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Werewolf: the Forsaken

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Stuff

The Curse - Nobody really knows where the Curse comes from originally, not really. There is no rhyme or reason for those who spontaneously are afflicted, who become known as Primogenitors. Many are just regular folks who seem to have drawn down the misfortune of the universe onto themselves and Change - some have committed great sacrilege or sin against a deity, while others are saintly and kind and have simply been struck with this terrible affliction. The Curse itself seems to have a warping effect on reality, as well as flesh, and certainly

capable of allowing an Afflicted to perform numerous unusual feats that would otherwise be impossible.

There are numerous primary changes that come about with The Curse:

Advantages

1. **Shapeshifting** - Werewolves can, with some practice, change their form with very little effort. Moreover their forms can differ from one another by manipulation of their protean nature, which comes with practice, meditation, and eating the correct type of prey (read: spending XP). The three forms are: Human, War-Form, and Wolf, each with their own innate bonuses and purposes.
2. **Tracking** - Regardless of what form they are in, a Werewolf can track its prey by scent. While this bonus will certainly be most pronounced in the Wolf Form, it can always be used if the Werewolf has either gotten close enough to take in a scent, has something that belongs to the individual, or has tasted their blood (in which case the Werewolf can track with impunity - nothing can circumvent this power, even transitioning to another dimension).
3. **Regeneration** - All Turnskins have supernaturally fast regeneration and essentially immune to disease, bleeding out (in most circumstances), old age (yes they are functionally immortal), and most poisons. They can succumb to starvation or asphyxiation, however, and some wounds are too horrible to come back from.
4. **Gifts** - The Curse is a multifaceted, insidious condition, and while Werewolves can all access the above listed abilities, they can also add to their supernatural arsenal with numerous powers derived from the power of the Curse.
5. **Cursed-Aspect** - This particular facet of the Curse allows a Werewolf to project a supernatural influence over a chosen victim, not only marking them as a Werewolf's prey but also Cursing them such that they cannot help but behave as such. The particular Cursed-Aspect available to a given Werewolf is dependent on their Strain.
6. **Rage** - A Werewolf powers the supernatural capabilities of their bodies with Rage, a tangible, heated energy that manifests with The Curse. Rage is basically mechanically the same as Essence. Werewolves recover Rage when they:
 - See the Moon for the first time at night
 - Kill a Marked Prey and devour it
 - Devour the flesh of humans, wolves, or werewolves
 - Regain Rage in accordance with their Strain

Disadvantages

1. **Sarcophagia** - Werewolves ultimately can only derive nutrition from flesh. While they can most certainly eat and enjoy almost all the products that the world offers, they will derive no nutrition from this and will simply burn it with their hyper-powerful metabolisms. As an Afflicted's Primal Urge increases, so too do the demands for specific flesh - at first Werewolves can eat almost any kind of meat, but as they grow in power soon they can

only eat the flesh of other predators (this definitely includes humans). The difficulty of attaining the necessary flesh is offset by needing less, gaining more from each kill, and if needed, hibernating. There are rumored methods that older Afflicted use to lower their Primal Urge...

2. **Silver Allergy** - Few people are exactly sure why it is that silver has such a potent effect on Werewolf physiology. It has been noted that silver does in fact have a strong antibacterial effect, but the connections to this and Lycanthropy have been elusive due to the Strains' seemingly constant mutability. Silver inflicts aggravated damage on Uratha if it pierces their flesh; werewolves bound with silver manacles cannot activate gifts or shapechange; ingesting silver will horribly poison a Werewolf. Even holding silver will start to cause something comparable to sunburn, eventually inflicting blisters.
3. **Deathrage** - The Monster is constantly clawing at the soul of the Afflicted, waiting for a chance to break free and inflict devastation, slake its fury and hunger and follow the coding of the Disease. While most Werewolves have some measure of control, this degrades as they fall into degeneration and the Monster Within tries to come out. Deathrage is triggered by a number of sources - Silver damage, staying in the War-Form for too long, taking the War-Form outside of combat, and certain Gifts.
4. **Lunacy** - The Lycanthropes are unnatural, terrifying creatures, and they have hunted humanity since the earliest of days. Humans have a deep, instinctual terror passed down ancestrally of Werewolves and the sight of one will trigger a powerful response - the usual is a heightened flight response, but just as likely for the weak-willed or unlucky is an urge to attack and kill the source of Lunacy, exhibit violent tendencies toward peers, enter catatonia, or in some rare cases even gain The Curse themselves.
5. **Contagion** - A werewolf's saliva is rife with The Curse. A microscopic analysis will not reveal any microbes out of the ordinary, but once a bite is made, an extremely virulent disease will seemingly erupt out of nowhere within the victim's flesh. Depending on the individual Werewolf in question, the disease will manifest as a highly inflammatory disease with behavioral aspects similar to Rabies. For mechanical purposes, the character will suffer from the *Sick (Grave)* condition in combat; out of combat they will suffer 1 lethal damage per day that cannot be healed while they have the condition. If the character has not gained 20+Primal Urge successes on stamina+resolve rolls, they will accumulate damage with wound penalties until they die.
However, if a mortal is bitten while a Werewolf is in the War-Form and survives, their bite wound will burn and pulsate as the full heft of the Curse works itself into their soul. The mortal will experience the First Change on the first night of the Full Moon, whether she can see it or not, and will try to bite and kill as many mortals as she can in the throes of Rage. Those who survive and Change will become the same Strain as the Werewolf who bit them.

Manifestations - By getting rid of the Dalu and Urshul forms, we instead will have a number of listed advantages that can be purchased with XP to allow a Werewolf to customize and maximize the effect of their various forms. Depending on a Werewolf's primal urge, they can have a certain number of Manifestations active at a given time. While a Werewolf can only

switch Manifestations immediately upon laying sight on the Moon in the sky for the first time in a night, they only have to pay for a Manifestation once. Each Strain has its own unique Manifestation that Uratha outside that Strain cannot access. Gaining Manifestations requires time, practice shapechanging, eating the right prey, and meditation; in other words it requires an XP expenditure to access. Manifestations are either form-specific or general.

Strains - Lycanthropy is a wildly mutative disease whose effects on reality outside of the human individual cannot be easily controlled. It manifests itself in numerous different strains, each of which have something of a different effect on a given Werewolf. Each Strain has a Primogenitor, a Werewolf who spontaneously experienced The First Change without being afflicted by another - while it is assumed that most Primogenitors are dead, some are said to still be walking the world in the secret, dark places that humans don't tread, or even in the middle of the largest cities. Any human of any gender, ethnic group, or faith can contract any Strain - The Curse seemingly doesn't discriminate. Strains are not ideological in nature; they are "biological" and do not restrict a particular Werewolf's thinking (though it may influence it indirectly).

Enthralled - The Curse is a dominating, powerful, warping thing - it takes over minds, changes bodies, and can have the effect of creating near-slaves either through loyalty, fear, love, and others. Enthralled are humans that have fallen under the influence of a Werewolf and have been changed, somewhat, by their power. This is often a beneficial change for the Enthralled, although it comes with a number of downsides; for one thing, Werewolves can always track their Enthralled, no matter where they hide. For another, the further along into Entrallment a human falls, the more likely they are to become Cursed themselves. Entrallment happens due to a deep, strong connection to the Werewolf and a force of will from said Werewolf - examples include haunting and stalking the human and biting them after successful cornering, maintaining a romantic or sexual relationship, close friendship or even family ties - the important thing is closeness to the Werewolf in some fashion and a deepening relationship to them.

Marking Prey - Werewolves have the ability to declare a special hunt against their chosen prey, whatever it may be - this could be a person, a thing, or a goal. In the case of a person, the Werewolf needs to either inflict a bite, mark the person's home, or taste their blood some other way. Whilst marked, the prey has a dawning sense of paranoia that slowly overcomes them, while the Werewolf gains a number of bonuses in hunting down the prey. Certain gifts will function better after prey has been Marked, and it's easier to gain XP in this way, as well as increase Primal Urge.

The Contagion - A werewolf's saliva is rife with The Curse. A microscopic analysis will not reveal any microbes out of the ordinary, but once a bite is made, an extremely virulent disease will seemingly erupt out of nowhere within the victim's flesh. Depending on the individual Werewolf in question, the disease will manifest as a highly inflammatory disease with behavioral aspects similar to Rabies. For mechanical purposes, the character will suffer from the *Sick (Grave)* condition in combat; out of combat they will suffer 1 lethal damage per day that cannot be healed. If the character has not gained 20+Primal Urge successes on stamina+resolve rolls,

they will accumulate damage with wound penalties until they die.

However, if a mortal is bitten while a Werewolf is in the War-Form and survives, their bite wound will burn and pulsate as the full heft of the Curse works itself into their soul. Depending on a roll, they will either become full fledged Turnskins or Wretched. The mortal will experience the First Change on the first night of the Full Moon, whether she can see it or not, and will try to bite and kill as many mortals as she can in the throes of Rage. Those who survive and Change will become the same Strain as the Werewolf who bit them.

Primal Urge - Basically, this is the potency of The Curse and how strongly changed the Werewolf is. Primal Urge allows a Werewolf to hold more Rage, use more Rage per turn, it adds to the strength of gifts and some Manifestations, and increases time in the War Form. It also dictates what a Werewolf can consume as the Curse further alters their physiology to only accept sustenance and Rage from certain sources. Primal Urge affects how long a Werewolf remains in Deathrage, with higher levels of Primal Urge meaning longer Deathrage, and dictates how long a Werewolf can go without partaking in hunting Chosen Prey before suffering Harmony degradation. Additionally it makes Lunacy harder to resist, and increases the chances of passing the Contagion along to mortals.

Enemies - One of the best aspects of Werewolf: the Forsaken was the struggle between Pure and Forsaken because of the way it evoked images of genocidal conflict, unrelenting religious strife, and a sense of being on the edge of losing the war. White Wolf has typically done a very good job of having one or two overarching, frightening villain-factions, and in the case of Cursed, I'd like to maintain a certain sense of that. While there is no monolithic 'good guy' faction like the Forsaken, there are definitely a couple of bigger 'monstrous' factions of Werewolves in the USA.

One goes by a number of different terms - Marchosians, Baal-Spawn, Spiral Dancers or most commonly The Lost Ones. Characterized only by a few shared symbols and a tendency to create large packs operating in cells, often sacrificing Enthralled, they have attributes of Bale Hounds about them but in larger numbers and more out in the open since they have little organized opposition. Areas where they operate tend to see considerable violence breaking out as they sow chaos, seemingly feeding upon despair and madness as much as flesh and bone. All of them seem to have some infernal or demonic sponsor, although whether their power is simply a twisting representation of The Curse or an actual infernal being is often left unclear, with conflicting evidence. These wolves can be any Strain, aside from Lunar.

The other primarily dangerous faction to most PCs would be those Werewolves who cling to an older tradition, one that has thrived in almost every place on Earth in some form since the very first human became a monstrous wolf beneath the full moon, a form of the Curse unto itself - The Lunar Strain. Tied far more closely to that celestial body than other Werewolves, these monsters form the basis of the myth of men going berserk at the sight of the full moon and turning into ravening monsters, since every Full Moon those afflicted with this particular form of the Curse succumb to Deathrage and Hunt for human flesh. They actively try to kidnap and convert other Werewolves, their mad howling rituals of scarification, cannibalism, and the devouring of humans resonating with the Curse and literally altering its Strain to theirs.

Manifestations - There are four classes of Manifestation - General, Human, War-Form, Wolf. A player may have a number of Manifestation dots active per form dictated by their Primal Urge. Refer to the Primal Urge chart to know just how many you may take in each category.

Primal Urge	Attribute/Skill max	Max Rage/Per Turn	Regeneration	Deathrage Time (minutes)	Feeding Restrictions	Hunt Time	Lunacy Penalty	Tracking Bonus	Manifestation Dots per form
1	5	10/1	1B	10	Meat	3 months	0	0	3
2	5	11/2	1B	10	Raw Meat	3 months	0	0	4
3	6	12/3	1B	15	Raw Meat	1 month	1	1	5
4	6	13/4	2B	20	Raw Meat	1 month	2	2	6
5	7	15/5	2B	30	Predator	3 weeks	2	2	7
6	7	20/6	3B	60	Predator	3 weeks	2	2	8
7	8	25/7	3B	120	Apex Predator	1 week	3	3	9
8	8	30/8	4B	180	Apex Predator	1 week	3	3	10
9	9	50/10	5B	360	Humans	3 days	4	4	11
10	10	75/15	6B	720	Humans	3 days	5	5	12

General Manifestations

Sly Beast - At ●● you may add +1 to all manipulation rolls made against mortals who do not feel threatened.

Aura of Vitality - At ●●●, any mortals or non-undead creatures that aren't Werewolf heals one bashing per minute.

Glass-Blinder - At ●●● mirrors do not show your reflection and recording devices fail to get a clear impression of you; this cannot be consciously switched on and off.

Mighty Bound - At ●, you may jump half speed in distance and a quarter your speed in stories; at ●●, you may jump your speed in distance and half your speed in stories. This Manifestation -does- stack with Predator's Mighty Pursuit.

Tongue of Beasts - At ●, you may communicate with non-sentient animals; At ●●, you may compel a number of non-sentient animals equal to your Primal Urge to do your bidding as long as it doesn't obviously lead to their death.

Cursed Senses - At ●, you may sense the blood pumping through another being's veins, effectively able to see a creature with blood in complete darkness; At ●●, you may smell, track, and see in infrared, radio, and electrical spectra; At ●●●, you may glean a target's surface thoughts with an intelligence+wits-target's composure.

Mercurial Flesh - At ●, you may change a number of outward physical features such as hair color, eye color, skin tone, and hair length equal to your Evocation Bonus. At ●●, you may change all outward physical features as above but including one foot of height, fifty pounds of weight, gender, and even scent, although scent can be contested with supernatural senses (note: this does **not** cancel out tracking by blood).

Virulent Bite - At ●, you may inflict a virulent disease via bite damage that affects supernaturals. After successfully inflicting a point of damage with a bite attack and spending a Rage, roll presence+stamina vs. stamina+power trait. If you succeed, you may inflict the *Sick (Moderate)* tilt. At ●●, the same rules apply but inflict the *Sick (Grave)* tilt. At ●●●, the same rules apply but you may additionally inflict the *Drugged (Hallucinogen/Intoxicant/Narcotic)* tilt or the *Infected Injury* tilt.

Dynamic Vocal Cords - At ●, you may communicate using any method open to your other forms - you may create the low, subvocal growling and chuffing of the Wolf in the shape of the Man, or you may even speak as a human in the Wolf shape. Additionally, you may spend a Rage and roll manipulation+primal urge vs. wits+intelligence to imitate the voice of another.

Weather Sense - At ● you can sense what the weather will be within the next twenty four hours.

Human-Form Manifestations

Badass Motherfucker - At ●, you may roll presence+primal urge to force a crowd to give up the Werewolf's prey if it is hiding amidst them. At ●●, you may roll presence+primal urge penalized at the size of the crowd to disperse them, usually in fear. At ●●●, intimidation rolls against mortals take the Rote action.

Teeth and Claws - At ●, you may grow claws that inflict +0L damage. Your bites in grapple inflict lethal damage. At ●●, damage increases to +1L for both bite and claws.

Heightened Perceptions - At ●, you may increase the bonus to perception rolls to +2 in Human form. At ●●, you may increase the bonus to +3.

Silver-Tongued Hunter - At ●, when rolling in order to pursue Marked Prey, you may take a +1 to social rolls. At ●●, the bonus increases to +2. At ●●●, the bonus increases to +3 and 1 door may be removed while doing Social Maneuvering.

Poisoned Flesh - At ●, if another predator consumes the flesh or blood of the Werewolf in their human form, they take 1B and gain the *Sick (Moderate)* condition/tilt. At ●●, this becomes the *Sick (Grave)* condition/tilt. At ●●●, the Werewolf can spend a Rage, forcing the other predator to roll resolve+Power Stat-Primal Urge - on success, the predator is enticed into trying to feed from the Werewolf.

Resilient Body - At ●, add +1 health. At ●●, add +2 health and 1/1 armor.

Lightning Reactions - At ●, use the lowest of wits/dexterity as a penalty against firearms attacks made against the character. At ●●, use full defense against firearms attacks.

Electrical Resistance - At ●, you are immune to having *Stunned* inflicted on you by electrical sources and have 1/1 armor against electrical damage; at ●● gain 3/3 armor against electrical damage.

Adaptive Membranes - At ●● you are immune to the effects of pepperspray and other similar substances.

War-Form Manifestations

Spider-Climb - At ●, the Werewolf can climb at their speed up vertical surfaces that can hold their weight. At ●● they can move their speed across *all* surfaces that can hold their weight regardless of normal gravity, although terrain penalties still apply.

Trigger - At ●●●, the Werewolf can trigger Deathrage whenever they choose.

Alacrity - At ●, take +1 to defense pool and +2 to speed. At ●●, you may spend a Rage to move to the top initiative slot for one turn. At ●●●, take +2 to defense pool and +4 to speed, and if you spend a Rage you may interrupt a foe's action to take instant action yourself - if you have already taken an action, you may not use this.

Deadly Grip - At ●●, enemies suffer a -2 to all rolls while grappled. At ●●●, enemies suffer the *Arm/Leg Wrack Tilt* after one turn in the grapple.

Leaping Attack - At ●●, if a character makes a descending attack against an enemy from a height of at least five feet above them, take a +1 to damage inflicted. At ●●●, this inflicts the *Knockdown* tilt if it hits, even if no damage is caused.

Mind Your Own Business - At ●●, all mortals that cannot see the Werewolf within 50 yards feel a compulsion to stay away and not investigate most ruckus and noise the Afflicted creates and must roll resolve to do so. At ●●●, all mortals within 50 yards must spend a willpower to even remain in the area.

Bulletproof Sinew - At ●, take 1/1 armor against ballistic weapons. At ●● this increases to 2/2. At ●●● this increases to 3/3 and works against small explosives up to grenades. This does *not* apply to Silver damage.

Wolf Form Manifestations

Anybeast - At ●, spend one Rage and appear as a domestic canid until you change your form back to a wolf or another creature (which requires another Rage); at ●●● spend one Rage and appear as any size 3-5 non-fantastical animal.

Quill-Pelt - At ●●, a foe that makes physical contact with you takes 1L. At ●●●, additionally gain 1/1 armor.

Voice-Throw - At ●, throw your voice to any place you can see within 20 yards. At ●●, you may also imitate any voice you've heard with an opposed manipulation+composure vs. wits+power-stat. At ●●●, you may also imitate any sound within reason you've heard with an opposed manipulation+composure vs. wits+power-stat.

Weaken the Prey - At ●, you may inflict the *Arm/Leg Wrack* Tilt once per scene with a successful attack. At ●●●, you may inflict the *Arm/Leg Wrack* Tilt anytime your bite damage exceeds your foe's stamina thereafter.

Contraction - At ●, you may dislocate your joints and flatten your body enough to fit and move through a size 3 space at half moving speed; at ●●, you may fit through size 2 spaces at half moving speed.

Paralyzing Bite - At ●●●, you may spend 2 Rage and make a bite attack, sacrificing your defense. If an enemy fails to get more successes than damage inflicted on a stamina+power-stat roll, they are effectively paralyzed for 1+Primal Urge rounds.

Resilient Body - At ●, add +1 health. At ●●, add +2 health and 1/1 armor.

Perfect Balance - At ●, remove any penalties to rolls for walking on precarious surfaces; at ●● you do not fall unless an attack inflicts *Knockdown* - if a surface can support your weight without slicing your paws, you can walk on it.

Chapter 1: Claw Marks at the Door

We are Cursed, you and I.

It's not that we did anything wrong and this is karmic payback. This isn't some twisted birthright passed down to us by our mother or father. It isn't some sort of retribution from God for defying his commandments; that would make it easy to explain. It simply **is**. You were marked by a Beast that hunted you for your blood, your flesh, your screams, your service, any number of things that a Monster could want from you, and you have become one of the Afflicted. There is no way out, there is only the way forward through The Hunt.

You are not alone however...small consolation, yes, considering most of your fellow Beasts will see you as a rival for resources, competition for lovers, a heretic or blasphemer, or they may just see you as warm meat, salty marrow, red, potent blood for their next meal. Thus we band together to avoid becoming the meal of another one of our cannibalistic kind, or worse, a body for one of the Hosts, or prey for a Nightcrawler, or open to the Lunar Taint. The universe is cruel and full of monsters both greater and lesser than ourselves. Some Packs specialize in hunting a particular kind of prey - humans who get too close to the truth...Those horrible, indefinable Infernal daemons that possess The Flesh who might try and create their own Hell on Earth in our territories...The ever-thirsty walking-dead who see our Enthralled, our families, even us as a source of that one thing they crave above all things - blood, of course. The world is a place of diverse horrors, but amidst our many flaws lie advantages completely and utterly unique to us.

The Pack can hold a hunting ground, a physical or conceptual fortress contained within a territory composed of people, things, animals, structures, ideas. The Pack is loyal at an instinctual level that even the closeness of human family cannot compare to - treason is something *all* things are capable of but the closeness, if not love, that comes from a Pack is an ironclad insurance against such things...and while humans may ultimately be able to depend on themselves, The Afflicted are exponentially more vulnerable when alone - certainly deadly and dangerous, but our strengths, our Will, the pleasure of the Hunt becomes far more when there are two, or three, or four, or many.

Many call it a Curse...but I call it a blessing. Not a perfect blessing, there is no such thing, but for those who claim otherwise? They just haven't learned to revel in the bare, bloody truth of it all: we **are** the ultimate predators. We **are** the apex of the foodchain. With great power and freedom come great challenges, and thus are the weak weeded out from the strong.

Those that call it a curse...they haven't embraced the truth. It's a Monster's Paradise, and to deny that we are anything but Monsters is a vulnerability to be excised; a runt to be left behind for other Monsters.

Strains

The Curse has aspects of a pathogen; its manifestations are varied, and like the most virulent, mutative of plagues, there is seemingly no chance for a cure, a return to the way things were. No matter how long it

takes, no matter how deeply the Affliction must dig, it always gets what it wants. There is no logic, no ape-brained testing for flaws or advantages, discarding the useless and embracing the useful...there is only survival, the replication of the Plague, and its endless, rabid pursuit of Prey. These are some of the most common Strains found in North America, with different words used to define the same Strain in different locations, though a gradual common lexicon has developed in different places due to contact, or more typically, competition.

Though most Strains color the Cursed One's body and mind in some way, their effects on personality aren't as grand as some may think in most cases - that is, of course, excepting odd Mutations such as the zealous, violent Lunar Strain with its seemingly single-minded devotion to their insane, far-off Alien Goddess, or very small, regional Strains with little mutation and profound effects due to isolation.

Please note: the Strains are not meant to restrict the character you want to play. There is no 'set personality' for any Strain. Players and STs are encouraged to come up with their own Strains for fun and for science!

In most American cities, along with local Strains if there is the misfortune of having enough Afflicted present, there are usually members of the five more common Lineages.

- **The Enkindled** - Passionate and bold, resilient and possessed of powerful appetites and desires. Display the Curse-Aspect of *Pyretos*, or Fever; prone to hunt through drawing prey to the sheer gravity of their personalities. **Enkindled** can regain Rage by causing their prey or foes to surrender, once per day.
- **The Rabid** - Aggressive and intense, prone to being insular and on a short trigger. Display the Curse-Aspect of *Thymos*, or Fury; prone to hunt through force and smashing aside obstacles with their terrifying Rage. **Rabid** can regain Rage by solving a problem by instigating violence, once per day.
- **The Blacktalons** - Perceptive and opaque, subtle and driven by a stubborn darkness. Display the Curse-Aspect of *Toxignosis*, or Fell-Knowledge; prone to hunt through blackmail and uncovering secrets for use against their Prey. **Blacktalons** can regain Rage by discovering a prey's or foe's well-kept secrets, once per day.
- **The Night-Howlers** - Daring and wild, fearsome with a tendency toward simplicity. Display the Curse-Aspect of *Agriotes*, or Savagery; prone to hunt through using fear and terror tactics to foil their prey's organization and planning. **Night-Howlers** can regain Rage by inflicting terror upon a foe or prey, once per day.
- **The Behexxed** - Unpredictable and unconventional, eldritch and prone to chaos. Display the Curse-Aspect of *Dischonoia*, or Discord; prone to hunt through use of the Curse to devour the luck of their prey and enhance their own. **Behexxed** can regain Rage by taking advantage of a target's poor luck, either inflicted or happenstance, once per day.

Although none of the strains are particularly prone to 'banding together', the natural tendency of Werewolves to form packs often means that there is an eclectic mix of different strains together - the nature of Pack, one of the saving graces of the Werewolf lifestyle, means that personalities that would otherwise experience tension can get along better, thanks to the deep, instinctual connection that comes from hunting together multiple times.

A Werewolf's Strain cannot change. Once it is selected it is an intrinsic part of the Curse, one that will never be altered unless the Curse itself is somehow, against almost all odds, lifted.

Enkindled



*Fire brings life
Fire brings death
Fire consumes
'Til Fire's all that's left*

The Apex Predator comes. It isn't deadly because it's strong - and God almighty it is terrifyingly strong! It isn't your doom because it moves quickly - your eyes can barely track it sometimes! It isn't the end that comes because it is relentless, a storm that cannot be outrun even if you move faster than it does...it will take you because **it hungers**. Its hunger cannot be extinguished no matter how much it consumes. It hunts because no prey will ever satisfy it completely, and now you will join in the trail of burnt, gnawed corpses left in its wake...and no matter how you deny it, you are like a moth, drawn toward that flame.

Sometimes, The Curse twists itself within the blood of the Afflicted to a raging Fever, one that nothing can calm. It is a heat that **demand**s to be satisfied by blood but only grows in intensity, like an addiction. When the moon rises pale and cold its light stokes a deadly heat that stands in counterpoint to the Night, a call that reminds the prey that no matter how far they run, no matter how deeply they entrench themselves, the Fire cannot be extinguished. That is the experience of those hunted by the Enkindled, those Werewolves whose defining Curse is often referred to as *Pyretos*, or Fever. *Pyretos* is that aspect of the Affliction representing the passions of the Accursed One, passions that become inflamed to the point that they cannot be quenched so easily as once before - many older Enkindled report a gnawing, grinding need that becomes more and more difficult to fulfill as they fall deeper into the Hunt.

While werewolves are eclectic individuals for the most part, Enkindled, sometimes called Cantors, often adopt certain tendencies specific to their Strain, especially when multiple Enkindled band together. They are grandiose, magnetic, tenacious; prey approach of their own accord often enough, drawn to their often subtly smouldering qualities like moths slowly igniting in the light of a campfire. But the Curse gnaws at them, leaving every Enkindled with a sense of hunger or longing that is difficult to sate - be it an ego that needs inflating, a glutton's appetite that requires the splash of warm viscera, or a job that always needs doing.

See the Neighborhood Pastor in the Dark Inner City. Wild-eyed promises of freedom and power for the converted - freedom from morality, freedom from want and suffering, so long as they are willing to make a sacrifice...be it a loved one, a pet, an enemy - never a thing, but a person, since the greatest rewards come with the riskiest of sacrifices. Those worthy are held in the dark beneath the church, and if judged weak, devoured. The strong, however, receive a gift unlike any other as the Affliction is introduced to their heathen blood...

See the so-called Pyromaniac. Fur tinged black in a grid along his flanks as he stalks within the Leech's lair, guardians left a blackened, twitching mass of flesh and bone. He sits before the Prey's coffin, wolverine teeth wet and hungry, razored claws prying the top away to reveal the living-corpse within. A low, sickly chuckle of vengeance not meant for lupine vocal chords as he takes his human shape, piling oil-soaked rags upon the pale victim's torso, her eyes opening with panic as the man's finger lights a spark that becomes a screaming Holocaust...

See the predator stalking social media. Her senses reach out across the web, watchful for any hint of despair or loneliness, of loss and desperation. The boy rejected on Tinder...the woman on facebook bemoaning a bad breakup...all are potential prey, but especially those who have the scent of victimization around them because **nothing** satisfies the Wolf's hunger like the blood of another predator. She knows exactly what to say and how to say it, exactly how to bypass the prey's natural suspicion, and she knows exactly how to get what she wants...

The Blessing

The Fever is frenetic and powerful. It is awe-inspiring and provides warmth, even in deadly isolation. Your voice commands attention like no other, and as you pursue the Hunt before your adoring subjects or your terrified prey you look great doing it. You can chase the prey as much as you want, but as is often the case, it ends up coming straight to you...

The Curse

Fire burns bright. Sometimes the light of the fire can become blinding, to the point where there is little else to focus on. The intense pleasure of taking down prey, delighting the senses, and inspiring following can at times have the effect of inflating a Werewolf's ego and becoming addictive - while pleasures such as drugs, sex, and drink can wear down over time, the pleasure of felling Prey never does, but the Hunger is never sated. Like a raging inferno, it can only grow until it eventually burns through its fuel and the very source of its power.

Progenitor

- They say that The Fire is the oldest of the Curse's Strains...none can truly know, but the only story with any thread of commonality running through it is that long ago, the man or woman who first discovered Fire had stolen a secret from the Gods themselves and thus elevated Man from the mewling, if clever, animal he once was. Far from falling into madness, however, it's said that his/hers was the very first of the Fire Cults, and that this Primogenitor is among the very oldest of Afflicted to stalk the Earth. Whether or not The-Firemaker still lives is anyone's guess...
- Long before Zarathustra brought good thought, good deed, and good word to those who worshipped the cleansing flame, there were those who demanded blackened, bloodied sacrifice in exchange for protection from the cruelty of the desert, the monsters that stalk the darkness. Some have named him Ahrrmana, others say she is the root of the tale of Peri whose beauty was eclipsed only by her evil.

Bonus Attribute: Presence or Stamina

Strain Manifestation: Conditioning - Anyone who finds themselves surmounted, beaten, outwitted, awed, or otherwise overwhelmed in asserting dominance in any scenario takes the *Conditioning* condition.

Rage Regain: **Enkindled** endeavor to feed a hunger that is often tied to their *superego*, and by causing an enemy or prey to surrender against the Afflicted will grant one Rage one time per day.

Curse Aspect: **Pyretos** is the aspect of the Curse that is strongest in The Enkindled. The Fever is a natural inspiration of the body itself, its powerful alchemies a defense against intrusion - but it also brings delusion and madness. When the Enkindled inflicts his Curse Aspect on his prey, they take the *Addled* Condition.

Rabid



*From what I thought
Would be my demise, I arose and felt the cold
A light that yearned
A light that raged*

The Apex Predator comes...and good **God** it just smashed through a brick wall. It just tore the hinges off a steel door. It *screams* for your life in a voice that curdles your blood by its sheer fury. It is Anger incarnate, it is the irresistible force that smashes through the unmovable object and reduces it to shards, it is Kali with her four blades of annihilation, and its rampage will only end when you are nothing more than a red stain, broken splinters of bone, and savaged meat burning in its gut.

Have you ever seen a grizzly bear in the throes of rage before? You know that even without its fangs and its claws it can crush and dismember you, and that the teeth and talons are simply cherries atop the grandeur of its destructive potential. Have you witnessed the absolute Rabid fury of a wolverine? You know that size means almost nothing to a creature that grows so incensed that even much larger predators will avoid its overpowering strength. Have you ever watched a man murder another in a fit of anger with his bare hands, gouging and screaming, punching, biting, strangling until his foe is unrecognizable?

All of it pales against the Rabid lost to the insane, siren song of Deathrage. The absolute, blinding intensity of *Thymos*, or the Curse-Aspect of Fury within these werewolves is overpowering, something that must constantly be kept in check - this isn't to say that all Rabids are constantly fuming and grumbling, but that their reactions to perceived slights or threats tend toward even greater aggression than the majority of Afflicted. Those within their inner circle, such as family members, lovers, and close friends seem not to rouse the same kind of ire that strangers do, curiously, although many Rabids will go to extreme ends to protect their loved ones' honor or security against threats both real and perceived.

See the pit fighter. Blow after blow falls against her flesh, straining bones, tearing muscle, splitting lips - she lets the pain build, each individual sensation drive her Fury ever closer to the boiling point even as her inhuman, unnatural body heals damage in seconds that another would require weeks to fix. The temptation to simply let it out, to fall into the wild throes of Deathrage and bite and tear and rip are always there, like edging along orgasm, until she finally delivers a knockout blow that smashes a jaw and sends teeth skittering onto the concrete. The crowd goes wild, and she exults in her bloody victory.

See the protective, loving father. His wife knows him as a doting family man who makes her laugh, his daughters see him as a source of unconditional love and it's true - he adores them like no other. He knows only joy in the presence of his family, even finding some source of fulfillment at work, and he watches his loved ones grow healthy, wealthy, and happy, like a garden. Little do they know the corpses that fertilize the soil - the dealer that sold his oldest weed. The man who took pictures of his youngest at the park. Even as threats, they served their purpose and nourished him, flesh and Curse.

See the bringer of the Quiet. The village had only about a hundred people until the night one of their own, the town vagrant that everyone simply ignored, just...broke. Nothing could stop it when the Monster came screaming out of its soul in a Deathrage that simply didn't end - the walls of houses smashed in, their inhabitants torn to bloody shreds. Cars that looked as if a tank had run roughshod over them, drivers squashed to a screaming red pulp. A chorus of screaming howls of his Afflicted progeny, hungry and warped, is the only sound to break the night there now.

The Blessing

They say that every Werewolf is a deadly bomb waiting to go off, a ticking explosion that you don't want to trigger; many humans and other Nightpredators feel this instinctually, since so many Rabids are simply

built individuals that project violence...but not all by any means. Your Fury Unleashed is even more terrifying to witness than others. Nobody wants to send you into Deathrage, and those Rabids who aren't afraid to ride the waves of Frenzy, in spite of the horrible collateral devastation it can cause, are well feared and known by other Turnskins.

The Curse

How many tales are there of men whose Rage has driven away the ones they love? How many examples of such people do you know in real life? Anger is a preserving force in a world of predation and destruction, but it is often deadly antithesis to one of humanity's deepest desires - the need for acceptance, for a group. As monstrous as they may become Werewolves were all once Humans, and it is a rare Human or Werewolf who can tolerate long periods of time alone and not lose part of their sanity.

Progenitor

- Long ago there was a bent, angry, Twisted Man, who lived in a rundown, ramshackle house, not far from a village. His twisted spine, poor temperament from constant pain, and foul appearance earned him the ire of the normal people, who treated him with contempt and would blame him for affairs gone afoul. The hetman's daughter went missing one night, found dead the next morning, bloody and torn apart. Naturally, they blamed the twist-spined, angry man, and marched to his home, pulling him from in front of his hearth, and placed him upon the rack to extract a confession. Nobody's sure if he actually did it...all that is known is that he Changed in the midst of his pain, and it wasn't long before his new pack of ravening beasts depopulated the countryside for generations to follow.
- The story is told many different ways - they say there was a great hero from a far off land, one who had performed many deeds thought impossible by mere mortal men; slaying enormous, deadly animals, persuading Gods and Demons to put aside their hostilities, and even changing the course of a river by himself. However, one jilted lover gifted him with a poison-laced shirt that drove him berserk, and caused him to kill his family, his loved ones, and his friends. Shunned and abandoned, The Beloved fell into a state of Fury that he never did recover from, passing his Fury to his children.

Bonus Attribute: Strength or Resolve

Strain Manifestation: Overpowering Might - When making an all-out attack in any form, the Rabid gains stackable 1/1 armor; additionally any non-combat strength based rolls reroll 8s.

Rage Regain: The Curse of the Rabid is to cause violence and destruction around them - this is why their greatest strength comes out in the throes of Deathrage. Whenever a Berserker is able to solve a problem or overcome an obstacle by instigating violence, he regains one Rage, once per day. This works only on objects if it substantially affects prey, to be decided by the ST

Curse Aspect: *Thymos* is the aspect of the Curse that drives Werewolves to destroy - it is the tendril of the Affliction that overwhelms higher thought and floods the system with too much adrenaline, embodied in the state of Deathrage. When the Afflicted uses his Curse Aspect against a victim, inflict the *Goaded* Condition upon them.

Blacktalons



*For everyone who does wicked things
Hates the light
And does not come to the light
Lest his works should be exposed*

The Apex Predator comes...but you might not even know that, not at first. She comes to you with a sweet smile and a comforting touch - how could you not see the glint of her fangs, how did you miss the sharpness of her talons on your arm? Her voice is a shuddering caress across that part of your brain that bids you flee or struggle...no wonder you couldn't hear her growl Curses beneath her breath. It isn't long before you trust her...shorter still before you need her. You've seen what she can do to other people, the way she can split their flesh and turn them into so many chunks of writhing meat, but you just *know* she isn't going to do that to you...not unless you mess up really, really bad.

A Curse is not just a whispered hiss of hatred against a foe...sure, that may be a curse without the capital 'c' but a true Curse? It is a multidimensional, multilayered, complex being, rife with secrets and seemingly present in the most intimate aspect of an Afflicted's life, as if fate itself was trying to teach some cruel lesson. So too are the Blacktalons talented at finding the most personal details of their prey's existence, whatever that might be. Members of this particular Strain seem to take instinctual pleasure in discovering their meals' weaknesses one by one, applying them in turn, until the killing strike comes with a dose of surrender. That is the power of the Curse-Aspect of *Toxignosis*, or Fell-Knowledge.

The Blacktalon is the Predator who has been at your side 'protecting' you this whole time, removing threats to your person, social standing, and mental health (and likely threats to his meal)...fattening you up like a Christmas Goose on that day when they turn upon you, as you may well deserve. While they seem to shy from the dramatic flare and crowd-stilling power of some Cursed, Blacktalons more than make up for it with the breadth of knowledge they can gather with ease on their victims, enemies, and often their own overlords and alphas.

See the therapist at the asylum. He's so good at picking people apart, dissecting their personalities and problems that even the humans pay him to do it - and it isn't as if he cares nothing for his charges, those that can be helped or who do not threaten the Hunting Grounds are cared for as any of his wards. No, he slakes his hunger on those who are truly monstrous, incurable, likely to ruin the 'harmony' of his little slice of madmen's heaven. In a deep part of the hospital, nobody hears them scream as they are devoured...

See the homeless boy who haunts the alleys. Nobody knows his real name, few can even really recall what his face looks like - they give conflicting accounts, but all of them could identify him easily, so they claim. The business owners and small time bigshots hate him because he's somehow figured out their various sins and malfeasances, zeroing in on the cheaters, the frauds, the murderers, and he gets paid to keep their secrets under lock and clasp. They tried to liberate themselves of him through force - never again, after the bodyparts began to appear on their properties.

See the frumpy old landlady. In her city, the apartment complexes are rife with rat infestations, and Beshilu that writhe among them; her tenement, while certainly no slice of heaven, is blessedly free of rats in a rat's world. It's in the moments when she's sealing the contract, taking that first deposit, watching their signature that she knows when a new tenant is one of the Hosts, and she's savvy enough to make their sudden disappearances easily ignorable. If they knew the trouble she went through for them maybe her tenants wouldn't complain about the rent increase so much...

The Blessing

When you Change, it's not just your body that morphs - the Curse works change at all levels, from the mind to the personality to the depths of whatever soul humans or wolves may have. A whole new world of

perception opens up to you, and you can *smell* the dirty little truths everyone has that everyone hides. On the Hunt you are a subtle thing, a predator peering from amidst the flock, unnoticed but noticing all. Every little tidbit of knowledge you gather on the foe heightens the flavor of the meat in the end, and that is why some of the canniest Afflicted count themselves among this Strain.

The Curse

There are generalizations to be had about The Blacktalons among the scattered islands of Werewolf Hunting Grounds. The closer you let them, the less secure any of your secrets, and although they have just as much capacity for loyalty and betrayal as any other Lycanthrope, it is a common trope in the web of shared stories and tales of predatory valor for the traitor to be a Blacktalon. It's an ugly truth that this Strain tends to produce the most Lone Wolves.

Progenitor

- They say she originated in Roman Spain, or perhaps North Africa. She witnessed a murder, but rather than bringing the murderer to justice, she hooked it into his life, and led him around on a leash. Then she witnessed an affair, then she heard about the smugglers...soon she'd buried her barbed hooks into all the big players in her city. None of them could move against her, she was too well placed...and eventually the whole *civitas* cursed her name, from the fanes to the rooftops to the *fora*, and so thusly cursed, her presence became intolerable for the land and the earth shook, swallowing the city and most of its inhabitants...save The Eater-of-Secrets, who crawled free, all of her secrets pointless now that everyone of importance was dead. It drove her mad, and it's said that in her hysteria she Afflicted the other survivors of the catastrophe...
- Almost everyone knows Matthew 7:15 by osmosis if not by verse: "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing but inwardly are ravenous wolves." There are countless apocrypha associated with this line, but often they say the first Blacktalon was a priest of some sort from Biblical times - whether The Hidden was Joseph Caiaphas himself, or perhaps some pagan shaman is unknown, just that they say karma caught up with him and his followers at some point.

Bonus Attribute: Composure or Intelligence

Strain Manifestation: Can't Hide the Truth - Any mental roll to discover a Marked Prey's secrets rerolls 8s and inflicts the *Leveraged* condition upon full success; furthermore, by looking at a victim and concentrating for one turn, he can have a rough idea of where their nearest hiding place is. With a wits+intelligence roll, the Werewolf can discern other such boltholes, one per success.

Rage Regain: Hidden knowledge is the greatest of powers, just as secrets are the greatest of weapons to use in the Hunt. By discovering a significant secret of a chosen victim, the Werewolf can regain one Rage once per day.

Curse Aspect: *Toxignosis*, or Fell-Knowledge, is Cursed knowledge. Some wisdom pulls people down with it into chaos and change, and it obsesses them. When using their Cursed Aspect upon a victim, the Werewolf inflicts the *Unaware* Condition.

Night-Howlers



*We're coming to kill you
Hang your body from a tree
We're just having fun
Living Wild and Mad and Free*

The Apex Predator Comes...but you have absolutely no idea just *where the fuck it is*. It's been chasing you the better part of a day now and you've yet to actually set eyes upon it, but for a presence out of the corner of your vision, movement in the crowds...it's followed you to everywhere you can possibly think of to hide, its familiar unsettling, inhuman chuckle filling the void of silence you try to maintain as you run away - you've always had a back door, but now you've run out. Your back is against the wall, and peering around the corner of the hall is a great, yellow wolf's eyes, a grinning mouthful of ivory fangs. You know that your final moments are the climax of this terror, and it's loved every moment of it.

What motivates men at their very core? It isn't greed...it isn't lust...it isn't any of these needs, it's **fear**. **Fear** of the unknown, fear of the impending, fear of the unchangeable...humanity lives in a constant state of low-level terror, their meat saturated with corticotropin, and in their final moments, the tang of adrenaline...and some predators have grown to simply adore and thrive upon its flavor. The Night-Howlers all have something of the savage, the uncivilized, the wild about them, and it is frightening to humanity so encloistered in towns, cities, villages because they'd never expect it; wild beasts are *out there*, they can't possibly scale my apartment wall, unlatch the window, slip inside, disable the alarm and cut the phones.

Night-Howlers all have something unusual in their movements - it's not enough to give them away for what they are but there's some wild tick, motion, or aspect of their gait that implies something fundamental and deep has changed within them. They're still able to maintain a human life, but even the most organized of lawyers or detectives, engineers or artists who fall victim to this Strain become unable to deny the Aspect of *Agriotes*, or Savagery. Savagery indulges in Terror - it isn't the same visceral flood of horror that comes over a human as a nine-foot tall fanged monster is eating their guts, it's the increasingly chaotic decision-making, the unraveling of defenses, the cluttering of the mind that overtakes Prey as they come to the conclusion that they are truly doomed. Most Night-Howlers will hunt in this manner, relying on the psychological warfare that seems to come so naturally to so many of them, but however Savages choose to hunt there's almost always a greater element of fear involved, and most use a stealthy approach to heighten the tension.

See the Amateur Theater Director, writing his own plays - amidst the many other dramatists in his city his works stand out for their poignancy, the way they seem to communicate a message to every single person who watches...but the real message is sent out only to seven in the audience, the friends from college who turned on him, mocked him, humiliated him. More and more they feel like their old punching-bag turned theater star is telling them something at the edge of threat, but they don't take action until it is far, far too late.

See the Ghost of Kenvale. It's the absolute worst part of the city and people don't choose to live there - you get sent there when there's nowhere else for you to go. Broken needles and beer bottles line the streets, and people move with urgency and speed when they have to leave the sanctuary of their homes. They say the Ghost chooses the weakest, the outcast among the local gangs and makes them disappear, only for their bones to show up, neatly packaged and separated, exactly three weeks later.

See the Exterminator. He is a professional at what he does, and all vermin live in absolute fear of him...and now, ever since he became something far more than he was before, he's upped his game to go after greater parasites. He only takes request from customers he has a contract with, going after bigger pests, from Beshilu to Azlu, and even going as far as to stake the occasional Vampire if the pay is good enough...but nothing beats a thousand tiny minds all chittering at once in terror and panic before being snuffed out.

The Blessing

If people didn't take you seriously before, they better damn well start and most do - the ability to dig into a person and sniff out their fears gives considerable leverage, which is only bolstered by desire to do so. For many of the Strain who were once weak, abused, or pushed-around in life, the ability to wield the rod they knew only by its business end is the greatest one-up of them all. Those who have always known how to control others find they are all the more suited to what they've become.

The Curse

A pretty standard definition of 'Monster' is 'an unknowable something or someone that inflicts pain, fear, or kills for no reason other than personal gratification'. It is a pretty deep, dark abyss that most Werewolves stand poised above, and many Afflicted simply fall into madness by overindulging in cruelty - the threat to Harmony is real, as is the threat posed by those who would seek to avenge the fallen, the damaged, the crippled, or worse, those who have become Afflicted or Wretched, bitten by the Night-Howler.

Progenitor

- Nobody can remember any meaningful details of who he might have been as a man, the only thing remembered is where he was born again, what he emerged from, and what he'd become. The-Night crawled from the well at the top of the hill, underneath the hangman's tree, over a thousand years ago, somewhere in France, they say. This Progenitor is said to have been closely involved in several historic events, although anyone will argue just which events those were. Most agree that its actions have resulted in wars, however, often regional but extremely intense.
- [INSERT PROGENITOR IDEA HERE]

Bonus Attribute: Manipulation or Dexterity

Strain Manifestation: Terror-Incarnate - A Night-Howler may instinctively know one of their Marked Prey's deepest fears. By staring at the Marked Prey and concentrating for a minute, the Night-Howler can then roll manipulation+resolve to know one of their deepest fears. Exposing the prey to a deep fear in this manner will inflict either the *Frightened*, *Paranoid*, or *Curse-Paranoia* Conditions; dramatic success inflicts two of them. This can only succeed once against a given prey entity.

Rage Regain: These Werewolves grow more powerful when their names are spoken with terror, or when their prey's thoughts are focused upon them. If a Night-Howler manages to inflict fear upon a victim to get what they want, or uses terror to his advantage in the hunt, gain one Rage point once per day.

Curse Aspect: Agriotes...Savagery. Anyone who gazes upon a Night-Howler hunting them feels the unrelenting, gleeful wild beast snapping at their heels and impending calamity and know there's nothing they can do to stop it. When using their Cursed Aspect upon a victim, Night-Howlers inflict the *Resigned* Condition.

Behexxed



*With jinx and curse and blood I burn
I make your fortunes darkened turn
And as the bells of chaos chime
Then shall you live in interesting times*

The Apex Predator is coming for you...and everything that could have gone wrong has gone wrong for you. As if this day couldn't get any worse - and here you'd thought you'd prepared, that you'd known exactly where the Beast was going to come from, how it was going to chase you, how your defenses, escape routes, equipment would save you. It's just that...the moment you saw it and tried to take that first sniping shot, your rifle jammed. The explosive traps you'd set on the floor beneath went off, but nearly took you down with them, and now...your Jeep won't start. You *just* had the battery replaced too, and the key nearly bends as you rev the ignition, but you can see the monstrous shadow rising in your rear view mirror, eyes gleaming, shifting colors across the spectrum. You try not to look, up to the point that it camly opens the unlocked passenger door and plucks you from the seat...

A lot of people have forgotten the true power of Curses. They think that spitting on someone's luck, burning their personal possessions, or cursing their names is just a dramatic flare, a show - but there are those who know the truth. An old man feels wrath at his grown son, spitting oaths at him for his disobedience, his obstinance, his different opinions...a week later a rock dislodged from a cliff along the road, rolled down the side, smashed through his son's windshield and killed him immediately. A child wishes every night that misfortune would befall the girl who bullies her...at their graduation ceremony a shooter guns down her friends and lodges lead in the bully's spine, paralyzing her from the waist down. There is a power that be invoked by Will, that humanity sometimes touches if only to project their fury and hatred. The Curse is a manifestation of that nameless entropy, and the Behexxed are closer to this force than others of their breed.

Discord seems to follow in their wake. While they can look and appear like anybody, few Behexxed invoke a sense of organization, or of having an immediately obvious plan - this is because so many know that they are subject to Fate, and while fate can be pushed in a certain direction, it never simply conforms to the plans of mortals or even immortals. Even their very presence seems to have strange effects on probability that become increasingly noticeable as their Primal Urge increases - flipped coins fall on their sides, computers experience random, unexplained errors, keys go missing. That they are at the center of this *Dischonoia*, the Curse-Aspect of Discord, means that they can project it upon their prey and take advantage of variables almost nobody could rightly predict.

See the Gambling Man. He's been banned from casinos in fourteen counties and two states, but brilliant off-the-grid survivor that he is, it's impossible to keep track of his ever-changing identity and features. Thing is, he's not just in it for the money, which is nice of course...he's in it for the woman who cheated him out of his ownership of the Casinos, stole everything from him, and now little by little he's stealing every piece back for himself, gaming the odds by his own presence.

See the School Principal. She knows her quarry did it, knows he's been dealing drugs in between classes. She works and waits patiently for his luck to run out, recording each and every little slip up until she catches him in the act. He denies it, having prepared for this eventuality, but she shows him security camera footage, testimony from a student who just happened to overhear his latest phonecall setting up a deal, a report submitted by his jilted ex-girlfriend. She shows him all of this before she locks the door and shows him what she really is before binding him to her will.

See the Mystic. Long has it sat, meditating, eating luck, whispering curses in the place where it was told the pack-meeting would occur. A whole week of tainting the place with his chaos, of preparing everything to simply go wrong, for it to be on a day where tempers are hot, where the weather is hot, for innumerable

little variables to ensure the alliance doesn't go through so that his Pack can take their enemy's land - they'll win this fight against the outsiders, but they'll be weakened, just so.

The Blessing

Isn't it strange to think of a Curse as a Blessing? And yet it distinctly is. Your power is unlike that of most Strains - while they may instinctively know what terrifies their enemies, or be able to break down their prey's mental resistances just by winning at beer-pong, the very fabric of fate itself corrodes and twists around you. Your foes can barely predict where you'll strike next, your allies will come to see your contributions as a welcome surprise, a true blessing out of nowhere. All the pieces of the puzzle will fall into place for you, should you have the will and presence to see them do so.

The Curse

Then again, it is quite easy to point out that you are simply bad luck, and that your Curse has a more potent effect on the world around you than the other Strains'. Those who come to rely on something as unpredictable as the disorder and discord they spread will eventually end up shocked and surprised when things *don't* go according to their desires; fate is its own mistress, and *Fortuna* is a fickle goddess. Remember well - a Curse is still a Curse.

Progenitor

- (INSERT PROGENITOR STORY HERE)
- (INSERT ANOTHER PROGENITOR STORY HERE)

Bonus Attribute: Wits or Presence

Strain Manifestation: Luck Eating - The Behexxed is able to subtly twist the fabric of fate by the warping power of their Curse, focusing outward and devouring her opponent's fortune and leaving chaos in her wake. Once per day, she may choose a target and spend one Rage and one Willpower. Roll presence+resolve+primal urge vs. resolve+composure; on failure the victim takes the *Hexxed* condition.

Rage Regain: These Werewolves thrive on chaos, on the misfortune and vulnerability of others - it allows the Curse to thrive, to grow upon the misfortune of Prey and Victims. Once per day, if she causes the failure of another's plans, she gains one Rage.

Curse Aspect: *Dischonoia* is the aspect of the Curse that causes Discord - where conscious minds seek to create patterns from the chaos of the universe, the Werewolf's Curse seems to frighten away any organized help. Those exposed to the Behexxed's Cursed-Aspect suffer the *Isolated* Condition.

Chapter 2 - I Am Cursed

Werewolves are not humans. They are both more and less.

Humans are the greatest predators on the face of the Earth. Though most people who live within the blight of civilization are unaware of their primal glory, within every man and woman lies the potential for a canny, dangerous, creative hunter. Nonetheless, most humans will never kill another human - social and moral commandments prevent them, which they diligently follow. Most humans will not beat another human to a pulp and take from him in this same vein. Werewolves simply aren't wired like this anymore, and outside of formal contracts, alliances, and pacts, *everyone* outside an Afflicted's circle is fair game. Werewolves change form, adapt to different situations amazingly quickly, heal damage that should kill a human in weeks at most, and can twist the very fabric of reality with the potent mystical nature of The Curse that burns within every one of them.

Werewolves hunger. Werewolves desire to hunt. They are seemingly designed for this very thing, and these pursuits often end in bloodshed and feasting.

The First Change

To undergo the First Change is to give in to the Curse, almost always inflicted from another Werewolf - there are those who experience The First Change for no discernable reason other than possible close contact with another one of the Afflicted; the vectors for this virulent flesh-and-mind-warping hex are only partially known.

The realities of the world come crashing down upon a freshly changed Werewolf - everything has always been kill-or-be-killed, the strong take from the weak...but this clarity doesn't necessarily cause every freshly changed or even veteran Turnskin to accept it. They are of Humanity after all, and Humanity is a creature of wilful defiance of nature and commonly accepted 'reality'. A new Werewolf's senses go into overdrive, and even in her nominally scent-blind human shape she picks up on new perceptions she never understood before. No human will ever understand what it is to know how another person feels just by scent, or gauge whether or they're speaking the truth by hearing the tempo of their heart. Humans become organized into clearer categories in the minds of most - allies, neutrals, threats, most importantly, Prey.

Before the Change itself, the fresh Werewolf typically is succumbing to the worst of the Affliction's initial stages. Depending on the Strain of the Werewolf who 'sires' her, or the nature of whatever hex caused her First Change, she is likely plagued by an illness doctors have a difficult time identifying and an even more fruitless time curing; sometimes there are no obvious outward physical symptoms, everything occurring within the mind. At some point during her Incubation, under a moment of great stress that inevitably comes her body shifts and crackles into the War-Form for the first time, and it is at this moment that she is potentially her most dangerous to her kind...

The Wolf's Bite

A Werewolf's saliva contains the Curse, which seems to manifest as a microbial threat to its host. If examined under a microscope, a Werewolf in its human form displays saliva almost no different from a mortal's. After a human or animal is subject to The Bite, however, its fate is likely sealed, especially depending on the form of the Afflicted.

Werewolves who inflict a bite in their Human or Wolf form pass on a virulent, inflammatory disease that is not unlike Rabies in its progression and symptoms, similarly stubborn and almost always fatal after a certain number of days.

For mechanical purposes, the character will suffer from the *Sick (Grave)* condition in combat; out of combat they will suffer 1 lethal damage per day that cannot be healed. If the character has not gained 20+Primal Urge successes on stamina+resolve rolls, they will accumulate damage with wound penalties until they die.

However, if a mortal is bitten while a Werewolf is in the War-Form and survives, their bite wound will burn and pulsate as the full heft of the Curse works itself into their soul. The mortal will experience the First Change on the first night of the Full Moon, whether she can see it or not, and will try to bite and kill as many mortals as she can in the throes of Rage. Those who survive and Change will become the same Strain as the Werewolf who bit them.

Tongue of Wolves

There is far too much disunity among Werewolves for them to share any sort of common language beyond what the Wolf can instinctually interpret from body language, subtle eye movements, low, subsonic sounds barely audible to mortals, and that is surprisingly a lot. Werewolves within a pack can communicate with each other almost silently, through a variety of means - some packs develop special hand signals, some simply know the others' thoughts through their movements...there are countless codes and communication methods used by different packs, creating the all-important sense of insular belonging and ability to keep secrets that outsiders will never possess.

Within the Human form, Afflicted communicate in whichever language works for their form - some are able to push their bodies to imitate all the sounds necessary to communicate as Wolves do, but most will resort to Spanish, or Hindi, or English, or Burmese; whatever is spoken locally will likely be spoken by the local Werewolves.

Within their Wolf form, Werewolves within a specific wide region usually communicate in a way that is understandable. Turnskins across the USA, Canada, and Mexico will understand each other in the basic, simple language of the Wolf with 'accent' variations, while almost all Afflicted through central Africa have little trouble communicating in their four-legged form.

Those Werewolves who have that unusual gift to retain composure enough in the War-Form to communicate, negotiate, and behave beyond the all-consuming need to battle, feed, and bite in that form, are usually able to communicate their thoughts to other Werewolves in gestures, motions, and low sounds that they'll understand; those who can maintain control of their vocal cords can simply speak as a Human, although it sounds distorted and monstrous.

Innumerable Scars

When a human breaks a bone, or gets a serious cut or some other injury, he goes to the doctor. A werewolf shrugs it off in short order. A normal human takes days to recover from an injury that, for the Uratha, is gone in hours at worst. This doesn't mean that such healing is pretty, or painless. A werewolf's regenerative capabilities don't care about looks or pain, only fixing the body. Broken bones push through flesh, knitting back together. Torn skin seems to reach for itself, stretching into place and closing the wound. Healed injuries are white and pale for only a few moments as the body replenishes the lost blood, turning the meat a healthy pink once more.

The one exception to this is when an Uratha spends Rage to heal. Instead of feeling her body put itself back together, the werewolf feels a refreshing chill. It is almost euphoric. Much like a human can

become addicted to morphine for taking away the pain, a werewolf might become addicted to Rage-induced regeneration. Even the most superficial cuts become trials for the Uratha, as she is forced to choose between feeling her flesh pull and stretch, or the cool numbness. Because of his regenerative capabilities, a newly Changed werewolf might feel as though he's invincible. Against normal, everyday humans, he's not far wrong. Even weak werewolves can, with Rage expenditure, go from the brink of death to fully functional and healed in less than 30 seconds.

In Defiance of Conservation of Mass

It is only recently that certain fundamental mysteries of the Universe have been solved, but for the Cursed advances in science and philosophy only bring more questions. No Werewolf has ever been able to pinpoint exactly how or why they are able to spontaneously generate or reduce mass in a comparably short amount of time, let alone without creating an explosion of energy from the manifestation of new mass. While the theories are many, the Curse seems to have settled on certain setpieces of variety; like a spectrum running from wolf to man, with distinct points along the way, Werewolves generally shift between three forms, with Manifestations of the Curse muddying the waters between.

Human Shape

Most Afflicted are most comfortable in human shape. Others see it as just another tool to use on the hunt. While wearing the Hishu skin, a werewolf hides amongst humanity. It's much harder for anyone to pick her out of a crowd or follow her through city streets, even if those attempts are supernatural in their own right. Moreover, she is hardly defenseless in her Manskin.

The herd doesn't know. I can walk among them without notice. The proverbial wolf in sheep's clothing. They think themselves safe. They're wrong, of course. My prey is window shopping. I pretend to do the same. I keep an eye on him using his reflection. I'm not too tall, but I can still keep up with him well enough. My height helps me avoid his attention.

In the back of his mind, I think he knows he's being hunted. Some part of the lizard brain that holds forgotten survival instincts tells him that he is prey. He keeps checking his phone, his watch. He glances around as he's shopping. Good. Nervous prey makes mistakes.

I kind of feel bad for what's about to go down. Tammy's blue-tooth tone pings in my ear as I trail him - he tries and fails to shake me on East Burke and get to the subway...child's play to follow him. London's already in position with the car on the other side. Regardless of how I may feel about this morally, we're going to eat well tonight. We've earned it by now...and so has this fucker.

When he's alone I am behind him in seconds, gripping down on the back of his collar. He calls out in fear as I press the barrel of my 1911 against his temple. "You shouldn't have snitched on my brother. We had a deal Robby." Before he can respond I squeeze the trigger - the otherwise explosive bang muffled by the burst of his brains out the side of his head.

One traitor down...just a dozen more to go.

War Shape

The quintessential 'Werewolf Form', the War Form is the ender of Hunts. It is the potential for ruination and destruction embodied in an Afflicted, and what they use when they wish to overwhelm any opposition or face off against particularly powerful foes. The Killing Form is aptly named with its

razor-sharp claws, bone-cracking jaws, fangs the size of daggers and greater strength than world class bodybuilders.

For some of the Cursed, the War Shape is the greatest of blessings that makes it all worth it - but like any weapon, like any high, it is dangerously double-edged.

The Beshilu's skull collapses with a loud crack as I slam its head against the concrete. Here the tunnel is wide enough to change to Gauru, which gives us the edge. If they weren't so satisfying to kill, I'd almost feel sorry for the little bastards.

The next one goes down as easily. Its bones crunch between my jaws, and I shake my head, flinging fur and blood to each side. I'm already drenched. First with sewer water, now that mixed with blood and...pieces, I guess. I don't have time to do an inventory. All I know right now is to kill. Each Host down is one less spreading disease, infecting mortals, kidnapping Turnskins.

I've heard that some werewolves fear the War-Form. How can they? I'm tearing through these Beshilu with ease! Two rat-men run at me and my claws slice into one's throat. The other rakes its claws across my face. The wounds close up, healing as fast as they were made. That Beshilu has its eyes torn out next. The first one is gurgling in the water, bleeding out through its torn throat. I grab its tail and use it as a bludgeon against its brother until both are dead. Seriously, how could anyone fear this? It's exhilarating! This is power.

Wolf Shape

Like the Man-Shape on the other end of the spectrum, The Wolf gives the werewolf perfect camouflage. Indistinguishable from a true wolf, the Afflicted can hunt prey without undue attention in the wild. Further, wolves are known to chase prey for miles if necessary, running it to exhaustion before even making the first attack

I like times like this, when we take a break from the stress. We lay down the burden of territory, forget about the Curse for a while, and just hunt. I can let the human mind drift away. Its concerns are for someone else to deal with at another time. I can just live in the now, with nothing more than the scent of prey in my snout and the feel of the earth under my paws.

A rabbit bursts onto the trail. One of us flushed it out of its hiding place, and now the chase is on. I think about nothing else, letting instincts guide me. We scare up another rabbit, and now the pack has more prey. We howl, driving the rabbits before us, hemming them into an ever-shrinking ring of wolves.

After the rabbits, we chased a deer for miles. It gave us a worthy run, leaping over fallen trees and weaving through brush. But we ran it down, nipping at its flanks and hindquarters until it finally stumbled. The pack leapt upon the deer, forcing it down and I clamped my jaws on its throat, finishing the hunt. Later I'll have to go back to being Deanna, with all of her problems. For now, I have everything I could want.

Cursed Evolution

Wolves are creatures of incredible sensory input. While humans are certainly blessed with fine vision, better than most mammals, Afflicted end up with a bevy of sensory capabilities that transform the world completely. Not only does a Werewolf end up seeing the winsome pulse of his prey's blood through his carotid, he smells what he ate for breakfast, hears the creak of his bones and can pick up on his

conversations on the other end of a house...and that's just while wearing the form of the Human. As a Wolf, the world changes completely.

While this sensory overload can be jarring for most, those that survive have come to terms with the increased input and have learned to use it to survive in a world that mostly hates and fears them, or hungers for their potent blood and marrow. There are, of course, added difficulties with the advantages. Werewolves hunger...and the richest, most nourishing prey surrounds them at all times - humanity. While it's perfectly normal and tolerable for Werewolves to eat humans (once they've come to accept the idea, not all can) it can be inconvenient navigating a world controlled completely by complacent prey-animals.

A werewolf picks up a human's fear. He recognizes non-predator's behavior and it calls to instincts that are either scratching beneath the surface, or howling for blood when he hungers. As opportunistic predators with high metabolisms it is a rare Turnskin that isn't at least somewhat hungry. Imagine the fear and disgust when hugging your own mother and being unable to ignore how tender and fine-smelling her flesh is, or looking upon a friend's child as vulnerable, easily chased meat. These senses don't just turn off either, they're always on.

Social Predators

Like their humans they originate from and the wolves they imitate in body, mind and behavior, Werewolves are almost all creatures that require the presence of their fellows to feel comfortable (and in most cases survive). A lone wolf is almost always very vulnerable, and there are many who would gladly take advantage of a rich-blooded apex predator without backup or support. Therefore Afflicted congregate with like-minded individuals to form Packs. Humans and Enthralled may be considered part of the pack, but Werewolves are always at its core. Why is this?

Screaming Wretched bring chaos and horror every night to the tenement on their territory as another victim is claimed, Humans that are not considered prey by the Werewolves; The pack descends into the maintenance tunnels to tear them apart. A hungry Vampire takes a Werewolf's family member as his Blood Toy, or worse, a Ghoul - whether or not they choose to Hunt, they need to stand on equal footing with their sanguine counterpart hunters.

Nonetheless Enthralled perform many valuable functions for their pack, and often do so out of fear of being devoured themselves or sometimes even affection for the Afflicted that provide them with protection and power in exchange for service. Werewolves need a place to stay, eat, hide, they need access to weapons, they need someone with their finger on the pulse of the city, rather than a claw.

Some Enthralled are actually strong enough or empowered enough to actively hunt with their Werewolf masters. Against most prey a human with immunity to Lunacy, a shotgun, and enhanced senses can do considerable damage.

A Hostile Land

When a person is fully engulfed by The Curse and becomes a Predator like no other, you might think they'd be considerably safer - lightning-fast regeneration, shapeshifting abilities, strength beyond the ken of mortals, but in truth they simply open themselves up to a world of dangers. Alone, a werewolf is a deadly, unpredictable hunter with supernatural prowess and strength; in a pack, werewolves are absolute deep, animal terror incarnate. It's a rare Werewolf who is able to gather enough non-pack allies to support themselves and maintain a Hunting Grounds, and most Afflicted find that The Pack takes the place of family in many ways, even if they don't outwardly display familial behavior.

Many Werewolves have a certain look about them after surviving against myriad predators - they've been bitten and poisoned by hungry, mad rat-monsters that change shape like they do; likely they've tangled with others of their kind, who are always ferocious and don't go down easily; or perhaps

they've had the misfortune of encountering Wretched of their own making. Life is a warzone for Afflicted, and warriors easily recognize their own.

The Hunt and the Life Before

For most Changed the primacy and importance of the Pack soon overtakes all other relationships, and they're often seen constantly hanging out together. Humans are more prone to notice when others are seen near each other, and unless the Pack Relationship is kept a public secret they'll likely be associated with each other. They've hunted, feasted, fought, argued, and journeyed into other territories together - the share of life and death experiences builds a bond like no other, even when two packmates don't see eye to eye.

Werewolves who change at a point in their lives where they have family must first pass the challenge of putting distance between them - rarely do Afflicted have the discipline, stealth, and personality necessary to maintain a 'normal' family life while also protecting Hunting Grounds from interlopers, horrors that feast upon his kind, or meddlers. Even should they live in a peaceful territory with plenty to sate The Hunger, trouble will come her way - perhaps it's simply the way of Monsters, or perhaps it's an aspect of The Curse, but conflict with another who hungers for what is hers will be inevitable, and it's the strength of the Pack that has given Werewolves the strength and support to maintain their Lives Before, if they even bother to do so.

Savage Yearnings

Werewolves **must hunt**. It isn't enough to simply go to the store, pick up some raw steaks, and chow down - that will sate a Werewolf's physical hunger but the mind and the body will demand more. Afflicted have practically been built for Hunting, the Curse melding them with some of the finest that nature has to offer. The higher a Werewolf's Primal Urge climbs, the more vicious the call to violence becomes and the worse the Hunger gnaws. If an Afflicted is not allowed to act out its purpose and devour flesh that it has run down and crippled either on its own or with its pack, their sanity will start to deteriorate and they'll become increasingly dangerous until they snap.

A Pack balances this yearning with both efficiency, increased likeliness of landing prey, camaraderie, and something of a support group - no shrink is going to understand you better than your packmates because they're one of the few people who know who you *really* are, and they can understand. Your true self is a ravening, hungry monster, and so is theirs, and one of the greatest of bonds is found in shared monstrosity.

It's a Jungle Out There

Some has been said of the severe threats that Werewolves face out there in the world - hard enough for your average human who has to contend with privation, litigious governments, criminals, and drudgery; Afflicted who wish to cling to what they had when they were More and Less often suffer the same indignities, only a whole new world of flesh-and-soul hungry monsters has opened up, as if by some twist of fate, they can see you now that you can see them.

Man's Red Fire

Since most human social structures involve some level of hierarchy or dominance, it's difficult for apex-hunters like Afflicted to tolerate taking orders or fawning upon someone they could just as easily

tear into tiny pieces, someone who would look good flayed open, pulsing red and salty with so many aqueous flavors to enjoy. There's a tendency to respond with greater assertion or aggression, often to destabilizing effect - few are the mortals who can tolerate losing station or power.

Werewolves get involved in things that are illegal in almost every country - eating people is obviously one of those things, not to mention using violence to cull one's foes, running protection rackets, infiltrating organizations with subtle ease, and even taking over portions of human government should they so desire; run-ins with mortal law enforcement are always a danger, since most young Turnskins will still die if pounded to death by shotgun pellets, and killing a police officer triggers vindictive vigilance on their fellows' part. Almost no police department will believe a lone couple of cops who swear they've seen monsters eating people in the night, but if enough people in law enforcement get wind of something strange going on, other more clandestine, dangerous human organizations that actually understand how to hunt the greatest hunter get involved - there's a reason Humanity is considered the Most Dangerous Prey by significant numbers of Werewolves.

The Complacent Many - **The Herd**

Fortunately most humans are *not* possessed of the curiosity to inspect strange noises in the night, investigate missing people not related to them, or resort to violent measures...at least when they're not riled up and in like-minded, angry, panicked groups.

See the lawyer, late for his appointment...he takes a turn through an alleyway he's known since he was a kid - a rough place, where they say folks get killed...he keeps his head down and jogs, hands in the pockets of his coat. Twice he hears nails on concrete following him down the long path between skyscrapers, once he hears the crackle of meat and bone, stark and gruesome. He hurries ahead, emerges into daylight, and makes his meeting, returning to banal worries.

Of course, if it comes down to it, a Werewolf can utilize Lunacy to cover up his errors, scare off crowds, or traumatize his foes but it comes at the cost of unpredictability; most times humans will turn tail and run from the sight of regeneration, the Curse altering physical reality, or shapechanging, but there are those few who either go berserk, become obsessed afterwards, or worse, *the Lunacy doesn't work for some reason*. It happens - there are mortals who are just too hard-bitten, too tough, and they keep their cool in the face of absolutely real, ancestral terror.

See the Cenobitic Brother. Just last week Marja's son went missing, and they found his fingerbones discarded in the woods. The month before it was Pawel, and before that his cousin Jsabella...something has to be done. He remembers The Struggle - genocide the UN called - he remembered what he was before taking his Vows, and when the hungry Night-Howler takes her black-furred War Form to frighten him off, she's shocked when rather than running away screaming he stutters a prayer, points his Zastava at her face, and empties his entire clip into her braincase.

The Diligent Few - **Vigilants**

There's a reason when a city's or a region's Afflicted are sadly numerous enough to form a Domain and agree to certain codes of conduct, the most common is 'The Herd Shall Not Know'. The tales of the Brisbane Massacres, the Fifth Council of Chalcedon, and any number of examples of Werewolves either through arrogance, foolish error, or simply accursed luck end up triggering Humanity's natural ferocity. People are capable of being dangerously unpredictable when they discover the truth and become Vigilants, as one common parlance among Turnskins goes.

See the Entrepreneur. He is always developing or putting up new construction in unexpected places, and much to the surprise and adoration of the public he seems to specialize in affordable housing, and manages to come out ahead despite the low profit margins involved. He knows what he's doing...he's

disrupting the hunting grounds of a particularly savage pack living in the urban blight, and once he corners them...each individual fetches thirty, forty million on the grey-market *at the very least*. He bears the scars of the last time they tried to assault him but he and his guards were ready...dare they try again?

Individual Vigilants are bad enough, but actual organizations dedicated to hunting and capturing, killing, or mutilating Afflicted are a thing in the United States, where conspiracy theory runs rampant and an ever increasingly agitated, armed population grumbles. Entire regions of the USA have been cleansed of their Afflicted population by trained, well-equipped organizations such as the Sheddai Compact with its capture and containment protocols, or the secretive, well-funded Bureau of Affairs.

Fell, Cursed Things

The Curse is a thing of many strands, many different types of hex, many misfortunes, all bound into one aching, horrible, barbed whole. It exists everywhere and nowhere at once, a Platonic Form in and of itself and Werewolves are merely one of its many reflections. There are others out there besides the Afflicted that change their skin from man to beast, and while the differences between these 'races' of Cursed Being are many and often extreme, they share enough similarities that their malady clearly derives from a root source.

The Curse of the Werewolf is found all over the world - where there is humanity, and often where there isn't humanity, one may have the misfortune of coming across a Lycanthrope. Extremely dangerous in that they retain the clearest amount of their humanity for unknown reasons, and therefore the same kind of deadly intellect that has made Man the dominant species of the planet, they compete with each other for prey, territory, dominance, and in the case of the Lunar Strain the reasons are often unfathomable.

Of course, Werewolves are not alone in their world - women that change into chittering, screaming half-spiders prey upon Afflicted and are particularly keen on the flavor of Werewolf blood, while Rat-Things spread disease and eat unsuspecting humans, their very presence causing inexplicable decay and mechanical mishap. Then there are those uniquely twisted things, clearly born of The Curse, but a mutation that doesn't conform to the Curse's usual reflections.

Fell Powers - Draft

Gifts basically work the same. Rather than choosing an auspice, Turnskins choose a Core Gift. They can purchase other Core Gifts later on as their Hexis grows. Core gifts are associated with a particular renown, and gifts are divided into facets. Some alterations will be made due to different kinds of renown:

- Glory: Impress others, embellish yourself; glorious stories and legendary hunts
- Cunning: Trick prey, outwit predators; complex plots and careful manipulation
- Arcana: Bind the Curse, master mutation; eldritch might and acts of magic
- Ferocity: Devour the weak, overcome the strong; terrifying reputation and many kills
- Dominion: Reign supreme, command absolute; scurrying servants fear your shadow

Renown manifests as glowing brands upon the flesh of a Turnskin that can be made visible if they so choose. Afflicted have an equivalent 'Rank' from their renown that can be used to supersede and dominate lesser creatures with renown.

Total Renown	Effective Rank
0-3	1
4-7	2
8-12	3
13-18	4
19+	5

Core Gifts

Binding (Dominion)

- **Tip of the Tongue** - The Binder is able to graft onto his Victim's mind, an alarm going off in his own when the Prey tries to lie and making it painfully obvious that the Werewolf knows; further he can compel forth the truth using dominance and fear.

Cost: 1 Rage

Dice Pool: Wits+Empathy+Dominion versus Composure+Power Stat

Action: Contested

Duration: 1 scene

The Werewolf can use this Facet after at least one turn of conversation with or observation of another character.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Afflicted believes whatever the prey says as the truth; after all, his keen senses would never lie.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Binder can sense whether the prey's words and actions are deceptive or truthful. He can discern whether they are lying outright or by omission, if they are attempting to mislead or trying to dissemble. Add Binding to rolls for Forcing Doors to make the prey tell the truth..

Exceptional Success: Regain the spent Rage.

•• Binding Oath

The world is a network of favors, dominance, and submission. With this Facet, the Werewolf can strengthen those ties with Rage.

Cost: 1 Rage

Dice Pool: Resolve+Persuasion+Binding versus Resolve+Power Stat

Action: Contested

Duration: 1 month

The Werewolf can use this Facet as part of a binding oath on an agreement between two parties. He may be one of the agreeing parties, or may oversee the pact for others. Sealing the oath requires a symbolic act from those swearing to it — such as signing a document or cutting palms and shaking hands. Usually this oath is voluntarily taken but, when an Afflicted attempts to trick another into such an agreement, the victim of the subterfuge subconsciously attempts to resist the roll.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Werewolf's Power is not strong enough to bind the oath, and breaking it proves the strength of those whom he would have chained. The first party to break the oath regains two spent Willpower points.

Failure: The Binder fails to bind the parties to the oath.

Success: The Binder's will binds both parties. Any attempts to break the oath by either party must fight against the Facet's power. An action that would break the oath, even unknowingly, suffers a penalty to its dice pool equal to the Werewolf's Binding, and the Werewolf is immediately aware of when the Oath is

broken. Moreover 1s cancel out successes and 10s do not reroll. This penalty represents circumstances conspiring against the would-be oathbreaker as the world flings obstacles in their path.

Exceptional Success: Gain a dice bonus of Binding vs. the Oathbreaker on the next roll.

●●● Lordly Hunter

The Werewolf hunts with a net wrought not of rope but of connections, thralls, and allies. It is so terribly easy for the prey to become snared. This Facet can only be used during the *Marked Prey* Condition.

Cost: 1 Rage

Action: Instant

Duration: The full duration of *Marked Prey*

For the duration of the Facet's effects, the Werewolf adds his Binding to the following dice pools as long as he is taking actions to pursue the Marked Prey.

- Actions involving his Allies and Contacts to track down the prey or obstruct them.
- Social rolls to attack or hamper the prey's own Allies, Alternate Identity, Contacts, Resources, and Status Merits
- Actions taken by Thralls at the Werewolf's command

●●●● World-Eater - The Turnskin can, at this point, sense and prey upon the strands that bind the prey to his enemies, friends, allies and others; he can subvert them to his will

Ties of Word and Promise - The Turnskin needs only a little time to draw on the strands of his web. It takes but a few moments of convincing promises and assurances.

Cost: 1 Rage per Merit dot

Dice Pool: Manipulation+Persuasion+Binding

Action: Extended (10 successes; each roll represents 1 minute)

Duration: 1 day

The Werewolf chooses Allies, Alternate Identity, Contacts, Resources, or Status when using this Facet, spending 1 Essence per dot of the new Merit that he wishes to gain. The group with which he gains the new Merit must be one that he or his existing Allies and Contacts have some sort of friendly link to. He must also contact at least one member of the group to use this Facet through. Attempting to gain dots in a Merit with a group that is explicitly hostile to him imposes a -3 penalty on the roll.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Werewolf is rebuffed, and the targeted group attempts to block an existing Ally or Contact Merit that he possesses.

Failure: The Werewolf accumulates no successes and gains the *Stumbled* Condition.

Success: The Werewolf accumulates successes. If the target is met, the Werewolf gains the desired Merit for one day.

Exceptional Success: The Werewolf gains the Merit for one week.

●●●●● Binding of Choras - Those bound to you are fortunate; you manage to pull the very fortune and luck out of the air with the invocation of this gift, granting it to your packmates. Those who come after or are nearby, however, are not so lucky...

Cost: 3 Rage

Action: Instant

Duration:

Gain a pool of five dice that you can spend on your own or your packmates' actions every round. You can also spend willpower to increase an ally's rolls in addition to their own willpower. However anyone not of the pack within yards = PU*3 takes a -5 to a single roll during the day.

Curses (Arcana)

● Evil Eye - The simplest, but by no means least powerful, means of extending the Curse, the Werewolf gives his victim a horrible, heart-freezing gaze and curses them with misfortune.

Cost: 1 Rage

Dice Pool: Presence+Expression+Curses vs. Composure+Power Stat

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Werewolf is blinded for three rounds.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Werewolf curses his victim. A dice penalty equal to successes rolled is applied to *all* actions for turns equal to Curses.

Exceptional Success: The Werewolf profoundly curses his victim; in addition to higher penalties, the Victim cannot spend Willpower for its duration.

●● Lost and Found - A devious curse, the Werewolf focuses on a possession important to the Victim and dooms them to lose it, only for it to eventually wind up in their possession.

Cost: 2 Rage/Level of Resources in terms of item's value

Dice Pool: Extended Wits+Larceny+Curses vs. Resolve+Power Stat - if item is secured, add security/safe place rating - until 5+Item's Resource Value reached. Each roll represents ten minutes of concentration, chanting, etc.

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Werewolf instead loses an item in their possession decided by the ST.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: At some point when appropriate the item bearer will lose track of their possession. In the case of a large, stationary object such as a house he will either be temporarily unable to access it or it will be temporarily unable to fulfill its function for some reason for days equal to Curses. The player can roll Wits+Investigation+Curses-Item Value to try and find the item for himself, out of sight of its owner.

Exceptional Success: The victim takes the *Confused* Condition.

●●● Unstoppable Eldritch Might - Supernatural, strange energies run through a Werewolf, making them particularly deadly when on the hunt against a creature that may wield unnatural powers of their own. The might of their Curse tears down resistances and bolsters the might of their weapons.

This gift can only be used during *Marked Prey* condition.

Cost: 1 Rage

Action: Instant

When activated, the gift gives the following bonuses:

- Add Curses to all rolls to resist supernatural powers.
- Add Curses to all rolls to activate gifts.
- Add Curses to all perception rolls.

●●●● Bedlam's Affliction - With a sharp word, a twist of his claws, and a glint of his eyes, the Werewolf is able to inflict frightening hallucinations upon his victim.

Cost: 2 Rage/Person

Dice Pool: Manipulation+Expression+Curse vs. Resolve+Power Stat

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Werewolf immediately sees something terrifying - he must roll to avoid Deathrage.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Werewolf's hallucination manifests for a single scene.

This terrible hallucination manifests to all senses, though it generally can't change more than a single person, object, or feature of the location. She could invert the colors in a building, create a shambling monster that stalks her victims, or give herself a nightmarish appearance. The Storyteller should work with the player to determine how big a change the Werewolf can make.

Once created, the Cursed One can control how the vision reacts while it remains in her presence; once she has separated from her victims, her creation takes on a life of its own. The hallucination takes no

effort to maintain, and will run its course even if the Werewolf dies.

Unleashing terror gives the hallucination the taint of nightmares, even if the Werewolf doesn't intend anything overtly horrifying. A doll's eyes follow the victims around the room, that nice man has too wide a smile and it doesn't touch his eyes, the gentle stream reflects the light wrong and something strange is swimming in it. This facet cannot create a pleasant image, though no matter how awful the hallucinations can't cause actual harm or inflict significant pain.

Exceptional Success: The victims suffer the Werewolf's version of reality for a full night.

●●●●● **Accursed Fate** - With this power, the Werewolf marks the victim for doom in a way that the very world seems to acknowledge, luck and fortune seemingly reversing so that the worst possible thing can happen toward the victim's end.

Cost: 3 Rage

Dice Pool: Presence + Persuasion + Curses versus prey's Composure + Power Stat

Action: Contested

Duration: 1 day

The Werewolf names the prey of this Facet as she relates the victim's impending fate to her pack-mates.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The story that is ending may be that of the Curse-Slinger herself. She suffers a penalty to Defense against the prey equal to her own Curse dots. This bane persists for one day.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Doom falls upon the prey. If he flees or hides from the Afflicted or her packmates, he suffers a penalty to Speed, chase rolls, and Stealth rolls equal to the Werewolf's Curse dots. He suffers her Curse as a penalty to his Initiative if he faces her in combat, as well as to his Defense against her attacks. The first time in a scene that he deals damage to the Afflicted or her packmates, the damage inflicted is also reduced by her Curse.

Exceptional Success: The Turnskin gains the *Inspired* Condition

Exaltation (Glory)

● War Howl

The Afflicted howls her defiance and spurs her pack to greater heights of violence and fury.

Cost: 1 Rage

Dice Pool: Presence + Expression + Exaltation

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 turn per success

Dramatic Failure: A single enemy who can hear the howl regains 1 spent Willpower point.

Failure: The Werewolf's howl fails to inspire her pack.

Success: All members of the Werewolf's pack within earshot gain +1L rating on their Brawl and Weaponry attacks for the duration of the Facet. This bonus damage is always lethal, even if the attack deals bashing damage (unless the attacker chooses otherwise).

Exceptional Success: The Werewolf gains the *Inspired* Condition.

●● Voice of Glory

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

The Werewolf adds their Exaltation to persuasion, subterfuge, and expression rolls. If meeting someone for the first time increase impression by one level; if inspiring aggression or violence, increase impression by one more level; affects everyone within earshot.

●●● Beast of Nightmares

It doesn't matter that the prey hides behind thick walls. It doesn't matter how many guards and traps they have set between themselves and their hunters. When they sleep, when they dream, it is then that the Exalter comes for them. This Facet can only be activated when the Werewolf gains the *Marked Prey* Condition.

Cost: 1 Rage

Dice Pool: Manipulation+Empathy+Exaltation vs. Composure+Power Stat (when invading the prey's dreams)

Action: Contested

Duration: The full duration of Marked Prey

Upon activating this Facet when a hunt begins, the Werewolf becomes attuned to the waking state of her prey. Should her prey fall into deep, dreaming sleep, the Werewolf immediately becomes aware. She may attempt to fall asleep naturally, meditate herself to sleep, or spend 1 Rage to immediately slumber. She then tracks down the prey's mind in the shadowy dreamscape that her dream-self prowls.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Werewolf loses herself in strange, alien dreams of a screaming moon, gaining the *Exhausted* Condition when she wakes.

Failure: The Werewolf fails to track down the dreams of the prey, and awakens. She may not try again until the prey has woken and then returned to sleep once more.

Success: The Werewolf follows the dream-spoor of her prey into his subconscious. The prey experiences this as a terrifying wolf that flits through his dreams, and he will remember this when he awakens. The Werewolf may choose one of the following effects:

- Dreams become predatory nightmares, forcing the prey awake. He regains no Willpower from resting, and gains the *Exhausted* Condition.
- The Werewolf maintains a distant but unnerving presence that plants the seeds of fear, inflicting the *Paranoid* Condition on the prey when he awakens.
- The prey's dreams are laced with foul hexes and evil symbols, inflicting the *Mystified* Condition.
- The Werewolf hunts through the dream for fragmentary thought-beasts and figments, discovering one of the following about the prey: roughly where the prey is in the physical world, his Blood and Bone (or Vice and Virtue or other equivalent traits), any steps he is taking to try to protect himself from the hunt, and an impression of his immediate surroundings.

Exceptional Success: The Werewolf awakens refreshed and reinvigorated, regaining one spent Willpower point.

●●●● Howl of the Destroyer

The Werewolf throws back her head and lets out a booming roar that causes the prey to quaver and hesitate on an instinctual, deep level.

Cost: 2 Rage

Dice Pool: Presence+Intimidate+Exaltation versus Resolve+Power Stat

Action: Contested

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Werewolf's discordant howl chokes and she feels the weight of failure, gaining the *Demoralized* Condition.

Failure: The Werewolf's howl has no effect.

Success: Any prey who hear the howl and who fail to roll as many successes as the Werewolf are struck by the *Demoralized* Condition.

Exceptional Success: All prey suffering the *Demoralized* Condition also lose one Willpower point

●●●●● The Ties that Bind

By momentarily rewriting the rules leading to Death, the Werewolf can save her pack from utter decimation by turbo-charging their healing process. This can be used once per day.

Cost: 3 Rage 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Strength+Presence+Exaltation

Action: Instant

Roll Results:

Dramatic Failure: The Werewolf and his entire pack take another bashing damage.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Any packmates within earshot of the howl immediately heal damage equal to successes. This

includes bashing, lethal, and aggravated damage.

Exceptional Success: Everyone who hears the howl regains a willpower.

Ferocity (Ferocity)

● Killer Instinct - The Werewolf is a nightmarish killer. This Facet brings his deadly instincts to the fore.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 scene

The Werewolf takes 8-again on all brawl and weaponry rolls for the scene.

●● Tough Hide - As her power grows, the Werewolf becomes harder to stop - injuries do not slow her down the way that they should.

Cost: None

Action: None

Duration: Permanent

The Werewolf adds their dots in Gift of Ferocity to their health levels as a permanent bonus.

●●● Bloody Handed Hunter - An Afflicted on the hunt is terrifying to behold — a blood-spattered figure utterly devoted to the kill. Woe betides anyone foolish enough to get in his way. This Facet can only be activated when the Werewolf gains the *Marked Prey* Condition.

Cost: 1 Essence

Action: Instant

Duration: The full duration of The Hunt.

For the duration of the Facet's effects, the Werewolf adds his dots in Ferocity to his attack rolls against anyone who is serving as an obstacle to successfully pursuing Siskur-Dah. Whether the obstacle is an ally of the prey who seeks to kill the Werewolf, or just a hapless, troublesome human whose bureaucracy is causing an obstruction, the Werewolf gains the bonus. Bloody-Handed Hunter does not grant its bonus to attacks against the Hunt's prey itself.

●●●● Butchery - Girded with this Facet, the Werewolf exults when faced with many foes. It's a chance to paint the scene red with slaughter.

Cost: 2 Essence

Dice Pool: Wits + Brawl + Purity

Action: Reflexive

Duration: 1 turn per success

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The blood-hungry Werewolf overextends himself. His Defense becomes 0 for one turn, during which he cannot take actions that would involve giving up his Defense.

Failure: The Facet has no effect.

Success: For the duration of the Facet and as long as the Werewolf is engaging more than one enemy, whenever the Werewolf hits a foe with an unarmed attack (including teeth and claws), or is hit by a foe, he may apply one of the following Tilts to it regardless of whether the attack deals any damage: Arm Wrack, Blinded, Deafened, Knocked Down, Leg Wrack. Whenever the Werewolf takes an enemy out of the fight by killing it or rendering it incapacitated, the duration of Butchery is extended by a single turn.

Exceptional Success: The Werewolf inflicts three of the Tilts against the first enemy who strikes or is struck by him after activating the Facet.

●●●●● Crimson Spasm - The Werewolf embraces the full, destructive potential of the Curse. His flesh buckles, warps, and spasms as it twists into a primal form of destruction.

Cost: 1 Essence per turn

Dice Pool: Stamina + Survival + Ferocity

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Werewolf loses control of the raw lunar power pouring into him. This counts as a breaking point towards Spirit and the Werewolf involuntarily shifts into another form.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: Each success allows the Werewolf to add two dots to Strength or Stamina, to add a point of general armor, or to increase the lethal damage done by his natural weapons by +1. These benefits stack on top of those granted by other Facets and forms. The Spasm lasts as long as the Werewolf fuels it by paying 1 Essence each turn. If the Werewolf uses this Facet while in Hishu or Urhan, he will cause Lunacy in that form as if he were in Dalu.

Exceptional Success: The Werewolf also regenerates a point of lethal damage for free every turn he fuels the Spasm.

Stalking (Cunning)

• Eviscerate

The Werewolf's first strike often ends combat.

Cost: 1 Rage

Action: Reflexive

The Werewolf may activate this Facet as part of a Brawl or Weaponry attack against an unaware or surprised opponent, turning her attack into a rote action. This cannot be combined with Killer Instinct.

•• Slip Away

The Werewolf invokes the subtler aspect of Lunacy, banishing memories of her existence.

Cost: 1 Rage

Action: Instant

Duration: 1 Scene

Any character who perceives or interacts with the Werewolf while this Facet is active finds it extremely hard to remember her presence. If the Werewolf takes no memorable actions toward the individual — she was only a face in a crowd, or a dog in the alley, or the other half of a brief conversation — he simply dismisses any recollection. If the Werewolf was memorable — she started a fight, asked extremely strange questions, or engaged in an obviously suspicious activity — or if the witness is prompted to examine his memories closely, he suffers a penalty to any dice pools to remember her equal to the Werewolf's Stalking, even if the witness has an otherwise perfect memory. The witness will not simply forget that he had a fight while guarding a building, but he may forget the details of his opponent or recall only a blur.

••• Relentless Hunter

No matter how well the prey believes that they have secured themselves, the Werewolf always finds a way.

This Facet can only be activated when the Werewolf gains the *Marked Prey* Condition.

Cost: 1 Rage

Action: Instant

Duration: The full duration of *Marked Prey*

For the duration of the Facet's effects, the Werewolf adds her Cunning Renown to the following dice pools as long as she is taking actions to pursue the Siskur-Dah's prey.

- Stealth dice pools against the prey.
- Attempts to overcome any obstructions and security the prey may have placed between themselves and danger, such as Larceny rolls to break into a building where they are hiding.
- Dice pools to determine entry points to boltholes where the prey are hiding, alternate paths to reach them, and other means of getting to the prey despite their best efforts.

●●●● Divide and Conquer

The Werewolf sees no need to attack the prey when they are strong and numerous. Better by far to pull them apart with distractions and lures, then pick them off one by one.

Cost: 1 Rage

Dice Pool: Manipulation+Subterfuge+Cunning versus prey's Composure+Power Stat

Action: Contested

The Werewolf may use this Facet on a single individual whom he can see and who is part of a group. The Werewolf has to supply some sort of distraction of movement or sound as part of the Facet, but it can be incredibly minor and only the chosen target will notice it — at least at first.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The prey becomes fearful, gaining the *Spooked* Condition and desperately clinging to the company of her fellows.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The prey gains the *Lured* Condition. She will willingly split up from the group and leave their immediate presence to investigate, despite her better instincts.

Exceptional Success: The Facet also affects a number of other characters in the group equal to Stalking, applying the *Lured* Condition to them all and scattering them in pursuit of phantasmal figments.

●●●●● Twilight Form

The Werewolf takes advantage of the inherent instability and mutability of her form to literally dissolve the connections between her atoms enough that she can slip through walls, disperse her form as a mist that can still move her speed, solidify whenever she chooses, and is essentially immune to almost all physical interaction; she can still use other gifts during this time.

Cost: 3 Rage

Dice Pool: Intelligence+Dexterity+Cunning

Action: Reflexive

Duration: Cunning+Successes rolled in minutes

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The Werewolf suffers the *Stunned* Condition.

Failure: The Facet fails.

Success: The Werewolf becomes incorporeal. She cannot increase or decrease her size. She can be affected by gifts or powers that affect spirits in twilight. The Werewolf cannot interact with her environment while in this form, and can move her speed *2 through any solid obstruction. All rolls to notice her are penalized at the Werewolf's Curses rating. She may manifest physically reflexively - this almost always counts as a surprise attack.

Exceptional Success: add +1 to any physical roll made right after manifesting again.

Conditions

Addled

You have been seriously shaken up and mentally assaulted by some means, and your ability to think clearly is seriously impinged by involuntary thoughts and loop-thinking. Most likely you have been subjected to the Cursed Aspect of a Behexxed.

Effect: Subtract your resolve from 6 - this represents the penalty to all mental rolls you will take while under the effects of this Condition.

Possible Sources: The Behexxed Cursed-Aspect.

Resolution: Suffer a wound penalty from lethal or aggravated damage, or take a lethal wound in your character's last health box.

Conditioning 1 - 5

An Enkindled has overpowered you and you find yourself starting to bend to their will. They are dominant, they are alpha.

Effect: Whenever you take this condition, suffer a -1 penalty to social actions against the Werewolf or resisting their social actions, cumulative with each failed roll against them, up to -5. Additionally, the Werewolf may remove a single door automatically for social maneuvers. This lasts for a single week.

Possible Sources: If you lose a conscious contest of any sort with an Enkindled, or become habitually dominated by a particular Werewolf, you may gain this Condition.

Resolution: Besting the inflicter of this condition or allowing a week to pass from the last contest lost.

Confused

Your character cannot think straight and is unable to process information properly.

Effect: Take a -2 to all intelligence and wits rolls.

Possible Sources: Facing overwhelming sensory experience, some gifts.

Resolution: Take an hour to clear the mind. Take any lethal damage.

Curse-Paranoia

Your character has had a brush with the malignant, horrible energies of The Curse and his mind is reeling from the experience. She's afraid that every shadow may jump out at her or contain teeth.

Effects: Your character suffers a -2 penalty to all Perception rolls. Any failure on a Perception roll becomes a dramatic failure as she thinks she sees an attacker or threat out of the corner of her eye, and she will react with panic; if she's carrying a firearm she will likely start firing at shadows. Thinking rationally is difficult in the face of such fear and she suffers a -2 penalty on all Intelligence- and Wits based dice pools.

Possible Sources: Some Gifts

Resolution: The character reaches a place of safety. The character gets an exceptional success on a perception roll.

Demoralized

Your character is demoralized and hesitant in the face of the enemy.

Effects: Spending a Willpower point only adds one die to her attack pool rather than the usual three. She also suffers a -4 penalty to her Initiative, and a -2 penalty to her Resolve and Composure whenever they are used to resist or contest a dice pool.

Possible Sources: Attempting something massive and failing at the last hurdle, some gifts

Resolution: The character achieves an exceptional success on an attack, wins combat, or survives combat unharmed. A week passes.

Goaded

You have been targeted by a Rabid seeking to goad you into a fight; your honor and pride sting, your instincts push you to seek redress.

Effects: You count as having Perfect Impression for any Social Maneuvering the Rabid makes to push you into a fight.

Hexxed

You are misfortunate enough to have been tagged for luck-eating by a Behexxed. Tread carefully, the smallest failure can become catastrophic.

Effects: All failures become dramatic failures, while all rolls on the inflicting Werewolf's part against you gain dramatic success on 3+ successes.

Resolution: A day passes; you score an exceptional success on a roll to either evade or beat the Werewolf in question; the Werewolf chooses to resolve the condition and inflict a penalty to the victim's next roll of 2 while gaining a +2 on his next roll.

Tilts

Sick

Your stomach churns. You retch and heave but only succeed in bringing up bile. Sweat beads on your brow as you spike a fever. Your muscles ache with every movement. You're wracked with hot and cold flushes as a sickness gnaws away at your insides.

Effect: This Tilt applies a general sickness to a character without worrying about the specific illness. For the purposes of this Tilt, a sickness is either "moderate" or "grave." A moderate sickness, such as a cold, asthma, the flu, or just a bad hangover, causes a -1 penalty to all actions during combat. That penalty increases by one every two turns (the first two turns, the character suffers a -1 penalty, the next two turns the penalty is -2, and so on up to a maximum of -5 dice on turn 9). A grave sickness, such as pneumonia, heavy metal poisoning, or aggressive cancer, inflicts the same dice pool penalties as a mild sickness. In addition, however, the physical stress of fighting or even defending oneself from an attacker while gravely ill inflicts 1 point of bashing damage per turn of combat.

Causing the Tilt: It's not easy to deliberately make someone sick. Sure, if you can get your hands on a vial of smallpox or deliberately use a disease you've got to make someone sick (a breaking point, especially in the case of grave diseases like AIDS), then you've got a reasonable chance. Some supernatural creatures have abilities that can inflict diseases on others. Aside from that, you've just got to expose your opponent to the sickness long before you fight and hope for the best.

Ending the Tilt: This Tilt reflects the effects of sickness as it specifically applies to combat. Outside of combat, use the existing system for diseases (World of Darkness Rulebook, p. 176). The penalties inflicted by this Tilt fade at a rate of one point per turn once the character has a chance to rest, but any damage inflicted remains until the character can heal.

Disease – Infected Injury

You are suffering a severely infected injury, causing a fever and hindering your healing process. You make a Resistance roll at the start of each interval. Success negates the damage and suppresses any penalties until the next interval. An Infected Injury inflicts 1 lethal damage/interval, and you suffer the Sick (moderate) tilt while in combat.

Interval: 1 day

Possible Sources: Suffering injury from an unsanitary object or in an unsanitary environment; dramatic failure on a Medicine roll

Resolution: Exceptional successes on a Resistance roll; heal all current damage, amputation of the infected limb.

Beat: n/a

Drugged – Hallucinogen [Tilt]

Effect: Your character has imbibed a hallucinogenic drug, such as peyote or LSD. Your character suffers a –2 die penalty to all dice pools and to Defense. Your character may experience confusing, frightening or enraging hallucinations, although he may manage to realize that they exist only in his drugged mind. (Roll Intelligence + Streetwise or Empathy, with the -2 penalty in place, to gain any such “clarity,” after which Stamina + Resolve rolls can be made to resist the effects.) Composure is likely to be affected by a “trip,” with a bonus or penalty depending on whether your character hallucinates when he sees anything, or he assumes that anything he sees is a hallucination. He might see an ordinary person and interpret her as a monster, or see a monster and interpret her as an ordinary person

Causing the Tilt: If the character has chosen to take drugs, then he suffers the effects. To administer drugs to another character is a Dexterity + Weaponry attack, suffering a –1 modifier for the improvised weapon.

Ending the Tilt: The effects of hallucinogens persist for 8 - (victim's Stamina + Resolve) hours. This time is halved by medical help, such as pumping the victim's stomach or flushing his system.

Drugged – Intoxicant [Tilt]

Effect: Your character is drunk on alcohol, or similar intoxicant, and is dulled to the world around her. While she's probably not hallucinating, her inhibitions and reactions are both lower than they should be. Your character suffers a –2 die penalty to all Intelligence, Dexterity and Wits dice pools. Characters using Social maneuvering against her face two fewer Doors than usual.

Causing the Tilt: If the character imbibes a number of drinks greater than his stamina in the span of an hour, then he suffers the effects. The penalty increases to –4 if the character imbibes more than twice his stamina within an hour. Anything more than this causes the character to take the Sick or Poisoned Tilt as well.

Ending the Tilt: The penalty fades at the rate of one die per hour until all the alcohol is purged from your character's system. This time is halved by medical help, such as pumping the victim's stomach or flushing his system.

Drugged – Marijuana [Tilt]

Effect: Your character is high on marijuana or similar drug. Lose one die from any Dexterity-, Intelligence-, Resolve- and Wits-based dice pools for every joint smoked or for each hit your character takes from a bong within an hour (maximum -3). Defense is also reduced accordingly.

Causing the Tilt: If the character has chosen to take drugs, then he suffers the effects.

Ending the Tilt: This effect fades completely an hour after the last hit, unless your character continues to “self-medicate”.

Drugged – Narcotic [Tilt]

Effect: Your character is under the influence of a narcotic (such as heroin, morphine, or barbiturates). The character suffers a -2 modifier to Speed (and static Defense, if used) and a -3 penalty to all rolls in combat, including Defense and Perception. The character also ignores wound penalties.

Causing the Tilt: If the character has chosen to take drugs, then he suffers the effects. To administer drugs to another character is a Dexterity + Weaponry attack, suffering a -1 modifier for the improvised weapon.

Ending the Tilt: A generic narcotic lasts for 10 – (victim’s Stamina + Resolve) hours. This time is halved by medical help, such as pumping the victim’s stomach or flushing his system.

Drugged – Stimulant [Tilt]

Effect: Your character has taken a hit of a potent stimulant, such as Cocaine, Crystal Meth, or Speed. Your character gains a bonus die to Strength and Stamina rolls, but also become edgy and paranoid (-2 to Social rolls).

The Storyteller may apply other conditions and effects of the drug based on the volume that your character takes, on how pure it is and on your character’s state of mind.

Causing the Tilt: If the character has chosen to take drugs, then he suffers the effects. To administer drugs to another character is a Dexterity + Weaponry attack, suffering a -1 modifier for the improvised weapon.

Ending the Tilt: A stimulant lasts for 8 – (victim’s Stamina + Resolve) hours, (minimum 1 hour). This time is halved by medical help, such as pumping the victim’s stomach or flushing his system.

Nausea [Tilt]

Your bile rises and you fight back the nearly overwhelming urge to vomit.

Effect: The character suffers a -2 penalty to his dice pools, and his Defense, Speed and Initiative are reduced by 1.

Causing the Tilt: Exposure to powerful odors or other upsetting stimuli can cause this tilt. Creatures without a sense of smell or with inhuman dietary habits may be immune to this tilt.

Ending the Tilt: The effects of this Tilt normally last until the end of the scene. The character can end the Tilt during her own action by reflexively spending a point of Willpower to gather steady her stomach. The character can also end the tilt by giving in to the compulsion to vomit, suffering the “Stunned” tilt for a turn, doing little other than being violently ill.

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Ideas:

If we take away the spirit world, we take away the plot motivator of the game; there's no Urfarah, no Luna, and hence no war with the Pure. I'd like to preserve the war with the Pure aspect, but flip it on its head to war with the Lunar Strain. This is one plot-enemy.

Werewolf's appeal is its many forms of prey and its many enemies to Hunt. Werewolf needs five established, distinct, interesting enemies. The theme of the game is less supernatural and spirit horror and more visceral biological, genetic, monstrous/disease horror with elder higher-plane beings playing a role such as The Pale Moon controlling the Lunar Strain, or the Nameless Hunter that [FAITHFUL FACTION] communes with.

The Curse also creates other Afflicted-type creatures, though the most common and stable are Werewolves. The Curse can create Daughters of the Moon, which are women who are afflicted with a particular form of the Affliction. They become solitary, plotting monsters that establish nests and usually seek to consume or enslave other Cursed Beings. They usually share similar features such as rubbery, smooth flesh, lengthened limbs, and multiple eyes. They are the most likely to take positions of authority among humanity and even believe they are human until the presence of a Cursed Being awakens their hunting instincts.

Hosts are also Cursed Beings, who are in fact the physical remnants of metaphysical, powerful predators that once hunted humanity or other Afflicted - the biggest ones have a hate-hardon for Werewolves, as they claim it was the various Progenitors who slew them; whether or not this is some delusion or the truth is debatable, since they describe different, conflicting Progenitors for each Strain, but recognize Werewolves by their Strain instinctively. Hosts are usually simply referred to by generic, local names - Snakes, Spiders, Crows, Lampreys - but usually refer to themselves by their own Progenitor's names; Razilu, Azlu, Halaku, Uguskualu, etc.