of the Pure when the packs met them in battle. In return, the patron would bind these packs as a lodge and aid them in taking wilderness hunting grounds of their own.

The packs separated, and each sought out a territory to hold alone. Some succeeded. Some failed.

To many Forsaken in Britain today, the Lodge of Howling Death is part legend, part inspiration and part warning. The legend comes from the fact that many urban-dwelling werewolves simply don’t believe that an entire lodge could have such success in the wilds against the Pure Tribes. The inspiration lies in the hearts of those Uratha who see hope for themselves in leaving the cities. The warning is that it takes more than ferocity and luck to make it work out there, because even the Lodge of Howling Death suffers

horrendous losses among its packs.

The lodge is mainly composed of all-Hunters in Darkness packs that band together and seek out lodge members to earn initiation. Then, with the support of the lodge, the pack strikes out into the wilderness. Most are never seen again, but there are those that succeed in holding their ground and getting word back to other lodge members. The wilds of Britain may be the domain of the Pure Tribes, but pockets of Forsaken claim some significant hunting grounds out there, and many of these are packs made up of — or led by — werewolves of the Lodge of Howling Death.

Other tribes have members that are also part of the lodge, and there is no prejudice against even Ghost Wolves who seek to join — it is merely that the mindset of the Lodge of Howling Death appeals to more Hunters in Darkness than any other tribe.

But the lodge is more than an ideology and a desire to claim territory. What sets the Death Howlers apart from other werewolves is the dedication that the lodge members put into achieving their goals. Upon entering the lodge, each werewolf not only swears to bring death to any Pure he meets, he vows that from this moment on he will alter his feral forms to make sure the Pure know of his allegiance to the lodge. All Death Howlers undertake a rite upon their initiation that colors their fur a snowy-white and their muzzles, ears and throats a bloody red. The effect vanishes in Hishu form, but is savagely distinctive in Gauru, Urshul and Urhan form, and can even manifest slightly in Dalu. With the red fur around a Death Howler’s face, these werewolves always look like they are stained crimson from the blood of their enemies or prey. It is a shocking and bold image, especially in battle.

It is a sad truth that some packs belonging to this lodge — so far removed from the lives of most other British Forsaken — soon find it difficult to relate to their brethren among the Tribes of the Moon. In some territories the isolationist lodge members are spoken of with as much contempt as the Pure, for the Death Howlers are renowned in some hunting grounds for being just as lethal to all trespassers as the Predator Kings or Ivory Claws. Packs that do seek to venture out into the wilds could do much worse than have a member of the lodge amongst their number, though, and most wild loci defended by the Lodge of Howling Death are akin to oases in the wilderness, where Uratha can find rest, advice and tuition — if they consent to running a few hunting patrols with the lodge members first.

Patron: Spectral Wolf

The totem of the Lodge of Howling Death is a feral, vicious wolf-spirit that has been called Spectral Wolf since time out of mind. This spirit makes no claims to kinship with the Firstborn tribal totems, but has never denied the existence of any ties when asked. The spirit is a gruff, impatient being that does not take well to being questioned. When it manifests, it is to shed blood, or demand that killing be done. The spirit’s knowledge all stems from its understanding of the wilderness and the instincts of a predator that never feels the influence of humanity on its existence. Spectral Wolf likely

not only doesn't understand humans at all, but has never even ventured into a city's Shadow. The spirit seems to see humankind as a curious animal — higher than prey, but unworthy of being recognized as a fellow predator.

Joining the Lodge

Just as the mortal mythology regarding the Cwn Annwn is harrowing, so, too, is the rite to become one of the Lodge of Howling Death. Applicants must approach one of the wilderness loci of the Howling Death and ask to be considered for membership. An established member will act as ritemaster for the trial, and send the applicant into the deep wilderness, where she must remain for a full lunar cycle.

During this month-long exile, the werewolf is allowed no communication with any other werewolf, beyond fighting (or fleeing from) the Pure. She may share no words, growls or howls with other Forsaken, and, and may not communicate with any humans beyond appearing before them and scaring them away from the area. Killing any mortals that are in the area is allowed — only communicating is banned.

If the werewolf returns after a month alone in the Pure-claimed wilderness, then she will be allowed entrance into the Lodge of Howling Death. If she fails to reappear, she will be mourned as fallen. Few packs can afford to spare the time and effort (and take the risk of leaving a locus unguarded) for long enough to mount a hunting party and rescue any lost werewolves.

Unsurprisingly, the majority of Death Howlers are Hunters in Darkness, but the lodge has a number of Bone Shadow and Blood Talon werewolves who claim membership.

Prerequisites: Applicants must maintain Harmony 4 or greater, Purity •• or greater and a Willpower score of at least 6. In addition, applicants will need at least Survival • and Brawl • to successfully enter the lodge.

Benefits: Death Howlers gain a great deal of practice in the skills Survival, Intimidation and Brawl, and these Traits cost new dots x2 rather than new dots x3 when raised with experience points. Members are also given a Death Howl Stone upon entering, which they must replace themselves if it is lost, abused or destroyed. Finally, Stealth and Nature Gifts become affinity Gifts when purchased with experience points.

Lodge of Howling Death Fetish

Death Howl Stone (•••)

Rahu can inspire terror with their roars, and Cahalith howls can bring fear or tears of sorrow at the beauty, but the ghostly hounds of the underworld are known for ethereal, shrieking howls that sound like nothing in the natural world. When a member of the Lodge of Howling Death howls at his prey or calls to his brethren under a moonlit sky, the shrieking sound that emerges from his throat is akin to a hundred screaming souls. This sound is created by one of the lodge's traditional fetishes, called a Death Howl Stone.

The fetish is created by binding a death-spirit or a terror-spirit (never an easy task) into a small stone and wearing it on a thong necklace so that the stone touches the bearer's neck in all forms. When activated, the stone becomes ice cold, and the werewolf's howls for the rest of the scene inspire blood-chilling terror, as the howls themselves sound as though the werewolf is channeling the sound of Hell itself into his roars. All beings within hearing range not part of the howler's pack or lodge suffer -1 to all actions for a number of turns equal to 10 - target's Willpower. The werewolf also adds +3 to his Intimidation rolls for the rest of the scene. Enemies do *not* suffer additional penalties if more than one Death Howl Stone is in use in the area.

Also, when the werewolf attempts to speak with the fetish active, his voice is distorted and hissing, like a cross between an enraged snake and a shrieking child. The volume of his voice does not change from normal speech, but the werewolf will have difficulty making himself understood. Beings with a Willpower of 4 or less have been known to suffer horrendous nightmares after hearing a werewolf howl using this fetish.

Action: Standard

Lodge of Howling Death Story Hooks

• **A Cry for Help:** A pack of Death Howlers send spirit-messengers into the city to seek out other werewolves to ask for help against several packs of the Pure in the wilderness. The urban packs may not have even been aware that the Lodge of Howling Death had members in the area, and the revelation might be distrusted or ignored by most. Ultimately, it is down to the characters to decide whether they should help, and risk their own hunting ground by leaving it undefended as they battle the Pure in the wilderness.

• **The Refugees:** A series of assaults by the Pure mean that a large Death Howler pack in the wilds have been forced into the city to survive. Tensions run high as the newcomers seek to carve out a temporary hunting ground of their own, violating established boundaries between the urban packs. The characters can step in as negotiators seeking to reason with the refugees, or meet them as warriors in order to expel them from the city. Some packs might even be interested in banding together in order to deal the Pure a punishing blow, though such an alliance would be fraught with dangerous tempers and opinions.

• **The Guardians of the Wild:** The city is becoming too crowded by far as Forsaken packs grow stronger and more numerous. However, outside the city limits, the Pure hold sway, and any packs that wish to risk a life in the wilds are

also going to have to contend with a pack of over-zealous Death Howlers dedicated on keeping the urban Forsaken cooped up in the city.

Christopher Howl-of-the-Storm

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, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Celtic Mythology) 1, Crafts (Carpentry) 2, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Stealth (Darkness) 4, Survival (Woodlands) 3

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

Merits: Fetish (Death Howl Stone) 3, Totem 2, Language (First Tongue) 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Envy

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, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Blending, Speak with Beasts, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Feet of Mist

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent; (2) Hallow Touchstone, Call Human

Christopher never fit in with the other kids in school. More than simply standing out from the crowd, he was unruly and occasionally violent to the children in his class, and learning difficulties meant that he didn't learn to speak until he was 7. By that time his reputation as a troublemaker and a problem child was fixed in place.

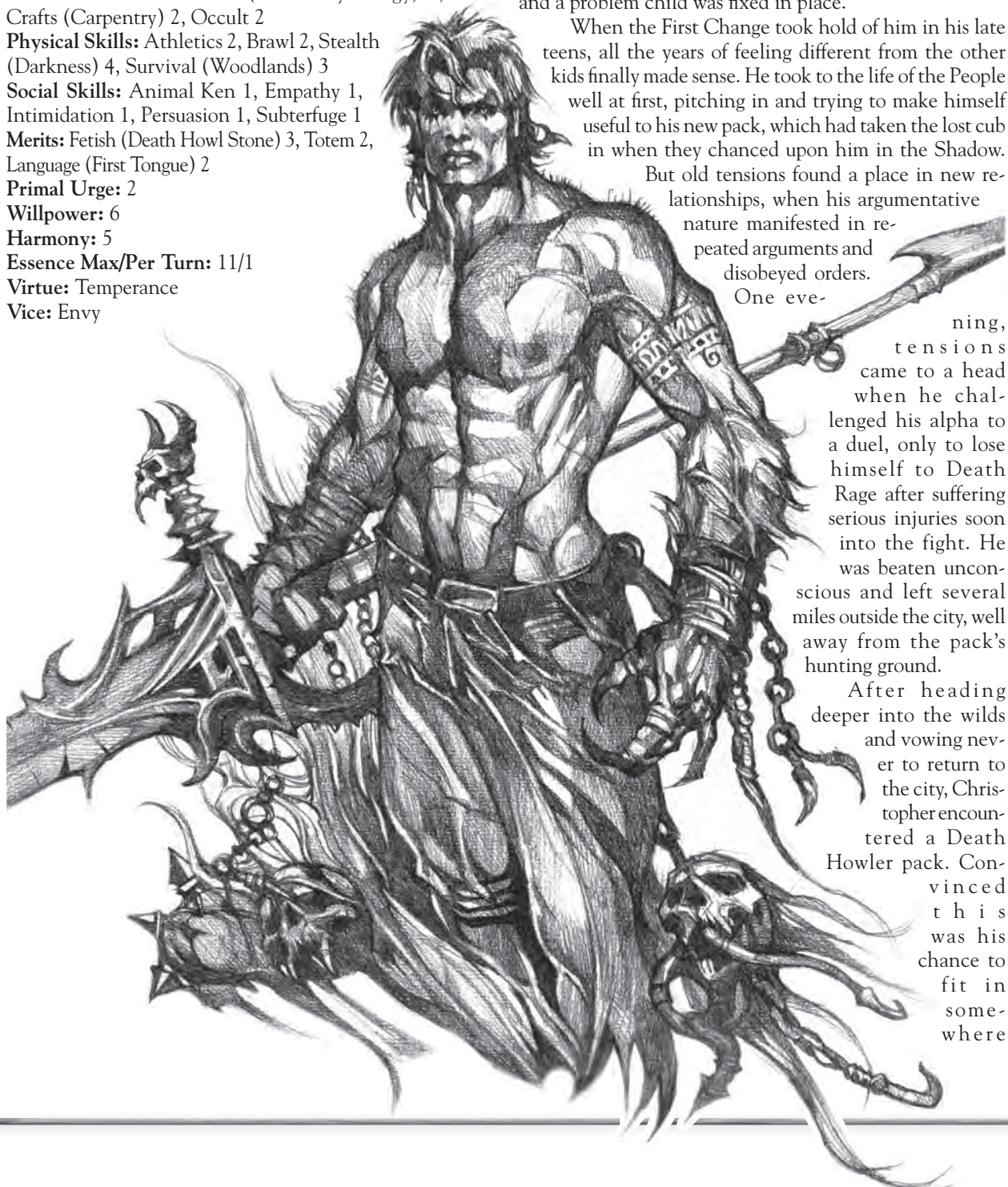
When the First Change took hold of him in his late teens, all the years of feeling different from the other kids finally made sense. He took to the life of the People well at first, pitching in and trying to make himself useful to his new pack, which had taken the lost cub in when they chanced upon him in the Shadow.

But old tensions found a place in new relationships, when his argumentative nature manifested in repeated arguments and disobeyed orders.

One eve-

ning, tensions came to a head when he challenged his alpha to a duel, only to lose himself to Death Rage after suffering serious injuries soon into the fight. He was beaten unconscious and left several miles outside the city, well away from the pack's hunting ground.

After heading deeper into the wilds and vowing never to return to the city, Christopher encountered a Death Howler pack. Convinced this was his chance to fit in somewhere



(and desperate that, if not here, then there might be no other place for him) he allied with the werewolves of the Lodge of Howling Death and pleaded for a chance to take the Rite of Initiation.

Now in his early 20s, Christopher is still shy and occasionally awkward, but supremely confident in his skills in the Wild Hunt. He has fought Pure and Forsaken alike in defense of his pack's hunting ground, and his howls ring out through the woods at night, warning any interlopers that their lives are measured in minutes. Howl-of-the-Storm now seeks to re-enter the city and see if he can avenge himself on his previous pack, but, deep down, he is aware that such dark thoughts are only going to lead to trouble.

Still, the desire remains.

Lodge of London

Heart of the City

The great spirit was the reflection of thousands of years of toil and imagination. He had survived invasions and wars, the horrors of plague and the melting, burning pain of fire. His heart-beat was the pulse of millions of entities, each one insignificant alone but no less a part of the whole. Sometimes he coalesced inside one of the flesh-beings that lived within his body. He would walk his streets, drive down his roads and look down from his buildings with a human's vision. Other times he would walk the Shadow, surveying and remembering all he saw of the wondrous game — predator and prey, where strong spirits consumed weaker spirits and then were consumed in turn by the strongest.

He saw these sights and lived these experiences much as an amused father might. This was his city, in every way possible. And he belonged to the city, in every way imaginable.

And after thousands upon thousands of both sunrises and moonsets, after he had endured the shouts of millions of voices over the dozens of centuries, the great spirit was confronted by those who thought themselves the true owners of the city. They beat at his weak, pathetic manifested form and banished him from the world of hot flesh and cold stone. The spirit was confused, and his curiosity bloomed.

He returned to the creatures again and again, stealing the bodies of other creatures in order to approach the violent, howling beings and witness their strangeness. And, again and again, the Uratha creatures banished him back, dissolving his consciousness to once more lie over the whole city. Eventually, the shapechanging beings called him back. They bound him with rituals and damning words that tore at his attention, and he could not resist their summons.

“Why do you attack us, great spirit? What might we do to content you?” The little creatures had many questions, and the spirit came to understand the part they played. These were merely simple beings, but they beseeched the great spirit for his indulgence. “Help us, aid us, assist us. We will heal the Wounds in your Shadow-flesh and perform rites in your honor. We shall repay you in pure Essence, devoting this great gift in your name. And the dark spirits that threaten your bal-

ance will tremble and shrink from us, for they shall know we bear the heart of the city with us.”

And the spirit of the city looked with grace upon the werewolves, granting their wish. Some say he thought their words fair; others insist the spirit cared nothing for the vows and simply acted from instinct or even boredom. Whatever the reason, the Uratha received a great blessing, and they resumed their hunts with feral abandon as the city itself sought to aid them.

Nowhere are Britain's many scars laid barer than in the city of London. From its roots as the Roman settlement of Londinium to its place as one of the biggest cities in the world, London has suffered plague, war and fire throughout the ages. Nine million souls claim it as their home, and countless spirits dwell within the city's Shadow.

The Lodge of London is an example of a lodge bound entirely to one vast location. The lodge's membership transcends any notion of tribe or allegiance, and the werewolves within the group swear to honor the spirit of the city in return for the mighty being's aid when they call for it. A pack might take a location-spirit for its patron, but only something as sizeable as a lodge could hope to attract the attention of a city-spirit.

Werewolves of the Lodge of London are not formed into packs that are duty-bound to roam the city together. Rather, packs that claim territory in and around the city have the option of individual members joining the lodge and using their added expertise for the benefit of their own pack. Uratha bound to London itself could use the tie to the totem to intimidate spirits in negotiations and subtly remind the denizens of the Shadow just who (or rather what) is on the Forsaken's side. A lodge member might have dreams of the city's secret places, of areas that are in dire need of cleansing or would make excellent additions to the pack's hunting grounds. And any bonded werewolf can call upon the unyielding fortitude and ancient might of the city, drawing strength from a spirit that has grown and evolved for thousands of years.

It is tradition that only a single member of a pack can join the Lodge of London. With a vast alien intellect, the great spirit of the city is not an easy being to understand, and has little comprehension itself of how to relate to mortal minds. Packs that have, in the past, had several members dedicated to the totem, have suffered clashing messages and contrasting omens from the city-spirit. Despite the spirit's power, the spirit seems to have trouble differentiating between closely bound werewolves. To add to this confusion, the “City Father” (as bonded Uratha name him) has his attention dispersed over miles and miles of territory, on both sides of the Gauntlet. Any city-spirit is an entity occupied by 100,000 events every second, and the City Father is the spirit of London itself, a being that much greater in scope and power than the lesser location-spirits that make up the city's soul.

The lodge has no organization, no cohesion, no formal meetings — members even meet at truces, gatherings or battles over hunting grounds without knowing one another's allegiance to the same patron. It is a path each werewolf

walks alone, bonding to the City Father and taking the strength of the union back to each pack.

The werewolves of the Lodge of London tread a fine balance. The patron itself makes few demands of its adopted children, but when it does it expects them to be answered immediately. In the case of a festering Wound or an uncovered *shartha* nest that is violating the Gauntlet almost beyond repair, the City Father can sometimes call several werewolves at once to the deal with the threat. But this isn't a reliable summons; the alien logic of the spirit seems to have difficulty grasping the realities of conflict on such a small scale, and packs have answered the summons sent to one of their members only to find themselves gravely (even fatally) outnumbered in the past. And there is no time or set event to trigger the summons, meaning that sometimes they occur at the most inconvenient times when a pack is engaged elsewhere.

The Tower of London

Every renowned spot in the huge city has its own flavor and particular atmosphere, but special mention must go to the Tower of London, and more specifically, its Shadow reflection. Here, numbering in the thousands, are raven-spirits from all over the British Isles, chattering and exchanging the secrets of an entire country. It is a nexus of information — the heart of a great web of knowledge — and the werewolves of Lodge of London know it all too well. The Shadow-Tower is a favorite spot for lodge members to come and barter Essence, gossip or mercenary assistance in exchange for information.

It isn't known for certain just why the werewolves bonded to the City Father receive preferential treatment from the raven-spirits, but it is greatly appreciated nevertheless. The bargains struck between Uratha and raven-spirit are still steep and occasionally harsh, depending on the nature of the information required, but there are few advantages as useful as the ability to speak with the beings of the Shadow-Tower. In the spirit world, the sound of cawing and raucous laughter can be heard for up to a mile from the Tower itself.

Patron: City Father of London

The lodge takes its marching orders from a spirit that appears to be the City Father of London — and if the patron isn't truly that dignitary, it's close enough in terms of power and influence. When the City Father demands his children's attention, his summoning comes in the form of the spirit itself temporarily Riding a human, usually by means of the Possession Numen. This "messenger" will often need to be monitored to make sure it doesn't get out

of hand, though London takes no umbrage at the destruction of its possessed avatars. In truth, the city-spirit seems to forget them as soon as they are destroyed, and no stories circle through the packs about retribution for such an act "against" the totem.

These are the troubles a werewolf must face in order to reap the benefits of a bond with the city-spirit.

"I Live In —"

And wherever that is, it's a place that has a spirit, too. It's often said that cities have personalities, and this can translate into fantastic location spirits in your chronicles. The Lodge of London is merely one example of any number of potential "city lodges," based on keeping the place free of serious corruption and tapping into the pulse of the massive area. There's something very primal and very, very savage about feeling the heartbeat of an entire city. Territory isn't just your own hunting ground any more: it's the skin of the spirit who watches over you. If you honor that pact and shape the Shadow in pleasing ways, then the pulse of the city beats faster and the spirit will aid you. Seal the Wounds in the local Shadow Realm, restore spirits to their natural roles and prevent them from inflicting damage in the material world. All of this pleases the spirit of the city, though each spirit will have distinct a personality. Most will be of Greater Juggling status.

Take any city you like and run with the idea that its own "city father" (or mother) has something to offer the local werewolves if they can attract the spirit's attention and meet its price. In addition to advantages specific to the totem, any such city-based lodge could probably offer its members a cost break on the City Gift List, as listed on p. 119 of **Lore of the Forsaken**.

Joining the Lodge

The Lodge of London has no citywide organization, no scheduled meetings between members and no hierarchy of leadership. As a separated and scattered number of individuals tied to their own packs rather than fellow lodge members, each werewolf joins without the aid of an Uratha sponsor. It is simply a matter of finding the city incarnate, and somehow convincing this vast spirit to ally with the werewolf.

Finding the spirit of the city is no easy feat. No amount of chimage or pleading has resulted in a proven successful summons, and few spirits exist that can be bribed or bound into serving as an emissary between a werewolf and the city-spirit. Unsurprisingly, the only spirits with such a link to London itself are location-spirits, and they are among the most alien creatures of Shadow.

Famous tourist attractions, memorials, museums, monuments and renowned buildings are all likely to have location-spirits, and London has more than its fair share of such places; the personalities of each spirit vary wildly. Dealing with them is a challenge in and of itself. Some can be approached in the *Hisil* and reasoned with, perhaps bribed, petitioned or coerced into carrying a message to the overarching city-spirit. These more “open” spirits might manifest for ease of interaction once the werewolf has made his intentions clear, and such a manifestation could take almost any form: from the original architect of the site or the last person to look at the area in awe to a figure on any shape, made from the materials of the location, be they wood, brick, steel or stone.

Certainly the easiest way to please a location-spirit is to make sure any nearby loci are free of Wound infection, or to generally remove potential imbalances in the Shadow nearby. Sometimes a location-spirit will be good enough to point out a problem the spirit wishes to be addressed, while others will remain silent on the subject without coercion. Other spirits are likely to be outright hostile to the Uratha, which should come as no surprise to any werewolf. An appeased and honored spirit is likely to heed the werewolf’s desire. A displeased spirit might take a little more persuasion. Either way, eventually it will become clear that this is the best (and apparently the only) way to reach the city-spirit’s ear. When the location-spirit does somehow “pass the message up,” the Uratha can expect a wait of indeterminate length. Time is relative to the individual, and who can tell how a city judges time?

London will usually contact the werewolf between an hour and a year after the applicant has convinced the location-spirit; there is no true way to tell. Even when the contact comes, it is indirect. Subway trains wait a few seconds longer for the werewolf to get on board, elevators are that little bit faster, streetlights around the character flare into life rather than flickering in broken rhythm — all the little details about city life become slightly less annoying, as if the werewolf was enjoying a sudden lucky streak. Over the course of the following days and nights, she can expect to find a “representative” of the city-spirit approach her, and take her oath to formalize the connection.

Those who refuse at this stage suffer no ill effects for doing so. Those who agree to the terms laid out by the city-spirit receive the benefits due every other member of the lodge.

Prerequisites: Must be a character who lives in London.

Benefits: Members can purchase the Rite: Eyes of the City with experience points. All Survival and Tracking rolls within the city gain a +2 bonus. The werewolf gains a +1 bonus on all Negotiation rolls with all naturally occurring urban-spirits.

Lodge of London Rite

Eyes of the City (●●●●)

This rite mimics one of the legendary powers of the great city-spirit, allowing a werewolf to see through the eyes of any human who lives within the city limits. Ritualists

might use this rite to divine the location of a hated enemy, or eavesdrop on the dealings of a loved one or contact. The werewolf has no control over the actions of the subject, and merely sees and hears what the subject senses. The images and sounds replace the character’s own senses, and only revert back to normal when the magic of the rite eventually fails, or the character speaks a word of severance.

People who share close ties to the werewolf are easier to “ride” in this manner, and wolf-blooded are especially susceptible. The rite fails to function if used on supernatural creatures such as Ridden, vampires, mages and ghosts, though the rite works on wolf-blooded, acolytes and ghouls. Performing this rite upon a friend or relative without informing her beforehand is considered rude and unworthy.

Performing the Rite: The ritualist gathers one or more items related to the subject of the rite (personal items, money recently given, etc.) and howls to the spirit of the city, pleading to be allowed to share the mortal’s senses. When the city-spirit establishes the link, the werewolf must speak a First Tongue word of breaking that will sever the contact when he desires. Otherwise, the rite lasts for a number of hours equal to the ritemaster’s Harmony.

Dice Pool: Harmony versus subject’s Resolve

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The call to London fails; the ritualist is unable to use the rite on the same subject for another month.

Failure: The rite simply fails.

Success: Success means that the ritualist loses his senses of sight and sound, which are immediately replaced by those of the chosen human. The ritualist sees and hears everything the subject experiences, though the ritualist lacks any control over the human’s actions.

Exceptional Success: The rite succeeds with twice the usual duration (Harmony x2 hours).

Suggested Modifiers

Situation	Modifier
Subject does not live in the city.	-2
Subject is wolf-blooded.	+1
Subject is well-known to the ritemaster.	+1
Ritemaster was born in the city.	+1
Ritemaster has lived in the city for his entire life.	+1
Ritemaster possesses an image of the subject.	+1
Ritemaster possesses an item belonging to the subject.	+2
Ritemaster possesses a hair or body part of the subject.	+3

Lodge of London Story Hooks

• **Call to Arms:** A member of the Lodge of London approaches the characters’ pack and asks for their assistance. This werewolf insists that the spirit of the city has demanded a task beyond his capabilities, and promises to reward the pack if they aid him. Could this Uratha be a potential ally

for the pack, or is his offer rooted in deceit that will land the pack in further trouble?

• **Luck Be a Lady:** A stream of ill luck is plaguing the pack. Car accidents, overtly hostile urban-spirits, depleted loci and more issues continue to beleaguer the characters. The pack patron insists the city itself is working against the characters in subtle ways, and they should take up their grievances with those who speak with the city-spirit. What reason could the city have for turning against the characters in this manner? How will they deflect the spirit's ire?

• **Avatars of the City:** There is a drastic increase in the number of Spirit-Ridden mortals who appear to be Claimed by the spirit of London. The local Ithaeur cite the city's restlessness to the proliferation of Wounds spreading throughout the region, and packs are called to a large gathering in order to be "drafted" into war-gangs and strike teams. What is behind the sudden spread of horror in the Shadow of the city, and is violence the only answer?

Sarah Keely

Auspice: Rahu

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 3 (4/5/5/4)

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 4, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer (Windows) 3, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult (London's Shadow) 2, Politics (Uratha) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Drive (Motorcycle) 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Horses) 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 1, Socialize 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Brawling Dodge, Contacts (Local Businessmen) 2, Fetish (Mercy Gem) 2, Language (First Tongue, French) 2, Resources 3, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Wrath

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

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

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

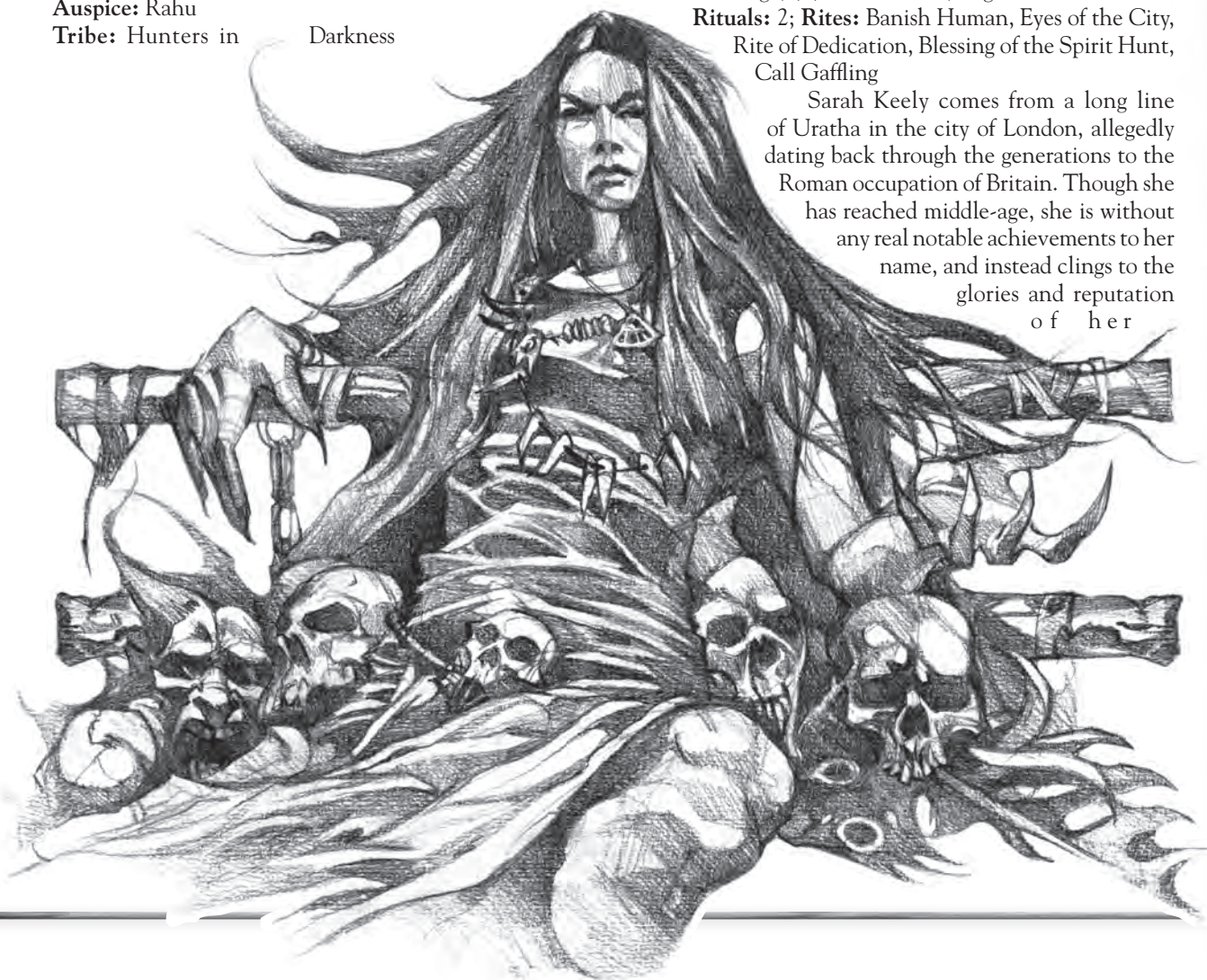
Speed: 10 (11/14/17/15)

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

Gifts: (1) Clarity, Know Name, Left-Handed Spanner, Partial Change; (2) Attunement, Nightfall

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** Banish Human, Eyes of the City, Rite of Dedication, Blessing of the Spirit Hunt, Call Gaffling

Sarah Keely comes from a long line of Uratha in the city of London, allegedly dating back through the generations to the Roman occupation of Britain. Though she has reached middle-age, she is without any real notable achievements to her name, and instead clings to the glories and reputation of her



lineage. Her own reputation is that of a matronly beta to her pack, relied upon for her honesty and steadfast optimism.

Sarah is an eternal optimist, believing in the light at the end of every tunnel. With dedication and talent, any situation can become an opportunity. On the other hand, she embodies the fury of the Rahu, and often finds it difficult to hold in her angry retorts and threats even with minor provocation. She is always apologetic afterwards, but her short temper is legendary among those who know her.

The one outstanding attribute that separates her from any number of Uratha is her connection to the spirit of the city. Though she is usually awkward with words and conversation, when she speaks about the city-spirit she is a woman transformed. She talks poetically and gracefully of the city's ancient power, vast knowledge and affection for the living people who reside within its boundaries. At large pack gatherings, crowds gather to hear this shy woman speak with the passion and inspiration of a Renaissance poet, and her love for the city is obvious in each word she utters. Occasionally, after the drama is done, werewolves will leave their packs for a few minutes and walk over to Sarah and speak with her about her bond with the city. She may not know all the Uratha who are bonded to London (or who wish to be), but she knows more than most and does her best to keep in touch with them. The lodge itself has no formal hierarchy or organization, and Sarah enjoys the chance to speak privately in small groups of others who see the value in the tie to the spirit of the city.

Many current members can trace their initial inspiration to one of Sarah's speeches — though due to her shyness, getting her talking is never easy. Once she is comfortable around a person, she is free with her information and the few reliable details of the lodge, and she is always keen for other Uratha to join.

Lodge of Praetors

Honor the Mother's Forgiveness

Luna blessed her children with her forgiveness, putting aside the grief of a betrayed mother and the vengeance of a bereaved goddess. She forgave their great sin, bestowing upon the People the gifts of auspices, so that her children might use the power of her five faces as they worked to take up Urfarah's duty.

But the wounds of the Mother's heart ran deep, and some of the Forsaken knew that they would have to remain ever-vigilant against sinning in the future. These werewolves banded together under Luna's light, and swore an oath to enforce the Oath of the Moon among their own kind.

The legends of the lodge tell that the Mother heard their promise, and sent an emissary to watch over their efforts. This overseer — a powerful Lune-child — is known as the Scion, and she watches her adopted children as they judge the crimes of their brethren.

The Lodge of Praetors is founded on the dual notions of judging other Forsaken, and attempting to prove the

People are worthy of Luna's forgiveness. In a world in which packs fight for themselves and rarely venture far from their own hunting grounds, this is a group of werewolves who often travel from territory to territory, passing their own judgments on their brethren. It is said by most of those who encounter the Praetors that the lodge has no right to do this, and that Forsaken society (such as it is) needs no internal policing beyond packmates watching out for each other and obeying the Oath of the Moon.

Though the lodge has roots in a noble ideal, the fact remains that the Praetors have no mandate of authority over other werewolves beyond the lodge members' own strength and insistence. This means that a Praetor attempting to pass judgment on another Uratha had better be incredibly skilled in battle, or quick-witted and wise enough to prove to a pack that one of its members has violated the Oath of the Moon and deserves to die for doing so. Unsurprisingly, most werewolves of this lodge are both, and care nothing that the other Forsaken resent being judged. These Uratha have appointed themselves as the guardians of the Oath, ensuring through their diligence that Luna never withdraws her forgiveness from the Forsaken. If individual sinners and their accomplices seek to thwart the coming of justice, well, the Oath says *The People Do Not Murder the People*. Righteous execution for grave transgressions is another thing entirely, especially when such punishment is in the name of a Goddess' justice.

At least, so the lodge members say. The truth of the matter is that such execution is still a sin — it is just that the Praetors fervently believe that it's a necessary one.

The Praetors reason that if Luna sees the Uratha sinning against the Oath of the Moon and going unpunished for their crimes, then Mother Moon might withdraw the gift of auspices and the partial forgiveness she has offered so far. And so the Lodge of the Praetor was founded in an effort to bring any sinners among the Forsaken to justice and prove to Luna that her children value her love and obey her laws.

But things are never so straightforward among werewolves, and the Oath of the Moon has some tenets that can easily be considered "open to interpretation." To the Praetors, the only interpretations that matter are their own — and even those can vary from member to member.

Generally, Praetors work in one of three ways. Some live as lone wolves, wandering Britain or remaining local and investigating the actions, personalities and pasts of the packs they encounter. A lone wolf will usually go to ground rather than announce his presence, and seek to investigate without drawing attention to himself and risking the Forsaken packs altering their behavior. Other Praetors will state their intentions upfront, telling those they meet that the Lodge of the Praetor has come to render judgment on those the lodge members deem unworthy.

Secondly, there is sometimes fearful talk of all-Praetor packs that roam the country, seeking out renowned offenders and executing them according to some arcane code of justice. Most Praetors know little of such packs and their whereabouts — or at least claim to know nothing.

The final (and the most common) *modus operandi* is for packs to function as normal, but with a single member claiming membership in the Lodge of the Praetor. This werewolf often works as a chaplain or spiritual guide for the pack, and though he will throw down in any fight and act with the pack in all actions as any other werewolf, the guide sees it as his personal duty to make sure his own packmates never violate the Oath of the Moon. Rather than focus on punishment, these Praetors focus on preventing, and support their packmates to never break the Oath. In the times when a werewolf does violate the Oath of the Moon, it falls to the Praetor to seek out a way for his packmate to make amends. After all, few werewolves want to see their packmates die for breaking the Oath, and there might be some way, some apt sacrifice or duty, that the Praetor feels would be sufficient to make up for the betrayal of Luna.

These Praetors might be primarily concerned with the crimes and atonements of their own packmates, but the Praetors are also obligated by their own personal promise to Luna to hunt down transgressors within other packs. On nights when the pack doesn't meet, the werewolf of the Lodge of the Praetor might stalk the members of other packs in neighboring hunting grounds, checking up on their actions and questioning the local spirits regarding the werewolves' behavior. It almost goes without saying that when two packs meet, if a member is known for violating the Oath of the Moon at some point in the past, the Praetor will stop at nothing to kill the sinner.

Judge, Jury and Executioner

The Lodge of the Praetor can be a difficult group to bring into some chronicles. The lodge members are mired in a very grave interpretation of an ancient promise, and can make themselves very unwelcome in certain territories, especially among the Uratha who couldn't care less about the "lies" of Pangaea or any other werewolf mythology that has little place in the cold realities of the modern world. What Storytellers have here is werewolves who make ideal antagonists for characters to come up against and potentially fascinating protagonists for players to portray. Not all Praetors are wandering judges spending a lifetime slaughtering other werewolves when their backs are turned because they shapeshifted in front of mortal witnesses once or twice. Some of these judges are strict and harsh and don't think twice about killing any sinner, but most understand that there are two sides to every story. Every sin has a motivation and may well have an explanation to go with it. Most werewolves of the Lodge of the Praetor bear the difficulties of Uratha life in mind when they consider the sins of their brethren. No one is perfect, after all, and atonement in the name of Luna is a worthwhile act in and of itself.

Note also that, by the Praetors' execution of their prey, the Praetors are sinning against the Oath of the Moon themselves, even if they consider it a necessary crime to punish a greater sin. Traditionally, a member of the lodge must observe a ritual grace period within which she may not perform the executioner duties of the Lodge of Praetors (and buy back Harmony with experience points, so that she never falls below the Harmony 4+ requirement of the lodge). The grace period is traditionally three months long, and werewolves who are found to have executed (or killed in battle) another werewolf during this time are cast out from the lodge — or executed themselves for risking Luna's ire.

Patron: The Scion

The Scion is a strange spirit. She is a Lune, and as such, her touch and presence should drive her adopted children insane over time. Curiously, this doesn't seem to be the case. Some Praetors can rightly be considered fanatical zealots and executioners, but individual fervor and belief drive these werewolves — not a derangement born of their bond with the lodge's patron. It's also possible that the more distant relationship with a lodge isn't as maddening as it would be for her to take a more personal interest in a pack.

The Scion is an active patron, and manifests often around members of her lodge. Mostly, she is content to watch, often appearing in the moments before a Praetor renders his judgment or goes to battle. When she appears, the Scion seems to be a ghostly figure of a beautiful but cold-hearted young girl — an infant Luna, perhaps. When she speaks to her werewolves, she speaks in the voice of a child, and with the simple questions of the innocently curious. When asked for advice or lore, she replies in twisting riddles and seems overjoyed when the werewolves are confused by her enigmatic rhymes. Her curiosity sated and her riddles told, the Scion will nod and disincorporate, leaving echoes of ghostly, childish laughter in the air.

Joining the Lodge

To become a Praetor, a werewolf must uncover, on his own, evidence of another Uratha's crimes against Luna in the past. The crime must be a significant violation of the Oath of the Moon, such as the creation of a Ghost Child, or the calculated killing of another werewolf. Once the character has gathered enough evidence to satisfy his convictions, he must take what he has learned to an established member of the lodge, and present his case.

Tracking down a Praetor is not always the easiest of tasks to begin with, and not all are easily impressed by potential members coming to them with the evidence the applicants have gathered. On the whole, most werewolves of the lodge are keen to recruit new judges so that the Oath can be safeguarded with ever-increasing devotion, but the evidence brought by the applicant has to be exceptionally

compelling and beyond reasonable doubt to win him a place in the Lodge of the Praetor. Britain's courts are complicated places with arcane pomp and ceremony, as well as complicated legal systems. The same applies to the werewolves who appoint themselves judges over their brethren, and an applicant with less-than-sterling evidence can expect to be dismissed and ordered never to make the attempt again.

If the case is put to the Praetor and the werewolf agrees that justice is deserved, then the applicant must carry it out in the manner she sees fit, returning only when she brings confirmation of appeasing the affront to Luna. Some werewolves return with a sworn promise and an apology of penance to earn Luna's forgiveness. Others never return at all. The truly skilled, however, return with the head of the criminal and walk right into a place within the Lodge of the Praetor. A surprising number of the most judgmental (and lone wolf) Praetors are Ghost Wolves, and the Lodge of the Praetor has a significant and growing minority of the *Thihrtha Numea* as members.

Prerequisites: Applicants must have Purity ••• and Honor ••, as well as maintain Harmony 4 or more.

Benefits: Members gain experience in several areas as they adhere to the tenets of the lodge. Insight and Knowledge Gifts are treated as affinity Gifts, and the skills Empathy, Intimidation and Persuasion become new dots x2 instead of new dots x3 when purchased with experience points.

Lodge of Praetors Fetish

Luna's Mercy (•••••)

Luna's Mercy is the name given to the traditional fetish daggers of the Lodge of the Praetor. Not all Praetors carry Luna's Mercy, but many of the more zealous members of the lodge pride themselves on owning such a weapon. To create Luna's Mercy, a werewolf must bind a spirit of pain or sorrow into a klaive dagger that bears the symbol of Mother Moon on both sides of the blade.

These are vicious weapons, and when activated, they have two abilities that the Praetors use to full advantage. The first is that the dagger adds +4 to attack rolls against anyone the wielder is certain has broken the Oath of the Moon. The Praetor must have solid evidence, such as eyewitness accounts or a confession, for this power to work, but it will function even if the target has never truly sinned — all it requires is the wielder's belief. The second power the weapon bears is the ability to sense when a lie is spoken in the bearer's presence. The weapon must be activated and touching the Praetor's skin to use this power, but any falsehood spoken to the Praetor will cause Luna's Mercy to tingle against his flesh.

Action: Reflexive

Lodge of Praetors Story Hooks

• **The Judge:** A Ghost Wolf Praetor arrives in the characters' hunting ground, making it known that

he is watching them for signs of transgressions against the Oath of the Moon. Mostly the werewolf is a minor annoyance, spying upon the pack and hiding out somewhere within the territory. However, should a character ever violate the Oath, even in a relatively minor way, the Praetor will seek to punish the character most harshly.

• **The Jury:** During a long-running and bloody rivalry with a rival pack, the characters become aware of a small pack of Praetors entering the area. If the characters can get enough other werewolves to testify to the various crimes of their rivals, they can get the allies to end the stalemate once and for all. However, the rival pack has gotten the same idea. How much evidence and testimony is available? And how much might be falsified?

• **The Executioner:** When a Praetor comes to the pack's hunting ground, it is understandable that the characters will be suspicious. But this werewolf has no dark business with the pack, and wishes them no ill will. A wandering judge on a specific hunt, the Praetor seeks out another Uratha who has murdered several werewolves out of jealousy and spite. The judge seeks the characters' help, as all the evidence leads to the transgressor going to ground somewhere within the pack's territory.

Helena the Inquisitor

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Ghost Wolves

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)

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

Mental Skills: Academics (Law) 3, Computer 2, Occult (Rituals) 4

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Stealth 2, Survival (Wilderness Travels) 2

Social Skills: Empathy (Sensing Lies) 4, Expression 2, Persuasion (Convincing Logic) 4, Socialize 3

Merits: Contacts (Lawyers, Police Officers, Prison Guards) 4, Fetish (Luna's Mercy) 4, Language (First Tongue) 3, Language (French) 3, Language (Latin) 2, Resources 2, Striking Looks 2, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Wrath

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) Scent Beneath the Surface, Sense Malice, Know Name; (2) Snarl of Command, Scent of Taint, Traveler's Blessing; (3) Aura of Truce

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



Until four years ago, Helena was a solicitor, and a damn good one at that. She mostly dealt with messy divorces and petty crime, but before her First Change at age 26, she was just getting into murder cases and citywide cases of fraud. When she joined the Uratha, of course, that all changed.

She lives a double life now, occasionally taking temporary “advisory” work to law firms but mostly keeping on the move. Her charm and sharp mind made her a natural in the courtrooms, and her beauty helped, too. Now she turns those assets to ferreting out sinners among the Forsaken who dare to violate Luna’s Oath. As a relatively inexperienced werewolf, she has a slightly skewed vision of what Forsaken culture really is. To her, she sees her duty as part law officer and part religious minister, and seems to treat the Oath of the Moon as a series of holy commandments. When investigating sinners, she is cold and calculating on her own, and charming and vivacious in company. And she is very, very good at playing people without getting played herself. Whether she is relying on her natural wit or engaging personality, or her flashing blue eyes and athletic figure, she can lead a conversation pretty much any way she desires. She keeps herself well-groomed and is quietly eloquent, but is no less devoted to her cause simply because she doesn’t seem to be a wild-eyed zealot.

She has avoided joining a tribe so far because she has had such negative experiences with other werewolves, though her Praetor mentor is beginning to suspect she will join the Storm Lords before the year is out. Helena earned her deed name for her near-religious fervency on the hunt for Oath-breakers, and her cold-hearted lack of mercy when she delivers justice.

Lodge of Scavengers

Picking Through the City’s Bones

The Red Scavenger’s greatest strength was her ability to survive anywhere. In the Shadow of forests or the reflections of cities, she was at home no matter where she found herself. She could find shelter from spirit-storms, hide from the terrors of the second world and scratch out an existence under the light of Helios and Luna alike.

But she was never a warrior, or a truly skilled hunter, and the Red Scavenger knew that she was always threatened by the killers that lived within the Shadow Realm. More powerful predators constantly forced her to flee to new territory, where she would settle and scavenge for survival before being forced to flee again. It was an endless cycle of hardship, but the Red Scavenger found comfort in this existence rather than feeling beset by fear. She was, after all, the very best at what she did.

On one of her many ventures through the reflection of a human hive, a group of the Wolf Father’s children sought her attention. Intrigued by what the howling half-flesh creatures desired of her, the Red Scavenger paused in her journey and presented herself to the werewolves.

They were hunters who lived in the bones of the city, but they needed the aid of a scavenger. They asked a hundred and more questions, summoning the fox-spirit to beseech the Red Scavenger for knowledge. She answered their questions — each demanding to know the location of a place, a creature, an object or a spirit — and she shared what she had learned on her endless travels. Well pleased with the results of their interrogation, the werewolves left after giving their thanks. When only a few remained, the Red Scavenger knew what they would ask of her, and she accepted with a single condition.

“I will serve you and scavenge with you in the Shadows of forest and city, but I will not do this forever. With each turning of the world about the face of Helios, we shall meet and speak of the terms once again, and see if I am satisfied.”

The Lodge of Scavengers was founded on a fundamental principle of the Forsaken's existence in the British Isles — survival, no matter the cost. Decades ago, when the lodge first began to spread among the cities and towns of England, it spread like wildfire among the downtrodden, the homeless and the urban scavengers who already stalked the streets after nightfall. Since then, the lodge has hardly spread at all, and though no social class or tribal restrictions apply to membership, this is a group that attracts more werewolves from poor backgrounds and from the streets than any other lodge.

The core drive behind the Lodge of Scavengers is that even the downtrodden and the destitute can survive and hold territory, either by scrounging a living in the wilderness or by picking through the bones of cities. Interestingly, it is common for entire packs to consist of “bone-pickers” (as the lodge members are often called) though it isn't rare for a pack consisting of a variety of members to have a single member of the lodge. There is always room for prejudice, tribal allegiance or not, but werewolves of this lodge quickly prove their worth through their urban survival skills and cunning when it comes to finding hiding places.

Tapping into police radio signals is a common trick for bone-pickers to keep tabs on what's going on within the local area, and many a locus has a jury-rigged police scanner setup nearby. Any technology that can be scavenged and put to new use in defending a hunting ground or staying aware of local events is invaluable to the werewolves sworn to Red Scavenger.

Rahu of the lodge often excel in guerrilla warfare within urban battlegrounds. Indeed, this type of combat is a specialty of this lodge, and members hone their skills in city-based conflict with each violent encounter. Surprise strikes and cunning utilization of landmarks and terrain work to the lodge members' advantage. When a werewolf pack finds itself in trouble, the Rahu often leap from rooftop to rooftop in order to ambush the enemy from behind, the Ithaeur turn the local spirits against the opponents and the Irraka will almost certainly know the closest place to lie low if the battle brings too much of the wrong attention.

Many Ithaeur of the Lodge of Scavengers are among the most-skilled negotiators imaginable in dealings with urban-spirits. Experience at surviving in the city and its

Shadow have honed these spirit-talkers into experts when it comes to knowing just what local spirits desire and require to survive themselves. Whether working out a spirit's ban, offering what it needs or determining its weakness in battle, Crescent Moons in this lodge have a certain knack at picking through the city's bones in order to learn what they must. Many have established webs of spirit contacts (if not allies, then at least not enemies) that can be bribed or cajoled into rendering assistance or lending aid. The spirits can at least notice and respect a werewolf who lives his life among the scars and bones of a city, and this can make all the difference between an Ithaeur who can deal with urban-spirits and an Ithaeur who has lived all his life down in the scars with the spirits he deals with.

Fox-spirits (and their physical counterparts) are greatly respected by members of the lodge, for obvious reasons. Rather than revere the mythological trickster aspect of the animal, these werewolves admire the fox as a survivor and an urban scavenger beyond compare — a creature able to so completely adapt from the wilds to the cities and actually prosper while doing so. This is a notion that appeals to a great many Hunters in Darkness, especially those forced from their rural territories by the Pure or other Forsaken. Though Hunters in Darkness and Iron Masters make up perhaps half of this lodge, there is no shortage of any tribe among the werewolves sworn to Red Scavenger.

A final subtle ideal behind the Lodge of the Scavenger is to become as self-sufficient as possible in the urban regions of Britain, without necessarily needing to rely on human comforts to stay alive. Few bone-pickers shy away completely from their mortal side, but the lodge puts a great deal of emphasis on being able to go to ground and survive in the urban “wilderness” should the need arise. For some, this becomes a way of life — for others, this is simply an eventuality they are prepared for. Couple this self-sufficiency and survival experience with the talents of many lodge members at urban warfare and dealing with spirits, and it is easy to see why the Lodge of Scavengers is popular among the city-based Forsaken, even those with personal prejudices toward the homeless.

Street Talk

Over the past few decades since its creation, the Lodge of Scavengers has created several of its own expressions describing different aspects of urban werewolf life. These terms may see use outside the lodge (in fact, you may wish to adapt some terms as urban British Forsaken slang in general), but the Red Scavenger's adopted children originally derived these terms and use them most often in speech today.

City Blood — Petrol/Gas

The Gray Garden — The city

Choke — Pollution/Smog

Hollow Bones — The Underground/Subway

Steel Roach — A car or car-spirit

The Chatter — Intercepted police radio signals

Faces — Money

Beggar — A spirit that requires heavy bribes before cooperating

Town Crier — An untrustworthy spirit or werewolf known for speaking secrets

“Mind the Gap” — A famous warning on platforms of the London Underground; used in conversation to mean “good luck” in the vein of “break a leg.”

Patron: The Red Scavenger

The Red Scavenger is in some ways a reluctant totem. She is a loner by nature and lacks the pack instinct that binds the werewolves together. In a way, their affection and dependence upon one another (and their dependence on her) frightens the fox-spirit a great deal. Without her influence, the Lodge of Scavengers could not exist, and, at the same time as fear, this also fills her with conflicting pride.

The Red Scavenger constantly walks the cities and the wilds between urban areas. Lodge members are unsure whether this is purely down to her wanderlust and lone scavenger lifestyle or whether it conceals a desire to secretly check up on the werewolves sworn to her. At least once a year, a bone-picker will have some form of contact with the lodge totem, be it a full encounter and conversation (perhaps with favors exchanged) or a mere glimpse of a fiery red shape out of the corner of the eye. One way or another, the Red Scavenger keeps aware of her adopted children and lets them know she is still out there.

Once a year on the vernal equinox, the Lodge of Scavengers gathers deep within the London Underground and prepares to meet the Red Scavenger once again. It is tradition that only 100 lodge members need to attend, but bone-pickers from all over the country meet here out of curiosity, pride and to make certain that the required number of attendees is met. At this annual meeting, the Red Scavenger manifests and states her intention to continue serving as patron to the lodge. It is commonly presumed she observes the behavior of each member over the year and bases her decision on what she sees; none wish to consider just what would happen should the fox-spirit deem her werewolves unworthy, for surely the lodge would disband and rumble within months.

Joining the Lodge

To join the Lodge of Scavengers, a werewolf has to attend the vernal equinox meeting (in mid-March) in the London Underground. The difficulty is that no bone-picker ever reveals the details of the meeting to non-members, and that means a werewolf who wishes to join needs to find out everything on his own.

The most obvious method for most werewolves is to follow an established member to the meeting. Bone-pickers are encouraged to attempt to shake off any pursuers in this manner, but should a Uratha be a skilled enough tracker and stalker, he has a chance to find the tunnels and platforms where the underground rites are held.

Another method that draws potential members — some of whom may never have even heard of the Lodge of Scavengers or ever expressed an interest in joining — is down to many werewolves' inherent understanding of the Shadow. The meeting in the London Underground creates ripples in the local Shadow, as the arrival of so many werewolves, totems and the Red Scavenger herself, means that the Shadow of London subtly reacts to the influx of powerful new beings in the city. It is not a storm of change, but more a series of minor echoes that the truly aware will detect and possibly investigate. Uratha who succeed in their investigations are likely to walk into the underground gathering, and will be offered a place in the Lodge of Scavengers for their insight and cunning.

In rare cases, a werewolf will arrive at the gathering and claim to have been invited by Red Scavenger herself. These instances are incredibly rare, happening no more than a few times every year. It seems that during her year's travels, Red Scavenger manifests before extremely promising candidates and reveals the location of the next underground conclave. She says nothing beyond the date and location, and it is down to individual werewolves whether they accept the enigmatic invitation and discover what it portends.

Prerequisites: Applicants must have the Survival Skill Specialty: Urban as well as a Streetwise of 2 or more, and a minimum of Cunning •• and Purity •.

Benefits: Lodge members spend their lives coming to understand the complexities of the cities and the urban Shadow. The following Skills cost new dots x2 instead of new dots x3 when buying them with experience points: Drive, Survival, Streetwise and Subterfuge. Stealth Gifts and Technology Gifts also become affinity Gifts when paid for with experience points.

Lodge of Scavengers Fetishes

Money Spider Card (•••)

This fetish is made by binding a small spider-spirit (usually the spirit of a money spider, but any household arachnid will suffice) into a credit card, marked with the First Tongue glyph for “spider.” When activated and put into an ATM, the card allows the werewolf to enter the bank account that was last accessed through the machine, as if the user had entered the correct PIN himself. A Money Spider Card only allows access to the account checked immediately before the fetish was inserted into the machine, but lets the werewolf check the balance, change the PIN or withdraw money as if the account were his own.

Action: Reflexive

Spider Gem (●●●●)

Often regarded as a beneficiary creature in British mythology, the spider occupies a unique position in the mindset of many Uratha, for although individual spider-spirits can be beneficial and helpful, the beings themselves are often seen as tainted by their distant ties to the Azlu and the Spinner-Hag. But still, a surprising number of British Forsaken truck with the spirits and bind them into traditional fetishes. One such useful tool is the Spider Gem, which takes the form of a common pebble or stone, featuring the glyph for “spider” scratched into the surface.

When worn next to the skin and activated, the Spider Gem allows the werewolf to cling to walls and ceilings in the manner of a spider. The fetish-bearer effectively gains the use of the Numen: Wall Climb, as described on p. 240 of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, and is subject to the benefits and drawbacks according to the rules as presented there.

Action: Instant

Lodge of Scavengers Story Hooks

- **Bad Moon Rising:** The face of the moon is clouded over for two weeks, and omens are all around the territory. Something is coming — something big — but the Ithaeur and Cahalith of the city’s packs are receiving conflicting visions and signs from their prophecies and interpretations. The pack’s totem knows of a lone wolf somewhere within the city who seems to have knowledge of the darkness soon to sweep over the hunting grounds. The only problem is that the bone-picker will need a great deal of incentive before he tells what he knows, and he makes it clear that unprepared packs are going to suffer in the coming nights.
- **The Urban Horde:** Street gangs are common enough in areas of urban squalor, but a new pack has taken to the streets with a vengeance and is seeking to claim a significant portion of the city’s best urban territories. The packmembers bind spirits into fetish weapons made from broken pipes and stolen guns, and have forged alliances with the local spirits with surprising ease, usually by intimidation and threats. The hunting ground next to the characters’ territory has been claimed by these ambitious criminals and it seems the pack will need to call in every favor they have in order to raise a defense against the thugs.
- **A Twist in the Tale:** One of the wolf-blooded relatives of the characters is arrested for a murder she insists she didn’t commit. An event this serious has shaken the pack to the core, and what’s worse is that the real murderer is reveling in his crime, sending clippings, gleeful letters and spirit messengers to the packmem-

bers to taunt them. The murderer has all the hallmarks of a serial killer, but he becomes that much harder to find when the city and its Shadow are his playground and he can blend in anywhere within the urban wilderness. If the pack hunts this dangerous lunatic down, they obviously can’t turn him over to the law because of his Uratha nature. But something has to be done, or the character’s relative is going to go down for life in punishment for a crime she never committed.

Mary Silent-Running

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Bone Shadows

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 3, Computer (Databases) 3, Investigation (Fraud) 3, Politics (Spirits) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Drive (Motorcycles) 3, Larceny 1, Stealth (Urban Stalking) 3

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression (Poetry) 3, Persuasion 2, Socialize 2, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge (White Lies) 2

Merits: Allies (Journalist, Investment Banker) 2, Contacts (Gang Members, Drug Dealers) 2, Language (First Tongue) 2, Resources 2, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Fortitude

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 3, Glory 1, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Death Sight, Know Name, Left-Handed Spanner, Loose Tongue; (2) Ghost Knife, Nightfall

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

Mary Silent-Running is an urban shaman who takes great pride in her skills, for she feels it is the first thing in her life she has been truly successful at. Before her Change, she was an office worker in an investment company, and was constantly overlooked for promotion. Before that, even at university and high school, she was unremarkable in her grades, in her love life and in everything she put her mind to. But no longer.

Silent-Running barely lives in the mortal world any more, even to the point of trying to forget her own first name. She lives on the streets and in the Shadow, despite having access to money in her banks accounts. She still has a network of friends and acquaintances, though she only really goes to these when she needs help or information.

As it is now, she spends almost all of her time working to shape the local spirit wilds, killing any taint before it can rupture into a Wound and making deals with the spirits of the area. She is obsessed with the future, and constantly seeks to prophecy what will happen to her pack next.

Although she is a woman who is clearly dedicated to her goals, overexposure to the Shadow is beginning to make her seem “creepy” to be around, even when compared with other Bone Shadows. Her talents as an urban shaman are undisputed and immensely valuable, but there is something haunting in her eyes, for she sometimes

gets the look of someone who is more comfortable talking to spirits than to people or other werewolves.

Lesser Lodges

There are potentially members of several dozen lodges spread across the British Isles, though many have but a handful of members and never spread very far from their place of founding. Obvious examples are city- or town-based “location” lodges, such as the Lodge of London, but there are other groups that form and occasionally word travels regarding their activities.

The *Lodge of Baital* is a small Bone Shadow lodge centered in the north of England, named for a shapeshifting demon of South Asian folklore. This lodge is one of the lodges that formed in Britain with the arrival of a great many Indian, Pakistani and Bangladeshi immigrants during the past few decades, and relies heavily on mysticism as the lodge works within the urban Shadow.

The *Lodge of the Endless Moon* is a group of werewolves following a curious mixture of East Asian codes of honor and triad gang law. While this lodge is rumored to be an established lodge elsewhere in the world, it took some time to take root among the very minor Asian underworld in the British Isles. This lodge has grown out of a single pack in England to encompass several dozen packs in Britain's largest cities, but the Lodge of the Endless Moon is still almost unheard-of. Ostensibly, it works to honor the spirits that follow their duties and natural paths, and punish those that disobey or break the natural order.

The *Lodge of Avalon* is a very small and sinister gathering of werewolves who join together in the name of racism and hatred. Ironically, the lodge once held great prestige among the Uratha of Britain until the Second World War, when the lodge became known as a breeding ground for nationalist hate sermons and bitter rivalries over territory owned by immigrants. Previously, the Lodge of Avalon had been a lodge upholding the noble qualities perceived in knighthood and the lordly upper class of Britain, but now the lodge is an embarrass-



ing open secret to most British werewolves. It is said that pockets of the old ways still exist in the lodge, so it is possible that some members still cleave to the nobler aspects of the lodge's ideals.

The *Lodge of Scars* is another worldwide lodge that has a presence in Britain. The respect for veterans of the world wars in the United Kingdom is nothing short of staggering, with memorial days, parades and frequent documentaries airing on TV all-year round. The Lodge of Scars finds a great deal of similar respect in some hunting rounds, for the lodge honors ageing werewolves and offers them a unique place in Forsaken culture as advisers and mercenary mentors, as well as allies in battle for those who still feel the fury of supernatural Rage in their blood.

The *Lodge of Tears* is a bitter and spiteful coalition of packs that have lost members to the Pure over the years. In territories where the Lodge of Tears has a presence, it is often referred to as the “Lodge of Spite” by the other Forsaken. This violent lodge exists for no other reason than to launch attacks on the Pure in the name of vengeance. Though this attitude can lead to alliances with the Lodge of Howling Death on some occasions, more often than not, the revenge-driven werewolves of this lodge very quickly drive away potential allies. The lodge members' open declaration to slaughter the Pure Tribes often draws the ire of the Lodge of Praetors, who members have opinions of their own regarding *The People Shall Not Murder the People*.

The *Lodge of the Morning Star* is also known as the “Lodge of Hellhounds” and often derided by the Forsaken who are aware of the lodge's existence. These werewolves form a small fringe cult that believes that the Uratha are the creations of Satan. The lodge members delve into Victorian demonology and seek to create rites that reflect the powers of famous occultists such as Aleister Crowley and John Dee.

The *Lodge of the Lion* was born within the last two decades from Britain's rising Sikh population, and has packs that are dedicated to defending their loved ones and their hunting grounds with passionate fervor. These werewolves regard Father Wolf's duty as a personal quest to achieve perfection as well as to protect those they care about. Many werewolves in racially diverse communities have a member of the Lodge of the Lion in their pack, and the lodge as a whole frowns on packs made of all-Lion members — promoting the sharing of knowledge and abilities when it is an option. Interestingly, the Sikh lodge seems to be beginning to combine with the remaining echoes of a long-forgotten group that held the name Lodge of the Lion and is nearly unheard-of today. These members who claim to be members of the original lodge also hold to steadfast beliefs regarding the defense of home and territory above all else, and the two factions have combined with ease and grace to emerge much stronger.

The *Lodge of Grey Hunters* takes the notion of the urban hunter and runs with it. The lodge members seek to be the very best, the perfect examples of urban predators, whether their prey is human, spirit or werewolf. Some of these Uratha work well in regular packs, but many are dangerous loners and are rumored to walk close to becoming Broken Souls.

The *Lodge of the Adder* is named for the only poisonous snake in the British Isles. Very few Uratha even know this group exists, and its members are sworn on life-oaths never to reveal their allegiance. In this way, the Lodge of the Adder seems to be more of an urban legend than a real group, and those who have heard of the lodge often misinterpret the lodge as a group of Bale Hounds seeking to murder other Forsaken. In truth, the Lodge of the Adder is a lodge dedicated to working against the enemies of the Uratha by extremely subtle means. Arranging ambushes consisting of dozens of hired spirits in the spirit wilds for *shartha* to run into and be destroyed without any werewolves even being there, the poisoning of a Pure pack leader days before an assault on a Forsaken hunting ground, the disappearance of a powerful fetish that would have made a dangerous werewolf into a tyrant — these are the moves that the Adders use in their games.

The *Lodge of Bloody Spears* is almost completely forgotten now. Once it was a relatively powerful lodge dedicated to taking the wild places from the Pure, and the lodge members often worked in conjunction with the Lodge of Howling Death. The Lodge of Bloody Spears was a group founded on the feral savagery of the mythological Celtic hunter Herne, but all that remains in the modern nights is a handful of traditionalists clinging to their mythic rites and preserving what little memory of their lodge remains. The rumors of the lodge's fall from grace center around tales of cannibalism and blood-drinking rites, and although modern-day members steadfastly deny such accusations and decry such practices, the Lodge of Bloody Spears attracts little in the way new blood because of its sullied reputation.

Patrons of the Uratha

The following section details some sample pack totems, or patrons, for players and Storytellers to use as desired. These patrons represent an interesting spread of power levels and utility for various packs, with some totems granting powerful bonuses to the werewolves and others offering a great deal of useful information or displaying great personal power in the spirit wilds. These spirits below serve as examples of the kinds of often-unique patrons that serve Forsaken packs in the United Kingdom, and can be used as described or tweaked for personal use if necessary.

Unseen Fire

Unseen Fire is a lithe, scarlet-furred fox-spirit the size of a young wolf. The totem scavenges for its Essence in the city's Shadow, and keeps alert for any stronger predators that might threaten the spirit. *Unseen Fire* is named for its proclivity at remaining hidden at all times. Some might consider the totem shy or fearful, but it is a powerful and fevered sense of caution that keeps the hot-blooded spirit out of sight. *Unseen Fire* will complement any packs that seek to work from the shadows and overcome trials without baldly stepping into the face of

danger. When threatened, Unseen Fire reacts in a flurry of activity: fighting, fainting and fleeing if given the chance.

To bind Unseen Fire as a patron, a pack must manage to track the spirit down within a span of six hours after the fox has had an hour head start. The totem costs 13 points.

Attributes: Power 2, Finesse 4, Resistance 3

Willpower: 6

Essence: 15

Initiative: 8

Speed: 9

Defense: 4

Corpus: 6

Influences: Foxes 1, Stealth 1

Numina: Discorporation; Material Vision; Wilds Sense

Bonuses: Stealth 2 (pack); Stealth Specialty — Hiding (given); 4 Essence Pool (story)

Ban: Unseen Fire demands that its pack may not call for its aid on the night of the full moon, for the brightness of Luna in the spirit world makes it difficult to hide from predators. If the ban is violated, Unseen Fire will not answer the pack's calls for between one night and one week.

Raven-That-Sees-All

The carrion bird looks very healthy for one of her kind, with her feathers smooth and her eyes a glossy blue-black. She sees all that transpired below in the city's Shadow, and knows many secrets. Her shrieking caw is a warning to lesser spirits below that she is watching, though she mostly observes all in silent flight.

Raven-That-Sees-All will join a pack only if they can tell her three secrets in the surrounding Shadow that she does not already know. The totem costs 32 points.

Attributes: Power 3, Finesse 3, Resistance 3

Willpower: 6

Essence: 15

Initiative: 6

Speed: 9

Defense: 3

Corpus: 5

Influences: Secrets 2

Numina: Chorus; Material Vision

Bonuses: Wits 1 (given); 8 Essence Pool; Gift: Know Name (given)

Ban: A pack sworn to Raven-That-Sees-All must take the eyes from every enemy the packmembers slay in the physical realm and leave the eyes at the locus for the totem to eat. This is difficult and dangerous if local law enforcement begins to notice a pattern to eyeless bodies, and if the ban is broken, the totem withdraws her favor and bonuses for an entire lunar cycle.

The Forgotten Hunter

The panther is darker than shadow, quieter than whispers and deadlier than poison. She is the ultimate lone predator, and glories in her own prowess without need of a pack. Once

she walked the physical world, centuries ago, but now she is a memory, an echo, a ghost of what she once was. But the creatures of Shadow still fear the Hunter, for it is only the mortal world that has forgotten her. She will join a pack that proves to her that it is comprised of skilled individual warriors who can fight and survive without their packmates' aid when they must.

The totem costs 23 points.

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 3, Resistance 3

Willpower: 6

Essence: 15

Initiative: 6

Speed: 13

Defense: 4

Corpus: 9

Influences: Silence 2

Numina: Material Vision

Bonuses: Brawl 2 (pack); Gift: Crushing Blow (pack); Gift: Feet of Mist (pack)

Ban: The Forgotten Hunter asks that one night a week is spent patrolling the spirit wilds, and each packmember must do so alone. If the packmembers unite during these evenings, or otherwise break the ban by joining up and helping each other, the totem will choose one of the packmembers at random to stalk and attempt to kill. Whether she succeeds or fails, the pack and the totem are free to rebuild the bond afterwards, should they so choose.

Inevitable Judgment

The Hangman stands in his ragged clothes and his black hood hiding his face, looking out over the chaos of Shadow. Somebody needs to balance it all — someone must understand right and wrong, while defending the innocent and punishing the guilty. Inevitable Judgment understands this, and will willingly work with any werewolves who share his outlook. To any packs that seek him as a totem, the spirit will pose a series of complicated questions regarding the local Shadow, and seeks only “innocent” or “guilty” answers. Ethics and morals have no part in Inevitable Judgment's decrees, and neither do malice or spite. Law is the only right the spirit understands, and lawlessness the only wrong.

The totem costs 22 points.

Attributes: Power 2, Finesse 2, Resistance 5

Willpower: 10

Essence: 15

Initiative: 4

Speed: 9

Defense: 2

Corpus: 10

Influences: Fear 2

Numina: Material Vision

Bonuses: Gift: Scent Beneath the Surface (pack); Gift: Know Name (pack); Empathy Specialty: Detect Lies (given); Wits 1 (pack)

Ban: Inevitable Judgment demands that his followers serve as his “court” one night a week. The pack must hunt

down spirits in the Shadow that have disrupted the balance between the physical and spirit worlds, and bring the beings before the totem to be judged. Guilty spirits are to be executed by the pack immediately. Innocent spirits are to be released at once, though many will understandably hold a grudge over their treatment. Inevitable Judgment demands at least 13 spirits a month brought before him in this manner; failure to do so warrants a withdrawal of his favors for a month.

The Wild Hunt

A dozen hellhounds, some purely wolf, some feral dog, snap and roar and chase their prey. They are the living embodiment of the wrath-driven pack, each beast working in harmony with the others to make sure the prey is downed and each mouth is equally fed. Some say the Wild Hunt is a manifestation of Celtic myth, or Satan's own hellish creation, but behind both interpretations is simply the primal fear that Man has always felt toward any pack of feral, howling canines. It is a single spirit, divided into shards that flicker in and out of existence. The Wild Hunt will work with Uratha only if the werewolves can prove they are a fluid, harmonious pack and extremely skilled on the hunt. This patron relishes fighting alongside its pack, and will do so every time the werewolves battle in the Shadow Realm.

The totem costs 26 points.

Attributes: Power 3, Finesse 4, Resistance 2

Willpower: 4

Essence: 15

Initiative: 8

Speed: 11

Defense: 4

Corpus: 6

Influences: Dogs 1, Fear 1

Numina: Blast (Ear-Splitting Howl); Material Vision

Bonuses: Dexterity 1 (given); Survival Specialty — Hunting (given); Brawl Specialty — Throat Bite (given); Willpower 2 (story)

Ban: The Wild Hunt demands that its pack spend one night a month running through the Shadow in an aimless, senseless hunt with the totem. The Hunt bypasses all notions of hunting ground borders or territory, and the pack must follow the totem wherever it goes, no matter where it heads or what it encounters. The Wild Hunt is utterly random in its fevered chase, attacking anything that gets in its way from sunset to sunrise. Failure to comply or keep up with the totem results in withdrawal of favor for an entire lunar cycle, and will earn the enmity of some nearby dogs and dog-spirits for this time, as the creatures will have sensed the passing of the Hunt, and many feel bitterness at not being able to join it as well as resentment for those who failed in their chance.

Bane-Sidhe

The Banshee is a distant totem, spending her time washing bloody sheets in whatever water sources exist



in the pack's territory, and howling her mournful lament to Luna's face in the night sky. The pack that serves Bane-Sidhe must be a morbid one, for the totem only ever comes to the pack if she sees doom and death in the pack's future. Not many packs would willingly be bound to a death-spirit, but Bane-Sidhe's gifts of prophecy are useful beyond measure to those who seek such grim knowledge. The Banshee will work with any werewolf pack brave enough to bathe in the waters she washes her sheets in, and will likely have to do battle with the blood-spirits and death-spirits within the water source.

The totem costs 10 points.

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 2, Resistance 3

Willpower: 6

Essence: 15

Initiative: 4

Speed: 11

Defense: 3

Corpus: 8

Influences: Death 1, Fate 1

Numina: Blast (Terrifying Shriek); Material Vision

Bonuses: Gift: Death Sight (pack); Special Ability — Portents of Doom: Once per month, Bane-Sidhe will come to her adopted children and speak a cryptic prophecy regarding a matter of impending death for someone or something related to the pack. The prophecy is always related to a member of the pack, detailing a potential for his own death in the future or how he is fated to kill another being and what the repercussions of the act would be. Storytellers should note that the prophecies are echoes of what *might* be, and the Bane-Sidhe speaks them as warnings for her werewolves to change the coming future, or so that they will know how to act when the moment comes.

Ban: The Banshee can never answer the call of her pack, and may only speak with her werewolves if she has sought them out. Should they contact her or track her down after the first time when the pack is bound to her, she will claim the life of someone close to the hearts of one packmember as retribution. Such is the nature of a death-spirit.

Kestrel-Above-the-Grey-Veins

Soaring on thermals above the eerie motorways and shadowy cities of the spirit wilds, the spirit of this bird of prey sees much of the land between the urban areas where the Forsaken dwell. The spirit has a great knowledge of what goes on in the wilds between the cities, and follows the roads below as if they were guiding paths, as the spirit flies above the land. The spirit is a capable hunter and a scout without peer, but is a shy being that requires a great deal of persuasion before the spirit will work with a pack as patron. Perhaps if the packmembers can prove that they intend to remain in the wilderness against all the odds, Kestrel-Above-the-Grey-Veins will be suitably impressed.

The totem costs 20 points.

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 4, Resistance 1

Willpower: 2

Essence: 15

Initiative: 8

Speed: 10

Defense: 4

Corpus: 3

Influences: Winds 2

Numina: Discorporation; Material Vision

Bonuses: Survival Specialty — Hunting (pack); Dexterity 1 (given)

Ban: Kestrel-Above-the-Grey-Veins asks only that his pack leave helpless (but live) rodents such as rats and field mice by the sides of the roads in the territory once a week, for his physical counterparts to prey upon the creatures.

Track-Runner

The spirit is a snake made of plastic, steel and impatience. The spirit hisses through the darkness, sliding along metal runners and desiring nothing more than to reach its next destination. Track-Runner speaks in a blur of voices: male and female, human and inhuman. All the spirit seeks is to see what awaits at the next stop, and what sights there are for its eerie senses to see in the blackness under the earth. As the spirit of a subway train in the Underground system, Track-Runner is a unique totem. He is bound to the location of his rails, which will perfectly suit the pack whose hunting grounds are in the same area. Powerful, fast and with keen senses, the spirit will work with any pack who will keep his area free of imbalance and any conflict that would slow him down. In return, he can provide information about the things he sees in the darkness.

This totem costs 23 points.

Attributes: Power 6, Finesse 3, Resistance 3

Willpower: 6

Essence: 15

Initiative: 6

Speed: 29

Defense: 6

Corpus: 23

Influences: Trains 1, Darkness 1

Numina: Material Vision; Chorus

Bonuses: Strength 1 (pack)

Ban: Track-Runner must never leave his set path. Should the pack cause him to deviate from his rails, he will demand that the pack spend an entire week clearing his tracks of all other spirit life. Failure will invite a severance of the bond.

Fetishes

The items in this section are some of the traditional tools crafted by the Forsaken of Britain. Although Storytellers and players should not feel restricted in using these items in chronicles set outside the United Kingdom, it should be clear

that these fetishes are primarily used by the British Forsaken. Storytellers should note that there are fewer examples of tribe-specific fetishes in the following list, due to the overall interaction between werewolves and the extremely mixed-tribe packs that make up the Uratha of the United Kingdom.

Klaives in the United Kingdom

Fetish weapons among the British Forsaken come in a vast variety of shapes, sizes and styles. Such a colorful history of invasions, occupations and wars means that fetish weapons from several historical cultures are passed down through family bloodlines as treasured heirlooms more often than the American Uratha would be used to. Medieval weapons such as swords and spears are more common in among the British Forsaken, for example, as are Norse blades and axes, Celtic weapons and even Roman infantry stabbing swords. They are not common by any means, but seeing a werewolf carrying an ancient antique fetish weapon when no human eyes are present is not unusual. In most cases, these heirlooms are exactly that — valuable, treasured family artifacts that have survived for hundreds of years in the care of many werewolves. Fetish weapons are rarely carried around casually, let alone constantly. The spirits of these weapons have been bound for centuries, even millennia, and must be honored and respected at all times. Instead of seeing regular use, the weapons are most often brought out for grave battles or for the desperate defense of a hunting ground. When a Blood Talon stands before his enemies clutching a 2000-year-old Celtic battle-axe in his hands, it's a solemn and very, very dangerous moment.

Werewolves are more than capable when it comes down to inflicting violence, and ancient weapons are honored gifts that are simply not needed on night-to-night battles in the territory or the “average” evenings of the Wild Hunt. But there are legends of the greatest fetishes, and these are the highest of the high. A Royal Klaive (sometimes called a King's Klaive or a Queen's Klaive, depending on the gender of the wielder) is a name given to any of the most powerful fetish weapons in the British Isles. There are understandably few weapons with such destructive power in existence, and they are treasured items, guarded with the lives of their owners.

It should always be considered that even the most mundane klaives should still have some aspect that sets them apart from standard mortal weapons — most commonly this takes the form of glyphs and runes marking the maker's or the weapon's name, a history of the wielders, an extended hilt for different grips when shapeshifting and so on. It is also common for klaives to be constructed from unique or special materials. For example, even a plain Roman gladius, when forged by a werewolf some 2,000 years ago, will likely have a hilt made from ivory or a hunting animal's bones, both as a sign of the maker's craftsmanship and in a bid to harness the abilities of the creature that died to provide the materials of the blade.

Gruel Pot (●)

An uninspired version of an old British myth, the Gruel Pot is nevertheless a useful survival aid for a werewolf trapped

somewhere without the chance to hunt in the wilds or buy food in a city. A spirit of gluttony or necessity is bound into a ceramic mug or a metal saucepan, and when activated, the fetish container will fill with a bland and lukewarm porridge. The food is enough to fight off hunger, but certainly isn't big on taste. The Elodoth historian that first created a Gruel Pot was said to be disappointed that it didn't turn out quite like the “Cauldron of Plenty” he'd been hoping for.

Action: Instant

Man's Best Friend (●)

This fetish — a favorite among certain Irraka and urban-dwelling werewolves — is made from binding a spirit of deception or lies into the skull of a dog. The skull itself is marked with the glyph for “surrender” and is threaded onto a metal necklace to be worn around the neck of the bearer in Urhan form. When activated, Man's Best Friend convinces all mortal onlookers (but not Uratha or mortal characters with the Wolf-Blooded Merit) that the wolf they see is in fact a large dog of an unthreatening breed. The deception lasts for an entire scene, and although the deception conceals any trinkets or fetishes on the werewolf's body, it doesn't change the werewolf's cleanliness or hide any injuries. For example, a dirty, mangy wolf will appear as a filthy, mangy dog without a collar (which would more than like warrant a call to the relevant authorities anyway). However, for the careful werewolves who possess this fetish, it is one of the more useful tools in making sure *The Herd Must Not Know*.

The masking effects of the fetish can only conceal a werewolf's Urhan form and has no power to disguise the Urshul or Gauru forms. Also, it should be noted that if the character uses Gifts or behaves strangely in public, she might still draw attention to herself and even inspire Lunacy if she demonstrates blatant supernatural powers.

Action: Instant

Marriage Brooch (●)

In the press of the cities, when the Forsaken must often defend small hunting grounds against intrusion, it has been known that sometimes battles come at the wrong times. Wolf-blooded relatives can be caught in the middle of conflict, and a werewolf can't always rely on his tracking skills to find his kin. This fetish takes the form of a brooch, crafted from metal wire (usually copper and iron) and bound with a Lune of any choir. It is understandably difficult to persuade a Lune to enter a fetish, and because of the fetishes' rarity, Marriage Brooches are often given to beloved spouses as wedding gifts. Traditionally, the wolf-blooded character sleeps with the fetish under her pillow for at least four nights every week, though she gives the fetish back to her Uratha relative when she awakes. With the fetish in his possession, the werewolf adds +3 to any Tracking rolls to find the wolf-blooded kin when it is activated.

Action: Instant

Nona's Blessing (●)

Named for a lesser-known Roman goddess of pregnancy, the Blessing is a small pebble (of any type of stone)

that is cleaned thoroughly, ritually bathed in pure water for 24 hours, and then bound with a hope- or joy-spirit. The Blessing is worn in the woman's navel during sex, and almost guarantees the chance of conception between a male naturally able to sire children and a female naturally able to bear them. Children conceived with Nona's Blessing are said to be more likely to become Uratha in life, though this has never been proven. The fetish is considered active at all times it is worn in the navel, with no roll necessary.

Action: Reflexive

Shadow Jacket ,(●)

A minor but useful tool, Shadow Jackets are valued by many Uratha involved in stealthy urban-based guerilla warfare. The fetish is a dark coat (of any style) with a darkness-, night- or shadow-spirit bound within. When activated, the wearer adds +1 to all rolls involving Stealth for the rest of the scene, whether they refer to sight, sound or smell. The main disadvantage to the fetish is that it cannot be activated during the day, and fails to function if an attempt is made.

Action: Reflexive

Charm Bracelet ,(●●)

This fetish is a small, thin chain worn on the wrist, with five tiny "charms" that each feature a different glyph representing one of the five faces of Luna. When activated, one of the charms will fall from the chain and turn to dust as the charm makes contact with the ground, and for the rest of the scene, the werewolf receives a +1 luck bonus on all rolls. The fetish can be activated five times in total, before the charm-less chain bracelet turns to dust and the luck-spirit within goes free.

Action: Reflexive

Ghosts of the Forest ,(●●)

These wind chimes are handmade from wood the fetish-maker collects himself, and carved into hollow tubes, each bearing the name of someone the creator wishes to protect. A protective, cantankerous spirit is required for these fetishes; badger-spirits are the most common choice. These fetishes are most often given to beloved wolf-blooded families, to watch over them when the Uratha is with the pack and away from home. The wind chimes are hung at the main entrance to a building or room, and function for a year after activation, when the agreement with the spirit within must be renewed. Any ordinary humans approaching the chimes with ill intent toward those named on the wooden tubes will suffer extreme discomfort and the onset of fear as the chimes start to clatter together and whistle softly, whether there is wind or not. Such trespassers must pass a Resolve + Composure roll, or flee with all possible haste. Anything short of an exceptional success on this roll still inflicts a -2 penalty on all of the trespassers' rolls while the trespassers are within the building or room that the chimes are guarding, as the chimes rattle and whisper with unearthly voices.

Action: Instant to activate; permanent thereafter.

Vermin's Flight Necklace ,(●●)

Made from the skull of a normal adult rat, these necklaces are favored by werewolves with a penchant for urban violence and rooftop battles — and those with a need to flee in a hurry. The skull is worn on a metal chain or leather thong around the neck or wrist, and when activated, will add +2 to the wearer's Speed, in addition to add +2 dice on all rolls involving jumping. The bonus lasts for three turns per dot of the user's Primal Urge; the fetish can be activated once per scene. Curiously, the fetishes have been known to function when made from smaller and more fragile pigeon skulls, as long as either version is bound with a cat-spirit.

Action: Reflexive

Black Blood Candle ,(●●●)

In some occult traditions, a black candle is burned to banish negativity and evil spirits. The Bone Shadows pass this ancient pagan custom down through to the modern nights, using a fetish candle to ward an area against spiritual intrusion for several hours. The Black Blood Candle is aptly named, for it is created by adding three drops of the maker's blood to the tallow mixture as the candle is first made. The finished fetish is black wax with warding glyphs scratched into the sides, and with a fear-spirit bound into the candle.

When activated, the fetish burns for six hours. It can be remade by mixing the remains of the candle in with fresh tallow, and adding the blood again — this can be done *without* the Fetish Rite, as the fetish itself is only lost if it is completely burned and used before being mixed again. While the candle burns, any spirits within scent range of the candle (the same room, or approximately 25 feet) suffer a -2 penalty on all rolls to use their Influences and Numina on targets in the physical world.

Action: Instant



Bond of Law ,(●●●)

This extremely useful fetish sees a great deal of use by Ithaeur and any other werewolves dealing extensively with the denizens of the spirit world. Any Uratha can become confused by the complex codes of conduct and interaction displayed by the spirits of Shadow. The Bond of Law is a fetish designed to wring straight answers out of reluctant or alien spirits that are disinclined (or otherwise unable) to speak the direct truth. A magpie feather bound with a spirit of lies, deception or an animal-spirit associated with trickery (such as a magpie or fox) is worn touching the fetish-user's skin. Commonly the feather is tied into a lock of hair or worn on a necklace of twine. When activated, the Bond of Law is able to detect whenever a spirit is lying to the wearer, and it grows warm to the touch when such deceptions are spoken. The Bond of Law only works when pointing out the lies of spirits; the untruths of humans and other supernatural creatures remain undetected.

Action: Instant

Crone's Axe ,(●●●)

This axe is constructed from an arm-length wooden haft and set with a wide, flat blade at the top, crafted in the Celtic style. The Crone's Axe features carved runes on the blade; iconography of Morrigan, the raven spirit of war. When activated, the axe emits a screeching, howling series of cries and caws, sounding like a flock of ravens and a woman dying in agony. The sound rings in the ears and minds of the axe-bearer's foes at painful volume, hurting and disorientating anyone nearby who regard the wielder as an enemy, causing a -1 penalty to all Mental and Social rolls for the rest of the scene.

Action: Reflexive

Heart Spear ,(●●●)

This short spear of clean, stripped oak is just over a meter long, making it slightly longer than the length of a man's arm. Painted on the sides of the Spear are seven small glyphs, each inked in the blood of seven prey animals (rabbits, hares, deer, etc.) and forming the sentence *All become prey when the heart's blood flows*. When activated, the Spear

adds +3 to all Melee rolls for the rest of the scene, as the weapon constantly turns in the wielder's hands and leaps forward to the opponent's heart.

Action: Reflexive

Storm Gauntlets ,(●●●)

These fingerless gloves are made from black leather and appear to be any other pair of faded motorcycle gloves. Other Storm Gauntlets have been created using various styles of gloves, but the fingerless black leather look seems to work the best. It is said the fetishes were once made from metal gauntlets such as those worn by knights in the Middle Ages, and, in one instance, a pianist's white gloves in the Victorian era. It seems many incarnations of the Storm Gauntlets have appeared throughout the centuries.

The gloves are bound with a minor storm- or thunder-spirit, and when activated, the werewolf claps his hands together to unleash a cacophonous crash of thunder that echoes in the minds of all those who bear the user any immediate ill will. Any attacking enemies (or enemies about to attack in the next few seconds) within hearing range of the user suffer -2 to Initiative rolls and all dice pools involving Dexterity or Wits for the next six turns, as their balance and hearing are distorted from the explosion of noise. These fetishes are understandably popular with werewolves of the Storm Lords tribe, and a rarer variant exists where the spirit is bound into a necklace, and the roar of thunder sounds when the werewolf howls. The gloves may be activated once per scene.

Action: Instant

Woad Tattoo ,(●●●)

A legacy of the Celts that has bled down the centuries, some Uratha take the tradition of painting blue woad onto a warrior's body before a battle to a modern extreme. Tattoos are inked into the flesh, created with a mixture of blue ink, fetish-maker's own blood and the spirit of a stag. Most Woad Tattoos appear on a werewolf's forearms, biceps or back, but, in some rare cases, a particularly enthusiastic Uratha has had the tattoo cover much of his neck and face as well. As



permanent fetishes that become part of the werewolf's body (much in the way of scar fetishes), Woad Tattoos are highly prized and difficult to create. When activated, the tattoos run with fresh blood (causing one point of lethal damage from blood loss and staining any clothing worn) but add +2 to the bearer's Strength for the duration of the scene.

Action: Reflexive

Effigy of the Hunters ,(●●●●)

This fetish appears as a carved statuette approximately the size and width of two fingers. Effigy of the Hunters can be carved roughly or with great skill, from any durable material, but must show the faces of at least five wolves. The spirit of any animal that hunts in a pack (which can be rare in Britain and difficult to find) is bound within the fetish, allowing the bearer to activate the fetish and call five wolf-like war-spirits to her aid. These spirits can only manifest in the Shadow Realm, and each fight using a Power, Finesse and Resistance of 3. The war-spirits are incapable of communication, and instinctively attack anyone the bearer of the fetish regards as an enemy. The effects of the Great Hunt last for a scene. This fetish can be activated once per moon phase (roughly twice per week).

Action: Instant

Knock-Knock Stick ,(●●●●)

These tools are among the most unsubtle fetishes used by the Forsaken of Britain. Guns are nowhere near as common as they are in America, so when a werewolf makes a fetish firearm, there is usually something special about the weapon. A perfect example of this is the type of fetish called a Knock-Knock Stick. These items take the form of a shotgun, bound with a bull-spirit, and often showing the etched glyphs *Nu Bath Githul* — The Herd Must Not Know. When activated and fired at any unliving object (cars, doors, walls, etc.), the spirit within the gun rages out and smashes into the offending structure, most likely knocking it down or destroying it completely. The gun cannot damage anything larger than Size 7, though the weapon can break open Size 7 holes in a larger object if fired at one, such as a bus or house wall. This in itself might be enough to cause enough structural damage to bring the target crashing down.

Attack rolls are made as normal, with a +4 bonus for the Knock-Knock Stick as a tool. Damage done is determined normally, but the applied damage ignores the item's Durability, directly attacking the Structure. Used against living targets, in addition to shell damage, the shotgun knocks the target backwards five feet per damage point applied after soak.

Action: Reflexive

Salmon Charm ,(●●●●)

This fetish takes the form of a small, finger-sized carving of a salmon, twisting as if it were leaping into the air. This is an extremely useful tool, serving two purposes when activated. The salmon-spirit within the carving increases the bearer's Wits by 2 for the remainder of the scene, and

also allows the user to use the two-dot Strength Gift: Mighty Bound. The effects of both powers last for a scene, and the werewolf is capable of using either ability (or both) when the fetish is active.

Action: Instant

Rites

The following six rites are some of the rituals found almost exclusively among the Uratha of the British Isles. While equivalents of these rites will likely exist outside the borders of Britain, these rites remain in frequent use by the British Forsaken and have their roots in the customs of the ancient peoples of the land.

Blood Ogham ,(●)

This ritual allows the ritemaster to communicate a single sentence in a variant of the runic-style language known as Ogham, used by the ancient tribes of Britain. The rite itself is used to mark the boundaries of territories and hunting grounds in a manner that is immediately recognizable to werewolves and wolf-blooded, but undetectable by normal humans. Werewolves seeing Blood Ogham upon a surface know that they are risking trespassing on another pack's territory, and are free to act accordingly.

Performing the Rite: The werewolf carves the Ogham runes for his pack's name and "hunting ground" into a solid surface such as a tree trunk, a wall, or even a door. As he performs the carving he repeats *The Herd Must Not Know*, in First Tongue, until the runes are completed. Afterwards, he wets the runes with a few droplets of his own blood.

Upon completion, the Ogham runes stand out distinctly from the surface they have been scratched onto, appearing as bleeding symbols gouged into the wall, tree, or door.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails; the werewolf may not call upon the rite's powers for another week.

Failure: The rite simply fails.

Success: The Ogham runes show clearly on the surface, and remain wet with blood from that point on. Uratha and wolf-blooded instinctively understand the bloody symbols as a means of marking territory, and will be aware that a pack claims its hunting ground nearby. Humans and supernatural creatures can never see the blood on the signs, and are unable to make out the meaning of the etchings from any other nonsensical graffiti.

Exceptional Success: As with a success, though at the Storyteller's discretion, the runes might continue to bleed slowly over time.

Rite of the Final Howl ,(●)

The Forsaken of Britain are no strangers to hearing tales of desperate last stands against the Pure or some hideous and

alien creature from the Shadow. Though calling for aid can be considered the act of a coward and a weakling depending on the circumstances, sometimes a werewolf has no choice but to howl for help or die. Even then, if the situation is dire enough, a werewolf could be long dead before help arrives, and may need to communicate one last piece of information to other Uratha in the area. For this last breath attempt to send a message, the Forsaken created the Rite of the Final Howl.

Performing the Rite: The werewolf bites her tongue hard enough to bleed, and swills the blood around her mouth for a turn. The following turn, she roars out a single, long howl to the sky, containing rough details of the howler's location, a message to any who hear the roar, and with an emotional undercurrent that she doesn't expect to survive.

This is a gravely serious rite, and few werewolves would ignore the plea or the message within the howl. Even rival packs are likely to race to the howler's aid to see what the danger is, or pass on a message if that is the focus of the roar — the Rite of the Final Howl is taken with solemn sincerity among the Forsaken of Britain who know of it.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails; the werewolf chokes slightly on the blood in his mouth, preventing him for howling this turn.

Failure: The rite fails; the howl reaches no farther than a normal howl.

Success: The howl sounds out for five miles per success on the Harmony roll. Though the roar does not reach the ears of humans beyond natural hearing range of the howling werewolf, all Uratha with auspices within the rite's radius hear the howl whether they are in the physical world or the Shadow Realm.

Exceptional Success: No additional benefit beyond the additional range of the howl.

Beseech the Mother (••)

The blessing of the Cahalith auspice moon is precious indeed, and all Gibbous Moon werewolves find their dream-visions compelling at worst and incredibly useful at best. But they are rare and unreliable prophecies, as random in their manifestation as they are shrouded in myriad interpretations. British mythology features a few tales of wisdom and enlightenment coming to people in dreams, and this ritual is designed to mirror that belief, by begging Luna Herself for another Cahalith sleep-vision beyond his first (the one received once per story). This rite can be used as many times as the Cahalith desires, though each successive attempt after the first receives a -2 penalty to the dice roll.

Performing the Rite: The werewolf must spend at least one hour in silent reverence to Mother Moon, looking up at her face in an unclouded night sky. If the moon is covered at any point during the hour's meditation, the rite fails. Afterwards, the werewolf composes a short poetic

verse honoring each of the Lune choirs — and it must be the Cahalith's own words. He then lays down and attempts to go straight to sleep under Luna's gaze. The face of the moon can be obscured after this moment and the ritual will still function depending on the ritemaster's Harmony roll.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The ritualist seems to have offended the Cahalunim and the Mother with his pleas. His own prophetic ability fails to function for an entire month.

Failure: The rite fails; perhaps the Cahalunim judged the werewolf unworthy of another dream, or simply not in need of one.

Success: The Cahalith receives a prophetic dream, as described in the auspice descriptions in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

Exceptional Success: Luna blesses her child for seeking her wisdom, and the next time the werewolf uses the ritual, he does not suffer the -2 penalty as standard.

Rite of the Cairn Stones (••)

How a culture treats its dead is always an important part of any society, and though Uratha are drawn from human cultures, the werewolves have their own customs for honoring the fallen. This rite allows a more personal remembrance around the burial site of a packmate, and is popular among the Forsaken of the British Isles for its poignant and solemn use as a grave marker.

Performing the Rite: The packmembers cover the body of their dead friend with stones gathered from their hunting ground, and build a cairn over the werewolf's remains. If it is completely inappropriate to do so (such as if the packmate has already been buried in a graveyard or cremated and buried elsewhere), then each packmember places a single stone over the gravesite and pushes it into the soil.

Each member then changes to wolf form and howls a single emotion to the night sky, perhaps sorrow, respect, love — whichever the werewolf feels toward the departed packmate at the time. The ritemaster lets these howls fade into the air, then makes the roll as he howls himself, beseeching a spirit of memory to recall forever the cries of the bereaved.

Cost: 1 Essence

Dice Pool: Harmony (+1 for each additional howler after the ritemaster)

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The rite fails as the memory-spirit pays no attention, and the werewolf may never perform the ritual on the fallen again, though other ritemasters are free to make the attempt.

Failure: The rite simply fails.

Success: A memory-spirit hears the howls and promises to remember them for all time. In the Shadow around the

grave, the distant sounds of howling will always be heard. Werewolves who listen carefully will be able to hear and recognize the emotions that drove those howls, and will certainly understand the howl calling for remembrance at the death of a packmate.

Exceptional Success: As with a success, though on the anniversary of the werewolf's death, the howls can be heard faintly across the Gauntlet in the physical world.

Scarlet Messenger (••)

There are times when a werewolf needs to get a message to somebody, and all other options are exhausted. Mobile phones fail due to reception and incompatibility in the Shadow, howls can only be heard so far and there might be any one of a hundred reasons why a character cannot call for help from someone nearby or contact someone several miles away. The Scarlet Messenger ritual solves that problem with style, creating a short-lived spirit capable of delivering a message to anyone, anywhere.

Performing the Rite: The ritemaster cuts open her flesh (usually a palm or forearm) and lets 33 droplets of blood drip onto the ground by her feet. At the end of this offering, the werewolf beseeches the blood to awaken and carry forth a single message, and speaks one sentence aloud — no more than 33 words — and names the person who is to be the recipient of the message. The werewolf need not know the person personally, but must at least know the recipient's name.

The blood forms into a large raven-spirit, black-feathered but with red eyes and a scarlet cast to its plumage when the light catches at certain angles. It is not a true spirit, merely a simulacrum created by the ritual, but is capable of flight in the Shadow like a true raven-spirit, and can cross the Gauntlet to or from the physical world in order to deliver its message. When the raven-spirit arrives at the named person, it alights on their shoulder (regardless of witnesses or location) and caws loudly. The recipient of the message understands these caws perfectly, hearing the ritemaster's message in the croaky sounds. The raven waits for 33 seconds to hear any reply to the message, which the raven will carry back to the ritemaster and deliver. If no reply is forthcoming in that time, or after the raven has delivered the message back to the ritemaster, the spirit lands on the ground and becomes nothing more than a small patch of the werewolf's blood.

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (10 successes required — each roll represents one minute of beseeching the spirit to awaken)

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The werewolf takes two points of bashing damage from his bleeding palms; all successes are lost.

Failure: No successes are gained; the werewolf takes a single point of bashing damage.

Success: The werewolf takes one point of bashing damage, and successes are accumulated. If the total equals

10 or more successes, the Scarlet Messenger manifests and can carry a message up to a mile per success on the Harmony roll.

Exceptional Success: The werewolf takes one point of bashing damage, and successes are accumulated. If the total equals 15 or more successes, the rite succeeds with twice the usual range (2 miles per success on the Harmony roll).

Suggested Modifiers

Situation	Modifier
Recipient is well-known to the ritemaster.	+1
Recipient has tasted the ritemaster's blood.	+1
Recipient has never met the ritemaster.	-1

Bloody-Handed Hunter (••••)

This rite was developed to honor the family lines and ancestry of some Blood Talons that reach back to the era of Celtic warriors as “bloody-handed heroes.” This is not a ritual that romanticizes the Celtic culture as particularly noble; rather it harkens back to an era of violent men who spent a great deal of time killing one another. That savage passion echoes in the modern ritual, and transfers to the werewolf's claws.

Performing the Rite: Bloody-Handed Hunter cannot be performed on other characters — only the ritemaster himself can receive the benefits. The ritualist meditates on the savagery shown by his ancestors for no less than an hour before beginning the rite.

The ritualist then prepares a bowl of purified water (mineral water is not acceptable; the water must be boiled by the ritemaster), and the werewolf cuts deeply into his palms with a knife or other sharp implement. Immersing his bleeding hands in the bowl for a number of minutes, the werewolf swears to Luna that he will bring death to any enemies he meets before sunrise.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Harmony

Action: Extended (15 successes required; each roll represents a minute of immersion in the bloody water)

Roll Results

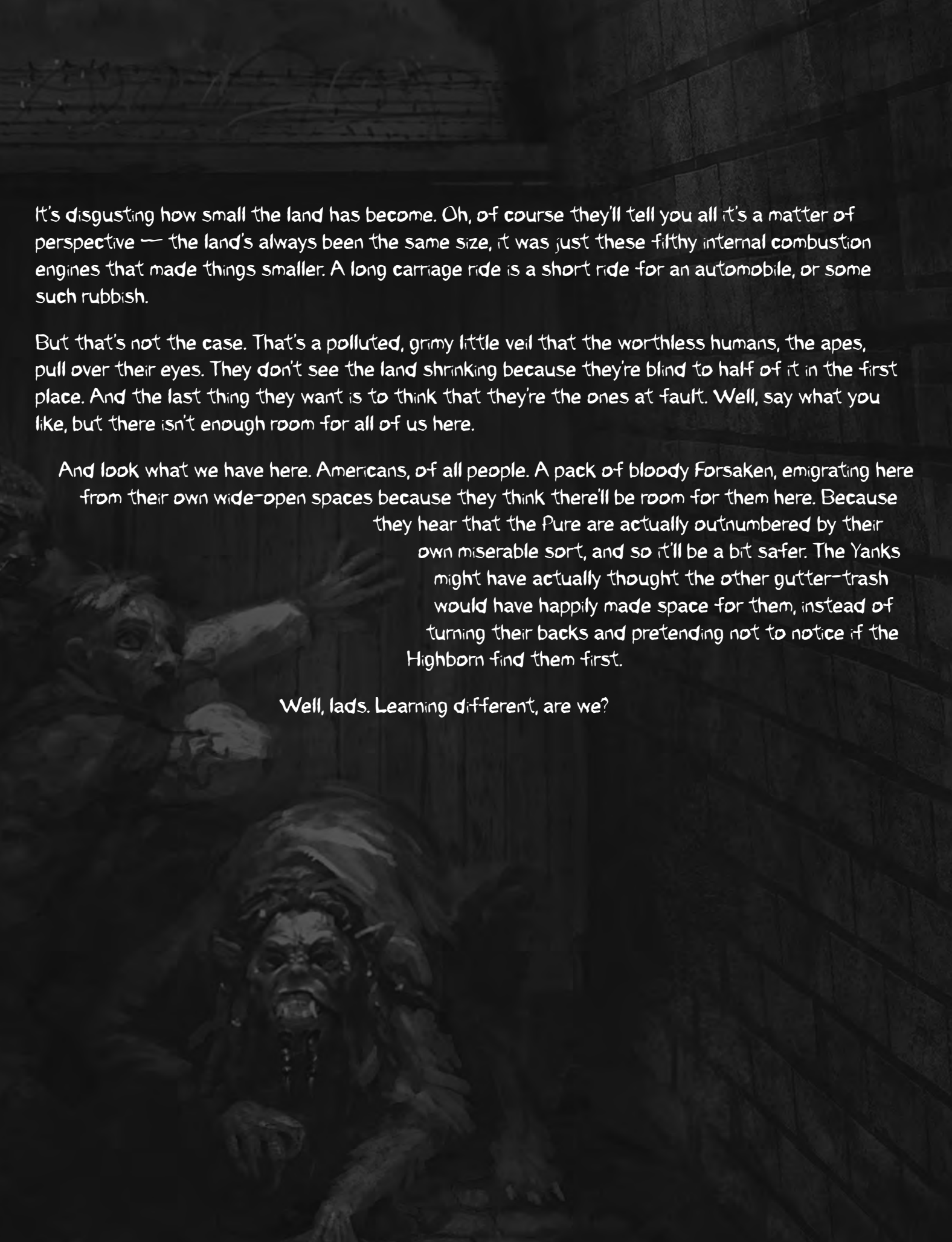
Dramatic Failure: All gathered successes are lost; the werewolf suffers one point of lethal damage.

Failure: No successes are gained.

Success: Successes are gained. If the total number of successes equals 15 or more, the werewolf's hands are stained blood-red to the wrists for the rest of the night and his claws create hideously painful wounds when they strike his enemies. All of the Uratha's claw attacks inflict aggravated damage +1 until sunrise, when the stain fades. The rite's effects can be ended at any time the werewolf desires.

Exceptional Success: Successes are gained. If the total number of successes equals 20 or more, the Uratha's hands continue to bleed until sunrise, causing one Health level of lethal damage every minute, and dealing aggravated damage +3 until sunrise, when the rite ends. The rite's effects *cannot* be ended before dawn.





It's disgusting how small the land has become. Oh, of course they'll tell you all it's a matter of perspective — the land's always been the same size, it was just these filthy internal combustion engines that made things smaller. A long carriage ride is a short ride for an automobile, or some such rubbish.

But that's not the case. That's a polluted, grimy little veil that the worthless humans, the apes, pull over their eyes. They don't see the land shrinking because they're blind to half of it in the first place. And the last thing they want is to think that they're the ones at fault. Well, say what you like, but there isn't enough room for all of us here.

And look what we have here. Americans, of all people. A pack of bloody Forsaken, emigrating here from their own wide-open spaces because they think there'll be room for them here. Because they hear that the Pure are actually outnumbered by their own miserable sort, and so it'll be a bit safer. The Yanks might have actually thought the other gutter-trash would have happily made space for them, instead of turning their backs and pretending not to notice if the Highborn find them first.

Well, lads. Learning different, are we?

Chapter Three: The Isles By Moonlight

If a terrorist group wanted to hit Britain, all they'd have to do is kill 100 random celebrities. The country would have a nervous breakdown.

— Chris Morris

This chapter is mostly information for the Storyteller. There's information about the Pure, and suggestions for running different kinds of games in the UK. For players, there's information about how to make a believably British character, or to bring in an American 'tourist' without stretching credibility. The rest of the book shows you what the country is like; this chapter is here to help you pull all of that together to run a game that feels like British horror.

Feeling British

When you create your game, as well as when you run it, the hardest thing to get right is the feel of a place. British stories are notably different from American stories, and British horror is different from American horror. There's more to making a British story than just having everyone say "bloody" and "wanker" every fifth word. Without the right feel underlying the game, the whole thing becomes a bad attempt at Americanized Britain.

So, how do you create that feel? The differences between the two are plain when contrasting British and American horror, and bringing those differences out in your story will give the story the feel it needs. There are some cheap devices — rain, tall, grey concrete buildings, characters who resign themselves to hideous fates with little more than glib remarks — but these are symptoms, specific instances of the differences, and are thus much harder to twist to your own games.

The first difference is resignation. Characters in British horror find themselves resigned to a fate that they all too often know they cannot avoid even if they try. American protagonists may wait until the final moment, hoping for help to arrive, but British ones know deep inside that no matter how much they want it, nothing's going to come. Bad things are going to happen to them, and there's no way to avoid it. Even if they want to fight it off, their attitude should come across more as fighting an unavoidable fate. That's not to say that the fate of the protagonists — especially the characters — should be set in stone, but there should be an understanding that yes, bad things are probably going to happen, and worrying too much about stopping them means being unprepared to deal with them when they do.

There's also a distinct trend of realism in British horror. The best way to get this across in a game is to downplay stereotypical characters, and try to avoid Hollywood-esque one-liners. Every character should feel as if she's a real person, talking like a real person and indeed swearing like a real person. Lots of people in Britain swear a lot, especially those from working-class backgrounds, and characters who don't swear at all feel almost as if they were forced that way to avoid causing offense. Beyond just cursing, characters should sound like real people with real reactions to the situation they find themselves in — fear, disbelief, denial, anger — rather than larger-than-life heroes out to make a difference.

This realism shows through best in movies. British films rarely rely on special effects or CGI beasts, partly due to style and partly due to budget. There's often an unspoken sense of pride that harkens back to old television series such as *Doctor Who* — Brits don't need the flashy effects to scare them; the characterization and sense of atmosphere do that for them. That isn't to say that strong characters, good acting and excellent atmosphere are only found in British media, just that British horror films and TV shows rely on them

more. This is easy to adapt to Storytelling — try to be as atmospheric as you can with your descriptions, whether describing a run-down council estate or the blood-soaked altar deep within an abandoned coal mine. Suspense is also a key tool; while the characters may come across the handiwork of a spirit that has breached the Gauntlet, they shouldn't encounter it until they've had a good long time to worry themselves silly.

Fights should be nasty, brutish and short. There's no banter, no martial arts or stylish moves, just one person looking to knock the other out as fast as he can. Elbows, knees, teeth, everything comes into play. Violence isn't fun; it's a brutal way of asserting dominance. Keep combat gritty, and remember that firearms are going to attract a lot of attention — shooting at a group of chavs is going to get the police involved, and even when dealing with armed crooks things never go the way of a John Woo film. Gun-fights should be short and to the point, and if someone has to actually pull a trigger against someone else with a gun, that person should do so with the knowledge that he has fucked up. Up close, improvised weapons such as crowbars, lengths of pipe or the infamous snooker balls in a sock should make a lot of difference. Nobody goes into a situation expecting a fair fight — if the other guy has a chance to draw a weapon, you've given him too much warning. If weapons aren't available, one side should outnumber the other at least two to one. Football hooligans popularized the thuggish style of British violence, but it applies across the board. **Vampire** games in particular lend themselves well to this feel, though a **Werewolf** game can also profit from a touch of human brutality to balance out the animalistic violence, and mages certainly aren't pre-programmed to be more civilized in a scrap.

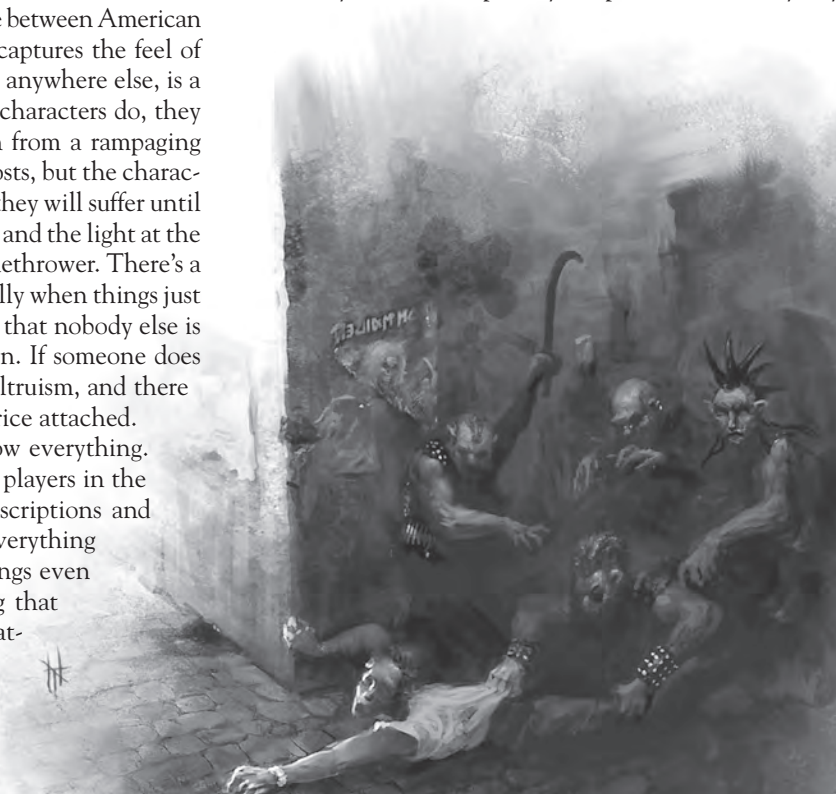
Perhaps the most striking difference between American and British horror, and one that best captures the feel of playing in a British story as opposed to anywhere else, is a note of abject fatalism. Whatever the characters do, they rarely succeed. They may save a town from a rampaging spirit or a loved one from one of the Hosts, but the characters won't get any thanks. More likely, they will suffer until they are ready to drop from exhaustion, and the light at the end of the tunnel turns out to be a flamethrower. There's a certain Britishness to fighting on stoically when things just get worse and worse, and the certainty that nobody else is going to help out should be made plain. If someone does lend a hand, it's definitely not out of altruism, and there are no last-minute rescues without a price attached.

Show, don't tell — and don't show everything. This is another key lesson. Leave your players in the dark, give hints as opposed to full descriptions and even when they think that they have everything worked out, turn around and twist things even more. There shouldn't be a debriefing that explains everything after the fact; whatever the characters have learned is all that they will ever know. Run with this and take it far. If they burn down a church after seeing fleeting glimpses of

some inhuman thing running into it, nobody will tell them that they were right to do so and nobody will tell them that they were wrong. Only if they investigate and keep an eye on the news will they learn about the charred bodies pulled from the wreckage, and nobody will tell them whether the creature was keeping them there for food — or to protect them from other supernatural entities. Keep this sense of mystery and tie it in with the suspense. There should never be a story in which your players know what's going on right from the start. Keep them guessing, even when they're facing an opponent that they have faced before.

All of the above elements help give the story a British feel, but that doesn't go all the way to portraying the UK in the World of Darkness. *Dog Soldiers* set in Vermont or Pennsylvania just wouldn't work. Archetypal locations and descriptions alone won't give a story a British feel, but combined with the elements above location and description can cement in the player's minds that this isn't just another forest but one in the Yorkshire moors or the Scottish highlands. Rain is a feature of the weather, and heat is often coupled with what feels to locals as stifling humidity. Cities are built low and old; taller buildings are concrete monoliths built in the '60s that are now temples to urban decay. Soulless housing developments sprout like cancerous growths on the outskirts of country towns while local governments close schools and leave the inner cities to rot, penning in people who can't afford to leave next to illegal immigrants sleeping 10 to a room in condemned houses. And that's before anything supernatural starts influencing the world around it.

A final word on accents: although it can be very tempting to portray British characters with thick accents, it's often far too easy to let such a portrayal slip into bad comedy. Try



to resist the urge, especially when it comes to local dialects such as Scots or Cockney rhyming slang — speak normally when portraying characters from the UK and exaggerate the accents of Americans if you feel like portraying these differences in dialogue.

The Pure

Just as much as the Tribes of the Moon, the Pure Tribes of the United Kingdom differ from their American counterparts. While they still hold to their prime goal — avenging the death of Father Wolf by slaughtering the Forsaken werewolves, the Pure's methods and attitudes are different. They have to be; unlike in North America, there are more Forsaken than Pure in the UK. The Pure Ones make up for that difference by putting themselves into positions of power — they may not have the numbers, but they do hold a surprising amount of territory. Through human agents or sheer ferocity, the Pure manage to stalk and kill many of Luna's Bitches. While some of the Pure's prey never knows what hits them, the Pure of the UK have found it far more effective to leave hints. The People don't know how many Pure live in Britain, but when the People get a feeling of being watched, and then their families turn up mutilated, the People often assume that the Pure have their talons everywhere.

Predator Kings

In 55 bc, the Romans came to Britain. Even though they left as their empire collapsed, the touch of what humans think of as 'civilization' had marked the land. And once people consider anywhere to be tamed, there is no way to make it wild once more. In modern times, even the Pennines, North Wales and the Scottish highlands have been explored, mapped and researched. There are no wild places left in the United Kingdom. The Predator Kings are reminded of this every day, and every day they hate it more and more.

Though Dire Wolf's ban does not affect the Predator Kings as strongly as it does their totem, the *Ninna Farakh* still feel trapped and alone. Without the chance to commune with their totem, they have no direction, no guiding light or burning rage that cements the correctness of their actions. Predator Kings in the UK must learn to deal with this silence in their soul, where there should be a feeling of righteousness. Too many of their number recently have not, and the tribe is now by far the smallest in the United Kingdom. For a tribe of the Pure, who have territory and power as opposed to the Forsaken's numbers, this puts them in a very bad position.

Many of the remaining Predator Kings live in the rural parts of the country. The Pennines, the Yorkshire moors, the highlands and Snowdonia are all home to packs of the Pure, and they make sure that the Forsaken know it. While the *Ninna Farakh* cannot slay every city-werewolf they meet, they certainly try. They cover their inner pain with more hatred and violence, hunting any Forsaken foolish

enough to cross them. No werewolf of the Tribes of the Moon can ever cross the country by train without the certain knowledge that just behind the carriage window lurks a predator that will stop at nothing to feast on his cooling corpse. These Pure do not go for empty threats or symbolic messages. They do what Dire Wolf would have them do in a land where He can never set foot. They have to persevere through moments of doubt and worry, not knowing when they will hear their totem again. Humans who see them often think that they have seen some form of 'alien big cat' like the Beast of Bodmin, but they couldn't be further from the truth — the Predator Kings were hunting when the camera clicked. Many more humans who see the tribe on a hunt are never seen again.


Not all of the *Ninna Farakh* are content with being the lords of rural Britain. Too many of the Tribes of the Moon cower in cities, and even though it pains the Predator Kings to do so, they will follow their prey there. To slaughter Luna's Bitches, the Predator Kings would travel to the ends of the Earth and beyond. The affluent southeast of England is the only place where the cities are too large for these Pure to launch a lightning raid against the inhabitants. Stealing cars or motorcycles (none of which are ever recovered), the Predator Kings begin the hunt. Sometimes, the other *Anshega* who live in a city will suggest targets and the Predator Kings will listen — their victims are more likely to present a challenging hunt than some random whelps. Whether they do or not, the Predator Kings will hunt any prey they can find, leaving death and destruction in their wake. These large-scale city hunts are uncommon, and every city's werewolves live in fear of the night that the consummate predators will mark them as prey.

Other Predator Kings visit towns and cities with frightening regularity. They hate to do it, but they believe that they must. The cities are here to stay — but if they are more feral, wastelands of glass and concrete, the other *Ninna Farakh* may find hunting there easier. To that end, they take Hishu or Dalu form and walk the streets, leading gangs of disaffected youths and the unemployed alike, doing all that they can to ruin the sanctity of towns and cities. These Predator Kings have no goal beyond shaping their charges into feral humans and reminding people that they are no longer safe in their homes — the illusion of civilization will crumble, and when it does, the Predator Kings will be waiting to slay anything that does not understand the new order. Forsaken in these areas are hunted without mercy by Predator Kings and their human 'packs,' hounded through the streets and finally run to ground, pelted with stones and bottles — and only then do the humans back off and the real hunt begin. It's a terrifying experience for any werewolf to go through, and several rural towns and some suburbs now fall entirely under the claim of the Predator Kings, thanks to the actions of these mavericks.

Though their results are without question, the Predator Kings who attempt to claim urban areas are acting in direct violation of Dire Wolf's commandment of their tribe. Even as they try to make things better for their tribe and for the Pure as a whole, the Predator Kings are committing sins against their own Harmony. They willingly distance

themselves from a totem that they know will never manifest in the UK, hoping that others of their tribe will be able to capitalize on their success. They are wrong — a feral city was still a city, and will have the stink of human involvement long after the last person or werewolf there has died. The city-walking Predator Kings refuse to believe it, but the truth remains. Being distanced from their totem has distanced them from what it means to be a Predator King as well. Others among their tribe hope that the same madness does not overtake them.

Even when basing themselves in villages or towns, the Predator Kings do their best to hold to their totem's command. If they must shelter in a house, they do not use gas, electricity, or running water. The walls and roof are no more than shelter and camouflage. They cannot stay in one place for long, as concerned neighbors complain about the house falling to pieces around its occupants. Rather, they base themselves for a night or two, and then move on, back to the fields and the few wild places left. To do any more would insult Dire Wolf in his absence, a crime that not many dare to commit.



Story Hook — Walk on the Wild Side

The pack find themselves with no option but to travel from one city to another. Perhaps they seek a member of a lodge, a lost rite known to a pack in another city or they're on the run from something in their home town. Whatever it is, they find themselves having to cross the Predator Kings' territory. While the *Ninna Farakh* will grudgingly let humans drive along the roads that encroach on Predator King territory, allowing a pack of Forsaken to pass without hindrance is just too much. If the characters drive, their car breaks down. If they take a train, it's stuck between stations for hours. If they're foolish enough to try making the journey on foot, the pack of Predator Kings the characters have offended don't even need to intervene. The pack just attacks. There's more to it than simple enmity — these Pure blame the Tribes of the Moon for allowing humanity to spread, and will curse the Forsaken who allowed humanity to steal the land from Dire Wolf. Can the characters get the *Anshega* to realize that killing them won't change anything — except for bringing more human interest? Or is the characters' only hope to run, hunted through fields and forests?



Ivory Claws


The *Tzuumfin* of the British Isles are divided. For centuries, Silver Wolf's tribe have held to strict records

of their lineage, mirroring the lines of succession to many hereditary titles. They know every child born who has the potential to become an instrument of their hatred of the Forsaken, every family of wolf-blooded who one day may be called upon to work as agents of the Ivory Claws. They hold some of the best territory in British cities, working through their wolf-blooded agents. But for some of the Ivory Claws, that isn't enough.

The old guard of Ivory Claws would rather not soil their claws touching the Forsaken. The old guard are engineers of fear, ignorance and paranoia. With agents in local government and political organizations, the Ivory Claws reason that it is far better to set two packs of the Forsaken at each other's throats, killing both without having to touch the flesh of creatures that would seek Mother Luna's favor. With that said, the Ivory Claws are not above venting their otherwise-repressed rage in moments of brutal violence. Such outbursts are often directed against Forsaken werewolves, either one straggler in a pack that the Ivory Claws are hunting, or a captive whom they have saved for their own sport. Some Ivory Claws find themselves attacking and killing even loyal followers if they cannot find a Forsaken to sink their claws into.

That's not to say that the Ivory Claws are detached back-room manipulators. They may be more willing to work with humanity than the other Pure Tribes, but the Ivory Claws are no political masterminds. The *Tzuumfin* leave that sort of thing to the undead, giving them the illusion of power while the Ivory Claws work toward their main objective — exterminating every single Forsaken in the country. They work with a single-minded dedication to their cause. Not for them the quiet words in the ear of politically-minded human agents. Their word is law, and any who cross them soon find out just how much fear a single killing can strike into the hearts of any enemy. Ensuring that a wolf-blooded family member gets a job with the local police force means that the Ivory Claws know everything that goes on in front of the ubiquitous surveillance cameras that riddle the country's cities. Spirits bent to their will enhance this surveillance, allowing these werewolves to hunt their targets without ever being seen. This way, their targets never know just how few Pure reside in a city at any time. If the Forsaken knew that there may only be one or two packs of Ivory Claws in a given city, the Forsaken may consider turning the tables on their superiors. Better to leave the mewling pups jumping at shadows, aware that everywhere they go the Pure are watching and waiting. One sign — anything from a maimed sister to a handwritten letter — is all it takes to leave one of Luna's Bitches running in fear for months or even years. They will get sloppy, make mistakes, and if they do not alienate their pack and kill themselves, then the Ivory Claws know that the Forsaken is a target that needs disposing of personally. Often, the first time one of the People will actually see one of the *Tzuumfin* in a city is shortly before his own grisly death.

There is another side to the Ivory Claws in the United Kingdom, however. With the rise of Oswald Mosely's British Union of Fascists, the tribe saw that the people would listen to their hatred. From the BUF to the



modern British National Party, politicians have found easy outlets for their hatred and xenophobia. A number of the British Ivory Claws have taken these examples to heart. In the latter decades of the 20th century, they shaved their heads and led gangs of skinheads, provoking their followers into assaulting and murdering wolf-blooded and Forsaken alike, using all manner of racial slurs as a cover for their hatred of the Moon-touched. Though the political landscape has shifted away from obvious homophobia and racism, these Ivory Claws continue their overt crusade against the People. Among the poorest parts of cities across the country, small packs of Pure find themselves able to rally incredible human support. Silver Wolf may hate that the Ivory Claws get their teeth and claws sullied with the blood of the impure on a regular basis, but these werewolves are sure that their methods produce a much more palpable fear in their prey than mere manipulation and subterfuge. Despite putting themselves in the spotlight, often the Forsaken are more scared of an enemy with a face, leaving the more subtle members of the tribe to ruin their lives and drive them toward an unsuspecting death.


Though there is tension between the two factions, their hatred of the Forsaken and relatively low numbers bonds the tribe together. A skinhead and a wily manipulator may seem like odd bedfellows, but when both are *Tzuumfin* the difference is purely in outlook. Even among the Pure, the factions of Silver Wolf's tribe are extremes. Although each group has several die-hard adherents, the Ivory Claws in the British Isles cannot afford to let anything divide them. At least half of the tribe falls somewhere between the two extremes detailed above, or has an outlook closer to that of their American cousins. All of the tribe detest the People for the role they played in Father Wolf's murder, and keep their disagreements over methods for a time when there are no more of Luna's Bitches left alive.

Away from the cities, the Ivory Claws find themselves in trouble. Without the numbers of their American cousins, the false wilderness of rural Britain leaves the tribe without their main weapon — human opinion. Without surveillance cameras or mobs of people disaffected by asylum seekers, the tribe has to work alone. In small towns where they have an established power base, the Ivory Claws manage to keep the Forsaken out, but hunting members of small rural communities isn't possible if the Ivory Claws want to keep the illusion of numbers. Better in that case to gather information and pass word to the Predator Kings, leaving Dire Wolf's children to execute the kinslayers. Thus, rural Ivory Claws find themselves organizing the other Pure, gathering information in places where the Forsaken are strong and leading hunts into territories where the Ivory Claws' enemies are weaker. They know the limited number of Ivory Claws leaves them vulnerable, and, away from the cities, most of the tribe will run hunts against many Forsaken at once, using different methods and bound spirits to make it seem that they have more numbers than they really do.



Story Hook — Caught in the Middle

A vampire in the characters' city is trying to extend her influence. Unfortunately, doing so means displacing or controlling some of the pawns of an Ivory Claw in the city, and the *Tzuumfin* is not happy about it. If he goes after the vampire himself, the characters' pack may find themselves with a respite from the mind-games and taunts of the Pure. If they catch wind of the real reason, they may well find themselves with reason to ally with the vampire — but can they trust her? They could gain an ally among the city's bloodsuckers, or she may decide that her allies know too much to leave alive. Alternatively, the Ivory Claw may prefer not to sully his claws with the blood of the unloving, instead manipulating the pack into attacking the vampire for him. Letting his enemies kill each other may appeal to his sense of irony, and any confrontation would leave the survivor weakened enough to be easy prey. More than that, would the characters really be happy with a vampire pulling the strings rather than an enemy they know more about?



Fire-Touched

Everyone needs something to believe in. The followers of Rabid Wolf know this, but in the British Isles they have to take a different tack. Their American cousins come across with the same fire and zeal as blood-and-thunder preachers from the heart of the Bible Belt. Those methods don't work in the UK. Too many people are skeptical, and religion's nowhere near the big deal that it is in the Americas. The *Izidakh* of the UK have to take a different tack.

Despite the general apathy of the British public, indoctrination into Rabid Wolf's tribe burns away cynicism, replacing it with a fanatical zeal. Without the background of zealous religious belief among the human population, many of the *Izidakh* find other cultural institutions that inspire a similar level of insane emotion from people. Football is one obvious choice, and several of this tribe have worked their way into gangs of hooligans — humans with no compunction against using violence in defense of their chosen symbol. British Fire-Touched realize that spirits live in every symbol that people invest with emotion, and they gain aid from these spirits by joining their followers. Most of the *Izidakh* dedicate their lives to a football team, a political movement or an outspoken religious group to please a powerful spirit-ally.

Some of the Fire-Touched of Britain still reflect the organized religion of the island, but they come at it from a

different angle. They work through organizations such as the Church of England, infiltrating Sunday schools and looking to catch werewolves while they are still young. Taking lessons from humans in the church, the Fire-Touched tend to be soft-spoken werewolves, fully capable of wearing a sheep's clothing for as long as it takes. They try not to fight the kinslayers, for that's a waste of the Fire-Touched's effort — far better to meet one on neutral ground and talk. Soft-spoken words pick at the Forsaken's mind, revealing weaknesses that the Fire-Touched can use, slowly bringing the kinslayer around to the Fire-Touched's side. Sowing doubts this way takes a lot of time, but the *Izidakh* who practice it claim that it's a perfected form of hunting, tracking down the weak spots of their prey's mind. If they can convert their target, all the better. If not, they know at least some of their target's weaknesses and can exploit them when the time comes to hunt physically as well as mentally.


Other children of Rabid Wolf don't trust the Fire-Touched who take such a long view. Calling them *Iurhimatha*, which loosely translates to "Dog Tamers," other *Izidakh* don't see the point in taking so long on a single werewolf. That the *Iurhimatha* have much more success in both converting the Forsaken and in hunting those they have tried converting doesn't matter. They waste their time with humans, learning how to pick at the minds of the Moon-touched, and thus the rest of their tribe shuns them. The rest of the tribe doesn't appreciate the subtle power that a person in a position of quiet confidence can bring to bear. With just a few words in the right ears, these Fire-Touched can learn a lot about their enemies, far more than any Pure, save the old guard of the Ivory Claws. Information is power, and knowing everything about your opponent opens up new avenues of attack that will catch him off guard. Turning the local community against a Forsaken pack is such an easy thing to do when you know what makes the community tick. These Fire-Touched manifest Rabid Wolf's cowardice and insanity in a subtle way — they prefer manipulation and head-games, to the point where they believe that physically hunting a Forsaken without enough information is a fool's errand. They're often obsessed with strange details, often going beyond reason to find everything they can. These hunts dull their senses for the real, primal hunts, and though they are the masters of subtle spiritual attacks, they lack the instincts that a good hunter needs.

Fire-Touched who shun the *Iurhimatha* do so with a sense of pride. These Fire-Touched know that the only way to show the kinslayers that they are wrong is to beat their inferiority into them. Packs of these Fire-Touched often associate around things that humans believe in with burning, irrational passion. A lot of them follow local football teams with a rabid devotion, more than willing to kill to show their team's superiority. Although there are packs of Forsaken who ally themselves with spirits related to football teams, the *Izidakh* who do so embody the worst fans — violent hooligans who use the clash of beliefs as an excuse to crush people who disagree with their viewpoint. Others, especially in small towns and villages in remote areas, still ally themselves with the Church. They twist the words of Rabid Wolf to bring their congregations to their viewpoint,

and can quickly turn public opinion against any Forsaken who dare invade the Fire-Touched territory. They often have allies among humans who agree with whatever cover purpose they have, be it football teams or an alternative religion that espouses paranoid xenophobia. They prove that Mother Luna is no better than any other spirit by crushing her followers wherever they can. With neither the Predator Kings' hatred of the cities nor the Ivory Claws' superiority complex, these Fire-Touched are the ultimate urban predators. They hunt the Forsaken without mercy, absolutely sure that they are right, and they decry the Moon-touched with every howl. These fanatics are a terror for the Forsaken to behold, as they often find themselves beset by humans whom the Fire-Touched have turned to their viewpoint long before the *Anshega* show themselves.

These *Izidakh* are not stupid. They don't throw themselves at the Forsaken, certain that the Fire-Touched are the ultimate hunters. The spirits don't like stupidity. Instead, these Fire-Touched hunt in combination with their spirit-allies and human dupes, coordinating hunts that can last weeks or months. When the Fire-Touched move to finish the hunt, they do so from a position of ultimate power, knowing that their prey is harried and weak. In such a state, the Fire-Touched still show up with every advantage they can bring to bear. An excellent hunter needs nothing but his pack, but an excellent hunter plans for all contingencies. Better to move in with supreme force after exhausting the prey both mentally and physically. Some will turn to their side, when they realize that the Fire-Touched have proved beyond all doubt that Mother Moon is weak compared to the multitudes of the Shadow. Others will remain defiant, but the Fire-Touched will break them as well.

The two factions of the Fire-Touched are nowhere near as factionalized as the disparities between the old and new guard of the Ivory Claws. *Iurhimatha* are rare enough in the tribe that they don't have a chance to organize. Instead, they work as best they can, isolated individuals surrounded by their more violent kin. This lack of real factional disputes prevents the Forsaken driving a wedge between the two schools of thought in the tribe, and keeps them strong in the eyes of the spirits. Although the Predator Kings had their day when human settlement was rare and the Ivory Claws started to fade in the '90s, the Fire Touched will soon be the most prominent tribe in the British Isles once more.



Story Hook — On All Fronts

The Fire-Touched in the area surrounding the characters' territory are strong, and the pack has had to weather hunts by Rabid Wolf's chosen before. This time, however, the attack doesn't come. There's a single Pure, wanting to talk with one of the pack on neutral ground. The constant hunts are doing neither side any good, and he wants to work out a way that will benefit both the Forsaken and the Pure of the city. This *Iurhimatha* has met with members of other

packs in the city, and has started to sway them to his side. The meetings come infrequently, maybe once a month. After a few months, while one of their packmates is delayed meeting with an enemy who is starting to make sense, the rest of his pack attack. The *Izidakh* hope that this double-pronged approach will leave the pack weakened, and may well act as the final straw for the isolated packmember to renounce and join the Fire-Touched. Will the characters see through the Pure's ploy in time? Can they survive the attack of a horde of not only Fire-Touched but other Pure, along with humans and spirits? What will become of their isolated member, and will he even learn the truth behind their fate?

Locals and Tourists

As a Storyteller, you may feel that your chronicle would benefit from a story or two set in the United Kingdom, even though your existing game is set in some other country. Alternately, you may want to set your chronicle in Britain but your players may be less than sure of where to start when creating characters. This section covers both possibilities, including a number of sample story hooks for both kinds to fire your imagination. These are presented as generic ideas, with plenty of flexibility to make them fit your chronicle and your characters.

British Characters for American Players

Playing a character from a different country is a difficult task, doubly so if the game is also going to be set in that country. Many players will try bringing in a foreign character; that way, even if the setting isn't what they are used to, they at least have their character as a cultural reference point. Although there's nothing wrong with this (and in cities such as London or Brighton it's almost the norm), there's a certain appeal to getting into the mindset of a character who, though different in culture and mindset, has definite ties to the setting.

Stories in the UK featuring British characters aren't all that different at base from the US chronicle. The character's background will need to be believable in the portrayal of the setting, and that gives even more reason to flesh out the character's background. There are also stories that work well for British characters that foreign characters won't have the ties to get involved with, and these can be a rewarding change for players from any country.

One thing that's more a consideration for British characters than Americans is their class. While the UK is a 'classless' society, the specter of class struggles remains close to the surface. Someone from a working-class family

is going to have had a different upbringing than a middle-class child, even if they went to the same schools and otherwise had the same opportunities. Chavs are almost all from what would be considered working-class families years ago, and people of similar class live in similar areas — the inner cities and housing estates have a distinctly different character from suburbs and expanding towns simply by virtue of who lives there.

Does the character's family have a traditional trade? As late as the 1970s, apprenticeships were used to train young people in a skilled trade. With the reforms of the '80s and '90s and the death of traditional industry, a character may find himself unable to carry on the family trade — it's hard to be a shipwright when the only people building ships keep losing contracts to foreign labor. Breaking free from the family's role can be gratifying for a character, but there's also a sense of aimlessness, especially without any real chance of a university education.

Did the character grow up in one place or travel a lot? If the former, she will have strong ties to the local people and have a connection to a local area that feels very much 'hers,' even if she hates it. Conversely, if she spent a lot of her history in different towns and cities, she's got less of a link to one place — but is also less likely to shy from drastic action that might upset people in her city.

If the character lived in the same place both before and after his First Change, what do the people who knew him think? The change in personality is often a dramatic shift, as a person thought only to be troubled becomes more and more unstable. His ties to the area give him more reason to worry about spirits breaking through the Gauntlet, but people's reactions to his new behavior may give him reason to move away. Even so, relocating is hard, and many Uratha would rather move across town rather than to a different part of the country entirely. The sense of community is hard to regain anywhere else, but becoming a werewolf alters a character's sense of what is important, and many choose to move on shortly after their Change, often when they see that what they used to care about means nothing to them any more.

Of course, not everyone grows up in one place. Far from it. Many families move from city to city, especially if the parents change jobs frequently. It's rare, but such people will either identify with the place they have lived longest or just forsake local affiliations, preferring to think of the big picture — what's right for the country over what's right for one area of it. Even if they settle, they don't have the same connection to a place as someone who has lived there for most of her life, and that may make them seem uncaring or callous to local affairs when other areas will benefit more. It's also easier to hide the First Change — if people haven't known the character for too long, she can explain away the sudden shifts in personality much easier. If that doesn't work, she can leave without severing as many ties as someone who hasn't moved often.

People growing up in rural areas have it worse. Apart from the recent influx of successful urbanites, small towns often know what's going on with everyone, and getting away can be hard. In the World of Darkness, this is another

expression of the paranoia lying just under Britain's skin. As with so much, however, nobody cares that everyone knows everything. Unfortunately, for a werewolf who has just found her nature, the inquisitive residents of her home town will want to know all about it, and if they can't get any straight answers they will soon start inventing things that seem to fit.

With a character's history developed, consider the pack. Do the packmembers hold territory? If so, where? Are any of them local to their territory? If not, they're going to have an easier time covering from local humans, but conversely won't have the same networks of contacts and old acquaintances to call on for information. Is the territory one of the thin slices of a city with too many werewolves already? How do they keep the territory safe and stop others taking it from them? Is it in a rural area — smaller territories than those of American werewolves, but at least they aren't packed in tight with too many werewolves and not enough space. If it's rural, what lies in the territory? Farms, caves, abandoned coal mines and villages withering away to nothing are all common enough. What secrets do these places hide? Everything's tightly packed in the UK, even with the hidden places that normal people can't access. For a pack with a territory, simply holding on to it and making sure nothing goes wrong is a massive challenge.

Packs without a territory must face facts: they have problems. There's precious little to go around, and they may have to fight off challenges from all sides if they want to not only take but hold on to a patch long enough to consider it 'theirs.' There may be more opportunities if the pack searches wider, but that risks taking them away from the places that each werewolf grew up in, cutting the ties that hold them there and starting out anew. It's never an easy prospect, and chasing a hope of new territory can lead them on a hunt without end.



Story Hooks

• **From Below:** The British countryside is riddled with old coal mines, potholes and other places that people don't know about, right beneath their feet. Likewise, most cities have given up the pretense of being built on anything but their own old buildings, with everything from networks of old cellars to huge underground vaults riddling the space beneath the streets. Nobody really knows what's down there. Long ago, Uratha may have trapped spirits too powerful to banish in artifacts that they then built around, or an ancient evil could have hidden itself deep underground, believing that nothing would ever find it. But now the binding has weakened or the spirit grown too strong, and not only is it free — it's wreaking havoc in the character's territory. Do they try to face it head on, trying to banish or destroy it? Is there still a link between this creature and the object

that once housed it? Can the packmembers sort the problem out on their own, or will they have to cut deals with other werewolves nearby, and what will they ask in return?

• **Lord of the Hunt:** There's still nobility in the UK, even though the titles mean less and less as years go by. A few families insist that their blood be kept pure and perhaps some insist that their blood be kept Pure. A pack of Ivory Claws who use the cover of human nobility can hide in plain sight for an awfully long time, launching hunts against Forsaken who hold rural territories. Nobody can be sure who among the family is *Tzuumfin* and who is just wolf-blooded human. All of them treat the Tribes of the Moon with a cold hatred that they display toward no other creature, and this time their hunt crosses the pack's territory. Are the packmembers the prey, or are others fleeing for their lives? Should the packmembers do anything, and if so, what can they do against a mob of humans and Pure looking for nothing more than the bloody deaths of werewolves? What might the Pure awaken in the Shadow with their hunt, and how will it react to both the characters' actions and their outcome?

• **Moving In:** Competition for territory, especially in the cities, is fierce, and the characters are feeling the squeeze. Packs from outlying suburbs are moving closer to the center, and others are coming in from farther away, claiming something has drawn them here. Tensions are threatening to boil over — whereas a disagreement would have been handled by a tense conversation in the back room of a pub or a drunken brawl among everyone leaving the city's nightclubs, now there's been three instances of Death Rage in the city, and there's no way that the resident Uratha can possibly hope to keep things under control. The newcomers are adamant that they cannot leave, but the packmembers have grown up in this city. Are they willing to sever all their ties and move on to save things getting worse? Do they try to keep the peace, or deal with the worst elements in a typically brutal way? Is there something behind this sudden influx of newcomers, and what does it have to gain by seeing the People slaughter each other?



Visitors from Abroad

It's tempting to start a story with the characters having traveled from their home country to the UK, starting afresh. This is one of many ways to bring foreign characters into the game, and having a pack of American Uratha thrust

into the paranoia and power struggles that make up the supernatural side of Britain is ripe with ideas.

The first question is simple: how do the characters get there? Traveling from either American continent to the UK will involve air travel, but characters from Europe can make the journey by train, car or ferry. This is particularly an option for nomadic vampires coming to Britain, as any air travel will involve exposure to sunlight. Crossing Europe without seeing the sun is hard, but at least possible.

Characters traveling for less than legal reasons may face some problems, especially in airports. Bringing weapons or drugs into the country is difficult, and animals may face six months' quarantine if the authorities let them in at all. Likewise, getting items such as fetishes through Customs may lead to some interesting questions depending on the nature of the fetish. Characters who try to enter illegally may have to pay extortionate rates to people-smugglers and endure weeks of harsh travel and paranoia before getting into the country.

Of course, there are ways around these problems. Normal humans still manage to smuggle in people, drugs and guns; the borders are nowhere near as closely monitored as many people believe. A flight that lands in the early morning at a smaller airport may have nobody available to search people leaving a plane. Vampires can, with money greasing the right palms, transport themselves as cargo or on a blacked-out private jet — or take a cruise without ever going above deck. Both vampires and mages can cloud the minds of Customs and Immigration officials, and powerful mages can simply disappear from one country and appear in another. Werewolves can employ fetishes that appear as the correct paperwork to expedite their travels. Spirits of information can mess with computer systems, and spirits of travel can ease passage for packs wily or strong enough to have such allies. Characters who are unwilling to be quite so brazen can use similar tricks to smuggle themselves into the country, using powers that protect against the freezing chill of winter to survive in the hold of an airplane. Few people-traffickers will be able to resist a persuasive vampire or a threatening werewolf, and mages' Arcane abilities give them similar capabilities.

Once in, it's up to the characters to establish themselves with the local supernatural population. This won't necessarily be easy, especially as British werewolves main-

tain a healthy sense of paranoia. If the characters want to announce themselves to nearby packs, the characters need to work out how, when finding the local werewolves is distinctly nontrivial. Of course, the characters could go without announcing themselves — and find themselves surrounded as they leave the place they are staying or a nearby pub and questioned harshly by the resident Uratha, desperate to know who these interlopers are. It's quite possible that a group of American werewolves will find themselves living in one pack's territory and hunting in another, leading to both accusing the Americans of being spies for the other pack.

The primary question for foreign werewolves in Britain

is simple: why are they there? A pack that crosses the Atlantic in pursuit of some terrible spirit is going to have markedly different problems than a pack with no territory that is fleeing a more powerful Pure opponent. Is the characters' visit temporary, or will they be staying?

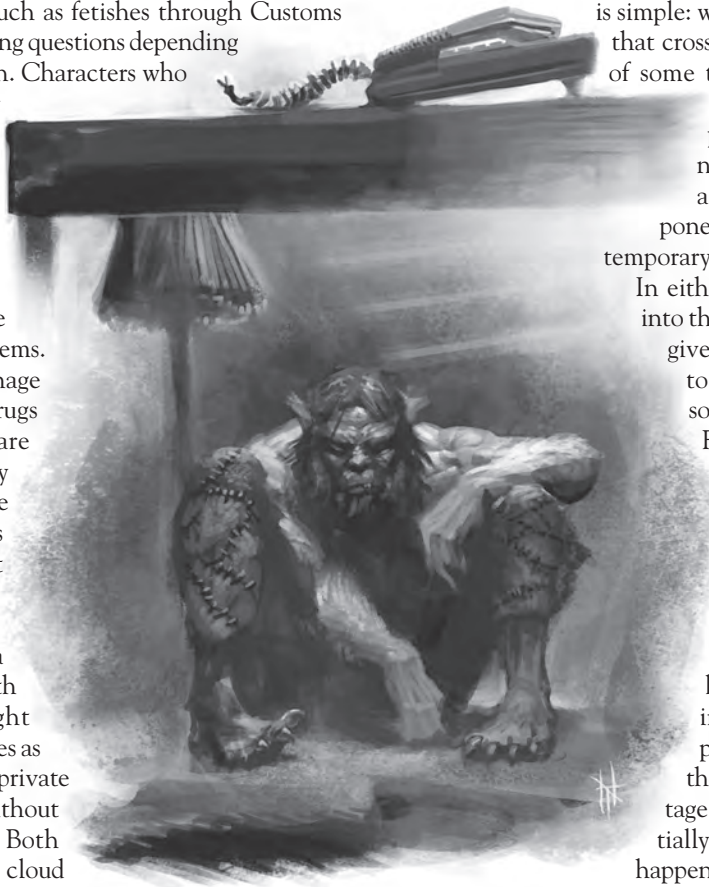
In either case, drawing the pack into the local power struggles can give the packmembers reason to stay longer or leave far sooner than they expected.

Foreign werewolves can be useful allies — or handy pawns for the locals to exploit. As a Storyteller, you should work out whether you want your characters to have to fight off the prejudices of locals, becoming a factor in the local supernatural population by rising above those who would take advantage, or whether they are initially accepted, until something happens to make the local Uratha

question the characters' motives.

Foreign werewolves have more of a reason to travel than locals, having no established territory and fewer ties linking them to any given place. This gives you ample opportunity to show off several locations — a pack can spend a month in London, until hostile forces chase them to Liverpool, Cardiff or Birmingham, and only find the support they need in Edinburgh or Glasgow. Stories focused around a traveling pack should show off the specific flavor of not just the United Kingdom, but of every area the packmembers pass through, driving home the differences between various places on what otherwise may seem nothing more than a small island.

The packmembers don't need to travel just because they are away from their native lands, of course. They could stay and decide to carve out a territory as their own. This



isn't the easiest of options. Werewolves in the UK don't take kindly to foreigners trying to take territory from them — and with the small amount of space available, finding some territory without at least one claimant is rare indeed. Local power struggles come to the fore, and old enmities boil to the surface all too often whenever a pack tries to claim territory, but British werewolves will often band together until the foreigners have gone to present a stronger, united front. Of course, if the pack can gain the trust of some of the locals, the pack's lack of long-standing ties to any group can make the packmembers potent mediators — if both sides agree to discuss the matter.

If the packmembers manage to hold a territory, then they must quickly come to grips with not only the pressure that comes of being surrounded by others of the People, the ever-present but never quite seen Pure, the problems posed by a Shadow influenced by several thousand years of human life and other forces unique to the Isles. It's a lot to take in, but the characters must learn quickly, because the one thing that they have neglected to learn about is going to be the one that goes wrong in the worst possible way. If the pack does its best to work with the local werewolves and avoid the Pure then something will start eating people's memories in the backstreets. If the characters focus all of their attention on the standing stones near the border of their new territory, then it's only a matter of time before an Ivory Claw decides that it is time to go hunting.

This pressure to assimilate so many rumors, legends and local customs is the main reason more foreign packs don't try to set themselves up in the United Kingdom. As a Storyteller, it gives you the perfect chance to really make one part of the United Kingdom seem real. Delve into the myths, legends and folktales surrounding your pack's chosen location. What's the truth behind the Beast of Bodmin, or what lurks in the vaults under Edinburgh? You should also detail the local forces. What other Uratha are the characters going to be butting heads with? Are there any of the Hosts living in the area? Are the Pure really as strong as they seem nearby, or are fear, ignorance and paranoia their main weapons? Moreover, what's the Shadow of the area like? As mentioned elsewhere, the spirit world of the UK is very different from that of North America; with a little work, you can drive home just how different it is.



Story Hooks

- **Strange Customs:** The pack's problems start before the packmembers get off the plane. The pack is in possession of an ancient fetish as they come in to the UK, one found when Customs inspectors search their bags and recognize it as an object that was stolen years ago from the British Museum. The pack will probably be

released after some wrangling, but when the local Uratha hear about the loss they implore the pack to retrieve the fetish. An ancient spirit is awakening under their destination, and the fetish was originally part of the rite used to bind it in place. Without the fetish, there's less chance of keeping the spirit bound. Does the pack try to retrieve the fetish, facing more problems and recriminations for being visitors to the country, or do the packmembers lend their weight to the efforts to stop the spirit without it, hoping that their added strength will be enough? And why did one of the Customs inspectors know exactly where to look for the fetish?

- **Finders Keepers:** The pack's luck seems to be in. There's a territory that's not yet been claimed, after the pack that had held it vanished little over a month before. For some reason, the local werewolves are only too happy to hand the territory over to the newcomers and share information with them about a possible Fire-Touched cult operating in their holdings. Nobody's seen anything, of course, but the evidence is plain to those who know what to look for. Just as the characters are settling in, the Fire-Touched make their move, determined to drive out the foreigners who have no respect for their ancient lands. Things get worse when the pack that originally held the territory return, converted away from Luna's light. Did the local Uratha know about their turning and keep quiet, or is this news to everyone? How long did the old pack hold the territory while under the sway of Rabid Wolf, and why did the packmembers disappear? Was this an innocent mistake by the locals, or a handy way of getting rid of some foreign visitors?

- **Traveler's Tales:** As the packmembers travel around Britain, the pack encounters another pack from their homeland. The members of this other pack have traveled for a long time, never finding a territory, and have resigned themselves to never spending more than a couple of months in one place. They suggest staying together for a while, citing strength in numbers and a desire to catch up after being cut off from local affairs for so long. They seem friendly enough, but are they all that they seem? Worse, when in the Shadow why do they have a habit of finding the worst parts of the skeletal cities to stir up old misdeeds? Are they really just unlucky or do they have some ulterior motive — and if so, what part do the characters play in the other pack's plans?

Supernatural Ecology

The United Kingdom contains a wide variety of places for a small country, and different areas lend themselves naturally to different styles of game. A tense political game will work better in one of the big cities, while hunting spirits that have crossed the Gauntlet calls for somewhere that the Uratha can fight without CCTV watching. Likewise, neither would be the best setting for a game that evokes the cramped paranoia of never knowing when the Pure — or something worse — is going to strike.

This section presents some of the possible game styles from **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, along with tips for giving them a British slant and suggestions for setting up a local power structure tailored to the game. Don't think of these as being set in stone. Along with the setting detailed in Chapter One, they're here to spark ideas for you to tailor to your own game. Nothing in this section should stop you from running a deeply spiritual game in the middle of London — you're the Storyteller, after all.

Apathy and Paranoia

The baseline for games run in the UK is a combination of apathy and paranoia. CCTV cameras watch people all the time, but nobody can bring themselves to care. Nobody knows everything that's going on, and, too often, what little they do know just brings trouble. A spirit may break through in a disputed part of a city, but the Uratha are too busy trying to work out who will strike against them if they act to actually do anything. Everything big is someone else's problem, and petty bickering eclipses every attempt to move on and do something more on a grand scale. Packs must constantly watch their backs for other werewolves, the Pure and all manner of other things — yet everyone gets by. Somehow, things always seem to go on. Often, they're worse than they were before, but there are rarely major catastrophes. This gives the local werewolves more reason to ignore major problems — someone else always ends up dealing with them. Sometimes, a local pack manages to do something big and spectacular — but is the pack's newfound success leading to anything but a fall?

These games tend to be rather low-key, mixing the fantastic with the characters' mundane lives and day-to-day problems. Characters find themselves victims of senseless crimes — half the time there's nothing big behind it, but the other half sees some enemy pulling the strings to keep them distracted while she furthers her own agenda. And worse, there's no way to tell which is which. Things go on, and the overriding feeling is that the characters can't do anything about everything that threatens to attack them. Do they buck the trend, or allow the situation to pull them under?

City Streets

Paranoia-themed games thrive on the streets of the inner cities. North or south, people who can't leave for better places now inhabit the old houses that city-center workers used to call home. Some areas are quiet and keep themselves to themselves, but far too many are home to petty crime and senseless violence, any hope of escape dying in the streets. Everyone with any kind of power lives elsewhere, but their influence is still felt in the streets. People do their best not to annoy the wrong person's family unless they want their legs broken or their house burned to the ground. In many of the worst areas, illegal immigrants sleep 10 to a room in abandoned buildings; lured over with the promise of good money, they find themselves treated worse than slaves. Organized crime — be it locals from the East End of London or international arms of foreign crime rings — haunt these areas, knowing that the people here are easy prey.

The spirit world seems distant, and other werewolves pressed in like canned sardines. There's no real chance for a pack to expand its territory, and the local werewolves must get used to having other packs far too close for any kind of comfort. Pressure builds under the surface, and there's an almost palpable feeling that anything at all could set all the werewolves in the area alight, like touching a match to a powder keg. The stress that people feel in the mundane world is reflected and amplified for the supernatural denizens.

The streets themselves are narrow, built back in the days when factory workers couldn't afford cars. Long rows of two-storey terraces stretch as far as the eye can see, red bricks stained with age and smoke. Grey slate roofs cap each house, and, looking out over the city, the area appears to go on forever.

Sheffield

Sheffield, an old industrial town in south Yorkshire has everything that this kind of story needs: old council estates, the sense of loss that comes from all the major industries closing up and moving elsewhere and a close-packed inner city with problems typical of cities across the north of England, from poverty to racial tension and overcrowding.

Setting Up a Power Structure

Apathy and paranoia thrive in games that focus on werewolves and the places they live. Spirits take a back seat along with other antagonists such as the Hosts, leaving the city's People to deal with each other and the Pure to pick off the stragglers. There's always a threat that someone's going to do something stupid in the near future, so even if the characters try leading a quiet life for a while there's going to be something for them to react to. When there's not, questions of territory and history and old grudges should come to the surface, giving the characters plenty of reason to take action on their own.

The most common setup for a city in this style of game is for the Pure to hold most of the territory. The Forsaken

should never know precisely how much the Pure control — ideally, nobody should know who the Pure really are. Wolf-blooded pawns and figures that never come out of the darkness are enough to let the Forsaken know that the Pure are watching them, and whenever one of the People oversteps the mark, the Pure return him to his packmates in pieces as a warning. The Pure control enough of the cities to make life very dangerous for anyone there, and if you know who they are, it's only a matter of time before they hunt you as well.

This nails the paranoia angle — what if someone who watches every CCTV camera in the city center is a close relation to an Ivory Claw who calls the center his territory? — but there's also apathy aplenty. The other Forsaken plain *don't care*. The Pure dictate where the Forsaken can go and what they can do without being killed, but things have been the same for many years. There's no point trying to change something now if it brings the Pure down on everyone's heads. So what if a pack of Fire-Touched are trying to expand their territory? Fighting them is a fool's errand. You might win, but that just means that everything else sees you as a target. Better not to let anything know your name, have your territory chipped away and your dignity ground into the dirt rather than causing trouble. A quiet life is better than a slow and painful death, after all. Father Wolf never expected his children to throw their lives away without reason. Apathy and complacency have taken deep root in the other People in the city, to the point that they are willing to roll over for the Pure. Starting a revolution to fight back against those who would hunt the Tribes of the Moon is a perfect direction for a chronicle of urban paranoia, especially if the characters succeed. What do they do then? The characters find themselves at the top of the heap, with others looking to them for guidance that they may not be able to give.

As an alternative, the city may be full to bursting with werewolves. In this case, the Pure aren't the main antagonists. Instead, simple tensions between Forsaken packs are enough to have everyone on edge. There's likely one or two packs on top of things, keeping things in order and punishing other packs that can't control their members. Too many people killed by 'hellhounds' is a bad thing in a city where no Uratha can hunt without trespassing on at least one other's territory. But nobody can hope to keep the situation under control for too long. The characters may want to solve the problem or just live in their city without having to cede territory every time some other pack gets cabin fever, but in this situation the sense of apathy means nobody wants the situation to change — but unless someone does something it will, and nobody will like the outcome.

In these games, spirits and the Hosts should play a background role. When the characters are getting used to living a life of frustration and apathy (or when things don't look like they could get any worse), the residents of the Shadow see the perfect time to cause havoc. A magath flees the spirits hunting it, hoping to take refuge in the physical world where nobody will notice it — but its hunters are swift on its tail, and don't believe that the fleshy Uratha have any reason to intervene. People start taking ill with

a strange disease, and a Beshilu rejoices. The Gauntlet grows thicker, and nobody can be sure what's going on, as an Azlu looks on from the shadows. These things shouldn't happen too often, just often enough that the werewolves realize that even though they are ignoring the Shadow, it will not ignore them. Dealing with the Shadow is still part of what the characters must do, but it isn't the focus of these stories.

Ancient Evil

The history of the British Isles is long, and rich with half-remembered stories and myths. From Hy-Brasil spirits that caused buildups of mine gas, most of these stories have some trace root in the truth. Most of these were never truly dealt with. Werewolves of old did what they could, but the human presence strengthened these beings to the point that Father Wolf himself would have been hardpressed to deal with them. Instead of banishing or destroying these things, the Forsaken bound them and left them in hidden places. Trapped inside mountains, sealed in ancient structures or buried deep underground, these beings slumber. Periodically, they awaken.

The paranoia in these games comes not from the Uratha feeling as though they're hemmed in but from things slowly getting more and more wrong. The game has a heavy focus on the Shadow, and spirits play as big a part as other werewolves. Too often, the pack should feel isolated and abandoned; in cities full of humans and werewolves, there are precious few who understand what the characters are facing. Local spirits may put aside their ancient enmity for the kinslayers if the havoc wreaked in the Shadow is bad enough, and the pack may well do more for relations between Uratha and the denizens of the spirit world than many generations before them.

Moor and Mountain

While a spirit-focused game can work just as well in the city as in rural areas, the traditional place to find the final antagonists is away from the lights of the cities. The Yorkshire moors, the dales, North Wales and much of the Scottish highlands are abandoned enough that only tourists come through, and the Uratha can work in relative solitude. Away from fields and cities, there's a strange sense of loneliness. On a small, densely populated island, finding oneself in a place where there's nothing more than roads as far as the eye can see is a strange feeling. Of course, the wilderness is nothing of the sort. Even in the most remote areas, there are still roads and overhead cables carrying electricity and telephone signals. It's a deceptive feeling, and it should worry the pack. After all, humans have controlled every part of the British Isles for a long time and their influence will not be lost in the Other.

The characters won't be able to live for too long without any human contact, but most likely they'll live in a small town. The residents — while undoubtedly strange and a source of trouble — aren't the characters' main concern. The real danger comes from the Shadow. In addition to

the litany of spirits that normally inhabit the spirit world, there are darker things stirred up by the dreams of ancient spirits long ago imprisoned by the Uratha after the death of Father Wolf. These spirits use their Influences without regard, making the physical world more to their liking — and giving the resident spirits much to worry about. The Jagglings could stop these newcomers, but they are scared. Many of them are old enough to remember when the new spirits' master walked the Shadow, and have no wish to incur his wrath once more.

Sample Location

There aren't any wild places left in Britain, but the Scottish highlands come close. Power lines and small towns are the only real sign of human intervention. Forsaken here have to fight for territory with the Pure, but aren't hemmed in by concrete and glass. If anything weird happens, it will happen here, and the characters will be the first to notice.

Setting Up a Power Structure

Stories exploring ancient evil are perfect for the themes of apathy and paranoia. There are things buried under the ground that nobody knows about any more, and any sane werewolf does her best to avoid finding out. Nobody cares, but, unlike the urban werewolves who don't care out of self-interest, Uratha in rural Britain don't care for a good reason — if they tried, they'd unleash something nasty. This apathy has its downside, however. When the People stop caring, they forget the old stories. They no longer know how to best whatever it is that they have unearthed.

Rural packs in spirit-focused games give a Storyteller the chance to ease players in gently. The initial day-to-day life of urban Uratha in the UK isn't too different from that of their fellow Uratha in the United States. British werewolves, however, have a lot more to deal with. Ancient spirits trapped underground are just the tip of the problem. The Pure are the masters of rural Britain, and a pack of Uratha outside the cramped cities must fight twice as hard to keep their territory. Spirits everywhere have had millennia of human thought and imagination influencing them, and between their feudal hierarchies and byzantine bans many of them don't believe there is any place left for the half-flesh to order them about.

Ideally, contact with other packs of Forsaken should be relatively rare. The characters are stranded, surrounded by the Pure on all sides, with hostile spirits on the other side of the Gauntlet. The characters can get by day to day, and canny Elodoth and Ithaeur may try deciphering some of the spirits' bans, taking the first steps toward getting some powerful allies. Of course, when some ancient evil thought long-buried awakens from ages-old slumber, one pack won't be able to stop it. Do the characters quest for a form of the rite that originally bound the spirit, and if they do, will it still work? Do they run the Gauntlet of the Pure in order to bring more Forsaken to their side? Or do the characters bite the bullet and try to enlist the Pure in a temporary alliance against something that would destroy any werewolf it saw?

These stories benefit from a very cold war style of paranoia. The Pure are looking for an excuse to hunt the kin-slayers without having other Forsaken retaliate. The spirits know that if they did anything major, then werewolves



would hunt them down, but every so often a magath will ignore the unspoken rules of engagement. And then there are the things long forgotten that are once more waking up, threatening to bring a nuclear weapon to a gunfight.

When setting up a power structure for a spirit-focused game, the local Shadow should be the first thing you consider. What are the most common types of Gafflings? Who are the most prominent Jaggings, and what do they want from the Uratha to keep the peace? Spirits may prefer a cold war against the Uratha to open hostility, but there's still no love lost between the two, blackmail and bribery are the order of the day. Add the awakening of something ancient and tensions are running high. The humans who have called the island home for more than 3,000 years have touched all of Britain, and thus spirits are more human-seeming. Their deals and bargains will be byzantine in their intricacies, and no spirit will be above playing with wordings to get what it wants.

The Pure will also make an appearance. A pack of Fire-Touched may be working to free an ancient spirit that remains trapped — or the Fire-Touched may seek to destroy it and the descendants of the foolish Forsaken who were able only to bind it. Likewise, in the wilderness, the Predator Kings lurk. Driven half-mad by the lack of contact with Dire Wolf, they may seek to remove human influence from a small patch of the country, and remove the pack of Forsaken who live there as well. When hunting a spirit from before human civilization, the characters may suddenly find themselves hunted by a foe that wants nothing more than to tear them apart. Do they deal with the Pure first and risk the spirit being freed, or do they press on to deal with the bigger problem of werewolves who hate them following them everywhere? The characters should understand that there are too many problems that they have to deal with — can they press on regardless, or is it all too much for them to handle?

The Hidden City

It's not just the rural parts of Britain that have their myths and legends. Big cities have their share of hidden areas, from old vaults and access tunnels buried under the streets to hidden floors in new office buildings and derelict buildings no human has set foot in for years. All these places have their stories of murder, and residents are quick to come up with urban legends that have the sound of the supernatural to them. They're far more accurate than anyone would ever guess.

British cities have to be melting pots of different races, different cultures and different values. The cities are also the central points for many different supernatural beings. Vampires stalk the city streets, magi meet in the secret places that people have forgotten. Ghosts haunt the places where they died, spirits break through the Gauntlet away from prying eyes. These games feature many of the supernatural denizens of the UK all crammed together in one place, having to deal with each other and unravel their problems internal and external.

This style of game suits groups looking for a slightly more fantastic setting than the suggested default. The supernatural comes into harsh focus, the strange is normal and problems that normal humans encounter may have causes that other people would never conceive of. And just as the packmembers are getting used to the conspiracies and plots behind everything, something happens to jerk them back to reality, reminding them that not everything is the result of a strange conspiracy or otherworldly being.

Rain-Slicked Streets

A game focusing on a supernatural melting-pot needs to reflect a similar situation among the mundane population. The United Kingdom has no shortage of such locations; most big cities support enough people in a small enough space to make such clashes inevitable. Ideally, the city should see a lot of foreign visitors, and support many diverse cultures. The most obvious choice is London, but Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester all work just as well. The city has to be big, but without the obvious sense of lost ambition. Instead, these stories need a feeling of too much, too soon. There's never just enough going on, as soon as the packmembers are involved in resolving one problem, they should be aware that they are ignoring at least two others.

There's a sense of anonymity in the center of the biggest cities, where people who may have lived next to each other mix without ever speaking. A face in the crowd is nothing more than a fleeting glance, and an enemy who never shows his face could follow a character for weeks without him suspecting anything. Gifts such as Sense Malice are less useful with so many people around all the time; the Gift could register a group of chavs looking for a fight or a mage looking for the pelt of a shapeshifter for some Arcane spell. The city shouldn't feel like a prison; instead, the city be a microcosm of the whole world, where anything could be lurking around a familiar corner.

Sample Location

London is the obvious choice for a game like this. Other cities have their own appeal, but London is the iconic setting for stories of supernatural strangeness. The city has plenty of hidden places and hidden groups in the mundane world, and twisting some of these as the result of supernatural influences is easy enough.

Setting Up a Power Structure

Unlike the other styles of game mentioned, stories of the hidden city don't thrive on one or two kinds of antagonist. The local power structure of all the supernatural denizens will be affected by the characters' actions, and planning ahead can save a lot of confusion in the long run. If the pack kills a vampire's favorite pawn, how will that vampire react? Will other vampires lash out against the pack or take advantage of the victim's new weakness? If you choose to resolve all of these issues on the fly, be sure to keep plenty of notes so that the city maintains a sense of

internal consistency. Without that, you risk breaking the players' suspension of disbelief and that can hurt the game more than missing a few details ever could.

Stories of the hidden city are complex. Having some scribbled notes about the different groups, their internal conflicts and their relationships with other groups is almost essential. Obviously, the first things to detail are the other Forsaken. If the characters feel like the only pack, the players may wonder whether they are playing **Werewolf** or are just guest-stars in another game. Each pack will have its own problems to deal with, but give the characters a chance to forge alliances of their own. Do the characters look to a pack such as the Irregulars (see p. 131) for help with spirits in their territory, or do they resent other werewolves sticking their noses into their problems? The pack should have allies and enemies both among the People soon after the story starts, if only because they are ignoring other werewolves entirely. Are their allies well-placed to help them, or are the others only behind them so they can stab the characters in the back later?

Once you have an idea of the Forsaken, consider other **Werewolf** antagonists next. The Pure are everywhere in the UK, and it's almost impossible for a pack to avoid them. Have the Pure set themselves up as the power-players, or do they only hunt Forsaken who over-step their mark? Do the Pure know about other supernatural creatures, and if the Pure do, do they care? Are there creatures from the Hosts active in the area, and if there are, what are their goals? Are they staying hidden, hoping the Uratha will overlook them, or do the Hosts strike in the open because they know the characters are too busy with other matters? What spirits are most common in the Shadow of the city? Detail the powerful Gafflings and Jagglings that the characters are most likely to encounter — and remember that although spirits hate the Forsaken, the conflict between the two has devolved to a state of cold war in Britain. Some packs may even find spirits that are willing to aid them, in return for the pack following an appropriately byzantine ban. Have any spirits found humans to Urge or Claim for their own, and have those spirits only just broken through or have they been active for a while, gathering human followers?

Finally, add anything else. A large city can support a vampire population without much risk of discovery. If the packmembers take it upon themselves to hunt people enslaving the local population, they may end up with an enemy among the undead — but may also find themselves with a vampiric ally willing to use them for her own ends. Are the local vampires secure in their power, or do the other groups leave them marginalized, in fear of anything that might send them into torpor once more? Likewise, a city will have secret societies and underground sects. Not all of these are simply deluded humans or spirit-cults. Some of them may well be fronts for magi searching for Arcane knowledge. Do any werewolves know the difference? If they do, do they care? Are the groups of magi too caught up in their own quests for forbidden lore to realize that the city has other supernatural creatures, or do they know about the Uratha and take measures against them? Other beings such as ghosts and the restless dead may also haunt

the city, but they do not necessarily need the same level of detail as other groups.

One last note: never forget the mundane. A story that focuses entirely on the hidden world around a city can quickly make the players wonder if there are any normal people left. Injecting a decent amount of simple human conflict — drunken fights, random muggings, riots, arson, and anything else you can think of will drive home the message that the characters must be careful. They might ignore the normal world, but it will not ignore them. Keep the mundane world close to the surface of your game, if only to avoid each session showcasing a different supernatural and seeming repetitive to your players.

Historical Games

Britain manages to cram an awful lot of history into a small space, and therefore is the perfect location for a historical game. Below are a handful of suggestions for interesting settings for chronicles, but don't feel limited to just these. If none of these strike your fancy for a historical British game, dig around in the history of the British Isles and you should be certain to find something. While the World of Darkness isn't best suited to the Civil Service politicking along the lines of *Yes, Minister*, there are plenty of periods that fit rather well.

The key thing with a historical game is not perfect accuracy but getting the sense of playing through an iconic time in history. None but the most nitpicky of players is going to complain about the patterns of woad that Storyteller characters are wearing if the game really feels like the Roman conquest. Likewise, the Normans may not have actually put an arrow in King Harold's eye during 1066 but if the players are on the battlefield, the fateful arrow can help reinforce the sense of history for those who haven't studied the Normal conquest.

Thatcherism

Between 1979 and 1990, Margaret Thatcher was Prime Minister. The first woman to hold the position, she made a number of bold decisions and took the reins of a country that didn't know which way to go before she arrived on the scene. Her policies heightened the divide between the haves and have-nots, selling what were public services to private enterprise. Her time saw the rise of the young professionals — 'yuppies' — and the fall of the unions.

Her time at the top during 1980s makes an excellent setting for a chronicle. Against a backdrop of economic upheaval and the death of the cold war, Britain struggled to where she is now. With the Poll Tax, Thatcher effectively told the poorest people — those most likely to vote against her — that they could either eat or vote. Many cities saw massive riots, and in 1990 the Conservative party realized that she was more of a liability than an asset. During her time, she polarized the divide between the North and South of England, with most of those benefiting from her policies in the South while the North went without that success as

demand for traditional industries looked elsewhere.

Stories set when the Iron Lady is in power should feel grey and oppressive. Rain falls almost constantly; when the skies do brighten for any length of time, the heat is oppressive. For those who aren't on the rise, opportunities close off and the world seems against them. Unemployment rises higher and higher, and people who were on strike find themselves with no jobs left to go back to. People — especially werewolves — feel the subtle pressure of government control pressing down on their spirits. Victories are hard-won and fleeting, and nobody knows if it will ever end.

Things move in the back rooms of Parliament and whisper in the ears of ministers. Rumors abound among the hidden folk about what is really in control, few willing to believe that one person could do so much without some form of foul assistance. It's not until 1990 and the Poll Tax riots that some characters finally have a chance to strike a decisive blow, striking under cover of a mass demonstration of people wanting a change — any change. This is the final outlet: a huge proportion of the country engaged in a mass outpouring of rage against a government that it believes has betrayed it.

These aren't simple stories of rage against an oppressive government. Many of Thatcher's policies hid their worst effects until they were too late, looking innocent until they came into force and people could see the unstated effects for themselves. More than that, Thatcher was a forceful and charismatic leader; even in her last election campaign in 1987, only two national newspapers were against her. She was what the country needed, a leader willing to take charge and damn the consequences. Without her, the country would never have recovered from the downturn it had suffered beforehand and Britain would not be anywhere as successful as it is now.

Thus, there's a moral question involved. Are the Uratha willing to put up with a Prime Minister who is making things worse for them even as she rescues the country from a slump that Britain otherwise would have remained in? If not, what do they do against a government that many see as untouchable? And worse, if they do manage the seemingly impossible, what will become of Britain? Grey skies and rain are constant friends to stories in Thatcherite Britain. In the South, especially in London, the rain falls on grey streets between concrete buildings while yuppies swish past in new cars or talk on early mobile phones. The homeless and dispossessed, including those who served in the Falklands War, clog the sidewalks and alleyways. In the North, abandoned coal mines and steel mills loom large, and coastal cities see fishing and shipbuilding fade away. The world doesn't seem to press as close as it does in the South, but that just lets the werewolves see that the spiritual malaise affects everyone, not just themselves. The Azlu run wild in the big cities and go almost unopposed in the central London metropolis. The Beshilu are there as well, in the background, spreading disease and madness though a homeless population that nobody cares about.

In the Shadow, it's a time of change. Spirits of trade and commerce flourish as privatization revitalizes the economy, but the swings between boom and bust mean that

they appear bipolar over time. The spirits of old industry are dying, as are those associated with public services that have been sold to the people, their shares cashed in for a quick profit. The old bones of the cities have new structures built up against them, and the pit heads of coal mines quickly become iconic enough to reflect strongly in the spirit world, Gafflings of loss and depression flocking to them like demonic bats. It's not a good idea for the Uratha to brave a mine in the Shadow, but given the things long-buried in the coal seams it's only a matter of time before a pack has to try

The Blitz

During the Second World War, Britain was a constant target for Luftwaffe bombing runs. While the Royal Air Force did their best to protect the skies above the country, on the ground people lived in the certain knowledge that every day could be their last. Suspicions ran riot, and every time the air-raid sirens wailed people would huddle in air-raid shelters, hoping that their homes would still be there when the bombing was over. Along dark city streets lit only by the light of Mother Luna, Uratha stalk the cities. While the normal humans cowered from bombs, vampires and werewolves could hunt without fear of being seen. For the country, it was a time of fear and loss, but for the Uratha it was a time of freedom. Spirits of war, pain and despair grew powerful on the other side of the Gauntlet, but the People found themselves able to hunt without fear of anyone seeing them.

The government evacuated children from the cities to places in the countryside, places less likely to be targets but that had for a long time been places where the Uratha could hunt without anyone noticing. Rural werewolves have to adjust to the increased population, whereas urban Uratha find themselves with more freedom to hunt, though this freedom does come with a price — the Pure are just as free. Urban streets turn into hunting grounds even as bombs fall all around. London isn't the only target; major shipbuilding cities such as Hull, Portsmouth, Liverpool and Newcastle are all targets as Nazi Germany attempts to crush the Royal Navy from the air. For many people in the area, the shipyards and docks are their livelihood, and they refuse to go down without a fight. At night, the cities enter a total blackout — even the light from a flashlight would give enemy aircraft a sign that they were over a city.

With people's supplies of food, gasoline and other requirements severely rationed, there's a thriving black market dealing in these forbidden goods. People able to supply such luxuries get a certain measure of support from their buyers, and giving the people what they want can be a way for a pack to reinforce its territory, especially as Uratha are better skilled at traveling out to farms and warehouses and taking what they need. Of course, the same applies to the Pure, and an Ivory Claw can use the same trick to turn the people in a pack's territory against the Forsaken. Added to that, the punishment for being caught trading in black-market goods is harsh as it takes vital supplies away from

the main goal of saving Britain from the Germans.

During the Blitz, everyone had a part to play. Men in the cities who were not conscripted into the armed forces were either too old or held privileged jobs such as bankers. Farm workers also avoided conscription, as they had to ensure that people ate. Women took up factory jobs once held by husbands, brothers and sons. The country mobilized, and werewolves in this time have to either work or have a good story for why they are not fighting for their country. The spirit of patriotism burns bright, and people who do not do all that they can are targets for scorn and ostracism. Children who haven't been evacuated either work around the house or else live on the streets. Out in the rural communities, the numbers of schoolchildren swell, and people often have a hard time keeping control, but there's an understanding — if you have nothing to do, then you're not working for your country, and your country will not give anything back.

It's worth remembering that even in a period as dramatized as the Second World War, **Werewolf** is still a game about the pack. Preserving territory, policing the Shadow and the sanctity of the hunt should be the character's prime concerns. Giving your characters the chance to kill Hitler may be very cinematic, but it does away with the main themes of the game. Instead, try to focus the characters on their territory: they can often work more openly than they would have before, away from prying eyes at night and able to take Gauru form more openly. No longer do they have to lure the Beshilu to a secluded area in order to slay it, instead they can take Gauru under Mother Luna's light,

as air-raid sirens wail around them warning of bombs soon to fall. This new freedom, with its concomitant dangers, should be the real driving force of a **Werewolf** game set during the Blitz.

Setting your game later during the war can give you an opportunity to bring in American characters, as the United States finally agrees to join the war effort and stations troops in the UK. A young GI stranded in a foreign country may find himself demonized by local men, who accuse him of stealing their wives and daughters. Changing in a strange country, this American werewolf must now find either allies, or a way to return home. The tensions between US troops and the people around them are kept under the surface for the most part, but the Uratha are notorious for letting their rage burn close to the surface, and the first thing a local pack may know about an American werewolf in their territory may be finding him in the depths of *Kuruth*.

The Shadow of Britain during the Blitz is a dangerous place. People claim that they are sure that Britain will not fall, but underneath that hides the chilling knowledge that it could, that their world may end soon. That kind of conflict generates spirits that feast on such conflict. The spirits of factories change as their workforce changes, the attitudes of female workers shaping the spirits of the places they work in. Close-knit communities are ripe for the Beshilu to start spreading disease, and people's desire for salvation leaves many open to be Urged or Claimed. The bones of every city grow stronger with each destroyed building, as the rubble is added to the city's skeleton, becoming just another piece of history.



Dickensian Darkness

Victorian-era Britain needs almost no explanation for **Vampire** or **Mage** games. The most prevalent image is that of the genteel folk of the salon pretending that much of the vast, dirty outside world doesn't exist — a perfect environment for a story about a supernatural menace seething beneath a civilized façade, much as *Dracula* and other Victorian works of horror explored. It is the quintessential time of the vampire, as well as thematically nourishing for stories about the occult. The Order of the Golden Dawn and occultists such as A. E. Waite might make appearances in a **Mage** chronicle, ignorant of the greater truths of magic though they might be.

While werewolves wouldn't fit into the backdrop of Victorian politics, they have another place — on the streets and in the fields of their territories. The Uratha stalk the streets of London, Sheffield and Glasgow, under clouds of smoke belched out by huge factories. Overcrowding and poverty in the city streets generates a lot of negative feelings, and all it takes is one Bale Hound or a Claimed to intensify everything. Not only must the Uratha put up with the result of the Industrial Revolution, with families living in one room and working in mines or factories, but it's almost too easy for parts of the Shadow to turn into Wounds. Hosts run rampant, the Beshilu especially delighting in spreading typhoid and cholera among the working class. It's a dangerous time to be a werewolf — but when isn't?

Stories set in the Dickensian period should feature the effects of industrialization. Train lines cross the countryside, great iron engines belching smoke into what was clean air. Factories working families close to death simply so they can afford to eat. Apart from some Iron Masters, the Uratha aren't likely to embrace these changes — this new phase the country is going through is strange and dangerous, resulting in all manner of spirits that don't take kindly to half-flesh things trying to command them. The Pure walk the streets with a noble bearing, and only an unlucky or

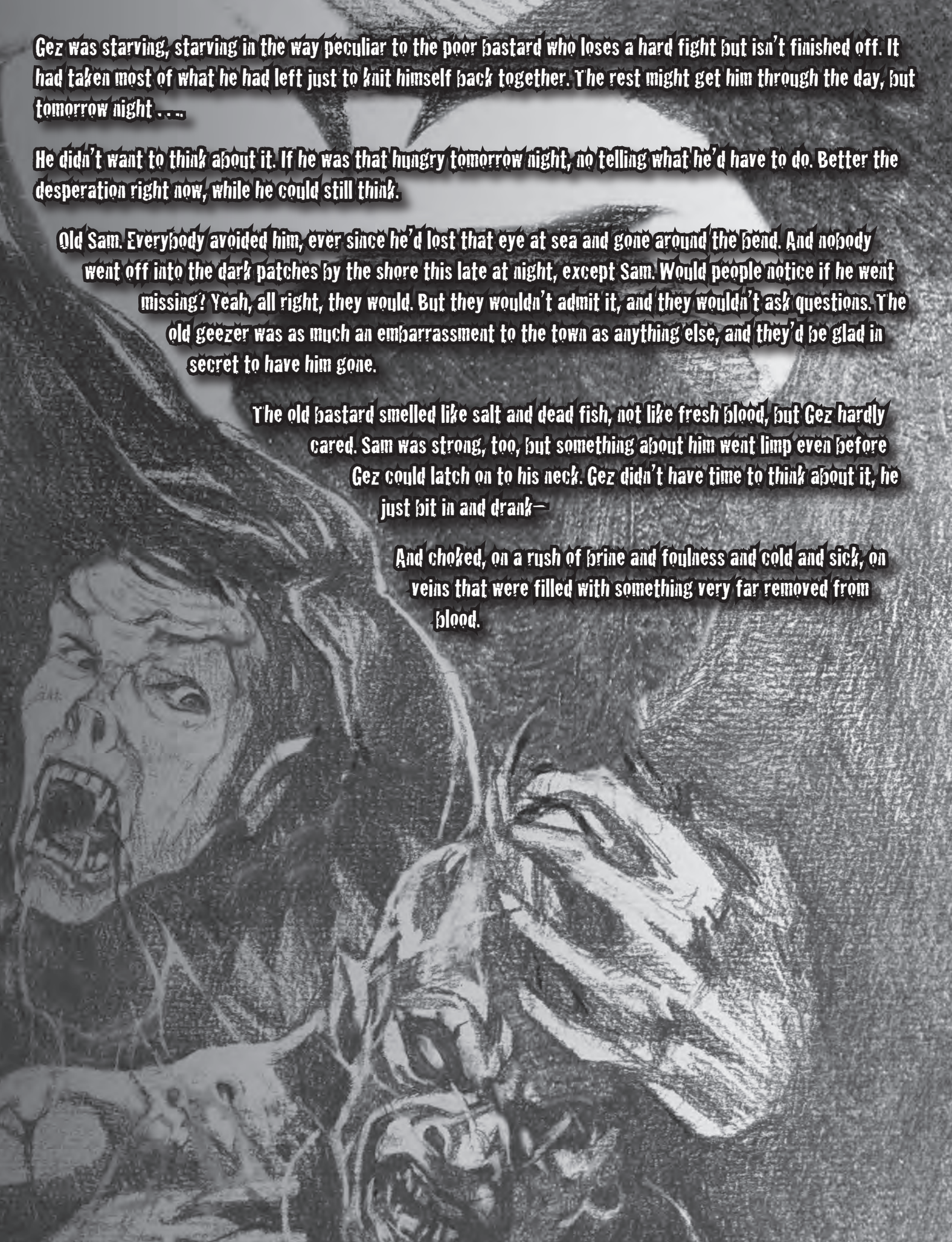
stupid Forsaken would dare stand up to them. Overcrowding and paranoia are staple themes of any British story, but in this age people aren't apathetic — it's an age of mechanical wonders, and people in the factories don't want to go back to how things were. An Uratha who says otherwise will be viewed with suspicion at best.

Plague and Fire

The Great Plague was one of the last major outbreaks of bubonic plague in Europe. In the end, one in every five people in London was a victim of the plague. First 1,000 people a week, then 2,000, 5,000, 7,000 — it seemed that the disease would kill all of Britain. People lived in fear, hoping that God would not choose to strike them down. Many people who had means, including the King, fled London for safer places. Most Uratha of the time have no such recourse. Bodies are piled on the street, and many houses are open to thieves and vagabonds, their owners dead or moved on. Parts of London are left for the ghosts. In areas that retain some population, the Fire-Touched preach of the plague as a sign from their Lord bringing down His vengeance upon the world for the sins of the past. Beshilu crawl the streets in vast numbers.

As the plague dies down, everything seems under control again. The city begins to get back to normal. And then the fire comes. For four days in September 1666, London burns, and in the end the city is devastated. London as it was no longer exists. The fire burned out the last of the plague, but at the price of destroying the city. Stories set in this time really benefit from taking the longer view. Months of downtime allow the characters to see all of the events firsthand. There's a sense of paranoia in the air, but also one of abject pessimism. Nobody expected that in just two years first the people and then the streets of London would die. But it all happened nonetheless.





Gez was starving, starving in the way peculiar to the poor bastard who loses a hard fight but isn't finished off. It had taken most of what he had left just to knit himself back together. The rest might get him through the day, but tomorrow night . . .

He didn't want to think about it. If he was that hungry tomorrow night, no telling what he'd have to do. Better the desperation right now, while he could still think.

Old Sam. Everybody avoided him, ever since he'd lost that eye at sea and gone around the bend. And nobody went off into the dark patches by the shore this late at night, except Sam. Would people notice if he went missing? Yeah, all right, they would. But they wouldn't admit it, and they wouldn't ask questions. The old geezer was as much an embarrassment to the town as anything else, and they'd be glad in secret to have him gone.

The old bastard smelled like salt and dead fish, not like fresh blood, but Gez hardly cared. Sam was strong, too, but something about him went limp even before Gez could latch on to his neck. Gez didn't have time to think about it, he just bit in and drank—

And choked, on a rush of brine and foulness and cold and sick, on veins that were filled with something very far removed from blood.

Chapter Four: Local Powers

Vampires

The Forsaken of the UK recognize vampires as a fact of life (an irony, given that the Kindred are all dead). Werewolves must deal with vampires on a semi-regular basis. Below are some ideas on how this can happen, as well as some characters a pack may encounter.

IT is none of the least blessings wherewith God hath endued this island that it is void of noisome beasts, as lions, bears, tigers, pardes, wolves, and such like, by means whereof our countrymen may travel in safety, and our herds and flocks remain for the most part abroad in the field without any herdman or keeper.

— William Harrison,
A Description of Elizabethan England

Aspects

Many vampires call the United Kingdom home. For a country that is relatively small, it has an inordinate number of vampires — a fact born from a long and complicated history. A number of things are noteworthy regarding the Damned of the UK:

- **Age:** The vampires of the United Kingdom run the gamut as far as age goes. More significantly, however, is the fact that this country houses more elder vampires than many others. This is for a number of reasons. First, these islands have been populated for thousands of years, with London alone having over two millennia's worth of history. (America, by contrast, hasn't a city more than 400 years old.) With travel being so dangerous for the Kindred, the majority of the vampires here have stayed, growing older, fostering childer, all while gaining temporal and spiritual power. Second, while the veneer of mannered civilization here often gives way to grotesque brutality concealed by deep shadows, Kindred society here still prefers to cloister and sabotage its own as opposed to outright destroy them. This has allowed old vampires to simply — grow older. Note that older does not necessarily translate to more powerful. It does often enough, but the weight of potent blood and of the confusions born from countless periods of torpor gives the younger set plenty of opportunity to best their elders.

- **More Bloodlines:** The sheer proliferation of elder vampires has then given way to refinements and variations of the blood. Just as the United Kingdom holds an unusual number of vampires, the vampire population offers an unusual number of bloodlines. Founding or joining a bloodline is a symbol of status. That said, bloodlines are not expected to wildly differ from the ways and abilities of the parent clans; instead, it is preferred that bloodlines offer subtle variations of a theme as opposed to extravagant supernatural deviations. Bizarre bloodlines are as much a perversion as an inbred family. Vampiric lineages are to be a sign of sophistication: a dark blessing earned as a reward for maturity.

- **Easier Travel:** Travel for vampires is dangerous no matter where they are. Even going from Islington to Heathrow in London can be a delicate navigation of territory and decorum. Still, the UK has fewer “open spaces” than, say, the United States. A trip from London to Edinburgh is about six hours, and is peppered with towns and villages along the way. Because of this, a vampire (or a coterie of Kindred) can more easily travel here than in other places. He can cross the region by

car, boat or plane, and do so in the course of a single night. (This means that vampires are more likely to run afoul of Forsaken, however. This can be a danger — or an advantage — to either party.)

• **Less Isolation:** Because everything is more crammed together, the vampire population (and, by proxy, the population of all other supernaturals) is more likely to interact. The Kindred must, for it is nearly impossible to exist in utter isolation. The cities and towns are too close together — a vampire's actions in Worcester can easily have repercussions in Plymouth. As such, no group acts in a vacuum. While this doesn't guarantee any kind of uniformity, it does mean that the supernatural world here is more tightly bound.

Bobby Butchers

Clan: Mekhet

Covenant: Independent

Embrace: 1954

Apparent Age: Late 30s

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Computer 3 (Jury-Rig), Investigation 3 (Minor Details), Occult 2, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 2

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

Merits: Allies (Police) 2, Allies (Criminal Underworld) 3, Barfly, Danger Sense, Herd 2, Resources 3

Willpower: 5

Humanity: 7

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Envy

Health: 7

Initiative: 6

Defense: 3

Speed: 10

Blood Potency: 2

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Dominate 1, Obfuscate 3

Vitae/Per Turn: 11/1

Vampires are relics, dusty old sods belonging to dusty old fraternities — at least, so says Bobby Butchers. He doesn't care for all that crap, because it's all a bit dodgy, isn't it? Even the Carthians can't stop clinging to ideals from the 17th century, John Locke and all that. Bobby makes every effort to maintain modernity. He's not afraid of the telly, of cell phones, of iPods and the Internet.

Bobby's been dead for about 50 years, but he doesn't like to think of himself as coming from such a bygone era. (Of course, by Kindred standards, coming from the 1950s makes him young, but not young enough for his own prejudices.) That life, the one where he grew up poor in Hackney, got middling



grades and ended up a petty thief, well — he'd rather not think about that. Or talk about it. No, Bobby prefers to keep an eye toward the future — his future, really, the one where he makes a lot of money, has access to easy blood, and enjoys a comfortable Requiem with all the luxuries afforded to modern man.

To facilitate this desire, Bobby has set himself up as something of an information broker. He doesn't trade in stolen goods, dusty books or weapons. He only trades information. Bobby has positioned himself in the center of a particularly impressive web; when one of the strands twitches, he's there to find out why. Part of how Bobby accomplishes this is that he has found a way to tap into the CCTV network that monitors much of London. Cameras are everywhere, after all, and having access to the video feeds gives a man a great deal of power, provided he knows what he seeks. Whatever he finds goes into one of his infamous "black books" that he talks about — everybody assumes he literally contains all the secrets and data in black notebooks. What they perhaps don't realize is that Bobby keeps all his information on dozens of black USB data storage devices, able to be plugged into any computer and — with the right decryption key — accessed for quick information.

This makes Bobby valuable to much of London's supernatural population. He maintains files on everyone, including the werewolves. While this leaves Bobby surprisingly well-connected (there's not a name or a face he doesn't know, from werewolves such as Late Vengeance to bloodsuckers such as Ace the Face and Plymouth Dicky), it doesn't grant him many friends. This stings Bobby from time to time, but he has grown to accept it as an unfortunate part of the plan.

Bobby Butchers dresses to the nines in casual black suits and spit-polished Docs. He's thin and reedy, offering a wide mouth with a number of crooked teeth. His habit of smirking and winking seem to make others, including Kindred, somewhat wary.

Butchers Hook, Have a Look

Vampires cannot be seen on any kind of photographic media — including CCTV recordings. Therefore, vampires believe their identities are safe from an opportunistic voyeur such as Bobby Butchers, and that's precisely what he wants them to believe.

The reality is, Bobby uses his *Auspex* in a way that other vampires haven't. When viewing a recording, he first uses *The Spirit's Touch* (*Auspex* 3) on the playback device, and then complements it with *Aura Perception* (*Auspex* 2). Both of these cost him a single *Vitae* to active (2 *Vitae* total), despite the fact that neither ability normally requires such a price. If he succeeds on both rolls, Bobby can determine the identity of the vampire beneath the blur provided he has met the vampire at least once before (and Bobby has met the majority of London's Kindred).

The few vampires who know of this unusual usage believe that Bobby learned it from an *Acolyte*, for it clearly speaks of blood magic. The few *Forsaken* who have witnessed it, on the other hand, suggest that Bobby becomes momentarily possessed by a spirit of clarity and that is what allows him this preternatural discernment.

Merits: Covenant Status (Circle of the Crone) 3, Language (Manx Gaelic) 3, Herd (Various Cultists) 3, Retainer 1
Willpower: 4
Humanity: 5
Virtue: Faith
Vice: Lust
Health: 7
Initiative: 7
Defense: 3
Speed: 12
Blood Potency: 5
Disciplines: Animalism 4, *Crúac* 3, Dominate 2, Resilience 4
Vitae/Per Turn: 14/2

Derangements: Sanguinary Animism, Power Fetish

Many vampires think of Aislinn as an urban legend. Few ever seem to have truly seen her, always citing secondhand “friend-of-a-friend” accounts. Her handiwork — brutal slayings, widespread diablerie, strange sacrifices — is never directly attributable to her, and always seems to fall on someone else's hands.

She is no urban legend, however. Aislinn is very real, and very old. So old, she cannot remember when she was born as a mortal, or when she was Embraced into the ranks of the Damned. She recalls several periods of long sleep in which her torpor was haunted by visions of old gods: horned beasts, priapic fiends, ancient goddesses borne upon a thrashing sea. She also recalls a litany of victims over the centuries, and their names are one of the only clear things left in her mind. (So clear, in fact, that she believes that her victims speak to her from time to time, encouraging her and thanking her for making them a “part of her soul.”)

Long an *Acolyte* of the Circle, Aislinn no longer believes that she worships the old gods. Rather, she now accepts that they are part of her, as opposed to her being a part of them. She believes herself a vessel for

Aislinn

Clan: Ventrue

Covenant: Circle of the Crone

Embrace: Unknown

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 4, Composure 1

Mental Skills: Crafts 1, Investigation 3, Medicine 1, Occult 4 (Ancient Rituals)

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Stealth 4 (Shadows), Survival 3, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Empathy 3, Expression 1, Intimidation 4 (Threatening), Persuasion 2, Subterfuge 2



their actions, and in that way, considers herself a kind of primeval divinity. The “primary” goddess that dwells inside of her is Cailleach Bheur, or the Blue Hag. When last Aislinn slept, she believes that this Hag “entered” her — when she awoke, her red hair had gone winter white, and her green eyes turned a pale silver.

Aislinn is nomadic. She calls no one place on the islands home, and wanders from town to town, from loch to mountain. She is as comfortable in London as she is at Skara Brae. She is most active during the autumn and winter months — during the warmer parts of the year, she often settles down, and sometimes sleeps.

It’s true that she isn’t directly responsible for most of the horror credited to her. Most Acolytes of the UK are somewhat moderate, seeking to become an organic part of Damned society. A rare few, however, are not so interested in symbiosis. Some Acolytes have devoted themselves to Aislinn, venerating her as they would any Crone figure. Many of them haven’t even met her — they simply perform grisly sacrifices in her name. Aislinn knows of this, and she doesn’t disapprove. From time to time, she even visits those whom she considers truly exceptional adherents. Those visited consider themselves truly blessed.

Her followers are not only vampires, however. She counts among her “children” a number of mages and werewolves. She distrusts mages, somewhat, believing that they are stealing something from the gods without paying the proper costs. Werewolves, on the other hand, are creatures of two worlds, as she considers herself to be. She is respectful of Lupines, though she won’t brook nonsense or defiance if they stand in her way.

Aislinn is a willowy sylph, surprisingly tall for her lithesome form. All the color has left her — her skin features only a hint of pink, and her eyes and hair are both white. The only color is usually the smear of red around her mouth from feeding. She always has a silver torc (bracelet) around her one wrist, ending in gilded thistle. Aislinn believes this torc is the center of her power, though she has little idea why she believes this.

While over the last many years the local Kindred have seen a downturn of Circle activity, Aislinn represents a potential change in their status. She seeks a resurgence of faith, and will do anything to get it.



Hag Mask

Level-Three Crúac Ritual

The performer of this ritual expends the necessary Vitae to activate this ritual’s effects. The blood literally leaks out from

all the open pores on the caster’s face — the mouth, the nostrils, the corners of the eyes and the ears. The blood coats the face after a single turn, and those staring upon the caster see a wretched, powerful monster staring back at them. The face becomes a crimson mask etched with dark channels. The eyes turn a jaundiced yellow. The mouth appears to become a nest of barbed teeth. Witnesses may describe different effects: one might see the caster gain several feet in height, whereas another will remember a nauseating wave of decay. This ritual has two effects. The first is that anyone looking to take action against the caster do so at a –3 penalty (though this penalty is negated if the caster attacks them first). The second is that, for the remainder of the scene, the caster can spend Vitae to increase stats that could not normally be elevated with blood expenditure. The caster can increase her Defense score or her Intimidation score on a one-to-one basis (one Vitae equals one point).

The vampire Aislinn (see above) is said to be the creator of this particular ritual.



Erskine Fletcher

Clan: Gangrel

Covenant: Ordo Dracul

Embrace: 2004

Apparent Age: Early 40s

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics (Weird) 3, Computer 1, Investigation (Eye for Detail) 3, Occult 2, Politics 2, Science 1

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

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression 2 (Academic Style), Intimidation 1, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Allies (Professors) 1, Covenant Status (Apprentice) 1, Direction Sense, Fighting Style: Boxing 1, Fleet of Foot 2, Haven (Cottage in Balcary Point, Scotland) 1, Resources 1

Willpower: 5

Humanity: 7

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Pride

Health: 7

Initiative: 5

Defense: 2

Speed: 12

Blood Potency: 1



Disciplines: Protean 1, Resilience 2
Vitae/Per Turn: 10/1

One could suggest that Erskine Fletcher made his life — and now, his unlife — more troublesome than it perhaps needs to be. As a student, he went against his family's wishes and studied literature, history and philosophy. He later became a professor at the University of Edinburgh, and taught there for several years until his many affairs with students were exposed. He then moved out to a small cottage at Balcary Point, living a life as something of a hermit — until, of course, one night he was walking along the cliffs, and was attacked by a monstrous dog. The dog, actually a Gangrel in the guise of a wolf, tore Fletcher ragged, and guzzled his blood like water from a stream. Whether it was guilt that overwhelmed the vampire, or perhaps a glimmer of astonishment over how hard Fletcher fought, remains unclear. Regardless of the reasoning, the Gangrel gave Erskine a second chance, and dragged him screaming into the Requiem.

Fletcher's self-made troubles did not end there. His sire, Jaffords, was Sheriff of Edinburgh and also a top Invictus enforcer. As soon as Erskine was able, he publicly rebuffed his sire and his covenant, and began courting the Damned of the Ordo Dracul (openly defying his sire's disdain for those "spiritualists").

As an apprentice of the Dragons, Fletcher has been made to study the various esoteric and mystical sites in and around Scotland. He, with another apprentice (Rhona) and his covenant mentor (Red Jack), travel the mapped ley lines with the tasks in mind to track any changes in the lines as well as to uncover hidden sites of interest. In searching out new sites, they seek any number of unusual phenomena: odd spears of light, hidden stone circles, Devil's foot-

prints, "Treacle Mines," magnetic disturbances or the appearance of strange gases. Unfortunately, this has led Fletcher and the other two across the paths of local werewolves protecting various spiritual sites, territories, and loci. The vampires don't yet know that they've made wary enemies of the local shapeshifters — but these three are now "on the list" and are watched constantly by packs of Forsaken as well as a few spirit envoys.

Erskine Fletcher is a tall, reedy man with a bald head and a big beard. Despite his looks, he is fairly athletic and his long legs carry him far. He usually wears earthy clothes, big boots, and a silver pendant shaped like a thistle.

Treacle Mines

A "treacle mine" isn't technically a real thing — it's a children's fiction, whereupon syrup and molasses bubble up out of the earth and can be thusly "mined." They appear in tales like *Alice in Wonderland* (whereupon Alice questions the Dormouse about the veracity of such a thing), or in silly local legends (such as those that say Cromwell's army buried barrels of molasses beneath the earth, and the thick fluid sometimes trickles to the surface).

However, occasionally what does happen is that odd puddles of tar, pitch, peat or liquid coal dust appear in odd parts around the area. Some call these pits "Treacle Mines." The Ordo Dracul has specific interest in them because they cannot be explained, and all unexplainables are of potential occult import. Some go missing by Treacle Mines, apparently sucked into the dark pits before the bubbling black fluid disappears again. Many believe that these pits are a sign of something "trying to get out" or, instead, trying to feed. The Forsaken, too, cannot explain such occurrences. The werewolves only know that in the Shadow, these tar holes appear much bigger and bubble more violently. Spirits, like people, are sometimes sucked into the molasses-like fluid.

Other Vampires

For more vampires ready to be customized and dropped into a game, see below.

David Kenny

Davis is a neo-reformist of the Lancea Sanctum. Living in Belfast, this Ventrue stridently believes that his covenant is the true way toward God. He doesn't, however, think that the Hardliners are correct in portraying a "Catholic-Only" dogma to the congregation. David himself was a Protestant, and wishes to make the Holy Spear a more "Protestant-friendly" covenant, but the Hardliners stand forever in his way. He has managed to achieve the office of Bishop, but it seems he was elevated to the position so that he would have a larger bull's-eye on his head when the time came to outmaneuver or outright eliminate him. David is no fool, and will accept allies from anybody who will offer him a hand in paving the way toward a more moderate covenant. The irony is, to achieve moderation, David will go to great extremes.

The Red Caps

This gaggle of Nosferatu paints their faces to look like hideous monsters and wear cloths dyed red around their heads. They spit blood, scream and have violent fits. They sound like a band of roving fiends, but, in reality, they're a band. Punk is dead, but so are they. With their vicious brand of "bloodpunk," they travel the towns and cities putting on faux-violent anti-establishment musical theatrics. Lead screamer Donnie Deaver is the childe of a prominent First Estate vampire in London, a fact in which Deaver delights. The other bandmates — Dinah on bass, Ismail on guitar, Ace the Face on drums — are all caught up in the cult of personality that is Donnie Deaver. The vampires of the region, especially those of the Invictus, have been keeping a close eye on the group for potential breaches of the Masquerade. Few are comfortable with the band's proximity to mortal society.

Sixes and Sevens

The Barbican area of Plymouth was one of the few parts of the city that remained unscathed through World War II. As such, the narrow maze of streets squashed up next to Sutton Harbour retains its medieval layout and Tudor architecture. This area also remains a prime hunting ground for a half-dozen Invictus vampires calling themselves the Sixes and Sevens. This coterie, comprising only wealthy, powerful First Estate ancillae, goes on the hunt once a month in the Barbican. This hunt goes beyond the normal night-to-night taking of blood associated with the Requiem, and is in fact a contest with some manner of prize on the line. (Such a prize might be territory, access to a particular herd or a draught of rare blood.)

The vampires pick a target, which may be as simple as a "young American tourist" or as dangerous as another vampire or a werewolf. The first to claim that target (or the one who claims the most of that type) wins the prize. Death or some kind of enslavement is expected of the target; let it be said that these Kindred are not of virtuous Humanity. This "gentlemen's club" coterie (even though it has recently accepted a female member) reserves its cruelty for these hunts in the Barbican. Outside such nights, they are the pinnacle of sophistication and honorable conduct.

The Beast of the Barbican

In the middle of the Barbican, by the waters and near the Aquarium, sits a large metal statue of an odd sea creature. It looks a bit like some deep sea crustacean — bug eyes, fierce teeth, needle claws. Some jokingly refer to it as the "Prawn of Plymouth," for it seems a somewhat ridiculous icon.

The Forsaken nearby recognize that it is anything but ridiculous. Inhabiting the statue is a slumbering spirit of terrible hungers — a creature that feasts on the nearby spirit life indiscriminately and without any sense of balance. For a long time, the briny beast has been kept asleep. Lately, however, it has been awakening for a single night, a night that happens to coincide with the same night that the vampire coterie known as Sixes and Sevens chooses to hunt. The Forsaken have yet to realize that the two "events" are linked — when they do, the fight over the Barbican will be a bloody one.

Tribes of the Moon

The following is a selection of werewolves from around the United Kingdom. A book this size couldn't cover the werewolves of London alone, so instead the werewolves here represent a wide range of supporting characters. Some may show up in your chronicles as allies, enemies or familiar faces. Others may not show up, but some of the suggestions for integrating them with existing packs may inspire characters of your own.

Wednesday's Children

Richie Whelan originally suggested the name “Wednesday’s Children” as a joke, after finding that all of his packmates shared his love of football, and Sheffield Wednesday in particular. They decided to take inspiration from the Hillsborough disaster, keeping things in order in the city in case an outbreak of violence turned into the werewolf equivalent. The packmembers have since let their interest in football slip. Sheffield is swiftly being overcrowded with werewolves and tensions run high — and it’s up to Wednesday’s Children to stop things from getting worse. They do this not out of a desire to help, but because they have all seen firsthand the danger of getting too many people in one place without any control.

They practice a simple form of conflict management: whenever any werewolf has a problem with another, one of Wednesday’s Children will make himself a bigger problem for both of them until they settle down. They don’t have much time for dealing with the Shadow proactively; between keeping the city from becoming a supernatural bloodbath and dealing with the ghosts of those killed in the disaster, they are busy all the time — and none of the all-male Children would have it any other way. All of them are out of work with the steel industry moved away, and having things to keep them busy stops them going insane from boredom. They share the belief that there are worse things out there, and the People killing each other is pointless. If they have to crack a few skulls to keep everything in line, then that’s just fine. Richie stops them from going too far, reasoning that they have to keep people respecting them if anything’s going to work. Even so, he’s busy worrying about bigger things, like finding out what’s drawing all these werewolves to Sheffield, and what happens when the Children can’t be everywhere at once. So far, they’re managing but none of the Children are as young as they were and it’s only a matter of time before they miss something.

Wednesday’s Children are willing to ally themselves with packs that are already in Sheffield, and those looking to leave. Packs that want to know what’s drawing supernatural creatures to Sheffield will likewise get the Children’s assistance — unless the pack steps on one of the Children’s feet. For packs looking to set up territory in the city, or packs that don’t like the idea of one pack with near-total authority in the city, Wednesday’s Children are good antagonists.

In addition to Ritchie Whelan, Wednesday’s Children include Crowbar Morris (a Ghost Wolf Rahu), Sam “Offside” Chandler (an Iron Master Irraka), Lee Grice (a Ghost Wolf Irraka), Robert “His Lordship” Stokes (a Storm Lord Elodoth) and Frank Talbot (a Storm Lord Rahu). Their Patron is Watching Owl.

Ritchie Whelan

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Iron Master

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 4

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

Social Attributes: Presence 5, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Crafts (Metalwork) 4, Investigation 3, Medicine 1, Politics (Uratha) 4

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl (Fighting Dirty) 4, Drive 2, Larceny 3, Stealth 4, Weaponry 4

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 5, Persuasion (Motivation) 4, Streetwise (Rumors) 4, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Allies (Local Alphas) 3, Brawling Dodge, Contacts (Steelworkers, Football Fans, Local Cops) 3, Danger Sense, Resources 1, Totem 4

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Pride

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

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

Defense: 3 (all forms)

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

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

Gifts: (1) Wolf-Blood’s Lure, Left-Handed Spanner, Pack Awareness, The Right Words; (2) Resist Pain, Nightfall, Ruin, Camaraderie; (3) Iron Treachery, True Leader

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent; (2) Banish Spirit

Ritchie Whelan is Sheffield born and bred. A dedicated Sheffield Wednesday fan even as a child, he was



passing the Hillsborough football stadium on the fateful day that cost 96 people their lives. He didn't understand it at the time, but he knew that something was wrong. Only watching the news afterward did he realize what he had seen. The image of thousands of people trying to crush into a small stadium has remained with him ever since. After his Change, he found himself in charge of a pack that shared his love of the local team. They carved out a small territory around the Hillsborough ground, and defended it fiercely. They slowly expanded, and over the space of 10 years managed to fend off all challenges. With the Steelwrights fading from view as they grew old and weak, Wednesday's Children rose to prominence, becoming one of the most respected packs in Sheffield — whether the Children wanted to or not. Richie saw it all coming, fevered dreams interrupting his sleep and convincing him that something bad was going to happen in the city and that the People would fall upon one another, the streets running with the blood of human and werewolf alike. He used his position, and that of his pack, to keep order as more and more werewolves moved to the city. He has no idea how he's supposed to stop them killing each other, he just knows that he must or something terrible is going to happen. He's confided what he knows in Crowbar and His Lordship, but the other Children don't know of the extent of Richie's visions. Fortunately, they are more than happy to follow him, enjoying the taste of success, but Richie worries that they won't be enough. Just as the Steelwrights, Wednesday's Children are starting to wane, and soon they may not be enough.

Ritchie doesn't think of himself as a visionary. He's a down-to-earth guy who hasn't had a decent job since the steel mill made him redundant. He knows plenty of people, and he's used to living on no money, which leaves him free to work with his pack. He's a straightforward leader, ignoring ceremony and perfectly willing to let the rest of his pack scare other werewolves back into line. He has to be pragmatic and expedient as the dreams of a dead city come faster and faster. He'll still talk, but more and more he prefers putting the fear of the Children into other werewolves. When he wakes up screaming in the darkness, he wonders if that isn't where everything starts.

Ritchie's in his late 30s, with a hard face under short, mid-brown hair and stubble on his chin that he shaves twice a week. Manual work gave him a decent build that's kept with him from constant exercise. Along with the other Children, he's got a crude sense of humor, but his smile rarely has any cruelty to it. He speaks with a thick Yorkshire accent, peppering his words with curses that he's long since forgotten to stop uttering around children. In Urhan form, he's a squat and powerful wolf with a coal-black coat.

The Irregulars

The Irregulars is one of the packs that look for spiritual incursions in London. While other werewolves waste their time with crime lords, vampires and other distractions, the Irregulars ignore that side of life. They have to uphold Father Wolf's duty, because if they don't, nobody will. They know the problems that spirits can cause firsthand — a Ridden in the tunnels under Camden Town killed half of them in one night. The alpha at the time, Martin Ellis, had tried to gather information, but the actions of Pierce "Lightning" Hitch, an Iron Master trying to expand his underworld operations, had offended the spirits. Without knowing what they were going up against, the Irregulars went in anyway, with the SAS motto upon their lips, Death Before Dishonor. They were right.

Only two members of the Irregulars survived. Steel Trap Mind set about rebuilding the pack, but with more of a focus on information. He recognizes the need for accurate, pertinent information. To that end, he's recruited Uratha who appreciate that they must know as much as they can before taking action. The Irregulars are no longer a pack that will run off at the first sign of spiritual trouble without a concrete plan. Instead, they lie in wait, observing and learning all they can before coming down hard on any spirits threatening London. They nominally hold territory in Camden, but are often busy elsewhere in the city when other packs call on them for assistance. Unfortunately, Lightning is constantly trying to expand and the Irregulars' lack of presence in their territory has allowed him to start a fairly successful smear campaign against them. His pack has yet to move against the Irregulars, but it's only a matter of time. Many of the London werewolves thus see the Irregulars as being too detached from the real problems of life in the city, but they recognize that no werewolves can do the same job. When spirits are raising hell on the wrong side of the Gauntlet, it's the Irregulars or nothing.

The Irregulars can and will go anywhere in London and beyond. They're one of the city's few spirit-oriented packs, and other Forsaken who don't have much experience of spirits may find the Irregulars' aid invaluable. On the other hand, the Irregulars' complete lack of respect for other werewolves' territory means that the Irregulars' first interaction with another pack may well start out violent, when they wreck parts of the Other that the pack had tried so hard to cultivate. In many ways, the Irregulars are still a broad-headed sledgehammer, just one that knows better where to hit.

Steel Trap Mind runs the pack, with Red Jenny (a Bone Shadow Cahalith) as his deputy and the only

other survivor of the old Irregulars. They have since recruited Vince Pride (an Iron Master Ithaeur), Greg Butcher (a Blood Talon Ithaeur), Micky the Judge (an Iron Master Elodoth) and Switchblade Jack (a Hunter in Darkness Irraka). The spirit of Vauxhall Cross, the home of British military intelligence, acts as their patron.

Steel Trap Mind

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Blood Talon

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, 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 3, Manipulation 2 (1/2/0/2), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Investigation (Body Language) 2, Medicine 2, Occult 4, Politics (Spirit) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Drive 2, Firearms (Pistol) 3, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Weaponry 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Intimidation (Staredown) 3, Persuasion 2, Streetwise 4

Merits: Contacts (Falklands Veterans) 1, Fast Reflexes 2, Fetish (Steel Pipe) 3, Totem 3, Weaponry Dodge

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

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

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

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

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

Renown: Glory 2, Honor 2, Purity 1



Gifts: (1) Scent Beneath the Surface, The Right Words, Crushing Blow; (2) Snarl of Command, Mighty Bound, Scent of Taint

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Banish Human, Shared Scent; (2) Banish Spirit, Blessing of the Spirit Hunt

Steel Trap Mind is finally giving something back to the city that gave him so much. Jono (the only name he gives humans) joined the army straight out of school and saw combat in the Falklands War soon after. He came back a changed man. Leaving the military as soon as he could, he lived on the streets or in squats through Thatcher's attempt to ruin his country. Falling in first with communists and then anarchists, he drifted through the '80s in a haze of drugs, alcohol and political rants. Many of the people he was around didn't trust the ex-squaddie, but it soon became clear that he didn't have anything driving him. His parents had split, his dad dead from drinking and his mother wasting away looking after the rest of his family. Jono had taken direction from the army and then from his new friends, drifting from one source of authority to another. That all changed in March 1990. Frustrated by the government and by the lack of direction in his life, the demonstration against the Poll Tax was just another way for him to vent. It swiftly turned into a riot, and Jono was at the front of the crowd, swinging all about himself with a length of steel pipe. One police officer fell before him with blood covering his face, and then Jono felt something bite his shoulder. When he turned around to see what it was, a truncheon connected with the back of his head.

His time in court was punctuated with random outbreaks of instability that the police put down to his history of drug use. Released on remand, his increasing instability convinced him to give up drugs and go straight. It didn't last long. Changing when two of the people he used to live with tried to steal the last of his money, the Irregulars were waiting. They explained that Jono had been a drain on his city, furthering its problems and making it worse for everyone. They offered him a choice. Go back to his old life a Ghost Wolf, never fitting in and furthering the degradation of his city, or join them and maybe make a difference. He agreed on the spot. Six months brought Jono back to his senses, and he used his experience in the military to streamline the pack's operations. The pack called him Steel Trap Mind after his sudden insights and snap decisions that saved their lives on more than one occasion. For the first time in his life, he had a purpose that he was happy with. Then the Irregulars went to Camden. He'd warned them that they were going in without knowing the situation, that something was going to go wrong because they didn't know what they were facing. He was right. In a moment of clarity,

he saw his alpha torn in half. Rather than add to the body count, Steel Trap Mind grabbed Red Jenny and ran for both of their lives.

Steel Trap Mind has never forgiven himself for his cowardice that day. He should have stayed and died with the others. But he knew that this would not be the last thing to break through in London, and that the Irregulars would have to continue. Under his charge, the pack has become more military in style, relying on obtaining intelligence and striking from a position of power at all times. Some of the newer members have noted that he's too willing to take the most dangerous roles, putting himself in needless danger. He can't help it. It's the only way the old Irregulars will ever forgive him.

Steel Trap Mind is a man in his mid-40s, with grey creeping in his close-cropped black hair. He's tall and imposing, with a large collection of ripped jeans and Union Jack T-shirts. An ugly scar runs down the left side of his face from hairline to jaw, just missing his eye. He's never without a leather jacket, which he's had modified to hide the length of steel pipe he used in the riots, now a minor *klaive*. As a wolf, he has a pure white coat and eyes that shine green.

The Temple Guard

London isn't just made up of its streets and people. Cellars and old rooms extend down beneath old buildings, many forgotten after the Blitz. Further down, the Underground carries thousands of people every day, abandoned tunnels and access shafts making it the perfect way to get anywhere in the city, often when people least expect it. The networks of rooftops and fire escapes form paths that most people never dream of, offering the perfect view of the city. Most people don't know of these strange paths; most of those who do pay them no heed. But to the Temple Guard, these paths are an essential aspect of the city.

The Guard take their name from their base, a set of disused service tunnels near the Temple underground station. They watch over the spirits of the Underground and use the tunnels to pass information the length and breadth of the city. The Guard is a new pack, formed less than two years ago, and the packmembers call the tunnels and rooftops of their territory their home. From there they see all that they can, and trade that information with other packs about everything they see. There's no fact or rumor that doesn't have a price for the Guard, but the packmembers do ask that werewolves who use information given by the Guard treat the Underground with respect, even in the other packs' own territory. With the help of other werewolves, the Guard cleared

an infestation of Beshilu out of the tunnels. As the Guard was finishing off one of the last Beshilu, they found Joanna Singh and brought her into the pack. She's taught the rest of the pack to run the rooftops of their territory, helping them keep a wary eye on the city's vampire population, though the pack knows that making the first move is a bad idea at best. Instead, the packmembers focus on gathering information and moving against more obvious threats. One of their last attacks on an Azlu was ill-prepared, ruining the Irregulars' planned attack. The resulting tension allowed the Spider Host to escape, and the two packs have kept a safe distance since. Several of the pack worry that they aren't doing enough, but more than half the members (including Joanna) would rather find things out and pass the information on to other, better-suited packs than risk themselves against a foe that they cannot hope to beat. For now, the Guard sticks to policing the Underground and the rooftops, though all of the Temple Guard know that a split is inevitable if something doesn't change.

The Temple Guard's information-brokerage is only open to other Forsaken, though the information that they pass on often involves other supernatural creatures. Vampires or mages may find themselves the victims of werewolf attacks thanks to the pack, and other werewolves could be pressed to help the Guard gather information. Of course, if other packs are unlucky, then another pack could well be the Temple Guard's next subject.

The Temple Guard are lead by "Square" Lester (a Hunter in Darkness Irraka), and apart from Joanna include Lawrence Collins (an Iron Master Ithaeur), Jack Rat's Nest (a Bone Shadow Elodoth) and Rob "Furthest Leap" Cross (a Bone Shadow Rahu). Their patron is Tower Raven.

Joanna Singh

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, 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, Computer 1, Investigation 2, Occult 1, Science 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Parkour) 3, Brawl 2, Larceny 2, Stealth (Urban Shadowing) 3, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Expression (Newspaper Articles) 3, Socialize 1, Subterfuge (Spotting Lies) 2

Merits: Contacts (Journalists, Homeless People) 2, Direction Sense, Fast Reflexes 1, Totem 2, Resources 1

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6
Harmony: 6
Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1
Virtue: Prudence
Vice: Sloth
Health: 8 (10/12/11/8)
Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10) with Fast Reflexes
Defense: 2 (all forms)
Speed: 11 (12/15/18/16)
Renown: Cunning 2, Wisdom 1
Gifts: (1) Feet of Mist, Know Name, Loose Tongue, Sense Weakness

Joanna Singh never met her potential. Her parents had lofty goals for her, a third-generation immigrant from India. She floated through school, never getting the grades her teachers told her she could get. She remembered the attack by a wild dog one night when out camping more than anything she needed for her exams. She moved to London to study journalism, but dropped out two years into the course. They were busy teaching her the theory, but she just didn't care. She wanted to go out and dig out the secrets of everything around her, splashing them over the front page. A boyfriend was into parkour — treating the city as an obstacle course — and she found the intense exercise a needed release. After they split up, she would still run the city, swinging and cartwheeling across rooftops and through the access tunnels of the Underground. She Changed down there, when something more rat than human thought she was lunch. Joanna managed to hold it off long enough for help to arrive, though not any help she'd expected. The Temple Guard seemed to melt out of the shadows, making swift work of the Beshilu and carrying her away with them. When they explained what she was and what the Guard did, she decided to join them.



Since then, Joanna's done what she does best — wandering the tunnels and rooftops of her city, finding everything that's wrong and putting a stop to it. She's taken up a sideline in freelance journalism, under several assumed names, and underground news sources publish her articles. They're a useful way to garner support against foes that would be too much for her alone. She spends a lot of her time patrolling her territory, but the last time she decided to get the Temple Guard involved with something, they ran right into one of the Irregulars' operations. She's aware that she made a mistake, but she'd rather do something than nothing at all and still defends her choice even though she privately remains unsure of it. Joanna's not one to second-guess her judgment, but often others doubt whether she takes her role seriously enough. Since the incident with the Irregulars she's been more withdrawn, spending time away from the Guard and writing for mainstream newspapers as well as the underground, often about the plight of London's homeless community. She justifies it simply enough — it's the best use she can make of her talents, and she doesn't want to get in anyone's way.

Joanna's worried that she'll make another bad decision, and she's letting that fear consume her. She's not known about her Uratha heritage for long, but the rest of the Guard are young as well and she doesn't want the responsibility they're giving her. Most of her life passed with her just sailing through problems, and doing anything to make a difference is too much, too soon. She doesn't know if she can cope, and she doesn't want the Temple Guard to suffer when she can't.

Joanna's a short Indian girl barely out of her teens. Her black hair is pulled back into one long braid, and her eyes flicker around even when there's nothing to see. She dresses in lightweight black jeans and combats that afford her the freedom of movement she needs to run the city. Even just walking the streets, she carries herself like a dancer. Her Urhan form has a coal-grey coat and a wiry build, moving like liquid shadow.

The Ghost Knives

The Ghost Knives have a hard time of it. They're doing their best to live up to the ideal of a werewolf pack, but in Edinburgh that's not easy. The restless dead are populous in the city, and the Ghost Knives have to deal with the spirits of dead humans in addition to the problems of spirits, others of the People, the Pure and all manner of spiritual problems. Then there's their newest member, Thomas Hamilton. His packmates know something's going on with all the time he spends away from them, but they have no

idea what's really going on. Unfortunately, they're all too busy just trying to survive.

Formed eight years ago, the Ghost Knives aren't the most powerful pack in Edinburgh. They hold territory in the Newington area, and have opened a powerful locus atop Arthur's Seat. Edinburgh doesn't have the werewolf population of many British cities, and the Ghost Knives don't feel the same crush as other packs. What the Ghost Knives do feel is pressure from other angles. In addition to the ghosts of dead humans and Beshilu drawn to the parks that were once plague pits, the Pure are strong in Edinburgh. None of the city's People knows how many human pawns the Pure have. With every mysterious disappearance, unconfirmed rumors of both Fire-Touched and Ivory Claw involvement ripple through the People like wildfire. The Ghost Knives have tried to find how many of the Pure Tribes remain in Edinburgh, but are stalled — human agents are all too willing to die before telling anything, and the large numbers of tourists and fashion victims means that even the Predator Kings can walk the streets without drawing undue notice. The whole pack has a constant feeling that something is watching them, and they don't know if it's *shartha*, ghosts, spirits, agents of the Pure — or all of them at once. The pack has thus taken to hunting more and more in the Shadow of the parklands surrounding their locus, but that doesn't satisfy them. They need to act, but know that when they do they will become the prime targets. And all this time, Thomas stands on the outskirts like he's not even a member, absorbed in things that he's sure the other packmembers wouldn't understand.

Other packs may find themselves allied with the Ghost Knives if the packs concern themselves with the Pure in Edinburgh, or if the packs would rather deal with the city's present problems. Any pack that finds out about Thomas, on the other hand, will either split the Ghost Knives or find every member baying for the packmembers' hides.

The Ghost Knives are lead by Arbiter of Shadows (a Storm Lord Elodoth) and apart from Thomas includes Sarah McTurk (an Iron Master Cahalith), Andy "Light's End" Ware (a Storm Lord Irraka), and Vault's Keeper (a Bone Shadow Elodoth). Their totem is the Holyrood.

Thomas Hamilton

Auspice: Ithaeur

Tribe: Bone Shadow

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 2

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer (Artificial Intelligence) 4, Crafts (Computer Repair) 1, Occult 3, Science (Fringe) 2

Physical Skills: Brawl 1, Drive 1, Larceny 3, Stealth 2

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Persuasion (Fast Talk) 1, Subterfuge (Lying) 2

Merits: Contacts (Computer Science Students) 1, Eidetic Memory, Language (First Tongue) 1, Resources 1, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Gluttony

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

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

Defense: 2 (All forms)


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

Renown: Cunning 1, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Two-World Eyes, Sense Malice, Ward versus Predators

Thom was learning almost before he was born. He took apart his family telephone when he was two years old to find out how it worked, and never looked back. Since then, he's been cramming information into his head, waging a constant war against boredom. When he was 15, he started reading up on conspiracies, occult ramblings, alternative religions and fringe science. It quickly turned into an obsession. Unwilling to discard the obvious chaff, he was sure that there were truths that other people had overlooked, and if he could only find the links, he would finally understand. He found truth of a sort, but not in any way he expected: he underwent his First Change not long after moving to university in Edinburgh. Among Bone Shadows in the Scottish borders, he found new insight and learned all that they





would teach him about the spirit world. An odd feeling drew him back to Edinburgh, where he re-enrolled on his computer science course at the university. He knew some things about ghosts, and wanted to know more, and the Ghost Knives were happy to take him. One night, working on an assignment in one of the Appleton Tower computer labs, he felt something speak to him. It was a direct influx of alien information straight to his brain, without the messy barriers of language or human thought patterns. Thomas changed his life again that day, his desire to know overriding everything that his Uratha senses told him. He stepped across to the Shadow of the building, and saw God.

Appleton Tower is the center of Edinburgh University's computing department, one of the best in Europe. So much information in one place, coupled with a glut of programmers stressing over more assignments than they could handle spurred the data-spirits to consume each other — along with chunks of programs that seemingly disappeared overnight. That night in the Tower, the largest information-spirit in Europe made contact with a young werewolf, and asked for protection. Thomas knows he can't tell the rest of the Ghost Knives. The spirit is vastly powerful but doesn't know so much. His pack would see it destroyed or banished before it decided to take revenge on the Uratha for the murder of Father Wolf. Thomas can't let that happen. He's pledged himself to the information-spirit, and it feeds him information in return for his service. On the one hand, he knows that aiding such a powerful spirit makes him its slave, but he doesn't care. He can't let go of his desire to know, and some of the information the spirit gave him has been vital to the Ghost Knives' recent successes. He will go to any lengths to justify giving the spirit his continued protection. At some point his pack will find out, but so far his packmates are happy with knowing what they do — including the names of two Ivory Claws in the city.

Thomas is a short, slim man in his early 20s with high cheekbones and piercing green eyes. He's generally clean-shaven, and keeps his dark hair in a wide mohawk. Khaki combat pants combine with shirts bearing geek slogans to cement the 'harmless hacker' image he wants to present. He's a hardcore caffeine addict, rarely seen without some form of energy drink, and, whenever he can get away with it, he has a cigarette between his lips. As a wolf, he has a russet coat and a powerful build reminiscent of an oversized hound.

The Bone Orchard

History runs deep in the Shadow of Britain, and nowhere is that more plain than Edinburgh. The

public parks and gardens used to be lakes, drained for use as plague-graves. The Bone Orchard have the Meadows, the largest such grave in the city, as part of their territory. The packmembers know that if they don't keep their territory clear, then all manner of things could break through from below the grass, the history of the Black Plague coming back to haunt the city. But with the Fire-Touched constantly harrying the Bone Orchard, it's only a matter of time before something happens.

Angela Jennings maintains the Bone Orchard under the cover of a local re-enactment group. Her pack of Bone Shadows and Blood Talons has protected its territory for the past six years, weathering attacks from the Fire-Touched and infestations of Beshilu both. Mostly young werewolves who move to the city, the Bone Orchard has a high turnover of members, as any concentrated attack will kill at least one member — but, like true Uratha, they die fighting. Trading information with the Ghost Knives has given the Bone Orchard a line on the wolf-blooded agents of a Fire-Touched in the city, but Angela doesn't trust the other pack. The packmembers are too absorbed with the ghosts of their own territory, not realizing the dangers that lie in the history of the city as a whole. The Bone Orchard see the dead all over as a symptom of a greater problem — the unquiet dead must have a reason for coming back — and, when not fighting things from the city's past, the Bone Orchard is working hard to work out what draws the dead back to haunt the city. It's slow going, but Angela makes sure that her pack are historians as well as warriors, knowing that there will be something buried in the area's history to explain everything. The Bone Orchard do worry that they may find something too big for them to deal with, and all of them have noticed that every time they make some kind of breakthrough their territory comes under attack. There's a worry that the Fire-Touched are watching their research, or even that one of their members is selling them out, but nobody has any evidence yet, and Angela has so far managed to keep things under control.

The Bone Orchard are good allies for packs that are troubled by ghosts or spirits from the city's past. Any packs that discover more about the city's past will find Angela and her pack desperate to know. On the other hand, if a pack has pressing concerns that don't have anything to do with the city's infestation of ghosts, or would rather keep the pack's discoveries to themselves then the Bone Orchard will quickly turn against them.

Apart from Angela, the Bone Orchard's current members include Jo Final Strike (a Blood Talon Ir-raka), Watcher of Shadows (a Bone Shadow Caha-

lith), Angus Reimann (a Bone Shadow Ithaeur) and Mick Campbell (a Blood Talon Rahu). Their patron is the Grave-Robber.

Angela Jennings

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Bone Shadow

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

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

Mental Skills: Academics (Local History) 3, Computer 1, Crafts (Weaponsmith) 2, Investigation 3, Medicine 2, Occult 2

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

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Empathy 2, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 3, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Allies (Re-Enactment Society) 2, Contacts (Students, Local Historians) 2, Fetish (Klaive broadsword) 3, Fresh Start, Language (First Tongue) 1, Totem 2, Weaponry Dodge

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 8

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Wrath

Health: 8 (10/12/9/8)

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

Defense: 3 (All forms)

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

Renown: Glory 3, Honor 2, Purity 1, Wisdom 4

Gifts: (1) Death Sight, Pack Awareness, The Right Words, Ward versus Predators; (2) Ghost Knife, Resist Pain, Scent of Taint; (3) Corpse Witness, Echo Dream, Rallying Cry; (4) Spirit Skin

Rituals: 4; **Rites:** Any one- to four-dot rites from Chapter Two of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**

Angela Jennings is a contradiction. Warrior and historian, she's been re-enacting ancient battles for the past 20 years. Since her Change six years ago, she's put her skills to better use, looking into the reasons for the returning dead not only in her territory but in Edinburgh as a whole. Others among the People contend that they should be doing what she is — and should have a fair chunk of her territory, but Angela laughs them off. After all, she's doing what she has always done, but this time it's applied history, rather than theoretical. Other packs, including the Ghost Knives, have approached her for help with mysteries that they cannot solve alone, but she's dedicated to the Bone Orchard and to helping her city before she will allow herself to help individuals within it.



In her late 30s when she started having strange dreams about the ghosts of plague-dead rising from the Meadows, Angela saw the embodiments of disease walking alongside people killed almost 400 years ago. Prior to that, she had been a historian, drifting from research to teaching and back at Edinburgh University after her husband left her, along with her daughter. She took out her stress at his betrayal through re-enactment combat, and though she was the cause of several broken limbs she had never been kicked out. When the dreams came, she was sure there was something she had to do, but it took meeting one of the unquiet dead on the meadows under the light of a gibbous moon to prompt her into her Change. Fleeing the scene without thinking, she was amazed to see that what she thought had been a drunken rampage against a tourist wasn't in any of the papers. Only later did she find out that she had the Ghost Knives to thank for that particular bit of intervention. Tracking her with the aid of their patron, Vault's Keeper recommended that she train with the same Bone Shadows who later taught his newest pack member, Tom Hamilton. Angela had no problem passing her initiation into the Bone Shadows, using her knowledge of history and investigative techniques to solve a more contemporary problem. She returned to Edinburgh and formed the Bone Orchard, thinking that the Ghost Knives were too wrapped up in dealing with the immediate problems in their own territory. Her pack works to her own visions, and while the Bone Orchard maintain an alliance with the Ghost Knives, Angela is ready and willing to break that at any time. Recently, she discovered that her ex-husband had moved back to the city. She hasn't yet visited him, but it's only a matter of time.

Angela is a forceful, single-minded woman. She knows what is right for her city, and damn anyone else who thinks he knows better. Still haunted by dreams of the plague-dead rising, she hasn't given in to fear. Instead, she treats it as a mystery that she must solve — and if she can break some heads while doing so, so much the better. Her packmates treat her with a respect that she's earned, and assume that her violent outbursts are just her frustration with the world boiling to the surface. That's only half true — Angela burns with a core of anger that she didn't Change earlier, when she could have done so much more with her life and stopped her husband from running away from her.

Easily six feet tall, Angela doesn't look her age. As a mark of pride, she leaves her hair long and lets the grey shine through. She's slim and athletic, and although she rarely smiles, her whole face lights up when she does. Out in public, she favors functional worn denim and leather along with a broad-brimmed hat. When going into combat, she wears scraps of chain mail under her jacket and carries a plain broadsword. The police haven't arrested her for it yet, but some new cop could make that mistake at any point.

Blaidd Drwg

North Wales was the last place in Britain to feel the touch of humanity. Until a few years ago, there were still towns that had to generate their own electricity. It's one of the most remote places in the UK, and Blaidd Drwg — Welsh for Bad Wolf — want to keep it that way. A pack made up entirely of Hunters in Darkness, Blaidd Drwg claims all of Eryri (Snowdonia) as its territory. It's a bold claim but one that the pack can back up — presently, the pack consists of 10 Uratha lead by Eagle's Reach, and in some form or another Blaidd Drwg have held Eryri as their territory for the past 200 years. The march of time has brought tourists to the area, and, increasingly, the packmembers find themselves avoiding the northern region. There are just too many people there for the packmembers to work as they will, and so they must rely on ancient pacts with local spirits to watch the area most likely to bring trouble.

Eagle's Reach is a pragmatic traditionalist, and works to ensure that the modern world will not outpace the pack. He relaxed the requirement that all packmembers must speak Welsh, seeing it as a traditional affectation that would hurt their chances in modern times. He also required the pack to at least learn the English for their deed-names, in order that they appear open to werewolves from elsewhere. It is also thanks to him that the pack is finally seeking links

with other packs in the industrial areas of South Wales and western England, though few have responded. Just knowing that such a strong pack exists scares many of the People, as they wonder how anyone can hold such a large territory. In many ways, Blaidd Drwg is failing. Withdrawing from the areas most popular with tourists means that the packmembers often do not know of *Hithisu* and *duguthim* using the visitors for cover until it is too late. The spirit of Snowdon weakens daily as more people trample it under their feet and much of its ancient mystery is lost. If the packmembers were to make a meaningful effort to protect it, they would have to divert their resources from the rest of the area, leaving much of their territory entirely unprotected. A pack of Predator Kings seeks to claim the western area, and they will exploit any weakness that they can find. Many of the spirits of Eryri are not happy about Blaidd Drwg subjugating them for so long, and several powerful Jagglings are building up open resistance to the pack in the Shadow of their territory. On top of that, the march of time threatens to leave the pack as a historical relic. The pack will not back down, however. Eagle's Reach will not let the packmembers. They will adapt to their changing circumstances, and they will hold Eryri against the enemies of the People to the last.

Blaidd Drwg need all the allies they can get. Packs that are receptive to Blaidd Drwg's offers of alliance will find themselves with powerful friends — who often ask difficult or dangerous favors in return for their assistance. On the other hand, if a pack doesn't believe that Eryri is worth holding, or openly distrusts Eagle's Reach's motives, then the packmembers will find themselves with very powerful antagonists.

The five most powerful members after Eagle's Reach are Dylan ap Owen (Hunter in Darkness Cahalith), Evan Sky's Reach (Hunter in Darkness Ithaeur), Aled Morgan (Hunter in Darkness Elodoth), Mountain's Patience (Hunter in Darkness Elodoth) and Edryn Snow Runner (Hunter in Darkness Irraka). Their patron is Eryr, the eagle.

Eagle's Reach

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Hunters in Darkness

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 5 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 6 (7/8/8/7)

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

Mental Skills: Crafts 3, Investigation 2, Medicine 2, Occult (Spirits) 4, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 4, Empathy 2, Expression (Howls) 2, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Contacts (Welsh Werewolves) 1, Fetish (Klaive) 4, Language (First Tongue, Welsh) 2, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 6

Willpower: 9

Harmony: 8

Essence Max/Per Turn: 15/3

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Pride

Health: 11 (13/15/14/11)

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 3, Honor 2, Purity 4, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Warning Growl, Call Fire, Clarity, Speak With Beasts, Crushing Blow; (2) Primal Howl, Luna's Dictum, Manipulate Earth, Attunement, Plant Growth, Blending; (3) Voice of Command, Death Grip, Running Shadow, Iron-Rending; (4) Break the Defiant, Legendary Arm

Rituals: 5; **Rites:** Any from Chapter Two of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, plus special rites known only to his pack.

Eagle's Reach has become the voice of the Blaidd Drwg to the People, whether he wants to be or not. Nephew of the pack's previous alpha, Eagle's Reach Changed early in life and joined the pack, as everyone around him knew he would. He became a strong warrior, and, in time, a fine leader. He led many hunts and fought off Pure and spirits both, but as the world moved on, he saw what the rest of the pack then refused to see. If Blaidd Drwg did not change, the pack would die out. Humans were coming in greater numbers, and they did not fear the Uratha. The humans' presence brought spirits that were once alien to the mountains, and when the humans left, the spirits remained. He hunted them then, hoping to drive off the change, but, in his heart, he already knew it was too late. There was no way to make the area what it once was. He was content to follow the pack while he could do nothing about it, but when a pack of Predator Kings slew fully half his pack's number, he saw his chance. Eagle's Reach challenged the others and became alpha of the Blaidd Drwg.

With the pack behind him, he finally had his chance. His first act was to ignore the requirement for new packmates to speak Welsh. The traditionalists claimed he was stripping away their heritage, but Eagle's Reach knew that the language was an unnecessary barrier keeping out many promising young werewolves. Other changes led to similar claims, but he made his position simple: the modern world threatened to outpace the pack, and there was no point holding to traditions that would doom Blaidd Drwg. He kept the traditions that do not threaten the pack's numbers or ability to protect the Eryri, but every



time something would hold the packmembers back from a victory against the Pure or hunting a magath he removed it. This did not make him popular at the time, but word of his successes spread. The older packmembers complain bitterly at what they have lost, but none of them can doubt that Eagle's Reach is the reason they have continued to survive — and thrive. Most recently, Eagle's Reach has tried to ally his pack with other werewolves in Wales and beyond. He has met with mixed success; although a few packs would be glad to call the Blaidd Drwg allies, many more are worried that Eagle's Reach will set himself up as an authority over all of them, forging an empire under his protection.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Eagle's Reach sees the future of his pack and his country as a prolonged battle. If he does not plan, if he does not adapt to his enemy, it will kill everything he holds dear. Several of the choices he has made do not sit well with him, but he cannot afford sentimentality. As far as he cares, the march of progress is threatening to outpace the People as a whole, and he will not allow that to happen. He wants allies among other packs and tribes not out of a desire to rule them but because he wants warning of dangers that one pack alone cannot handle. He finds it frustrating when others misinterpret what to him is perfectly simple fact, but he is careful enough to save his rage for something that threatens his pack and his territory. Many werewolves think he is dangerous for ignoring traditions, but they will learn soon enough that he is right. Of that, he is sure.

Eagle's Reach is a short, powerfully-built man nearing his 60s, though he doesn't yet look it. His close-cropped hair is entirely grey and stubble of the same hue covers his chin. He dresses for practicality

rather than style, most often sturdy boots and a waterproof coat. In Urhan form, he's a huge wolf with a coal-black coat, and is personally responsible for several hellhound sightings in his territory.

The Lords of Smoke

Stoke stands as an emblem of urban decay, a mix of traditional brick houses half-blackened by smoke and crumbling concrete developments that speak of decay on a primal level. The Forsaken of the city spend their days hunting the spirits that would turn their city into a wasteland, walking the skeletons of the city while trying not to draw the notice of the Pure. The Lords of Smoke do their best to lead the other People in reclaiming their city, but it just isn't enough.

Gideon Raney runs the pack, doing this best to ensure that "his" Uratha set an example for all the other Forsaken in the area. All of the Lords of Smoke are Storm Lords, and they try to live up to their tribal heritage. They do their best to be proactive, but the humans living in the city are too set in their belief that things cannot get better for any changes to last. The Lords of Smoke realize that they don't have the human ties to do anything about the state of the area, but Gideon's zeal keeps them going. They can't make things better, but they refuse to sit back and let things get any worse. This puts them at odds with the Concrete Jungle, a pack of Ghost Wolves who think that the Lords of Smoke are wasting their effort. It's true that the Lords are putting themselves in the firing line — the pack found three of their wolf-blooded relatives murdered, including Gideon's son. They suspect that the Pure are responsible, but the pack doesn't know who or where to strike to get revenge. Gideon's also worried about the Shadow. The bones of the city are crumbling. It's a slow process, but worrying — without the spiritual buildup of history, there's no sign that the city will ever drag itself out of the pit of despair that holds it now. For this reason, Gideon's sent two of his pack on a quest deep into the Shadow, trying to find a rite to shore up the city's history before everything is lost. The others work out of Gideon's offices in the city center, close to where their territory borders that of the Concrete Jungle.

The Lords of Smoke need all the help they can get, and will appeal to any pack that seems sympathetic to their cause. Without some form of aid to bolster their numbers, they know that the city is doomed, and having other werewolves on their side would be a massive help to them. On the other hand, any pack that took the Lords up on their offer would find themselves on the Concrete Jungle's shit-list — not a good place to be.

Gideon currently is alpha of Julia Clarke (a Storm Lord Cahalith) and Anthony Stanhope (a Storm Lord Rahu). Alexandra Stross (a Storm Lord Ithaeur) and Scent of Ash (a Storm Lord Elodoth) are currently questing for a rite to shore up the area's history, but have been gone for three months. The Pack's patron is the Hellhound.

Gideon Raney

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 4

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

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

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

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Firearms 2, Stealth 3, Streetwise 3, Survival 2, Weaponry 4

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

Merits: Allies (Hospital Staff) 2, Contacts (Medical, Underworld) 2, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Language (First Tongue) 1, Resources 3, Totem 4

Primal Urge: 5

Willpower: 8

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 14/2

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Gluttony

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

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 1, Honor 4, Purity 3, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Loose Tongue, Scent Beneath the Surface, Sense Malice, Warning Growl; (2) Luna's Dictum, Sand In the Eyes, Scent of Taint, Silent Fog; (3) Aura of Truce, Deluge, Echo Dream; (4) Double Back, Killing Frost

Rituals: 5; **Rites:** Any rites from Chapter Two of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

Gideon Raney was many things. People described him as charming and smart, but he didn't believe them. He couldn't let himself believe them. Growing up in Stoke, he saw just how bad things really were. To his eyes, the city was a wasteland of lost opportunity, dying under the pressure of people who just didn't care. If he were all of those things, he would be able to make a difference, make things better. Nothing he tried worked. He went to university, studied to be a doctor. All he wanted to do was help people, but more and more he saw that people didn't want to help. They wanted things to go on being the same. The same coal-



stained houses, the same abusive spouses, the same blindness and the same stupidity that surrounded them every day. He had tried to make a difference, and he had failed. After three years as a doctor, he quit. People didn't want him to help them, not really. They didn't want to change. Eventually, he gave up. He quit his job and tried to quit caring. He tried to bury his need for a better world in cheap vodka, but it didn't help. Out walking the streets looking for some peace, three drunks set upon him. Under the light of a half-moon, so late it was early, he Changed. And once more he knew he could change the world.

He wasn't alone. Other werewolves in the city, other Storm Lords, knew that things had to change. The Lords of Smoke took him in, mistaking his zeal for a natural desire for leadership. After a time, he took charge. The Lords were the only pack able to lead the People of the area, and the only pack able to change anything. The others were unsure at first, but then Gideon took them to the Other and demonstrated the crumbling bones of the city. They agreed with his prediction — that if the city's bones wore away, so would the city. The Lords of Smoke could not let that happen. None of the others had Gideon's fanaticism, but slowly they came around to his way of thinking. Now the pack tries to change things among the area's Forsaken population. Of course, Gideon's the main target for the Fire-Touched who venerate the spirits of decay and despair as much as the spirits of the city. They've tried to kill him, but haven't succeeded yet. Presently, he's using his medical experience to cover as a drug dealer, ensuring that people will ask questions if he disappears.

Recently, Gideon paid a lot of people a lot of money to find a solution to the slow death of his city.

A pack of Iron Masters in Boston had heard of a rite that could stop the history of a place slipping away. Gideon was ready to go himself, but the rest of the pack convinced him otherwise. Other Uratha would take his leaving as a sign of weakness, and he had to remain. He grudgingly sent two of his pack into the Shadow Realm. That was three months ago. Since then, the Concrete Jungle have used the Lords' weakened numbers as an excuse to challenge Gideon's territory and his authority, an insult he will not take lying down.

Tall and lean, Gideon doesn't look like much. Messy black hair, green eyes that gleam with something between intelligence and fanaticism and a trimmed goatee help him hide in amongst the humans. He favors worn suits and old ties, everything one size too large to conceal his pair of knives and pistol. His Urhan form is a huge coal-grey creature with burning eyes and powerful jaws.

The Concrete Jungle

Some people get lucky. But many more find their dreams shattered early. Drifting through life on the bottom of the ladder, holding down the worst jobs or living on benefits, they know that their dreams have died and no longer care. The Concrete Jungle is a pack who know that things right now are shit, but they're not going to get better. Ghost Wolves one and all, some never wanted a tribe and some weren't good enough to pass the Rite of Passage. People call them many things — chavs, slackers, dole scum — and they don't bother denying it. They're happy with what they are, and if that involves getting drunk and getting by on handouts, then so what? There's nothing better for them in Stoke, and they're not about to move when they have everything they need.

Darren Moore leads a pack that people and werewolves alike consider failures and drop-outs. They keep their territory, they hunt spirits to keep their lives easy, but there's no point doing more. Haunting the worn concrete buildings in the center of the city, the packmembers resist anything that tries to change them — most notably, the Lords of Smoke. Let the Lords try to change things, let them work until they die and not change anything. The Pure will come for the People who try to make a difference, and the Concrete Jungle prides itself for staying off the radar. The packmembers are content just to survive and tend to their territory — and if they can score points from the Lords of Smoke, so much the better. The two packs are at each other's throats, but neither is willing to turn aggression into full-on battle. On the one hand, Darren is worried about the mutilated wolf-blooded

in the Lords' territory, but it isn't his problem. As long as the Pure don't come looking, he's not going to stick his neck out.

That said, the Concrete Jungle are doing well for their territory. They police the physical and spiritual worlds, hunting anything that tries to cross between. They meet anything that would cause them trouble later on with bared teeth and claws. They want an easy life, but some of them don't seem to realize that they're working harder than ever to keep things that way. Certainly, things are better in their territory than in that of the Lords. The Concrete Jungle's larger numbers and dedication to solving immediate problems rather than bothering with the long-term leaves them free to be a traditional pack, a rare thing anywhere in the UK.

Though Darren isn't desperate for allies, he will make a point of approaching any pack that has seen the Lords of Smoke, putting his version of the truth against that of Gideon. If the pack agrees with him, then that's fine. If the pack doesn't, he may have to remind the pack that not everyone likes a smart-arsed martyr. A pack seeking to reconcile the Concrete Jungle and the Lords of Smoke would have a hard time, but would find a hard-won victory if the pack could pull it off.

In addition to Darren, the Concrete Jungle is composed of Lawrence "Loz" Boswell (a Ghost Wolf Rahu), Chelsea Miller (a Ghost Wolf Elodoth), Shaun Harper (a Ghost Wolf Cahalith slowly turning Bale Hound) and Jenny Munroe (a Ghost Wolf Rahu). Their patron is the Urban Fox.

Darren Moore

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Ghost Wolf

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

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

Mental Skills: Computer 1, Crafts (Auto Repair) 2, Occult 2, Politics 1

Physical Skills: Brawl 3, Drive 1, Larceny 4, Stealth 3, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Expression 1, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Allies (Street Gang) 3, Brawling Dodge, Contacts (Other Street Gangs, Local Werewolves) 2, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 6

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Sloth

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

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Loose Tongue, Partial Change, Sense Weakness

Growing up, Darren was always told by his parents that he had potential. He could do whatever he wanted to do, be whatever he wanted to be. But looking out of the window at Stoke in the late 1980s, their words rang hollow. The city was old and worn, and he didn't see a real future. He dropped out of school and tried his hands at fixing cars. He was good enough to get a qualification, but most of the people he knew were going on to university, learning and making the most of what they had. He didn't see the point. Life at home was comfortable, and if he couldn't get a job fixing up cars, what did that matter? The government would pay his way the same as it had with his dad. While other kids studied to get into universities, he shrugged and spent his nights with his friends, getting wasted on cheap booze and drugs. Why work hard for something that might never matter when he was fine where he was?

His Change didn't change his attitudes. He had power, but the Tribes of the Moon were too active: they demanded so much that he couldn't be bothered to give. Better to gather others who, like him, didn't care for lofty goals or redeeming their kind, and carve out a slice of the city as his own. They called themselves the Concrete Jungle after the decaying '60s shopping center that they called home. They got drunk, they lashed out at anything stupid enough to try anything in their territory, but the only thing



worse than an Azlu trying to tie off the Shadow was the Lords of Smoke. The pompous bastards thought that the Jungle would just roll over and bow down to a pack that doesn't understand what it's like to grow up in a dying city. The Lords claim to want to help the city. Darren called them on their bullshit, and started to encroach on their territory. Others in his pack weren't so sure, but it was easy. The Lords were too busy with their nobler-than-thou goals to give a shit, and parts of their territory were open for the taking. Stealing territory became little more than a game, no worse than shoplifting or getting wrecked on an evening when they had nothing better to do. It's a challenge, something to do that isn't going to get the Pure on their backs or the local spirits breathing down their necks. If the Lords can't look after their land, why should they keep it?

Darren doesn't regret any of it. He's got a pack, better friends than the gang that he used to hang out with. He's got somewhere to call his own, and if he needs something, he's even more capable of stealing it than he was before. He was right: unemployment benefits pay his way, and if he needs more, then the garage he used to work at will give him some work under the table. It beats really working for a living. To hell with trying and failing, he's not trying and is doing just fine. He is worried about Loz and Jenny, though. They're taking stupid risks, slipping into their Gauru forms in public. So far it's just been drunks and druggies, but Darren's worried about their lack of control. He doesn't want to strive for anything, but he'll be damned if anyone tries ruining the good thing he's got going — even members of his own pack.

Darren looks like the typical chav. Eighteen years old, he hides his short hair under a Burberry baseball cap. He has a thin face with gold earrings in each ear and scars from drunken brawls. Most of the time he's seen in a name-brand track suit and expensive trainers. Chunky rings adorn all of his fingers, and gold chains hang around his neck. As a wolf, he is squat and powerful, with deep rust-colored fur.

The Floating Harbor

Unlike many cities in England, Bristol has pulled itself out of the post-industrial slump and is looking toward the future. The Floating Harbor embrace their city's change, working in the Shadow to make sure that nothing stands in the path of a future for their city. Alex Crow leads a pack of idealists and forward-thinkers who honestly want things to keep changing. Unfortunately, plenty of people don't want change. There are Ivory Claws on the prowl around the city, including the old docks that the pack is named after.

The Royal Vic pack of Blood Talons is also out to stymie the Floating Harbor in any way it can.

The Floating Harbor are young enough to still believe they can change the world. Alex was working at the city's university before his First Change, and brought together other Uratha who shared his belief that Bristol would continue to change. Unlike the towns and cities in the north of the country, there's not so much inertia — the city has always changed, and likely always will. From shipping to aerospace to high-tech industry, there's never been a period when time left the city behind. The Floating Harbor tries to keep things that way. Made up of Iron Masters and Ghost Wolves in almost equal numbers, the Harbor also acts as a trading post for information and illegal items among packs across the southwest of England. Although several packs among the People think that the Harbor are doing a wonderful job, more martial werewolves believe that the Harbor isn't doing enough. Selling rumors and lies is all well and good, but the Pure walk the city's streets without a problem, and three of the Royal Vic have been hunted in the past two months. They repeatedly accuse the Floating Harbor of selling them out, handing them to the Pure in exchange for keeping the Floating Harbor out of immediate danger. While Alex has shouted down these allegations whenever the two packs meet and has gone so far as to accuse the Royal Vic of blaming the Harbor for the Royal Vic's own weakness, he's got a sneaking suspicion he knows who is to blame. Jenny Kincaid, the brightest member of the Floating Harbor, has been keeping something from the rest of the pack. Alex just isn't willing to hand over one of his own until he has some evidence.

The sad thing is that Jenny isn't giving away anything on the Royal Vic. They've just got old and sloppy, not realizing the way in which cities change. The Ivory Claws who call much of Bristol home have had a laughably easy time targeting the Vic, but Sparks From Stone, their alpha, is perfectly happy for two packs of Luna's Bitches to kill each other, leaving the rest of the impure for him to pick off.

The Floating Harbor will trade anything with anyone. While the packmembers normally limit themselves to trading with other Forsaken, the Harbor aren't above taking payment from vampires, mages and anyone else who is interested. A year ago, the Harbor traded a stolen painting of negligible value to a vampire who started a full-on war among the city's undead population. The pack is currently holding what is supposedly the suicide note of Alan Turing. A man who claims to be a mage is interested, but none of the pack is particularly comfortable with trading for the increasingly bizarre services she is offering.

The Floating Harbor is lead by Alex Crow (an Iron Master Elodoth), and apart from Jenny comprises Storm Over Water (a Ghost Wolf Cahalith), Robin Young (an Iron Master Ithaeur) and Nimble Gibson (an Iron Master Irraka). Their totem is the Last Concorde.

Jenny Kincaid

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Ghost Wolves

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 4, Resolve 2

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 4 (3/4/1/4), Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics (Art History) 2, Computer 1, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Politics 2, Science 1

Physical Skills: Drive 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression (Piano) 2, Persuasion (Fast-Talking) 3, Socialize 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge (Not Getting Caught) 4

Merits: Contacts (Students, Local Artists, Local Bands) 3, Eidetic Memory, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Language (First Tongue, French, German, Italian, Russian) 5, Striking Looks 2, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Pride

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

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Call Water, Partial Change, Two-World Eyes; (2) Anybeast, Sand in the Eyes

Rituals: 3; Rites: (1) Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication; (2) Banish Spirit, Cleansed Blood; (3) Rite of Healing

Jenny Kincaid is everything the Floating Harbor needs. Her skills run the gamut from computer programming to classical music; she speaks four languages, holds two degrees and can make men do what she wants with a few well-placed words. She's a polymath, skilled in any field that she puts her mind to. She can't fight well, but that's the least of her concerns — she keeps the information brokerage running, and is responsible for a lot of what comes in locally. Nobody who depends on her will hear a bad word said about her. But none of that matters to Jenny, because she's living a lie.

Jenny's parents separated when she was four, and she has vivid memories of a messy divorce that left her mother clutching the neck of a gin bottle. Fostered



away to the home of an abusive mother and an uncaring father, Jenny was taunted about her family life at school whenever the subject came up. She dropped out of university early, and spent her time in libraries learning a little about a lot of subjects. If ever she came across someone who had really studied a subject she'd be in trouble, but to Jenny's mind that didn't matter. She wasn't looking for other intellectuals to woo; her goal was just to find a group to impress. Maybe then people would look to her as an equal — and if they happened to look up to her, then so much the better. She does her best to fit into any social group she finds herself in, and that hasn't changed just because she found out about her Uratha heritage. Getting herself in with the Floating Harbor was a blessing she hadn't expected, and the packmembers openly displayed their need for someone of her learning and talents. Taking over the information brokerage side of the pack's operations, she does her best to keep everyone aware of everything they need, as long as they pay the price. She aids the pack on hunts and journeys into the Shadow, but recently she's been spending more and more time on her own. None of her packmates have followed her to the small apartment that she rents, but if they did, they'd see Jenny drowning her fears in cheap whisky and worthless men. Someone has started sending her anonymous notes, revealing that the sender knows her secret. Fearing that someone will let the Floating Harbor know that she's nothing but a liar and a fraud, she's trying to distance herself from them, but it just isn't working.

Jenny doesn't have any defined sense of who she is. Away from her pack, she plays to others' expectations, building herself around what they know of her and what they expect her to be. Although that's an

advantage in many social situations, being all things to all people means that it's more and more likely that someone will catch her out. She's guilty about the lies and half-truths she tells, but there are so many of them, and even Jenny doesn't really know if some of them are true or not. In the small hours around dawn, she wonders if she really has any truth left in her, or if even her memories are just another patchwork of falsehoods.

A tall and attractive woman in her late 20s, Jenny has long, dark hair that frames her face. Her eyes sparkle behind the glasses she wears to aid her intellectual look. She typically wears long skirts along with shirts that allow her to show off her figure, and her fingers always sport a multitude of rings. In Urhan form, she's a slim wolf with an unearthly white coat.

Black Light

Werewolves stalk the streets of every city in the UK. Mostly they are Forsaken, forced into cramped urban territories to avoid the Pure. Many Uratha hate it in the cities. Even the Iron Masters feel claustrophobic trapped between buildings and surrounded by people, knowing that any slip they make could have witnesses. But some werewolves revel in their confinement. Smaller territories mean less ground to cover when something goes wrong. And some werewolves revel in the chance to solve a multitude of problems without having to chase around after them.

On the streets of Liverpool, Black Light hunt the ghosts of problems past. They stalk the bones of their city, all too often finding things that other packs thought they buried just waiting to cause trouble again. The turnover of packs and territory means that nobody knows what things old packs locked away as recently as 10 years ago. Too many of the city's other werewolves don't care; they have enough to deal with. Black Light know from harsh experience that the others are fools. John Eve, the pack's alpha, knows that none of Black Light will talk about the houses that burned down on their territory. None of his pack wants to remember what happened, even though the memory will stay with them all until they die. They thought they could ignore omens of an old problem arising once more, and they got nothing but a Wound for their trouble. If the houses hadn't burned, a powerful Juggling trapped in the city's bones would have killed hundreds just to get revenge on the werewolves who put the spirit there. Black Light burned the houses of its first victims, the site where it was going to break free, but they got sloppy. Their own actions, along with the people still in the houses when the fires started, cursed part of their territory. They refuse to let that happen anywhere else.

Liverpool's other Forsaken often wonder that they spend too long in the past, tracking the dead rather than helping the living, but Black Light has a higher goal now, and the packmembers don't expect anyone else to understand.

Black Light are engrossed with old mysteries and new problems. They live on the streets, not bothering with human niceties. They've forgotten whatever lives they had before, giving up on friends and family to make sure that nobody else repeats their mistake. Living among Liverpool's homeless community makes Black Light inconspicuous, and they can do whatever they have to without worrying people more than any of the drunks and tramps do already.

Any pack that's been in Liverpool long enough will find Black Light digging through the packmembers' past, often caught up in some other problem that has more questions than answers. If the pack helps Black Light out, John will help the pack in return, to the point of offering favors in return for future help. On the other hand, plenty of packs have things buried in their history that they don't want other werewolves to know, and Black Light aren't above avenging anything that they find.

John Eve is the alpha of Black Light. The other members are Warren Jones (a Bone Shadow Irraka), Murray Shadow Watcher (a Ghost Wolf Ithaeur), Mad Jane Blackwell (a Ghost Wolf Cahalith) and Mel Jordan (an Iron Master Elodoth). Their patron is the Feral Dog.

John Eve

Auspice: Cahalith

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4

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

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

Mental Skills: Academics (Law) 2, Investigation 4, Medicine 1, Occult 4, Science 1

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

Social Skills: Empathy 3, Expression (Howls) 2, Intimidation (Shouting) 3, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 3

Merits: Allies (Criminals) 1, Allies (Homeless) 3, Contacts (Homeless) 1, Eidetic Memory, Iron Stamina 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Wrath

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, Glory 2, Honor 2, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Left-Handed Spanner, Know Name, Straighten, The Right Words; (2) Camaraderie, Nightfall, Resist Pain

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

John Eve only ever wanted to keep people safe. When a friend confided that her boyfriend was beating her up, he broke the boyfriend's legs. When John's younger brother revealed that he was taking heroin, John did his best to get him off the stuff and into rehab. At 14, John started smoking to deal with the stress. By 22, he was close to alcoholism from trying to deal with people's problems. He didn't care. Those were his problems, and he'd deal with them when everyone he knew was safe. He didn't matter. He wasn't as important as the people he knew. Pushing himself to the limit and beyond was all he knew how to do, but there was always another abuser, another dealer, another friend going slowly insane, and he couldn't help them all. He knew that, but still he tried.

When his brother died of an overdose, John looked at his life. He quit drinking and threw himself into helping everyone he knew with renewed vigor. He lost his job, lost his girlfriend, lost everything that gave his life meaning beyond helping people. In the dark of night, he dreamed of terrible things. Buried secrets under the Liverpool streets, mad spirits breaking free from their prisons among the bones and hidden places of the city. He ignored them, believing that they were figments of his overactive imagination. Then one of the things he had dreamed of tried to kill him. In a moment, he saw the future, saw how things would

only get worse, and he knew that he couldn't let that happen. In that moment, he Changed.

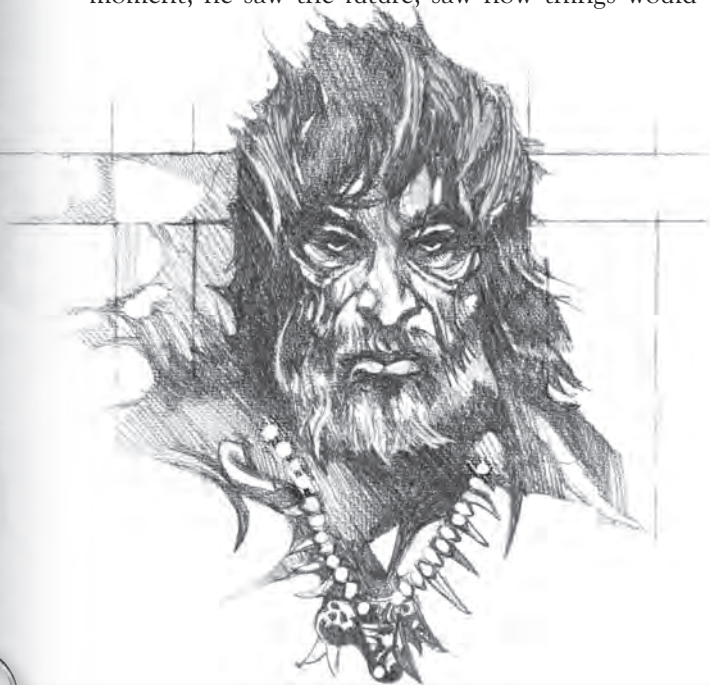
Soon after he claimed his heritage, the bank foreclosed and John lost his home. He didn't care. There were others like him, others who wanted to save not just themselves or a few others, but so much more. They had to watch the spirits to keep people safe in their territories. They had to save people from the dangers that nobody but the Uratha would ever know. His initiation into the Iron Masters came several years after his Change, simply because John was too busy trying to help people. After a while, he relented and joined the Iron Masters. Upon returning from his initiation, he founded Black Light with other homeless werewolves he knew, instilling within them his desire to save everyone he could. Their first real challenge came from an old spirit buried in a hidden part of the city's Shadow. That convinced John that he had to look to the past, dealing with problems long forgotten in order to save the people he knows now.

John's a driven man, burning with his desire to help people. He has a higher goal, and is more than willing to sacrifice himself for it. He puts himself before his pack, knowing that if any of his packmates dies because of something he asked them to do he would never forgive himself. He smokes as constantly as he can scrounge cigarettes, and is sorely tempted to drink away some of his troubles. Instead, when things get bad, he attacks anything that comes close, including people and solid walls.

A short man, John's age is impossible to determine. His shaggy hair and full beard are starting to go grey and the lines on his face come from stress rather than age. He wears layers of old clothes that are falling apart, and frequently goes for several weeks without bathing. People often find him curled up among some blankets, trying to work out what his latest dream has told him.

The Trawlermen

Fishing was the lifeblood of many British cities. Coastal cities, especially in the north of the country, survived on their fleets. Those days are long gone now, but still the boats set out. Government regulations and tussles with other European countries have put strict limits on how much each boat can catch, leaving many fishermen without enough money to live. In Hull, the fishing boats were something else as well: an early warning against trouble in the North Sea. The Trawlermen, the pack that claims the city's docks as their territory, would listen to the tales of fishermen on their return, hoping that they wouldn't hear any sign of impending trouble.



With the loss of many fishing vessels, that early warning system is gone. Martin Hosell, alpha of the Trawlermen, has done his best to put friendly wolf-blooded on the remaining boats in the hope that he can give them some clue about what to look for. He knows that it won't work — there aren't enough ships, and the wolf-blooded he sends think his stories are nothing more than the ramblings of a tired drunk. But he and his pack know that something is down there, in the North Sea. Dreams plague all of the pack, nightmares of something disturbed by constant drilling for oil, and they know that it's only a matter of time before something makes a move. And when it does, they're the only ones who can stop it. Unfortunately, it's not like they have the time to prepare. The Trawlermen's territory covers some of the more rundown parts of east Hull. While they aren't the worst parts of the city, the whole place is a sinkhole for spirits of despair and apathy, and the pack has had to work hard to avoid Wounds opening in their territory. Roaming gangs of teenagers don't make things any better, and the pack have had to contend with all manner of spirits trying to cross over and make the city their own.

Any pack that believes one of the Trawlermen's ravings about things coming up from the sea will win the pack as allies. Even away from the docks, both packs will have to work very hard to stop the Trawlermen's territory from getting worse. Anyone who dismisses the pack based on their apparent insanity — deliberately or otherwise — will soon find themselves the victims of the pack's vengeance. These werewolves are swift to anger, and not exactly subtle.

Martin Hosell doesn't insist that the other Trawlermen be male, but the pack's not had a female member yet. In addition to him, the other Trawlermen include Chris "Macca" McKenzie (a Ghost Wolf Rahu), Scott Mitchell (a Ghost Wolf Elodoth), Ben Priest (a Blood Talon Cahalith), Charlie Andrews (a Ghost Wolf Rahu) and Jack Alderton (a Storm Lord Rahu). Their totem is the Tradewind that brings fishing boats back to port.

Martin Hosell

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Iron Masters

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, 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 4, Manipulation 3 (2/3/0/3), Composure 4

Mental Skills: Crafts (Shipwright) 3, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Politics (Union) 2, Science (Engineering) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Drive 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2



Social Skills: Empathy 3, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 4, Socialize 1, Streetwise 2

Merits: Allies (Shipwrights) 4, Common Sense, Contacts (Dockworkers, Police, Trade Union) 3, Totem 4

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 9

Harmony: 8

Essence Max/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Pride

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

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

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


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

Renown: Cunning 3, Glory 2, Honor 4, Purity 2, Wisdom 4

Gifts: (1) Left-Handed Spanner, Know Name, Scent Beneath the Surface, Sense Malice; (2) Nightfall, Ruin, Scent of Taint, Snarl of Command; (3) Aura of Truce, Iron Treachery, Sagacity; (4) Fuel Rage

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Funeral Rite, Rite of Dedication, Rite of the Spirit Brand, Shared Scent; (2) Call Gaffling, Cleansed Blood, Rite of Contrition; (3) Rite of the Moon's Love, Sacred Hunt, Wake the Spirit

The death of Hull's ship-building trade was a mortal blow for Martin. Apprenticed as a shipwright, he went on to build ships, then to teach others to do the same. He had a rare thing — a job he loved — and he was able to look after his family as well as he could want. Then business dried up and the yards closed. Nobody had a job for him, and he wouldn't leave his family to work abroad. Money started to dry up and his hopes for the future went with it. After two years out of work, he had nothing left. He'd always prided himself on providing for his family and taking care of the people who worked for him. As he watched his life slide away, he spent more time thinking and drinking.



Heading home one night, a gang of kids tried to take the money he had left. Rather than letting them mug him, Martin stood up to them. They had no right to take what he had earned. He never saw the half-moon hanging in the sky, but the streetlights reflecting off the smog showed him the results of his actions. Four dead teenagers. Two of them had knives, probably just drunk and out for fun. He fled the scene, but the Trawlermen found him soon after.

Martin knew that he had to leave. He told his family he was taking a job in Canada, and moved to a different part of the city. He lost himself in learning, in adapting to his new situation. He was surprised at how easy everything was. Approaching his initiation as just another design, with its own unique problems and unique solutions waiting for him to find them, he sought Red Wolf's acceptance and got it. Running with the Trawlermen wasn't easy. Their alpha reminded Martin of any number of bosses he'd had, and their personalities clashed frequently. Martin was made of stronger stuff. He could adapt, that much Red Wolf had shown him. Three years on, the old alpha died and Martin won the challenge to replace him. He recruited more werewolves who had roots in the city's working class, all of them with the sea in their blood somewhere. He treat the pack not as a tool of his absolute authority but as a group of people working for him, and they gave him more in return. Then the dreams started. Ben's were the worst, but everyone had visions of a city in ruins as spirits from under the waves came to reclaim the land. Martin's sure it's only a matter of time before the drowned come for the families they left behind.

A fair man, Martin will never ask anyone to do anything he wouldn't himself. He's got a gift for getting people to do what he wants them to — often just him asking will be enough. In the years since his Change, he's grown harsher, more likely to take direct action rather than watching and waiting, but he still considers everything before acting. He keeps an in with the people he knew from the shipyards, under strict instruction that his family isn't to know that he's around. A gull Gaffling watches his family for him, though he always meets with it in private. If anyone knew of his obvious weak spot they'd be able to cripple him, but so far he's kept it well hidden.

A powerfully built man in his early 50s, Martin's changed since his family last saw him. His dark hair's grown out into a shaggy mane, and a full beard covers his face. Deep scars cross his arms and the right side of his face, reminders of spirit negotiations gone wrong. Apart from his scars, he tries to look as nondescript as possible, wearing generic shirts and jeans. As a wolf, he's a huge hound-like creature with deep russet fur.

Extremis

British Forsaken live with their self-imposed exile to the cities. The Pure don't have anywhere near the Forsaken's numbers but the Pure have power and territory, and they put that to good use. With the Forsaken trapped in mazes of brick and glass, the *Anshega* can hunt werewolves from a position of power — and all too often, the People let them. Lulled into a false sense of security, the Tribes of the Moon look to their territories for solace. They delude themselves into thinking that nothing's as bad as it seems, that they don't need to do anything — until the Pure come for them. Extremis aren't going to let that happen to them. They're taking the fight to the Pure in Newcastle, one werewolf at a time.

Spencer Jones, a freelance journalist, has seen it all before. Taking his cue from his days as a punk in London, he found werewolves from all manner of subcultures. Goths, rockers, metalheads, skaters and punks: they all want something more than the *status quo*. Extremis is just a pack of werewolves, they're also one of the better club nights playing in Newcastle. Packmembers work as door staff, organizers, even the DJ, but it's all secondary to their real goal — bringing the Pure into the open, and making them the prey for once. Despite only being formed six months ago, Extremis has had some success. The pack took down a pack of *Anshega* who refused to believe that any of the Tribes of the Moon would be so up-front about how to find them. The packmembers know that their first victory was a fluke, sheer good luck against an unprepared enemy, but they're wising up and preparing. Their territory's a small slice of the city center around the club they use, but the Pure have a hard time tracking Extremis anywhere they go. The pack is a collection of freaks in a city teeming with them, and Extremis packmembers know how to cover their tracks. The club night is little more than bait, getting their enemies to cede Extremis the home ground advantage. The pack's newest member, Beth Hall, is especially eager to crack some skulls, because the Pure are preventing her from going home.

Werewolves who want to keep a low profile will find themselves at odds with Spencer and his pack. They haven't got time for any of the People who want a quiet life, and won't just ignore any that they find. Packs that are willing to work with Extremis — behind the scenes or otherwise — will find themselves with easily recognizable allies.

Extremis is led by Spencer Jones (a Ghost Wolf Elodoth), and apart from Beth includes Black Thursday (an Iron Master Rahu), Scar-Faced Russel (a Storm Lord Elodoth) and Stella Claws of Steel (a Ghost Wolf Rahu). Their patron is the Cornered Rat.

Beth Hall

Auspice: Rahu

Tribe: Storm Lords

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

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

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

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Firearms 1, Stealth (Urban Areas) 3, Survival 1, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Empathy 3, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 2, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Allies (Goths) 2, Brawling Dodge, Contacts (Students, Subcultures) 2, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 7

Essence Max/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Lust

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

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

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

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

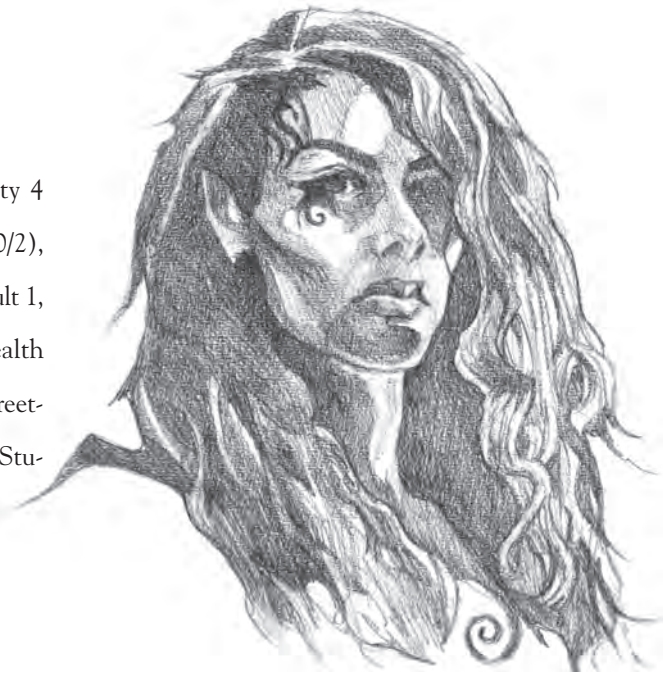
Renown: Cunning 1, Honor 2, Purity 1

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Clarity, Loose Tongue, Partial Change; (2) Attunement

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent; (2) Cleansed Blood

Beth's parents didn't want her to study abroad. They'd spent their lives working hard, and their daughter was their chance to live the childhood that neither of them had had. Beth ignored them and their wishes. Sick and tired of her overbearing parents, she left Boston for Newcastle, enrolling at the university there as much to piss off her parents as anything. She found herself settling into British life in a way that she never had in America — and the local techno/goth scene was much more accepting than the one back home.

That all changed when Beth underwent her First Change. Coming round in a car park at three in the morning with the nightmarish forms of urban-spirits on the ground in front of her, she'd never felt so alone. Spencer found her there, among the shards of the spirits he'd been tracking, and told her of her heritage. Not content with being an outcast among outcasts, she looked for somewhere she belonged. Russel trained her as a Storm Lord, and the rest of her new pack showed her how to fight. Instead of being alone, she had people to rely on, people who relied on her. But deep inside, she worried about her family. Had they known that she was going to Change? Is that why they didn't want her to leave? She made up her mind to go see them, worried that if she told them over the phone they would think she was mad. If she were there, she could show them, give them proof.



On her way to the airport with the rest of Extremis, a pack of Fire-Touched approached them. They made it plain that she couldn't leave. If she remained in Newcastle, they would hunt her at some point, but nobody could run to another country. They wouldn't let their prey escape so easily. If she left, they would kill the rest of the pack, slowly and painfully. Beth grudgingly agreed to remain in the city. She's one of Extremis' resident DJs, and while the pack haven't yet drawn out the bastards who stopped her leaving, she lives in hope that soon she will hunt them, and then she'll be free to leave.

Beth tries not to make a big thing of being a foreigner. She's generally happy to live and let live, though anyone who tries painting all Americans as a broad stereotype will get her angry. It's not easy for her, being cut off from her friends and family back in the States, and she hates the idea that she may never see them again. She mostly takes her anger out on the spirits that she hunts through the Shadow, but she's been working on plans and tactics for when the Fire-Touched come for her.

Beth's a pale girl who looks to be in her late teens, though she's actually closer to 25. Her slim face is framed by curls dyed a different color every week, and her eyes look like she's constantly staring at everyone. She commonly wears baggy, black combat pants and band shirts over a body corded with wiry muscle. Silver rings adorn each finger, and she's never without her metallic blue, steel-toed boots.

Brick and Bone

Not every werewolf gets to be someone. For every one with a good education and a lofty goal, there are

two more with no real hope and no real goal beyond surviving each day. Some of them have lived that way all their lives; others end up on the run from the authorities and the Pure. Brick and Bone is both. The pack is full of misfits and dispossessed, all Ghost Wolves and all with something to hide from. They never know whether the people keeping an eye on them are from the local benefit office, or whether the *Anshega* have found them.

The pack travels from city to city, never staying anywhere longer than six months and never looking back. The packmembers have plied their trade across the north of England and overseas, under the cover of a group of cheap laborers who don't mind being paid cash-in-hand with nothing going on record. All of them have a shady past, with the police after them for everything from petty theft to arson. Worse, wherever they go, the Pure soon find them and use them as prey. Brick and Bone has a high turnover, but just about everywhere the pack ends up there's a *Thihirtha Numea* who needs to skip town but doesn't want to brave the journey alone. The situation is made worse by the pack's patron's ban — a particularly convoluted bit of wording that attracts more trouble than the pack can handle. When things get too much for the packmembers to handle, they move on again — often leaving the local werewolves to clean up the pack's mess. Currently, the pack is working on rebuilding houses in Preston, laying bricks and trying to lay low. It's only a matter of time before something finds them again.

As Ghost Wolves and as wanderers, Brick and Bone holds no territory. Local Uratha have no reason whatsoever to trust the pack with anywhere, especially with the cities carved up so small in the first place. Instead, the pack is left alone with a stern warning — don't interfere. Unfortunately, the pack isn't very good at it. If something can go wrong for the pack, it will. Beshilu hide in the building sites the packmembers work on, and the number of off-the-books workers who end up Urged or Claimed skyrockets whenever the pack is around. It's not the pack's fault, but the packmembers are never able to go back. Their history lingers wherever they've been like the smell of burning buildings.

Brick and Bone can be anywhere, and the pack's appearance can make any pack's lives more interesting. If another pack gives Brick and Bone the benefit of the doubt, then Moxie wouldn't believe them, but might share some of what he's picked up. If the local People value their territory and their sanity however, they will be best served by moving the pack of Ghost Wolves on as soon as possible.

Kevin "Moxie" Moxley is the current alpha. The pack also includes Jack "Bomber" Harris (Cahalith), Keith "Abbot" Costello (Rahu) and Fred "Blackout" Sykes (Elodoth). Their patron is Thieving Magpie.

Kevin "Moxie" Moxley

Auspice: Irraka

Tribe: Ghost Wolves

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

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts (Construction Work) 2, Investigation (Wrecking Crime Scenes) 1, Politics 1, Science 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Larceny (Breaking and Entering) 3, Stealth 2, Survival 1, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Animal Ken (Dogs) 1, Intimidation 2, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Contacts (Petty Crooks) 1, Fetish 2, Language (First Tongue, German) 2, Resources 1, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 4

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Greed

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

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 2, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Feet of Mist, Sense Weakness, Wolf-blood's Lure; (2) Father Wolf's Speed, Slip Away

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Funeral Rite, Shared Scent; (2) Cleansed Blood, Fortify the Border Marches

Some people just don't get a break. Kevin's one of those people. Even before his Change, he couldn't hold a flat for more than six months, and with a criminal record including drugs, petty theft, burglary and a count of



arson behind him there was no hope for him of getting a real job. The stupid thing is that none of it was his fault. Sure, he nicked the odd car and sold some speed on the side, but nothing serious. Nothing really bad. He wasn't getting kids hooked on crack or mugging old people on the street. At least, he's pretty sure that he wasn't. He just couldn't get by with what he had, so he took things he thought nobody would miss. He was wrong.

In and out of prisons through his 20s, Moxie couldn't settle down. In his own mind, he was the victim. Things went wrong for him, and every time he tried to fix them, they just got worse. A friend got in trouble with a loan shark in Manchester, so Moxie did his best to destroy the evidence. A small fire turned into a large fire while he was helping himself to the contents of the safe, and he was arrested for arson. He underwent his First Change before going to court, and ran. He didn't stop running until he was in Germany with just the clothes on his back and a rusty knowledge of the language. He tried being productive, putting himself to use on a building site, but the local werewolves wanted him out of their territory yesterday. He stuck around for as long as he could before running back to England. In Sunderland, he found others in the same position as he was. No territory, no pack, no direction. Werewolves just trying to get by when the world didn't want them to. Moxie could deal with it if it were just him, but seeing others in the same position pissed him off. He gathered them together and formed Brick and Bone. They quested for a patron, looking for a spirit to watch over them, and they found one willing to take them. If only he'd paid more attention to the way it worded their ban, he might have saved them all some trouble, but he just couldn't follow everything. He's regretted that for a long time.

Moxie can't help but worry. If he were on his own, he'd be fine, stealing what he wanted when the dole money and illegal laboring dried up. Now he's got a pack to lead, and he doesn't want to let his packmates down. He helps them out, and they help him out. It's the closest he's had to a family in a long time. The constant wandering is wearing on his mind, and recently Moxie has started forgetting things. He's pretty sure he never did anything too bad, but his memories of what he did before his Change aren't what they should be. Brick and Bone don't know that their alpha is having trouble remembering things, and, as far as he can tell, he's not forgotten anything important yet, but he worries about what will happen when he does.

Moxie's a short, scrawny man in his late 30s. He's perpetually dirty, and the grime settles into the lines on his rat-like face to make him look almost 10 years older. He keeps his hair hidden under a woolen hat even in the height of summer, and wears at least three layers of grimy clothing at any one time. His jeans always have

holes in the knees, and his boots look one step from falling apart. In his Urhan form, Moxie has long, midnight-black fur that harkens back to Black Shuck.

The Estate

Most of the People in Britain don't fight the Pure who corral the Forsaken in the cities. Several packs just try to get by and make the best of a bad situation. After all, it isn't like much is going to change any time soon. The Pure have the territory and the power, the Forsaken have cities sliced into territories that any visitor would think are tiny. For those werewolves who have resigned themselves to their fate, there's still much more they have to do when they can't look after their territory.

The Estate is one of those packs. Their territory encompasses Manchester's Moss Side, and the pack is slowly working its way to the top. Harry Gallagher has convinced the other members — not that it took much work — to make inroads into the organized crime in the area. The pack deals drugs, oversees brothels, sells guns and is all too happy to lend money to poor saps who don't know how much they'll be paying back. That the local government poured a lot of money into the area, tearing down a great deal of the old estate to get rid of the unsavory element, doesn't bother the pack; everyone wants something, and the Estate knows how to provide it. The packmembers tend to work through a large network of contacts and fronts, if only to avoid the police knowing the pack exists. It's safer for them to work in the shadows and let people think that the area is nicer than it was. They've also got a sideline in people-trafficking, taking illegal immigrants from their associates overseas and selling them on for dirt-cheap labor or prostitution. Harry was surprised when one of those immigrants was a werewolf, but was more than happy to bring her into his pack. Kristina may not share his ideals of how to live in a country where the Pure seem to know everything, but she's faithful enough to the Estate for that not to matter.

The Estate has proven one thing — the *Anshega* don't single out any one pack of Forsaken for "bad behavior," at least as far as treating the local human population is concerned. More than half the pack are Bale Hounds, but nobody has yet noticed. With the Pure of Manchester hunting Jack Carter's Invisible City, the Estate isn't worried. The packmembers can stay away from their hunters, and make a very tidy profit doing so. Recently, the police have taken more of an interest in some of their fronts, and Harry worries that the Pure are looking for an easier target. The Estate may be easier to find and disrupt, but it isn't going down without a fight.

Harry Gallagher (a Storm Lord/Bale Hound) is the alpha of the Estate. In addition to Kristina, he's in charge of Lip Ramage (a Ghost Wolf/Bale Hound Rahu), Debbie Frakes (a Ghost Wolf Irraka) and Three-Fingered Neil (a Blood Talon/Bale Hound Irraka). Their patron is the Lord of Feral Cats.

Kristina

Auspice: Elodoth

Tribe: Ghost Wolves

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 4

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

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts 3, Medicine (First Aid) 1, Occult (Folk Tales) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Persuasion 1, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Contacts (Underworld) 1, Iron Stamina 1, Language (Broken English, First Tongue) 2, Meditative Mind, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Sloth

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 1, Honor 1

Gifts: (1) Partial Change, Scent Beneath the Surface, Ward versus Predators

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

It seems like Kristina's always being duped. In her native Belarus, she was told that she could make good money in Britain as an office temp, so she picked up what she thought were the basic skills. It wasn't cheap, but the guy offering said he had friends on the inside with a lot of British companies. The money was a fortune compared to what she would make at home, so Kristina saved and gave him her cash. He told her that his contact had an opening for an office girl, but that she'd have to pay. It wouldn't be exactly aboveboard, but the chances of anyone catching her were slim and she'd be able to send money home. She gladly paid him everything she had, and settled in to wait. Two months later, her contact's associates smuggled her into the UK along with 30 others, all hopefuls like her. The girls — none of them older than 20 — wanted office jobs; the men were there for construction work.



She hadn't told anyone that she'd Changed when she was saving. She didn't want to believe what was happening to her. With her hopes pinned on getting to the UK, she mistakenly believed that her shape-shifting episodes were bad dreams that would soon end. She couldn't have been more wrong. Harry Gallagher singled her out at once, and made her an offer. Instead of working the streets, giving his friends a cut of everything she got, she could work for him instead. "Management," he called it. The Estate brought her in, and she had something to cling to, something that was better than prostitution and abuse. Someone should really have told the rest of the pack that. While Harry wouldn't dare have the other members of the Estate fighting among themselves, whenever he was away the others would turn on her. They didn't want her body, they just wanted to break her, make sure that she wouldn't turn them in and ruin their only real chance of survival. In doing so, they drove her away faster than anything. She found herself talking late one night to another werewolf, Ian King. He didn't mention his tribe, but she didn't care. She just wanted someone she could talk to. In return, Ian talked to her. Quiet and compassionate, he'd soon won her over and Kristina started telling the Fire-Touched everything he wanted to know.

Kristina is scared. The other members of the pack treat her like dirt, but she can't go to the authorities because they'll just send her home again. The girls she came over with are working the streets for the Estate, if the pack hasn't sold them as sex-slaves. She knows that the Estate is just a long line in a chain of people who have used her, and that she's only part of the pack to boost their numbers and scare the working girls into line. Her entrenched distrust of authority would

have sent her to the Invisible City if Ian hadn't found her first, and she's well on her way to renouncing the Estate and joining the Fire-Touched.

Kristina's thin to the point of wasting away. Her blonde hair hangs down past her shoulders, framing a face that constantly looks guarded. She wears whatever she can find, usually cast-offs bought in charity stores, favoring anything that helps her fade into the background. Under her sleeves, her arms are covered in bruises and scars.

The Invisible City

In any system, there's control and chaos. British Forsaken have to deal with both: the stifling order enforced by the Pure, alongside the chaos that's the only natural result of putting so many werewolves close together for a long period of time. When the Pure hunt the city's werewolves it looks like chaos, but it isn't. It's just a reminder of the Pure's control, their order. Nothing more chaotic than the police clubbing a group of demonstrators. A pack of werewolves in Manchester isn't going to sit down and be controlled. Call them anarchists, freaks, drugged-up lunatics, the Invisible City don't care. They've lived under the control of the Pure for long enough to want a change.

The Invisible City are big on recreational drugs, anarchy, protests, activism, graffiti and anything else that strikes the packmembers' fancy. They don't go for students or drop-outs with nothing to add but hippie philosophy — the pack is dedicated to smashing the machinery of control. Sitting around and navel-gazing doesn't get the Invisible City anywhere. The pack takes the fight to the *Anshega*, tagging their territory with insults or organizing protest marches right through the middle, then turning the local spirits against the Pure. The more media-savvy spread rumors about the areas that the local Pure claim as territory through local newspapers and send advanced warning to local television and radio of whatever they organize. The Pure can't touch the pack when they're on TV. When the cameras turn away from the Invisible City, the pack gets serious. Changing public perceptions is one thing, but they're out to change more than that. Jack Carter has come up with a number of rituals that influence the spiritual resonance around them, and he's using them to slowly turn parts of the city's Shadow against the idea of control in general and against the Pure in particular. His packmates hunt individual *Anshega* who stray into the pack's territory. Against an organized hunt, the pack melts away before picking off individual Pure one by one.

Unfortunately, the Invisible City hasn't had quite the result that the pack wanted. The Pure in the area

are manipulative bastards, able to slip away from their clutches, and most of what they do has served to make the pack the number one target for every *Anshega* in Manchester and for many miles around. The pack is still confident, though. The packmembers can and they will have their change, if they have to die trying. More and more, it looks like they might.

No werewolf in Manchester can get away without knowing the Invisible City, though many want to. The packmembers appear to be little more than rebellious children, but they are trying to do something right. Other werewolves may find themselves the unwitting targets of a hunt by the Pure if seen associating with the pack. Some of the People find the Invisible City's direct approach refreshing compared to the stifling nature of most cities, but far more worry about what the consequences will be. To top it all off, Jack's not being careful with his use of resonance-changing rituals, and a local pack could find the Other around the pack's territory changing in strange ways without knowing why.

Apart from Jack, the pack consists of Lucy Black (a Hunter in Darkness Ithaeur), Rich "Davy" Jones (a Ghost Wolf Cahalith), Cassandra Pennington (a Ghost Wolf Elodoth) and Robin Miller (a Bone Shadow Irraka). Their totem is the Spider of Street-Blocking Webs.

Jack Carter

Auspice: Irraka

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 2 (3/4/4/3)

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

Mental Skills: Academics 2, Computer 1, Crafts 2, Occult (Spirits) 1, Politics (Anarchy) 4

Physical Skills: Brawl 2, Larceny 3, Stealth 3, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression (Speeches) 3, Persuasion 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Allies (Independent Media) 3, Contacts (Activists, Media, Students) 3, Iron Stamina 1, Language (First Tongue) 2, Strong Back, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Charity

Vice: Gluttony

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

Gifts: (1) Feet of Mist, Loose Tongue, Sense Weakness, Speak with Beasts; (2) Blending, Manipulate Earth, Sand in the Eyes, Slip Away; (3) Distractions, Playing Possum

Rituals: 4; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Funeral Rite, Shared Scent; (2) Call Gaffling, Cleansed Blood, Rite of Contrition, Fortify the Border Marches; (3) Call Jaggling, Wake the Spirit; (4) Rite of Chosen Ground

Jack Carter sees the machinery of control wherever he goes. Faceless corporations brand every street, marking their territory. Cameras monitor everyone as they go about their lives. The police and the ambulance service and schools and universities, all set up to instill control into people. Other people can see everything that happens on his territory from miles away, and there's precious little that isn't locked down in meaningless social rituals or local politics. That hampers his ability to protect his territory, putting him out of touch with the scrap of the city that he claims along with the rest of the Invisible City. Outside control strangles his city, and Jack is sick of it.

It started at university. Bored of the trashy paperbacks and the dry course texts and sick of the petty backstabbing of students and faculty alike, Jack retreated to the library in search of other ways of doing things. There, he found Bakunin, Proudhon and Goldman, and something caught in his mind. He thought he'd found something. Not a better way of doing things, but something different, something that would put him back in touch with his surroundings. How could he feel at home in a city that was controlled from miles away? He had big ideas, but didn't have the capability to do anything — at least, not until his First Change showed him otherwise. Gathering other werewolves who wanted to change things as much as he did, he carved out a territory, and set about making things different.

He's had mixed success. Protests and marches are all well and good, but they don't go far enough. He knows that the local Pure are Fire-Touched, control addicts of a different stripe, and tweaking their noses isn't enough for him. Picking them off in ones and twos doesn't get the message across. Unfortunately, direct action would only give them more reason to destroy all of the Invisible City, and everything he's worked for would come crashing down around him. He can't let that happen, not yet. So he gives his speeches, leads the rallies and writes articles for underground newspapers, knowing that he should be changing his part of the world for the better but understanding that if he really tried it'd end in failure.

Jack's a burned-out idealist at heart. He's taken to psychedelics, losing himself in visions of what could be and what should be. The drive to change his territory has consumed him. When there's nothing he can do toward his cause, he turns into a bitter, depressed man,



drinking or drugging himself close to a stupor. The Invisible City have noticed his problem, but he's kept the depth of his fanaticism hidden from them. They don't realize just how much he's invested of himself in a project that seems to be going nowhere.

Looking to be in his late 20s, Jack looks rather ragged around the edges. He doesn't shave for weeks at a time, and his dark hair falls well past his shoulders. His green eyes sweep every room he enters, looking through everyone and making sure he knows where the exits are. He tends to wear jeans and a sweatshirt in any weather.

Iconic Characters

The following characters are examples of some of the archetypal roles in British horror viewed through the lens of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. They're presented as samples, but the names and locations can be altered to suit almost any game set in the British Isles.

The Crimelord

When something big goes down in the criminal underworld, there's always more than one group involved. Everyone wants a slice of a big job, either for the power, the prestige or lots of hard cash. Doug Hawkins is one of those people. As a Hunter in Darkness, he's fiercely protective of his territory, and as a Rahu, he knows just how to protect it. On finding that his territory was infested with all kinds of criminals, from murderers to gun-runners to the Russian Mafia, he realized that the only way to keep his territory safe wasn't to beat them — it was to join them. He had no compunctions about killing anyone who got in his way, and five years after he started, he found himself

in a position of power. He doesn't have an extended network of support, and ensures that his pack stays within the grounds of what the packmembers know — burglary, assault and murder. Other crimes are bad for his territory, but he can brutalize the pawns of other criminals without remorse. They endanger his territory, and for Doug, that's all the excuse he needs. He's nowhere near becoming a Bane Hound, as he does what he does for his territory, trying to keep the spiritual side clean as a sideline of his business.

Doug could show up as a minor character in any number of stories — the pack needs something that he can supply, usually more muscle to deal with a threat. He can also supply drugs, guns and other illegal items. He may assist characters without much combat experience against a much stronger foe. Alternately, if the packmembers strays into his territory without announcing themselves, he may think they're there to put him out of business and try a pre-emptive attack. He may try expanding his influence to include some of the characters' territory. Or he could just offend the sensibilities of more moral characters by remaining in the background, just useful enough to be untouchable.

If Doug is a recurring ally or rival, the characters won't have a choice about knowing of Doug's activities. He's hardly subtle, and when other gangs start getting revenge by leaving his contacts dead across the city, the pack has to clean up before the police get involved. The packmembers may find themselves allied with his pack against other criminals, or at odds with a pack that think nothing of murdering humans to protect the pack's territory. If the characters try launching an attack, they'll soon find that Doug takes guarding his territory very seriously indeed, guarding it with Gifts and rites that should pose a real challenge to overcome.

Finally, Doug and his pack could be a major part of a chronicle. They seem to be everywhere, even though they rarely leave their territory. If the characters end up working with the pack, every other gang of criminals in the city is going to want a piece of them. If they're trying to fight, Doug's territory feels like it's against them, people staring at them strangely and generally making them feel less than welcome. The local spirits report to the Hunters in Darkness, and they know everything that's going on. The characters might even find out why nobody ever seems to find the bodies of Doug's victims.

The Witch

There's always someone who knows more than he first says, especially when the winds are howling and ancient spirits are close to waking. Jenny Howls with the Wind is one of those people. A solitary, curious

Bone Shadow, her pack is one of the rare Forsaken packs to hold territory in a rural area. Jenny applies herself to learning as much as she can about the British spirits, and the folklore, myths and legends that inspired them. Her Irraka curiousness gives her an edge, and her pack has received visitors from many urban werewolves wanting assistance with strange spirits that they've only heard of in rumors. Jenny doesn't care. Although it's true that she knows a lot about a lot of spirits, the paranoid apathy that marks most of the People in the UK bores her. She prefers finding the spirits she's heard of, questing with her pack deep into the Other to learn more. Their expeditions have gained them valuable knowledge of the bans of many strange spirits, but equally, they've left a lot of pissed-off spirits in their wake. Jenny's packmates find themselves being drawn to the cities, where spirits enclosed in the bones of old buildings have lore that the pack craves.

Jenny can play a minor role in a number of ways. She may need access to a spirit trapped in the characters' territory, and ask them to help her find it — assuming she asks at all, rather than just wandering through and hoping that the pack is too preoccupied to notice. Her packmates may need the characters' assistance to protect the pack's territory from Predator Kings who won't suffer them to live or Fire-Touched who are turning the local spirits against them. Alternately, she may have information that the characters need about a spiritual threat that she doesn't want to give up.

There are many ways that Jenny's pack can become a fixture in your chronicle. If the characters need a rare rite, Jenny might know it — or may know which spirits the characters must appease in order to learn it. They could awaken things that they can't deal with, or run roughshod over the pack's territory, leaving angry spirits in their wake. Their irreverence toward the Pure can bring a lot of trouble, but if the characters need a place to hide then Jenny's pack may be far enough from their enemies to give them a chance to recover. Of course, what price they ask for their hospitality is something the characters will only find out afterwards.

As a major part of your chronicle, Jenny and her pack are well known to the local spirits. Given the attitude that spirits have toward the Uratha, this isn't a good thing. Jenny could use her knowledge of spirit bans to increase her pack's power, or may decide that she wants to take the fight to the Pure — and the characters get caught in the middle. At this level, Jenny becomes a storehouse of spiritual lore and wisdom, though whether she actually shares what she knows is debatable. If so, she can be a powerful ally or mentor; if not, then she's more likely a vexing antagonist as the characters need information from her to deal with a spirit on their territory.

The Bystander

Nobody wants everything she gets in life. Danny Cross knows that more than most. He wanted a quiet life, but found himself consumed with rage well past his teenage years. Being a werewolf has taken that away from him. But he can deal with that; he can try to keep under the radar of the Pure and try to avoid spirits who would rather see him dead. But he can't avoid them. As an Uratha, he has an intimate connection to the Shadow. An Iron Master Cahalith, he finds his dreams leading him toward danger and trouble that he'd rather avoid. The dreams plague him, and his pack is all too willing to go along with them. He doesn't want to. The dreams get in the way of his plumbing of the hidden depths of the city, the places where people go but seldom return. He wants to understand weirder geography in his city, but finds that doing so always brings more and more trouble. He wanted a quiet life, but he knows by now that there's no chance of that happening. Ignoring his dreams just brings them back, more powerful than before. Going with them leads him to chaos and conflict. All he wants is a chance to excise the curiosity that he has inherited from Red Wolf in peace, but the Lunes that grant him his visions have other ideas.

As a minor character in your chronicles, Danny may require assistance from a stronger pack, as he's sure that something close by will kill his own pack. Perhaps he finds an interstitial area in their territory and asks the pack to let him study it — and leaves the packmembers with the mess when he finds more than he can deal with. Rural packs may find Danny asking them about an old mine shaft or copse from which few travelers return, and may beg them for protection as it's situated on the outskirts of the Pure Tribes' territory. Or perhaps he finds something in his investigations, but knows from his dreams that it will bring ruin to his pack, and thus looks for someone more worthy — or gullible — to take it off his hands.

Danny's packmates can make excellent allies or rivals. In the former case, Danny's dreams may involve catastrophic events that affect both packs, or his explorations of the city find a previously unknown locus under the control of a powerful mage. As the latter, he may trespass on the characters' territory in search of the city's secrets only to find something that he ends up keeping for himself, or he may have dreams so terrible that he refuses to share out of fear for his own safety. Mix and match all of the above — Danny doesn't go looking for trouble, but it still finds him, and there's no guarantee whether it will turn out good or bad in the end.

Making Danny the driving force in the story doesn't change his longing not to be involved — he's just resigned himself to his fate. The Pure come hunt-

ing for him after he violates their territory, and they see the characters as an easy warm-up. Danny starts discovering alien spirits imprisoned in the bones of the city, and some compulsion leads him to release them. Or he could help less powerful werewolves who just want to stay off the Pure's radar, teaching them the survival tricks he's picked up — and amassing quite a power base at the same time.

The Hard-Liner

Sanjay Jain isn't a bad man by any stretch of the imagination. A soft-spoken third-generation Indian immigrant, he's had to put up with abuse from whites and Asians alike, the former for his looks and the latter for not caring about his heritage or language. He doesn't care. Despite being a Blood Talon, he's not a raging warrior. An Elodoth, Sanjay is a tactician and a ruthless leader who has found himself alpha of his pack through force of opinion. For Sanjay, there's two ways to solve any bad situation: his way and the wrong way. He carries that over into dealings with other packs, assisting those who work with him through whatever trouble they encounter, and lashing out at those who can't see that he's right. A pragmatist, Sanjay's way is usually the best — when one takes the long view, and doesn't allow emotion to get in the way of making the best decision. He knows that the People have the numbers over the Pure, but are on the losing end of a very real war because people won't accept what they need to do. He makes sure that everyone who works with him understands the situation completely, and understands why the actions he takes are for the best, but when people question his judgment after that he is quick to anger and slow to forget a grudge — provided it doesn't stand in the way of his plans.

If Sanjay has only a minor role in your chronicle, he may have the drive and vision but not the power. His plans — be they to strike at the *Anshega* or to win the allegiance of a powerful Jagglings — need more than he has. He could approach the characters and try to bring them around to his way of thinking, or they may not know anything about what he's trying until it lands in their territory by accident.

Having Sanjay as a recurring ally or rival means that he has a power base and isn't afraid to use it. He sees things in black-and-white, and tries to unite the local Forsaken behind one plan or another. He can't stand doing nothing as the Pure pick off the People of his city, and has many plans to deal with the Pure — but those plans require assistance from other packs that probably won't be too pleased about working under him. Worse, his black-or-white mindset doesn't sit well with werewolves who prefer to think in shades of grey, and his uncompromising attitude will earn

him plenty of enemies. The characters may be among them, or may need to save Sanjay from them.

As a major part of your story, Sanjay has everything he needs. Prior successes have won a significant number of the People to his side, and they're willing to help him fight back against the Pure. Still, not everyone's happy with him, and the characters may find themselves trapped between Sanjay and the Pure, not wanting to get involved with either one. Added to that, no plan ever survived contact with the enemy — and the People have plenty of enemies, from the Pure to the *shartha* and denizens of the Shadow, all of whom are waiting for a chink in the Forsaken's resolve. Whether they're with him or against him, the characters will have to deal with the fallout.

The Small-Timer

Unlike the Bystander, the Small-Timer doesn't try to avoid trouble. It's just that every time she gets involved with something, it ends up getting out of control. She robs a betting-shop that's owned by a local criminal. She steals a plain-clothes cop's new car. Sending a troublesome magath back to the Shadow brings a horde of spirits down on her for returning a blasphemy. The spirit she's dealing with turns out to be a powerful Jagglung with its own designs for her and her pack. Claire Grant has done all of that and more, and every time something's gone wrong and she's bitten off more than she can chew. But that doesn't stop her. The next time, things will be fine. The next time, everything's going to be easy. She's had her share of bad luck, surely the run can't continue? Claire's never joined a tribe, preferring to go without one of Father Wolf's children overseeing her every action. She's got a small pack on her side, but she's got a reputation for being jinxed. The Ithalunim shine on Claire as much as their other children, but to Claire the blessing of mad Mother Luna is a double-edged sword.

As a minor character, Claire's constantly in the background. She gives the People plenty of jokes about Ghost Wolves, but she rarely gets into any trouble that her pack can't handle. When she does, Claire gets scared and tries to tough it out — though this does mean others end up dealing with the bodies, and the police. Claire might make a big impression on a spirit, convincing it that she's able to give it more than she can, and she needs the characters' help to make good on her promise.

Claire can be a great ally or a problematic rival. Her luck isn't always bad, and when it isn't, she's capable of pulling off the craziest schemes without batting an eyelid. The characters may have to help her out with one of her plans, covering for contingencies — or they may constantly be on the receiving end when things go wrong for her. Even if her plans succeed, it's only a

matter of time before a pissed-off spirit comes looking for the con artist who tricked him, and circumstances force the pack into making a decision.

If Claire plays a major part in your chronicle, it's not just her own plans that the pack needs worry about. She fouls up the plans of other packs with alarming frequency, making the characters think on their feet to salvage what they can. Worse, she has her own plans as well, grander than before. She may need the characters' help, or the fallout may hit their territory, but somehow she's always in the thick of things and it's often up to the characters to extract themselves from a mess that they had nothing to do with. In this case, Claire's survived long enough and enough plans have worked out that simply attacking her isn't a sensible idea — and her random encounters with spirits turn things in the characters' favor as often as they foul things up.

The Pure Tribes

The following werewolves are some of the most notable members of the Pure Tribes in the United Kingdom. Some are archetypal of the differences between British and American Pure; others have their own hooks to add them to your stories. Use them or take parts for inspiration as fits your style of play.

True Blood

Walk the streets in some parts of London, and you will see gangs of skinheads. Fading now as punks were in the middle years of the '80s, the numbers of skinheads has fallen. Political parties that prey on hatred and xenophobia stop the skinhead gangs from fading out entirely. For Talons of the People, alpha of True Blood, that's a very good thing. They're free to walk the streets of their territory openly, using their normal and wolf-blooded followers alike to bolster their numbers. The packmembers have no compunctions against lying about their targets: Forsaken become nigger-lovers, asylum-seekers, or foreign monkey-men — anything to stir up hatred against the impure ones who dare to travel through the pack's territory. To maintain the pack's cover, True Blood makes sure that some of their victims are human, the better to throw both the police and random Forsaken off their trail.

True Blood hold a territory that's far larger than their three members would suggest, encompassing most of Shoreditch and Clerkenwell. Part of this is due to the gang of skinheads that follows the pack around and helps with maintaining security. Spirits bullied into service help with surveillance from the Shadow. Added to that, Jacko's wolf-blooded cousin works for the police in their CCTV monitoring center

and keeps up on whom her cousin wants tracking. Arranging to check the cameras whenever Jacko asks her to sometimes takes some work for her to do, but she understands what's at stake. The bastards he wants to find have broken the world, and he's going to stop them. More than that, she doesn't care about knowing. Apart from that one ace-in-the-hole, True Blood don't go in for remote surveillance. They pick a nearby werewolf — perhaps one who has strayed into their territory, or one that they just can't stand to look at any more — and have a couple of the normal gang members watch her all the time. After a week of this, the pack starts an organized campaign of hatred: spraying graffiti over her territory, fire-bombing her home and making sure that she knows she is a target. The pack may lose one or two human members that way, but the packmembers don't care. After all, if Luna's Bitches want to give their human followers more reason to hate the Forsaken, so much the better. Talons of the People does instruct the humans and wolf-blooded not to attack their target directly, because that's for him and him alone.

The pack doesn't limit itself to Forsaken targets. The packmembers do a lot to keep their members happy, assaulting and killing anyone who looks even the slightest bit different from the fair-skinned, working-class members of True Blood. For Talons of the People, it's all good practice for taking out the Moon-blessed scum who pollute his country. Any pack of Forsaken with non-white members, or who have any dealings with people whom True Blood consider imperfect become instant targets.

Apart from Talons of the People, the pack's other werewolves are Jacko "Leerie" Leary (another Ivory Claw) and Andy Lee (a Fire-Touched). Their totem is the Lion of Britannia, a spirit dating back to the days of the British Empire.

Talons of the People

Tribe: Ivory Claws

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

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Crafts (Construction) 2, Occult 1, Politics (Far-Right Rhetoric) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics (Throwing) 2, Brawl 4, Firearms 2, Larceny 2, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Intimidation (Physical Threats) 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Merits: Allies (Skinheads) 4, Brawling Dodge, Contacts (Construction Workers, Far-Right Activists) 2, Giant, Language (First Tongue) 1, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Wrath

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

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

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

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

Renown: Glory 2, Honor 1, Purity 2

Gifts: (1) Left-Handed Spanner, Mask of Rage, Warning Growl, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Hone Rage

Talons of the People has forgotten the name he had before his initiation. Just as so much of his life before learning of his true heritage in the Ivory Claws, the name means nothing to him. He remembers growing up with an abusive mother and an alcoholic father. He remembers dropping out of school and ending up working on a construction site, building edifices of glass and concrete. Schools, hospitals, office blocks. He made them, and then he saw the kind of person who used them. Talons didn't resent the rich, the privileged users of his office blocks then. He didn't know any better. But as so many things, that all changed when he found out who he was. He was not just a bricklayer. His parents had adopted him, but his real family had come for him. They had left him to grow up with his false parents to test his mettle. The Ivory Claws told him that they had done it to make him strong. He believed them.

Forgetting the lies that people had put into his head took him months. The world was broken, and it was the fault of others like himself. Others who had dared to slaughter their own father. Others who pleaded with that mad bitch Luna for redemption. They thought they could make the world right with an apology, but these Forsaken were wrong. The Ivory Claws knew that the Forsaken's impurity would stain their souls for the rest of time. The only way to repair the terrible wound was to exterminate the Tribes of the Moon. But in Britain, the Pure Ones, the only werewolves who truly understood their mission, were weak in numbers. Talons of the People had an idea. He had worked alongside people who cursed the people using their buildings. Going back amongst them, his head shorn to match theirs, he listened to their complaints. He agreed, blaming whatever group the others hated most. For some of them that group was foreigners, for some they were homosexuals and for some they were women. Talons of the People didn't care. He worked hard, forging their hatred into a weapon strong and true, the same way his tribe had broken him before rebuilding him better than ever. It felt good to have followers, people who would do what he told him for any excuse. Let the others of his tribe



instill fear from the shadows, Talons would have none of it. Far better for the Forsaken to know that their deaths await. He gathered other Pure werewolves to his banner, and True Blood was born.

Six months of indoctrination and brainwashing have convinced Talons of the People that the Ivory Claws are the only way to heal the world. Their blood courses through his veins, and he will help them in any way he can. He uses the hatred of his gang to manipulate them, in turn making his pack appear bigger. He does occasionally doubt his followers — human divisions don't matter when there are Moon-touched still alive — but they are too useful for him to let go. Going under the human name of Andrew Mosely, he has joined the British National Party, giving his followers a figurehead and in the hopes of understanding why people would bother hating each other when the Forsaken live amongst them. He has no doubts about his life or his actions, just a single-minded dedication to the cause, and he simply refuses to accept the concept of being wrong.

Talons of the People is a tall, hulking man with a shaven head and hard eyes. His nose has obviously been broken several times, and faint scars cover his face. Chunky gold rings adorn each of his thick fingers, and he often plays idly with a switchblade knife. Normally, he wears torn blue jeans and a T-shirt featuring the St. George Cross, the English flag, along with steel-toed boots, heavily scuffed from delivering a good kicking. His voice is gravelly, and when he does speak, it carries enough to ensure that people listen.

Power and Glory

A pack made up entirely of Ivory Claws, Power and Glory are the beasts that lurk around Bristol's new high-tech industries. Unwilling to sully their claws on

the impure blood of the Forsaken, these *Anshega* instead breed a climate of fear, ignorance and paranoia. They're personally responsible for the deaths of 15 werewolves in Bristol, but none of the city's Forsaken know anything about any member of the pack. The packmembers are untouchable, shadows on the wall and voices on the other end of a telephone: the claws that slice a lover's belly and the minds that know the dirty secrets of all the Forsaken in their city. It isn't enough that a werewolf dies by their hand; for their true mission to succeed, their prey must understand everything he has done wrong, every sin he has committed against the natural order. Only once he is broken will the *Ninna Farakh* deign to end his miserable life. In the end it's a mercy killing, but beforehand the Forsaken must spread the word of everything the Power and Glory have done, so that others will fear their name.

Julian Archer assembled the Power and Glory and shaped the pack into the form the pack takes now. Every member of the pack tries to avoid personal contact with humans or other werewolves, preferring the network of contacts and allies working behind the scenes, pulling strings and getting things done for them. Only at the end do the packmembers traditionally get involved, though they will often supervise an operation and deliver swift retribution to anyone who dares defy them. Never the most stable of werewolves, Power and Glory really are something else. Planning and manipulation only takes them so far, and when things stop going their way, the werewolves react harshly. All of them have killed friends and family members in fits of Rage, and everyone working for them has been on the receiving end of a savage beating. They prefer things that way — if they didn't, nobody would fear them. If the people who assist them don't fear them, how do the packmembers know what kind of fear they should instill in the scum that they target? It's an ugly way to run an operation, but the packmembers love it. Quiet manipulation isn't their style. They hound their prey from the shadows, using their agents to remain anonymous until the prey's spirit is broken and it knows that it is going to die. To the members of Power and Glory, Forsaken are nothing more than prey animals, barely deserving of the names that identify one hunt from the other. Anyone who comes to their attention will end up hunted.

The other *Ninna Farakh* in the pack are Richard Carlin, Dave Winstone and Tony Burdis. The pack's totem is Darting Peregrine.

Julian Archer

Tribe: Ivory Claws

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, 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 3, Manipulation 4 (3/4/1/4), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Law) 4, Computer 2, Investigation (Digging Dirt) 3, Occult 2, Politics 3

Physical Skills: Brawl 2, Drive 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 4, Weaponry 2

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 4, Persuasion 2, Socialize 3, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Allies (Police Insiders) 3, Contacts (Criminals, Financial, Lawyers, New Money) 4, Language (First Tongue, French) 2, Resources 4, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 4

Willpower: 8

Harmony: 5

Essence Max/Per Turn: 13/2

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Envy

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 3, Honor 1, Purity 3, Wisdom 2

Gifts: (1) Left-Handed Spanner, Loose Tongue, Sense Malice, Warning Growl; (2) Blending, Luna's Dictum, Silent Fog; (3) Voice of Command

Rituals: 3; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent; (2) Call Human, Cleansed Blood, Rite of Dormancy; (3) Bind Human, Rite of Initiation

Julian Archer was a high-flying young lawyer at the tail-end of the 1980s, working low-profile criminal cases. It wasn't enough. He wanted power, more power than anyone else. It seemed that everyone he knew was on the up, whereas he was stuck defending petty thieves. He was in a dead end, and he knew it. So he did the only thing he knew how to do well — he cheated. And even after his Change, he's kept on cheating. He worked his way into corporate law by back-room deals and the occasional display of brutal violence. He formed Power and Glory with like-minded Ivory Claws, all of whom had highly placed jobs that could make a Forsaken's life a misery. When the tech boom hit, he decided to move on. Trying to keep his human cover was too dangerous in London, with its vampires and mystics. His pack moved with him to Bristol.

The packmembers quickly moved on the local Forsaken. Two packs killed each other after a campaign of disinformation and paranoia provoked them to attack each other. The site of each death was signed with Power and Glory's glyph-mark. Since that initial clumsy attempt, Julian has worked his way into the circles of local lawyers and financiers, twisting people until they tell him what he wants to know, whether they realize it or not. He's since got his hands on a lot more, and constantly reminds the local Forsaken of his presence — despite none of them having seen him. Julian has refused to hunt before because he did not

have all the information he felt he needed, and feared that his prey would live. Recently, he's become a lot more bold. He convinced his pack to attack the city's oldest pack of Forsaken, the Royal Vic. In a masterful stroke, the pack caught three of the Vic unawares, and butchered them without a problem. Knowing that another pack in the area prides itself on being information brokers, Julian is planting the lie that this pack sold the Royal Vic out. The lie has no basis in truth and downplays his own abilities, but that's what he wants. If people think he has to work through a pack of amoral Forsaken, then so much the better — they think less of him, and less of the other pack as well. His investigations into the Floating Harbor have come up gold — he knows one of that pack has a secret, and Julian is using it to break her.

Instilling the sanctity of Julian's birthright in him didn't take much. Although the ordeals of Pure initiations are often little more than brainwashing and torture, they tapped into the part of him that had burned for so long. Julian is fiercely sure that he deserves better than anyone else because he is better than everyone else, and having his spiritual heritage revealed to him, his mission to cleanse the world of the worthless, unclean filth. Despite this, he knows his limits. He prefers to remain hidden out of fear, unwilling to let the people he hates see his face. When he does hunt, he ensures that he always has numbers and strength on his side.

Julian's a slight man in his mid-30s. He keeps his dark hair short and neat above his boyish face. He wears very expensive suits, replete with a tie and a set of knuckledusters in one pocket. He's soft-spoken, his voice dropping whenever he gets angry. His Urhan form has powerful jaws and a pure white coat.



The Aimless

When the glare of streetlights shines on council estates, suburbs and rural towns, there's always at least one gang of kids. The gangs are mostly teenagers, anywhere from 10 to 20 years old. They wander the streets, steal cigarettes and alcohol, get drunk, smash windows and generally terrorize their neighborhood. People walk the streets in fear, and the police are often powerless. It doesn't matter where you go. Around the UK, the story is the same. But in a small town outside Nottingham, one of the roaming gangs of youths is a front for the Aimless.

Led by a Predator King who only calls herself "Liz," the Aimless have a simple goal: they want to remind humans why they were scared of the dark. The Aimless care little about the Forsaken, only bothering about them when they dare invade the pack's territory. The rest of the time, the Aimless engage in their ongoing attacks against the comfortable lives of the other residents. The Aimless slash car tires and smash their windows, they daub graffiti over houses and shop-fronts and anyone walking the streets nearby is lucky to get away with just a kicking. The people in the town are slowly regressing back to an earlier frame of mind, when going outside the safety of their houses meant fear and uncertainty — just as the Aimless want them to. Their human hangers-on are just in it for the ride, for a chance to get drunk and smash things, but the *Anshega* have a higher goal. Liz believes that if they can scare the town enough and ruin enough of what human hands have wrought, they can make the town wild again. She knows it will take time, but already the Shadow reflects the resonance of the pack's actions: spirits of fear and dread hover around houses that look ready to collapse, and magath hide from the pack's claws whenever they hunt. If the Aimless had a different plan, they could have expanded their territory beyond the town itself, but none of them can be bothered — they enjoy the work that they are doing, and the respect that comes from their half-feral peers. Unfortunately, local packs of werewolves are beginning to take an interest in whatever is polluting the Shadow around the town, and are waiting for the right moment to strike out. The Aimless hope that their human peers will act as shields against the talons of the Forsaken long enough for them to counterattack, but that looks less likely every day.

Apart from Liz, the Aimless consists of Jon Streetlight Howl (a Predator King), Andy Black (a Fire-Touched), and Kate Shadow's Call (a Fire-Touched). Their patron is the Feral Hound.

Liz

Tribe: Predator Kings (Bale Hound)

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 2, Resolve 2

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

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

Mental Skills: Crafts 2, Medicine 1, Occult 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Drive 1, Stealth 2, Survival 3, Weaponry (Blunt Objects) 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Expression 1, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3

Merits: Allies (Teenage Hell-Raisers) 4, Brawling Dodge, Fast Reflexes 2, Fleet of Foot 2, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 1

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 4

Essence Max/Per Turn: 10/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Pride

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

Initiative: 8 (8/9/10/10) with Fast Reflexes

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

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

Renown: Glory 2, Honor 1

Gifts: (1) Mask of Rage, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Father Wolf's Speed

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

Liz was a tearaway from the day she was born. She was a problem child in an era when every season brought her a diagnosis of a fashionable psychological disorder. None of them was accurate, and most of the treatments did more harm than good. Growing up in a small village didn't help — her parents had got out of city life early and wanted to enjoy the countryside, but there was nothing for their child to do. She grew to hate her quiet surroundings, blaming her parents for moving there and the rest of the people for being so boring. If something exciting happened, something to do instead of the endless nights in avoiding local kids who didn't understand her kind of fun, things would be different. They never were. She took to wandering the surrounding fields and shoplifting from the local store. But the thrill quickly burned away, and she was caught enough times that her parents put her under a curfew. Rather than give in, she extended her moonlit wanderings.

She was 14 when she first heard the howls. Wolves may have been extinct in the British Isles, but she couldn't think of anything else that made such a sound. Following the sound to its source, she saw something she refused to believe. Three things — bipedal hellhounds from the looks of them — were tearing at a fourth, teeth and claws flashing and blood glistening black in the moonlight. Liz thought she was hidden, but one of the things turned on her with murder in its eyes. She hated it on sight. Here was something happening, something finally going on that she had no idea of, and it was going to kill her. Rage burned deep inside her chest, and she Changed.

The victim told her stories that night. How the things that had tried to kill him were scum, unclean



weaklings who sought redemption for something bad, and who ganged up on their true predators, trying to pervert the natural order of things. Finally, she felt a part of something. She didn't even pack before running away from home. In the months that followed, she lived rough, learning things from her newfound mentor. There was so much she had to know, and so little time. These Forsaken were coming for her, and, with the destruction of the wild lands, Dire Wolf's vengeance was impossible. An idea lodged in her mind, and she wanted to learn more. She learned so much that she forgot her given name. By that point, she couldn't have cared less. She wanted revenge, the chance to feel something in the hollows of her soul where Dire Wolf should have been. Finding herself near Nottingham, she gathered a pack to follow her goal — smashing the town, and making humans feel hunted once again.

Liz is a very dangerous young woman, though she doesn't look it. She's regressed to a feral state, and though she lives in an abandoned house along with the rest of her pack, she would see the town pulled apart to mark the residents' graves. Her desire has transformed from when she started — once concerned only for bringing the spirit of the wild back to the urban places, she now wants people to feel pain and misery before she kills them. She's gone from being a hunter to a sadist, mocking and torturing her prey before giving it the sweet mercy of death. She now walks the path of the Bale Hounds, though neither her packmates nor the gang they run with know it. If any of them do find out, she will give the *Anshega* a simple choice: join her or die screaming. The humans only get the second option.

Lithe and wiry, Liz looks older than her 18 years. Her clothes are all stolen from her victims, making her something between a fashion victim and a bag lady.

She doesn't bother with jewelry apart from a necklace made of teeth and bone fragments. As a wolf, she is a nightmare, a beast of liquid shadow with red eyes that strike fear into humans and Uratha alike.

Black Mountain

Blaidd Drwg are not the only werewolves with a claim to Eryri. The Black Mountain pack of Predator Kings believe that the land is theirs by right, and have been at war with the Hunters in Darkness for as long as either side can remember. To hear the Black Mountain tell the tale, Blaidd Drwg stole the land from the Predator Kings — and took one of the last wild places in the UK from their rightful grasp. The Forsaken let tourists and other humans befoul the land there, forever preventing Dire Wolf from manifesting. Black Mountain will not give up. They know that the land is theirs by right, regardless of what the Forsaken have done to it, and will reclaim it no matter the cost.

Black Mountain isn't a pack of rabid lunatics. The packmembers know that Forsaken have infested the pack's rightful territory, and they know that throwing their lives away would be pointless. Theirs is not to die for their cause but to make the Moon-touched die instead. To that end, the packmembers are wily hunters. They use spirit-allies to distract their enemies, drawing the majority away and leaving one or two prey for the pack to hunt across the mountains, running them to the point of exhaustion. The packmembers' efforts are focused on the Forsaken for now, though humans who are stupid enough to interfere with the pack's hunt are killed swiftly. Though single-minded, the members of Black Mountain are not stupid and will deal with spirits, *shartha* or anything else that threatens their territory. The Black Mountain look after their territory with a fierce pride, and although the territory is not entirely free of the touch of humans, the area that the packmembers claim is still an inhospitable place that suits their temperament. Black Mountain look after the lands they claim, trying above all to prove that they are a better pack than Blaidd Drwg, who cannot manage Eryri at all. This psychological warfare gives the Predator Kings an edge, and against a foe that vastly outnumbers them, every edge counts. They've recently started to strike at packs that ally themselves with Blaidd Drwg, massacring the weaker Forsaken to send a very deliberate message.

All of the members of the Black Mountain pack are Predator Kings. They are led by Coat of Snow, and also include Bronwyn Davis, Crowned Rhiannon, and John Gowan. Their patron is the Old Wolf of the Mountains.

Coat of Snow

Tribe: Predator Kings

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 6 (7/9/8/6), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 7 (8/9/9/8)

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

Mental Skills: Crafts 4, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult 4

Physical Skills: Athletics 4, Brawl 5, Larceny 3, Stealth 4, Survival 5, Weaponry (Improvised) 2

Social Skills: Animal Ken 3, Expression (Howls) 4, Intimidation 5, Subterfuge 1

Merits: Brawling Dodge, Danger Sense, Fetish (Scar Brand) 4, Language (First Tongue, Welsh) 2, Totem 5

Primal Urge: 7

Willpower: 7

Harmony: 4

Essence Max/Per Turn: 20/5

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Wrath

Health: 12 (14/16/15/12)

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

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

Speed: 15 (16/19/22/20)

Renown: Cunning 2, Glory 5, Honor 4, Purity 5, Wisdom 3

Gifts: (1) Crushing Blow, Feet of Mist, Mask of Rage, Partial Change, Sense Malice, Warning Growl, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Anybeast, Father Wolf's Speed, Hone Rage, Mighty Bound, Traveler's Blessing; (3) Leach Rage, Primal Howl, Running Shadow, Silver Jaws, Voice of Command; (4) Know the Path, Savage Rending, Skin-Stealing; (5) Primal Form, Savage Might

Rituals: 5; **Rites:** Any from Chapter Two of **Werewolf: The Forsaken**, as well as special rites known only to Black Mountain and Blaidd Drwg, used in guarding Eryri.

Coat of Snow lives to see Eryri back under the control of the Black Mountain pack. He has lived, fought and hunted in the area longer than anyone. He led the hunt that ended in the slaughter of half the Forsaken in the area, and personally hounded the old alpha of Blaidd Drwg to his death. Coat of Snow thought that then, with Blaidd Drwg's leader slain and the pack in ruins, the Black Mountain could take back their ancestral lands. He was wrong. Another one of Luna's Bitches stepped forward to lead the remains, and he's made things worse than they ever were before. He's found success in allying himself with other Uratha, as well as in modernizing his pack. Coat of Snow respects that. Finally, he has prey that is both dangerous and intelligent.

The battle for control of Britain's largest territory has not clouded Coat of Snow's mind. He does not hunt out of blind vengeance or a need to prove himself. He's beyond that. For 50 years, he has tried to retake Snowdonia, and though lesser werewolves would have let other things cloud their judgment, he remains clear. His first

duty is toward the Black Mountain's current territory. He dimly remembers growing up in a small village there, but nothing more. It isn't pride that causes him to look after his lands; he wants to prove to the Forsaken that he is better able to take care of Eryri than they are. To that end, he comes down hard on anything that causes trouble for his territory, making sure that spirits and everything else knows that he and his pack are the apex predators — nothing can survive one of Black Mountain's hunts. Though he does not have allies among the spirits, denizens of the Shadow know better than to risk his wrath and a large number will do as he asks. This in turn gives him a powerful tool to use against the Hunters in Darkness, using his position against their spiritual allies. Years of the hunt have given Coat of Snow an insight into the long hunt. One burst isn't going to unseat anyone, but if he can chase the Forsaken until they are tired, wearing their numbers down until they are at their weakest, then and only then will he commence one last hunt to shatter their hold on the land.

The ongoing hunt of Blaidd Drwg has consumed Coat of Snow. He Changed more than 50 years ago, and has forgotten almost all of his human upbringing. He remembers enough English and Welsh to get by, but most of the time he converses in the First Tongue with his packmates or spirits. Refusing to hunt alone, the rest of Black Mountain have seen his violent outbursts first hand, but they serve only to confirm the respect that they have for him. Coat of Snow's biggest fear is that he will not live to see Eryri freed from the grasp of the Forsaken, and, with every passing day, that becomes more likely. Deep inside, he wonders if he failed all those years ago when he could not press his advantage and shatter Blaidd Drwg for good, and he takes out the anger he feels toward himself on anything around.



Coat of Snow spends a lot of time in his Urhan form, a squat wolf corded with muscle under brilliant white fur. His breath steams in even the hottest weather, and his left shoulder bears an ugly-looking scar. When he takes Hishu form, he's a weather-beaten old man, looking close to 80 years old. He's long since lost what hair he had, and keeps his lined face clean-shaven. He dresses in clothes sewn together from whatever he can find — usually those of people he has hunted.

Time's Wounds

In abandoned mine shafts and old burial mounds, under standing stones and haunted forests, ancient spirits slumber. Some of them stir toward wakefulness, but even the dreams of these nightmarish creatures can influence the Shadow around them. Bound in place by Forsaken in ages past, few if any of the kinslayers know what they have left buried among the detritus of history. When something awakens enough to slip its bonds, all hell breaks loose.

Time's Wounds know that there are countless unspeakable evils in the hidden places below the UK's surface. Isobel "Death's Voice" Lang knows that if it weren't for the kinslayers, Father Wolf would have destroyed these spirits. The Forsaken are weak, unable to take on the role that Father Wolf vacated. They bind spirits that they cannot destroy, hoping that leaving the spirits out of sight and out of mind will somehow make them go away. Death's Voice knows that they will not. Some of these spirits are willing to bargain for power, and she has learned the bans of some in time to receive their blessings, helping them slip their bonds. In other cases, Time's Wounds have banished things that other Uratha have forgotten about. The pack's sacred work, their mission to banish or free the ancients across Britain, has made them many enemies. Often, they cannot do what they have to. Luna's Bitches claim the site of a binding as their territory, and they don't see that only the Fire-Touched can purify the land and release the spirit. The kinslayers are weak and worthless, for they would let sleeping evils lie. It's up to Time's Wounds to forcibly evict these werewolves from their territory, in order that they can decide whether to free or banish what lies beneath.

Time's Wounds have a lot of allies in the Shadow of the UK. Many spirits come to the pack's aid, and all members of the pack are well-versed in spirit lore. The creatures that they have allied with have granted members of the pack their blessings in order that they carry on their work. The pack hunt the fools and weaklings who oppose them, allying with other *Anshega* to ensure that nobody stands in their way. Many members know strange and esoteric rites that disrupt the spirit-magic of the Forsaken, freeing or banishing spirits as the pack sees

fit. Forsaken who don't stand in their way don't matter to the pack; only their duty to do what must be done.

Death's Voice leads the pack of Fire-Touched, which includes Christian Macintyre, Mary Black Talons, Jervis Morgan and Thrice-Scarred Jane. Their patron is the Owl Who Hunts by Moonlight.

Isobel "Death's Voice" Lang

Tribe: Fire-Touched

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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

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

Mental Skills: Academics (History) 3, Crafts 1, Investigation 2, Occult (Spirit Lore) 3, Politics (Spirit Courts) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Drive 1, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Social Skills: Animal Ken 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 3, Persuasion 2

Merits: Allies (Other Pure Packs) 4, Contacts (Spirits) 1, Direction Sense, Language (First Tongue) 1, Totem 2

Primal Urge: 3

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 8

Essence Max/Per Turn: 12/1

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Pride

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

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

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

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

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

Gifts: (1) Know Name, Partial Change, Wolf-Blood's Lure; (2) Anybeast, Father Wolf's Speed

Rituals: 5; **Rites:** Any from Chapter Two of **Werewolf:**

The Forsaken, plus special rites known only to her pack for releasing bound spirits.

Isobel lived most of her life in a small town on the Yorkshire moors and hated every minute of it. She spent most of her time in York or Harrogate, surrounding herself with the cities for as long as she could. She loved discovering the backstreets and strange walled-off places hidden in plain sight, the places no tourist or resident knew about. If her life were different, if she hadn't been on the bus that crashed going back home one night, she would have been a typical Iron Master. Something had different plans for her. The bus she was on crashed, as a result of a buried spirit trying to break free. In the darkness of unconsciousness, she was sure she had died. A voice in her mind told her to awaken, and she found her eyes open, the only one awake among the wreckage. Crawling from the wreckage, she saw what looked like hellhounds attacking a shimmering patch of air. That shimmering was just the reflection of something evil, she knew. She wanted to hurt it, wanted



to break the thing that meant she would be housebound for weeks, if not months. The hatred and rage welled up within her, and she Changed.

The pack that fought against the spirit weren't having any luck. They were trying to bind it once more, lock it away when it would just wake up later and hurt more people. Fortunately, she wasn't the only one who thought that. More werewolves arrived, scaring off the original pack, and they enacted a ritual to banish the spirit. Isobel had to know more. She followed the pack, desperate to know what had happened. They were only too happy to tell her their version, and to initiate her into the Fire-Touched. Years later, she became the alpha of the pack, mainly though her single-minded devotion to fixing what Luna's Bitches have fucked up. They bury things and never remember what they have left behind. They look surprised when Wounds open that are all their fault. Isobel attributes no malice to the spirits in question — she doesn't see them as the cause. If the kinslayers could do things right in the first place, there wouldn't be a problem. She works with the spirits, pays them in kind for what they do for her and is willing to listen to whatever she finds under the earth. She's a fanatic, utterly dedicated to her cause and willing to do whatever it takes to release and banish the spirits the Forsaken have left lying around.

Isobel's a short, stocky woman who looks to be in her late 20s. She keeps her black hair short, and adorns her face with piercings and tattoos. The tattoos cover her arms as well, all of them supplications to one spirit or another. Her face bears several scars, and her nose has obviously been broken several times. In her Urhan form, she's a solidly built, powerful creature with a coat of unearthly black and powerful jaws.

Sky's Talons

The face of British football has changed a lot in a short period. Hard-fought games hardly ever lead to riots, and hooliganism and mob violence are rarities. But rare events still happen, and every team has a hardcore group of fans who take the game as little more than an excuse for violence. While some packs such as Wednesday's Children use their members' love for a team as a unifying point, some take their allegiance to a team as an easy excuse for getting drunk and kicking the shit out of people. Sky's Talons is one of those packs.

The pack's fanaticism with Manchester City only goes so far. The club gave the packmembers a reason to stick together, finding strength in numbers. With that reason unifying them, as well as providing a justification for savage beatings, they are the scourges of Manchester. The Forsaken calling themselves the Invisible City think they're turning the people against the Pure, running protest marches through their territory and threatening to disrupt football matches just to wreck life for Sky's Talons. The Forsaken couldn't be more wrong. Sky's Talons have had enough of petty snubs and subtle jibes and now hunt the Invisible City mercilessly. Both packs are experts at urban hunts both as predators and prey, but the Pure have righteousness on their side. Hating the Forsaken more than they hate rival supporters, these *Anshega* will go to any length to see the anarchist freaks dead.

Sky's Talons have a secret weapon in this regard. One of their number, Ian King, claims he can start a war between the Invisible City and the Estate, another pack of Moon-touched scum in the city. The Estate aren't trying to change things and haven't made any direct moves against the Pure, so the pack is slowly coming round to his idea — though several would prefer setting the kinslayers at each other's throats and then hunting all the survivors in a brutal orgy, proving that Luna only chooses weaklings who will turn on one another so swiftly. Ian's sold the rest of the pack on his idea, but hasn't told any of them how he will do it. He's the outcast of the pack, and the other members are beginning to wonder about his methods. If he succeeds, they won't complain, but if he doesn't come through, then the *Iurhimatha* will have as much to fear from his own pack as any Forsaken. If he does succeed, there's a chance he'll be able to work his magic on other Moon-touched, allowing Sky's Talons the chance to rid their city of Forsaken for good.

Chaz "Fowler" Kendrick (a Fire-Touched) is the alpha of Sky's Talons. The pack also contains Archer (an Ivory Claw), Rick "Fort" Knox (a Fire-Touched), Trevor Cracked Bone (a Fire-Touched), and Gordon Boyd (an Ivory Claw). Their patron is Everyman Vinnie, spirit of mob violence.

Ian King

Tribe: Fire-Touched

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 2

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 4 (3/4/1/4), Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Investigation 3, Medicine 1, Occult (Spirit Lore) 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Larceny 2, Stealth (Urban Areas) 4, Survival 2

Social Skills: Empathy 4, Expression 2, Intimidation (Subtle) 1, Persuasion 4, Socialize 2, Subterfuge 3

Merits: Allies (Hooligans) 1, Contacts (Blue-Collar, Soccer Fans) 2, Fetish (Jacket) 2, Language (First Tongue) 1, Totem 3

Primal Urge: 2

Willpower: 5

Harmony: 6

Essence Max/Per Turn: 11/1

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Pride

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

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

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

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

Renown: Cunning 1, Glory 1, Wisdom 1

Gifts: (1) Loose Tongue, Sense Malice, The Right Words, Wolf-Blood's Lure

Rituals: 2; **Rites:** (1) Rite of Dedication, Shared Scent; (2) Call Gaffling, Cleansed Blood

Ian King drifted through life without ever really fitting in. He was a fast-talker, but that just got him into more and more trouble. Men always thought he was trying to chat up their girlfriends; women wondered if he'd still be there in the morning. Ian tried doing things right, living life how he'd been taught to, and it got him nowhere. Sure, it was easy for him to make people like him. With a little effort, he could make anyone like him. But that wasn't enough. What good was that for getting through life? After a particularly terrible defeat for Manchester City, he found himself in a bar, trying to talk his way out of a misunderstanding. It didn't work. As he lay bleeding on the street outside, he decided that he'd had enough.

It didn't take much to live up to his reputation. He had to stop worrying about the 'right' thing to do and go with the flow. For Ian, it was deceptively easy. He let his job tail off and started tending the bar of a pub that a lot of hooligans used as a hangout. He got talking to them, worked his way in slowly. He gained their trust, joined them in drinking until all hours and assaulting rival supporters for daring to wear the wrong colors. For Ian, life was simple. But then, things changed. What looked like a gang blocked his way to

the ground for an evening game. Nobody else around, just him and the freaks. He ran forward, punching and biting and clawing. There was something about these people; they didn't look human. They didn't look right. He heard what felt like voices telling him that they were alien, other. He tore into them savagely, and they returned the favor. Only when Sky's Claws showed up and his acquaintances revealed as werewolves that Ian was able to see what he had become. He felt like he'd reached the next level. They broke him of his human weaknesses, his foolish impulses, and brought him before Rabid Wolf.

Ian's never been much of a fighter. He can hold his own, but he relies on his pack to help out when things get really violent. Away from the flashing teeth and blood-slicked claws of combat, he's capable of twisting any situation to his advantage. If he weren't so likeable, people would call him slimy, but he's avoided that so far. His current project is the newest member of the Estate. Since she's a poor foreign runaway, all he has to do is show her a bit of compassion. One shoulder to cry on, one chance for her to rage about her treatment with the Estate, and she's telling him everything. It's a prime weapon. Ian's waiting for the right moment to use Kristina to turn the Estate against first the Invisible City, then other packs in the area. Maybe then his packmates will realize that this dog-tamer has something to offer them.

Ian's a tall, reasonably handsome young man. He's slim but wiry, corded with defined muscle from the trials his pack puts him through. He never combs his dirty blond hair, but that just adds to his air of roguish charm. His green eyes look deceptively honest no matter what he says. A hand-rolled cigarette is usually perched between his lips.



Iconic Characters

As with the Forsaken, the Pure harken to several archetypal roles befitting British horror. Just the other iconic characters, these are presented as sketches of characters to fit into a wide range of stories, along with notes on how to use them at varying levels of power and influence.

The Beast

On Bodmin Moor, in Kent, and even in the highlands of Scotland, locals report sighting large creatures similar to big cats. Many-Taloned Hunter and her pack of Predator Kings are responsible for some — usually those sightings involving few survivors and a lot of blood. These Pure stalk moors and dales, hunting those Forsaken foolish enough to cross their territory. The packmembers don't waste their time coordinating with other *Anshega*; the packmembers only care for their territory and the hunt. Using Gifts, the packmembers camouflage themselves as other creatures — frequently the big cats of urban legend — and prowl their territory. They know that there are no wild wolves remaining in the UK, and that being spotted as such would lead humans and Uratha both to their territory, providing a force even their pack couldn't destroy. Many-Taloned Hunter wants humans and werewolves alike to live in fear of her territory. To that end, she will use any method to remind them that some parts of the country are still savage. Once she is hunting, she's unstoppable, a force of nature that could be wearing any of a dozen skins, and she will never stop. In combat, her packmates bring tremendous physical force to bear, and while canny prey can outsmart them, there's little chance of the outcome being good for the challengers.

Many-Taloned Hunter and her pack could just be a rumor, a wild story heard from traveling werewolves. If that's the case, she may remain in the background, just a name that the People sometimes attach to a news story or a post on a Fortean-themed blog. If the characters find themselves traveling through rural areas, they may see a large, black wolf or big cat watching them, and just knowing of Many-Taloned Hunter should be enough to make them wary. Even a single encounter will serve to remind them just why the Predator Kings have their name, and given urban packs some more respect for the rural parts of the country.

As a recurring antagonist, Many-Taloned Hunter might hold territory close to the characters', or she may lead her pack on raids into the characters' city. It's unlikely that one pack will be able to face her pack in combat, but with a combination of stealth and quick wits it's possible for the characters to defeat these Pure

several times, earning their enmity. Alternately, rural packs may find their territory borders on Many-Taloned Hunter's, and she is looking to expand.

If Many-Taloned Hunter is going to be one of the main antagonists in your story, remember that she isn't stupid. She's a hunter as well as a savage force of lost wilderness, and the same trick will never work twice. She and her pack may decide to expand into the territory of rural werewolves, or they decide that the nearest town or city is a blight upon the landscape that must be removed. Nobody sees them for long, and when people do, the packmembers are little more than blurs, isolating people and carrying them away to kill. Between hunts, the pack may well awaken ancient spirits that promise to bring back the days when humanity had not cursed the British Isles with its touch, giving characters expecting a physical confrontation something else to worry about entirely.

The Demagogue

Kiwode Pinto came to Britain years ago, fleeing persecution in her homeland. Her only chance was to escape, to find somewhere where she would not be killed simply for being alive. She Changed shortly after getting to Britain, as a gang of youths tried to rape her. A pack of Fire-Touched found her soon after and made her a child of Rabid Wolf, but she broke from them soon after. The spirits that talk to her now do so through the guise of her angels and spirit-guides. She preaches their word, exhorting those who came with her, wolf-blooded and mundane human alike, to remember where they came from. She doesn't have a pack but doesn't much need one. Her close-knit community considers her a spiritual leader, and will do almost anything she asks — including torture and murder of "witches" and girls who don't marry the men Kiwode chooses. She's kept off the radar because her victims' families don't want to involve the police. They may not believe what Kiwode says, but they do believe that it's nothing the British authorities will understand. Her actions may seem bizarre, but when something awakens deep under the city from her sacrifices, British Uratha will suddenly have a lot to deal with.

Kiwode presents an interesting subplot to a larger story. A wolf-blooded close to the characters goes missing, and it's only a matter of time before the murders of a migrant girl and her secret boyfriend make the front pages. If the characters investigate, they'll have to deal with a Fire-Touched with a lot of spirit-allies. If the characters investigate at just the wrong time, the police may arrest them, thinking they're the murderers. And if they leave it until the media are crawling all over, how do they react to tales of the wolf-woman who talks to angels and spirits?

If Kiwode is to be a fixture of your chronicle, she could start preaching more openly. Standing in a square, denouncing the religions and beliefs of agnostic capitalism, she's getting some media attention as everything from an oppressed minority to a crazy migrant. Her spirit-allies may attack spirits on the characters' turf, and the remaining spirits find themselves in the embarrassing position of having to ask kinslayers for help. Alternately, she could single out the characters as the ones who have carried out a spate of racially-motivated attacks on her people in the city. With the authorities hunting for the characters, the characters have to clear their name and silence Kiwode without being a party to violence.

As a major antagonist, Kiwode starts small. The characters may stumble upon her sacrifices to the spirits, or she may single them out as above. But every time they try to do something against her, she decries them. The characters are singled out as racist thugs, and a few words from Kiwode's community set the media ablaze. When out of the spotlight, members of her community attack the characters, manipulating them into fighting back and generally trying to make them prove what they are. And all the while, there's a child of Rabid Wolf laughing in the background as she prepares to wreak spiritual havoc over the characters' territory.

A Note on Xenophobia

A character such as Kiwode treads on dangerous ground. Since she's female, and of a different ethnicity, culture and religion to the characters and the players, falling into a trap in which you appear to celebrate sexism and racism is very easy. The character isn't intended as a stereotype — everything she has done has been done in the real world by a small minority of fanatics. If the players hate her, they should hate her for being a Fire-Touched lunatic, not because of her race or religion. It's a fine line, but having the characters analyze their prejudices can lead to powerful Storytelling. Just don't celebrate prejudice from your players.

The Huntsman

Fox-hunting as a country sport has a long history and a defined image in people's minds — the hunters riding out with packs of baying hounds. These hunts still happen, although the quarry may be a lot more dangerous than mere foxes. Anthony Prestor, an Ivory Claw born to a hunting family, has fixated on a rather

more dangerous prey — the Forsaken who blight the United Kingdom with their continued existence. With his pack, he hunts the Forsaken. Flushing the scum out of their lairs with the assistance of his spirit-allies, Anthony and his pack then chase them across fields and through woods, toying with the prey. After days or weeks of constant pressure, these Ivory Claws come to finish their work — often in full livery, to remind the kinslayers that they are nothing more than prey. The Beast rends without forethought, living for the moment and the kill, but the Huntsman plans ahead and gets his thrill from the chase more than the actual kill. Seeing the People broken and bloody isn't enough, he has to taste their fear first. Every pack he hunts is a sign to other werewolves that the Pure will not stop until they have removed the impure from the UK. Intelligent and cunning, he hunts with a twisted sense of honor — but no pack that managed to outsmart him has survived for long.

If Anthony is going to play a small role in your chronicle, foreshadow his involvement. Other packs haven't encountered him, but they've heard of werewolves who have. What method Anthony uses to select his victims is unknown, and it could be that allies of the pack need their assistance when they find that Anthony's pack have singled them out as their newest quarry. Alternately, the pack could be a target for a pack of *Ninna Farakh* who seem more interested in breaking the packmembers mentally than closing in for a clean kill. If they survive, will Anthony plan against them when his pack moves on, or will he leave them to spread the word and have more people know of the huntsmen who stalk the hunters?

Stories in which Anthony is a recurring antagonist should still use him sparingly. Actual encounters should be rare, but rumors, half-truths and lies should be plentiful. First, he picks off a pack that the characters are acquainted with, leaving one werewolf alive to spread the word. After a few weeks or months, Anthony moves on to allies of the pack, and after the same period, the packmembers themselves become his targets. If they escape, he will plan his revenge — and it won't be easy to avoid. Alternately, they could find that Forsaken enemies are the quarry in a hunt designed to break them — do they aid Uratha who hate them, or do they stay quiet and let the Pure do their dirty work for them?

Having Anthony as a major antagonist can work a few ways. Perhaps the most obvious is to set his pack's power level so that they pose a significant threat to the characters and then step up the timetable. Whatever they are involved in, these hunts interrupt it. Worse than that, the fear that they generate has started to warp the local Shadow — Anthony won't admit that

his actions toward mere kinslayers are close to opening a Wound, but that's what is happening. Alternately, the hunts may be a distraction from a less obvious goal — Anthony's very intelligent and very cunning. Rather than killing the pack, he can use them as pawns without them ever realizing it. While they think they are running from a near-omniscient hunter who is ruining their lives, they are doing his dirty work for him.

The Spirits

The spirits here are as prevalent as they are anywhere else. Their proximity to humans, however, has made them a shade different from what the Forsaken may encounter elsewhere. Below are a number of the elements possessed by many spirits of the UK, as well as several spirits and templates to use in your story.

Aspects

Spirits in the UK are like spirits everywhere. They distrust the Forsaken, act in accordance with inhuman laws and are a part of an ephemeral ecology both logical and insane. That said, the Shadow allows for infinite variation when it comes to all things spiritual; the United Kingdom is its own realm with people, places and ideas that do not exist anywhere else. These things are not without an effect on the *Hisil*, which means they are not without effect on spirits. This means that while the spirits do not deviate from the hard-and-fast rules that all spirits must subscribe to, it does mean that spirits here come with their own — flavor. The following are some of the differentiating characteristics that belong to many of the spirits of this part of the world:

- **Complex Bans:** Spirits here often suffer from byzantine bans. The bans themselves may be simple on the surface, but are often stipulated and qualified with a number of additional “sub-laws.” While the primary ban may say something like, “The badger-spirit may not use Numina if within 500 yards of a fox-spirit,” additional qualifications might apply. For instance, “The badger-spirit may use his Numina, however, if attacked by the fox-spirit. He may use Influences within the range, but these Influences must not be used to beguile or mislead the fox-spirit, for badger-spirits have long been required to be direct and honest when dealing with their old enemies.”

- **Spirit Honor:** Spirits here still regard the Forsaken as enemies. They are corrupted half-breeds, responsible for much of the oppression spirits feel they suffer. Here, however, spirits are more often polite when dealing with the Forsaken. The malice may still be detectable beneath the surface of a mannerly greeting

or a faux-friendly gesture, but the spirits are more likely to listen to a werewolf and at least give the Uratha his due. This rule isn't universal; a riot-spirit is simply too chaotic to be courteous. It's only that spirits are more likely to be gracious when dealing with the Forsaken, and may in fact offend other spirits if they themselves do not behave with a modicum of honor.

- **Masquerade:** Here, spirits are more likely to masquerade as something they are not. Why this is remains somewhat unclear — is this the result of so much history crammed into such a relatively small part of the world? Is this emblematic of years of repression and oppression and various peoples acting under false pretenses? Whatever the case, the Forsaken find that many spirits cloak themselves in deceptive guises: they may try to appear as other spirits, ghosts or even as human beings (with the Mortal Mask Numen, p. 175).

- **Feudality:** The predator-prey dynamic of the spirit world still functions here. Cat-spirits still chase mouse-spirits, for example. Or they may devour one another. Sometimes, however, the spirits break this mold, at least slightly. The cat-spirit may one day recognize how hard she is working to consume the Essence of her prey — all that chasing and catching. Mightn't it be better to instead dominate weaker cat-spirits and have them do the chasing for her? If a lesser cat catches two mice, then it must give one of those mice to the dominating spirit. Much as a king commands his knights who command his serfs, here spirits often establish rather labyrinthine hierarchies. They command territory and treat Essence as a commodity. In the grand pyramid scheme, Essence filters upward to the powerful spirits so that they needn't exert so much energy on that constant cycle of hunting and tracking prey. Again, this isn't universal. Some spirits, particularly conceptual ones, do not easily become trapped in this socio-spiritual mold.

The Bedlamites

The spirits of London are, in their own way, incredibly organized. As has been mentioned, their rules, bans and behavior are positively byzantine in their devotion to order. Many ascribe to unspoken methods of conduct, proper ways of “dispute mediation,” and laws guiding manners and deeds.

Not all spirits are quite so methodical, however. One group of spirits stands out as wildly deviant: the entities of madness collectively known as the Bedlamites.

Bethlehem Hospital

In 1247, the Catholic order called the Star of Bethlehem opened a priory for the poor and destitute

on Bishopsgate Street (where the current Liverpool Street station stands). They called this place Bethlehem Hospital, or the “House of Bread” in Hebrew. The sisters of the order tended to the sick, hungry and deprived, and, of course, a reasonable percentage of the hospital’s guests were the mentally unfit. By the early 15th century, much of the priory’s population comprised the deranged, and in 1547, the priory was handed over to Henry VIII, who turned it into a full-blown asylum whose revenues went straight to the city of London.

It was around this time that the hospital became known as “Bedlam” (i.e., the word “Bethlehem” muttered quickly and derisively), which furthermore became a catchphrase for people and behavior signified as insane. The hospital was moved in 1675 just south of Moorfields (outside London proper), and in 1815 the hospital was relocated to St. George Fields in South London (where the current Imperial War Museum stands). Finally, in 1930, the hospital was moved once more, near the Eden Park suburbs, where the hospital remains today.

During much of this time, especially in the 1700–1800s, the place took on a reputation for its brutal, ill treatment of its patients. They were locked away in grimy cells, lived with rats and roaches and were used as something of a grotesque tourist attraction. Men could pay to come see the inmates, and watch the “freak show” (as it was advertised). Part of this dismissal was the belief that insanity was a sign of moral weakness — the deranged, therefore, were beleaguered by sin and deserved no such special treatment.

Madness in the Shadow

It would’ve been one thing to have contained the aggregation of insanity to one building in one area. However, the asylum moved four times, and each time it left an indelible mark upon the city’s Shadow. At each of the four locations in the *Hisil*, the Bedlam Asylum exists as a single left-leaning building of crumbling walls, bent-bar windows and howling screams. These reflections accommodate whatever structures currently exist at those spots — the Liverpool Street station, for example, sees plenty of foot traffic and has its own tangled likeness in the Shadow. The Asylum did not disappear, however; it simply moved up, affixed to the station as if the two buildings were cobbled together with divine clumsiness.

If a Forsaken were to enter one of the four Bedlam reflections, he would find himself in a mad maze of hallways, stairways and limitless cells. (In fact, trying to find the exit once inside requires success on a Wits + Investigation roll, –3 dice. This penalty is negated if the character has the Direction Sense Merit.) He is hounded by howling screams, sobs and gibbering coming from all corners of the area.

Bedlamites

The spirits of these areas are not quite pure madness-spirits. They have become incarnations of madness, to be sure, but most of them were not always spirits of insanity. What happened here is that the normal spirits that once dwelled there or were simply hungry and passing through became corrupted by consuming the crazy-tainted Essence. A brick-spirit that ate the resonant Essence of obsession-compulsion becomes a whole different entity — still brick and mortar, but now building with incomprehensible purpose according to some unknown design. A cat-spirit hunting inside those walls might have eaten melancholy Essence, leading the spirit to be dimly forlorn, wailing and clawing itself raw.

Over time, the spirits of the Shadow asylums became like those madmen who were eventually released for one reason or another. When a patient was freed from Bedlam, he usually became a beggar. Such beggars wore a tin plate on one arm to identify themselves as one released from Bethlehem Hospital, though such individuals were colloquially called “Bedlamites.” The spirits mimic that behavior. They literally dwell outside the reflections of Bedlam, begging for Essence.

Such behavior seems harmless. It’s not. Sometimes, they “beg” from individuals who cannot grant them Essence at all — they might lurk in Twilight, begging for human passersby to help them. The mortals can’t hear them, of course. The Bedlamite spirits, however, care little for being spurned, and often seek revenge on those who “slight” them. Revenge is often unpredictable and without logic. It may be quick and painless, or it may involve a protracted plan that lasts for months or even years.

The spirits seem to maintain a strange solidarity with one another. They do not act out against their kind, and sometimes gather together to perform inexplicable tasks or dance madly beneath the swaying lights of the asylum.

Essence in the Coffers

One thing is worth noting: these crazy spirits can be useful. They seem to know a surprising lot of information regarding the Shadow of the city. Forsaken who know how to appease them and give them gifts may find that one of the Bedlamites is willing to help him. It’s not often help in the way the werewolf desires or expects, but help is help.



Tom o'Bedlam

Rank: 2

Attributes: Power 3, Finesse 5, Resistance 5

Willpower: 8

Essence: 15

Initiative: 10

Defense: 5

Speed: 13 (species factor 5)

Size: 5

Corpus: 10

Influences: Madness 1, Sadness 1

Numina: Gauntlet Breach, Harrow, Materialize, Sense Weakness

Ban: Tom o'Bedlam cannot be around people exhibiting mirth or pleasure. He either must bring them fast sorrow, or flee the scene. Also, if he sees a werewolf, he must beg them for some Essence and offer them a task in return.

Tom o'Bedlam is a small, legless man who appears of many different ages — one moment he may seem old and withered, another he is but a boy with dirty cheeks. He appears as a beggar, always in tattered clothes, forever with a spark of madness in the dark of his eye. He can often be found holding up signs that say strange messages in the First Tongue.

Tom is perpetually forlorn, a poster-boy for depression. He wails and moans, gnashes his teeth and pulls at his hair. Sometimes he can be found curled up on the street, sobbing as spirits hiss and chuckle from a distance. He rarely wanders far from the Asylum grounds still found in the Shadow.

Occasionally, Tom mumbles a stanza or two from the 17th century ballad from which his name is

taken (though he seems unaware of this connection if pointed out). The most popular stanza to come from his mouth is:

Still I sing bonny boys, bonny mad boys

Bedlam boys are bonny

For they all go bare and they live by the air

And they want no drink or no money.

River-Hags

Many of the rivers here are dangerous places both in and out of the Shadow. On the surface, they may seem calm or under control, but many of them are hungry for sacrifice, and grow desperate to reach beyond the banks and shores and flood the land. Not all rivers are this way, of course. Those that don't possess such grim hungers are normal river-spirits: slumbering elementals, long of body and as fluid as the river itself. The hungry rivers, or the life-demanding rivers, as they're called, are not reflected by river elementals. No, these waterways are mirrored in the Shadow by the river-hags.

The river-hags often take the names of the hags of legend — Jenny Greenteeth, Peg Powler or Muireartach. Whether these beings are those hags, or have simply been given the names by others and accepted them over time, remains unclear. What is clear is that these spirits are hideous to behold. Their faces are wrinkled masks forever scowling, their hair nothing more than blood-soaked weeds.

These spirits want to flood. And they will, too, provided their bans are not met and their desires trumped. Each river-hag has a ban that says if she receives a certain kind of sacrifice by a certain part of the year, she will not flood. They may require the deaths of three women, the life of an infant or even two dozen dogs. If these drownings happen before a certain day in the year (often a holiday or seasonal event), then the river will not flood. Should the ban remain untouched by that point, then at some juncture over the next several months, the spirit will loose itself from that area in the Shadow. In the real world, a terrible flood will happen, and the spirit will have its sacrifice one way or another.

More information can be found on Life-Demanding Rivers on p. 32.

Jenny Greenteeth

Rank: 4

Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 10, Resistance 8

Willpower: 20

Essence: 25

Initiative: 18

Defense: 12
Speed: 22 (on land), 32 (in water)
Size: 5
Corpus: 13

Influences: Water 2, Plants 2

Numina: Blast (strangling water weeds such as duckweed), Call Water, Fetter, Gauntlet Breach, Lament of the River, Materialize, Plant Growth, Terrify

Ban: If a child swims in her waters (any river she fetters herself to) and survives, her access to her Numina are stripped for a full day and night. Alternately, similar to all river-hags, Jenny will not flood her rivers and waterways provided she is given yearly sacrifice. Her sacrifice in particular demands three children, each no older than 12 years of age.

Jenny Greenteeth is one of the United Kingdom's river-hags (see above, and p. 32 for more information on this type of spirit). She is a wretched, primeval entity. When manifested, her flesh is a sickly green and slick like a toad's belly, and her teeth are jagged splinters of bone smeared with algae. Perhaps most unsettling are the spirit's eyes, which quiver in their sockets like gelatinous clusters of salmon eggs.

This hag dwells in the rivers and waterways of southern England: the headstreams of the Thames, the Avon and the tributaries of each. She is a moody thing, fluctuating from periods of morbid giddiness to times of tempestuous anger. She enjoys the company of the Forsaken, though that is not to say they would enjoy her company. When called upon, she is able to give great gifts and provide many secrets, but only at a cost. The pain or death of children is all that sates her.



For small favors, she may be satisfied with a draught of child's blood emptied into the turbid waters. For greater deeds, she hungers to snuff out young lives within her smothering depths.

Minor Gods

The United Kingdom is not without its Minor Incarnae. These Incarnae are very well-known inside the Shadow. Figures like Britannia or Urizen are almost celebrities within the *Hisil*, and they are thusly a part of Forsaken existence here. Below is one example of a "minor god" dwelling in London.

The Man Under London

Rank: 5
Attributes: Power 12, Finesse 18, Resistance 12
Willpower: 24
Essence: 50
Initiative: 30
Defense: 18
Speed: 40 (species factor 10)
Size: 5

Corpus: 17
Influences: Trains 4, Wanderlust 1
Numina: Abduct, Blast, Chorus, Fetter, Gauntlet Breach, Iron-Rending, Know the Path, Materialize, Material Vision, Omen Gazing, Unspoken Communication
Ban: Unknown

Some Forsaken believe the Man Under London is actually the spirit of the Tube train. It's certainly possible — he's always found in the tunnels, Tube stations or on the trains themselves. None have ever seen him above ground, in or out of the Shadow. Still, the spirit won't admit to being that spirit, and says he's simply a "man of London."

Physically, he seems unassuming. He looks to be an average man in a dark suit, white shirt, dark tie and spit-polished Doc Martens dress shoes. He has sharp features, bright eyes and a perpetual smile. His accent is crisp but cannot be easily attributed to any one part of London over another.

Despite his relatively simple appearance, the man pulses with a kind of power. Any Forsaken in his presence can feel the power with a successful Wits + Primal Urge roll. He is friendly, and will offer small aid for bits of Essence or easy tasks. The werewolves believe that he knows everything that goes on inside the city, regardless which side of the Gauntlet it happens upon. Stranger still, the man seems to be the keeper of many lost objects. Whether a pocket watch, a left-footed sock or a treasured fetish, if it goes missing in London, very likely the Man Under London has it or knows



who does. (Lost items or information regarding them, he doesn't give out so easily. Forsaken seeking help in this manner should expect to pay mightily.)

Lastly, he's often seen with other spirits of wildly varying choirs. Unusual spirits seek to make long journeys to meet with him — some Forsaken have reported seeing water elementals, fox-spirits or even murder-spirits begging for his aid. Though, when the wolves approached, the other spirits fled. Similarly, the Man Under London often seems to enjoy the company of the other Minor Incarnae of the United Kingdom. More than once he's been seen sharing a cigarette with Britannia, polishing the tiara of Diana or fencing with Albion. At times, the Man Under London can be found enjoying tea and clotted cream with all of them, sitting around a small setting table upon one of the trains.

And Like That, He's Gone

From time to time, maybe once every five or 10 years, the Man Under London goes missing. No one can find him. The local spirits begin to go mad without his presence, and can often be found wailing and weeping upon the Tube stations inside the Shadow. Some pitch flowers into the dark tunnels; others claw at their spiritual flesh under it runs red with ruby blood. His disappearance is always accompanied by other ill omens, as well: the Underground runs off time, a number of suicides occur as men jump in front of trains, London becomes plagued by awful weather and the Beshilu seem to surge forward in the tunnels beneath the city.

The Forsaken dread such occurrences. Whenever they happen, the packs must band together for a time and try to sort out the problem. Some must quash the Beshilu uprising, others must placate lunatic spirits. One pack is always chosen to go and find the Man Under London. He's often found in some unusual corner of the Shadow, sometimes in those places reflecting distant dreams or primal myths. He often seems quite mad when discovered: ranting in the First Tongue, consuming all nearby spirits with an unhinged jaw, weeping tears of blood and tearing out hunks of his hair. The pack must calm him down — if he can be soothed, he always promises to return to the world and put things back to normal. The packs always worry, though: what happens when one day he decides not to return?

Fox-Spirits

Wise Forsaken know to watch out for fox-spirits. Most foxes in the Shadow are cheats and liars, adhering to some compulsive need to play havoc with whosoever cross their path. Some play games that are more mischievous than harmful, whereas others are capable of causing utter ruin through their alien whimsy. One might simply be a "collector," materializing in the physical world and stealing jewelry from women, toys from children, shoelaces from men. Another leads a farmer to a secret cache of letters and diaries written in his wife's hand, proof positive that she has been cheating on him with that Dauncey boy down the lane. The fox-spirit shows the man to all the tools he needs — a camper's hatchet, a burlap sack, a shovel — and then flees back across the Gauntlet. If the man murders his wife or the Dauncey boy, good for the fox. When the man returns and finds that the letters and diaries aren't real, and are instead just a pile of mismatched library books — well, then, even better for the fox. Essence is created from this deception, and a fox can sup from it. If, in the meantime, one of the ruined souls crossed by the spirit becomes all the more susceptible to Urging or Claiming, then the fox might do that very thing.

One of the strange things about fox-spirits is their bans. They seem only able to cheat a certain type of person. Lesser Gaffling foxes probably only have a minor ban of this sort: Can only affect young women, old men or children. But if the fox-spirit grows in Rank, its ban becomes all the more tangled. Each Rank adds another one or two complications to the ban. By the time the spirit is a Greater Jaggling,

it may have a half-dozen constraints upon who it may deceive. For instance, it might only be able to trick a married man, no older than 30 years of age, who is in perfectly good health and has no children. Some older fox-spirits have bans that allow them to only play their vicious vulpine games with Forsaken — sometimes Uratha from specific tribes, auspices or of particular coat coloration.

Fox-spirits are, however, key teachers of Evasion and Stealth Gifts. Should a werewolf seek to coax a fox-spirit into teaching him Gifts, the price is usually the same for all of them. They demand a victim with whom they can “play.” This is better than a simple donation of Essence, because for a fox, such action always fosters a bounty of Essence, far surpassing the meager contribution a werewolf can offer.

One last thing about these odd spirits: they all have proper names. Some take proper English names (“Sir John the Red Tail”), others assume nonsensical neologisms or portmanteaus (“Reverend Boneflax, Bishop of Marrow” or “Oxbridge Skinship”). Some even mix English with the First Tongue to come up with some truly dizzying names and titles. Few spirits care little for such human names, and nobody is really certain why fox-spirits in particular maintain them. Is it because they’re constantly tricking and stealing from humanity? Is it an ironic thing, given the many fox hunts that have gone on over the last few centuries? Or are these names distractions, meant to avoid scrutiny away from something else?

(For an example of one of England’s better known — and more powerful — fox-spirits, see “Reynard the Fox,” p. 31.)

Mister Tinblood, the Prancing Portiff

Rank: 2

Attributes: Power 2, Finesse 7, Resistance 4

Willpower: 6

Essence: 15

Initiative: 11

Defense: 7

Speed: 16 (species factor 7)

Size: 2

Corpus: 6

Influences: Confusion 2

Numina: Chorus, Harrow, Mortal Mask (see below)

Ban: May only attempt to trick pregnant women.

Minister Tinblood appears as a blood-red fox with black eyes. He is smaller than most foxes, and can occasionally walk (albeit clumsily) on his hind legs. He is fascinated with humanity, and plays among them frequently using the Mortal Mask Numen.

Tinblood has an obsession with pregnant women. He steals things from them, tricks them into getting



lost and scares them with weird messages and emotions from across the Gauntlet. He gains much Essence if they miscarry. Some say he has a brother — Mister Copperbile — who has an interest in those children who are not miscarried.

When dealing with the Forsaken, Mister Tinblood is nothing if not polite. He does his best to avoid confrontation, and is overly obsequious.

New Numina

- **Abduct:** With this Numen, a spirit can literally drag a human being across the Gauntlet and into the Shadow. The spirit must first either dwell on the material side of the Gauntlet (using Materialize or Gauntlet Breach) or at least have a conduit beyond the Shadow (using the Reaching Numen). Once this is established and a target is identified, the spirit can literally grab a human and pull him across the Gauntlet. Spend a number of Essence equal to the human’s Stamina, and then roll the spirit’s Power + Finesse. The mortal can resist with a Resolve + Composure roll. If the spirit is successful, the human crosses the Gauntlet and is dragged into the Shadow. While in the Shadow, the human is overly susceptible to the manipulations of spirits: spirits gain a +2 to affect a crossed-over human with their Numina and Influences. If the human wins the contested roll, he remains on the material side of the Gauntlet. Note that this Numen only works one way. The spirit cannot use this ability to move a human from the Shadow back to the material world. For the human to exit the *Hisil*, he must find an alternate way out. This power does not work on supernatural humans, even if technically mortal (such as ghouls or magi); it does, however, work on the wolf-blooded.

• **Ghost-Eater:** The spirit with this Numen is able to steal Essence from or consume ghosts as if they were spirits. The spirit spends one Essence to activate this Numen and attune its “digestion”; the effects last for the rest of the scene. Naturally, the spirit must still be able to affect the ghost in other ways; this usually requires the spirit to be in the physical world and in Twilight.

• **Mortal Mask:** The spirit is able to materialize across the Gauntlet, ceasing to be ephemeral and becoming a tangible being. Except in this case, unlike the Materialize Numen, the spirit appears human. This human “costume” is somewhat imperfect, and the spirit does not choose the guise in which it appears: the mortal form is as generic as can possibly be. Spend four Essence and roll the spirit’s Power + Finesse. The number of successes indicates the number of hours the spirit may exist in the material world, appearing human. The human costume offers a number of tiny flaws that are not easily noticeable without concerted investigation: perhaps the spirit smiles all the time or makes small but unusual gestures and gesticulations. Normal witnesses may make a Wits + Composure roll minus a number of dice equal to the spirit’s Finesse. Success indicates that the person notices something “off” about the spirit. Mortals with the Unseen Sense Merit do not suffer the penalty, and can make the Wits + Composure roll as normal. The same goes for any supernatural creature, who is assumed to automatically possess an understanding similar to Unseen Sense.

• **Thieve:** Similar to the Abduct Numen (above), but in this case the spirit may take physical, non-living objects across the Gauntlet. The spirit must first be on the material side of the Gauntlet (with Materialize or Gauntlet Breach) or have a conduit through the Shadow (with Reaching). If this is established, the spirit can pull a small object through the Gauntlet and into the Shadow. The object may not have a Size greater than the spirit’s own Power. Spend a single Essence and roll the spirit’s Power + Finesse. If successful, the object crosses over and becomes part of the Shadow temporarily. The object can last in the Shadow for a number of minutes equal to the spirit’s Finesse. After that, the item crosses back over the Gauntlet at the appropriate corresponding point in the physical world (if the spirit drags the item 20 feet away, it appears 20 feet away in the material realm). The spirit can keep the object in the Shadow by spending another Essence point to extend its duration by a minute. No roll is necessary to do this.

The Ridden

Ridden don’t exist in overwhelming numbers, but they seem to pop up more often than the Forsaken find comfortable. The small abundance of *Hithimu* is not

because of the spirits, but instead because of the people. Mortals here are a tad — repressed. There exists a kind of quiet paranoia that leaves people paralyzed. Such a reserved existence would seem to create an impenetrable barrier that could keep spirits out, but unfortunately it has the opposite effect. People don’t indulge enough; like a pressure valve, few people release the proper anxiety. This creates cracks. Some spirits can sense those cracks. They sneak in, hoping to dwell on the other side of the Gauntlet, caring little for the balance.

The Urged

Below is an example of a *Hithisu* found in the UK.

Jemma Rowley, the Persecuted

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 2

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 2

Mental Skills: Academics 3, Computer 2, Investigation 2, Medicine 2, Science 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Drive 1, Stealth 2

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

Merits: Allies 2 (London Scientific Community) Direction Sense, Encyclopedic Knowledge, Resources 2

Willpower: 4

Morality: 7

Virtue: Prudence

Vice: Pride

Health: 7

Initiative: 5

Defense: 3

Speed: 10

Jemma, a 32-year-old pregnant mother, believes her husband Gerrold is cheating on her. Her suspicions



are not unfounded; Gerrold has a mistress who works at his small press publishing company in Southwark. Jemma doesn't yet have proof of his indiscretions, but the evidence is certainly mounting.

Certain complications of Jemma's life are contributing to her anxiety about her husband. She lives alone, and he works late hours (often adulterously). Worse, she has few friends nearby, having only moved to London just over a year ago. This allows Jemma a lot of time to think — too much time to think.

Her suspicions and fears sent out a small beacon in the Shadow. Spirits of negativity came sniffing around, mere motes hungry to help cultivate her faltering confidence in the world around her, but one spirit in particular found especial success. Jemma is now Urged by a paranoia-spirit, a bug-eyed nervous thing that chews at itself and manifests distrust at every turn. This distrust has bled into Jemma's everyday life, and now she is paranoid about the mundane elements of a normal existence. Does the water taste of chemicals, and will it give her and her baby cancer? Why do all those CCTV cameras seem to point at her whenever she passes? When traveling on the Tube, she stares at the other passengers as if each one were a rapist, or germ factory or a terrorist. Her suspicions of her own husband have grown beyond adultery — she imagines him in scenes of hedonistic orgies, laughing at her and calling her names behind her back. During rare moments, she wonders how long it will be before he tries to abort the baby while she sleeps.

For now, she keeps most of these fears inside. But it won't be long before the spirit pushes her to begin vocalizing and acting upon her paranoid fantasies. It's possible that, by speaking such evils aloud, she may even infect others with her theories — thus summoning more paranoia-spirits to sup on the resultant neuroses.

Jemma is a frail-looking thing who appears as if she hasn't been eating enough lately. Her wide eyes stares out from underneath a blond pixie cut. Her fingers and feet tremble nervously during idle moments.

Pregnancy and Possession

What happens when a pregnant woman is Claimed? Nine times out of 10, the pregnancy is miscarried, and the baby is flushed out of the womb in a bloody expurgation regardless of how far along it was. The body simply cannot handle the stress (or the potential physical changes) of spiritual possession. Not all fetuses are miscarried, however. Some come to term. What happens then is anybody's game.

Some of these children grow up normally — at least, as normal as one can be with a parent who may be Claimed by something beyond the Gauntlet. The child may be affected emotionally, but at birth there are no great concerns regarding the soul.

Others, however, are not so lucky. Some are born soulless. These children are immune to possession by any kind of supernatural creature, and they are also generally resistant to any kind of mind control efforts. Of course, these children are also utterly sociopathic. They are cold, ceaseless creatures with little care for themselves or others.

On the rarest of occasions, children of possessed mothers are themselves born possessed. The invading spirit calls to other spirits in kind and helps usher them into the mounted woman's body. The spirit — usually just a mote — finds its way into the burgeoning child's soul. When born, the boy or girl is already the product of its dual natures, and has the physical abnormalities that come part and parcel with being both human and something “else.”

The Claimed

Below is an example of a *duguthim* that a Forsaken pack might encounter here.

The Grey Man (Fear Liath Mór)

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 1, Wits 4, Resolve 5

Physical Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Investigation 3, Occult 1

Physical Skills: Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Stealth 3, Survival 5

Social Skills: Empathy 3, Intimidation 5

Merits: Danger Sense, Direction Sense, Giant, Quick Healer

Willpower: 8

Virtue: Fortitude

Vice: Envy

Health: 11

Initiative: 6

Defense: 4

Speed: 14

• **Aspects:** Blast, Despondent Aura, Ward Versus Mortals, Ward versus Predators, Word of Quiet

• **Blast:** Spirit Numen from **Werewolf: The Forsaken**. The blast takes the form of a high-pitched hum that pierces the eardrums with overwhelming sound.



- **Despondent Aura:** By expending one Essence, the Claimed can emit an invisible aura of loneliness that extends around its body for a radius of yards equal to the creature's Resolve score. The creature makes a contested effort against anybody caught in this radius. The creature's Presence + Intimidation pool is pitted against a victim's Resolve + Composure. For every success over the victim's, the victim suffers a -1 penalty to all rolls as she were overwhelmed by feelings of remoteness and abandonment. This penalty persists for 24 hours. The creature's aura lasts for one scene.

- **Ward versus Mortals:** As the two-dot Warding Gift in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

- **Ward versus Predators:** As the one-dot Warding Gift in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

- **Word of Quiet:** As the four-dot Death Gift in **Werewolf: The Forsaken**.

Those who encounter a Grey Man never forget the experience, no matter how hard they try to wrench the image from their minds. Physically, the Claimed is certainly unusual: exceptionally tall and emaciated like a starved ape, with pale skin covered in fine wisps of grey hair. The mouth is full of needle teeth, and its eyes are little shriveled things set back in deep hollows. But its physical presence is not what leaves an indelible mark.

The Grey Man (called Fear Liath Mór out of Scottish legend and cryptozoological study) carried with him an aura of loneliness. This aura is like a vacuum bubble; those caught within feel as alone as they have ever felt. They are haunted by images of their friends and loved ones dying (even if they have not yet left the mortal coil); they are overwhelmed by the feeling of being utterly abandoned in all ways. The resultant dependency is a pit that is difficult to escape.

Most assume that a Grey Man (for there are more

than one) is some kind of forgotten beast, a Fortean monster in the same vein as the yeti or the beast of Loch Ness. These assumptions are incorrect. Each Grey Man was once human — specifically, once a human who encountered another Grey Man. The Grey Men are men Claimed by spirits of loneliness, hollow ephemera who thrive on hopelessness and rejection. When one meets a Grey Man, the wave of depression can leave that person vulnerable to being Claimed by one of the hungry specters of loneliness that come sniffing around. In this way, Grey Men lead to the creation of more Grey Men.

These miserable Claimed can be found in the loneliest, most secluded parts of the United Kingdom: Mount Snowden, the Cairngorm Mountain or on one of the many tiny islands off the coast. They do not travel together; after all, they are beings of isolation, and care little for the company of others.

The Hosts

In the UK, the Hosts have a wildly imbalanced relationship. The Beshilu have long-existed in record numbers, gnawing holes in the Gauntlet and bringing plagues that have wracked the cities and towns during the last several centuries. On the other hand, the Azlu cannot seem to get a foothold. They have power in some places, of course (partially evidenced by the fact that the Gauntlet here does not exist in ragged tatters), but they are far outnumbered by the Rat Hosts. Yet again, this is just one more spiritual inequity to which the Forsaken must attend. Quashing the Rat Hosts may mean trying to help the Azlu flourish in limited numbers. But letting the spider *shartha* have too much power is a curse unto itself. It doesn't help that the spiders hunger for the flesh of the werewolves above all else....

Azlu

Here, as everywhere, the Spider Hosts do what they do. They attack loci, attempting to seal off the material world from the *Hisil*. They consume one another, and empty out the guts of humans so that they may wear them like suits. They're not altogether different from their counterparts anywhere else in the world, except for a few key exceptions. The first of which is that, on rare occasions, the Spider Hosts seem more willing to work with the Forsaken instead of against them (despite the Hosts' hunger for werewolf flesh). The Beshilu (see below) have a significant enough presence that, from time to time, the Uratha and the Azlu inadvertently combat the same enemies. The Azlu don't have nearly the same numbers as the

Beshilu, and so the Spider Hosts and the Forsaken have something of a “common enemy.” That said, alliances between the two are always loose and fraught with suspicion (for both comprise monsters that would, in other circumstances, tear one another to pieces), but they seem to happen with somewhat greater frequency here than other places.

The other exceptions to the Azlu of the United Kingdom are noted below.

Spitting Spiders

From time to time, a pack of Forsaken is surprised by Azlu with an unusual ability: spitting poison. These Spider Hosts aren’t unique to the United Kingdom, and have been reported elsewhere, but not in the significant numbers the Forsaken seem to be finding here. The Spitting Azlu look somewhat different than others — they’re a little smaller (even when they take a human body, the body seems somewhat shrunken and distorted) and feature smooth flesh of a pale red hue. They seem to keep predominantly to Southeast England (including London), where they hunt alone.

Hunting involves a great deal of stealth. These spiders move quietly and lurk in whatever deep shadows lie nearby. When appropriate prey passes — be it animal, human, or werewolf — it spits a gluey poison at the victim. The Azlu must spend an Essence and succeed on a Dexterity + Athletics roll. This works similar to Toxic Bite (**Werewolf: The Forsaken**, p. 240): the prey loses one point of Stamina per success on the roll. The victim may make a Stamina + Primal Urge roll to help reduce Stamina loss. The prey’s Health will be affected by loss of Stamina. Stamina lost is recovered at the same rate as aggravated damage.

The spider’s spitting range is approximately twice its Size in yards. If the Azlu is Size 1, it can spit its poison up to two yards. If its Size 5, it can reach up to 10 yards with its poison.

Wight Spiders

Unlike the Spitting Spiders, the Wight Spiders are not a separate species, but a small society of Azlu that work together. They make their homes, as the name implies, upon the Isle of Wight at the southern end of England. The island itself is a popular seaside resort since Victorian times, and has a rich maritime history.

This, however, is not why the Spider Hosts (which have dwelled here for centuries) call this place home. For one, the island is isolated, with only ferries bringing people to and from the island. The Azlu can monitor traffic easily, and find it difficult to

be surprised. Two, the Isle has a number of excellent places for the network of Hosts to hide — sea caves, beneath cliffs or out upon the Needles (the big rocky chalk formations that rise out of the ocean on the western side of the island).

However, the true reasons that many Spider Hosts dwell here are the fossils. The Isle of Wight is home to one of the most impressive fossil records from the Cretaceous period in all of Europe, if not the world. A number of complete dinosaur skeletons have been found in the crumbling cliffs and constant land erosion. In a manner of speaking, this has unearthed what the Forsaken believe was once a kind of “burial ground” for ancient creatures. The bones that lie beneath the surface are not accidental, so they say. As such, this saurian graveyard offers an unusual number of loci (mostly small, but taken together it becomes a large network), many of which the Spider Hosts control. What few Forsaken claim territory on the Isle find themselves in a constant battle against the Azlu, which are smarter and better hidden than most Spider Hosts tend to be.

Of course, rumors persist that there is another, darker reason for the Spider Hosts to have interest in this island. Mages friendly enough with Forsaken claim to have seen fossils of things that didn’t come from dinosaurs. These fossils aren’t of skeletons at all, but of grotesque exoskeletons from what may have been some kind of monstrous arachnid. Whatever this creature was (if it existed at all), it’s dead now — but the wizards claimed that the fossils spoke to them in their minds, chittering and clicking in some kind of insectile language.

Beshilu

The Beshilu of the UK are a little — different from those found elsewhere. It’s not that they’re physiologically unique or have wildly variant “talents” than other Beshilu. But on these islands, the rats have suffered great isolation. Some of their kin left over the centuries, hopping on boats (and later, planes), but overall, the rat culture here is detached from influences elsewhere. As such, that has created some particularly exceptional circumstances.

The Mirjister

Rats themselves don’t live very long, rarely making it past three years. The Beshilu, on the other hand, can live as long as humans. And, by some strange turn of events, a rare few Beshilu here have figured out how to live far longer than the normal confinement of a human lifespan.

Elder Beshilu, living well over 100 years (some

have made it to just over 150 years), are known as “Ministers,” called that through the botched human tongue that many Beshilu speak. In the First Tongue, they are called *Suggal-Mak*. Blessedly, only the largest warrens (those with 500 or more rats) ever feature one of the Ministers, but that doesn’t make them, their age, or their powers any less disturbing.

For one, age brings greater ability. Many of them have unforeseen powers, displaying grotesque Numina that unnerves even the most steadfast Forsaken. The Ministers also illustrate an unprecedented ability when it comes to mimicking human behavior. They are capable of looking very human, indeed, and they walk among the mortal swarms as easily as they do ones composed of rodents.

Their behavior in general is rather strange, as well. Forsaken who succeed on an extended Wits + Occult perception roll (10 successes required, and each roll represents one day of uninterrupted Beshilu observation) may come to realize that these Ministers give themselves titles, and seem bent on fulfilling whatever task is laid out by that aforementioned title. The “Minister of Filth” might litter profusely, or lord over a nest of rats in the foulest pit of refuse imaginable. The “Minister of Sickness,” on the other hand, probably spreads disease however possible — either by infecting his Beshilu and rodent brethren, spreading the disease himself (such as a sexually transmitted one) or by stealing infectious materials and putting it in the food or water supply.

Faith Amidst the Swarm

Another thing worthy of concern is that the Beshilu of the UK seem to have found — religion. Theoretically, all Beshilu adhere to a kind of cosmic plan, hoping to become one with the Plague King, but the manner in which they “follow” this King is usually scattered, instinctive, and indistinct. Here, two worrisome facts seem apparent.

First is that the Beshilu elsewhere seem to venerate their Plague King through action alone. They tear at the Gauntlet, and, by doing so, they devote themselves to the ideals and origins of their spiritual progenitor. Here, however, that worship seems to mimic human methods of reverence: Beshilu have been seen gathering around old stone circles, chanting and painting rock glyphs with blood and feces. Others seem to “preach” to masses of normal rats, calling them from the darkness and proselytizing in the First Tongue. A few packs of Uratha have even found what they believe to be “Rat Scripture,” bizarre religious tracts painted in urine (and hence mostly invisible except to a Forsaken’s nose). These tracts, also written in the First Tongue, seem to indicate the coming

of an ancient creature called the Beshilu Thisrah, or the “Rat Host of Unrest.”

This Rat of Unrest is the second worrisome fact, because all evidence suggests that this eldritch entity is not the Plague King. He seems a different thing entirely, less concerned with disease and more focused upon ideas of chaos, entropy, and the destruction of all things.

Bolt-Holes

One last thing distinguishes the Beshilu here from Beshilu elsewhere: their bolt-holes. All Beshilu chew holes in things; that comes from uncontrollable instinct. The bolt-holes they chew here, however, aren’t tiny little rodent holes that lead to normal nests and warrens. No, these bolt-holes are often big enough for at least a human child, or an adult on his hands and knees. Weirder still, these bolt-holes don’t often lead to a rat warren, and instead — well, lead to any number of odd places.

Forsaken have seen holes that lead to impossible physical locations. For instance, a bolt-hole deep down in the London Underground might take a character to a grotto on the far side of Mount Snowden. A chewed tunnel behind a launderette in Chelsea might take one somewhere beneath the Dublin Port Tunnel. Weirder still, such a trip rarely takes as long as it should. A trip that should theoretically take an hour or even a day might not take 15 minutes.

Not all of these bolt-holes go to physical locations, however. Some dead end straight into the Shadow. While this is useful for some Forsaken, it can be troublesome, as well. Humans who wander (or fall) into one of these holes can disappear forever, and end up on the wrong side of reality. Some bolt-holes lead into the deepest and most frightening points of the spirit wilds.

The Beshilu seem to build these tunnels, use them for a while, and then abandon them. The tunnels still work to carry travelers to whatever weird location they were built for in the first place, but the Beshilu no longer seem to care. Whether this is normal Beshilu behavior (unpredictable behavior from the Rat Changers is, in its own way, predictable) or part of some greater insanity, nobody knows.

Mages

The Forsaken do not cross paths with the mages as easily as they do the vampires. Mages are more likely to stay hidden, and tend to recognize just how vulnerable their flesh-bag bodies are against the churning claws of a fast-moving Forsaken. Still, that’s not to say a pack won’t encounter the Awakened. Below is information for when they do.

Aspects

When using mages based in the United Kingdom, whether as characters, antagonists or allies, a few things might be worth considering. These elements help to separate mages here from mages elsewhere, giving them a distinctive identity.

- **War of Ideology:** The ruling mages of London (the Consilium) recognize the danger of magic. They themselves are, of course, Awakened, but just because they use magic does not mean that it is not dangerous. A good analog to this is gun control in England: those in authority are allowed to use firearms because they are used with utter responsibility and required for certain tasks. The rest of the populace is not allowed access to such dangerous weapons. That is how the Consilium sees magic, as an unsafe tool that should not be placed in the hands of children. Magic is a reward, earned with trust, not a gift to be thrown around and squandered. That said, not all mages agree with those in power. Magic is granted to the Awakened for a reason, and that reason is so it can be used. This creates a social and dogmatic struggle between the ruling mages of the Consilium and many of the lesser cabals running around England. The “war” that goes on between the two groups is hardly a war at all — occasionally, the lessers strike surreptitiously at the greater, but rarely is such a conflict taken out into the streets. Still, it has an effect on the Shadow. Spirits caught in the crossfire often go mad, acting with casual disregard for their own safety or the sanity of the two worlds, and the Forsaken are the ones left to clean up the messes in their own territories.

- **Loci:** The Consilium of London (which sees itself above all mages, even the Consilii of Edinburgh, Belfast or other towns and areas) wants a catalog of all the loci in the area, and from there, it seeks to claim ownership of them. This amps up much of the conflict between the werewolves and the mages. Some mages are, of course, just foot soldiers going up against something they don’t understand. The true architects of this plan sit behind closed doors where the Forsaken cannot easily get them. Can the lesser mages be turned against the powers-that-be? Is an alliance possible with these Awakened? Or will the Forsaken find them simply too unpredictable to be trusted?

- **Aberrance:** Hierarch Civitas cares little for chaos. The Forsaken, to him, represent a hand in that chaos, stirring up the supernatural world with little care for the “big picture.” (The Forsaken obviously disagree, believing themselves quite concerned with the big picture, thank you very much.) While the Hierarch has not made any orders or motions to “exterminate” the werewolves, he certainly has

enough disdain for them to make difficulty for the Uratha whenever possible. This difficulty extends to the Pure, as well. Whether this means the Pure and the Forsaken can band together for a time to oust a common enemy is yet unclear.

- **The Hidden:** Many of the mages, upon demand by the Consilium, have learned to hide their souls and their magic using occultation. This makes them hard to find, and uncommon to simply “run across.”

Stealing the Soul Stones

What happens when a Forsaken steals a mage’s soul stone? Well, first, such an event should be unlikely. Most werewolves don’t even know what the hell a “soul stone” is, much less how to steal one from a tricky mage. Still, a spirit could lead a pack in the right direction, or a mage ally might throw the Forsaken a bone.

When stealing a soul stone, you may want to allow the Forsaken to “use” it in a number of ways:

- Spending a point of Essence and affixing it somehow to a locus may increase the Locus rating for a single day.
- Holding the soul stone, the Forsaken may be able to gain +2 to the Stepping Sideways roll when at a locus.
- Having a mage’s soul stone may allow the Forsaken to use her Gifts against the mage with a +1 bonus.
- The soul stone may make a good chimage to an interested spirit in return for learning new Gifts. (The spirit may actually make the obtaining of a soul stone the demand for learning a Gift.)

Catesby

Real Name: Farid Kala

Path: Obrimos

Order: Free Council

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 5

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 3, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics 1, Computer 1, Crafts (Explosives) 3, Investigation 2, Science (Chemical Reactions) 2

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Drive 1, Stealth 2, Weaponry 1

Social Skills: Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion (Agitprop) 4, Socialize 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3



Merits: Eidetic Memory, High Speech, Occultation 3, Order Status 2, Sanctum (Back of a pub near the Temple Church in London) 1

Willpower: 8

Wisdom: 6

Virtue: Hope

Vice: Pride

Initiative: 6

Defense: 2

Speed: 9

Health: 7

Gnosis: 2

Arcana: Death 2, Forces 2, Prime 2

Rotes: *Death* — Shadow Sculpting (•), Decay (••); *Forces* — Influence Light (•), Transmission (••); *Prime* — Dispel Magic (•), Magic Shield (••)

Mana/per Turn: 11/2

Armor: n/a

Magic Shield: 2 (Prime 2)

Magic is oppressed, so says Catesby of the cabal calling itself the Guy Fawkes Precedent. The Consilium (particularly Hierarch Civitas) knows that London — and all the Kingdom, really — is simply busting with preternatural power. The mages acknowledge that openly, and yet they put limits and strictures on how that magic may be touched, and worse, who may plumb the uttermost depths of it. They do it all in the name of safety and sanity, looking back to Atlantis and the Exarchs and using the past as some kind of spooky story or object lesson.

Many members of the Free Council do not agree with this judgment. The past, while not insignificant, should not set the course for the future. If this area is teeming with magic — and it is — then that magic should be free for all Awakened to touch equally. Great power lies beneath this strictly ordered veneer,

and mages such as Catesby want to rip that layer away and make magic free once more.

Of course, Catesby and his mates know that magic is already free, regardless of what the Consilium thinks. And so, they use magic to shake up the *status quo*, particularly the goings-on at or near Consilium meetings. The Guy Fawkes Precedent (featuring nearly a dozen Free Council mages, all of whom have taken names of the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, names such as Wintour, Percy, Rookwood, Digby) seeks to undermine the oppressive powers and — loosen the foundation a little bit. Their actions are sometimes violent, though actual human injury is rare; they take great caution to keep casualties non-existent. Instead they do property damage, or cause odd magical effects to plague those affiliated with the oppressive order. The Precedent's effects on the Shadow, of course, create a spiritual instability. They aren't really aware of what effects they're having on the spiritual realm, but were they to become aware of it, they would likely accept that as indicating success rather than trouble.

Catesby dresses in ways to draw attention away from himself. He wears whites, blacks, greys, never anything fancy, but nothing too poor or plain, either. His physical features support this, as well — he is, in most ways, average. His skin isn't particularly dark. He is attractive, but not handsome. He carries himself calmly and quietly. Still, getting up close to him will reveal a kind of wild joy in the dark of his eye.

His nimbus is a pulsing orange firelight and a faint smell of smoke.

Dedicated Magical Tools: Pocket watch

Seeing the Nimbus

The effect that surrounds a mage when she works magic is evident only to those with the ability to sense magic in some form.

Most werewolves are unable to perceive a mage's nimbus, although certain Gifts may change this. A werewolf with either Two-World Eyes or Scent of Taint active will be able to perceive a mage's nimbus if looking at the mage while she works magic.

Provost Decurion

Real Name: Tristan Charles (T.C.) Keel

Path: Mastigos

Order: Guardians of the Veil

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 4

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3



Social Attributes: Presence 4, Manipulation 5, Composure 3
Mental Skills: Academics 3, Computer 1, Investigation 3, Occult 3, Politics (Consilium) 4

Physical Skills: Athletics 2, Brawl (Incapacitation) 3, Stealth 1, Weaponry 3

Social Skills: Empathy 1, Expression 2, Intimidation (Silent Treatment) 5, Persuasion 4, Socialize 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 4

Merits: Artifact 5 (see sidebar below), Common Sense, Consilium Status 4, High Speech, Library (Secret History of England) 4, Sanctum (22,000 sq. ft property on Grosvenor Street in Mayfair, London) 4, Striking Looks 2

Willpower: 7

Wisdom: 7

Virtue: Temperance

Vice: Greed

Initiative: 7

Defense: 4

Speed: 11

Health: 8

Gnosis: 5

Arcana: Fate 2, Matter 2, Mind 4, Prime 2, Space 3

Rotes: *Fate* — Interconnections (•), The Perfect Moment (••); *Matter* — Dark Matter (•), Steel Windows (••); *Mind* — Aura Perception (•), Emotional Urging (••), Psychic Assault (•••), Read the Depths (••••); *Prime* — Inscribe Grimoire (•), Squaring the Circle (••); *Space* — Correspondence (•), Conceal Sympathy (••), New Threads (•••)

Mana/per Turn: 14/5

Armor: 2 (from Life 2 Artifact, see sidebar)

Magic Shield: n/a

Decurion is a hard man by necessity. As the Hierarchy Civitas' Provost, Decurion understands that what is done out of necessity isn't always the moral thing. The Provost serves a strictly utilitarian outlook: whatever it takes to serve the greater good.

He wasn't always this way. Once upon a time, he was young with eyes of wonder. But that was 30 years ago. In that time, his wonder put him and his loved ones in dire predicaments. He summoned demons that played at being angels, and the lives of those nearest to him were made forfeit for his Faustian dealings. Before the blood had even dried, he vowed to punish those who tricked him — and when his wrath was slaked on the cruel entities that wreaked havoc upon his life, Decurion decided to settle down. He devoted himself to walking the straight and narrow, in establishing hard rules and unswerving loyalty to those who followed similar restrictions. Magic was valuable. Magic was also the most dangerous thing in the Fallen World. Not everybody was meant to handle it; like rare and precious glass, some were simply too clumsy to keep themselves from breaking it.

That attitude has served him well over the last two decades, and it has allowed him to find a solid place among the secret-keeping Guardians of the Veil. Better, it has allowed him to work his way up through the ranks and serve at the side of the aged Hierarchy, the Obrimos of the Silver Ladder, Civitas.

Decurion has little interest in usurping the Hierarchy. If the time should come that a successor might be named, then he will summon whatever strength it takes to step into those shoes. In the meantime, he does his best to squash any kind of chaos or madness that appears in the Kingdom. He has little interest in playing nice with other mages — or, for that matter, any other supernatural troublemaker that crosses the line. The Provost has had more than one ugly encounter with brutal shapechangers, and they're unlikely to be the last.

Those looking upon Decurion see a cold bastion of strength. His grey hair is kept close to the skull, and his Vandyke goatee is kept perfectly shorn. For an older man in his early 60s, the Provost keeps in excellent shape, and has a tightly angular form that fits his many dark suits very nicely.

His nimbus is a change of lighting that washes the color from his surroundings while sharpening their outlines.

Dedicated Magical Tools: Brass pentacle



The Red Ring

Artifact •••• (Life 2 + 3 Merit dots)

The Red Ring that Provost Decurion wears is a simple silver ring with a hollow channel that runs the center length of it. In this channel is a very thin glass tube that encircles the ring, and contained within

this glass are a few drops of blood. This ring, once belonging to a powerful Mastigos named Livos (who was the mentor of Decurion's own mentor, Echron), is said to have been blessed by an ancient spirit drawn from the far corners of the Supernal. Some speculate that such a story is fabricated, but that doesn't stop the fact that the ring is in wholly unique, bringing the wearer additional Status. The Life 2 effect is Organic Resilience, and it is persistent. It strengthens the wearer's Life pattern, granting him a constant 2 armor.



Grace O'Malley

Real Name: Laura Kittrick

Path: Acanthus

Order: The Mysterium

Mental Attributes: Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 3

Physical Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 3

Mental Skills: Academics (Old Books) 4, Computer 2, Investigation 3, Occult (Mystic Words) 3

Physical Skills: Athletics 1, Drive 1, Larceny (Sleight-of-Hand) 2, Stealth 1

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

Merits: Encyclopedic Knowledge, High Speech, Library (Literature) 2, Sanctum (Old Church in Belfast) 1

Willpower: 6

Wisdom: 7

Virtue: Faith

Vice: Sloth

Initiative: 6

Defense: 3

Speed: 9

Health: 7

Gnosis: 1

Arcana: Fate 1, Spirit 1, Time 1

Notes: Fate — Interconnections (•), The Sibil's Sight (•);

Spirit — Spirit Tongue (•); Time — Momentary Flux (•)

Mana/per Turn: 10/1

Armor: n/a

Magic Shield: n/a

Grace O'Malley is ambitious for her age and relative inexperience. At 22 years old, she already believes that the Supernal world has left its secrets hidden in various unexpected places. She also believes that she has found one of these places and holds some of the lost knowledge of Atlantis — it's just, she hasn't been able to translate the information yet. Where does she believe this lore lies? Encoded in James Joyce's mysterious novel *Finnegans Wake*.

The book, Joyce's last foray into writing before his death, is a madcap confluence of apparent nonsense.

It is nearly devoid of punctuation. It is written in over a dozen languages. Every sentence is an absurd tangle of puns, allusions, malapropisms and neologisms. The book constantly references history, mythology, religion, philosophy, alchemy, astronomy, biology and other pieces of literature. Many have tried to translate it, with some success (renowned mythologist Joseph Campbell wrote *A Skeleton's Key to Finnegans Wake* in 1961). Most have discerned that the book is a meandering fiction of a relative Everyman, sometimes called Finnegan, other times known throughout the book as Humphrey Chimpden Earwicker. The book takes this character throughout various periods of history, drawing together massive threads of information into one clumsy maze of prose.

Grace, along with several other Acanthus mages of the Mysterium, believes that Joyce may have been Awakened himself (and may have even been rendered utterly mad by a Paradox). Whatever happened to him, whether he was truly Awakened or just some kind of mouthpiece of the Supernal, O'Malley believes that by translating this insane fiction, one can discern the true history of Atlantis and perhaps understand how to once again draw the worlds together into one.

O'Malley and her mages call themselves the "Tatterdemalions," a word meaning 'a tattered or bedraggled person.' They took this name for two reasons: first, it suits their physical and mental presence. These Acanthus mages dress as ragged scholars, letting their hair grow out and wearing bland, unkempt clothing as they obsess over the fiction and related texts. Second, and perhaps more importantly, the word "tatterdemalion" shows up several times within the book.

These mages are rather cloistered. O'Malley and the others do not venture out into the light very often, except to maybe grab some fish and chips or to run

down to another library or bookstore to fetch a reference source. When they do travel (to various points of the UK and Ireland, seeking out the physical sites to which Joyce alludes), they do so en masse.

Some whisper that this cabal is crazy, but harmless. Others are not so certain. Some say that the mages are not unlocking a secret history, but are instead piecing together all the parts of an awful summoning, calling some strange word-eating beast from the ether. Rumors also suggest that these Enchanters scourge themselves in secret for power, and are more than willing to court Paradoxes to gain “insight.”

Grace herself is a plump, bright-eyed girl in disheveled clothes. She has a pair of large glasses that barely rest on her button nose. She takes her shadow name from *Finnegans Wake*, as do all the Tatterdemalions.

Her nimbus manifests as a peculiar, unrecognizable odor that sparks memories that can't be fully remembered, accompanied by a susurrus of voices speaking in an unfamiliar tongue.

Dedicated Magical Tools: Paperback copy of *Finnegans Wake*

The Spirits of the Wake

Forsaken watching the Tatterdemalions, even if they don't know that they're mages, may note that odd magath have begun to aggregate near the strange people. These cobbled-together spirits are made, quite literally, of unusual words. The words are a physical presence, actual language hanging in the air as if by strings, and they bind together raw bones like tendons.

Curiously, these spirits hide from the mages. Why this is, the Uratha do not know, but it cannot be a good sign. The werewolves believe that these odd magath must certainly be manipulating the mages, or at least seeking to gain some kind of power and reckoning from the obsessive examination of the Joyce text.

Other Mages

What follows are a few more mages ready for use in a game set within the United Kingdom.

The Furnace Feeders

In Llanelli, a town in Wales, one district of town is called Furnace due to its history with burning coal and smelting pig iron. The coal (or coke) ovens used

for this process still sit amidst old foundries in this part of town, dirty and unused. A strange thing about these bulbous ovens is that a number of Moros Necromancers have built a sanctum in the ruins of the foundries. These mages are secretive, rarely seen, and their sanctum is somehow hidden from the material world. Some have seen the mages feeding long bags into the ovens, which then flare up with bright fire for but a moment before dying down into darkness once again. A few mages have suggested that they are keeping something sated — others whisper that they are trying to wake something up, drawing it free from Twilight. More than one mage has suggested that these strange death wizards are part of a Left-Handed Legacy similar to the Tremere, or something altogether unique. The reality remains unclear. The only other thing known is that when one of these mages dies or disappears, another comes soon to take his place.

The Wild-Eyed Lads

In Dartmoor sit a number of tors (odd piles of rocks sitting atop hills). One of these — the Great Staple Tor, found in Okehampton — is a ragged run of several small tors that almost appears as a kind of gateway. This hill is a sacred spot of some power (a Rank 3 locus with a resonance of the past), and has long been courted by Forsaken and Awakened in a constant struggle for dominance. Within the last 10 years, that has changed. A handful of Thyrus mages calling themselves the Wild-Eyed Lads have agreed to share this spot with a pack of Hunters in Darkness. The two groups co-exist in relative peace; arguments break out, but never over the sacred ground for both groups consider its protection paramount. Any disagreements are almost always theoretical and are about history, mythology or the nature of animals. Despite occasional squabbles, the two groups are nearly ready to call one another friends, as they already consider themselves strong allies. Of course, they are not the only ones interested in having the power of this territory and locus. Mages, werewolves and other things want that power, too, and are willing to do anything to get it. The mages and werewolves provide a nicely unified front — and so enemies plot in the shadows to find a way to drive the two groups permanently apart.

The Atlantean Heresy

Recently, some scientists have come out in support of the idea that Ireland — or, at least, some sunken part of it — is actually Atlantis. Most mages balk at this idea, believing it to be yet another foolish theory pursuing something physical when truly, the search is spiritual.

Still, not all mages are so quick to dismiss this idea. More than one mage believes that Atlantis may lie off the coast of the United Kingdom or Ireland. Many of these Awakened have come together, forming a Legacy of magic that lets them search beneath the waters, holding their breath for extreme periods of time. Some have found unusual artifacts beneath the cold, grey waves. Removing these icons and idols, however, has made many of the sea-spirits very angry.

Bogey's

Fey beasts. Ghosts. Hobgoblins and banshees. The UK is a trove of folklore and legends, and even today the people believe that a small degree of supernatural influence can be found in many corners of the country, from the highlands to individual houses. Not all of these stories are real, of course — but some certainly are. Below are just a few of the other bogeymen found upon these isolated islands.

The Drowned

Men drown. It is one of the cruel realities of living near or upon the sea. The ocean is little more than one big mouth that is forever hungry, and, from time to time, it swallows people and draws them into its watery bowels. Boats crash against rocks. Swimmers are sucked out in the undertow. Fishermen slip off a wet dock and disappear beneath the hoary depths. Most times, it is as it should be, and the drowned souls stay forever gone. But that is not always the case. The drowned do not always stay dead — or, at the least, they do not always stay still.

For example, a woman sees her husband shambling down the length of Clevedon Pier one night. She knows he died. And yet, doubt haunts her, because they never did find his body, did they? They found the wreckage of his trawler, the wood splintered, the engine dead — but no body. Against her better judgment, she calls his name and runs to him, but through the fog she cannot make him out, and he keeps staggering further down the pier. When finally she gets close, he turns — and then she sees that one of his eyes is missing, and in its space is more than a puckered red slit where it was removed with clumsy fingers. The man — the husband — whispers her name and reaches for her. He stinks of brine and blood. His hands are slick like seaweed but strong like an iron chain. He tells her that “they can be together” and he drags her over the side of the pier and into the crashing waves.

Hands pull her deeper into darkness. Water fills her lungs. Soon, she is drowned just like him.

Soon, she shall walk, just like him.

They Are Not Men

Contrary to their appearances, the creatures known as the Drowned (or sometimes, the Sea Demons) are not men at all. They wear the skins of men, yes, and they have the brains — and as a result, the minds — of the men as well. And still, they are not men.

So, what are they? Quite frankly, nobody really knows. The Drowned are ancient, to be sure. Stories of drowned souls still walking have been passed down through the centuries, and signs of them even show up in the myths of the region.

One story from God-knows-when illustrates what these shambling undead may be, if the tale can be trusted: A boy and his friends went swimming off of the coast of Gorleston-on-Sea late one afternoon, and went out too far. The current sucked him under and he was gone. His friends told his father, who then came out to search for his child. The man went out into the water, searching for any sign of his lost boy, and it was then that he saw something very strange beneath the surface: a door. It sat on the bottom of the ocean, marked with strange symbols that frightened the boy's father terribly. Still, he had to find his son, and so he reached down and opened it. Hands pulled him in through the door, and it slammed shut behind him.

He found himself in a room not unlike the inside of some kind of creature. Here, he could breathe. The walls were slick and pulsing, and the grey flesh was lined with veins and barnacles. A strange thing slithered up to him — something that looked humanoid, but was not human. It had yellow eyes like frog eggs, and a round sucker mouth full of eel's teeth. It spoke to him in his mind, and told him that he could have his boy back if he helped this creature and its “people.” If he let this monster bite off his hand, he would be reunited with his boy. Seeing no other choice, the father assented to this demand, and the demon promptly bit through his hand. It spit the hand out, and as the stump bled and the man screamed, the thing — far too large for such an action — somehow collapsed its skeleton and wriggled into the wound. The man felt the creature inside of him, filling every empty space in his body. Soon, he was no longer the father; he was the demon. They gave him back his boy, who was missing a foot. “Sacrifices for Father Sea,” the boy-that-wasn't-his-boy told him, and they both understood. Stories after that said townsfolk saw father and son shuffling around town, silently, perhaps looking for new victims.

This story doesn't give the precise identity of these creatures, but helps confirm that while they wear human bodies, they themselves are not human at all.

Truth?

The Drowned represent a growing threat along the coastlines of the United Kingdom. Once, they only appeared sporadically. And, even in low numbers, the waterlogged dead are worthy of concern. However, as of late more and more Drowned have been seen wandering further inland, capturing others and dragging them into the depths of the cold sea.

Some facts are known about these creatures, facts that should give a Forsaken (or anyone) pause. First, it appears as if one of these creatures still retains some measure of the human's personality. The mortal's accent is maintained, whether he's from Devon or Norfolk, and his mannerisms carry over, as well. They seem to remember people, be they children, spouses or friends, and often seek to abduct these individuals before any other. However, it remains apparent that the Drowned use such affectations as a ruse or a tactic of fear, as opposed to actually maintaining true remnants of personality.

Also, all Drowned are missing one of three body parts: an eye, a hand or a foot. Most of them attempt to cover their wounds poorly — swaddling the injury with a bundle of newspaper pinned to the surrounding flesh, or just a red-stained shirt wrapped around it. The rest of their skin is cast in an unnatural grey pallor.

Finally, once upon a time these dead souls traveled alone. Whether this was intended or was simply a fact of existing in meager numbers is unknown. Recently, however, they have begun traveling in threes — each group consisting of one Drowned without an eye, one without a hand, and another limping along without a foot.

Systems

The following systems are in place when using the Drowned in a story:

An individual Drowned maintains the same general traits as the mortal body it stole, with three exceptions: It gains +3 Strength (to a maximum of 7), -2 Dexterity (to a minimum of 1) and its Speed is halved (round down).

One of the Drowned likely has two of the following Gifts: Warning Growl, Call Water, Playing Possum, Know Name, Slip Away, Feet of Mist, Blending and Crushing Blow. (When using one of these Gifts, roll the appropriate Attribute + Ability, and in place of the normal Renown stat, simply add a +2 to the roll.)

The further a Drowned goes inland, the slower it becomes. For every 500 yards inland, the Drowned suffers a -1 Speed penalty, to a minimum of Speed 1.



The Drowned must return to the water (only salt water) once every 12 hours — if they are kept outside of the sea for beyond this time period, they suffer 2 lethal damage per hour away from the water.

The Drowned has the same Health as the mortal body it inhabits, but ignores all wound penalties. Also, its healing times are double that of a normal mortal. It takes longer to mend the stolen flesh.

Once the Drowned's Health is depleted and it is killed, it expires in a gush of bloody, pus-clotted sea water. Any individual within two yards (or six feet) of the expiring creature suffers an aggravated level of damage as this seawater splashes and burns skin.

Rumors

The aforementioned truths, however, are not necessarily evident when dealing with the Drowned. A number of rumors are hence worth mentioning, as characters are unlikely to recognize the reality regarding these strange sea-born walking dead. These rumors aren't necessarily untrue — they simply do not paint the entire picture.

They are the angry ghosts of the drowning victims. They can be sent back to the ocean by resolving any unfinished business they had on this earth. This may involve dealing with family members or friends of the victim, or perhaps righting those who wronged him in the past.

They are the Fomorians, a race of sea demons from the dark of the sea. They were one of the four original races of Ireland. They want vengeance upon those who have settled on the Isles.

They have been heard uttering strange, incomprehensible names. Some say they speak of old gods — sea gods — though some Forsaken believe they hear something resembling the First Tongue.

The Drowned seem to have different purposes based upon what body part they are missing. The ones missing eyes seem to do a lot of hiding and watching. The ones missing hands seem to be the “abductors.” The ones missing feet seem to herd victims toward the sea (or toward another Drowned) as a predator harries its prey.

Some have seen animals that may be Drowned, as well — dogs missing eyes, cats with only three legs, flocks of wingless gulls watching from the shadows.

Using the Drowned

The Drowned can make good antagonists in a story of any level. Depending on the needs of the game, these shambling, sodden dead can be major antagonists or minor nuisances.

As a nuisance, the Drowned can represent a steady level of minor but persistent threat. They are easy to destroy, but what’s worrisome is how they keep coming. Forsaken territory may continually be breached by these dogged sea demons. While their effects may be small, the residual consequences (dead bodies, missing people) can build up, especially if a pack is concerned with seemingly larger issues.

Alternately, the Drowned can make a full-blown antagonist, becoming the primary focus of an entire story. The sea-born undead can surge suddenly in numbers, becoming a veritable plague against the local powers. In a sense, the Drowned are like a virus, “infecting” normal mortals by capturing them and dragging them into the waters, where the living then become the dead. If left unchecked, their numbers may swell in a very short time.

A story featuring the Drowned can open a world of plot possibilities. What is it they want? Are they really some kind of demon, and do they truly worship some primeval ocean spirit? A pack may track them beneath the salty waves and see exactly where they go when they return to the water. Moreover, their presence is likely to have an effect on the nearby Shadow. Not only do their actions bring about various spirits of suffering (sorrow, pain, loss), but they can have more unusual effects, as well. Perhaps everywhere they’ve been takes on a watery, drenched appearance. Everything drips, or feels slick or seems cast in a seaweed hue. With long enough exposure, it’s not impossible that a Wound could form from continued presence.

Alien Big Cats

The United Kingdom is home to a number of unusual legends and stories, whether they be of faerie courts of ancient ghosts. Most of these stories are without proof — encounters leave little more than conjecture and residual fear. Rarely does one have evi-

dence to present after the fact. However, one mystery persists where individuals claim to have seen strange cats. The difference here is that they have evidence of the existence of these creatures — all but the cats themselves.

Sightings of these animals, called Alien Big Cats, have been going on for at least 30 or 40 years. While these beasts have been seen in other parts of the world, nowhere are they as pervasive as they are here. Every year, there are dozen or so sightings, with witnesses claiming to have seen large, cat-like animals cresting hills, crossing roads, or stalking livestock. Most claim that these cats aren’t so strange as to be mythical — to the contrary, most claim that they look like panthers, lions, even tigers. They have been captured on film at a distance, and move in ways that suggest they are absolutely not foxes, dogs or some other indigenous animal. Many have found tracks or scat, as well, which suggest that these big cats are very much real. The most damning and worrisome evidence are the occasional attacks. Livestock have been found ripped to shreds, clawed apart and bled out. In rare accounts, humans claim that these beasts have attacked their cars, their houses, even themselves.

Mystery of the Cats

The identity of these beasts remains an enigma. Below are just a few possibilities for what these ABCs might truly be.

The Cats might just be werewolves. Werewolves, whether Forsaken or Pure, sometimes travel in Urshul for the benefits of speed and defensibility. The Lunacy is in effect for this form, so who knows what the rational might mind conceive? It’s far easier for the human mind to accept “escaped zoo animals” than “dire wolf werewolves” traveling the countryside. It’s even possible that clever Forsaken have been purposefully perpetuating this mystery to use as cover for their movements and actions.

By all accounts, these big cats are just that — big cats. That means they’re nothing special, they’re just panthers, tigers or lionesses. Of course, that forces the question, how did they get here? Perhaps they came through some unseen-but-powerful breach in the Gauntlet, crossing unusual distances (from various jungles or tracts of wilderness around the world) or even coming out of some sort of lost pocket or place-that-isn’t. Alternately, it’s possible that they were brought here by someone, or something. Maybe a mad Thyrsus mage has summoned or even created this creatures out of thin air, and “rides” their bodies with his soul. For a more mundane solution, perhaps these beasts escaped from a traveling zoo some 40 years ago, and have since been breeding in the few hidden places

left on these islands. Whatever the case, the threat to the Forsaken remains clear. Not only are these animals physically dangerous, but they present a menace to the Shadow. Either they represent a weakness in the Gauntlet, or they attract predatory cat-spirits that don't belong in this ephemeral ecosystem.

What if the cats are something wholly new? Could be that these monstrous cats represent some kind of new Host — men whose flesh is stuffed with feral housecats and who can take the form of feline predators from long ago. Another option is that these beasts aren't beasts at all, but manifested spirits. They might be predator-spirits or night-spirits, beings who happen to take the forms of large, dark cats. Finally, consider the possibility that these creatures represent some kind of atavistic throwback, a biological anomaly that should've died out ages ago. The UK is a land where the past lies in a very shallow grave. There's no telling what kinds of ancient things may still find life in this hallowed land.

Alien Big Cat

Description: Alien Big Cats look like one kind of predatory cat or another (cheetah, lion, tiger, panther, lynx). No matter their actual origin or identity, they have eyes that shimmer in the dark, big teeth, big claws and a whole body lined with taut muscle. These cats exhibit primal intelligence, unseen in most biology.

Attributes: Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3, Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4, Presence 3, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

Skills: Athletics (Running) 4, Brawl 3, Intimidation 4, Stealth (Disappearing) 4, Survival 3

Willpower: 6

Initiative: 9

Defense: 5

Speed: 16 (species factor 6)

Size: 5

Weapons/Attacks:

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Bite	3(L)	10
Claw	4(L)	11

Health: 10

Ghosts

The United Kingdom is a land thick with ghosts. Nearly every castle, stately home or old hotel has a ghost story. Here, belief in ghosts is no strange thing — they are accepted somewhat as par for the course, a part of life in death. Whether Jacobite rebels standing in the mists of the moors of Culloden, Bronze Age horsemen with rotten faces riding silently through Dorset or the

whisper of a spurned lover who drowned herself in the River Liffey, ghosts are a part of this land and linger here as remnants from all times past. Below are a few of the *true* ghosts, hardly comprehensible given the depth and breadth of hauntings across the United Kingdom, but enough perhaps to use in a story.

Sawney Bean

Attributes: Power 4, Finesse 3, Resistance 2

Willpower: 6

Morality: 5

Virtue: Justice

Vice: Wrath

Initiative: 5

Defense: 4

Speed: 17

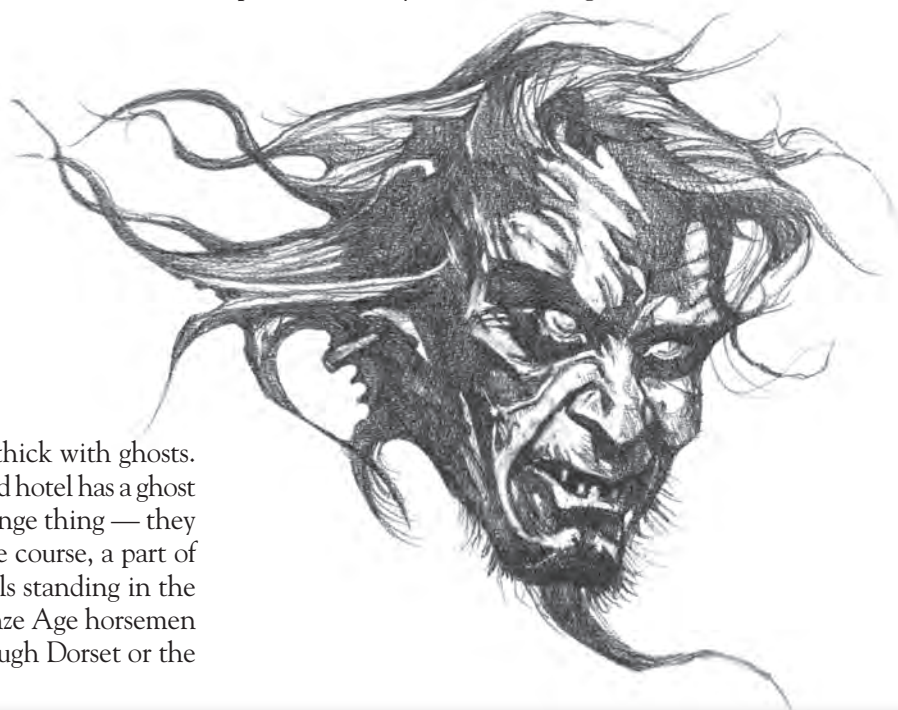
Size: 5

Corpus: 7

Numina: Ghost Sign (dice pool 7), Replay (dice pool 7), Telekinesis (dice pool 7), Terrify (dice pool 7)

This is the legend of Sawney Bean: In the early 15th century, Scotland was said to be plagued by a horrible cannibal family. This family, reported to have killed and eaten hundreds (or thousands, depending on the teller of the tale), was headed up by the family patriarch, Alexander “Sawney” Bean.

Bean was said to be a vicious criminal even before his days as a murderous cannibal, robbing and murdering folk along the roads leading into Edinburgh. He and his family — a large clan of 46, all complicit in his crimes — hid in a small sea cave on the Galloway coast. How they became cannibals is a matter of some dispute, but the commonly accepted story is that the spoils of robbery were not enough to feed the massive



family. Dead bodies, however, provided plenty of meat, and so they began to eat those they killed.

One night the Bean family set upon a husband and wife who were returning to their home after visiting a local fair. The husband managed to fight off the brutal attack, but his wife was not so lucky. She toppled from her horse, and the hungry cannibals set upon her, tearing her limb from limb with their bare hands, drinking the blood and eating the meat even as it fell to the muddy ground below.

The husband escaped, and was able to bring the authorities. They captured Bean and some of his family, dragged them through Edinburgh in chains and then brought them to Leith. The punishment levied against those captured was nearly as bad as the crimes they visited upon victims. The Beans' hands were cut off. Parts of their faces were snipped away with rusty shears. And then they were burned alive, one by one, the remaining living made to watch the dead perish.

The ghost that haunts parts of Scotland (the streets around the Edinburgh Tollbooth in particular, though many living in Leith have seen this spirit as well) is said to be the angry specter of Sawney Bean. The specter is angry, to be sure, but it is not the ghost of Sawney Bean. The truth of the story is that the authorities captured the wrong man. The man they captured — Andrew Strathern — was a cutpurse and a lout and had a family all his own, but he was no murderer or cannibal. It didn't matter. Men called for justice. Strathern, his wife and his son, were the ones who died with the name of Bean.

Strathern's ghost is a vicious poltergeist, mad with rage against the living. He does his best to drive men as mad as he is, choosing a single victim and raging against her with all his otherworldly will. One of his favorite tricks is visiting his death and punishment upon a victim by using the Replay Numen (see below).

The ghost thinks of himself as Bean through and through, though were one to begin damaging or severing his anchors, the ghost might begin to recall his true identity. He has three anchors. The first are the chains that bound him as he was paraded through the streets of Edinburgh. (These chains are in an unused supply room at the People's Story Museum located in the Edinburgh Canongate Tollbooth.) The second is Strathern's home, a small dilapidated cottage outside of Ayrshire. The third is his wife's grave, which is a plot of land four miles north of Leith on a hill. It is marked with only a flat rock scratched with a crooked 'X.'

The Cannibal Clan

Some historians believe the Bean story is an 18th century invention, providing the

subject of many a Penny Dreadful chapbook. Others go on to suggest that the tale is furthermore the invention of the English, who concocted the story to paint the Scottish in a savage, unfavorable light.

This may or may not be true; history cannot confirm it either way. What can be confirmed, however, is that a cannibal family did exist five centuries ago, and it did prey upon those up and down the coast. Worse still, that family is still present, and still killing and eating others.

Legend has it that this family (who calls itself the family of Sawney Bean, whether that moniker is true or false) are the rogue thralls to some wretched vampire, a vampire who is kept shackled by the family in one of the various caves along the sea. This family supposedly drinks from the Damned prisoner, but also believes that it gains power from eating the remains of their murder victims. They go so far as to pickle limbs in barrels of brine and save blood in dusty jugs.

Ghosts of the Kingdom

Ghostly manifestations are perhaps somewhat more common here than in other parts of the world — a turbulent history in a relatively small place has caused a great deal of troubled death. This doesn't mean that encounters with ghosts shouldn't be frightening — spirits of the dead still manifest sporadically, and come armed with a number of unnerving ways to communicate with the living. These entities are still dead people crossing over from the grave, and that should be given as much uneasy weight as possible.

That said, you might want to follow a few optional rules when dealing with ghosts in the United Kingdom:

When using the manifestation modifiers (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 210), you may want to add a +1 to some modifiers to reflect the fact that ghosts can more easily appear, boosted by the sheer presence of so much painful history. For instance, manifesting in a graveyard might come with a +4 modifier, and manifesting in a modern industrial building might only be a -1 penalty instead of the standard -2.

The area is not only more likely to have ghosts, but history allows for ghosts far older than in many parts of the world. Be they druids, Roman soldiers, Scottish highlanders, many ghosts are going to be long-dead but still present, and as such may have

stats well above the normal limit of 5. Older ghosts are also likely to still have anchors present, be they burial mounds, bricks in a castle wall, or a grave in a long-standing cemetery. The history of the region is kept present and not destroyed — scratch just a little bit and it can be found very close to the surface.

Blessed items are sanctified objects (Buddhist prayer beads, a favored Bible, an old cross made of nails) that can keep ghosts at bay or can even physically harm them (see the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 214). Keep in mind, however, that strong superstition can instill an object with the same power as faith. Horseshoes posted above a door, a lucky four-leaf clover, a black cat or a walking stick made from a hazel tree can all be viable items infused with superstitious weight. These items, however, rarely have a ranking more than 2, unless they have been passed down through many generations of a single family.

Optional Numen: Replay

Ghosts can force a mortal or a supernatural creature to revisit a moment from the dead person's life. This moment (which can actually be a period of time up to a full minute) is often one of great pain or joy; never does a ghost use this Numen to “replay” a dull or meaningless time from its life. Spend one Essence and roll Power + Finesse. If the roll succeeds, a single target witnesses the moment in her head, believing that she is truly there. (For instance, if the person was murdered, the ghost may replay its murder in the victim's head, and the victim watches powerlessly as the crime plays out before her.) If successful, the replayed scene can cause a -1 penalty to the victim's dice pools for the following 12-hour period, provided the scene offered a negative emotion or a moment of horror. Alternately, the ghost can portray a moment of some joy and grant the target a +1 benefit for the same period (the positive usage of his Numen is uncommon, however). An exceptional success on the Numen roll can up the modifier to +/-3 dice.

Other Anomalies

Below are some other “boojums” that one might encounter across various parts of the United Kingdom.

The Little Old Men

Sometimes, locals and tourists have met strange old men, each no taller than four foot five, with lines and wrinkles etched in their wizened faces. The men seem friendly, enough, offering a warm (if off-putting) smile and a genial word. People seem to meet them when they're alone; never have a group of humans encountered these little old men. The old

man (or men, as they sometimes travel in numbers) asks for the person to come with him for one reason or another. He might claim to have lost something or someone, or may instead want to “show” the person something. If the person hesitates or resists, the old man leaves her alone. If she goes with him, however, he will reach out, touch her hand and then — all goes dark. Those who have met these fey octogenarians experience variable periods of missing time — maybe an hour, maybe a week. When the people resume consciousness, they generally find themselves wandering among many of the ancient ruins, be it an old crumbling castle or an Iron Age hillfort. Some experience broken memories or dreams of their missing time, recalling lights in the sky or labyrinthine earthen tunnels that smelled of soot and mold. All of them have one odd puckered mark in an unusual place on their bodies: the back of the hand, perhaps, or at the base of the throat. Those abducted never see the old men again, and curiously, often experience prolonged lives well into their 90s or older.

The Red Dragons

Dragons are a key image often associated with the myth and history of the United Kingdom: the white dragon of the Saxons, dinosaur or “dragon” bones buried beneath the earth of the Isle of Wight and the red dragon of Wales. Dragons, whether they once were real or are just mythic iconography, aren't around any longer — but those who worship them are. From time to time, a Welsh man gets a tattoo of a red dragon somewhere upon his body. This symbol (*Cymru*) has long been associated as representing Wales — it decorates the flag, it represents the Welsh rugby teams and it is used in newspaper and business logos. But putting this image upon one's flesh does something to the body and the mind. The change is not overt, or extreme, but is a change nevertheless. In the beginning, the change is represented by a swell in national pride, or pride in one's teams or heritage. The individual may also claim to feel more “alive” or “awake” than he used to. Over time — a period of years — that change deepens. Such tattooed individuals often leave their families and begin to associate only with those who have similar tattoos. They begin to live together, shacking up in a single flat or house. These groups can be found wandering the ruins and relics of Wales, looking for something. Together, they whisper that they are looking for the Rubeus Draco, the Red Dragon. They call themselves the *pendraig*, the warriors of Wales. Wherever they go, children go missing, and etched on rocks, sidewalks and in trees is one word: Sacrifice.




Worms?

Some say dragons do exist, though in a form less romantic than myth and legend portray. From time to time, someone in the countryside catches distant sight of a wriggling serpent, sometimes no bigger than a boa constrictor, other times as big as a bus. Others don't see the beasts themselves, but witness their leavings: slimy scraps of sloughed-off skin, furrows made by rough bellies, livestock bitten with deep fangs and drained of fluids. These worms have been seen in Linton, Lambton, Penmachno and near St. Michael's Mount.

What are they, and where do they come from? Nobody knows. Only one tale sheds a little light on the subject: one man, traveling by bicycle through the moors, saw one of these worms disappearing over a hill, down one of the old Roman roads that cross the area. The creature was a white thing, as pale as the moon and bulbous as a maggot. The man, scared but curious, stepped off the bike to see what he could see. He found nothing but a trail of greasy plasm — he rubbed a little between his fingers and, believing the sight to have been a trick of the moor mists, got back on his bike and pedaled on.

What happened then transpired in front of several witnesses that night in the Ring of Ponies Pub in Dartmoor. After telling the story of what he saw, the cyclist began to

heave. He bent over the bar top and vomited up a bloody knot of squirming worms. Each worm was eyeless, but had a snapping mouth full of curved fangs. The squirming clot dissipated; most were killed, stomped by boots, but a few made it out the door and wriggled into the earth. The cyclist died there on the bar, his face frozen in a retching rictus.



The Vampire of Bath

One figure wanders in and around the city of Bath. It is difficult to tell whether this individual is man or woman — it has long hair, long nails and the features and curves representative of both sexes. Those who see this figure find it unnerving, for it wanders aimlessly and stares longingly at those who walk past. When the police come to find the individual, he/she has always disappeared. Some have noticed something about this odd character: they've seen it before. Those who have lived in Bath for their whole lives recognize the person as one they've seen before — years before, as a matter of fact. Adults remember it from childhood, and recollection suggests that the individual has not changed one iota since then. Some have seen the figure supping waters from the scalding hot springs that bubble up in the Mendip Hills around Bath. Others have seen it licking water from drainpipes, rusty faucets, even puddles in the middle of the street. Some believe that he/she has been here for centuries, if not longer, a vampire feeding on the town's purportedly mystical waters (the *Aquae Sulis*, or the "Waters of Minerva"). Others say that the figure is a walking corpse — looking human during the day, but when the moon shines, it appears as a shambling black corpse with skin as dry as burned paper.

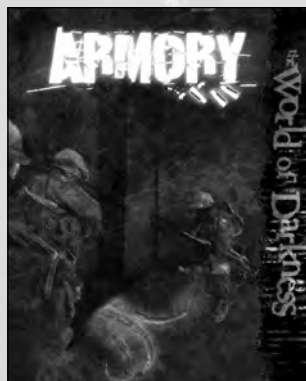


THE WORLD OF DARKNESS



2006 RELEASES

For use with all World of Darkness titles and the World of Darkness® Rulebook.



Armory

Arm yourself with any vehicle, weapon, or piece of equipment you might need to survive the World of Darkness.

\$29.99 USD #55702



Second Sight

Mysterious powers made manifest—psychic phenomena, non-Atlantean magic, and world-bending rituals.

\$26.99 USD #55100



Tales of the 13th Precinct

A living, breathing, and combative police force to insert into your chronicle.

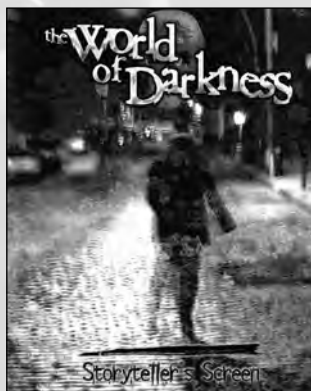
\$26.99 USD #55001



Shadows of the U.K.

The dark world of the British Isles—infested with werewolves, vampires, and mages.

\$29.99 USD #30202



WoD: Storyteller's Screen

All your sinister storytelling needs at your fingertips.

\$14.99 USD #55701



World of Darkness Dice

Roll your fate—target numbers on each die are different colors so your successes stand out.

\$6.99 USD #55700

IT'S DISGUSTING HOW SMALL THE LAND HAS BECOME.

Just about bloody typical

*And choked on a rush
of brine and foulness
and cold and sick
on veins that were filled
with something very far
removed from blood*

*Her jaws ache
from tearing flesh
and cracking bone.*

The storm was a grey blanket that ate the sky...

...it's just as red, and it's just as sticky, as he knew it would be

This Happy Breed of Men,
This Little World

Victoria

In his DREAMS, THE BOY'S BLOOD WAS POISON.