An aerial night view of a city, likely New York City, with numerous buildings and streets illuminated by lights. The sky is dark, and the overall atmosphere is mysterious and urban.

World
of Darkness
IP CIRITLAND

the
World of Darkness

a city book
for vampire,
mage
and werewolf



Stolen Prey

The smell of the man filled him, an almost visible trail that he followed down the pathway. The man stank of sweat and fear, and Ashley salivated at his prey's taste floating to him. The streets of downtown Portland were brightly

lit, but here near the edge of the water everything was dark, the only illumination coming from the monoliths in the immediate foreground, reflected against the soft churning water of the Wilamette River. It was overcast, but Ashley didn't need a clear sky to feel the pull of Luna. She was waxing; it was his moon tonight, and he felt more alive than he had in days. A fitting night for the hunt.

Beside him, Roxanna crouched close to the ground, feeling the earth. "He's close," she whispered. "And he's ripe."

"I know." Ashley shifted from foot to foot, waiting for her to get to her feet. "Can't you smell him?"

Roxanna's lip curled upward as she rose. "You trust your nose, Ash. I'll trust the earth."

"Come on," Ashley snapped, already in motion. It was an old argument, and a tired one. Besides, he should have expected this; her moon had departed, and she would be naturally more cautious for the next week. "It's time."

Though they were in Hishu, both moved with the quiet grace of predators. None were out so late at night to see them, and so neither bothered with the guises of humanity. They loped in two-legged fashion, quickly covering the grassy strip that separated the western city from the river. Ashley had been tracking the man for three days. His name was Sam, and his time of change was imminent. Sam was now wandering at night without knowing why, eating without feeling sated, sleeping while dreaming of things his waking, human mind could not process. Ashley could have felt his need even without his strong scent. The spirit side of him was clawing from the inside. The Uratha side.

Ashley was excited, and knew Roxanna was as well, however she might be acting tonight. Their pack had numbered only the two of them for many months now, since the Bishlu had caught them unaware. They had kept tabs on the Rats, and even know they knew where they lay hidden. But they were too few. With a third, maybe, and surprise on their side, they could seek vengeance. Sam would not make their pack whole, but he would be the first part of the healing process. Ashley could since he was strong.

As they neared, Roxanna dropped to all fours, and ran beside her packmate as wolf. Ashley allowed himself

"HE'S CLOSE. AND HES RIRE."

the luxury of Dalu, but wanted to keep his human side in check tonight. Better to keep his wits about him. Roxanna was too wolflike in her current form, as if the human part of her disappeared--Ashley loved all his shapes, but chose when to use them wisely. Dalu would be enough.

Sam sat on a park bench not a hundred leaps ahead of them, staring out into the water. He was tall, maybe 6'4", with sandy blonde hair and a strong jaw. He didn't work out, but he was big. He wore an overcoat and a scarf. Even relaxed his eyes darted constantly, and Ashley could sense in him a coil ready to spring. He would do nicely.

"Make it quick," Roxanna growled low in the First Tongue. "We're exposed here."

She was right, of course; the small park overlooking the river had no trees, and the only cover were the bushes, benches and pedestrian overpass. If it weren't 3am, they would risk handfuls of people seeing their hunt. But now there was no one, and besides they had no choice. Sam needed the change *now*. "Make it quick," he agreed, and they moved forward as one.

Sam might only be human at this point, but he had instinct, because he sensed them coming despite their stealth. He twisted in his seat, and when he saw them scrambled up and backward, shouting in alarm. The wolf scared him, but Ashley scared him more, for despite all the movies, all the TV, all the novels, Sam had never really believed in the blending of man and wolf.

Sam tried to backpedal away from Ashley, but Roxanna moved in a blur of teeth and fur, and cut off his escape. Sam spun to face her, then turned back to Ashley, then back and forth, trying to keep both of them in front of him at once. "What the hell is this?" he managed to spit, as if he was preparing to talk his way out of this.

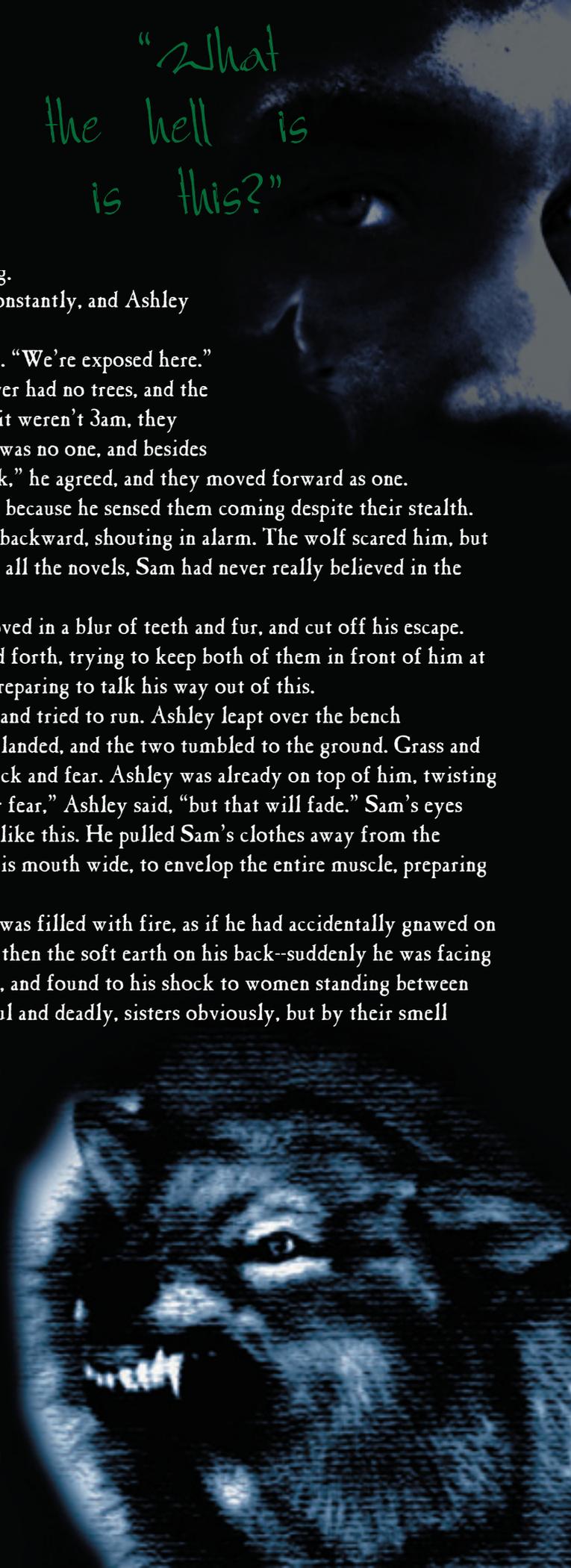
Roxanna bared her teeth and snarled, and Sam yelped, once, and tried to run. Ashley leapt over the bench effortlessly and caught Sam with a hand on each shoulder as he landed, and the two tumbled to the ground. Grass and dirt rushed up to slap the human's face, and he grunted with shock and fear. Ashley was already on top of him, twisting Sam underneath him so the two were face to face. "I know your fear," Ashley said, "but that will fade." Sam's eyes were wide and white like a deer's--no words would get through like this. He pulled Sam's clothes away from the shoulder, tearing the tee-shirt underneath the coat. He opened his mouth wide, to envelop the entire muscle, preparing to bite but not tear, taste but not consume.

Instead of tasting the copper and sugar of blood, his mouth was filled with fire, as if he had accidentally gnawed on a power chord. He felt the searing pain of whiplash in his neck, then the soft earth on his back--suddenly he was facing the dark, rolling overcast sky. Instantly he was on his feet again, and found to his shock to women standing between him and his prey, eyes flashing dangerously. They were beautiful and deadly, sisters obviously, but by their smell human. How had they snuck up on the pack?

Roxanna had been a few paces away, but now came barreling into the two women without restraint, snarling viciously. The sister with blonde hair caught her in midair, and for a moment held the wolf at arm's length. But only for a moment, for Roxanna twisted and sunk her teeth deep into the woman's forearm. The blonde sister let out a scream and let go, but Roxanna didn't back away, instead turning the defensive bite into an aggressive one.

Ashley was already sprinting forward to engage the redhead sister, but she was too fast for him. Too fast didn't begin to describe it--she moved impossibly fast, *inhumanly* fast, faster than Ashley had ever seen even a Uratha move. In a blur of motion she stepped up to her sister and struck Roxanna hard, and the wolf went flying backward and landed with a hard and wet slap against the concrete walkway. "Roxanna!" Ashley

"What
the hell is
is this?"





heard himself shout involuntarily in the human tongue, and then he was changed, beyond capacity for man speech, a Garou, ready to taste his enemy's blood.

Now freed, however, the blonde was ready for him. Before he could approach either one, she raised her uninjured hand to the heavens, proffering what looked like a signet ring. She spoke a word in a language Ashley had never heard and couldn't begin to guess of, and instantly those heavens responded. Although the overcast sky was not the frontrunner of a storm, lightning coursed from the sky accompanied at the same moment by a resounding crack. It arched directly into Ashley. He saw only blinding white and felt an agonizing pain as if the giant fist of some long forgotten spirit grabbed hold of him. The lightning lifted his now-massive body upward and away from the sisters and left him sprawled on the ground, fur smoking and hissing.

Roxanna struggled to her feet as Ashley lay there growling. The blonde sister cradled her wounded arm but nevertheless stepped forward threateningly. "Get the boy," she said to the redhead.

Sam had been laying on the ground, barely propped up by his elbows, gaping at the events before him. Now he allowed himself to be helped up. "What...?" he tried, but then had to lean on his knees for a moment.

"It's all right," Ashley heard the redhead say, though her words were thick and slow. His vision was foggy, and pain coursed his body so thoroughly he made no effort to rise. "Come with us, we'll keep you safe."

Roxanna was approaching the blonde, slinking low, wary but still ready. Ashley suspected she was not badly hurt; however, she was no match for the two of them. "I don't wish to kill you," the blonde sister said. "Stay where you are, and allow us to leave."

Roxanna knew it, too, for although she snarled and gnashed her teeth she didn't approach again. The redhead helped Sam remain erect, the blonde clutched herself; all three slowly backed away, and a moment later were out of view.

Once they were gone, Ashley allowed himself to slip into Hishu again. Roxanna did the same, coming over to his sprawled body. "Are you hurt?" he asked, lifting his head with great effort.

She held her right hand to her left side. "Just a rib," she said,



*"I don't wish
to kill you."*



“bruised I think. But what about you?”

“Bad,” he admitted, “but not that bad.” Already he could feel the essence of what made him Uratha healing his body. He would need to find a Loci soon and replenish his strength, but his wounds would heal. “What were they?”

“Wizards,” Roxanna spat. “Had to be.”

Ashley gingerly sat up, stunned with the prospect. “So the legends are true.”

“What else could they be?”

He chewed on his lip. “You’re right. What else?”

With Roxanna’s help, he got to his feet, wobbling only a little. So. They had a new enemy now; the Bishilu could wait until this matter was settled. “We have his scent still,” he said softly.

Roxanna growled in the back of her throat. “And theirs.”

Ashley nodded, and together they began to limp home. They had been taken by surprise, and overwhelmed by some power beyond their knowledge. But they were not defeated. The sister witches had made a terrible mistake leaving the two of them alive. They would learn what they could about their new enemies. Ashley had their stink in his nostrils and he would not forget it soon. His pack might number only two, but they were strong, and learned quickly. They would not be taken by surprise again.



THE
WIZARDS
WILL PAY.

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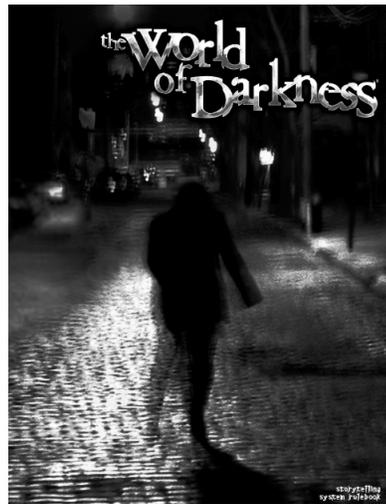
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PORTLAND

a city book for *Vampire*, WEREWOLF and *Mage*

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“What were those things?” Sam stammered as the two women led him back toward downtown.

“Shapeshifters,” the one with red hair said, not taking her eyes from behind them. Sam guessed she was worried they would try to follow.

“You mean...”

“That’s right, honey,” the blonde one said. “Werewolves.”

Sam felt weak again, but this time managed to stay upright. “I don’t believe in—”

The blonde laughed. “You don’t believe in witches either, do you?”

Sam said nothing. Had she really called down lightning from the sky? It seemed improbable...but no more improbable than a man turning into a wolf.

The blonde turned her attention to her sister. “We should go now, Hecate.”

Sam felt a sudden panic. The shapeshifters...the werewolves...might return. Fearing to be left alone, he asked, “Where are we going?”

“Shut up.” The redhead didn’t bother looking at him.

“But...”

She looked at him.
what was happening. Her
There was no warmth in
had traded one kind of

He suddenly realized
eyes were cold, dead.
anything but her hair. He
monster for another.

The blonde pulled out an archaic knife. Whatever its true age might be, it looked to be the sharpest blade Sam had ever seen. “Be a good boy, and I won’t bind your hands.” She tilted her head to the side, then said with sinister mirth, “But the hard way is fun too. So don’t push.”

“I don’t understa—”

The redhead slapped him hard, just once, but it was enough to both silence and terrify Sam. These women had called down lightning. He could sense the dangerous power coming from them now. But their motives remained a mystery. Perhaps they wouldn’t kill him. After all, they had risked their lives to save him.

But that thought led to worse questions.

Why would they want him alive?

“Move,” the blonde one said, tapping his arm with the side of her blade. Sam, suddenly a prisoner, walked in between the women, not daring to contemplate escape for fear they could read his mind.

Above him, downtown loomed ever larger. It no longer seemed his home. He had entered a shadowy world, the real world he had never known about, and the city now seemed a spiderweb of glass and steel. He was trapped in a world of darkness, and he doubted he’d ever escape.

Together they marched into the city.

CHAPTER ONE

Portland, Oregon

The rooftops Portland, Oregon are nestled around the Wilamette and Columbia Rivers. It's sister, Vancouver, Washington, sits on the other side of the border and major river, and the two comprise one of the pretties cities in America. Luscious trees line most streets, and enormous gardens teem with flowers. Drive twenty miles in any direction and you find wilderness in one form or another. A fifteen-mile-long forest park daggars into the middle of the metropolis. The city boasts unique architecture and planning (streets more narrow than the national average lined with sycamore and birch seem quaint and inviting, even downtown), festivals and events for every season.

But the allure and simpleness of Portland is a silken façade, behind which lurks a city as fettered and corrupted as any, with dark corners and mysterious locations. In the World of Darkness, Portland is not what it seems. Every year a few tourists end up missing; police have even given up investigating the disappearances of out of towners on certain dates. Politicians make secret deals to line their own pockets. The nature that makes Oregon so beautiful is being quietly destroyed. Vampires infest skyscraper, ally and nightclub, methodically and discreetly turning the city to their will. Monstrous werewolves prowl the surrounds, filled with righteous anger at the devastation around them. And mages peer farther than ever into the darkness, reaching for things that should stay forgotten. And as each of these groups conspire, their schemes and plots intersect each other until they begin to interact almost unintentionally. They know little about each other, and human and non-human alike fears what it doesn't understand. Tensions mount high along mystical lines, and Portland, to those who know how to look, is a city teetering on the edge, a city approaching a cold war that by its nature must boil over eventually. Even worse, greater things than these supernaturals have begun to take interest in Portland, and those in charge of it. Creatures and things of darkness that do not have the restraint vampires do are interested in feeding on humanity. Spirits freshly born, of a kind never seen before in this world or

in Shadow, begin to find ways to crawl into reality. Ancient prophecy has been recently translated to include Portland in its predictions, and the outcome is devastating. To those who know how to look, Portland is festering. To those who know how to look, Portland is doomed.

Portland provides a look at the city, its sister Vancouver, and the surrounding area of Southern Washington and Northern Oregon, as well as details for the World of Darkness denizens that inhabit the area.

This chapter is dedicated to Portland as it pertains to the general World of Darkness; real locations, events and history bent to serve the gothic-horror game. Also included are humans who can see the decay around them, a group of recently founded hunters, and a few detailed sites of specific interest to the World of Darkness (hauntings, etc.).

Chapters Two through Four focus on vampire, werewolf and mage respectively. This includes organizations (coteries, packs and cabals), notable supernaturals, locations invented or modified for the particular supernatural group, as well as politics and current events, rumors and legends, and future events for each group. Also included are antagonists for each supernatural group.

Chapter Four is dedicated to crossover ideas between the three main games. This includes a list of events and schemes that connect different supernatural groups, as well as three chronicle suggestions of crossover games.

Most of the pictures contained herein are photographs of different locations in Portland. While many were taken by Tyler J. Hill, there are also a lot that were used from the internet. All of these pictures were freesourced photos with no indication of photographer. In the lower corner of each picture should appear the name of the location.

City History

The history of Portland is rich and diverse. Lewis and Clark had traveled across the country to find the Pacific Ocean, and noted what beauty Oregon beheld. The Oregon Trail had already begun, with many seeking the natural resources and wide, uninhabited spaces the Territory was sure to provide. But it wasn't until 1843, when William Overton and Asa Lovejoy beached their canoe on the bank of the Willamette River. Overcome by the beauty of the area, Overton saw great potential for this mountain-ringed, timber-rich land. His only problem was that he lacked the 25 cents needed to file a land claim. So, he struck a bargain with Lovejoy: In return for a quarter, Overton would share his claim to the 640-acre site known as "The Clearing."

The sections in italic type indicate historical information inserted for the World of Darkness

1843-1900

Portland was very nearly Boston. Soon tired of clearing trees and laying down road foundations, Overton moved on to other interests. He sold his share of the land to Francis W. Pettygrove. Now partners, Lovejoy and Pettygrove could not settle on a name for their fledgling city. Lovejoy wanted to name it after his home town of Boston, Massachusetts; Pettygrove was just as adamant about his own town, Portland, Maine. Unable to reach an agreement, they decided to settle the matter by tossing the coin now known as the "Portland Penny." Pettygrove won two out of three tosses.

Lovejoy and Pettygrove were confident that Portland, with its deep water and abundant natural resources, would one day become a popular and prosperous port. They did not suspect, however, how quickly it would grow in popularity, and for what activities. Portland developed a dark history beginning in the late 1800s. Joseph "Bunco" Kelly was a hotelier notorious for kidnapping young men and selling them to ship captains. Many bar owners and hotel operators relied on this shanghai trade to supplement their businesses, and Kelly was one of the best. Paid by unscrupulous captains to intoxicate potential crew members, Kelly would deliver his drunken quarry to waiting ships. The unfortunate men would wake up the next day, stranded at sea and forced to work for indefinite periods of time.

Kelly often bragged that he could gather a full crew in less than 12 hours. Inevitably a ship captain would challenge him. One evening, in his quest to fulfill a boast, Kelly ran across a group who had stumbled upon the open cellar of a mortuary.

Thinking the cellar was a part of the Snug Harbor Pub, the men had each consumed cups of embalming fluid, which they had mistaken for liquor. When Kelly found them, several had died and others were dying. Claiming the dead were merely unconscious from too much drink, Kelly sold all 22 to a captain whose ship sailed before the truth was discovered. *It was said that even after the captain discarded the bodies, their ghosts could be seen manning the ships to mock the living crew. The ship's cargo always rotted, the wind never caught in the sails, and soon the captain was ruined. He sold the boat for scrap and retired on the of the islands in Seattle's Puget Sound. Some say the ghost of the boat remains with the betrayed men to guide it.*

"Sweet Mary," the proprietor of a brothel, is another interesting figure in Portland's history of the late 1800s. In order to elude taxes and city laws, she operated her bordello on a barge that ran up and down the Wilamette River. Technically, she was outside everyone's jurisdiction. *Police were doubly concerned because many of her clients would turn up missing, or would refuse to leave the brothel; Sweet Mary, a Daeva, was building up a small army of Ghouls.*

1900-1950

Most of this type of behavior was quelled by the turn of the century, *(at least to mortal eyes)*. Secure jobs in lumber mills and wealth from providing goods to the California Gold Rush helped stabilize the economy, giving the city's population more time to regulate the seedy activities of its busy waterfront. *The local vampires realized that Portland was changing, and began more discreet operations.*

Personifying this shift in attitude was Simon Benson, a teetotaling lumber baron and philanthropist. While walking through his mill one day, Benson noticed the smell of alcohol on his workers' breath. When Benson asked these men why they drank in the middle of the day, they replied there was no fresh drinking water to be found downtown. Upon hearing this, Benson proceeded to commissioned 20 elegant freshwater drinking fountains, now known as the Benson Bubblers. Beer consumption in the city reportedly decreased 25 percent after the fountains were installed.

Simon Benson's water fountains still bubble invitingly on Portland's downtown streets. And around the fountains has grown a city of parks, outdoor artwork, coffee carts, microbreweries, bridges and bookstores. Portland's new attitude was to be a people town, a pedestrian-friendly city. Blocks were made to

be half the size of those in other towns, where outdoor benches are crowded with readers enjoying good books and spring sunshine. Limits on growth kept the surrounding countryside within a 20-minute drive of the city's core.

The city of Portland also worked hard, at the time at least, to keep Oregon green. Besides the limits on the city, leaders organized more parks and recreational areas in this time periods than most states do in their entire history. *The Uratha were somewhat appeased by this; for a long time they had the run of most of the Oregon Territory, and human expansion made them nervous. However, the apparent desire to not spread too quickly gave the werewolves hope—perhaps these humans were wiser than their kin, able to listen to the land. The possibility was so tempting that for a time the Uratha did not resist human expansion, hoping they could bring the minds of the residents back to nature. It is a decision they now regret.*

Perhaps most notable for the city itself was the beginning of the Rose Gardens. Starting as a modest business of testing new roses for mass production, the Rose Gardens quickly grew to be the largest testing site in America, and brought in a new phase of tourism when coupled with the parks being preserved.

One by one, the nine bridges were erected to close the gap of the Wilamette River, and slowly Portland grew on both sides of the banks and butted up against the Columbia River, where three more bridges were built. A central market, public auditoriums and waterfront development came to pass around the detailed city planning, and two million people were predicted to be living in Portland by mid-century. For a time there were more cars per capita in Portland than New York or Chicago. These factors provided Portland with its unique layout, even if World War II decreased expansion and ultimately kept population figures below original estimation.

1950-Today

As the baby-boomer generation began in a post-war era, Portland began to change. Operation Greenlight tested no-notice evacuations of Portland's core in the event of an attack. The Kelly Butte Defense Center opened for Multnomah County, designed to survive a "near-miss" from a 20 megaton bomb and survive for 90 days. *In this time of Cold-War paranoia, vampires were able to increase their holdings within the territory, constructing backalley deals with the local politicians and constructing secret "bomb-shelters" that became havens that would potentially last a thousand years; delightfully, most of these constructions were kept secret. When the paranoia revolving around nuclear weapons settled into a more fatalistic attitude, the shelters (and the vampires who*

inhabited them) were forgotten by the public.

In the 1960s, when the population was shy of 400,000, a decision was made to reinvest in tourism. The Rose Gardens and parks were renovated and reannounced. The Memorial Coliseum was erected, as was Lloyd Center, a massive shopping complex (America's first shopping-mall). City council members granted the land request for a Japanese Gardens, and these became celebrated. I-5 opened as well, a boon to the city. There were dark times, as well; the Forestry Building burned down, and the City Hall Liberty Bell was bombed. *Both of these places are still prime locations for unexplained supernatural activity.*

The 70s and 80s for Portland was a time of increased art and leisure. The art and history museums were constructed, and even the eruption of Mount St. Helens couldn't stop the tourism boom. The 90s saw the arrival of the Convention Center and the Rose Garden Center, a massive stadium used for concerts and sporting events. At the turn of the millennium, Portland is at the height of its popularity; Money Magazine declared it the number one American city to live in, the Chinese Gardens and the completion of the Chinatown Gates increased tourism even further, and massive plans began (for gated communities, regional centers, and a plan for a thriving urban community on the riverfront with an integrated public transit, vehicular, and pedestrian access system). The River Renaissance system was purposed, a long-term strategy to link the natural river system to industry, businesses and neighborhoods.

The 2000s promise prosperity and increased population to Portland. Despite war in Iraq hurricanes and politics to increase the cost of heating and fuel, the economy of the city is better than it has ever been; housing is cheap, taxes are low (Oregon is the only state without sales tax), and business is good.

The vampires in residence love Portland for its balance of small town and big city; the combination allows them a freer reign than other cities might. The werewolves of the region are still here in force, thanks to Forest Park and other areas of undeveloped land. And mages gather in force here, moreso than any other supernatural group, for there is something magical about this place that has existed since the dawn of time.

Native Peoples Overview

No summary of American history would be complete without the people that were usurped during the country's expansion. Also, mages and werewolves have existed in Native America since before the white man was brave enough to gaze at the stars. A possible section of a future version of this book may be

dedicated to Native-American aspects of the World of Darkness, but for now a simple overview is provided.

The Clatskanie, Kwalhioqua, Kalapulyan, Chinook and Tillamook peoples were the major tribes in the Portland area, and lived together with the land. These tribes were good neighbors to each other, and trade was plentiful, if simplistic. Until the whites began invading the area, and other native refugees arrived to escape the east, these peoples knew nothing of war as we know it today. They were guarded by powerful spirits (*the Uratha protected this land and its inhabitants, which at the time included these tribes; it wasn't until the white arrival that werewolves began to distinguished humankind as separate from the land they watched over*), and had powerful and wise leaders. *Awakened Indians were able to keep in constant contact with the Shadow World and its inhabitants; amiable communication between medicine men and spirits kept the land healthy and vibrant.* The Indians lived a cyclical existence of the seasons, and stories tell of their wealth and happiness. *Awakened and Uratha existed together, a fact which has been forgotten as the years progress—clues still exist that could lead to a discovery of such information, but to date werewolves and mages are unaware of this time of harmony.* But as happened throughout the continent, new men arrived and everything changed.

From around 1690 until the time of Portland's founding, the northwest was a confusing time for native peoples. Nomadic horse tribes, having been displaced from their land in central America, began travels through modern-day Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Many of these peoples were never permanent residence of Oregon, but their presence was for a time dominant enough that the mistake that they were indigenous to the area is often made. By the time white travelers and settlers began investigating these lands after the 1750s, they found large populations of Indians scattered in groups, families and tribes over the entire country from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean, and

from California up to the Alaska line. The first comers detected no differences among these people of the forest and plain. They were all simply Indians. By 1840, there were 33,000 people from tribes that should have spanned most of the country. In a population of this size there must have been five or six thousand fighting men. But there was no organization, no co-operation, and scarcely sympathy of one tribe with another. One tribe might rally a few hundred at one time for a single battle to rob a party of white men or attack a ship. The white traders and trappers ranged the vast county over with scarcely a noticeable resistance; the massacre of the Smith party on the Umpqua and of the crew of the Tonquin at Clayoquot being the only example of concerted action of the natives to destroy the white men. Only after the Indian had learned the use of firearms did tribes ally to resist the aggression of the white man, but by then Europeans had such a presence it was impossible to alter their domination.

By 1910, there were no Kwalhioqua and only three Clatskanie people left alive. Some of these people intermingled with other tribes, but most died from smallpox and headhunting. Tillamook, Chinook and Kalapulyan tribes suffered catastrophic losses but survived and still exist to this day. *Most of the First Cabal is made up of these two tribes; immigrating natives from other areas have joined the cabal in recent months.* The remainder of Indians now reside on reservations in Oregon and Washington. *Mortal Native Americans were not the only ones effected by the changes in occupation: though there are mages and werewolves both with strong traditional ties, the two supernatural groups grew apart as the fighting between Indian and white-man, and Indian and Indian, became bitter and entrenched. Neither side has any knowledge of their former coexistence, besides a few Uratha songs of questionable authenticity and easily-interpretive meaning.*

Notable Sites

The World of Darkness uses the real world for its backdrop, but slightly tints it for the purpose of it game. Cities are darker, more corrupt, the wilderness more dangerous; so too is Portland in the World of Darkness. To that end, this list contains locations that have been modified to better serve the mood of these games. Each site has a number that corresponds to the map below. Every subsequent section will have its own map devoted to more fictionalized locations that serve those individual games.

1. **Pearl District** (*Northwest*)
West Burnside Street to Northwest Overton Street;

Broadway to Northwest 14th Avenue

Historical industrial buildings have been refurbished in this quarter, made into unique storefront locations. Some of the trendiest restaurants, galleries, lofts, townhouses exist here, and it is known as Portland's premier shopping location. The Pearl District is the destination for creative cuisine, home furnishings, art and one-of-a-kind boutiques. Awash with sidewalk cafés, the fountains of Jamison Square, and other delights that have the mortal population milling about like cattle, Pearl District is the hotspot for the elite vampire community (Daeva and Ventrue are the most common here). They are careful about

who they take here, for many also call Pearl District their home—the beatnik and art culture ensures nobody raises an eyebrow about iron curtains in a loft or a townhouse secured like a fortress. Mages are aware of vampires, even if they're unaware of the intentions and society of them—they definitely know enough to stay out of Pearl District after sundown, at least for the most part.

Various sites in Pearl District:

- *Artists Repertory Theatre* - A professional theater company dedicated to challenging artists and audiences with plays of depth and vibrancy in an intimate environment.
- *BodyVox* - Dance company with a well-honed combination of theatricality, beauty and humor.
- *Portland Classical Chinese Garden* - An urban oasis of pavilions, rocks, plants and walkways surrounding an 8,000-square-foot pond.

- *Coho Productions and Stark Raving Theatre* - Northwest neighbors offering more experimental works and late-night shows.
- *First Thursday Gallery Walk* - Join the street party every first Thursday of the month in the Pearl District, Old Town/Chinatown and downtown for gallery receptions introducing new work.
- *Portland Institute for Contemporary Art (PICA)* - Curating exhibits and performances by some of the world's most important and talked-about artists, including many right here in Portland.

2. Rose Gardens (including the International Rose Testing Garden) (Washington Park)

S.W. Kingston Avenue

Offering a spectacular view of the “City of Roses,” the International Rose Test Garden in Washington

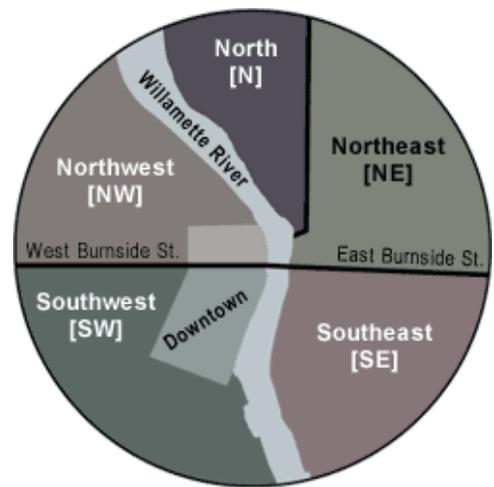


Park is one of the largest and oldest rose test gardens in the country. There are also two other major rose gardens in Portland: Peninsula Park Rose Garden, a formal sunken garden located in North Portland at the intersection of North Ainsworth and Albina; and Ladd's Addition Garden in the historic southeast Portland neighborhood of the same name. One of the most popular of Portland's Parks & Recreation locations, the garden's spectacular views and more than 8,000 roses make it one of Portland's most notable signature landmarks. This is sort of neutral ground for most of the supernatural, as it is closed to the public at night—however there is a Loci here, that a pack of werewolves lays claim to. Once a year, a bloodily savaged body is found near the Rose Gardens, though never in them; the connection is never made—and even if it was, who would guess that the man was a werewolf, killed for wandering into another pack's domain?

3. Japanese Garden (*Washington Park*)

SW Kingston, Portland

“The mood of ancient Japan is recaptured at the scenic Japanese Garden. Located adjacent to Washington Park, above the International Rose Test Garden, the Japanese Garden includes five traditional gardens, an authentic pavilion and teahouse. Proclaimed the most authentic Japanese garden outside Japan, it encompasses 5.5 acres and has a magnificent view of Portland and the surrounding mountains.” Having been there dozens upon dozens of times, I am unable to argue that it is the most authentic Japanese garden on this side of the Pacific. For mages, there is a Hallow



here, and a small group of mages enjoy gathering for meditation, prayer and discussion.

6. Oregon Zoo (*Washington Park*)

S.W. Canyon Road

The Portland Zoo is one of the largest in the northwest, and until recently (according to WoD) prospered; recently darker things have begun to happen there. It is technically within the domain of the werewolf back that watches over the Rose Gardens, which accounted for the suspiciously frequent animal escapes, but recently a verge has opened up here at night, and angry spirits born from captivity, frustration and animal cruelty have begun to take up residence. The werewolves do what they can, but these are powerful spirits. No one in the mortal community can figure out the reasons behind the sudden drop-off in attendance to the zoo—everything is looking new and better than ever, what could be the problem?

7. Pittock Mansion (*Northwest*)

N.W. Pittock Drive

Henry and Georgiana Pittock's beautiful estate that symbolizes the growth of Portland. Remarkable antique furnishings and fine arts set in a 1914 National Historic Register property. Sweeping view of mountains, rivers and the city. One of the most beautiful buildings in the region. Stupendously haunted.

9. Pioneer Square (*Downtown*)

A few blocks of downtown Portland that include the most upscale shops, clothing stores and restaurants, but also holds many cafés and little treasure trove stores if one knows where to look. At the center is Pioneer Square itself, a culvert in the design of an amphitheater, though not nearly so deep as that, made entirely of red brick (as are many of the side- and crosswalks of the surrounds). Flower displays, protests

and other gatherings are held here, and it is the most visually recognizable part of Portland. Another vampire haunt due to the swarms of people past dark, especially during cultural events. Police patrol this area endlessly, to appease the rich and powerful that walk the streets, but they have been bought and paid for by the vampires, through various back-channels.

12. Oregon Museum of Science and Industry (OMSI) (Southeast)

1945 S.E. Water Avenue

From an OMSI advertisement: “Imagine a place where you can journey to the outer reaches of the galaxy, feel the power of an earthquake, climb aboard a real submarine, uncover a fossil, surf the Internet, enter the world of virtual reality, or travel the globe in a five-story domed theater. You can also enjoy a view of the city while dining at the riverside cafe or find the perfect gift at the Science Store. With more than 200 hands-on exhibits, there is something for everyone. Touch, explore, question and discover at the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry (OMSI), located on Portland’s waterfront.” This is a remarkable place for children to learn in a way that fools them into learning; also the IMAX theatre is a sight to behold. Mages from the Free Council and sometimes Mysterium congregate here, in part because of the joke involved and partly because they genuinely enjoy seeing Sleepers coming to a place solely to learn.

13. Portland Classical Chinese Garden (Northwest)

Northwest Third Avenue; Everett Street

Lan Su Yuan (the Portland Classical Chinese Garden) is a harmonizing blend of water, architecture, stone, and poetry against a richly planted landscape. Overlooking the lake, the Tao of Tea teahouse features more than 35 teas and Chinese snacks. I will try to get some pictures of this place—it’s difficult to describe something so serene and beautiful in the middle of a major American city; you almost forget you’re in Portland. Mages appreciate this place for its harmony, as well as the small but supple Hallow that resides here.

14. Portland Saturday Market (Downtown)

108 W. Burnside Street

Portland Saturday Market is where unique artists await discovery. The Portland Saturday Market – open Sundays too – is the largest continuously operated open-air arts and crafts market in the nation. Talk directly to the artists and learn about their creative styles and products. Rain or shine, the market is open from March through Christmas Eve. The Portland Saturday Market is located in Portland’s historic Old Town District under the west end of the Burnside Bridge. It closes before dusk and is thus safe from the Kindred community. Mages greatly enjoy this market, and a good many have been known to participate



actively, either by their own art or by contributions.

16. The Grotto (Northeast)

Sandy Boulevard; Northeast 85th Avenue

A peaceful oasis in the midst of the city, The Grotto is set among 62 acres of botanical gardens. As an internationally renowned Catholic sanctuary, The Grotto offers a place of peace and quiet reflection for all people. More than 100 beautifully sculpted statues and shrines are nestled among flower-lined pathways winding under towering firs. Peaceful reflection ponds, spectacular cliffside vistas and award winning architecture offer inspiration for all who visit this natural gallery in the woods. A vampire ‘priest’ watches over the grounds at night, often generously allowing in tourists after hours (who, oddly enough, aren’t seen again—more than a vampire and more than a serial killer, said priest has a secret burial ground within the Grotto).

17. Lloyd Center (North)

Northeast Ninth Avenue at Multnomah Street

“Spread over 50 acres, Lloyd Center is the largest mall in Oregon. It offers tax-free shopping at more than 200 specialty shops and service providers, including Meier & Frank, Sears, Nordstrom, Marshalls, Old Navy, Ross Dress for Less, and Barnes & Noble. A food court, an indoor ice-skating rink, and 18 movie screens offer food and entertainment. Located within “Fareless Square,” Portland’s ride-for-free zone.” Don’t let the cleverly worded ad fool you; Lloyd Center stinks with the decay of festering capitalism that brings vampires for miles around with watering mouths. People shopping are easy prey, and so wrapped up in their bobbles and trinkets that they’re unlikely to realize foul play that occurs right beneath their nose.

19. Jansen Beach Supercenter (North)

Interstate 5, Exit 308

“Jantzen Beach SuperCenter offers one of the nation’s

largest collections of powerhouse retailers. The center features more than 55 top-name retail and specialty stores, restaurants, the Carousel Food Court and tax-free shopping. Dine beside the museum-quality 1921 C.W. Parker Carousel, listed on the National Registry of Historic Monuments” Ibid Lloyd Center.

20. The End of the Oregon Trail (Oregon City)

Washington Street

The 2,000 mile journey to the frontier and beyond was long, grueling, and bloody. Not only did many of the pilgrims die during the excursion, but their arrival brought further suffering and death to the native peoples of America. Were one to take the routes of all the trails and average them, one would have roughly the Oregon Trail, as well as a ley line that stretches from one end of the continent to the other. This line was assumed to once be a source of healthy, vibrant life energy, but the Oregon Trail and the Trail of Tears polluted the prime river into a dark, though not evil, font. The end of the trail is celebrated in Oregon City, where another ley line crosses the Oregon Trail’s path. Here is a





massive Hallow, one of the most world renowned, but one that is also very dangerous. There are all sorts of forces at work here; some are good or neutral, many are enigmatic, but a large portion are strong, festering, angry and decay-ridden. Though not a Tainted Hallow, this magical spring is also neighbor to a Loci, and so there are spirits of all shapes and sizes here, and Oregon City is considered one of the strangest places in the state—one never knows exactly what'll happen there, or to whom. It is also hypothesized that a moderately sized verge exists here as well, though that has never been fully proven.

21. Hawthorne Blvd. (Southeast)

Starting from the Hawthorne Bridge and heading east, Hawthorne Boulevard has over twenty coffee shops, twelve bars, eight restaurants, a dozen music scenes (both live and album stores), ten second-hands, and two dozen small storefronts of all kinds. It is not considered the social epicenter of Portland, but a great many gather there. What makes it even more unique is that as busy and touristy as the street is, a block to the left or right finds spacious, yard-carrying homes with curb parking and large trees. Hawthorne is considered a safe neighborhood, and that makes Mages suspicious—if vampires don't frequent those grounds, and if werewolves too stay away, what's there to keep them out? What's worse than the undead or abominations?

Other Places

Cultural District—Downtown

In the heart of downtown Portland, you can explore some of the city's major institutions for

the fine and performing arts.

- *Downtown Art Gallery Association* - A guide to art galleries in downtown Portland.
- *Portland Art Museum* - One of the 25 largest museums in the country, with impressive touring exhibitions and permanent collections, including the centers for Northwest and Native American Art.
- *Portland Center for the Performing Arts* - A complex of venues hosting eight resident companies as well as touring musical acts, lecturers and comedians.
- *Oregon Historical Society* - A collection of more than 85,000 artifacts, an extensive research library and myriad education programs illustrate Oregon's history. Grand reopening in September 2003.
- *Northwest Film Center* - Year-round programming, including classes, screenings and lectures. Presents the Portland International Film Festival each February.

Southeast

More hippie than haute, the Southeast scene is endlessly eclectic. Hawthorne Boulevard and Belmont Street feature storefronts and dining spots that are quirky, colorful and inviting.

- *Do Jump!* - Enter a world where humor, music, dance, theater, acrobatics and ideas ignite. Performances at the Echo Theatre, just off Hawthorne Boulevard.
- *Bagdad Theater* - Built in 1927, this ornate movie palace is just one of Portland's view 'n' brew theaters, lovingly restored by the McMenamain brothers. Grab a microbrew, pizza and catch a movie for around \$10.





- *Imago Theatre* - This company is best known for its production FROGZ, whose creature/actors slink, slither and saunter across the stage. Owned by an Obrinos/Free Council mage. (Old Tunnel point)
- *Miracle Theatre* - The Northwest's premier Hispanic arts and culture organization.
- *Profile Theater Project* - Dedicated to exploring the work of a major playwright each season.
- *Triangle Productions* - Avant-garde and mainstream plays and musicals, plus the Pride Series, which more directly explores gay themes.
- *Jackson Art* - A gallery featuring contemporary Native art and antiques, including baskets, sculpture, jewelry, pottery, blankets, beadwork and more.
- *Kennedy School* - Circa 1912 schoolhouse-turned-hotel/restaurant/movie theater/bar/performance space.
- *Onda Studio & Gallery* - Onda Arte Latina showcases home decor, clothing, accessories, gifts, sculpture, paintings, prints, ceramics, jewelry and more from Ecuador, Cuba, Uruguay, Nicaragua, Guatemala and other places south.

North/Northeast

Northeast Alberta and Broadway streets are home to the majority of this area's galleries, clothing boutiques, and restaurants serving everything from soul food to vegan fare.

- *Alberta Arts District* - Another emerging center of creativity in Portland ~ Northeast Alberta Street ~ buzzes with activity on the last Thursday of each month during the aptly named "Last Thursday" art walk. Galleries, clothing boutiques and cafes dot this constantly evolving area.
- *Interstate Firehouse Cultural Center* - A community-based arts center focused on

Colleges & Universities

- The Art Institute of Portland
- Lewis and Clark College
- Oregon College of Art & Craft
- Portland State University
- Portland State University Fine and Performing Arts
- Reed College
- University of Portland
- Warner Pacific College

Hauntings

Portland may be a younger city than New York or Chicago, but it has a past equally as rich, and just as dark. Like any place with history, Portland has its share of ghosts, both metaphorical and metaphysical. The following are descriptions of haunted places in the real world that have been modified to better fit the World of Darkness. Each place detailed below really exists, and there are those who genuinely believe that they are haunted. In the World of Darkness, those suspicions are reality.

Pittock Mansion

The historic Pittock Mansion is an over 16,000 sq. feet large building, built almost entirely from local resources. It was commissioned by Henry Lewis Pittock in 1909, after marrying his wife Georgiana. The mansion was completed in 1914, replete with stunningly progressive features including a central vacuum system, intercoms, and indirect lighting. The house also creatively incorporated Turkish, English, and French designs. The final estate included the mansion, a three-car garage, a greenhouse, and the Italianate gate lodge servants' residence, all situated on 46 acres of land almost 1,000 feet above downtown Portland. Pittock was 80 when he finally moved in, his wife 68. They died within months of each other four years later, but the house remained in the family until '58.

Since the house has opened to the public in 1965 there have been some stories of strange happenings throughout the mansion. A boyhood picture of Henry Pittock seems to move from place to place. It is usually kept on a bedroom mantle, but will move to different locations only minutes after it was last seen. The tour guides can be reticent about these happenings. Visitors have come forward with their own stories. Some visitors have reported the strong smell of roses, when there were none in the house. This was Georgiana's favorite

flower. Other people have reported the sound of heavy boots walking in or out of the rear entrance. A woman was looking at the picture displays in the basement level when she felt something. She turned around and saw the figure of an elderly woman, standing next to her. The woman vanished, before her eyes. A group of native Hawaiians had taken the tour and as they left one of the youths remarked; "My uncle is a shaman in Hawaii and he says that he can feel the spirits of the Pittocks here."

Fictionalization.

The house on the hill is unquestionably haunted. But the question remains: in what capacity? Some say that the Pittocks remain here, and are happy; they play with the staff and meander about their beloved home.

But others know better. Henry and Georgiana worked hard their entire lives, working their way up from nothing to achieve the status they enjoyed before they died. Only they never really enjoyed it, did they? Pittock mansion was five years in the making, and they were only able to enjoy it for less time than it took to build. Henry and Georgiana are angry that their lives ended so soon. They are holding on to this world, and to the house they wanted to be their own. At first, the haunting incidents seemed benign, almost playful; but as more and more people came to visit the house, and as it became more of a museum and less of a home, the old couple grew vengeful. China began to hurl themselves off the display shelves; dressers and furniture were knocked over as if Henry was in a rage.

Georgiana's presence is more subtle. Water evaporates quickly as she weeps for her loss, and those in her presence dehydrate quickly-when angered, she can greatly accelerate this process. And though the staff at Pittock claim the smell of roses comes from the imagination, the truth is five groundkeepers are employed nightly to hack away the roses that seem to



spring up magically.

Two months ago, a supervising tour guide was found murdered in the basement, with rose petals strewn across her body. The staff have begun to get nervous; many have left altogether.

Bagdad Theater

Mood Enhancers

Each of these sites could be its own story in the making. However, they were included in this book to be general knowledge. Chronicles could be constructed around ghost hunters, of course, but it is recommended that all three supernatural groups be aware of these goings on. Each would have their own theories of events based on their perspectives.

In addition, having these hauntings be known to everyone increases the general World of Darkness mood--whatever your characters may be going through, there is also darkness and mystery that has nothing to do with them, further increasing the sensation that they are surrounded by their own inevitable doom.

One of the many theaters built in the late 1920s after silent fantasy classics like Douglas Fairbank's *The Thief of Bagdad*, the theater will hold over 7,00 patrons in its auditorium and large balcony. Several rows of seats have been removed to make way for the permanent tables, set up in front of many seats for patrons to place their snacks while watching movies. Patty worked at the Bagdad in 1994 when McMenamain's first acquired it. She knew things would be different after the electricians began rewiring the theater. They turned off the main power switch to the house lights. At first the lights went out normally. Suddenly they came on again, then gradually flicked off and on for nearly an hour before they stayed off. The electricians were monitoring the circuit with a voltmeter and could not explain what happened.

Patty's boyfriend worked with her at the Bagdad. One day he went up to the second floor restroom used by employees. It was not his favorite restroom because it did not have any ventilation. This time he got more ventilation than he could wish for. He was washing his hands when he felt a sudden chill. Then a cold wind began to blow through the closed room. It was so strong that the toilet paper on the rolls and the cloth towel on the circular towel rack were blown sideways. He never used that bathroom after that.

Fictionalization

Miles Scheffler and Audry Appelo worked in the Bagdad Theater during the 1920s when the place first opened. They lived wild, enjoying the time period like everyone else, defying the prohibition, and conducting a torrid love-affair that their parents had forbade them. When Audry's father found out what the kids were doing behind his back, he confronted Miles in the second story bathroom, and the situation became violent. They quarreled, and Miles was pushed down the stairs. The murder was reported as an accident, the Appelo family never questioned. No one ever sought justice...except for Miles. He still haunts the theater, pining over his love and in a rage about his betrayal. The ghost of Miles is aggressive toward most men and whimsical around those women who fit Audry's description--brown eyes, brown hair, slender with glasses.

Recently, Miles had done more than just putter around the theater. The night janitor has scene a physical man wandering the halls, who will disappear when looked for (sometimes in front of the janitor's eyes). Instead of moving on, he has allowed his anger to grow; but it has obviously given him power, for he can interact with his environment. Time will tell when he will be emboldened enough to act out his aggression--or his love--on some unsuspecting patron.

White Eagle Tavern

A night spot in southeast Portland, the White Eagle Tavern has displayed hauntings for several years. It began in the summer of '99, when the assistant manager and several other employees witnessed many strange events. At various times when the bar is empty, employees have smelled smoke. When they investigated, there was no evidence of a fire anywhere. It could have been some kind of a wiring short, but



again there was no interruption of power. In addition to the burning smell, they would sometimes be assaulted by the overpowering odor of cheap perfume.

Since then, strange things have occurred. Shouts and noises come from the basement where the wine and beer are stored, and the same smells sometimes eliminate from there. The same assistant manager has been assaulted by flying menu boards, but has remained unhurt, only frightened.

Fictionalization

The tavern once had six apartments above it. In 1976 a fire nearly destroyed the building; the tavern was rebuilt but these apartments were hollowed out, and now they are only used for storage. The truth of the dismantlement was kept a secret, but records and witnesses still exist who hold the answers.

Five of the six apartments were occupied by a small band of friends who called themselves the Hand of Darkness. They were engaged in dark mysticism. Their leader, Christian Alder, had discovered dark and secret texts in a forgotten area of the library. He corrupted the others slowly. They did manage to unlock certain powers from evil spirits, and replaid them with sacrifices and dark rituals. Things got out of control, however, and their activities began to catch the attention of the sixth occupant. Jim Aronson was a medical technician with no ambition, but when he discovered the dark magic that was occurring right below his nose, he had to act. The authorities didn't believe a thing; the entities that the Hand of Darkness called upon protected them from suspicion. Finally Aronson had no choice but to set fire to the building. All five members of the Hand of Darkness were killed, and Aronson escaped to live in St. Helens.

The dark magic still remains in the building, even though the apartments are no longer used; also, the leader of the Hand has managed to hold onto this world. A doorway has remained open, and now it has begun to grow.

A lockbox was hidden by the Hand in one of the apartment walls that survived the fire, that would explain things further; however, anyone investigating wouldn't know to look for such things without finding information about Aronson, the Hand or the fire from other sources.

The Wanderer

In Pendleton, Oregon a woman had her car suddenly blow a tire. She was trying to change the flat, she accidentally lost the lug nuts. While she was trying to find the nuts with the aid of her flashlight, the batteries died. Just as she was about to give up hope, a figure appeared behind her. She could see that it was a man, dressed in a large wool coat, wrapped tightly

around him. As he approached her, he picked up the tire iron...and the woman fainted. She awoke some time later, and found herself inside her car. The door was locked, the keys were in the ignition and she was wearing a heavy wool coat.

The ghost is the man of a convicted murderer. He killed his wife in cold blood, and then spent the remainder of his life in a psychiatric hospital. When he died, his spirit remained in this world, and he began to atone for his sins by helping those in need.

However, the ghost is by its nature aggressive. Though helpful, it appears to be dangerous, and usually frightens whoever it appears to be assisting. Worse yet, if whoever it is trying to help reacts too poorly, the spirit can become angry and do more harm than good.

Other Stories

Here are some additional ghost and haunting stories that have their origins in the area.

- **The St. Helen's Manor House** - Most ghost activity decreases over time, but the dead owners of the Manor house seem to grow more irritable every year. (Mortan, WA)
- **The Oar House Bed & Breakfast** - This place was built using planks, boards and timber from ships that had wrecked or been decommissioned along Oregon's coast, and apparently the spirits of sailors don't like what has happened to their vessels. (Newport, OR)
- **The Oregon Vortex** - Sometimes called a hoax and sometimes called miraculous, the Vortex is a place where time and space are said to twist around a gold-miner's cabin. (Jacksonville, OR)
- **Plunkett Center** - At the Southern Oregon University, an evil spirit lives in Plunkett Center that caused five students to commit suicide, further fueling its power. It often reaches out to people, but attempts to contact it make it angry enough to throw people twenty feet from their Ouiji Board. (Ashland, OR)
- **Carson Mineral Hot Springs** - For a time, an elderly-looking female spirit seemed to be a serial killer of old men, who see her immediately die of "natural causes". Though her killings have completely abated in the last many years, her ghost is still sometimes occasionally seen.

Artan Calheun was done feeding for the night. The bleed of a young rave-crazed boy coursed through him, alive with alcohol. Still, Artan felt peckish. A walk along the riverbank tonight; perhaps he would run into a new flavored kine wandering alone.

Well this is interesting. The mortals were home in bed like tucked-in children; but there was something to see on the bank. Artan watched the confrontation between wolf-man and witch. Every Kindred had heard of both, of course, but Artan was still surprised to see them. Never before had they engaged in open conflict such as this. As a vampire, Artan was outraged; this was a Kindred city, these etherwerdlies had no place in it. But the Sherrif in him was intruiged. *Who is this kine the witches are protecting?* Artan wanted to wait until everyone was gone, and then taste the bleed of wizard and werewolf that had been left. But the mortal was compelling; and if something was going down, he wanted to know about it.

Artan nearly laughed when the redheaded witch slapped the kine; only years of hiding in unnatural shadow had trained him to give nothing away. But then the witches did something that killed his mood and whitened his knuckles. He watched as they marched the mortal into the haven of Lowell Mireslav. What manner of conspiracy could they be concecting with *that* madman?

Prince Gareth must be told of this. No warlock bitch would make treaties with vampires in *his* city.

CHAPTER TWO

Rose City

That Portland is a city divided is a quadruple entendre.



ROXANNA BOWEN LOW
ROXANNA BOWEN LOW

-YOU WISH MY ADVICE, PILGRIM?

-I DO, TOTEM, FOR YOU ARE WISE.

-WHAT WISDOM DO YOU SEEK?

-THE WIZARDS HAVE WRONGED US.

-YOU WISH TO KNOW WHAT TO DO?

-YES, TOTEM.

-YOU ARE URATHA. YOU FEAR NO ONE.

-THEN WE SHOULD FIGHT THEM?

-FIGHT, PILGRIM. RAZE THEM TO THE GROUND.

CHAPTER THREE

STUMPTOWN

Forthcoming



Aniche suddenly rocked backward, slamming her head into the crumbling wall. Parixus cried out in alarm and then darted forward to keep her from thrashing herself again. "Aniche! What is it?" Her eyes widened and then depended, and began to glow with supernatural gleam. She panted and moaned slightly, and her face squinted in pain. He knew she was seeing the future. Or the now. Parixus never ceased to worry about her. Most Awakened activated their powers; some of hers came unbidden.

"The Seer Twins," she managed between gulps of panic breath.

Parixus swore. The two Seers of the Thrones who *claimed* to be sisters had caused more trouble to the Mage community than any other threat in any known world. "What are they doing now?"

"They've...stolen something. From werewolves."

Parixus paled. "And if they used magic..."

Aniche nodded, still catching her breath. "The shapeshifters won't make the distinction between us and them."

"Was it the future you saw?" Parixus asked hopefully. "Do we have time to stop it?"



"No." Aniche sighed. "It was the present. But I saw the future, too. And it looked bleak."

CHAPTER FOUR

City of Bridges

In the mid-19th Century, white explorers were drawn to the site that would become Portland. As soon as they came across the land, they saw potential, desire, even an unexplainable need to exist there. Long before those settlers, Native Americans gathered where the Wilamette met the Columbia to hold gatherings, meetings and councils—all the tribes were welcome to travel there, for it was a sacred place, filled with magic, and it was there they most easily spoke to their spirits and ancestors. Although Portland is not as popular or well known as some of the larger cities in America, it has a certain appeal to those who are connected to the supernal world, even at an unconscious level. Every year folks just driving through find themselves living in Portland for the rest of their lives. Tourists never wish to leave. The townspeople have a fierce civic pride, a notion that no matter what, they Portlanders.

Since the beginning of time, twenty square miles which Portland sits in the middle of has been a magical hotspot. Ley lines intersect in the middle of downtown; the history that has occurred here, the way the city was built, and even its careful planned development has been derived from these lines, even though most are completely oblivious to it. Everything about Portland reflects its magical content, and if one but knew how to look, she could find patterns in the trees, the buildings, even the flow of traffic, that would unlock certain mysteries still centered around the City of Bridges.

There are a significant number of Hallows in Portland and its surrounding areas, more per capita than in most parts of the world. Some of the most comprehensive libraries and testing laboratories can be found here, as well as what most consider among the greatest structures and monuments of mage lore and legend. To many, Portland is a mecca, a place of pilgrimage and learning.

All of this means that Portland has evolved into a city boasting nearly as many mages as exist in New York or Tokyo. At first this might seem beneficial, until one considers the hubris of the mages. The power struggle within Portland reaches ever knew heights as Awakened

battle for the city. Factions have formed, with cabals mostly conforming along Order lines, meaning that while cabals still shape the political and sociomagical landscape of Portland, Orders have a higher presence here than in most cities. The more talk of a new Atlantis abounds, the more Orders seem to dominate the current thought. But it's more than just cabals on the whole being aligned to specific Orders, because within Portland those Orders have of late been acting more aggressively toward one another than ever before. Though the Silver Ladder has a heavy weight here, it is mostly because Consilium Hierarch Anshar's cabal the New Atlanteans and their push toward that agenda. The Mysterium actually have the highest population of any Atlantean Order in the city, but are themselves outnumbered by the Free Council. The Guardians and the Arrow have the least representation. There are also a noteworthy number of Apostates, adding additional uncertainty to the politics of Portland.

New Atlantis

Though pressed hardest by Anshar, Consilium Hierarch, and his cabal, there are many in the city (it remains to be seen whether or not 'many' in this case constitutes a majority) believe that Portland has the potential to be a new Atlantis. Of all the Awakened plots and political games currently in motion, this one is most noticeable, and perhaps most important.

Based in partly from artifacts and enigmatic monumenets buried deep within the earth, partly from the amount raw power flowing through Portland, and partly from legend and speculation of possibly mistranslated and definitely ambiguous texts, there exists the possibility that at one time, when Atlantis still existed in its prime, it had outposts of magical power, and that one of them was where modern-day Portland now. Like the colonies of an empire, it is possible that Atlantis sought to discover the world magically, creating bases where magic was strongest throughout the world. When Atlantis fell, the outpost was abandoned in the chaos—abandoned but not destroyed. Eons passed, and time scrubbed the Earth of

signs of the outpost, and the structures and knowledge waited, buried underground, only to be uncovered in the last century.

If what was to become Portland was the last vestige of Atlantis after the fall, the argument goes, it is possible that if any place is a worthy successor of Atlantis, it would be Portland. If it has the power to be such a prominent outpost, then perhaps it is a likely heir to the dynasty of the Awakened. If this were

Magical Locations

Within Portland exist a myriad of physical places of magic, both made in modern times and recently discovered from ages past. Most are kept somewhat enigmatic so that each gamemaster can add specific details to better fit individual chronicles. With the exception of Government Island, Riverplace Marina and New Stonehenge, all locations in this section are fictional. Most are meant to exist completely under the Sleepers' radar.

1. Oberon's mansion

Oberon's estate would far overwhelm Pittock if anybody knew it was there. A combination of obscure location, high foliage and Occultation keeps most Sleeper from being aware the mansion exists, and those that are conscious of it for some reason don't consider it worth mentioning to the board of tourism.

Other mages dream of being invited into Oberon's home with free run of the place, but so far that has yet to happen. There are occasionally cocktail parties and other informal gatherings to the estate, but those events have been restricted to just a few of the rooms—and there are rumored to be over fifty, once the below ground levels are factored in. Wild speculation of what is in the mansion has grown in participation over the last twenty years. There is known to be at least one massive library, but there are rumored to be two more. Rumor exists of a secret showroom of artifacts, a meditation point with some magical device in it that amplifies Mind and Space abilities, and dozens of other possible points of interest that would have mages trampling down Oberon's door, were he not so powerful. Oberon grants visitation request to no one, and isn't known to become actively involved in affairs not initiated by him—neither Oberon or his house should be expected to make any sort of appearance until the chronicle designed with him in it. Oberon's mansion is a sanctum with a rating of 5, a Hallow with a rating of 4, a Library with a rating of 7, and a Demense. (Floorplans to come for chronicle two.)

2. Government Island

to be accomplished the road would be long and hard, and the outcome of such an official proclamation unpredictable. But perhaps an enlightened city is what necessitates the ascension to the pure realms. Perhaps Atlantis requires redemption, redemption through a new incarnation, a new incarnation which Portland can provide.

Government Island is a real place, a patch of land in the middle of the Columbian River—Highway 205 passes over it, but it is not accessible by road. Many drivers pass over it and wonder what could be down there, especially since it has such an enigmatic name and appears to be untamed. Mages know that the official stories (of the island being *strictly* a wildlife reserve) are bogus—there is a magical presence there (a Hallow most assuredly, and possibly a Demense, although no mages reside on the island; but there is something...else there, too). There was a time when it was a boat-only campground, waterhole and various recreational site, but in recent years this has changed into complete restriction—the wildness has returned to the island, and most traces of human occupation has been grown over or decayed. It is considered a no-man's land for all Awakened. So far, none who have ventured there has returned.

3. The Chamber of Amber

Deep, deep beneath the earth rests an enormous amphitheater that bears a startling resemblance to the Roman Coliseum. Made from soap- and sandstone so flawlessly created one can hardly see the lines between the bricks, the entire structure is lined with gold, including delicate calligraphy of mage symbols. The only other decoration are ovals of amber set into the stone; the entire hall looks like it has had its hue adjusted unnaturally. The seven meter entrance, ornately carved and boasting gold-stenciled depictions of imago, looks small in comparison to the rest of the entrance—the highest point on the domed ceiling measures 35 meters. The only other doorway leads under the coliseum, to a hallway of doors that will not open, save one. In it was documents of hypothetical Rotes, artifacts, imbued items, and all manner of mage-oriented objects—however, no reference to where or when the architecture came from.

The Chamber is sometimes put to use, most especially for Duel Arcana, but for the most part the Chamber is studied. The exact center is known as a level 5 Hallow, but it is also a Loci—not only that,



some have said that it is a Verge as well. In Shadow, the amphitheater is structurally the same, but appears to be comprised of obsidian, chrome and onyx, and spirits gather here in court.

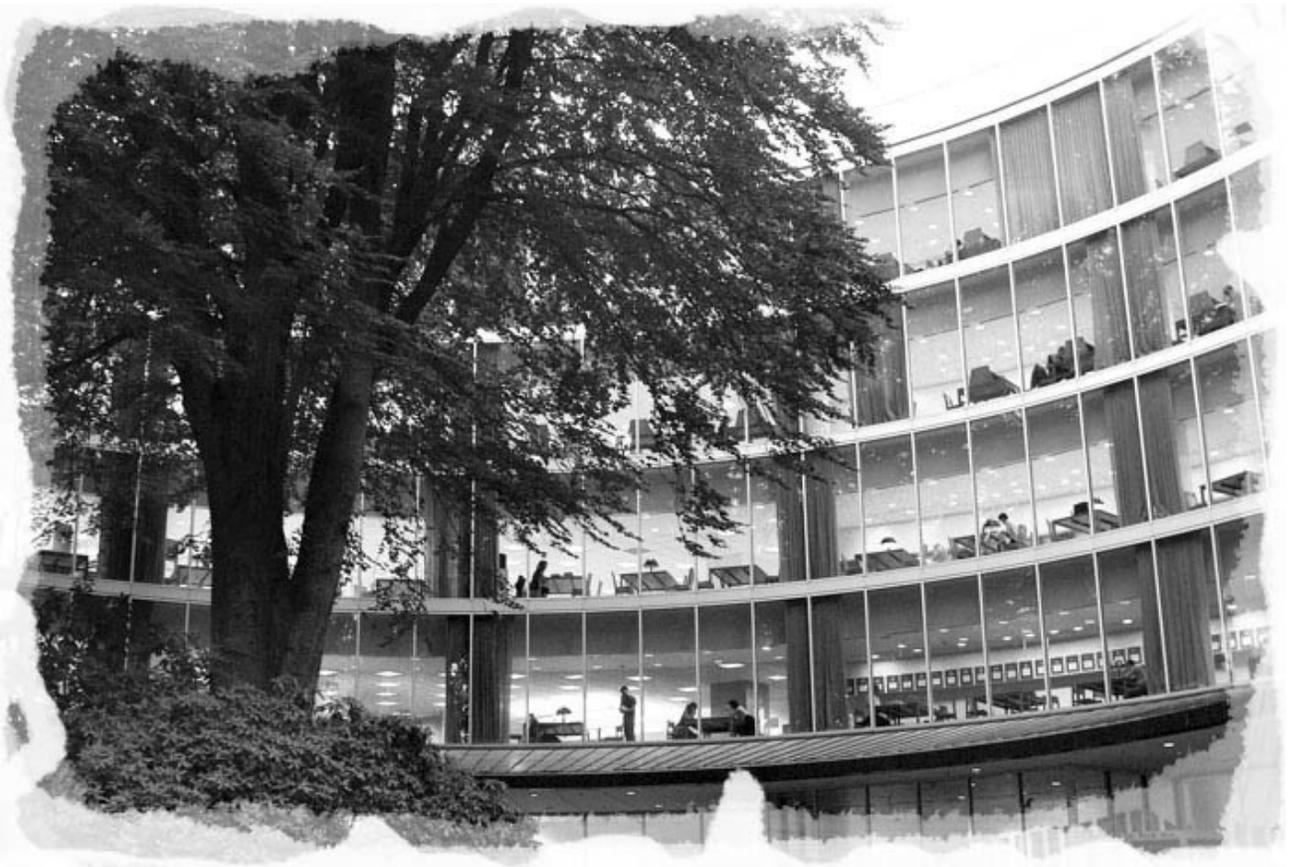
4. The Hold of Wyvern

The sanctum of the Wyvern Council is essentially an enormous library. The Wyvern do not close their doors to any mages of legitimate standing in the Portland community—and usually grant all requests to visitors. When Leandros discovered a tunnel in that location, Wyvern chose to build its sanctum there, in an attempt to show the mage community that despite their discretion, they do their best to be open and honest with the society as a whole. Still, there are whole rooms quartered off to anyone not a part of the cabal, and Wyvern manages to keep its secrets. Library 8, Demense.

5. The Pentagon

While there are many interesting and exotic locations in Portland, the only one that has true status with mages even other continents is _____, or what the locals refer to as simply the Pentagon. When the consilium headquarters burned down in 1962, the mages were without an official place to gather for over ten years. When Anshar found a seat on the consilium, the New Atlanteans made a move that caused their leader to end up Hierarch. The cabal purchased four square blocks worth of prime in-city land, and developed it as a gathering point for mages—not just consilium-related events, and not just for the whole of Portland. The Pentagon is the first transnational center for mages. So far, this has not caught on, mages from all over have visited throughout its twenty year existence, and the New Atlanteans have credit for





it. Anshar hopes it to catch on, and have an annual gathering, with a few representatives from every major city, in the next decade.

Hallow 5, Library 4, Demense, the Pentagon has three shifts of four Sleepwalkers each, and is the quintessential place of magic and learning. The above ground structure is only one story tall, shaped in a pentagon. Inside, however, the walls are arranged to form the pattern of a pentagram in the structural shape, making eleven rooms (the eleventh being another pentagon, where the consilium conducts their meetings). While these rooms are impressive, they are relatively mundane, and even though the building is a unusual shape, there is nothing to garner suspicion to a Sleeper (even the acres of gardens surrounding the building have no magical properties *per se*). Under the surface of the earth, however, the Pentagon takes full advantage of the Demense (comprised of six soulstones).

Besides a great dining hall (a la Harry Potter), a meeting theatre (a la *Star Wars*, minus the floating platforms), quarters, meditation rooms, libraries, computer and science labs, there are rooms that are said to exist nowhere else—a continuously OG room, an underground arboretum with an illusion of sky, sun and moon (even rain descends on the gardens there—always an exact duplication of the conditions outside, though stars are as bright as if there was no city), portal

rooms where Space magic docks the Pentagon to other willing cities, and much, much more that average mages know only by rumor.

6. Steel Bridge Cave

On the western shore of the Wilamette River, near where the Steel Bridge becomes Holladay Street, there is a small whole no wider than a meter in diameter, and easy to overlook (plus, it is now on private property which forbids trespass). The tunnel leads to a wet cave, discovered by Indiana only a few years ago. Although it is a Hallow (rating 3), no one knows what other purpose it serves, but there are those that study its secrets. It resonates strongly of Time, Spirit and Space magic, but to what end no one is yet certain.

7. Riverplace Marina

The Space Between have their headquarters here, atop a Hallow with a rating of 4. It consists of a boat housing complex, owed by the cabal. There is a boathouse inside for each member, and it is from here they conduct their affairs. The Space Between is known for using the rivers to conduct their affairs, rather than by car (though not with their houseboats, of course—several yachts and runabouts also exist in the complex). Little else is self-evidently special, other than the fact that anytime a mage visits the Riverplace Marina he is treading on Guardian ground.

8. Einstein's Place

Though this character may never come into play in any chronicle ever, he is eccentric enough to place, because as a random element that is so unlikely to appear it becomes likely that he will. This is where Einstein conducts his affairs, with his Sleeper assistants, concocting new and innovative gadgets for the mage community. His home is the penthouse of one of the only buildings on the east side of the 405 that measures over twenty stories. He is completely secluded from Sleeper eyes (the possibility of a skydiver getting an all-too lucky eyeful notwithstanding), and he values his privacy from the Awakened as well—while in his study, he rarely receives visitors. Library 4.

9. Patroclus's Estate

The archmage Patroclus spent many years in Portland, and when the shit hits the fan in chronicle one, many will turn to him for guidance, and advice—however, Patroclus has been missing for nearly seven years, and all that is left of him is his three-story apartment in southeast Portland. It has remained untouched since his disappearance, but no one dares to go in there after that first attempt—it is said that the person entering the home was faced with some sort of challenge that broke his mind.

10. St. Paul's Church

Ironically enough, Aquinas, who pretends to be of God but secretly hopes to pull back the lie within the Lie, lives where he is able to perform miracles. Over the years this place has become a mage haven, because it is easy to hide within a church and not be bothered, no matter what type of Sleeper is looking. Although Aquinas is in the Common Good cabal, he is as close to neutral in the political ring as a mage can become, and this Church is proof of it; all are welcome here, even if the priest's cabal is actively adversarial to that of the one asking for refuge. Hallow 2, Demense.

Other Locations

The Leandros Tunnels

In 1948, Leandros (an archmage adventurous archeologist and spelunker who mentored Indiana) made the final discovery of his life (he died six years later). His passing was mourned, for in his absence there was a leadership vacuum that was not filled until the arrival of the New Atlanteans—but his finding is one of the most celebrated in mage history, and his name is still spoken with a hushed reverence today.

It is unknown when exactly the tunnels were made, but the architecture indicates an advanced culture otherwise unknown to any community. Some speculate that Atlantis stretches as far as modern-day Portland because of how magically imbued the surround area was—perhaps an outpost of Atlantis once



existed where the city now stands, and these tunnels and the Chamber of Amber are all that are left of it (this has prompted Indiana and several other mages to continuously scour the area, hoping to find some hidden indication that this theory is correct). All of this gives further fuel to Anshar's prospect of New Atlantis—and the parallel's between Leandros (the old leader of the mage community who discovered a possible link to Atlantis) and Anshar (the new leader who proposes to rebuild a form of Atlantis here) is hard to deny.

What is known for sure about these tunnels is how they work. Any location is disguised as a janitor closet or supply cabinet in a restroom, places that are always overlooked by the Sleepers present. The door opens up into massive vaulted corridors that remind one of sewers—walkways on either side with water running down the middle (the water is ice cold, tasteless, flowing from an unknown source to an unknown destination). There is a small station just inside the doorway at waste-height. To activate it, the mage places his hand on the flat surface, speaks the name of his destination (it must be a currently active portal) and begins to walk. In approximately fifty paces (it always seems to be the same distance, regardless of how far away the actual arrival point may be), the tunnel ends at another doorway—no turns, though the whole tunnel curves enough you cannot see the other doorway until you're upon it. A mage needs a source of light, otherwise the tunnel is bitch black. Though the magic could not invoke Paradox upon a mage (though presumably it could upon itself), it is considered bad form to use this form of travel for anything other than dire need; plus, it requires placing three Mana into the station (which does not require Prime—the station takes the Mana itself), making certain mages are loath to use the tunnels unless they absolutely have to.

There are currently eight known points in the Leandros Tunnels. Others may exist—no one knows for sure. At some point the tunnels went dormant—presumably when Atlantis fell, though no one knows for certain. As Leandros found each point and activated them, they were added to the pool of possible locations. Thus it is assumed that there may still be tunnel points in torpor (it was Leandros that anchored the magic to mundane doors; he claimed, however, that it instantly felt like the correct thing to do, indicating they were meant to be linked to actual doorways). Note that the exit point at Sellwood Bridge opens directly over the water, and anyone who walks through that door simply falls into the Wilamette River (through a 'door' that opens out of material directly of the bridge); many have speculated that this proves that the points were made a eons ago, before that particular river ran through that particular point.

New Stonehenge

Recently, it has come to the attention of several Awakened explorers that the Stonehenge monument may be more than it seems. In 1910, when Sam Hill began construction on a Stonehenge replica on the coast of the Columbia River (around the center of the state), mages and Sleepers alike assumed he was a madman. As the site became a national monument and tourism increased to the area, the Sleepers found a respect for the replica, but mages continued to scoff. It is well known that the actual Stonehenge is a site of great power; to mages, this imitation is almost insulting, like a cheap glossy print of a Monet.

The new Stonehenge is not a Loci, Verge or Hallow, and has been ignored by the Awakened explorers since its completion in 1930. Around a year ago, however, a Mysterium investigator from Scotland visited the monument, and reported to the Portland Consilium that the wiccan Sleepers who visit the site might not be as naive as they appear. He had discovered a hidden resonance at the monument; something magical exists here, and it appears that Sam Hill was indeed a mage who hid the magic at his New Stonehenge so thoroughly that even now, with more than a year of study, the Awakened still cannot discover what the location's purpose is.

Anshar insists this is one more reason to believe in a rebirth of Atlantis in the area, but a few months ago the New Stonehenge gave hint that it has a darker source than originally thought: while investigating the site, the original Scottish mage disappeared in the middle of the night. He gave no indication of leaving, his room in order, his correspondence giving indication that he'd stay in the area for a year or more. The site is only open in the day to the public, so even most of the other mages don't know exactly what happens at night; Indiana and several other mages have begun trying to discover where he might have gone, but the Stonehenge is reluctant to divulge its secrets.



Avalon

For mages, one of the most interesting locations in Oregon isn't a specific location at all. In the best tradition of Arthrian legend, there is an island that cannot be accessed by normal, physical means. Mortals would never find it, in part because it has to be boated to only in through the fog, and also because the island shifts locations from one month to the next. Sometimes it is at the mouth of the Columbia River in the Pacific Ocean, and sometimes it is in the Columbia or Willamette right in the middle of the city. The mages have dubbed this island Avalon for obvious reasons.

Other than its strange properties and its propensity for existing in many different places over the course of a year (in approximately 13 months it begins its cycle anew, always appearing in the same places from year to year, and in the same order), Avalon has no magical properties to speak of. It is a Hallow, but only with a rating of 1, and there seems to be nothing else about it that would give a visitor pause. Everyone says there must be some reason why this island would be so hard

Combined Knowledge

As previously stated, the cabals that here struggle for power are largely divided by Orders, and so are they categorized here. This section is meant to give a brief introduction to the cabals; see page 87 for more details on how they interact.

Alloy: Those of the Free Council that see the only way to proceed in the new world is to blend magic and technology comprise this cabal (there are sympathizers to this thought, but only this cabal actively pursues the goal). Mostly matter and forces users, Alloy is also the most fun cabal around—in that they indulge in the hedonistic side of Sleeper existence; they can often be found in clubs and bars most Awakened wouldn't be caught dead in. They are beyond mere dabblers into Sleeper technology; a fair many of them are competent hackers or inventors, most especially their figurehead, who with an historical sense of irony goes by the Shadow Name of Einstein. Despite their cavalier attitude, they are nothing to be scoffed at; not only have they proven to be influential throughout mage community in general, but they have (mostly through Einstein) come out with several inventions both magical and mundane that have benefited Awakened society. Many are beginning to consider them invaluable, which lends them political credit in the current events of the day.

Bystanders: For an Apostate cabal, the Bystanders are

to access (you have to find out the schedule of the island, no easy feat, and then get in a boat and ride to it under a thick fog which has to be in place for at least a few hours without being held there by magical means), but so far thorough searches of the entire three square mile area have proved in vain.

A cooky man called Remus lives on the island, in a house that looks as though it were built in the 1800s. He refuses to give much information about himself, such as where he came from or how long he has been on the island. He claims to be a watchkeeper, but of what he isn't clear; most assume the island itself, but there seems little reason for it to remain permanently under guard. What's more, Remus allows just about anyone to stay as long as they want, and mages willing to spend some time camping often go to Avalon as a way of vacation, starting on the coast of Oregon and ending right in the middle of the city, where they're able to continue with their lives. It would have made for a very popular tourist attraction by now, if most weren't so overcome by the feeling that something more sinister was happening right under their noses.

exceedingly well recognized within Portland. They chose their name as a protest to the purpose domination of the Orders, who the Bystanders claim rarely have the interest in all mages. Their leader, Themis, sits as Consilium Council member number six, a feat rarely heard of. A great many mages are Apostates in Portland, moreso per capita than elsewhere, and the Bystanders serve as their figurehead, even if they are not within the cabal. Themis is a hotheaded Irishwoman who seems as eager to fight as the cliché of her cultural identity would allow, and usually ties to fight mages one-on-one without the use of the Duel Arcana, just simple fisticuffs. She is only granted a seat on the council for two reasons: one, the other members know they have to appease the large number of Apostates in the city, so having her there is really sort of a political maneuver; and two, for all her aggressive posturing, she is extremely intelligent in Sleeper affairs and politics, and the Consilium finds having someone present who can accurately guess at Sleeper reactions to Consilium dealings useful.

Centurions: Although they have no specific lineage to Rome, this mostly Arrow cabal harkens back to the strong-arm guards of the Empire's most glorious days, believing in a tightly regimented existence of mind, body, and spirit. While all Atlantean mages have concern for humanity, the Centurions experience it in a much more specific sense—they have elected

themselves the guardians of the city, stewards of Portland's well being and prosperity. These concerns are above all others; in a certain way, the Centurions would sacrifice the remainder of the world to protect Portland. Like the Space Between and Anshar's cabal, the Centurions believe strongly in the concept of a new Atlantis: Portland would discover new heights of wealth, power, and safety—and if the Order cast-system was reimplemented in mage society, their existence would be vindicated.

Chi: A very small and largely uninfluential cabal comprised of three Japanese mages (one Free Council, one Apostate and a Mysterium) who moved here from Okinawa. Three members have been present since the initiation of the Japanese Gardens, which they watch over; when one passes on, another comes to take her place. Their presence is attributed to the success and beauty of the gardens, and the Chi offer respite to any weary mage traveling through the city. They sort of embody the traditions of Eastern mages, which in itself makes them noteworthy; also, they serve as an example to other mages, refusing to dabble in petty maneuverings, seeking enlightenment from within, and leaving the corporeal world to its own devices.

The Common Good: Of the three cabals that have a majority of Silver Ladder members, this one seems the most egalitarian, but few trust their goals. On the surface, they seem the exact opposite of the Silverbacks, supporting any idea that they deem worthy. No one can deny that they have helped nearly every cabal at one time or another, but no one can adequately explain why—the best theory is that the Common Good want to appear as the leaders, and if they help everyone enough eventually all will turn to them as rulers of the city, albeit with honey rather than a cane. The Common Good staunchly denies these accusations with the righteous indignation of Saint Theresa being accused of self-gratification, but according to now only the Silverbacks but many other cabals, “They aren't fooling anybody.”

Crowbane: A strange gathering of mixed Order neopagans who awoke without comfort. They bicker with the Mirror Readers, because they dabble in Spirit and Death like that cabal; they quarrel with the leadership of the city, and even with the Alloy. They are a strange gathering of seemingly half-mad warlocks obsessed with the Celtic occult and strange practices that would rival the Circle of the Crone. They are nearly hated by nearly all of the cabals because of their open-ended and unbiased hostility. Their true motivations remain a

mystery too most, and they are regarded with a certain dismissal, as if they are a cabal of teenagers or punk-rockers who may find direction one day, but are for now the mage equivalent of those damn skateboarders always hanging around outside the office even though we used tax-dollars to build them a rink.

Destiny's Cane: Most fear Destiny's Cane, and for good reason. The leader of the cabal is an archmage of Fate, two of its members are Masters of Fate, and the remaining to have Fate of 4 (they are all of various Orders, but that consideration seems tertiary to the cabal). Each member also has other Arcana of significant power. They are the old wise men, though only two are elderly; they are sought after for advice and guidance, and often employed to ask what the repercussions of current actions will yield (most of the Cane have high Time mastery as well). The Cane seems content to be used in this way, all the while studying the fate and destiny of the entire world, interested in such matters on a global scale. Recently, they have begun an alliance with Alloy, because the Cane has come to understand technology can help them greatly in their cause; the pairing has many mages understandably nervous. Their politicking seems random and unpredictable, and few can guess to their motivation; which in their way makes the Cane as nerve-wracking as Mystery Train.

The First Cabal: The First Cabal is a proud organization comprised entirely of Native Americans, most of them of local tribes, and most of them members of the Adamantine Arrow Order. Long before Europeans discovered this land, the People resided here, living in tandem with all things. Similarly, Awakened Indians preceded white mages. While this is true everywhere in America, here the First Cabal makes an issue of it. They are very well respected by nearly everyone, including their enemies, for they are fierce and honorable opponents. The First Cabal is what remains of a longstanding Native American mage tradition (some of the cabal claim they were the caretakers of the remnants of the Atlantean outpost). The First Cabal no longer rankles against the incursion of the outside world (since they have been a minority for now ten generations); they instead serve as a reminder of how life once was, and the things we can never forget.

Freeweavers: The most popular cabal among the mages, the Freeweavers are evocative of a Free Council Quiddich team. They take risks, they make discoveries, and they do it all in a flashy and entertaining way. Daredevils and adventures, this cabal makes the

metaphorical headlines of the Awakened community on a daily basis. Those who are not risk takers and cavalier adventurers are artists, and make their livings entertaining Sleepers or mages (usually both). This does not mean they aren't keenly interested in politics: their leader, Consilium member Balder, has no flare for the dramatic, either in adventure or art, and instead raises money and power in Sleeper society. He keeps the Freeweavers together and ensures that they do not stray too far into hedonism, demanding meticulous study from all of his members and keeping everyone informed on the interests of the city, even if the cabal doesn't act on current events.

Mirror Readers: A mixed cabal concerned mostly of the Spirit, with a significant presence in the Shadow World. In their beginnings they had little to do with the politics of the day, preferring to say in the occult, to study all there is in Twilight and Shadow, hoping to gain access to the Abyss and beyond. Most respected their ability and wisdom. But lately their stance toward things has begun to change. Their almost blind friendship to Space Between has brought them into the fold of the New Atlantean Alliance, a cause which they have only found merit in after joining. As a consequence they have become more political than they would have thought possible two decades hence, but they are fitting in to their new roles with alarming alacrity.

Mystery Train: Without a doubt, this Apostate cabal is the most distant to what's really going on in Portland. Though they've never done anything untoward, most mages don't trust them. Mystery Train seems to keep mostly to itself, trying not to interfere with city politics. Non-order mages make others nervous enough, but this cabal doesn't seem to do anything—no specific agenda, no specific identity, and they've never performed any activities that end up on anybody's radar. Mystery Train claims they don't do anything—they are like a club, a support network as they live relatively mundane lives amid the Sleepers. But anyone who is in a cabal knows that one cannot do *nothing*. Mutual support and friendship are rarely enough to keep a cabal alive; the world is a dangerous place, and mages ally together to survive, not because they like each other. The whole thing stinks of foul play, but the other cabals don't know how to call the Mystery Train out—as long as they continue to claim disinterest with city events, they can remain outside the arena, ensuring that the others have no power over them. Which makes everyone even more nervous, because Portland is a city where everyone tries to have something to hold over everyone

else, and having no power seems like having it all.

New Atlanteans: Lead by Anshar, the Hierarchy of the Consilium, the New Atlanteans are self-descriptive. Portland is so powerful in magical resonance, has so many hallows, and now has such a mage population (as well as plethora of artifacts and locations, many of them Spaced here due to Portland's popularity among the Awakened). This mostly Silver Ladder cabal believes the time has come to forge a new Atlantis, a place to rekindle the legends of old. Most consider their monumental goals are matched only by their catastrophic hubris and their alarming propensity for getting things accomplished. The New Atlanteans do not control the city, but they are feared and respected, and have great influence over everyone, and in some ways are the focal point of all current events in Portland. Considered one of the only two power-house cabals (with Wyvern; although some suspect Alloy will soon join this description), the New Atlanteans work hard to impose their views on the rest of the community. Lately, they have been met with increased resistance from not only the Silverbacks, but several other more forward thinking cabals.

Pyrrhus: An up and coming cabal comprised mostly of apprentices and disciples. They hold to the tenant that knowledge is power, and take this concept a bit more literally than most Mysterium might. They use information the way the Mekhet might, brokering deals and blackmailing for position based on what they know of other mages. Despite their relative youth they have proven to be a thorn, in part because the time that isn't spent increasing their supernal power is used gathering secrets. Although they have not threatened someone of power enough to risk their own lives, they are gambling dangerously nearly every other week with what they try to pull. There are some who predict that, given time, Pyrrhus will overtake the Wyvern in power, and perhaps prove to be one of the more influential cabals. Anshar sees potential to make treaties with such a cabal, and his attention has afforded Pyrrhus a little more breathing room than it might otherwise enjoy.

Red Book: The Red Book is a cabal formed of young, mostly Mysterium mages with whimsical attitudes and a penchant for triple-puns. They are sympathizers with Alloy, but instead of focusing on technology they focus on new concepts and ideas. They study new philosophy by the sleepers in an attempt to find clues to truths buried within the psyches of the sheep. When someone has a genuine concern for Sleepers, or needs to know how a Sleeper will react to a given situation,

most employ the services of Red Book, who, along with the Alloy, seem to remember their Sleeper days better than any other Awakened, and still find value in the magicless existence.

Silverbacks: Although arrogant and selfish, this mostly Silver Ladder cabal in its way does have Portland's interests at heart. They oppose the New Atlantean Alliance mainly because they would like to see themselves in charge of the city, but this is just as much to keep Portland safe as it is to amass its own power. They oppose any goal that, if stopped and then reemployed by them, could grant them power, even if it doesn't specifically involve the New Atlanteans. Self-serving attitudes abound in this cabal, and it seems doomed for destruction, based on all the in-fighting that occurs. Nevertheless, they are one of the only cabals that has its fingers in as many pies as it does, and most are loath to cross them without a significant advantage. Also, the Silverbacks have somehow managed to control a lot of magical items and artifacts no one else has been allowed to study. Mages are fearful of what will happen to those items (and by extension, all of the Awakened in the area) when the Silverbacks implode. Worse yet is the unofficial coalition of cabals that seems to be forming around the Silverbacks and Alloy; if the Silver Ladder cabal does cave in on itself, the results to the rest of that union could be disastrous.

Space Between: Most of the Guardians of the Veil in Portland belong to this cabal, and throughout its existence only an honored few have been from outside that Order. Generally they feel very strongly about protecting Sleepers from themselves, and the usual Guardian rhetoric—more specifically they hope to see the realization of a New Atlantis, a la Anshar and his cabal. Led by Consilium member Ran, the Space Between is deadly and determined, but for very precise reasons, hoping that by helping the realization of the New Atlanteans they can come to a back-door to the Lie; if Portland can become a true Mecca for Awakened souls, then as its power grows so too will the possibility that the Sleepers of the city will see things more clearly, and perhaps join the mage race. For all the good intentions many of the cabal have, there are secrets and betrayals brewing within the Space Between, and

few realize the cabal's ultimate goal.

Vancouverans: These mostly Free Council mages all reside in Vancouver, Washington, across the Columbia River and state border from Portland, and as such they hold less allegiance to it than they otherwise might. Having an “outside perspective,” they claim to be able to see events and situations with a more objective attitude. Still, in many ways they are akin to the Silverbacks, perhaps a reason why the two have become allies in recent years. It's hardly a secret that by opposing the New Atlanteans they stand to claim power if successful, but the Vancouverans also claim to dislike power hungry alliances like the New Atlantean one. In some respects, they have a certain amount of altruism, for they do honestly believe that the Alliance would not be good for the city, and that with Alloy, the Silverbacks and themselves in power, the city would fare much better.

Wyvern Council: Lead by Consilium member Atlas, this mostly Mysterium cabal investigates the unexplained the occult world. Wyvern has long been respected in the community as a treasure trove of information; their library is the largest and most expansive in the city, and possibly one of the more impressive in America. Wyvern also has its political side; the Council claims that because of its extensive knowledge of the mystical world is has insight many others do not. On the whole, this has proven true, for the Wyverns often make policy or give opinions that are later proven to be invaluable. Oberon was once a member of the cabal, removed for ideological reasons, or so Wyvern claims. The truth of Oberon's removal is cause for debate, though not so much now as it once was. Oberon maintains his manor and keeps to himself these days, and since his departure a lot of the wind has gone from the Wyvern sails—nevertheless they continue to collect the secrets of the unknowable, and attempt to maintain the status quo. Oberon pushed the cabal to new heights, and with his guidance it is possible that Wyvern may have become the dominate cabal in the city, and his absence is seen by most as a blow—however, they are still one of the more powerful and respected groups in Portland, and seen as the wisest.

The Awakened

There are nearly a hundred Awakened within the Portland community; per capita they have the greatest numbers of the three supernatural groups. There are many potential plot reasons for having a city so crammed full of mages. It is assumed that Portland

is relatively unique in its population, and that other surrounding cities have more modest numbers. For example, one could run a game in Seattle, where there are comparatively few mages, and then in Portland: by their natures, the games would have to be different.

Similarly, there are many powerful mages in and around Portland, again for story reasons. The appeal of a New Atlantis has quite a draw, and those who are hungry enough for power are compelled here. Again it assumes that surrounding cities do not have as many high-powered mages, and that chronicles in Portland would consequently reflect these numbers. If you wish to play in the established setting of Portland but not have as many mages, simply remove those cabals you wish (or reduce their numbers); Portland was designed to be a unique experience as a city, and can be easily modified to fit whatever mold you want it to fit.

There are far too many mages to list them all. The following are powerful or influential Awakened; it is assumed that those listed here are the only masters and archmages in the city, though of course more can be added as needed.

These descriptions are meant to give you a general feel for the characters; stats are not provided, except for Arcana to give you a feel for their affinities. Only those characters suggested to be used in listed chronicles have expanded stat scores.

Aniche

(Fate•••••, Time•••••, Mind•••••, Space•••••)

Path: Acanthus **Order:** None **Cabal:** Bystanders **Age:** 40 **Awakened:** 25 years

A child of true Fate, Aniche has dedicated her life to helping people who were once wronged. She employs the Gift of Fortune on a regular basis, causing the wrong-doer to unwittingly aid the wronged in some way. She says she is karma, or at least a conscious part of it, working to restore the balance within single lifetimes rather than waiting for death and rebirth. She finds that her Buddhist upbringing is at odds with the Orders, so she chose none; she then began to grow frustrated at how the Orders think that being a part of one is the only state of existence, so she joined the Bystanders. Aniche was once considered a frontrunner for the next spot in Destiny's Cane, but when that spot came she refused, and it has left the Cane angered ever since. She claims that Destiny's Cane too often works against karma, and disapproves of their existence as a collective.

Heimdall

(Spirit•••••, Prime•••••, Life•••••, Forces•••••, Matter•••••)

Path: Thrysus **Order:** Mysterium **Cabal:** None **Age:** 50 **Awakened:** 10 years

A slightly kooky fellow who sympathizes with werewolves and finds them noble creatures. As a Mysterium, he has grown to learn so much about them that he is fundamentally changed. He does not share his information with other mages, and in some ways

has his allegiance more to the wolves than humans. He has remained in Shadow for so long he irrevocably altered, and he behaves strangely, with quirks usually found only in werewolves or spirits. He looks like an abstract of the Wolverine character, only with yellow eyes.

Chimel

(Forces•••••, Space•••••, Prime•••••, Prime•••••, Fate•••••, Mind•••••)

Path: Mastigos **Order:** Free Council **Cabal:** New Atlanteans **Age:** 45 **Awakened:** 15 years

Chimel was an immigrant from Mexico, who used his newfound Awakened abilities to reach America. For a time he was self-serving and callous, but in later years wizened to a man who wishes all could enjoy what he has. He uses his abilities and influence (as chairman emeritus of PRIAA—Portland Immigrant Rights and Allocation Alliance) to help bring as many worthy people to this country as he can—but he doesn't want just more farmers, but the educated (or those that will be, he doesn't discriminate based on class, only a willingness to get ahead in this world). He is the only Free Council member in the New Atlanteans cabal—while he believes in what the Free Council stands for, he also thinks that they should back Anshar's plan.

Gaea

(Life•••••, Mind•••••, Spirit•••••, Space•••••, Mind•••••, Matter•••••, Death•••••)

Path: Thrysus **Order:** Mysterium **Cabal:** First Cabal **Age:** 33 **Awakened:** 28 years

Awakened at an extremely early age, Gaea had the potential to become a master while still in her twenties. Instead, she developed magic slowly and focused as much on the Fallen World as she did looking beyond it. Animal communicator, rights activist and protector, Gaea is the epitome of a new age mage trying to live in harmony with all things. She joined the First Cabal although she was barely Native American, because she believes in what they stood for; even now, she has many Indian Sleeper friends. She runs an animal shelter in the city, and keeps up contact with Fish & Game and the Department of Wildlife, both locally and abroad. She is the author of the New York Times bestsellers *This I Hear* and *Dreams of Dogs*. Friends with Aniche.

Grakus (alias Alexander Shoemaker)

(Mind•••••, Death•••••, Space•••••, Prime•••••, Matter•••••, Spirit•••••)

Path: Mastigos **Order:** Guardian **Cabal:** Space Between **Age:** 40 **Awakened:** 10 years

Although he is only on the City Council, Grakus's hand stretches far. He is known to Sleepers as Shoemaker, a pseudonym he adopted when he first

Awakened and ran for office. Is often used by Ran to further Anshar's goals; as second in command of the cabal, knows of Ran's ultimate goals. Still, he is sympathetic to the New Atlanteans, and is at a crossroads whether or not to betray his master and join Anshar. Whatever else, he still acts like a Guardian, employing dark tactics behind the scenes when dealing in Sleeper and mage politics alike. It is fair to say that without him, Anshar's cause would be further behind, because even for the most powerful of mages Sleepers need to be consulted for big changes to a city, and Grakus can provide that. When the balance of power shifts, the side that Grakus ends up on could prove to be the deciding factor; but for all this, few realize his importance to Portland's future.

Einstein

(Matter••••, Forces••••, Prime••••, Mind•••, Life•••, Fate•••)

Path: Acanthus **Order:** Free Council **Cabal:** Alloy **Age:** 42 **Awakened:** 17 years

One of true technology oriented mages. Before his Awakening, Einstein had dedicated his life to invention and theoretical science. Now, he creates both strictly mundane things, as well as imbued items, often with a blending of old magic and new technology; but whatever he invents is solely to serve other mages—no Sleeper benefits from even his completely mundane creations. He lives with three full staff, live-in Sleeper scientists. Although he is a dedicated member of Alloy, his is far too busy to be its leader; nevertheless he is a powerful mage, and others in the cabal often turn to him for advice, which he is happy to give when he isn't neck-deep in some new contraption.

Indiana

(Life••••, Spirit••••, Prime•••, Space••••, Matter••, Mind•)

Path: Thrysus **Order:** Mysterium **Cabal:** Wyvern **Age:** 45 **Awakened:** 20 years

While Portland is already awash with places and relics important to the Awakened community, Indiana knows more is to be had—many of the local discoveries were made by him, and he is often sent by Wyvern Council to oversee any transfers of magical properties into the Portland area. He can be said to be the resident expert on Portland's magical side. He spends the majority of his time looking for new discoveries, which while no longer as frequent as they once were, still occasionally happen. He sells or keeps most of what he finds, unless it goes to Wyvern for study (which it often does). Eccentric, brash and perceptive, Indiana has always boasted "If it can be found, I will find it."

Rowena

(Death•••, Fate•••, Forces•••, Life•••, Matter•••, Mind•••,

Prime•••, Space•••, Spirit•••, Time••)

Path: Obrinos **Order:** Mysterium **Cabal:** Red Book **Age:** 45 **Awakened:** 25 years

The leader of Red Book, recently elected when the old leader mysteriously vanished. Chosen because of her wide knowledge of the Arcana. Good friends with Atlas, despite being from separate cabals. She serves as his Provost, a decision which many question—Atlas says he finds it pleasing to serve with someone interested in all things, and both mages state the merits of cabals working together (and especially Orders working cross-cabals).

Aquinas

(Death•••, Forces•••, Life•••, Mind••••, Prime•••, Space••, Spirit•••)

Path: Mastigos **Order:** Silver Ladder **Cabal:** Common Good **Age:** 60 **Awakened:** 30 years

Aquinas was a priest for nearly a decade when he became Awakened, when his continuous meditation on God led him not to his lord, but to Twilight, and eventually to Shadow. He realized how faith is a part of the Lie, and how as long as it exists in its current form few will Awaken. Instead of turning away from the cloth he embraced it more tightly. Now he lives the life of a priest, but as a mole within the Church, slowly weaning those he thinks are intelligent enough away from Christendom and toward enlightenment. He has recruited two other mages (both within the Common Good) to become priests, in the hopes that when the time comes (especially if the New Atlanteans' plans begin to work) they will be ideally positioned to help facilitate the change. Aquinas is one of the most loved priests in Portland.

Ismene

(Mind•••, Space•••, Forces•••, Spirit••, Prime••, Life•, Death•, Time•, Matter•, Fate•)

Path: Mastigos **Order:** Mysterium **Cabal:** Wyvern Council **Age:** 55 **Awakened:** 25 years

In an almost cliched way, Ismene began her life as a librarian, working tirelessly in Chicago's public system since the age of 18—besides having the distinction of having Awakened, she is the foremost expert on cataloging and retrieving information. She kept up a library in another cabal during her time in Chicago, but the allure of the Wyvern system was far too appealing, so when they offered she came. She now spends most of her time there, tirelessly storing all the knowledge that is accumulated. She is as helpful for non-Wyverns as one can expect any librarian to be; gruff, distracted, barely in this world, demanding quiet, and far too impatient with those who don't know the Awakened equivalent of the Dewey Decimal System. Most know

her name because to get at any information Wyvern possessions, they are forced to go through her, and she wields that power like the tyrant of a kingdom of texts.

Izanami

(Life•••, Death•••, Time•••, Mind••, Spirit••, Space••)

Path: Thrysus **Order:** None **Cabal:** Chi **Age:** 35
Awakened: 8 years

Though the Chi cabal is not influential in the Portland community, it is respected, because of the peace the Japanese gardens affords visiting mages. Izanami is the key to these grounds, at least as far as the Awakened go. She tends the grounds in an official Sleeper capacity as well, and so knows the area intimately; she also safeguards access to the Hallow. She is seen as an ambassador of sorts, because nearly every out-of-town mages finds their way to the gardens, and are always impressed by her hospitality. No one is certain if she is the leader of her cabal, but they do know she speaks for it with full authority. The consilium keeps her apprised of current events.

Ceridwen

(Space•••, Time•••, Mind•••, Spirit••, Fate••)

Path: Mastigos **Order:** Free Council **Cabal:** Wyvern
Age: 40 **Awakened:** 15 years

The only non-Mystereium within the Wyvern cabal, Ceridwen has dedicated her life to recording everything that happens in Portland, so that future generations may understand what happened in this time of change. She seems to have insider trading knowledge of the future of Portland; she rarely intercedes, and never divulges her secrets, seeming more like Mysterium than Free Council (perhaps why Wyvern allowed her into their fold). She often works outside Wyvern itself, allowing the cabal to run its own affairs, seeming to help only when directly asked. But for one woman she seems to be everywhere, recording events in real time or just after they occurred, attempting for an accuracy no mortal reporter could attain. No one knows why she is so bent on this goal, and it makes just about everyone nervous, and resentful. Many wonder what she knows, and she won't tell a soul; apparently, even other Wyverns.

Calyпсо

(Death••••, Space••••, Forces••••, Matter••••, Prime••••, Fate••, Spirit••, Time••)

Path: Moros **Order:** Guardian **Cabal:** Space Between
Age: 45 **Awakened:** 30 years

Awakened at 15, Calyпсо became a powerful master early in life. When Anshar began his bid for New Atlantis, she decided to migrate to Portland. She is the leader of the Space Between, but only those in the

cabal know that; she allows Ran to hold the Consilium seat so that she may have more time to both protect Portland and propel it into the new millennium. In fact, few know she exists at all; even Anshar believes Ran is the true presence of the Guardians in Portland. Meanwhile, Calyпсо works to ensure that the Silver Ladder does not grow to powerful. She is a stealthy and cunning figure, but not dishonest, and truly believes that an Awakened society can only thrive when all the Atlantean Orders work together equally, as they once did. Her opinion is of the minority, however, and so she must use subterfuge and underhanded tactics, doing small evils for the greater good.

Euphrosyne

(Time•••, Fate••, Prime••, Forces••, Spirit••, Life••)

Path: Acanthus **Order:** Free Council **Cabal:** Freeweaver
Age: 35 **Awakened:** 11 years

A beautiful, elegantly tall blonde mage, Euphrosyne could be on the cover of Maxim or star in leading Hollywood pictures. And she knows it. She is the closest thing to a *bona fide* celebrity among the Awakened. She is a glorious singer and a decent composer, and she entertains at large gatherings with songs she wrote as a mage as well as old Sleeper favorites. Although she is not a particularly powerful mage, Euphrosyne is the face of the most popular cabal in the city.

Menos

(Spirit••••, Life••••, Prime••••, Death••••, Mind••••, Space••)

Path: Thrysus **Order:** Free Council **Cabal:** Vancouverans
Age: 30 **Awakened:** 9 years

Menos is the leader of the Vancouverans, and stands opposed to the New Atlanteans in general and Anshar in particular. Like many Free Council, he does not believe the legends of Atlantis are particularly true, and dislikes an active return to a bygone age. Menos believes that to create a New Atlantis will not propel Portland into a new era of enlightenment but push it into a darkness that might take centuries to unravel. He would rather see Portland become a democratic society, based on mutual understanding and the eventual eradication of Orders. Menos believes that humans have a spirit they must find again, and to do this means first to Awaken, and then to let go of this world. Deeply Buddhist, he believes attachment retards enlightenment, and Orders are the ultimate expression of Awakened attachment.

Dancing Horse

(Spirit••••, Life••••, Forces•••, Mind•••, Space•••)

Path: Thrysus **Order:** Arrow **Cabal:** First Cabal
Age: 80 **Awakened:** 55 years

The leader of the First Cabal, and very much in touch

with the natural spirits in the region. Is one of the most respected mages in Portland, if simply because of his overall age. He lives twenty miles southeast of Portland, (near the end of the Oregon Trail), in a small house with a woodstove. Because of the many that seek his guidance, and because of his years, the practical leadership of the First Cabal falls on Lakopat's shoulders. Dancing Horse likes the idea of New Atlantis. He believes that there was a time when all men lived in harmony with their earth, and this included the white-man; Atlantis is proof of this, and a return to such philosophy would do the whole world good. He also holds the belief that those who held the outpost of Atlantis here in Portland were those who evolved to be the peoples of his race; therefore, a return to Atlantis means a return to native traditions, and respect for their existence. Dancing Horse is old enough to remember more aggressive racism toward Indians, and very much likes to see Europeans with healthier attitudes.

Consilium Members

Anshar

(Life•••••, Spirit•••••, Mind•••••, Prime•••••, Forces•••••)

Path: Thrysus **Order:** Silver Ladder **Cabal:** New Atlanteans **Age:** 65 **Awakened:** 30 years

An advocate of the Silver Ladder politics from his initiation, Anshar came to power in the Order before he was even an Adept, mainly for his strong handed politics and his unwavering belief that he is doing right. His opponents even liken him to Bush, by simply contrast of zeal. He arrived in Portland and quickly seized as much power as he could. The cronies that traveled with him became part of the New Atlanteans, as well as a few mages already in Portland that found the cause appealing. In league with Ran, hoping to persuade her to bring the whole representation of the Veil in Portland under his dominion (were this to happen, the New Atlanteans and the Space Between could prove to be an unstoppable force). *Hierarch.*

Ran

(Mind•••••, Prime•••••, Space•••••, Forces•••••, Time•••••)

Path: Mastigos **Order:** Guardians **Cabal:** Space Between **Age:** 45 **Awakened:** 15 years

Although in some ways (mostly those of appearances) the Veil is the least influential Order in the city, a combination of back alley deals with the Ladder plus a network designed to put pressure on the other members helps to steer things the way Ran wants them to go. She is not initially opposed to Anshar's plot to create a New Atlantis in the midst of Northwestern

America, but her plans include a variation of the Orders' powers—she believes the Guardians of the Veil should have the real power, while the Ladder is both the figure-head and the small-time authorities (much in the clichéd idea of Big Brother in control of the government). Anshar suspects her for a Guardian, but is naive enough to trust her, and Ran plans to use that to her advantage. If she had her way, both Anshar and Calypso would fall, and she would be in charge of New Atlantis.

Augustus

(Life•••••, Prime•••••, Death•••••, Forces•••••, Mind•••••, Space•••••, Fate•••••, Time•••••)

Path: Obrinos **Order:** Arrow Cabal **Cabal:** Centurions **Age:** 30 **Awakened:** 9 years

The youngest member of the Consilium, Augustus was chosen because Lucius, the leader of the Centurions deferred to him (in reality, this was to clear up the Centurion leader's schedule for more personal activities). Augustus represents his cabal's interests, and has a personal investment in Portland, being one of the few mages born and raised here. He is most concerned with Portland's well-being, and mistrusts Anshar, whom he feels is leading the community astray with talk of New Atlantis.

Balder

(Space•••••, Prime•••••, Mind•••••, Life•••••, Time•••••, Forces•••••)

Path: Mastigos **Order:** Free Council **Cabal:** Freeweavers **Age:** 52 **Awakened:** 30 years

The leader of the most popular cabal by far, the Freeweavers. The oldest of that cabal, he is also one of the most feared mages in Portland. He came into possession of two large conglomerates, Byzantine Inc. (computer chips) and Lansing Industries (medical supplies). Possibly the wealthiest man in Oregon, including Sleepers, though Balder doesn't broadcast his wealth (he employs six names, all fake, to avoid detection from both mage and the government). Though not arrogant he is domineering, and his soft spot for Alloy makes many nervous. The Freeweavers push the overall agenda off the Free Council, as does Balder—but as he becomes more interested in what the Alloy have to say (and as he devotes more and more of Byzantine's resources to aid the other cabal), other mages both on and off the council grow more convinced a change is coming.

Atlas

(Time•••••, Mind•••••, Prime•••••, Space•••••, Spirit•••••, Fate•••••, Life•••••)

Path: Acanthus **Order:** Mysterium **Cabal:** Wyvern **Age:** 86 **Awakened:** 55 years

Enigmatic to the point of living legend, Atlas's origins are unknown. Waltzing into town in the late sixties, Atlas became the spokesperson for the Mysterium early. Since then, he has used his order's numbers and his status as a 4th level master (perhaps bested in power only by the leader of Destiny's Cane), to force this city to become a monument of knowledge. Since his arrival (followed soon thereafter by the Mayan Souls), dozens of discoveries were made in the area. Anshar hopes that this is proof of the New Atlantis, and desperately wishes for Atlas to join forces with him; Atlas, however, seems disinterested in anything other than preserving and expanding knowledge. In recent months, his health has begun to falter, and many predict he will not last out the decade. His death would leave an instability in Portland unfelt in over fifty years, and no one knows who would replace him on the Consilium.

Oberon

Oberon is to be the blanket mentor to the four players in the chronicle "The Linking Mansion." He is not the most powerful mage in Portland, but in many ways he is the most important. Born Richard Yale, Oberon spent the first 27 years of his life knowing more was out there, something hidden, something beautiful and frightening, something that he should know but didn't. He felt shackled to the real world, desperately trying to escape through fiction, movies, games, daydreaming, actual dreaming, drugs, whatever. He knew there was something just left of normal that he could get to if only he tried hard enough.

Then, finally, it happened, in such a mundane way it almost made his effort up to this point laughable. He was sitting in a glade of trees in western Canada, near a brook and far away from civilization, where everything was still untouched and undamaged. He wasn't even meditating, just observing the wind through the trees. He had one of those moments of clarity that most of us have in our lives: where everything seems clearer, cleaner, crisper, more vibrant, more alive, more connected, and exactly the way it should be, a thing some would call the divine and others would call nature. Usually these experiences last only moments, and then everything returns to the drab, mundane existence we usually know. Oberon just never left that state of cleanness. What is remarkable about this in contrast to other mages was that this *was* his awakening—the Watchtower we seek was there, waiting for him; he was connected enough to the natural (and spiritual world) that he found where his Watchtower would be while he was still a Sleeper, before his Seeking even began. (Most mages hear this story and

declare Oberon a liar.)

Oberon keeps his home in Portland, but until recent months rarely stayed there for any length of time. Most of his days are spent in the deep wilds of the Fallen World or on the other side of the Gauntlet. His personal objectives are a mystery, in terms of what he hopes to accomplish long-term. Many liken him to Gandalf; he often takes up causes or pursues goals that seem random or unworthy of his attention, and at other times engages in world-changing events—but each thing he does seems geared to funnel all of the consequences to a single goal that no one other than Oberon can guess. His most common activities include searching the world for magical artifacts or places long forgotten by all (his objections and approvals over what may be transferred to Portland and what must be left behind are inconsistent, but he usually gets his way—around half of his discoveries end up back home). He also spends an inordinate amount of time in the Shadow World, specifically in places he will not reveal to the other mages, his actions and motives as enigmatic as anything else he does.

Like Gandalf, Oberon often disappears for months or years at a time, not only from Portland but from the whole of mage purview. He has been seen entering into his library, and then months later in Denmark or stepping out of the Shadow World on the other side of Portland. Most suspect that his 'secret' missions are dangerous, frightening and unknowable—few mages distrust him, and most hope that whatever he is up to, it is for the good of the mage community and the world.

Oberon is outspoken on certain issues, most especially the environment of the Fallen World, the destructive nature of civilization, keeping Sleepers asleep and creating a class gap between those Awake and those not, and ethical use of Mana. He is one of the most respected mages not only in Portland, but in many other areas of large mage communities.

(Death••, Fate•••, Forces•••, Life•••••, Matter•, Mind•••, Prime•••••, Space•••••, Spirit•••••, Time•••••)

Path: Thrysus **Order:** Mysterium **Cabal:** None **Age:** 68
Awakened: 41 years

Gnosis 6 **Wisdom** 5

Int 5 **Wit** 4 **Res** 4; **Str** 2 **Dex** 3 **Sta** 3; **Pre** 4 **Man** 3
Com 3

Aca 5 **Comp** 1 **Craft** 3 **Invest** 4 **Med** 2 **Occ** 4 **Pol** 2 **Sci** 1;
Athl 2 **Brawl** 0 **Drive** 1 **Fire** 1 **Larc** 3 **Stealth** 2 **Surv** 4
Weap 2; **Ken** 4 **Emp** 2 **Exp** 0 **Intim** 1 **Pers** 3 **Soc** 2
Street 1 **Subt** 2

Merits—Contacts 5, **Allies** 4, **Sanctum (Demense)** 5,
Hallow 4, **Library** 7

Appearance: For all of his power and respect, Oberon is a noticeably small man, although when he is speaking directly at you he can appear much larger than he actually is. He has a bit of paunch that comes with old age, but his face is youthful, and his hair (a rust color, with a full beard cut neatly short) has only the faintest hints of steely gray. His eyes are green and merry, and though they glisten with intelligence and cunning for those who know how to look, the first emotion you receive from them is kindness. He dresses like an off-duty priest, even wearing robes when he is away from potential Sleeper sightings. Despite his youthful tendencies, he moves with the power of a general, and speaks in deep, round tones that convey his authority and certainty. He ceaselessly smells of sandalwood and flour.

Alexandreta

In the chronicle “Behold a Pale Horse,” Alex will be a strong ally to the player cabal, and the closest thing they will have to an accompanying NPC.

Alex began her life in philosophy at an early age, discovering Sarte and Socrates at 14. She went to college and majored in the subject, with a minor in history. She was fascinated with life, death, the fate of the ages, and the historical implications of those concepts. They became so intertwined as she studied, she eventually realized that all of it couldn’t exist without the others, that they were really sides of a coin. She awoke as she wrote her Master’s Thesis; since then, she has focused primarily on those Arcana which reflect her interests.

She concerns herself primarily with the fate of the Fallen World; she argues that many mages focus on the Shadow World, and the Astral Planes, but as this world degrades so do those, and so someone has to keep the corporeal plane from complete degradation. She sees the cycle of life and death as disrupted of late, as the natural world becomes more and more ravished by civilization, as people kill people on such a massive scale it’s a wonder the birthrate can keep up—but it does, and world becomes overpopulated and undernourished. She works to undo this imbalance, close friends with Gaea and Oberon.

Alex was once part of the cabal the Celestial Spurs, but the cabal’s exodus into the Shadow Realm resulted in everyone’s death but hers. She refuses to talk about what happened there, but it took her a year to recover from the incident, suffering from what many called classic post-traumatic-stress-disorder, survival’s guilt, and a deep, penetrating fear of whatever killed her companions on the other side of the Gauntlet. Even spirits have refused to talk to the mages who ask about

what happened that day. Alex has yet to join another cabal, nor has she ventured back in the Shadow Realm since.

Alex is around 50 years old; her aging process has been decelerated due to her knowledge of Life and Death; however, some say that she hasn’t aged since she left the spirit world the day her cabal was destroyed.

(Death****, Fate****, Life****, Matter**, Prime*, Space**, Spirit***, Time****)

Path: Arcanthus **Order:** None **Cabal:** None **Age:** 50
Awakened: 25 years

Gnosis 4 **Wisdom** 5

Int 3 **Wit** 5 **Res** 3; **Str** 1 **Dex** 3 **Sta** 2; **Pre** 5 **Man** 4
Com 4

Aca 3 **Comp** 1 **Craft** 0 **Invest** 5 **Med** 3 **Occ** 3 **Pol** 1 **Sci** 0; **Athl** 2 **Brawl** 1 **Drive** 1 **Fire** 0 **Larc** 1 **Stealth** 2 **Surv** 2 **Weap** 1; **Ken** 4 **Emp** 3 **Exp** 3 **Intim** 1 **Pers** 3 **Soc** 3
Street 2 **Subt** 3

Merits—

Appearance: Alex appears to be a thirty-year-old who could pass for twenty-five. Approximately 5’9”, she is lithe with small breasts and athletic legs, and bobs when she walks, like a kid at a playground. She has short blonde hair with highlights, and is usually dressed very well, keeping with current trends. Her voice is light and soft, and she speaks in a playful tone. She uses cantaloupe lotion and smells of it faintly, just enough for someone with strong enough senses to constantly be aware of her presence. When she is angered, worried or frightened (none of which happens often) she suddenly appears older, wiser, and markedly more dangerous.

Calatin

Calatin Awoke mad. Not the kind of insanity that leads to the Mad Ones, or the Banishers, or even the Seers. Calatin’s madness is the kind that comes from not wanting to Awaken, and later hating it, but nevertheless craving the power it affords.

Calatin was born Julian Charleston in 1845 in Turkey, and immigrated to America at the age of five with his parents. He survived the worst of the civil war by positioning himself as a clerk for the army, never having to leave New England or risk his life. When he was 30 he experienced the Awakening, and for a time it consumed him; he hated the thought of magic with a passion, hated most other mages, and hated himself. But all the same, he was a coward; the same lack of moral fiber that made him work so hard to avoid the war caused him to become increasingly obsessed with the potential for eternal life. He devoted his life to the teachings of Life and Death Arcana. It

took him nearly forty years of study to become an archmage in both practices, and by then he was nearly seventy. Wisdom did not come to him with age, only an increased fear of the end of his own life; despite his knowledge of death, the soul and the life after this one, Calatin remained terrified of leaving this world. It was then he discovered how to elongate his life by stealing that of others. He began to float from place to place, for the 1870s were still loose of law, especially the farther west one traveled. He moved as a wealthy tourist, befriending other travelers (preferably those with money) and killing them to remain alive. He used his Life Arcanum to augment Death, and in so doing has managed not to age perceptively; however nothing can reduce his physical appearance, and he remains 70-years-old to mortal eyes.

Around twenty years ago, Calatin joined the Awakened community of Portland permanently when he discovered a Hallow and artifact he has managed to keep secret from everyone else. It is an alter, on which he makes his sacrifices to a much more potent effect. He has increased his study of life and death again; he feels if he can just gain a little more power, he will even be able to reverse the effects of his aging. For now, he exists as part of the community. Most think he is just a kindly old wizard, if one disturbingly obsessed with a limited view of magic. None suspect him to be an archmage. A few mages out there suspect the existence of a mage serial-killer, but none have thought to link the idea to Calatin. In fact, most consider him to be a good man; he pretends to be an insightful member of the New Atlantean Order, with stories of a former cabal that is now all dead but him. He is not a Tremere Lich, nor anything else before heard of, so he has thus far managed to fly under the radar of the other mages. However, like the lich, he has begun to suspect that Awakened sacrifices are the answer to his long sought after questions of eternal youth.

(Death•••••, Life•••••, Prime•••, Matter••)

Path: Moros **Order:** None **Cabal:** None **Age:** 160

Awakened: 130 years

Gnosis 4 **Wisdom** 3

Int 4 **Wit** 4 **Res** 2; **Str** 1 **Dex** 2 **Sta** 1; **Pre** 4 **Man** 3 **Com** 3

Aca 4 **Comp** 0 **Craft** 1 **Invest** 4 **Med** 5 **Occ** 5 **Pol** 3 **Sci** 0; **Athl** 0 **Brawl** 0 **Drive** 0 **Fire** 1 **Larc** 4 **Stealth** 2 **Surv** 0 **Weap** 1; **Ken** 0 **Emp** 2 **Exp** 1 **Intim** 4 **Pers** 3 **Soc** 2 **Street** 3 **Subt** 5

Merits—Sleepwalker Retainer (whom he has promised to one day grant eternal life) 5, **Resources** 3, **Status** 2

Appearance: Calatin looks like your great uncle, with papery hands and watery eyes-it would take more than just a passing conversation to even begin to imagine

him a threat. He is physically weak, very slow moving, and he looks like he might die from lung cancer at any moment. He wears cardigans and chainsmokes. He is funny and charming, right up until he renders you unconscious and has his Sleeperwalker, Ben Crill, carry you to his alter.

(This idea is similar to the example of the Mad in the Mage: the Awakening book, but it's an idea I had before I got that far in the text, and I like mine better. Instead of fighting a madman, a cabal would be struggling against a cunning and calculated human, whose only crime is fearing death so much he went down the wrong path.)

The Seer Sisters

Kylie and Kira Applegate lived quiet country lives until they Awakened. The argument still reigns between them which Awakened first (just as it does who was born first), but whoever it was, the other Awakened almost as a knee-jerk reaction. The Seers of the Throne found them first, and convinced them that the other Orders were evil, that the Exarchs were the rightful gods and that the Atlanteans were attempting to destroy the world in a avaristic grab for power. The sisters, who became Hectate and Lucina, grew up believing that in the war against the mages, the ends would always justify the means. Their power proved it, too; their abilities often worked in tandem, and they seem unstoppable. They enjoy their power immensely, and see it as a reward by the Exarchs for doing the righteous thing.

For nearly twenty years the Seer Sisters have plagued the Awakened community in Portland. It seems as though whatever progress is made, the Sisters are there to mitigate it somehow, to lessen it if they can. Most live in some kind of fear or hate of the Sisters, for they have proven to be a throne in all sides. Worse, they seem to be frighteningly well informed, leading some to believe the Sisters have thrallled several Awakened, and refused to return their soulstones. This heightens suspicion between the mages even further.

The Seer Sisters have begun their own legacy. Though neither have advanced far enough to reach their second attainment, their first seems troubling enough: they remain mentally linked at all times, able to feel and think in tandem. This link has been proven to hold across the city, and most think it would remain even on the far side of the planet. Combined with the fact that between them the sisters have at least some familiarity with all ten Arcana, and it is like attempting to fight a two-headed dragon.

Lucina

(Mind••••, Forces••••, Space•••, Prime•••, Fate•••)

Path: Mastigos **Order:** Seers **Cabal:** Sisters **Age:** 35

Awakened: 15 years

Gnosis 4 **Wisdom** 5

Int 2 **Wit** 4 **Res** 3; **Str** 2 **Dex** 4 **Sta** 3; **Pre** 4 **Man** 3
Com 4

Aca 2 **Comp** 1 **Craft** 0 **Invest** 3 **Med** 1 **Occ** 4 **Pol** 2 **Sci** 0; **Athl** 3 **Brawl** 2 **Drive** 1 **Fire** 3 **Larc** 4 **Stealth** 3 **Surv** 2 **Weap** 3; **Ken** 1 **Emp** 0 **Exp** 0 **Intim** 2 **Pers** 4 **Soc** 3
Street 3 **Subt** 3

Merits—**Striking Looks** 2, **Status** 4,

Hectate

(**Mind**••••, **Life**••••, **Death**•••, **Spirit**•••, **Time**•••, **Space**•••)

Path: Mastigos **Order:** Seers **Cabal:** Sisters **Age:** 35

Awakened: 15 years

Gnosis 4 **Wisdom** 5

Int 4 **Wit** 3 **Res** 3; **Str** 1 **Dex** 3 **Sta** 2; **Pre** 2 **Man** 3
Com 2

Aca 4 **Comp** 3 **Craft** 2 **Invest** 3 **Med** 3 **Occ** 4 **Pol** 3 **Sci** 3; **Athl** 1 **Brawl** 0 **Drive** 1 **Fire** 1 **Larc** 1 **Stealth** 4 **Surv** 2 **Weap** 1; **Ken** 2 **Emp** 5 **Exp** 3 **Intim** 2 **Pers** 1 **Soc** 2
Street 2 **Subt** 1

Merits—**Striking Looks** 2, **Status** 4,

Appearance: The Seer Sisters are not identical twins, which have given rise to the speculation that they are not actually siblings. Hectate has flaming red hair, while Lucina has a pale golden yellow. But both girls are unmistakably lovely. Both are seductive and able to use their wiles on anyone they encounter, including mages who might not trust them. They are not tall but seem that way from their presence, especially when together. They both wear the same perfume, usually something very disarming.

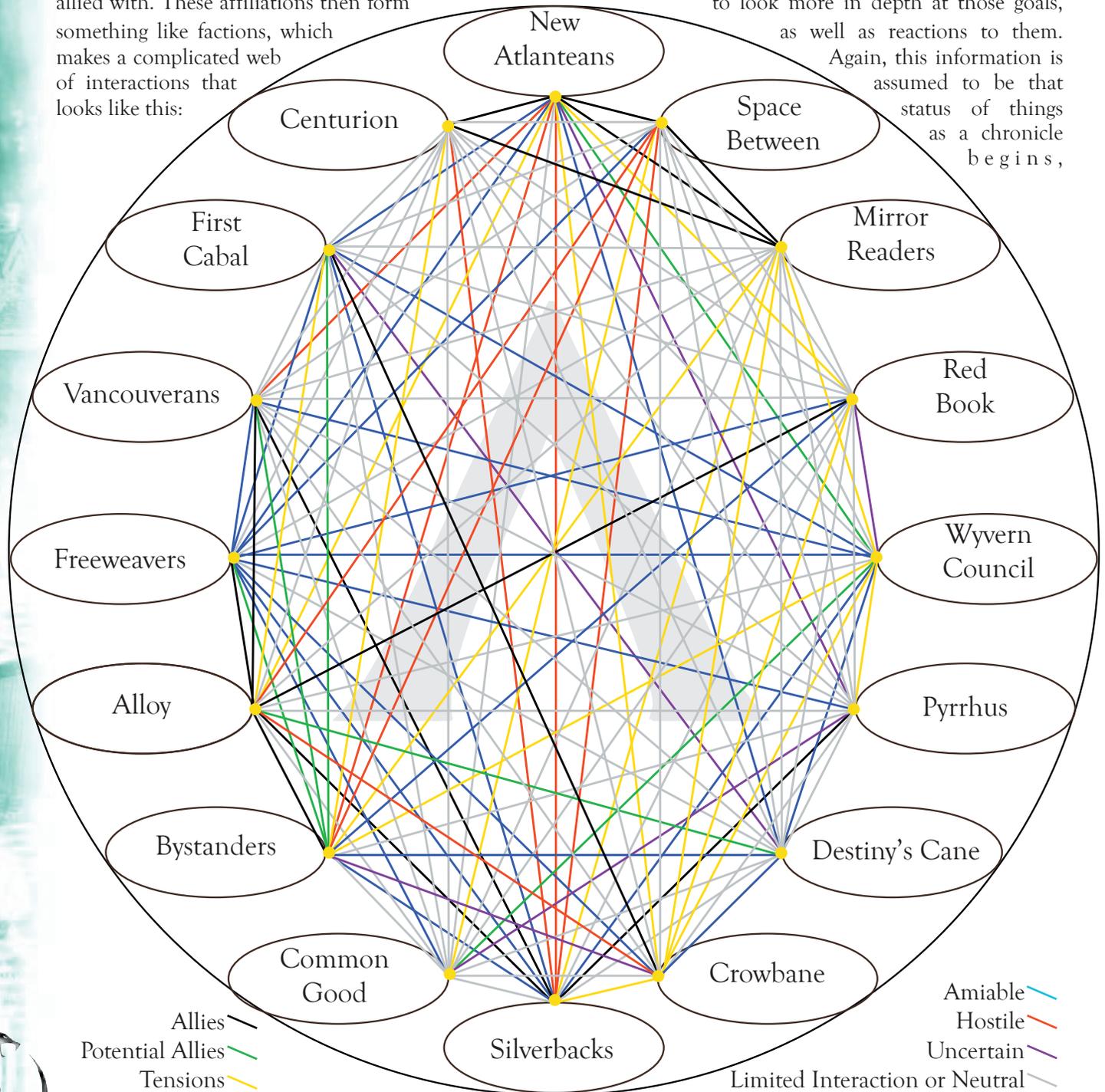


Shaping the City

The following section is a description of the politics of the Awakened community. While of course not as Machiavellian as the vampires might hold their courts, the mage's structure is definitely convoluted. Because the Orders have less presence than cabals, the Awakened Portland does not function as if it had different large political parties. Instead, each cabal has a unique relationship with each other one. Some cabals grow allegiances with one another, and their enemies often become enemies to those they have allied with. These affiliations then form something like factions, which makes a complicated web of interactions that looks like this:

Listed are the most important interaction between the individual cabals and the overall factions. The relations described are considered current, to the month. In later sections there is discussion on what will happen to the relationships herein, but for not it is assumed that these are the factors at the beginning of your chronicle.

This section is dedicated to more than just cabal interaction. In the descriptions of the cabals some political aspirations were introduced, but now it's time to look more in depth at those goals, as well as reactions to them. Again, this information is assumed to be that status of things as a chronicle begins,



meant to evolve as the games progress. For the most part, the maneuverings depicted here are meant for intra-Awakened play only. Chapter 5 will have information on crossover material. However, do not discount these plots during a crossover game, because even the mage-only information is meant to be affected by choices your characters make as they interact with other supernatural races. To that end, occasionally vampire or werewolf reactions to certain plots are provided.

New Atlantean Alliance

Since Anshar came to this city, it seems that everything has been going his way. Those that have openly opposed him have faltered, leaving him with the impression that he is unbeatable. Although progress toward their goals is slow, the New Atlanteans have gone unchallenged for several months, despite the toe-stepping that have done. Out of sixteen major cabals, only three are openly aggressive, and even the allies of those opposers aren't hasty to draw the potentially vindictive eye of the New Atlanteans upon them.

And to balance those with hostile tendencies, three other cabals have formed a partnership to form the New Atlantean Alliance, the name of which leaves no question as to who the alpha of the faction is. The Centurions, the Space Between and the Mirror Readers are not directly under Anshar's control, but he does believe he possesses a significant influence over all three.

The reason for the Centurion involvement is almost overly simplistic. Blind loyalty is a bit melodramatic, but it almost describes the cabal's reasoning. They are committed to the protection and wellbeing of Portland, and they believe the New Atlanteans can provide the most security. To establish a New Atlantis will bring a new era of peace to the city and perhaps in time the world, and the Centurions believe Anshar capable of pulling it off. And, according to the old way of things, the Silver Ladder would provide the rightful leadership to this New Atlantis, meaning that it would be up to the Adamantine Arrows to be the soldiers, both as guardians of the city and of the future plans, to serve the New Atlanteans loyally. Anshar considers them his soldiers, too, although his feelings apply more toward the Centurions being used as pawns, or even fodder. The Centurions will follow the New Atlanteans all the way, and there is little that anyone could do to dissuade them of their belief, except Anshar; were he to push them too hard, or risk their lives or health too often, the cabals could begin to grow apart. Anshar also withholds information from everyone but the few New Atlantean members he trusts implicitly, and the

Centurions disapprove of secrets (except the official kind from the Guardians, and even then they have some trepidation about those kinds of secrets).

On the surface, the Space Between has similarly simplistic reasons to wish an alliance with the New Atlanteans: if they assist the bid for power and succeed, they will be placed within a position of power themselves, and with control of the city it will be far easier to manage the Sleepers and contain the paradox plague. Ran openly discusses her allegiance to Anshar personally, and there is even a rumor of a physical relationship between the two, though not even their cabals can confirm this. Even most other members of the Space Between believe in the alliance for its stated intentions. Beneath the surface, however, are for more devious reasons for joining with the New Atlanteans. Ran has long since held the belief that magic should be hidden from mortals—but unlike other Guardians, she believes it with an almost totalitarian passion. It is her conviction that those few who Awaken are meant to, that they are the equivalent to a completely separate race from the humans. Her super-man complex is matched in fervor only by her potential messianic one. Her overall plan is to betray the New Atlanteans when the time is right, and take control of Portland. In the long term she dreams of a complex and widespread mage society, without faction, without cabal, without Orders, just mages living together. This brave new world would exist underneath the Sleeper one, similar to how it is now, but even more secretive than before. In her vision, all mages will perform duties to ensure Sleepers remain that way. And her dreams do not stop there: once Portland comes under the control of the Space Between, the cabal will grow into an Order all its own, and begin taking control of other cities as well, creating a vast network of cities throughout the Americas, and from there the world. Once this has passed, the time will come for the mages to reveal themselves, take control of the Sleepers, and rule the world without need for conversion. Unlike other Guardians, in other words, covert means of magic and existence is just a means to an end that is the exact opposite. The Space Between is of course in the alliance with the Centurions, but secretly Ran has formed a pact with its leader that few others in either cabal know about: when the time comes, Ran hopes the Centurions will become her left arm as her cabal is her right, and that together the two cabals will overthrow their master for mutual advantage: the Space Between will have control of the city, and the Adamantine Order will finally be more than just a tool to be used, and come into power of its own right through the Centurions, who will doubtless become the most

famous mages in the history of the Order. For his part, Anshar trusts Ran as much as he can possibly trust one not from his cabal, and the leader of the Centurions as well, and is at this stage complete unaware of such plots.

The Space Between has always been close allies with the Mirror Readers, since even before the days of Anshar, and so when the former cabal joined the alliance, the latter came along. The Mirror Readers are not very political in nature, preferring to delve mostly into Shadow and Twilight, but they do enjoy the concept of a New Atlantis from that standpoint, and their membership in the alliance fills out the Arcana very effectively. They share a mutual admiration with the Centurions for being fierce in whatever they do, be it war, protection, or spiritual matters.

The Space Between was the last of the three cabals to join the alliance, and nothing could have made Anshar happier: it meant that now there was strong support from Silver Ladder, Adamantine Arrow and Guardians of the Veil. Anshar now has his sights on a Mysterium Order cabal, and frankly any would do, although the Wyvern Council is preferred. So far, while Wyvern is friendly with the New Atlanteans, they have declined joining the alliance, and as yet give no reason why they feel this way. In truth, Wyvern Council mistrusts two things: Anshar's lust for power (they feel his intentions are good, but Wyvern knows all about the path to hell and what it's paved with), and the Space Between (the leader of Wyvern suspects Ran, and while he doesn't know her specific plans, his suspicions are not entirely inaccurate). So the New Atlanteans look to the others. High tension runs between them and the Red Book, however, which leaves Pyrrhus (Anshar very much regrets this as his final option, and as such continues to try to persuade Wyvern). At first glance, this actually seems like a good match: Pyrrhus has many similarities to the Space Between, and they are hungry for power, with the alliance could afford them. Pyrrhus is known for its deviousness, however, and so far the relationship between it and the alliance remains uncertain.

The bid for a New Atlantis has more than its hare of doubt among the other cabals. Three openly oppose them: the Bystanders, the Silverbacks and the Vancouverans. The three do not have a coalition of their own, but a sort of six-degrees-of-separation play does exist: the Silverbacks are allied with the Vancouverans, but neither are to the Bystanders, although all are friendly to each other. However, the Vancouverans are allied with Alloy (who are not allied with the Silverbacks), and Alloy are in turn allied with the Bystanders. While Alloy is not openly antagonistic

toward the New Atlanteans, they have publically expressed their doubt in the cabal's and the alliance's motives. Alloy is also allied with the Red Book (the Bystanders, Vancouverans and Silverbacks are not), and the five cabals form an almost unintentional coalition that runs opposition against the New Atlantean Alliance; however, because this group is not a formalized relationship they do not overwhelm the alliance. If in the near future they do come together in an official capacity, however, they could pose a serious threat to Anshar's dream.

Crows

There is an expression in Portland that goes, "You're acting like a Crowbane." It refers to someone lashing out blindly, at enemies but also seemingly at friends and those with best wishes toward that person, even those actively trying to help. This pretty much sums up the Crowbane cabal succinctly. All of the members of this cabal could have appeared in a Celtic-pagan version of *The Outsiders*, or at least that's how the other mages in the area see them. They recruit dissonants of traditional mage philosophy, those that Awoke almost regretfully and now rankle against the system, anybody has an insatiable interest in Celtic mythology or wicca, those that are simply dark and gothic. The Crowbane are temperamental and vindictive, and they have become an undesirable cast in the Portland Awakened hierarchy.

When the Crowbane first appeared eight years ago, they were greeted like any other group, but they quickly began picking fights with the lesser cabals and forming a bad reputation. Soon the Consilium stepped in to calm them down, and a consequence the Crowbane are now aggressive toward all Council member's cabals (they later calmed down in respects to the Freeweavers). Since then, they have remained largely apart from other Awakened, living out the outskirts of the urban area, spending most of their time in the surrounding wilderness and only venturing in to the city occasionally-though when they do, trouble usually abounds in one form or another.

The only mages who have manages to stay friends with the Crowbane are the First Cabal, for reasons outsiders can't exactly fathom. Most have a deep respect for the First Cabal, with exception of the Alloy (for the two have a deep and ancient misunderstanding that may never be resolved), and they are considered generally very wise; why, then, they would have dealings with such an obviously troubled cabal is beyond most other mages. The reason is actually a fairly simple one: for all their troubles, the First Cabal senses great potential in the Crowbane. Firstly, the two

both deal heavily in the spirit world, and both are very much connected with the earth and old, if different, traditions. The First Cabal admires the Crowbane's practices, for even the ones very distinct from their own are thoughtful, eco-friendly, and deeply spiritual in a way the First Cabal feel that mages are lacking. Their rituals are the only area in which the Crowbane are remarkably composed; it is almost as if they lash out in the material world to get it out of their systems, for they are calm and rational within the Shadow, and the difference is almost as stark as a penguin in and out of the water. For their part, the Crowbane have often shown aggression toward the First Cabal, but since the First Cabal simply weathered it instead of fighting back, these brief storms passed and the two still remain friends. Currently they are closer than they have been for quite a while, and the Crowbane seem calmer when they are around, as if they are making an effort for their friends. The Crowbane greatly respect the First Cabal's wisdom and knowledge, and hope to emulate their standing. In truth, the Crowbane are similar to children desperate for attention: most of them don't like that the other mages distrust and dislike them, which creates the usual vicious circle common with teenhood.

Strangely enough, the Cane of Destiny has become friendly with the the Crowbane in recent months, which is cause for alarm as far as most other cabals are concerned: when the Cane takes an interest in someone, it is usually for a very specific purpose, and the New Atlantean Alliance in particular fears why the Cane would suddenly so amiable to the Crowbane.

The Popular Vote

Even the Crowbane have a limited respect for the Freeweavers—that's how well liked the Freeweavers are. It is important to note how the Freeweavers affect and effect the other cabals in Portland. Their presence can act as a salve, a sedative, and sometimes simply a distraction.

The Freeweavers are first and foremost entertainers. Euphrosyne is an accomplished singer/songwriter, for example, and the leader Balder is the only member who does not have a unique talent in the entertainment vein (his talents lie more in mergers and acquisitions—it is speculated that he originally formed the Freeweavers to entertain *him*). There is an alluring male and female interpretive dance duo, an actor with Forces and Prime to create holographic characters to act with in his stage productions, an extremely prolific writer who publishes a dozen books a year under a slew of pseudonyms, three artists (of the paint, sculpt and sketch variety), a troupe of improv and standup comics,

and many others. Each one either has a forum already established in the Sleeper world that mages frequent, or else they possess a space (or travel to spaces already used by others) where only mages have access.

The only cabal who is at all mistrustful or hesitant about the Freeweavers is the Cane of Destiny, but most people dismiss this as envy (the logic being that by all accounts, in the absence of the Freeweavers the Cane would show up in the talk of the day far more often, a sentiment which is largely true). Apart from that the Freeweavers have friendly relations with everyone else they have contact with, which is everyone at some point or another. Currently they do not have much contact with the Mirror Readers and the Centurions, but there is no bad blood there by any means, simply a series of circumstances that have kept those two cabals from attending Freeweaver events; were they to again have increased interaction, it would be extremely amiable, like everyone else. Redbook, the Wyvern Council, the New Atlanteans and the Common Good are the largest fans of the Freeweavers (for various reasons). The one place a Silverback and a New Atlantean will share a table at is a Freeweaver event. This goes to all the cabals—whatever may be going on politically, regardless of any tensions or open hostilities, Freeweaver performances are considered bipartisan: no talk of politics is allowed, and the New Atlanteans have declared (to the Freeweavers delight, which is the only reason no one minded the proclamation) that Freeweaver events are symbolic of the Awakened as an in tact community, and that all in attendance are required to reflect on this, and exist together as mages.

The only cabal that the Freeweavers regard more than others is Alloy; while saying the two have allied is in a way an exaggeration, but in most ways the two are comfortable working partners. Like Alloy, the Freeweavers believe that the future is forward, not back: they do not expressly object to the concept of a New Atlantis, but only in ideal, not actual application. They agree with their compatriot cabal that as humans evolve, so too must the Awakened. To live in an archaic state of existence just because one has magic is not only naive, it's foolhardy. Technology has accomplished some things magic cannot achieve, and magic can produce results science can barely begin to understand, and the logical conclusion is the blending of the two. While some mages outside these cabals believe this also, the Freeweavers and Alloy are the only two that openly express the sentiment (Alloy much more loquaciously). The New Atlantean Alliance has a good relationship with the Freeweavers, but the deep connection with Alloy makes the alliance very nervous.

To say that the Freeweavers are entertainers does

not mean they do not have their own plans. Balder in particular is a natural leader. As time goes on he comes more and more under the influence of Alloy, at least in the sense that their ideas have increased appeal to him. Since the other Freeweavers are forward thinkers as well (most hope to have a balance between old traditions and new philosophies much in the way of Star Trek), Balder has begun talks with Alloy, the end result is something akin to integration. Essentially, they would remain separate cabals, but form of an alliance something like what the New Atlanteans have. Presumably, other cabals would join any organization the Freeweavers entered (a reason the Freeweavers have always stayed out of the Alliance and in general post politics), and the New Atlanteans are desperate to avoid this. While Alloy are not enemies to the New Atlanteans in the strictest sense, the others most likely to join this new coalition are, and their initiation might trigger and inadvertent opposition to Anshar's plans. To say those for Anshar's vision of New Atlantis are terrified of such a joining is putting it extremely mildly. The Centurions have been studying Alloy, in case such a thing does happen; they figure if that cabal is inhaled quickly, the coalition would die before it even started. Meanwhile, the Space Between has similar plans, though of assassination and blackmail rather than an outright massacre, for they know the Centurions slaughtering Alloy would create martyrs, galvanize the opposition to the New Atlantean Alliance, and possibly bring the whole thing crashing down around them. So while the Freeweavers seem the most amiable and popular, a deep undercurrent has been brooding this last year that could result in out and out war. This concept is something akin to pop-singers and Hollywood movie stars suddenly going to war against the FBI, and, to Awakened, similarly bizarre.

Metallurgy

Alloy is the sleeper power in Portland, and it remains to be seen what they will do with it. The New Atlanteans have political control of the city; the Wyverns have ecumenical power over most mages; the Freeweavers have the popular vote. Somehow, were one to factor the different politics, Alloy wouldn't seem to be incredibly likely to rise to the pennicle—at least at first glance. When the cabal first formed, it wasn't on the map of the political spectrum, and in some ways that was the ention of the whole thing; that is, to avoid the game and concentrate on what was really important. At the time, what was really important was partying, embracing each mages Sleeper aspects, and exploring technology. In a way, they were your typical

computer nerds, plus magic and the propensity to act like frat boys.

Slowly over the years, their attitude began to evolve; in a way, it could be said that they grew up. They enjoyed reveling in their power, but they began to realize that they had responsibilities, and little by little entered into the political arena. No one can really say for certain when they became a considerable force, but one day you turned around and there was Alloy, with fingers in every pie, a cabal present in nearly every situation, if just somewhere in the background.

More recently, as Alloy has almost inadvertently joined an unofficial coalition against the Alliance, Anshar has begun to grow more interested in Alloy's activities. Since its inception the cabal has been able to fly under the radar (because most figured them to be harmless), and this could explain why it has accomplished so much. Now, however, everyone seems to have their eye on Alloy; officially the cabal has no power at all, but somehow they've managed to amass enough influence that within the next few years many predict they will take their place between the New Atlanteans and Wyvern Council. If there are suddenly three powerhouse cabals, the balance will be irrevicably altered, and only the wisest can begin to guess on what the outcome will be. It makes everyone who knows about what's happening to Alloy nervous; and it makes those already ingratiated upon the cabal to want to get even closer.

The New Atlantean Alliance fears Alloy because they are the rallying point for the other opposition, only a rallying point that is as yet unrealized. The Space Between has begun covert means of trying to discredit Alloy. At first this was limited to political and social pressure, but this has proved harder than expected—with the exception of alliance cabals, Alloy is on good terms with everyone other than Crowbane (who don't really count). Ran has taken a personal interest in bringing down Alloy, and she has begun turning her efforts toward framing the cabal. She has yet to share with anyone what Alloy will be blamed for, but she is successful enough to ensure an airtight judgement without needing to bring in outside help. And if that doesn't work, well, there are members of the Space Between that are adept assassins. No one else from the Alliance is outright antagonistic to Alloy, but they are all poised for the expected coup; the Centurions are ready to bring war to the coalition if it ever officially forms, and though Anshar doesn't want that sort of image to mar his city and what he's trying to accomplish, he doesn't know what else he can do but agree to a battle. The Mirror Readers stand ready to assist Space Between in whatever endeavors they

bring to bear upon Alloy, and between the two they could pose a serious threat. Alloy is only peripherally aware of all of these hostile intentions. They have some security measures in place, but if the opposition to the Alliance ever forms or Space Between grows impatient, they will find themselves vastly unprepared for the consequences.

There is still a lot about Alloy that hasn't changed. No matter how political they have become, they are still very close to their roots. The cabal still hosts LAN parties and underground raves, which keeps them in the black as far as most mages are concerned. Their propensity for technomagic also ingratiates Alloy to the majority of Awakened, especially with Einstein's contributions. But no one can deny the changes that have occurred in the cabal.

Einstein is the most notable member of Alloy, but it's true leader is Nimue, who has been one of the key factors in the cabal's shift toward the political. Since she came to power, her opinions and judgements have influenced the other members, although in all likelihood the evolution was inevitable. It is Nimue that makes the possibility of the coalition against the Alliance more pronounced than it might otherwise be, due to her romantic involvement with a member of the Vancouverans. Recently she has begun to talk more openly about joining forces to oppose the New Atlanteans. Nimue disagrees with the concept of a New Atlantis to begin with, as does most of Alloy. If anything, Atlatis was a symbol, a metaphor for all that a mage could hope to achieve. And it's useful in its way, in the manner that stories of Jesus or Buddha can be useful, but only fool's take them literally. Nimue fears that "returning" to an Atlantean state will be a deevolution of ideals and goals. Already Portland has become more divided along Order lines than any other city; if New Atlantis is forged, it will mean a return to the cast system, which seems startlingly barbaric for an Awakened society to Nimue.

Her biggest goal at the moment (with the possibility of it being usurped by opposition to the Alliance) is to break down the Order-oriented cabals, to return to what in her mind is a more balanced and natural state of city politics. She has begun to recruit more non-Free Councilers into Alloy, especially Apostates (Nimue happens to disagree with the concept of Orders at all, but chooses her battles more carefully than to take on that cause openly). She has also encouraged the Vancouverans to do the same, and has of late become a poster child to Apostate and mixed-Order cabals. This ruffles the feathers of the New Atlantean Alliance, of course, but it also troubles certain members of other cabals, and her success in this endeavor is uncertain.

Uncertain Futures

Wyvern Council is one of the oldest cabals in the city, existing ever since the founding member, Taranis, first came to Portland in 1925. It was he who made some of the first discoveries that brought the migration into the area. The Wyvern Council was actual the original Consilium of Portland, but as opinions and philosophies grew and evolved the city grew away from that council. They never complained about the evolution of politics, believing that it was something of a democracy and if the majority of mages didn't want their leadership, then they should step down. Taranis didn't wish to surrender the city to the whims of fate, and the other members agreed, and so the Consilium Council became the Wyvern Council, and a new Consilium stepped in. Wyvern tried never to step on the toes of the new leaders, and the current incarnation follows this tradition. As time passed Wyvern became more and more about knowledge and protection of that knowledge, and most of the cabal became Mysterium, and the new mages recruited were also mostly of that Order.

The New Atlanteans share an uneasy truce with their powerful friends. Because Wyvern Council once controlled the city, Anshar is always worried that their deep seeded power could turn on his cabal at any moment. Essentially they are the sleeping dragon from the old axiom in Anshar's eyes. At the same time, he hopes to bring the cabal into the Alliance fold, completing the Atlantean Orders in a pact to construct the new mage eutopia. The result is a careful dance for the last decade. Wyvern is unwilling to commit, and this makes Anshar increasingly nervous.

But the more important relationships Wyvern has is with the other cabals. If the New Atlantean Alliance equivocates to the government, then Wyvern is akin to the spiritual leaders of Portland. In some ways this is a misnomer, for not all mages approach Wyvern for guidance. But the cabal does have a certain distinction for wisdom and knowledge, and for those who can overlook Order differences their insight is very valuable. Their vast library is open to anyone (though they are usually escorted, and Wyvern is very selective about what can leave their sanctum—namely nothing), and Wyvern does like the idea of a unified mage community, which makes them popular with those sympathetic to the New Atlanteans, but they do not necessarily think Anshar's policy is the best way to accomplish that goal, making them popular with most everyone else.

While there are many cabals the Council is friends with, Wyvern has no actual allies. Politically they try

to remain very neutral, and joining even loosely with a cabal almost by its nature produces politics. Their distance can be interpreted as standoffishness, and has created badblood between some, specifically the Pyrrhus and the Bystanders. The Pyrrhus believe that the Wyvern Council disapproves of a fellow Mysterium cabal getting involved in politics, and treat Wyvern with an almost preemptive hostility. For their part, Wyvern would not have object to their politicking, but Pyrrhus created bad blood that now simply exists. The Bystanders are tense toward Wyvern for the exact opposite reason; they would like to see the cabal more actively opposed to the New Atlanteans. The leaders of the two cabals have had frequent arguments that have caused a rift between the groups that may never be repaired.

To say that Wyvern wishes to remain on the periphery of mage politics doesn't mean Atlas doesn't have his own agenda, but one of the most frightening things about current situations is that no one knows what these goals might be. Atlas has aged, and he knows his last years are upon him. Atlas has been in control of Wyvern ever since Taranis died, similarly of old age. Atlas is seeking a replacement, and he already knows that it will not be someone from within his own cabal. Like the emperors of the good Rome, he must choose a successor before he dies lest his legacy be fractured, and like sometimes happened he will have to choose from outside his lineage.

His main reason for this is because of the direction Wyvern has been slowly progressing over the last twenty years. Atlas no longer sees Wyvern as independent and aloof from the politics and intrigue of the rest of the city. Younger mages have taken the place of the old, and like most mages throughout history these cabal members do not share the original Wyvern's intent to be neutral. Some of the mages in the Council wish to unchain humanity from its restraints; a few hope to unlock secrets of the Supernal realms, and they seem on the path similar to Mystery Train; at least one, perhaps more (Atlas isn't sure) wishes to actively force the Council to join the New Atlantean Alliance once Atlas is gone; others want power as an end unto itself. Some or all of these mages might have the best intentions, but all of these ideals and interests are ones outside the cabal's. And while these members try to uphold Wyvern's intentions, their individual aims threaten to tear the cabal apart without strong leadership like Atlas's. In fact, Atlas has proven to be the perfect catalyst to the "new" Wyvern—as each of these mages pursues his own destiny, they also serve Wyvern, and the evolution has until recently been a healthy one, if a trifle disappointing to its leader. But

none of the members are ready to take his place, and when he dies, he knows the cabal will fracture, and this could cause a civil war that would threaten the very foundation of mage society in Portland. When the dust settles, Atlas fears they may be no Awakened Portland at all.

Because of this, Atlas has been engaged in a desperate search for his successor. He is more lively than many give him credit for, and knows his strength will hold out until the end of the decade, more than enough time to find a replacement. He also knows that once he has made his decision Wyvern will abide by it, if he makes it early enough to ensure that he is around for a while after the inheritance is announced to them. He has not only been searching in Portland for this successor, but outside as well. At this point, he hardly cares where he gets his next in line from. He cares for a and believes in his cabal, and knows it is necessary for the future of Portland, and this "New Atlantis" Anshar wants to come about so desperately.

His fears have doubled, because his cabal members are growing more and more impatient for him to name one of them his successor. As they rankle against his mystery ever more, Atlas is terrified that a few have begun to suspect that he has no intention of naming any of them. He knows he cannot stand up to the cabal if it united against him, and like most his has always been democratic. If they want him gone, he'll be gone, unless he can name someone soon—and then his worst fears will come to pass, his Council without a leader, the city closing in around it, ready to pick at the pieces, and the delicate truce he has managed to keep for a generation will come crashing down around them.

Mystery Train

Sometimes the politicking in Portland can grow positively distracting, and Mystery Train has far too important things to waste time with it. Their solution was to remove themselves from the scene altogether. They have no allies, no friends, no enemies. No one trusts them, and they return the sentiment. Completely sequestered from other mages, they are free to pursue the goals of cabal: closing the gap between the Fallen World and the Supernal Realms. In other words, destroying the Abyss.

Unfortunately, Mystery Train are much like Sleeper scientists (a great many of them were just that before they Awoke), in that they feel the ends completely justify the means. Their Guardian of the Veil member routinely steals knowledge from Wyvern and other cabals (Wyvern is aware of the thefts, but doesn't know who is breaching their security; the other mages are oblivious). They conduct experiments without full

regard to their consequences; in their minds, they have a limited time on this Earth, and cannot waste time with full simulations and predictions, so many times they simply take risks. They conduct tests on Sleepers, animals and sometimes even other Awakened (in all fairness, usually the Mad, Banishers or Seers they capture, but occasionally they have found a wayward, hopeless and destitute Order mage and convinced him to be a guinea pig), which often result in the subjects' deaths. If questioned or confronted, Mystery Train members would be appalled that their actions could be thought of as evil or callous: they are trying to save the universe, dammit.

Scarily enough, there isn't a single cabal that has knowledge of what Mystery Train is doing—that's how secretive they have remained. One of the Wyvern Council has been working with one of the Mirror Readers for many months (under the nose of both the cabals) to determine what Mystery Train is doing, but the most they have learned is that they are doing something dangerous in both the Material and Shadow Worlds, and they have an inkling it relates to the Abyss in some way, but even they cannot fathom the cabal's true intentions. As for everyone else...they consider Mystery Train harmless, and that makes the cabal potentially the most deadly threat of all.

Most frightening of all, they are actually making headway. Oh, they aren't any closer to knowing how to close the gap, or even cross through it to the Realms. But, in limited ways, they are beginning to realize how the Abyss exists. They have discovered it does adhere to certain laws, just as our existence does, and that "life" exists there, after a fashion, though it fits no definition of life ever conceived in the darkest fiction. It could take generations before they learn enough to feel confident interacting with the Abyss beyond study and passive observation...but when that happens, the outcome is totally unpredictable. Worse, their dabbling in the Abyss could attract attention from elsewhere, places no Awakened knows exist. Even without learning more than they have now, Mystery Train could threaten the very fabric of this universe.

The Weave of Destiny

The Destiny's Cane is probably the most enigmatic cabal in Portland, and in many the country. Its motives are wholly unknown to those outside the cabal. The Cane is involved in politics, but their stances change rapidly and have no logical cohesion. They are sometimes liberal, other times appear to be extremely conservative. Every cabal has found themselves allied with and opposed to the Cane on certain causes, and it's nearly impossible to predict what side they'll be on

the next time around. That the Cane is feared and shrouded in secrecy is the only reason they get away with what they do; also they can be extremely useful for guidance, though their price is sometimes high and they cannot be counted on to help. Even Alloy is surprised by the Cane's sudden desire to become allies with them, and they keep furtive and sporadic relationships with the First Cabal and the Mirror Readers. Currently they seem to be in agreement with the New Atlantean Alliance, for which Anshar is extremely grateful; but at any moment they could turn away from this position, to satisfy goals entirely their own, and unknowable to anyone else.

The truth of the Cane is that they are working to save the world from a threat they know is coming. The cabal has five members, all of which have powerful abilities in the Arcana Fate and Time. They are more than fortune-tellers; they are prophets, and they have been afforded a glimpse at a future as likely as it is frightening. If destiny is a chessboard, then nearly everything they do is to influence the way certain pieces are moved. They are aware from the outside that their behavior can seem strange, but it is unavoidable. By shifting allegiances and goals, they hope to significantly alter the future course of events. Even if they are meddling with destiny, the result cannot be any worse than the future they have predicted, and they will risk everything, even themselves, to stop it.

Although they currently seem to support Anshar, they have future intentions of toppling the New Atlantean Alliance. The Cane mistrusts the Mirror Readers in particular, and knows that it will eventually have to oppose them outright. The New Atlanteans pose no threat by themselves, but coupled with their allies could unravel Portland with the best of intentions fueling their fire. The Centurions are a significant danger to the Cane, because they have no combat magic, and so they know they will have to attack the Alliance before the Centurions can respond. The Space Between is the only thing that scares the Cane more than the Mirror Readers for once the mixed cabal starts their path to destruction, the Guardian cabal will do everything in its power to ensure that goal is reached, and the latter has effective tactics that even the Cane cannot avoid.

Recent talks with Alloy seem mysterious now, but they will foster a relationship that will bring about the realization of the coalition. Once that opposition is established, the Cane will stand at the pinnacle of it; not in charge per se, but like the Wyvern Council in terms of spiritual guidance (Destiny's Cane knows Wyvern will join the Alliance). The Cane believes that only with Alloy the leader of the opposition can the

Alliance be stopped (they also know that Crowbane will have a significant part to play as opposition to the Mirror Readers, and so must be forced into friendship with Alloy, the Vancouverans, or the Silverbacks). Even then mitigating the effects of the New Atlanteans might be impossible, at least completely. The Cane has to take comfort in the fact that they can at least curb the damage that will be caused soon—perhaps something of Portland will be left standing when the dust settles. Hopefully the Earth will still be around, too.

Wildfire

The loose cannon of everything occurring within Mage-Portland is Pyrrhus. Even Destiny's Cane cannot foresee what part they will play in upcoming events, and the choices this newly formed cabal make could determine the outcome of the Cane's plans, and many others. Pyrrhus has no set goals other than to amass power; once this has been accomplished other priorities will be set. This sort of drive is just the sort of thing that can break everything, however, because of its reactionary nature. Pyrrhus stands poised toward multiple angles

There are things that even mages do not know, and like their Sleeper counterparts the Awakened fill the unknown with gossip and speculation. The following are rumors and myths that float around Portland. Not every mage has heard of every one of these possibilities; however, as rumors this information is considered general knowledge—it would take research or investigation to discover more than the following. (Note: a few of these rumors are elaborated upon further in Chapter Five, where the different supernatural races cross paths. Some of the myths, however, are intended to be just that, idle gossip that flitters in and out of the minds of the Awakened, stretched and twisted from events they may or may not have any merit. Each of these possibilities has possibility for games, especially "The Linking Mansion.")

The Pipe Labrynth: Though most deny this myth, the story of a maze constructed of pipes, gears and steam-operated machines has existed since the industrial revolution. And no labrynth would be complete without a Minotaur—this one made of clockwork, but just as angry. It was said to be built by a Mad One over twenty years, to guard some secret prize the insane mage hoarded over his entire life. Worse, it is said that his ghost escaped from the underworld, so as not to be departed from his item. Dangerous twists and turns, a metal monster, and the ghost of a mage guard

at once.

It is possible that Pyrrhus will take on Wyvern for the dominant Mysterium position. Equally likely is that Pyrrhus will join the New Atlanteans instead, cutting Wyvern out of the deal. If this happens, Wyvern and Pyrrhus could begin warring anyway—however, Wyvern could also simply fade with the passing of time once Pyrrhus has the backing of the Alliance. Of course, the Alliance could decide to go around Pyrrhus and accept Wyvern, in which case Pyrrhus might join Alloy's cause, or again fight the Wyvern Council for power, albeit covertly in this scenario.

Every relationship Pyrrhus has is this chaotic, and just as unpredictable. It would be impossible to list all the different outcomes that could happen as a result of Pyrrhus's presence; suffice to say, no matter what occurs during the course of a game, Pyrrhus's involvement should be factored in, one way or another. They are the wild card cabal, able to fill any function depending on circumstance. They are also the least defined, at least in the parameters of their goals and members, so that they can become virtually anything, as long as it is increasing their goal for power.

Hearsay

some mythical item that the Awakened community can only guess at.

Mount Hood: Though most say it was started by the First Cabal, this rumor nevertheless persists. Some say the outpost from (or refugees of) Atlantis worked hand in hand with the Native Americans; some say one became the other. Whichever is the case, there is a supposed sanctuary in Mount Hood, where the old Indians prayed to their ancestors on a seasonal basis. Many things are said to be able to occur here—talks with spirits, documents of the days from Atlantis, powerful artifacts that will bring power to any who find them. It is also said that the Native American mages, when they knew invasion from the white devil was imminent, hid the entrance...even from white mages.

Frankenstein: For several months a wild rumor has been floating around the Awakened about a mad scientist filling the role of Victor von Frankenstein, and without the use of magic. At the beginning there were sightings of strange Frankenstein-like monsters. None have been spotted since, but there are still whispers after hours, when only candles are lit.

Vampires: Most mages find vampires worse than repulsive—they are soulless, instinctual things that creep in the darkness, feeding on humanity. Nevertheless, reports have come in from those in contact with the vampires. It seems that some of them have managed to

put aside the endless bickering they seem engaged in while dancing some half-dead mockery of life. These certain vampires are up to something—putting aside the quarrels is as hard for one of these creatures as for a human to stop breathing. Most dismiss vampires as capable of doing anything as a group—that would denote sentience. Even so, the rumor continues that some of them are gathering to conduct a ritual or a séance, the result of which is unknown.

Hunters: Similar to reports of vampires, rumors of a human gathering has been reported—and it just as unbelievable. These Sleepers seem to be aware of some aspects of the true dark world—they seem to hunt vampires, put to rest ghosts, and (so it is said) even encountered a number of werewolves. Mages aren't certain if these are unknown Sleepwalkers, or some other kind of human, one that can handle what the rest of their race can not. The Awakened aren't sure whether or not to be pleased of a human potential to handle the supernatural, or to be concerned that these humans are getting their powers elsewhere—mages know about the Undead and Shapeshifters, and though enigmatic those creatures have particular resonances, and these humans are exhibiting something...altogether different.

Mother: The Shadow World is filled with Spirits, but the realm is not malignant. In fact, it is here that the spirit of the Earth herself is said to reside, though she has hidden long ago. Rumors have persisted throughout the decades of a place in Oregon or lower Washington that leads to the Mother. Perhaps it is a Verge; perhaps it is a gateway to a string of challenges that if one passes will lead to her. There is a host of wild theories of what this place is, but it is one of the myths that the mages choose to hold onto, even if it is farfetched—most find the concept of a living earth comforting, not beyond saving, and maybe able to provide some answers.

Foreigners: The debate rages among the Sleepers as to whether or not aliens exist: so too does it among the Awakened. There is no concrete proof of alien existence, but there are a number who believe firmly in their existence. Twenty years ago, reports of an alien wreck in south-central Washington were followed almost immediately by a huge wave of magic that encompassed all ten Arcana. No one knows if mages from this world were covering up the wreck, or mages from *another world*. Even among those who believe, most doubt that the crash-site will never be found...whether from this world or the next, whoever covered it up was so powerful that none in Portland (and none that anyone in Portland knows of) is powerful enough to uncover it. Perhaps with enough

mages working together, discovery would be a different story, but that seems equally unlikely.

Vampires: There are two different rumors floating around, both having to do with Order mages negotiating with vampires to foster unknowable goals. On several occasions, a mage has said that his friend was told by his friend that he saw an Atlantean mage talking with an undead creature in the shadows, only to disappear when approached. These rumors are made worse by the fact that another rumor exists, one of Seers of the Throne dealing with vampires; it begs the question as to what different sides of the mage war would need from undead shells, but it has frightened many into locking their doors at night, and putting wards around their homes like mad.

Werewolves: For some time now, werewolf activity has been shifting. Once, it was general knowledge that it was dangerous to venture into the more rural sprawls of Oregon, because the shapeshifters were lurking in the darkness, but that the city limits were usually safe, although never completely so. Lately rumors have begun to spread of werewolves that would only ever be seen in the wild roaming the streets of Portland. Worse yet, they seem to be sniffing around areas with magical significance, although not so overtly that it is obvious they know of the sites' true potential. The motives behind shapeshifters has always been a mystery, but it was always an axiom that werewolves prefer grass to gravel. The change has lead many to believe that something is coming, either danger from the werewolves themselves or something else that the werewolves fear enough to wander into the forests of skyscrapers.

Prometheus: The rumor section would be incomplete without mentioning the host of wild speculation regarding the disappearance of Prometheus, one of Portland's most influential and respected Awakened. Some say the archmage traveled to the old world, in order to research some bit of knowledge that became his obsession; some say he went mad, that the presence that threatens the minds of mages who venture into his estate wasn't a trap set by him but residual resonance from when he fell victim to insanity (or worse, that he was driven mad intentionally, betrayed by a friend). Many think he is merely dead, but there are those who claim to have heard that he is lost in the Shadow, deep inside where escape is impossible. Because of a quarrel between Oberon that nearly erupted in bloodshed, some have the theory that Oberon killed or imprisoned him, and stashed either his body, his mind or his living person in the mansion on the hill, which is why Oberon refuses anyone entry.



Ashley stared down the vampire, trying to look intimidating. In truth, he was nervous, and it took effort to keep his tongue from lolling out of his mouth in wet pants. The vampire smelled dead, and yet it moved--hell, it *was* dead and yet it moved. "For certain?"

The vampire--he said his name was Lowell smiled. No breath was visible from his mouth, though it pored from Ashley.

"Of course. The wizards are no more friend to me than you."

Ashley licked his lips. Despite his misgivings toward the undead before him, the prospect of vengeance so soon was too sweet to resist. "You really know where they congregate?"

"Yes, yes. And Ill tell you where it is. I cant guarantee that the two you are looking for will be there, but trust me: all these wizards work together. Whatever scheme is going on, you can be sure theyre all in

on it." Lowell acted so casual, so gracefully. Was he lying? Ashley couldnt tell. Normally he could smell a lie on a man, but this creatures scent of decay overwhelmed everything else. But when Lowell said, "Youll be able to get your vengeance, vengeance that you so deserve," that Ashley remembered the Uratha saying: Vampires never give anything away for free.

"And what is it you want from me in return?"

Lowells grin widened, and Ashley was suddenly struck with the notion that he was dealing with a madman. "Oh, nothing much," the vampire said casually. "After all, whats a little blood to a werewolf?"

CHAPTER FIVE

Collision



Delivery

Lucina tried to quiet her nerves as she stood with the doe-eyed boy in the antechamber of Lowell Marlow, furnished in a 1915 Turkish style, and lit only by candle and a few archaic torches burning dully along the walls. Luckily, the boy trembled visibly, one step away from soiling himself—compared to him, she was a rock.

But the empty room troubled her. She sent her thoughts to Hectate. “He should have been here by now, sister.”

“I know,” came the silent reply. “But this is his game. We can’t do anything but wait.”

As if waiting for the cue, Lowell stepped out of the shadows in a way that caused them both to start visibly. The vampire gave the hiss of a laugh. “I apologize if I startled you. I am not used to visitors these days. I come and I go without thought to how it may look to others.”

Lucina doubted that greatly. No, Lowell purposefully pulled that little trick of his, to show them his power. Whatever it was he had just done, it didn’t use magic; apparently vampires had more than just immortality on their side.

Instantly the disposition of the sisters changed. A moment prior they stood defiantly, like warriors, ready to meet any challenge. But as soon as Lowell entered the room, they became snakes, two sensual creatures that acted almost as if they weren’t sisters at all. Lucina stepped behind her sister and wrapped one arm around her waste. “Hello, Marlow,” she cooed, placing her chin on Hectate’s shoulder. “It’s nice to see you again.”

Lowell laughed again in that unnerving way of his as he floated into the settee across the room. “I very much doubt that.” But she could tell he was pleased. It was a dance they had danced since their first meeting. The sisters had seduced and beguiled him, using his lust to have the two of them together.

Marlow lifted his chin and looked over his delivery. “Bring him closer.”

Lucina vented some of her aggression by pushing the boy hard. He almost stumbled into an elegantly decorated display table made of black oak, and then nearly fell on his face when he struggled to avoid the accident. Lowell laughed a third time. Lucina tried not to grind her teeth.

Hectate steered the boy away from her and then lead him to Lowell much more smoothly. “As promised,” she said coyly, and then rejoined Lucina. The two touched each other in an intimate but sisterly fashion; men had long mistaken this caress for lust rather than affection, and it had served them well. Now, Lowell looked over them hungrily as he stood to inspect his merchandise.

Lowell circled the boy, who tried to follow his movements without turning himself. The vampire poked and prodded him, and then finally nodded. “Sit,” he invited.

The boy remained standing; he must have thought there was hope



within the new arrival. "What do you want with me?"

Lowell grinned, then bared his unnatural teeth, hissing like a cat. The boy cried out in shock and fell backward onto one of the sofas, and Lowell's teeth became just a grin again. "Thank you."

Lucina and Hestate both chuckled throatily, but neither found it funny. Lucina might not have had respect for Sleepers, but she didn't wish them harm, either. The kind of torture she was sure Lowell planned on inflicting on the boy made her shudder.

But it was worth it. The Sisters might have sold their soul to the devil, but it was at the right price.

Whether by their mental link or simply good timing, Hectate mentioned the payment. "And what of your side of the bargain, Marlow?"

Lowell turned his attention away from the mortal and faced them. "Ah yes, your finder's fee." He extracted from his vest pocket a small box that looked as if it might have held a pen. "I must say I do appreciate all the work you've done. I know it wasn't easy." He opened the box, and Hectate practically licked her lips. "Yes, you've definitely earned this."

He held up a small stone set in white gold, suspended on a cheap chain that belied the quality of the item. Lucina couldn't wait. She snatched it from the filth on the vampire's hand, which prompted a snicker from him. "Easy, now. You witches are like children. Such needy creatures." Again he eyed them up and down.

Lucina could no longer care less about Lowell—here it was, in her hands! Finally, after nearly ten years of searching, they had found the amulet. The other Seers had told them it was a myth. Most of their quest had been fruitless, all the research in the world leading to dead ends and confirmations that the artifact was only a legend. But their father had told them of the stories for years while they were children, and Lucina clung to his memory stubbornly. And now...she was vindicated. The others would have to respect them now. She fingered the device that would give the Seers a distinct advantage in the war to come—the Oracle slaves could never suspect what power she now held, power designed for only one thing: their annihilation. She could feel its energy, and it was unlike anything she had ever experienced. It sent waves of electricity through her body, threatening physiological climax. "Thank you," she breathed.

Lowell's smile became positively liquid. She felt Hectate's thoughts, who wondered just who was manipulating whom. "It was my pleasure," he said in a silken voice. "An old man can never go wrong helping two young, beautiful women."

More casually than Lucina knew she felt, Hectate asked, "What do you need him for, anyway?"

Lowell feigned momentary ignorance, and turned to the boy as if he needed to be reminded of the Sleeper's presence. "Hm? Oh, just some experiments. Nothing you need to be concerned about it." Emphasis on the you. Meaning: keep your nose out of it.

There was a steel to his silk, Lucina realized. They had taken him for a lustful old romantic, an easy mark for the infamous con artistry of the sisters. But now that the deal had been finalized, he wasn't bothering to hide his true nature any longer. Lucina saw as many threads running from him as a spider has in its web. She had thought he was a fool, trading such a powerful artifact for some ordinary mortal, and had been only too happy to take advantage. Now it seems the deal had been fair and even. She even began to wonder if Lowell Marlow received the better end of the bargain.

Still fondling her sister, trying to sound relaxed and uninterested, she decided to pry further. "You do realize the shapeshifters will come looking for him."

Marlow's smile might have been as warm as sunrise if it weren't already so dead. He eyed them over again, licked his lips, and said, "Oh, of course. I'm counting on it."

the rose city,
city of bridges,
is not as clean as it seems.

darkness festers in the heart of portland
undead

shapeshifter and wizard.

all with goals of their own,
seem destined to meet head on.

and the question is not who will survive...

the question is
whether or not

portland
will.

the World
of Darkness