

Seven thousand years before the modern era, we lived in a true age of darkness. Beyond the tilled fields and muddy cattle pastures, endless glades and ominous forests gird the meagre campfires that pass for civilisation. The changing seasons and the weather or disease they bring are almost as deadly as the malign spirits stalking the wilds. The Great Wolf is the ruler of Pangaea, a primeval merger of the spiritual and physical planes in which his half-wolf children keep what peace they see fit between mankind and the mighty mergers of spirit and flesh that dwell just beyond the mortal world. For the people later generations may come to know as the Vinca, life is as short and desperate as it is brutal. Superstition reigns high and mighty over reason, often considered a better guide to the many supernatural forces of this realm than what man is capable of comprehending.

But that may change soon. The Neolithic tribes of humanity are shedding their place in the cycle of the hunt, some through feats of metallurgy and technology, others through the mysterious Supernal powers predating the coming of Seer and Pentacle alike. Will you stare in awe at humanity's ascent from squalor, or perhaps fight to preserve the Pangaeian paradise?

The Sundered World

(The New World of Darkness, circa. 5500 – 5000 BCE)

You have 10 years and 1000 Choice Points (CP) to join the primal struggle to survive.

You may start anywhere near Belgrade, a southern part of Europe near what will come to be called Serbia. Roll 1d20+15 for a reasonable age to survive in this world as a human or werewolf and as a Drop-In, and keep the same gender or pay 50 CP to change it. As a Pangaeian, your age is far beyond human reckoning.

Origins

Drop-In: Are you quite certain you wish to do this? This is a harsh, unforgiving world where those who hunt alone are seldom accorded much trust. Men are suspect of strangers coming in out of the cold, fearing they may be spirit-ridden. The kin of Father Wolf in turn may consider those without a tribe to call their own prey. If you are truly set on surviving in this world with no history, know that you will likely face suspicion at every turn. Despite the Wolf's efforts, there are beings out there that monsters have nightmares about. Would you like to be one of them?

Man of The People (+400 CP): For as long as you can remember, your little tribe embodies all there is to humanity. Your people have always been here, cultivating your settlements by the river as you struggle to survive in this harsh world. Scarring and marking the land by sheer dogged persistence to not die, your history is recorded in songs and folklore and only recently have you begun to dig for copper and coloured minerals. You are, in short, just an ordinary human-a farmer, or a hunter perhaps, or another common profession of the era with experience commensurate to your age. Heed the superstitions of your tribe if you wish to live long and well. This age has no mercy for the foolish or the weak.

This background may also be used to arrive in this world with no identity.

The Wise (200 CP): Once in a while, an ember flares in the soul of a human being and illuminates the truth within them-makes of them what later generations will call a Mage, a wizard capable of channelling higher truths from the symbolic Supernal Realms to work great transformations and evocations on the physical world. The divine symbols of reality become theirs to command. And while in later years this may lead to the pursuit of grand, philosophical goals for now that understanding of higher power is mostly linked to the natural and seasonal cycles of this world. No Orders command the loyalty of the Wise, little innovation has been done in spellcraft and in this era only the hardest can withstand the Supernal while remaining sane and alive. It is the charge of the few who grasp this power to safeguard their community, as shamans and priests.

The Paths later Mages will come to walk exist, but are understood by different names and perspectives. You may choose to have been enlightened to your powers by The Path of the Sky (that will be remembered as the Acanthus), the Path of the Forest (Mastigos), the Path of the Sea (Moros), the Path of the Storm (Obrimos) and the Path of Blood (Thysus).

Blood of the Wolf (100 CP): To you, this world is a preserve that constantly refills with prey. Existence is a cycle of hunting, of great feasts replete with rich red meat, and though born of the tribes of man you instinctively don your true shape and seek others of your packs to celebrate the sacred truth of your existence: The hunt. Yours is a holy duty. You are the *Uratha*, shapeshifters who can take the form of man, wolf and something in between shaped from human stock and Father Wolf's soul through his union with Luna, the great spirit of the moon. You maintain the law of *Urfarah*, who is known to the humans as Father Wolf, that demands the Pangaeans maintain a balance with their environment. Apart from your spiritual father's mate the Warden Moon, the only other beings of this world that grant you

patronage rather than terror or hate are the Firstborn: Father Wolf's children with the mightiest wolf spirits of the Shadow (this world's spirit realm). But even you are not sovereign to change. Whether by the envenomed deceit of his foes or old age, Father Wolf is weakening and humanity is flourishing in his shadow. Enjoy your predator's paradise while it lasts.

No tribes divide the werewolves of this era, and contrary to the blame asserted by the Pure of later days your kind had silver as your bane in this era as well; the blessing of the Warden Moon comes with its own flaw. And what a terrific blessing it is, for your natural weapons are a bane unto Pangaeans as silver is to werewolves-shredding through their very being like a hot knife through butter.

Pangaeon (300/500/800 CP): How arrogant of Urfarah to not just give his children free reign between the Border Marches and the mortal world, but set his half-human spawn in authority over your kind! Are you not one of the true rulers of this world? You are a primeval divinity and singular monstrosity that symbolises the natural cycles and forces of this planet. You may be a god of weather, the seasons or even certain animals-anything below the ambit of a celestial body is fair game; unlike the common spirits, you are not merely a reflection of this world but a pillar of it. By Urfarah's command your kind is bound to remain in the Border Marches, the primordial paradise where the supernatural-a command enforced not through spellcraft, but the viciousness of himself and his blood-kin. Yet your primal natures may yearn to exert what you represent in defiance of that edict.

For 300 CP you may be one of the weaker members of your kind, unlikely to challenge Father Wolf without great guile and inspiration. Inari, the Great Fox who was recently slain by the Wise in their numbers is one such example. Though you wield spirit powers on par with spirits from the 3rd to 5th rank, your Arcana still give you a significant edge.

For 500 CP you may be a truly great member of your kind-or perhaps an infamous one, if you bridle at Urfarah's edict. *Zur Suhikath*, the Spinner-Hag who may one day sire the dreaded Spider Hosts from the broken pieces of her soul would be counted as your equal. Before her seeming defeat, the great spider had stained Pangaea red with her rampant predation-and after paying for her hubris in their first clash, even literally hatched a plan to resurrect herself by distributing her lifeforce into the miniscule Spider Hosts while her main body was struck down. Should you wish for a...closer relationship with Father Wolf, this option may also be taken to be one of his many children: The Firstborn, who he sired with the mightiest spirits of wolves in the Shadow that is where spirits naturally dwell. While you are not a pureblooded Pangaeon, there is little meaningful difference and your lesser status is more than compensated for by being allied to Pangaea's dominant ruler.

And for 800 CP, you may be an apex predator, unchallenged herbivore or dominant landmark of Pangaea on par with Father Wolf himself. To be a being of such stature is to, in some sense, shape Pangaea in your image just as the Border Marches that link it to the mundane world reflect Father Wolf's primal urge to separate and patrol. The Bull has fought Father Wolf and yet lives, his thousand hooves still trampling the lands beyond.

You are not a spirit, and certainly unaffected by mystic forces that would affect a spirit only. Rather you are an extremely powerful lifeform with spiritual powers and traits; one of the Wise would require both the Spirit and either Life or Matter Arcana to affect you depending on your nature. As well as the Influences and Numina of fully spiritual beings, you are able to wield the Supernal power of the Wise though with generally narrower scope, and may possess other unique powers over the world. Lastly, you are capable of entering abstract realms of existence such as the Temenos and Anima Mundi-which represent the human collective unconsciousness and the animistic reflection of the physical world. The lesser Pangaeans would be little different from particularly great spirits in overall power, if not for the unique breadth of their abilities. But the greatest Pangaeans are godlike forces of nature, to whom the world is their hunting ground.

Perks

Drop-In

Psychic Potential (100 CP): By dint of birth or blessing, you have a psychic ability on par with the numina of the spirits. This world is harsh and unforgiving, and through a life of relentless survival you've honed your powers beyond most in the modern era.

One such power is the ability to levitate or hurl 500 kilograms' worth of matter without touch. Another, teleporting without envisioning your destination. A third, creating great gouts of flame-but more sublime powers are available here too like reaping the life, will and even the ineffable essence of the spirits. Or generating and shaping the ectoplasm of the Underworld, even into sentient servants.

This perk may be repurchased to grant additional psychic powers. Drop-Ins buy such repurchases at 50 CP apiece.

An Unequal Joining (200 CP): Sometimes a human is punished by some transgression against the spirits by being Claimed as a vessel for their will. This punishment was levelled against you at some point but...something went terribly wrong, and you gained the spirit's powers and nature while retaining your will and essentially physical being. This protects you from drastic degradation or diminishment of the aspect of the world you embody harming yourself, though it may diminish your spiritual powers. You also have the capacity to shift into the spirit realm with an effort of Essence.

You have all the powers of a moderately powerful spirit of the 3rd rank, and may regain Essence by enacting some important part of your spiritual half's nature or by consuming other spirits; given significant improvement of your material reflection or enormous consumption of other spirits, you may advance in rank-though be warned the latter carries the risk of significant consumption altering your nature in conformity with your meal's nature. This comes with some "unnatural" physical mutation that nevertheless conveys some benefits; a crow spirit might boast talons and wings scaled for a human's proportions, or a river spirit constantly drip freshwater that can be shaped into crude constructs.

Kin to the Idigam (400 CP): Your nature is that of a spirit without a clear analogue in the physical world. This should mean death, and yet you thrive-for either the blood of the strange, vile spirits called the Idigam runs through your veins or you yourself are a relatively new specimen of these creatures (and have thus adopted a primarily spiritual nature). Many of your kind pursue strange, often violent quests to repair or refine their natures into a desired form. As such your Influences reflect your physical representation or the site of somewhere you've coalesced at. Though far lesser than a Pangaeon (Father Wolf is said to have literally punted many of your kind to the moon for safekeeping) you possess double the Essence pool of other spirits comparable to your rank.

Your most unique power is altering the soul and flesh of both yourself and other living beings-even spirits, and a form of reactive evolution that reshapes you

towards one of the alien goals your kind pursue. Above all, Father Wolf's brood fears and hates you for your power to use these abilities in tandem to gradually increase your power with reactive mutation and spiritual corruption, devouring other spirits or designing grand projects to perfect your own nature. Such transformations are seldom recognisable as anything sane or harmonious with the natural order, but always proffer advantages to your alien way of being. Whether your kind are echoes of the first unicellular life, truly alien beings or misbegotten children of the moon, your overall power is a great challenge to a pack of werewolves-though such a battle remains fierce unless you have prepared your territory very securely, and the fight would quickly swing in their favour should they discover your Bane as a spirit. Be aware that all your kind are regarded as horrific aberrations by just about every sane being.

Lord/Lady-in-Waiting of Wounds (600 CP): There are distortions even the vilest natural spirits of the world abhor. There is savagery even the werewolves feel should not exist. And by choosing this, one of the archdemons called the Maeljin has reached out to remake you in its image. Choose one of the sins they embody: Lust, Greed, Envy, Gluttony, Pride, Sloth, Wrath, Deception and Violence. You are now deeply attuned to it to the extent that whatever your former nature, you have the powers of a powerful demon-a Dominion, ranked somewhere between the greater demons and infernal nobles of legend, your Manifestations warped in the image of certain distorted pagan gods and fallen angels. As such you also wield great Influence over your sin, and the theme of the forms you choose. It is well within your power to incite riots through hatred or avarice, harm others as silver harms werewolves-and summon, enhance and wield flame out of nowhere as a fire demon. You possess many dark Numina powers as well. For example, a demon of Envy could reduce the fortunes of others, bless their attempts to steal, ruin fortunes, turn it or a host's gaze into boiling energy, siphon vitality from others or even disrupt other supernatural powers. Finally, you have a Malapraxis: A certain manifestation of sin that is your nourishment and succour, through which your will is soothed, and you may regain Essence-potentially all your Essence, should you be near a being that greatly rejects morality to indulge your choice sin.

Your fundamental nature as a demon makes you difficult for many to decipher. An aura of corruption dogs your presence, tainting and remaking all in your vicinity into the image of your sin-potentially even creating dark relics should you focus your Influence upon it. You also understand all languages, including ancient, dead tongues, those used by supernatural societies and the tortured, undecodable or translatable glossolalia that is the demon language. No supernatural power can detect your lies, half-truths or other communicated deceptions-for falsehood is fundamentally woven into your being, and perception of your thoughts is similarly guarded. Though be warned: Certain powers and rituals can compel you to speak the truth.

Most dire of all is your potential for infernal evolution. Though higher ranks will require exponentially greater feats like for spirits, merely driving those around you to sin can raise your Infernal rank. You possess a Secret Name: A sort of synaesthetic demonic frequency that transmits the power of Hell, through which others may summon you. Through it you may inspire those you corrupt to name,

define and so empower you by creating a metaphysical image for you to inhabit. Through this you may obtain Infernal ranks, additional Numina or broaden the sins by which you can empower yourself through-though be warned, granting others your Secret Name risks them wielding great power to bind, banish, exorcise or potentially harm you permanently through. Corrupt a victim thoroughly enough and they may write Testaments in your honour: An elaborate, detailed description of you, the means to summon you, your associations, reputed abilities, titles and so forth. Perception and nomenclature are rich feasts among your kind, and you have at least one successful Testament defining some of your powers and manifestations out in this world. Already great among demonkind, perhaps it is the intent of the Maeljin to see you join their ranks: Spirits that are to Hell what Father Wolf is to Pangaea.

Man of the People

The Shepherd's Toil (100 CP): Among the People, agriculture has been the backbone of civilisation's advent. Every member of the tribe is expected to support the rest through their toil, and none can dispute your efforts. You are an excellent herdsman and farmer, your herds obedient to your instructions and your well-honed instincts yielding greater crops from your fields than most neighbours. It is a humble life, yet one that sets in motion a trend across all humanity that gradually diminishes Father Wolf's importance and power as the hunt incarnate.

This perk may be repurchased for similar skill at one of the other prosaic vocations known among the people, at **50 CP if discounted**. Traders for example are regarded as rootless but the exotic goods and news they bring are much welcomed, and you could have a silver tongue by this era's standards. You might also be a skilled weaver, or talented carver of bone and stone.

The Hunter's Rites (200 CP): Though war is nearly unknown between the People, the hunter-cultists among the people value the act of hunting as sacred. They preserve and retell tales of the hunts the People once relied on, and venerate Wolf above all divinities. A member of one such hunting cult, you're a strong and athletic spearman also skilled in the knife, the sling and the few other weapons of this era-as well as pursuing, skinning and dressing all manner of animals. More importantly, you remember many tales of how to offer up trophies from the hunt to propitiate spirits-primarily to stave off Father Wolf's wrath on the rare occasions when it comes to the material world, but also potentially to earn blessings from lesser spirits.

The Potter's Skill (400 CP): As an excellent potter, you are given a little awe by other villagers due to the connection between your practices and those of the Wise. You know how to carve the bowls and urns your people use to store food and water, but more importantly many traditions to create ritual ceramics that can preserve god-words have been passed down in your clan. Marked urns can disempower the attempts of spirits to damage the soul, while talismans or statuettes carved with First Tongue sigils can weaken those crossing a threshold. Crucially the Wise depend on the ritual ceramics your kind makes for them, which can empower their spells and rituals. As such the Wise are far closer to the potters

than any of the People for understanding and relating to the deeper mysteries of the world. A measure of this relationship shall follow you henceforth, making it easier for you to win the friendship and even love of magic users.

The Chieftain's Throne (600 CP): When the Sundering comes and Father Wolf is torn apart by his children for the alleged crime of his weakness making him unfit for the hunt, his dying howl will forge a new balance between flesh and spirit. Though the people will survive this, they have more to fear from aggressive, expansionist tribes seeking their territory. You might be their salvation, for you have the bearing and wisdom of a great chieftain. Though the People subscribe to no strict hierarchy beyond the castes they need to allocate work, you are farther-seeing and deeper-thinking than any save the Wise among your tribe. Combined with being the strongest and most skilled fighter of your clan as well as a persuasive, likeable voice you might just have what it takes to organise the People into a more powerful force.

In fact, your efforts in a certain area are greatly expedited, as if blessed by a great spirit that wants to usher in a more anthropocentric world. Your weapon finds it's mark in battle, your efforts to train others in your ways go smoothly, breakthroughs in tools and weapons happen every other day-and so on. This is no coincidence, for one of the great and inscrutable Archgenitor Exarchs has deemed you an acceptable pawn for advancing their grip upon the world. Choose one of the following to be a pawn in the machinations of-although after this jump while you will retain this blessing, your achievements no longer serve the Exarch's mysterious purposes.

The Unity blesses all attempts to advance conformity and the subjugation of others to a higher purpose.

The General blesses war in all its aspects, from blind rage to calculating strategy.

The Eye blesses all attempts to learn and discover.

The Father blesses all efforts to promote or participate in organised religion.

The Wise

The Fire of Wisdom (The Wise only, free): To the Wise, Awakening is the flame that ignites one's soul with truth. You have walked this path, and obtained insight ripped from the primordial perceptions of the Supernal Realms through one of the following means.

The Path of the Sky saw you venture through the chaos of billowing winds and calamitous storms, hammered by winds and scorched by the shifting of the sun. Yet you reached the stone brazier at a distant peak, took flame from its bowl and marked your place in this realm's howling mountaintop. Now, with the slightest touch and caress of the wind or sun you can precisely predict the weather for the

next 24 hours, and obtain great insight into weather patterns in the mundane world. You are the predecessor to what modern mages would call the Acanthus.

The Path of the Forest brought you to a tangled and terrifying woodland, with only a few shafts of light from a distant canopy. Unlike the fools distracted by relics of the past or terrified by shapes in the foliage, you found the heated standing stone deep within. You broke off part of its scalding rock, scarring yourself with its heat and took for yourself its power. Now you and those who travel with you move twice as fast in woodlands. In time, others will call your feat of self-mastery the way of the Mastigos.

The Path of the Waters sent you to a distant shore, gleaming with metal and bones. You waded into the cold sea, where those foolish enough to tread water were swept away. Instead you gave up your breath, sinking among the forest of the drowned dead to seek the flickering flame below. You found it as a shiny tablet, and Awakened when it shattered at your touch. When you destroy an inanimate object with your magic, the ocean's ravaging power doubles your natural healing rate. Those who awaken to your insights will become the radically different Moros in time.

The Path of the Storm was a challenge among challenges. You struggled through an obsidian wasteland. Fires seared you, lightning split the ground and thunder deafened you-yet you stayed true to the path. When you arrived at a place of calm, you seized the heart of lightning and swallowed its raw power of truth. Now when you will it, any source of flame in sight cannot be extinguished by natural causes. Your sheer determination will be echoed by those who call themselves the Obrimos.

The Path of Blood sent you into deep tunnels, pursued by something hungry and savage. The panicked exhausted themselves and fell to their pursuer. You listened to your instincts, fusing impulse and intellect to seek a path to an ancient stone with fire burning in its hollows. You shed blood on your hand, and marked the menhir with its bloody print to Awaken as a predator. Pacts and bindings protect you from the spirits, who can only initiate violence with an effort of will. Those who follow in your path will be known as the Thyrsus.

Community Mystic (100 CP): Though blessed with great knowledge and insight into the workings of reality, the Wise are still born from among the People. Many of them feel a noble calling to help their community survive, but even the most malevolent would likely suffer greatly without the resources their tribe provides. You have a bearing and charisma that makes it easier for you to live among mundane populations with mystical powers. You are adept at soothing others frightened by what they don't understand, telling white lies to explain the free-for-all that is the spirit realm and are sensitive about what your kin actually require from your esoteric knowledge.

Astral Diplomacy (200 CP): The Wise often encounter each other and the spirits through trips into the Astral Realm, exploring that plane that represents the collective human psyche. Such meetings have led to great cooperation between Wise from different gatherings of the People, despite the geographical distance

between them. You are not just skilled at powers similar to astral projection, but have a combination of mystical charm and friendly mental body language that makes approaching others through such means much easier. With this, it's easy to make friends and influence people as a disembodied voice rather than terrify others.

To Hell With The Gods (400 CP): The Wise learned much of the unseen realms, and revered the gods themselves-moulding their souls to gain certain unique powers based on their reverences. What none know is that when they found each and every one of the bastards ignored and rebuked them, in a fury the Wise slew Fox at great cost and wrenched her stone heart from her carcass as a trophy. Whether or not you participated in one such godslaying, you have gained the powers of a unique Legacy-an alteration normally part of a Wise's soul permitting them unique forms of magic. It may be a unique power particularly baneful to the callous Pangaeans, a means of carving bone flutes that lets you commune with the wind and the rain or some other Legacy. As a bonus for your investment here, in a normally unprecedented case the Legacy you have here will not diminish your capacity to learning another Legacy from this world.

Beacon of Awakening (600 CP): The People have always been here, eking out an existence in this harsh land...but deep in their bones the People know *here* was once *there*. There was a time when the world was in perfect balance, when the People could command storms to be calmed, make mountains bow in obeisance and raise vast edifices to the sky. And by some miraculous accident in the chaos of Shattered Time, when you Awoke to the great ember of power which granted you your powers you were also imbued with a fragment of what later men will call a Watchtower's nature and power.

Your knowledge of the High Speech is complete, greatly diminishing the costs of your spells and improving their durations. More notably, not only can you communicate it to others around you without impediment from the Lie but by explaining magic through the High Speech you may Awaken other human beings as Wise (or Mages, as later generations will call you) with all that entails. As your mystical power grows, in time your speech alone may be able to rouse other innate powers buried but somehow sealed away in other beings and free others from their spiritual link with chaotic forces such as the Abyss that bars most of mankind's connection to the Supernal Realms. Even if you would not normally be capable of wielding the Arcana as the Wise do, your radiant soul grants you that capacity-and makes you great among them, with all the talent of a certain ruthless kingmaker of the latter days who sacrificed the chivalrous paradise he built to Ascend.

It would be prudent to use this power circumstantially: There are monumentally powerful forces with a vested interest in keeping all of humanity mystically quiescent, which while too grand to care for minor transgressions would likely respond harshly to an attempt to an attempt to mass uplift the People. But even a handful more Wise can mean the difference between life and death for an endangered tribe, and in worlds without the harsh laws of the Exarchs you may be able to grant entire populations of humanity the gift of the Wise.

Blood of the Wolf

Wolves Together Strong (100 CP): The strength of the pack is the wolf, and the strength of the wolf is the pack. And as a wolf in spirit, you intuitively hunt in packs very well, coordinating smoothly with your packmates and instinctively improvising strategies or supporting their efforts to bring your prey to heel. The Pangaeans of this world are greater in power than any single werewolf, yet together your kind have often helped your great father lay low what some consider living gods.

Harmonious Coexistence (200 CP): In the modern era many werewolves struggle to reconcile their brutal instincts and their human norms, but in the brutal prehistoric landscape you've found a fine balance between both. Never again will the animal in you suppress your capacity for strategic thought, nor will your humanity interfere with the instinctive spontaneousness of your animalistic instincts. Even now some werewolves struggle with these facets of their being, but such is the harmony inherent to your soul that spending time away from your pack would not risk depleting the harmony of wolf and man within you and more dire transgressions would do much less harm to your mental balance. Even if you are no werewolf, this innate tranquillity greatly helps preserve your mental balance when acting against your nature.

Sanctioned By The Moon (400 CP): In time, when Father Wolf breathes his last many of the spirits will vent their spite on the Uratha. But would they act so bold if their predatory prowess survived their father's fall? There's something about your particular ferocity and valiant heart that reminds Luna of the love she bears for Father Wolf. Gods, spirits and beings of the moon in general find you intensely attractive, eagerly showering you in their blessings and bidding their servants attend you-perhaps even seeking a more intimate union. To give an example of your preferential treatment, while the Lunes hold most werewolves strictly to the code of honour laid down for them not only are they far more lenient and understanding to your transactions, but many will keep an eye on you to defend you in battle. And while Luna has chosen her mate in this world, her first sign of favour has greatly augmented your killing prowess. The moon's favour has reinforced your natural weapons to be as supernaturally effective on beings of flesh and blood or spirits as they are on the pure Pangaeans, rending their flesh like a hot knife through butter. These traits will breed true in children you sire.

Firstborn Contagion (600 CP): The Uratha are not Father Wolf's First children. There was a more savage pack once, who hunted to prove their worth to their creator but could not win his acceptance because their unchecked madness tore at the fabric of reality itself. They drove terror into the hearts of mortal creatures, yet were abandoned by the dark mother he sired them with. A horrid atavism seems to have awakened in you, warping you into one of these creatures-yet by some miracle, you wrested back control of yourself and retain all your powers as a werewolf while gaining the power to transform into a powerful specimen of the First, also called the *Urighur* or *Geryo*.

While not native shapeshifters, each *Urighur* is blessed with a gigantic, monstrous form often boasting numerous limbs or heads as well as gigantic size and supernatural physicality for a natural animal. In battle, these forms can augment themselves with greater resilience, an aura of fear and even more deadly teeth and claws. Though you boast power equal to the 5th rank of spirits, draw on Essence for power and have many similar abilities you are not actually treated as such by relevant supernatural powers and effects due to your unusual lineage. You were ordained by your father to hunt a specific category of prey-such as those who transgress the natural order with magic, or kinslayers-and instinctively know the direction of a given instance, while your natural weapons become the Bane for it. However, as this power failed to apply a Bane against the formless Idigam it's possible extremely powerful or unusual prey may force you to rely on raw power instead. Furthermore when on the hunt, if your prey escapes to another plane of existence you may swiftly fade away and follow them there-though getting back may prove trickier.

You regenerate more swiftly than any werewolf, and such is your power that by spending Essence you may attempt to negate supernatural effects with an effort of will. You also gain 5 multifaceted powers associated with any regular spirit, and gain an additional one each time you increase your spiritual rank. Your very presence also naturally twists at the world's foundations, devastating it with a certain supernatural environmental hazard-and though this effect is constant for most your attunement to your werewolf self lets you suppress this ability that will. Last but not least, it is typical for your kind to possess several dread powers in addition to this. Having 8 independent heads that can reach for a hundred yards away and even further through a burrow or reflective surface, poisoning the land with a mystical toxin that can shatter the foundations of buildings, restraining others in body and mind as well as infesting multiple beings to serve as a kind of hivemind are all examples of what your more untamed brethren are capable of. Even if the might to threaten an entire pack of Uratha was not enough, your bite contains a particular contagion against werewolves: The power to warp their bodies and break their minds into what is known as the Distorted. A new, relatively weak Geryo slaved to your will.

Pangaeon

Between the Borders (100 CP): The true natives of the rifts between worlds, each Pangaeon is equally at home in the material world and their native homeland. As a Pangaeon or perhaps someone greatly favoured by one, you too are seldom lost when wandering between the borders of two overlapping planes of reality. As the squirrel nimbly leaps between branches so do you ably navigate the gulfs between such realms, and as the salmon swims upstream somehow you always keep a good sense of direction on the boundary between dimensions. While some realms such as the primordial form of the Underworld's sea may prove dangerous when much different from the gulf between the realms of spirit and flesh, be assured that you can at least trust your gut in how to return from such places.

Jumper's Seed and Feed (200 CP): The Plague Lord and the Spinner-Hag famously diffused their essence by different means into lesser vermin, hoping that they

would one day resurrect themselves after the death of their hunter. In the modern day these efforts continue to haunt the Uratha as the Hosts: Horrid animal-like spirits capable of possessing a dead human, consuming each other to gain Essence, consuming a whole human when stronger to assume a hybrid form with greater spiritual powers, weakening or strengthening the barriers between the spiritual and physical worlds, and hiding their lifeforce when a host body is destroyed among one of a scattering swarm. But from reports of the Snake-Host and Locust-Host outbreaks, it seems they are far from the first beings to attempt such experiments.

Through a stroke of mystic genius, you too have developed a technique for shedding parts of your lifeforce into lesser beings which feel an instinctive loyalty to you. These creatures are far lesser in stature to you, being to a Pangaeon what a typical Host specimen is, but such is your skill for the feat that you can modify the nature of your spawn with different techniques. While by default your spawn is uniform in emulating your nature as lesser spirits, with the assistance and lifeforce of other mystically significant beings you may create more complex and powerful entities. A mercurial helper such as Luna might result in something akin to the Uratha, whose spirit shards nestle in existing lifeforms such as humans. A terrifying mate such as the Dark Mother might result in some analogue to the First. With much experimentation, even beings created from your own Essence only might be ordained with a different goal than mere self-preservation or be refined into a more complex merger of flesh and spirit rather than settling for one or the other. Best of all, it takes you far less lifeforce to shape such creations than it normally would, allowing you to create Hosts without fear of expending your entire soul without pushing yourself far more than the Spinner-Hag did. Do reign in your creations though, it would do no good to attract the bad attention of Father Wolf.

Supernal Echo (400 CP): The Wise believe your kind to be survivors of an ancient clash that sundered the Supernal Realms, trapping you amidst matter and spirit. Lending credence to that belief is this atavistic remnant of glory you wield: A unique power normally associated with the beings summoned from the Supernal Realms by those who will follow in the Wise's footsteps, retained like a precious gem in your fall from grace. While generally reformed to reflect your nature as a representative for a more primal world, any inspiration from the Supernal Realms is valid.

The three gifts of Metatron are one such example: An intense barrier of energy, greater mastery over the Forces of the universe and a fiery attack that sears those wicked in your eyes as purification rends ghosts. The Weaver's power to find alternate threads of Fate and weave them into a physical form for someone to wear in order to grant them skills and abilities from a life they never led, another. The Harbinger's touch of death, a third. Such powers are akin to great feats of magic as yet unmastered by the Wise, liable to arouse far more awe than envy from them.

Progenitor of Darkness (600 CP): There are rumoured horrors of the ancient world, whose survival into the present would make one ponder just what forces were so great that only Father Wolf himself could have killed or imprisoned such creatures. Abominations predating Pandora itself. Zmai the Worm, if it exists, is a Pangaeon

survivor reduced into a grotesque beast after the Sundering-and some way the creature's noxious, addictive slime is the most primordial form of the vampiric curse. What if there was at least one other such creature? What if that creature...was you?

Choose a template of supernatural being known and feared in the modern era, save the Uratha (whose sire is already known), the denizens of the Supernal (whose bond with you has been shattered) and the Mages (whose powers are the birthright of mankind, as the Wise prove). Somehow your origin is interwoven with the font of their powers, even if they are as alien as the God-Machine's angels or as incomprehensible as the Qashmallim of the Principle. You are a mighty avatar of these powers in their primordial, untamed form-endowed with such forces in scope proportionate to your overall power. Were you to be among the mightiest of Pangaeans, you would be to many lesser specimens of their kind what Father Wolf is to the werewolves that come after him. While the supernatural energies are generally corrosive to most who come into contact with them, with skill and care it may be possible to distil them into a form that lets you transform others into other iterations of those beings or create new specimens of them loyal to your cause. You are a great mystery in the history of the supernatural, one with little hope of being truly unravelled by modern scholars.

Items

All items are discounted by 50% for all backgrounds under the relevant headers, unless otherwise specified. Drop-Ins gain a 600 CP item stipend and may discount one item from each tier derived from the other backgrounds.

Man of the People

Primal Arms (100 CP, 2 free Man of the People): Even a farmer or potter here carries some form of protection against the wild animals that threaten herds. Correctly fractured stone holds a remarkably sharp edge for hatchets and spears. Slings are also common, and some hunter-cultists carry bows too. With each purchase here, you may obtain a primitive weapon common to the Neolithic era that the People dwell in-coming with a well-stocked supply of ammunition if it is ranged. Each additional purchase grants an additional such weapon, and a **Man of the People buys such additional weapons at 50 CP apiece**

Clay Deposit (200 CP): Even without ritual purpose, clay is a great resource to the lives of the People. It stores water, keeps food clean and can be used to hide valuables. Of course, clay does have many ritual purposes and as such can mean the difference between success and disaster for more complex rites. Which is why it's fortunate you have access to a vast hidden supply of the richest natural clay for many miles. This stuff even moulds easier, sets faster and hardens harder than normal clay, as if a friendly river spirit had blessed it.

Our Little Tribe (400 CP): It would be a shame for the Vinca to be entirely lost to history, wouldn't it? A large group of Vinca, the demographic of which may be determined by you, commensurate with among the largest self-contained villages

has looked to you for guidance after being guided by dream-sent omens or visions from the spirits. Self-sufficient and traditional, their determination to survive is bolstered by the three Wise ones among them that proclaim your arrival as a good omen. Though the Vinca have little need for complex authority, you are already something of a big man and it wouldn't be too hard to set up a formal chain of command. In future worlds their village will appear somewhere in the world in a climate similar to their homeland, or optionally in a territory you possess vast enough to contain them.

The Bulls of Bull (600 CP): In a stroke of good fortune, you've obtained a herd of the most valuable traded commodity in this ancient world: Cattle! A whole herd of them follows you with far greater obedience than the average herd, and while no more intelligent than the average cow the animals seem to heed your commands as dogs would. But something's...auspicious about this herd. Their milk is so deliciously nutritious, you'd swear it makes shallow wounds seal up in a minute or so. Their meat and marrow are similarly succulent yet tender, their blood yields much greater mana in sacrifice and when brought to the slaughter the animals gracefully accept their fate instead of resisting. And whenever you're looking, the herd seems to inexplicably gain new members out of nowhere. It seems this herd of cattle has been blessed by the great Pangaeian Bull himself, and is a treasure among treasure in a world where even ordinary cattle are far more valuable than their weight in gold.

This item may be repurchased for additional herds of cattle if you want to be some sort of Neolithic louche, or a similarly blessed group of livestock animals that aren't cattle.

The Wise

Tools of Resonance (100 CP): Not for the Wise are the coin, the cup, the mirror, rod and weapon-several of which haven't even been invented yet. Instead, the tools with which they work their rituals are statuettes, masks, fetishes or other representations of the most powerful of the Pangaeians.

The Bull, who represents strength and determination, hardiness and resilience-who also binds magic tied to fertility and food.

The Bird, who personifies change, wisdom, prophecy and perception.

The Snake, who embodies fortune, water, the soul, the self and the healing of both.

And the Wolf, who is hunger, desire, death, blood and all manner of violent and destructive magic.

In accordance with your trade, you have a set of four tools-one of each represents a given god. This item may be repurchased for an additional set of mystic tools, at **50 CP for the Wise.**

A Residence of Wisdom (200 CP): The Wise do not want for food and shelter, as it is a sign of great prestige among the People to supply such necessities for one of the Wise themselves. As such you have what may be considered a lavish hut by the People's standards: A squat building of stone, straw and mudbrick. Well stocked with choice meats, fish, crops and the best bedding that can be found in these unforgiving lands, this hut mysteriously restocks every month or so as if by unseen villagers. There's even a bonfire, and a small supply of ritual ceramics inscribed with god-words! The wind only whistles through your windows during the fiercest of storms, and the roof is almost waterproof. Truly, this is the height of luxury in the Sundered World.

Blasphemous Ambition (400 CP): Like the descendants, the Wise are obsessive even unto the brink of hubris. There are some forces it may be wise not to touch too closely. Yet few can deny there is power in the blood-soaked path of the apostate. What you have here is a ritual ground related to some practice deemed obscene by most of the Wise and an immensely powerful Legacy that somehow draws power at the cost of your fellow man's wellbeing-which the horrific deeds you practice in this area empower; your purchase here somehow ensures it is able to coexist with any other Legacy you may learn in this world. It could be the ever-rotting corpse of a dead god, where by eating the hearts of travellers you may gain some measure of its power through sympathetic resonance. It could be a tree whose branches hang with urns marked with profaned god-words, with which you steal others' souls to imprison. It could even simply be a village enslaved to your will with powerful mind-magic that assimilates those who investigate into the hivemind. While the delineation between enlightenment and blasphemy is not as clear as it will be in more recent times, know that whatever you practice will draw the ire of entire Circles of Wise if discovered.

The Omphalos Stone (600 CP): Being to Pangaeans what the Soul Stone is to modern mages, these menhirs are fonts of incredible mystic power. A stone twice the height of a man, each generates a Demesne around itself somewhere in the size of 25 to 50 yards: A region brought into harmony with the realms of the gods (the Supernal Realms) in which the dimmed ember of common men's souls (the Lie) cannot quench (inflict Paradox) your magic. Moreover it bolsters your magic greatly, turning your usual efforts into exceptional successes much more easily than conventional Soul Stones could. It is no exaggeration to state that these stones are invaluable to the survival of the People in a world where most supernatural beings prey on them, permitting the Wise to delve higher planes more easily, guide the People in their time of need and wield the greatest of their arts more easily. As a final boon, your purchase here is one of the original gifts by the Bull and the Bird-and because of that, to the extent it matters other Pangaeans and spirits will not consider your use a murder of their own kin.

This item may be repurchased for additional Omphalos Stones.

Companions

Travellers From A Distant Future (50-400 CP): Wherever you and yours have come from, it's quite likely to have been somewhere more modernised than this world. If you wish, you may import up to 8 companions into this world. Each gains 800 CP to spend on perks and items, though they must still pay for backgrounds where applicable. If entered as Drop-Ins, companions still receive the Drop-In item stipend. You may also create new companions in this manner.

Denizens of a Bygone Time (50 CP): It is difficult to approach many here without a preestablished relationship. Old loyalties have been long tested, while outsiders are frequently regarded with suspicion for fear of some new ploy by the spirits. Still, if you wish to bring a native from here with you as a companion for 50 CP you are guaranteed at least one positive meeting with them in this world, and if they accept, they may come with you as a companion.

The Pack (100 CP/400 CP, free and optional/discounted Blood of the Wolf): The wolf must hunt. And the wolf must not hunt alone. This is an instinct so thoroughly ingrained into the psyche of the Uratha, that their inner harmony with their bestial and human natures can be disrupted by contradictions to this state of affairs. For 100 CP (or for free, should you yourself of the Blood of the Wolf), you may have a band of four Uratha that have stuck by you through thick and thin in this world, who collectively occupy one companion slot. Battle-tested and hardened to this world's extremes, there are few more loyal companions to be found in this world. However, if you are willing to pay a little more you may instead somehow have gained the loyalty of four First instead. These powerful, aberrant superpredators somehow regard you as a member of their pack, and sullen from their parents' disapproval are all the more loyal to their own kind for acceptance. Perhaps if you guide them well to restrain their carnage, they may escape the binding Father Wolf will eventually deem the First deserving for the danger they pose to the natural order.

The Circle (200 CP, discounted The Wise): It's dangerous to go alone, even if you can bend space and turn time into knots. The practice of magic is in its infancy, and those who pursue it are pioneers. With this, you have a band of four other Wise who take up one companion slot among whom you are a respected ally and fellow practitioner. Together, you have let villages thrive in fallow land and scourged dark forces that would prey on your kin. Skilled and talented in their respected disciplines enough to have Legacies of their own, your colleagues are troubled by the revelation of how uncaring many of the People's gods are to their plight and hope that as a stalwart ally you are willing and able to aid any...drastic measures they take for the good of the People.

The Jumper Host (300 CP, Pangaeon only): Goodness, someone's been busy-and yet, somehow not depleted by your efforts? It seems that by some strange art, you've created a massive Host species of your own in times past-easily a population the size of the Azlu of modern days. Inhuman intellects coloured by powerful instincts and reflecting your nature, these spirits may be to you what the Azlu are to the Spinner-Hag but as their progenitor your supremacy is

unquestioned-and depending on your nature, they may be stranger than the common make of spirits. Any whim, any project or mystic art you care to see done will be followed with zealous diligence by their multitudes. In future worlds these spirits may occupy a territory of Pangaea connected to your Warehouse, or be spread throughout the world waiting to do your bidding already.

The Firstborn of Jumper (600 CP, Pangaeian only): It appears you've ALREADY been quite busy, having sired 14 powerful beings with the greatest spirits similar to your nature. Straddling the line between Pangaeian and spirit, these entities are to you what the Firstborn are to Father Wolf-and fiercely loyal to your nature and leadership. Each creature has their own specialities and interests. A morbid one may have great wisdom and power over death, while a stalwart one stand as a primal incarnation of leadership. Even the weaker of their number are commensurate with the 6th rank of spirits, while the most powerful at the 7th rank. While their mothers may have faded into the mists of time, in future worlds your children will follow you loyally in one companion slot.

Drawbacks

Mystery For The Ages (+0 CP): How much more can you endure from this World of Darkness™? Dare you endure throughout the ages, as the years go by, to watch humanity become ascendant only to manufacture monsters of its own as the whirring gears of a mechanical demiurge close around the world? With this you may extend your stay beyond ten years, to see what change may come throughout the ages. The longest you may stay is up until the year 2021 in the modern age.

Pariah (100 CP): The People are not aggressive as a rule, but they are superstitious. Something you did, or perhaps something you ARE has exiled you from the nearest local community as if you were spirit-ridden, a practitioner of taboo mystic arts or worse. Word seems to travel fast too for in other communes you'll find unsettling rumours of your nature colouring your interactions with the People. And while nothing stops you from winning their trust by deeds, there's always something unsettling about you that makes first impressions troublesome.

The Teeth of the Storm (100 CP): Rain falls, thunder crackles and the sky morphs quickly from hail to snow to whipping winds. While the natural world was always a harsh place to survive, with this you'll find that wherever you go the weather is particularly savage even by the standards of this world. Exposure is a significant threat for the People, and even Uratha or Wise may struggle to find their footing when the sky's decided this is the perfect opportunity for a flash flood.

Primal Mind (100 CP): Hunt. Eat. Breed. These are the secret ingredients used to make the perfect little Jumper. But then Professor Benefactor added a secret ingredient: A lack of inhibitions. You can kiss strategy and esoteric pursuits goodbye for your stay here, because the primal instincts of an animal have subsumed much of your thought process. While technically no less intelligent, your priorities and emotions are all geared towards the most primal aspects of life. Though many thrive in this world with such an outlook on life and indeed it may make it harder to hesitate when you really need to take decisive action, you are sadly lacking in loftier goals or more complex interests than those of a wolf.

Bane of Man (200 CP): Pick a common, naturally occurring material. That metal is now your Bane, as deadly to you as silver is to werewolves, even if you would not normally have such a weakness. The catch? This material is ALSO one increasingly used by the People in this era. If it's any consolation if it's something like wood or bone, it only becomes your Bane once it has been well worked by human hands- and if something like stone, only when it is launched or struck against you by human hands. Still, be careful around men with slings.

The Lonely Planet (200 CP): Trial and misfortune shall contrive that when pursuing your goals, you may have to accomplish much on your own. Fierce storms will scatter your packmates, spiritual disturbances will tie the hands of the Wise and in some cases what you seek might just be at the bottom of a deeply buried natural crevice. Such contrivances are not quite insurmountable, but only in such a way that it will seem as though the world and probability itself is working to leave you high and dry when you need help the most.

Post-Enlightenment Stress Disorder (200 CP): A...a blazing rock in the thicket?! YOU'RE GOING MAD! It seems the superstition and paranoia the People feel towards the supernatural world has been kicked up quite a notch for you. The most harmless spirit incites a panic attack akin to arachnophobia, and actually entering the spirit realm can see you quickly lash out in a panic and be incapable of more complex communication with the spirit courts within than GO AWAY, GET IT AWAY FROM ME. It is just barely possible to do things other than fight or flee as the fear of ghosts wracks your body like a leaf in a strong wind, but well...you might want to spend a lot of time in your hut with a cup of tea.

And should you be something inhuman, you have the opposite phobia. You're perfectly at home in the supernatural realms, it's humanity and everything they've built that incites a panic in you.

Walking With Horrors (300 CP): There are ancient horrors the Uratha tell tales about. Soul-eating mists that flowed out of the underworld. Shapeshifting atavisms of the deep sea who take on a grotesquely amphibious forms in the shallows. And completely undetectable horrors as strong as elephants and as canny as apes. Some foul twist of luck shall see you frequently encountering some of the most horrifically deadly beings of this world that defy easy classification. These may include a particularly powerful Idigam, a Pangaeon of lesser power somehow mutated by a dark force or a maddened Wise of great power-but in each case, they defy many of the natural conventions of the supernatural community and even if not as formidable as Bull or Snake often have curses, venoms or other dread powers that make conflict with them a dire struggle. Each is a force that packs of Uratha or circles of Wise would struggle with until their weakness is found, and each has homed in on you as their next victim.

Spiritual Distancing (300 CP): In a far greater twist of misfortune than the mere enmity of the People, the spirits have taken a significant dislike to you. While flightiness and pompous, arbitrary and violent demands for compliance are not uncommon here in you many spirits see something truly unacceptable to their nature. You will be warned from rivers, intimidated in forests and failure to heed the spirits' increasingly pompous demands for restitution and sacrifice will see you hounded by many spirits at once. If it's any consolation, one order of spirits is exempted: Those connected to a Pangaeon or their offspring. Fear not the Great Wolf or any other being with a foot in both worlds' ire, just the truly ephemeral denizens of this world.

As a special note, should you prove powerful and destroy many of the spirits in self-defence while any potential spirits that arise *because* of your destruction will still be ill-disposed to you, they will also be at least somewhat intimidated through their knowledge of how they were created and inclined to shun or avoid you rather than engage in conflict.

Enfeebled Old Wolf (300 CP): The dark secret at the heart of Father Wolf's increasing absence is that he is weakening, crippled by the advent of humanity reducing the hunt's primacy across an increasingly significant segment of living beings. Little seems to have changed in him at first glance, but in truth he is swiftly weakening from the prime of his strength. You too are direly lessened by a

broad, sweeping trend in the word of a similar scope, such that a strapping man would carry himself like a particularly fit octogenarian. In body, mind and spirit you are a frail shadow of what you are-and as you enter the jump, you shall forget about taking this drawback. To discover what ails you is one matter. To somehow change the course the world is turning on to mend yourself is another.

The Hunt Begins (800 CP): The Great Hunt has been called, and you're the prey. Your coming has somehow disturbed the natural order in ways that Urfarah will not abide. Though Father Wolf is greatly worn down by the years, he is still the mighty ruler of Pangaea and will bring all his effort to bear on his newest prey: You. At his coming are the Firstborn, the mighty Destroyer Wolf lunging for your throat while his wiser brother Winter Wolf leads the others to flank your sides. Escape, and Dire Wolf who has struggled with Urfarah himself will blindside you. Flee to the Underworld, and Death Wolf will trawl its depths for you. Hide among the humans and Red Wolf-or perhaps his cousin Coyote-will suss you out.

Even if you should somehow avoid the apex predators of Pangaea, there is more to come. The First snap at their father's heels, eager to prove their worth by tearing you to shreds. Not to be outdone, the Uratha themselves will hunt you down, many packs coordinating as a savage but swift horde once they catch your scent. The moon too sanctions your destruction, and her lunes as well as her brother the sun's spiritual servants will spy on the Uratha's behalf to guide them to your destruction.

Is this truly worth it? Are you prepared to court death itself for more power, knowing that even if you should somehow triumph the moon and sun themselves will deem you their sworn enemy for felling Luna's old lover? The Great Wolf has run to ground monsters that defy all manner of natural law and other ravenous killers of Pangaea. What would it cost to bring such a foe down?

Scenarios

Citadel of the Moon

One village disappears, then another. Inhabitants, livestock-their trails lead into the wilds, and thence the Border Marches. Investigate this mystery, and perhaps you'll learn more.

Deep in Pangaea, a visionary's orders raise up a vast settlement beyond any community yet seen in the world. Spirit magic raises up vast earthworks and obelisks that bind spiritual defenders in place. Oddly Red Shining Gaze, the perpetuator, is one of the Uratha rather than Wise. Driven by dreams and portents, a flood of humans bringing their herds arrive to the ramparts and seek entry. Nearby, some werewolf packs have joined them.

They claim it is the moon herself that calls them.

Red Shining Gaze is blind, but does not need her eyes to see the visions that the Warden Moon uses to guide her in building the cult of Sanctuary. Her assistant the Walker of Paths in turn is one of the Forest-Wise, but Luna spoke directly into his mind to make him a missionary for this odd settlement. Both struggle with constructing a stable society, one or the other entreats you for help and should you accept your task will be to hold together a stable society of wolves and men for 10 years.

Investigation will reveal some interesting discoveries. The villagers are all under the effect of a hypnotic Numina of great power promulgated by contact with the Walker of Paths. The Walker will refuse to cease preaching but might be persuaded certain demographics need his word more than others. Furthermore, a great effort of investigation may reveal the meme did not originate with the Luna of *this* timeline.

Why would the Luna of a lost or stillborn history reach out across time to create this settlement? Why would the moon build this city only for it to become imprisoned in an eternal, timeless moment should Father Wolf die and the Border Marches vanish along with Pangaea itself? Perhaps you are the reason. Your reward for holding this settlement together for 10 years is ownership of and leadership over all that lives within. A portion of Pangaea spanning several miles will be stabilised around it as a sort of pocket dimension, bounded by a few remaining Border Marches permitting entry and exist into an analogous location in the mundane world.

The Babbling Tower

Strange sounds echo from this tower in the wilderness. Its edifice is made of stone and masonry unlike any the People have ever seen, with impossible proportions and no apparent entrance. Anyone who comes nearby finds it difficult to explain further, as they now speak an entirely different, dead language.

If you care to investigate you'll find the tower is a cocoon, raised up by an Idigam called the Builder of Tongues. It was once sheltered by a human tribe for a price: To become the concept of translation so they could understand nearby tribes and come together in mutual aid. It served the tribes loyally for many years, but disaster reduced them to bones and memories. Now gone mad from its purpose being completed, since other tribes of the People have learned communication and cooperation without its help the Builder has decided to create its chrysalis after wandering the world. Remaking itself into something greater.

Those joined by the dead language are also gaining memories from the tribe the Builder once served-even their personalities shifting into those of the long-forgotten. This tower must be cast down, and its inhabitant destroyed. It would likely take mighty forces like the effort of another Pangaeon or the Arcana of the Wise to demolish it, but it's possible. Unless the tower is completely obliterated though, a psychotic, howling terror of wings and words that imprints new languages like memetic plagues that bring up memories and concepts from people long dead or who never even existed will be unleashed. Greater than it was even without a complete transformation, if not put down this horror will demolish the culture of the People in a year.

Your reward for slaying the Idigam is a more controlled form of the plague of language and memory. By overwriting others with a dead, lost tribe's culture you could lay waste to civilisations by throwing them into disarray.

However, there is a more dangerous challenge here. Allow the Idigam to complete its transformation, and after a year any villages within several miles will speak the long-dead language. Its rebirth will shatter the tower, and unleash an earthquake. The Idigam will have become a dragon of thought and contemplation, the spirit-god of words that trigger memories and the spiritual reflection of the concept of recollection.

Your reward for slaying this far stronger horror is the remnants of the tower it built. Though its designs are maddening, by studying the processes that went into it you too might incorporate what you learn in rituals or techniques designed to advance from a spirit to a god in accord with a certain concept you have become associated with.

There is, of course, a harder path. If you have somehow talked down the dragon, if you can reason with an alien spirit with little care for lesser beings, if you can convince this entity to seek redemption for the lives it has destroyed you may obtain both rewards. Furthermore if you can persuade it, you may take the dragon with you as a Follower. Apart from its formidable abilities, it

can explain much more about the construction of it's tower and the principles that guided it on its transformation.

War's Lonely Children

The sky shatters! A club or axe of bizarre aspect and ornamentation, half buried in a crater amidst shattered trees. The weapon crackles with raw, Supernal energy and newborn spirits of war crawl from its smoking landing. The spirits stoke violence wherever they go, and near the raw symbol of violence and destruction thrust into the Fallen World you may hear names in High Speech whispered by the air: The Warlord, the Destroyer, the *General*.

Your task is to kill the violence spirits before they can spread further, and to purify the weapon so that it spawns no more violence spirits save on your command. Destroying it alone would take unmaking its past so it was never created in a place of shattered time by the Wise or a Pangaeon hurling it from the edge of the Border Marches into the void beyond existence. The magic that goes into bending this weapon to your will is most likely similarly over the top.

This may or may not influence or delay the propagation of wide scale violence upon humanity as a whole.

Your reward is this divine weapon. Apart from being able to spawn violence spirits, it is a raw symbol of violence and destruction incarnate. It cleaves through all things of war as the Uratha's claws cleave Pangaeans, and can manipulate violence as a mighty spirit can. Mighty Numina related to war and Influence over violence itself is yours. Furthermore, by slamming the axe into the ground you can also create new troops of violence spirits.

Also, you are strongly advised not to pursue the will that likely forged the thing and give battle to it unless you are truly, cosmically powerful. There is no reward commensurate in this document to reward such a feat, and there is no drawback here that matches the danger you will likely face.

Unstoppable Souls

They come from the east with the rising of the sun, tall figures gleaming in copper and white ivory. The proud *Gudthabak* are shapeshifters similar to the Uratha but with the aspect of the bull instead of the wolf, here to confront the Wise and demand that the omphalos stones hewn from Bull's heart be handed over to them as their Birthright. Born from the colossal, shattered horns of Bull itself when it entered the material world long ago and fought Wolf in a long battle, the god-ivory among which they dwelled has diminished with each new *Gudthubak*. The *Gudthubak* know the Wise hunt and slay Pangaeans to steal their souls, but more importantly the omphalos stones could be the bull-peoples' own salvation as a means to create more of their number. Each of their souls burns with the glorious power of Bull; attempting to meddle with the mind or soul of one leaves most Wise with terrible wounds.

The bull-folk establish rule through might, and Sun Rises Gleaming is the oldest and strongest of them all. It has not occurred to him that the People might refuse his righteous demands, and he will be baffled and eventually furious if this occurs. Despite his temper, the elder has lived long enough to wish the best for both his kindred and the weaker humans. If he decides to take over the lands of the People, it will be because he sees them needing a firm hand to steer them towards a better future.

Complicating the matter is that if agreement is reached, the bull-folk will discover only already god-touched humans can be remade into bull-men using shards of the Omphalos stones. There is a plentiful supply of god-touched humans: The Uratha. The bull-men will attempt to tear them apart in grisly rituals to replenish their ranks, provoking wrath from all of Father Wolf's family.

The simplest and easiest solution here is to kill the bull-folk, until any survivors have surrendered or have fled in disarray. Your reward for the slaughter is a blessing from Father Wolf for this slight against his old rival. Henceforth, shedding the blood of your enemies will nourish you like finest food and drink, even refilling your reserves of mystical power with every gout of blood and each life taken.

But if you took the long, hard road to diplomacy with the bull-men another reward could be yours. It will be no easier. Complicating the Wise's response is the potential for hubris among some of the more reactionary who may sympathise with the bull-man's burden of guiding the People against their more community-minded peers. The bull-men are also quite proud and violent. Any peaceful resolution would be an achievement, from convincing the bull-men to go back and meet their dissolution with dignity, to convincing the Wise to hand over the stones in exchange for other considerations that will secure the future of the People, to engineering another solution to replenishing their numbers. Your reward for your quick thinking and smooth speech is a blessing from the Bull for preserving his children's lives. Henceforth your livestock and crops alike will be supernaturally nourishing, granting you a modest supernatural fortitude and endurance as well as tasting better than any mundane food from this world. When you sacrifice the blood of bulls, the magic you regain is far greater than the average Wise.

Go Home

Stay

Move on

Notes

Yes, you can use Progenitor of Darkness and the greatest Pangaeon purchase to effectively *be* the Dark Mother from Beast the Primordial-or God forbid, her mate the Primogenitor. I won't bother dissuading you. In spirit, /tg/ as a whole will spit on your decision anyway.

The Inferno supplement book on demons uses a separate ranking system from the main splatbooks' spirit ranking system, because rather than being "normal spirits" demons are considered to be a more aberrant order of being. Don't worry about it too much, it's basically a way of saying "demons are so fucking wrong that they have a different tier system for class advancement because they can power up through meme magic and fanfiction"

An Arcanum (plural Arcana) is a fundamental concept of the world as understood under Atlantean cosmology. Each was understood to emanate from the Supernal Realms in a similar fashion to how physical shapes emanated from the Platonic Realm in Plato's theory of forms. These forces are Death, Matter, Spirit, Life, Mind, Space, Fate, Time, Forces and Prime (the "basic particle" of magic that fuels all spells).

- To make a long story short about how the Wise/Mages cast spells, it's a mixture of will and focus as well as employing rituals and implements to create a symbolic focus for their mystical effort. By channelling and directing mana through a voodoo doll or pentagram or what have you as a magical pattern, the Wise can draw power down from the Supernal Realms to work a transformation on the world themed around one or more of the Arcana.
- When a Mage gains a great deal of Gnosis (their powerstat, representing enlightenment), they may begin transforming into Archmages. Archmages are capable of more complex feats that generally involve a mystery play set in the mundane world; basically they're trying to gaslight reality enough to enact changes from higher levels of reality. They also require a Quintessence which must be discovered: An object to summarize the spell and serve a metaphysical link between the Supernal and Phenomenal (mundane), each of which is unique for spell and caster, more difficult for more complex workings and challenging even for Archmages.

The Pangaeans have limited breadth of access to the Arcana compared to the Wise, in exchange for far, far greater power during the era as an innate and automatic facet of their existence. Each has dots mastered in an Arcanum equal to the spirit rank they would hold if they were a spirit. Father Wolf for example is a Rank 8 entity meaning he may have 4 dots in Life and 4 dots in Spirit-or more likely, 8 dots in Spirit given the profound effects on the Shadow and Pangaea upon his death. Given the limited information on them so far, for the purposes of the jump until proven otherwise the traits for godlike entities listed in Imperial Mysteries p. 55-56 are considered to apply for them. These include their spirit Rank in automatic successes related to the concepts they embody and all passive effects, ever-renewing supplies of Essence, a great many Numina and the capacity

to improvise Numina in the manner of a mage improvising a spell akin to an Archmage with Gnosis equal to their spirit Rank. If you want to fanwank access to more Arcana or unique interactions relating to your former status as a Supernal being, it's possible the "unique powers over the world" you have may encompass such forces. The upper limits of Pangaeian power are vague, beyond Father Wolf having finite power yet being undisputed as the apex predator of Pangaea.

Numina, Manifestation and Influence are supernatural powers *generally* unique to spirits and spirit-like beings intended to model their unique powers as supernatural beings, although specific entities frequently have unique powers separate from these broad groupings.

- Numina refers to powers not specific to the objects, entities or phenomena in mundane reality that spirits can perform such as blasting energy bolts or resurrecting others. A concise but not exhaustive list of such powers can be found here: <http://wodcodex.com/wiki/Numina>
- Spirits are disembodied presences that must take on a physical form to affect the physical realm. Manifestations refer to powers pertaining to spirits' capacity to modify these incarnations. A concise but not exhaustive list of Manifestation powers can be found here: [http://wodcodex.com/wiki/Manifestations_and_Influence_Conditions_\(2nd_Edition\)](http://wodcodex.com/wiki/Manifestations_and_Influence_Conditions_(2nd_Edition))
- Influence is the power of a spirit to amplify, multiply, manipulate and affect phenomena, entities and concepts that are its material reflection-akin to the elemental powers of gods, though generally of localised scopes. While the above resource lists certain conditions that accompany Influence-derived effects, in general Influence is a relatively freeform power and above a certain rank of spiritual being the game system essentially leaves its applications up to the DM-equivalent's discretion.
- Spirits have a mystical compulsion called the Ban, a behaviour the spirit must or must not perform under certain conditions. Bans increase in complexity and consequence with Rank. Weak Rank 1 spirits of rivers for example cannot resist religious offerings pertaining to the worship of rivers, while the rank 5 spirit of a volcano might be compelled to kill anyone who makes it an offering of platinum that was mined from its foothills. Per *Werewolf the Forsaken* 2e p. 64, Father Wolf's own Ban was not to defend himself against a killing blow if challenged by those who could replace him-explaining how he could be killed by his weaker children. Bans are not intended to operate as drawback-level fiat weaknesses for Jumpchain purposes, and certain advanced rites, spells, perks or other methods may be able to remove or obviate one. Under the Inferno system, demons lack conventional Bans but are greatly incentivised to propagate and intensify their associated sins for self-interest anyway.
- Finally, all spirits have innate weaknesses called Banes pertaining to appropriately symbolic objects, substances and energies from the physical world that are supernaturally effective at harming them; silver harming

werewolves is a direct example. Banes are increasingly esoteric and obscure for spirits of increasing Rank; weak Rank 1 spirits of the forest may be poisoned by burning ash or plastic in the modern era, while a rank 5 spirit of the US Treasury's building would only be similarly harmed by a silver bullet made from a melted-down original dollar. While demons lack conventional Banes, their incentive to share their Secret Name and their mystic vulnerability to it being wielded against them may be considered such. As semi-spiritual beings the werewolf weakness to silver is implied by The Sundered World's setting to be their personal Bane rather than a punishment from Luna for the slaying of Father Wolf, the spirit of the moon, given its existence even while Father Wolf lived. In a unique case Father Wolf's Bane is the same as that shared by all Pangaeans: The teeth of his children. As with Bans, Banes are not intended to be drawback-level fiat weaknesses for Jumpchain purposes and may be worked around with some effort as per Bans.

- Last but not least, while the spiritual hierarchy allegedly devised by Atlantean mages follows a rough hierarchy the spirits themselves appeared to recognize, it is only a broad estimate of overall influence and not a definitive statement about who would win in a clash between such beings. Luna, Helios (the spirit of the sun) and Father Wolf are all considered Rank 8 spirits but would likely not fare well in a confrontation with the Prince of 100,000 Leaves who embodies a rejected timeline. In turn, the Prince is barred from direct confrontation by the need for his history to be fully inscribed before he can enter reality and replace history with his abominable continuum. While it is possible for spirits to increase rank by the means described above, in practice few pursue Xianxia cultivator-like acts of constant power generation because their nature tends to compel them to enact their material reflection's nature above other considerations and because of external factors and competition in the spiritual ecosystem making resource limitations a sad reality.
- Corollary to the above, the New World of Darkness/Chronicles of Darkness' game system kind of breaks down at Rank 6 and above; this is generally the point where the book basically tells the ST to just make something cool up and hope for the best, unless you are playing that hypothetical game full of Archmasters or True Fae that to this writer's knowledge has never actually happened. Greater Abyssal Entities such as the Prince mentioned above are listed as an example of Rank 8-9 spirits, being an entire world comprised of collective snarls in reality such as madness-inducing languages, corruptions of flesh and false laws of mathematics. An example of a conventional Rank 9 spirit is the Mother of Fire: The Aetheric deity representing fire's consuming nature. Such entities are almost always dealt with at the abstract level. It is also implied that the costs for ascending to the highest ranks are exponential, given Father Wolf is not noted to be on the cusp of "evolving into a Rank 9 spirit" despite his embodiment of the hunt itself.
- The being that forged the axe in War's Lonely Children is heavily implied to be an Archgenitor Exarch called the General: One of the four supreme rulers of the Atlantean mages who usurped the gods of the Supernal Realms, stole

their thrones, exiled the survivors or took them as slaves and attempted to deny the full potential of magic to the rest of humanity by destroying the Celestial Ladder that Atlantis used to reach the Realms in the first place. Each is more symbol than god, and more god than wizard. To give an idea of the power at hand, normal archmages are capable of retroactively altering history merely by visiting the universe. Through the ritualistic pursuit of certain symbolic representations of a spell drawing on their higher order power, given enough preparation archmasters of great power can work unthinkable transformations: Merging with gods, changing the age of the world on a geological scale and creating a new Celestial Ladder are all in their power. Their Ascended counterparts, those who have apotheosised in soul and body enough to dwell in the Supernal perpetually, are easily on par with Rank 9 spirits on scope and have overthrown beings of similar scope before even truly winning their thrones; the Mother of Fire is one such example, with her divinity bound to a volcano and her consciousness helplessly reincarnating in a mortal woman's soul. The Exarchs are those archmages' rulers, and it is ambiguous as to whether they were once Atlantean mages or symbols of the Supernal who were always there. So great are the forces at their command that in the modern era other archmages consider them too numerous and powerful to be thought directly, though it is known they repeatedly command their underlings to deal with emergent problems such as rebellious gods. What is known that some facet of their ascension or reign is somehow flawed, hence why the Watchtowers can continue to awaken other Wise/Mages.

- It is genuinely unclear whether the Exarchs are Rank 9 or Rank 10 beings, mainly because of the sheer and utter ambiguity of what a Rank 10 being even is. Mage the Awakening 1e's corebook describes such entities as "beyond manifest conception" and lists Ain-Soph, the Prime Mover (a fancy way of saying "God") as an example. The Inferno sourcebook posits the existence of an Adversary who is the Rank 10 representative of Hell. Finally, Tome of the Watchtowers states that the Supernal Realm of the Primal Wild itself is a Rank 10 entity, as the embodiment of spiritual and organic ecosystems incarnate. It is unclear if the Exarchs, as supreme rulers of the Supernal Realms but only insofar as they usurped the previous ones and not unchallenged ones, are on par with Rank 9 or 10 entities. It is curious that the Pax Arcanum mentioned below cites other supernatural forces as a concern to their own kind in numbers, and that the Exarchs are seemingly unwilling to directly challenge it despite their allegedly unrivalled rule over reality.
- It is unlikely you have to worry about Exarchs during your stay. The Exarchs are locked into a form of détente with their rivals the Oracles-their peers who oppose the spiritual infancy they wish to inflict on all humanity, and maintain the "Paths" that permit Awakening-known as the Pax Arcanum, essentially a form of mutually assured destruction concerning excessive interference with the mundane world. Besides, the Exarchs are interested in suppressing humanity as a whole's potential, not oppressing you specifically. Just remember, if you don't want any trouble from them treat the axe's maker like Lu Bu: *Do not pursue*.

The New World of Darkness uses Power, Finesse and Resistance as broad groupings for baseline attributes when statting up spirits. For those interested in a more detailed breakdown about supernatural beings' stats in the nWoD, the following resource provides more detailed insight on what given ranks of the attributes entail: <https://wodan.obsidianportal.com/wikis/attributes>

Any psychic trait included in a New World of Darkness publication is a valid pick for Psychic Potential. Some examples are listed here: [http://wodcodex.com/wiki/Merits_Psychic_\(1st_Edition\)](http://wodcodex.com/wiki/Merits_Psychic_(1st_Edition))

As there are no Exarchs, no Abyss and no Lie beyond the New World of Darkness one nor any Supernal Realms, how your magic functions thereafter is largely a matter of personal opinion. It is generally acknowledged that only after the Atlantean Diamond was formed and the tale of Atlantis spread among Mages that the Watchtowers revealed themselves in their proper forms that the détente between Archmasters became formalised, the Wise themselves appear to attribute all going-ons in the Supernal Realms as “the work of the gods” and based on Hipparchus’ encounter with the Oracle Aion in *Mage the Awakening: Legacies of the Ancient* it appears even the lofty Oracles have a vested interest in communing with non-Ascended Mages. Therefore, if you bother to achieve Awakening or Ascension it is likely there are few others in the Supernal Realms other than the Exarchs and Oracles. In short, expect the unexpected when it comes to Wizard Cold War In The Platonic Realm-and remember that some Archmages are capable of time travel even into the distant past.

It is equally unclear precisely what the absence of fae-like beings from this era’s version of Arcadia entails.