

IMMORTAL[®]

THE SHAPESHIFTERS MANUAL



ACKELS * VON GRIES

C R E D I T S

Written By

Ran Ackels
Brianna Von Gries

Produced By

Paul W. Brown III

Developed By

David Hewitt
John Myler

Edited By

Ken St. Andre
Shane Alford

Immortal Line Developer

Ran Ackels

Cover

Ran Ackels

Interior Illustration

Ran Ackels
Dee Beckwith

Photography

Sandy Stratton

Book Design / Layout

Paul W. Brown III
David Hewitt



Thanks To: Shane Alford, Paul W. Brown III, David Hewitt, John Keneally, Charles McCarley, Paul Moma, John Myler, Loretta Myler, Mike Smith, Ken St. Andre, Sandy Stratton.

Dedicated To: Carolyn Eon and Robyn Von Gries

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Use of the Pronouns "he" or "him" are used solely to present clarity of text and not as a suggestion of a strictly masculine viewpoint. To be clear, females are integral to the full realization of the Immortal universe.

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INTRODUCTION

... When mankind grew, our own diminishing began. The powerful Tautha De Dannan dwindled in magic and size until they become the Little People, haunting old hollow hills. The mighty gods of Greece, once elemental forces that awed mortals, became pompous, shallow, quarrelsome and human. The same happened in Asgard.

You, Fugin and Munin, remember. In Egypt, we rose and fell according to our likeness to humanity, like the reptilian countenance of Set replaced by the benign human face of Osiris. The more like them we became, the less we were respected. For those who refused to be one with them, the cry of "monster" grew. This should not surprise us; they do not respect themselves, but they tolerate that which is unlike them even less.

"We cannot blame them, although this is the prevailing state of mind of most of the Perpetual Society. We Immortals have decided to hold them in contempt as corrupters of our true shapes, but it is we who took on the human appearance to coexist with them.

We allowed their awe to diminish because, frankly, one can only be sustained on worship for so long. Every creature, if it has the intellect to perceive it, would much rather share love than simply acquire it.

"We changed, my friends. We became like them in looks. We buried our Himsati shape, that essence of what we really are, underfoot. What were we thinking? Some of you will argue that it was necessary. Our enemy the Sanguinary, being part of us, is most influential when we assume our true form. Granted. Many of us have succumbed to possession and destroyed our brothers. The very definition of our true selves is "The Form That Injures." Many of you are terrified of the wild part of yourself. It has been buried so long you can hardly understand what it was like to be anything other than human. Look inside you now? Do you see an Immortal soul, or a monster waiting to be released?

"I believe there are consequences in what we have done. I believe that, in suppressing our true identities, we are slowly forgetting how to control them. Will our true natures break forth one day and crush all of our human platitudes in the revenge a child serves when treated with neglect? I believe yes. We must get back in touch with our true selves. Our spirituality has been borrowed from the humans. Some of you are Christian, some Buddhist, others Muslim. Do you really believe those religions were meant for us? Do you think we are the chosen ones? Wake up now, while there is still a chance. Let us take the mystery writing on the walls of burning London in 1666 to heart: 'The Man in us must die.' My brothers and sisters, it's time to take the hint."

Morgan Le Fay,

Message to the Morrigan Council
after her defection, circa AD 1812

BOOK I: A HIMSATI'S TALE

'Humanity: The quality of being humane; benevolence; kindness; mercy. Do I hear laughter in the gallery? Do you not agree with the human's definition of himself? No? Then how about this one: Bestial: Having the qualities of or behaving in the manner of a brute; savage. Subhuman in intelligence. Does this describe us? If you ask me, the irony here lies in the contrast between the arrogance of man, that he should pen himself so noble, and the wisdom of the beast, who sees no use for the pen at all.'

*Ammut the Devourer
Paragon of Pride Terat
Discourse Centuria AD 1900*

'Don't flatter yourself with claims to secrets. The only secrets that are kept are those that created themselves.'

Graffiti in Chicago's Heaven.

Pride Communiqué PHX 21091
From: Annon, Probe Blue (Room: PHX4Visage)
To: All Highbinders in Chicago Habitat
Subj.: Termination Target
Date: 95-05-11 03:25:37 EDT

Brothers and Sisters,

Those of us who oversee the good of the Pride see the following transcript as a possible danger to the security of the Perpetual Society at large and to Pride Phoenix especially. Those of you who have the proper passwords to access this data will realize the gravity of the situation. The Hellions, being one of our own Quiet Cultures, were obviously infiltrated by the below-mentioned Gabriel and turned to the Sanguinary. We believe this transcript to be true as we have been unable to contact any member of the Hellions in the last 48 hours.

Jugglers: Be certain to cover up evidence that the Hellions were tied to us in any way.

Emissaries: Contact other Phoenix throughout our territories for more information and to pass information to them.

Slayers: Make certain the woman Martine is dead. Kill all surviving members of the Hellions to contain the corruption.

Highbinders: Find and retrieve the two surviving individuals, Kevin and Cassandra. Bring them to Troy.

Sleepers: Search the Morpheum and confirm whether the Sanguinary indeed manifested an avatar within the Habitat. We believe the manifestation hunting Kevin to be a mere servant, not the Beast Himself. This information is vital.

Probes: Investigate the city of the occurrence and confirm the events there. We want hard evidence that these events transpired.

Keepers: Do not interfere with the interrogation or punishment of your superiors by Pride-sanctioned Scourges.

Scourges: Punish all Phoenix in the city of the occurrence responsible for allowing the Hellions to be corrupted by the enemy, especially those who are directly linked to the Hellions.

Rooks: See that your brothers are well supported in their efforts, especially with regards to economic assistance.

Endtrans020 Troy Creche

03:26:02 EDT

PARADISE LOST

It's dark in here except for the words I'm writing. They glow like bright crimson flares through the air as I scribble. The words are for you. All of you. I feel my doom closing in every hour—soon, I will surrender what's left of my self to the enemy deep inside my soul.

This cage lacks the comforts: pencils, paper, light, food, water. All I have is this fine, razor-thin talon and red blood flowing through my veins. The blood is special, magical. It writes only the truth. Instead of paper, I have air, invisible swirling clouds that stand still for me while I scrawl my glowing story on their backs. The wind listens to my voice, the wind loves me. It will remember and whisper the words to you when you least expect it. This is a sublime magic, I can tell you—each prick of the talon, each hot pain, each effervescent drop of red truth. Do not be offended by my description. All of your Immortal history you have known the living power in blood and tears. How much history is written by pens dipped in either?

In my raptor shape, I compose my last message to the world. So heed it.

Where are the guards? I can't hear them, see them. Their sweet human smell is missing. The musical sound of their voices. . . In my raptor form, the memory of human beauty burns in the back of my eyes. No wonder, as beasts, we have always desired them. They, like their world, are the wonders of creation.

The guards went above ground, one by one, and they never came back. Some bad-ass their leader Gabriel turned out to be! I sniff the air. Is he lying out there, somewhere, dead and cold in the tunnels of the catacomb? Has the thing which hunted the rest of his people slipped past my cage like an angel of death and dispatched him into Hell?

You are too preoccupied with Gabriel, soothes His voice out of the darkness. My skin crawls with His touch, the sensation of his claws up and down my back, trying to tranquilize me. I feel his breath on the back of my neck, even through my thick feathers. His presence is so real.

"Leave me alone." I say out loud. My voice is not human anymore. It's a more primitive animal.

Shhhhh. Relax, Kevin. Everyone else has deserted you in your final hour. But I'm here.

No, He's not here. He's in my mind, not in the cage with me, not really! Why then does he seem so palpable, touching me with long claws as cold as icicles?

Do you think anyone will care about this pathetic confession of yours, kid? You're so far beyond redemption, no one will ever come to your aid.

That snout of His, so close to my ear! No, no one will save me. But maybe they will be moved enough to destroy me and deprive Him of a servant.

Have you ever heard His voice? The whisper of snow on snow, the chill sound your breath makes when you exhale on a cold winter window.

Your guards are gone. Isn't that enough, kid? Give yourself over to me. Aren't you weary?

He's behind me. I'm turning my head around just enough to see the back of my cage. He's there, a gray fog, goat-like, malevolent. His eyes shine like a winter moon. A beard infested with worms writhes as He grins. He used to appear to me in a beautiful shape. Used to take Cassie's form and seduce me. Soon,

though, I saw it was not Cassie. He can make himself look like her, but he can't duplicate her warm eyes.

His eyes are always cold. The window to the soul, frosted over.

I know he's not really here. I know there is only myself and my thoughts, but he's been in my head so long that he makes himself more and more real each day. Not able to ply me with beauty, he's resorted to images out of my childhood nightmares.

Soon I will have enough presence to take hold of you and drag you into those nightmares, Kevin. And you will suffer so. Take my advice, boy. You already belong to me. Release yourself into my hands. Take that leap of faith and I will raise you to such heights as you have never dreamed. You will hold death in your hand like a dark immaculate jewel and savor the prismatic fires of life!

Winter! He's winter in my mind. He's hunger. He'll devour us all if we do not destroy him. He'll turn the world to death if he's able to resurrect himself from his prison in the dreams of mankind. I can't think of Him. I can't allow my mind to make him any more physical. The tale. I need to concentrate on the tale.

I am an Immortal. I wait as the days and nights flow by in a slow lazy river. I'm sure lots of you will find a thread of your own lives contained here. Some of



you will weep for me. Some will be very afraid and realize with a burst of genuine awareness that this could happen to you. The rest will hear this tale on the wind and mobilize to destroy me. Believe me, I hope you are successful. It's my intent to be destroyed before the Beast destroys my sanity and uses my body as a weapon against the rest of you. I can feel Him inside me, twisting like a cold blade into an already infected wound.

Cassie. Think of Cassie. She loved you, Kevin. She wanted you so much and you let her die. Now she's with me. Come to me and I'll let you have her. His voice is the sound of stones falling into an infinite well. He knows all the desolate sounds ever heard by human ears. He makes a game by mixing them into his voice.

Leave me alone. Get out of my head!

I couldn't possibly leave you alone. You need company here. I'm the only friend you have now. I love you, like I love all of my children.

I refuse to listen to Him. This is my story.

Martine is dead. I saw her die in utter terror. My dark mistress, my mentor. The memory of her cold kisses still stings my body. Her black eyes still haunt me, giving shape to the darkness of my confinement in this cage. The ringing of her crystalline web still plays in my ears, like wind chimes that can never be stilled. Can you hear it? The thin sighs of glass caressed by wind.

Martine brought you to me, Kevin. That was her last important task. She'd become quite worthless. Too much fear of the forces of nature.

He's even more here now. His breath on my back. Even the acoustics of the cage have changed as his imaginary body fills the space behind me.

*Open your mind to the true beauty of the world. Look around at what your world looks like. Listen! Hear the mortals walking overhead, their feet falling in cadence like the beating of a heart? Your animal eyes see their real beauty, the indescribable splendor of their inner fires. The Himsati sees the soul! Twilights! Isn't that a beautiful name we have given human beings? Twilights—
- The mortal orphans of the night.*

Oh, I don't want to look out there. I don't want to see the world and the Twilights. I don't want to hear trees breathe or see the wind dance like sheets of tinsel across the fields. Too much beauty for my eyes. Too much music in my head. Stop it!

It's the gift of your real self, man. They call me the Lord of Hunger. Look at the magnificence of your world and tell me you don't wish to devour all of that sweet life! It is the curse of your race that you submerged your true forms to wear the shape of human beings. Better that you had simply gouged out your eyes than to see the world through the filthy lenses of mortal perception.

I laugh. It's a nervous laugh. He always does this to me when I think of writing my story. Problem is, when I think about what's happened to me, I get too caught up in it. It's hard to tell reality and memory apart, just like

His presence in my cage. Am I making sense? Oh God, tell me I'm making enough sense for them to find and destroy me!

I was talking about Martine. Martine was once an Arachne, you know. That explains a lot. Before He got into her head, she was a crucial member of her Pride. I thought only lions live in Prides, but other creatures do too, at least in the Immortal society. Her people still hunt her after her dimming. Dimming. You know, when the taint gets so thick in you that your soul goes dim?

Arachne have no emotion, or so they like to think. But I know better. They know fear! Martine knew fear before she died.

Damn you Martine! You showed me how to turn myself inside out, to let the beast on the inside dwell on the outside. You led me to my Himsati and opened me up for His invasion of my mind. We cannot be our true forms if we are not pure!

My voice has always been here Kevin. You've just never listened before. I feel fetid breath curl around me like a lazy spiral of smoke.

You hear that voice and think: this guy carries the wisdom of the ages. Of course. He isn't a guy, despite the image he projects into your mind. He isn't anything like you or me or the humans whose dreams He infests. He is the Beast, the essence of all things that hunt and glory in the kill. Slowly, with gentle words that make me tremble in self-degradation, I know He is making me His. Sometimes I visualize Him as the sap that flows, like black blood, through the flower of corruption inside me. Or the serpent that whispers promises of power that no man or woman should ever hear. He wants to resurrect himself through us. He wants us to bring Him back to the power he once held. But He can never be alive! He never was!

Sanguinary is such a poor word to describe me. A pity your kind didn't think of something more appropriate like... God.

You are not God! You are Satan!

Satan? I feel his mirth reaching up from deep inside me. *Satan is a tool, not a person. You'd not embrace God without him, no more than you'd pay taxes without the finger of the IRS tapping your shoulder.*

At first He was a voice. Just a voice. Sometimes there would come this stray thought, and I would realize it wasn't really mine. Then the voice grew louder, stronger, bolder. Then, something would move in my shadow, just beyond the periphery of my vision. Then the fake presence of Cassie. Now I see him looming in the darkness around me, a gray goat with shaggy hair dripping out of the darkness and horns that glint with lights that aren't here.

Even though I know for a certainty that he is only a shadow in my head, I rage, I slash at the air, I try to scratch out those horrible filmy eyes. My talons pass through him, doing no harm. My wings beat and do not disperse his vaporous form.

I am tired. His words make me sleepy.

Yes, just close your eyes and drift away. How can you live forever in this pathetic shape, resisting my call? Look at you! Just an animal in a cage without friends, without family, without purpose. Don't you long to fly? His skull-like head floats closer to me. His eyes look like those of a fish that have been cooked on a campfire.

I have family, I shout to the darkness, avoiding looking at the eyes. I hate speaking to Him. It only makes Him more real.

The Twilight's that spawned you? Them? Sitting in the fog of their own despair, lamenting their fled youth. Cast aside by the younger generation who relentlessly grasps at the reins of power the older one holds. Your human family becomes relics with each passing day, Kevin. Soon, the stronger ones will brush them aside.

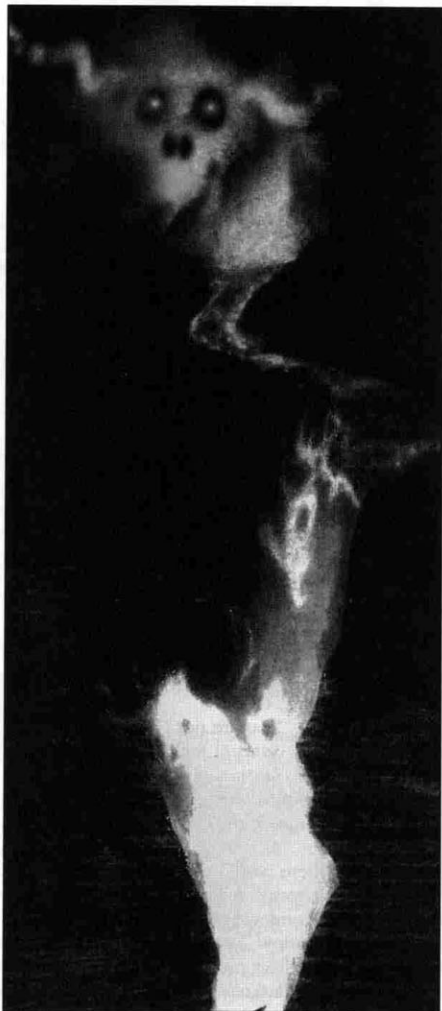
No, I murmur.

It's okay,

Kevin, He says this in a comforting voice, like rain tapping softly on a window while you are sleeping. Don't you love that sound?

They're the fortunate ones. Their despair only lasts a short span of time, then they are gone. Others must endure their anguish forever. Others like you. Embrace me fully and I'll make the bars on your cell melt away like so many birthday candles. This should be a day of celebration, your rebirth into the darkness.

He's afraid of who might read this, can you tell? He's afraid I might be yanked out of his grasp. He tries to make me contemplate the hunger burning in my



belly. But Marine taught me this cool use of blood and wind, as if she wanted to help me against him. Maybe she realized, in the last hours, how to cheat Him.

Martine opened you to me. Now you think she is your savior. Oh, this is good!

Yeah, I think. Martine cheated Him. He says she's with him now, her dark spirit at his call, but I think she's actually free. I think she freed herself at the last and gave me the ability to tell His enemies where I am so they can come and free me.

Anyone who comprehends this drivel will arrive too late, boy. You're really strong, kid. I admire that. Really. But soon you'll be hungry enough to eat these walls. Soon I'll be real enough to snatch you up and carry you away. You can't avoid it. There is no freedom for you, Kevin. There never was.

I'm going to spill everything I know to you Immortals out there, a drop at a time. I know there is no salvation for me. I know God doesn't hear me.

God's trapped in heaven behind barbed wire, He says with that smug voice I hate so much. And Saint Peter's lashed to his pearly gates. Come on down to Hell instead. We just remodeled.

Can't listen! Must write!

Before my brothers disappeared, they were terrified about what I have learned from Him, how my eyes now see the world. Yet they wanted that power. Their eyes clouded with rage when they questioned me. I told them that even the most rigid object made by man moves as I watch it. I laughed in animal howls when they demanded the secrets of my eternal life and my bestial powers. They invaded my cage with sharp pointed sticks. They took a Beretta 9 mm and shot me over and over again, watching the wounds heal, listening to my screams. They blamed me for the death of my only friend, the one whose eyes held such kindness.

Where are you Cassie?

With me, and boy is she missing you!

I take a deep breath through my eagle nostrils and pipe a long avian shriek. The sound of my scream echoes around the cavern here, over the still reservoir. Usually, it drowns Him out if only for a while.

Gabriel made them think I killed the rest. But it was him. He tricked me and Cassie into awakening Martine. He sent the others to watch us. He knew they would all die when she came out of her lair.

I hope Gabriel is alive. I want to kill him myself. I've promised myself I'll make it quick. Well, maybe I will.

JOLTING AWAKE

It's been a few hours now. Had to rest. He tires me out so fast. I wish you could see him like I see him. You see, he says we see the world as it really is when we change our shape into our true selves, the Himsati. All this incredible loveliness. He says, lies just beneath the mundane. There is no ugliness to us while we shift into this body. There is no age, no disease, no deformity on the body of mortals. They are all just souls. Heartbreakingly beautiful souls! You want to reach out and crush them to you, watch the life run out of them in flowing ropes of light. Do you get it? When we kill them, it's out of love. out of the agonizing need to possess their inner fire.

Yes. Mortals and their world are too beautiful for their own good, aren't they Kevin? Their light is too bright, as sweet as the breath of a rose.

Anyway, let me start at the beginning.

Oh, here comes the monotonous story of your life. I thought you were going to enlighten your Immortal chums out there, not bore them to death.

I walk into the house and hear the screeching at once. Some of the noise is artificial, the blaring of a black and white movie swelling from a dust-covered television. The other sounds, clashing unpleasantly with the movie, are my parents ranting at one another.

"I hate this place, damn it! It's sucking my life away. I had a good job, I had good credit, I had respect." My father's face is so dark, swollen with his rage like a flooded river.

"For the love of God, will you stop screaming at me?" My mother—small, hard, eyes brimming with tears that never dry up, again, like the river.

"Don't start up with your God garbage again, Christine. Christ, I hate when you do that!"

He shakes his fist at God, dad does. He denies his reality, yet curses him each day he is stuck in this city.

"You're the one that brought us here." Mom mutters, lighting up another cig.

"Oh, it's all my fault, huh? We could have lived in the mountains, but nooooo. You had to be here close to your damn sister."

"If you could have held a job, we wouldn't have had to move from South Dakota in the first place." Mother breathes a long plume of gray smoke, as if she can trap the words in it and blow them against his face.

"Are you calling me stupid, Christine? Are you? Nobody calls me stupid!"

I walk in. I walk through the smoke. Everything's yellow from the smoke, coated with residue of a thousand packs of cancer-sticks. I observe even the plants are suffocating. As I walk through the room, both of them call to me.

"Tell your father to stop always yelling at me," mom demands.

"Your mother thinks she can stand there and call me an idiot and blame me for getting us trapped in this goddam hole!"

I ignore them.

"Get your ass back out here, boy!" dad yells.

I close the door of my room. I open the window to let the night air in. The smoke permeates everything here. I feel sick. The air from outside doesn't help. It's hot, humid. It smells like a wound that won't heal, the smell of this neighborhood. As I hang there and look across the street, I see clusters of figures. All secretive, exchanging money for little plastic bags. No air gets down in this part of the city. Even so, I smell a hint of irises from the trellis mom's cultivated under my window, next to the bright red BEWARE OF OWNER sign dad's nailed there.

Dad's gonna kill one of the people this neighborhood has bred, and then he'll go to prison forever.

I think, as nights like this tick by and by, that I'm going to die here.

I grow older. Nothing changes. I walk through the smoke, the swearing, the monotonous drone of Hollywood's golden era. I watch mom cry, an old practiced performance, then lock herself in her bedroom with a bottle of valiums and a remote control. I see dad storm down into the basement to contemplate his current stock of firearms. I leave and spend more and more time outside.

I make friends. I make enemies. The enemies come easy. It's almost like old houses incubate them and send them forth to attack any person not born here. I am a virus in the bloodstream of this block of rotting suburbia.

I see the gangs everywhere. Standing in front of neon, brushing their fingertips along brand new paint-jobs on their cars. Lurking like predators have lurked from the beginning of time. They watch me, call out threats or just jokes that sound like threats. Don't you think it's funny that they don't know what sort of creatures we are, what kind of beasts they share the streets with? There are humans in gangs who band together to have power over their human neighbors. I don't have a problem with those types. Mostly they're ignorant and don't realize that their supremacy is allowed them by creatures more powerful than they could even comprehend. They're oblivious of what walks with them out there at night. The only difference between them and the Quiet Cultures of the Immortals is that the Cultures are permitted to know who is manipulating them.

I was human once. Not a true human, you understand, but like you—an Immortal believing himself to be human. Hibernating in the fog of amnesia like many of our kind and letting myself forget my past. But now I'm remembering too much. You can't hide forever

among Twilights, you know. Sooner or later, the more perceptive among them spot you and if they don't try to destroy you, they use you and your powers. The most ironic thing in the world is that we think we keep humans on a leash. But in the end, it's they who can unleash the animal in us.

Yes, and one day you should see the zoo they will make for you and the rest. Your tribulations in the darkness long ago will seem like a bake-sale in comparison.

I woke up one day and knew my life was transparent. My sense of self floundered in confusion as I left the house and walked through the neighborhood. Many of you have experienced the feeling. One day you are a human with human thoughts and needs, the next you realize, with a jolt, everything is somehow a *lie*. Many of you go mad and end up in asylums as schizophrenics or multiple personalities. Me, I had guidance in my transition from false-human to Immortal. The Beast is ever on the search for those like us who have disguised ourselves. He knows how powerful we are. He understands what valuable tools we make.

And He has contact with that part of himself in all of us, the Himsati I was lured into releasing.

So true, boy. So true.



STEEPLECHASE

The Hellions are infamous to most every other gang in the neighborhood, although you'd never call them a gang to their face. They prefer the term Culture; it makes them sound more refined and worthy of what they believe is owed them. You can see them around now and again, sleek and cocky and always looking for a fight. You can see the eyes of hunters behind their oh-so-cool sunglasses. You watch them tip those glasses when you walk by and pierce through you to find out what you really are deep down. I watch one of them look at me as I cross the street away from him. His eyes are too white, too luminous. As I head for home one dark evening, I know I have been spotted by one of the Hellions. I have been selected for the Steeplechase.

"Hey," he calls to me. "You boy!"

I ignore him. I pretend I can't hear him as I make it to the other side. Surely it's too much effort for him to follow me over.

"I said, hey kid," he repeats, stepping from behind a chain link fence right in front of me. My heart jumps. My feet rasp to a halt and I take a quick look behind to the place he was just standing. Nothing is there.

"You're in a big hurry boy."

"C'mon man," I say, trying to be as cool as possible while still being meek. I dig my hands into the back of my jeans and feel the bulge of a folded knife in the pocket.

"You're Kevin, aren't ya?" His voice is kind of playful. His corded arms are folded across his chest.

I don't answer. Never admit anything. Learned that at home.

"Gabriel's seen ya. Taken a liking to you." The man smiles. He reminds me of Jim Morrison. His teeth are too bright too.

"I don't know any Gab. . ."

"Listen to me good, boy. You've been chosen by Gabriel. He's seen you. He knows what you are, comprende?"

I shake my head. I'm drawing the knife slowly out of the pocket, barely moving my arm so as not to alert him.

"Tomorrow, when the sun goes down, you become part of the Steeplechase, Kevin. The way it works is simple; man. You climb. You find the tallest thing you can and you climb out of our reach when we come after ya. You make it beyond where we can go, or you hide without us finding you until morning, and you stay alive. Hell of a deal."

"Leave me alone, man. I don't have anything to do with. . ."

"Save it buddy. No way around it, sorry to say. But you're young, you look strong enough. All you need to do is conquer your fears. That's what it's all about."

I stand in stunned silence as he walks away. He whistles softly while the night engulfs him.

"By the way, Kevin. Gabriel knows where you live. Home won't be a safe place for you to go. Home will become dangerous for your folks if you are there."

"Leave them alone!" I scream, suddenly finding courage in anger. I run after the man, the knife now

unfolded and glinting in the streetlight. I run for a long time, it seems, before I catch him. He should only be a hundred steps or less away.

He pauses with his back to me. His arms extend on both sides of him.

"I sense the knife, Kevin. I smell sweat on metal. Go ahead. Hit me from behind. Let's see how much of your real self you can release."

"Don't go near my family!" I warn him, panting from loss of breath. How did he get so far in so short a time?

"Turn around!" I yell, feeling my heart ready to dislodge itself from the safety of my ribcage.

He chuckles softly and turns on the heel of his shiny boot.

"Listen Kevin, you seem like a smart guy, but you don't understand what you're dealing with. That's bad because you'll be tempted to defy us. How many people in the world die because they make decisions based solely on faith, not fact?"

He lifts a hand and I see a glint in it, light caught on the edge of a knife which looks identical to my own.

"You're not human, kid. Never have been. All that you know, or think you know, is a freaking lie. Hiding with mortal people."

I grip my knife tighter. But wait. My hand feels empty! He waves the knife in the air in a descriptive arc.

"Listen, kid. Your folks are safe as long as you don't run home and hide in the house. The Hellions will come looking for you. Your dad's guns and your mom's screams won't mean a damn. Nothing you can do can stop what's going down. If I were you, I would start strategizing."

"How did you do that?" I whisper, looking at my life in his hand.

He folds the knife up with a smile and tosses it to me.

"You gave it to me. Don't you remember?" He asks, turning away from me.

I fumble with the knife as it drops into my hands. It's icy cold.

"Tonight Kevin. See you then."

The night passes into day, the day into night. I leave the house before the sun sets. Am I a fool for believing they will come after me in my own house? Maybe. The edge on my knife is so dull it couldn't cut paper. He dulled it by holding it in his hand. You won't think it as ridiculous or impossible as I did. You're used to your extraordinary powers, your serenades that can destroy an object with a muttered word.

The first shrill cry of the Hellions sounds close to me. I can't describe the power of that cry except to say that it produces in me an almost supernatural fear. I suddenly feel like an animal. I feel the terror of being hunted. I run.

Steeplechase. I run across the rooftops, one to another. I climb. I see them streaming after me, like ghosts surfing on shadows. They move so gracefully that, if not for the fear, I would watch them, spellbound. I climb higher and higher. The wind is all around me. The city lights spread in all directions. The wind is cooler up here. It freezes me. Up ledges, scaffolding, scaffold towers

with flashing red strobes. I cling to the tower as it sways in the wind up here. Despite my terror, I feel the most incredible sensation of giddiness. I imagine throwing myself off the tower and spiraling down and down on huge gray wings. Common sense stops me from jumping. God, it's so high.

I cling to the scaffolding. Even up here, in the loud wind, I hear the Hellions as they search for me. I don't see them. I just cling to the tower until the sky starts to pale. I doze, then snap awake with the feeling I'm about to let go of the metal. I'm cold.

I turn and suddenly see him, the one from the night before, sitting opposite me. My reflexes betray me as I bolt. I would fall, but his hand catches my arm and hauls me back into the tower.

"Relax, man. You made it," he says in a voice that almost conveys admiration.

"Who are you?" I ask, exhausted.

"David," he answers, lifting up his glasses and peering at me. Gray eyes, like the dawn. I can't read them very well. I'm not sure if I see sympathy in them.

"What next?" I ask sarcastically.

"That's really up to you," he answers with a look of total seriousness. "The rest are waiting for you down there. Let's get down."

"I can't," I say miserably. "Too tired."

He smiles, steps away from me. My senses reel as I realize I am no longer clinging to the side of the tower. My arms flail about as I fall a few short feet to the ground. I hit the pavement amongst the laughter of the Hellions gathered in a circle around me. I feel the pavement. I look up to the top of the building where, just a moment ago, I sat. How did I get here?

I can only look at David in amazement.

David shrugs, his eyes again hidden behind those dark glasses. "You climbed."

"I don't remember," I say in a tremor of voice.

The Hellions laugh.

The tunnels to the lair of the Hellions are dark. I navigate both by touching the edges of the narrow halls and by prodding from behind me. Sometimes I stumble into chalky stone walls. Sometimes I step in brackish water. During the entire journey I hear the thrumming of the machinery in the steel mill above. The sound saturates these catacombs like an immense beating heart.

We enter the chamber. Niches are carved all around me, cells cut into the rock wall, iron gates fastened over them. Behind one such cage I see lazily burning eyes, large cat eyes. They regard me with unequivocal malice. They follow me, floating between the rusted bars. Heat pricks my body during the moment I realize the beast in the cage is no ordinary animal. There is too much thought in its eyes.

The second cage holds eyes too. Not like the smoldering cat eyes. Bright, yes, but amber like the eyes of an eagle. Even so, they have compassion in them. I stare at them and can't understand how they can hold such emotion, for they too are neither human nor animal. The eyes smile at me. They ignore the bars between us.



I know those eyes, I think as I am pushed to face the other direction.

There is a reservoir in this chamber. Dark, reflecting the light from torches. Standing on the glassy surface of the water, image doubled by the perfect lack of ripples, stands Gabriel like some dark messiah.

He's older than me with a lean, wiry build, deep-set eyes the color of a peacock's tail and long hair the shade of old ivory. His presence is commanding, and most of the others lower their eyes whenever he comes near them. Some of his people, I notice right away, look at him with an open hostility. David is one of these, removing his glasses to show Gabriel his contempt. In return, I see Gabriel take note with his own glare.

I watch Gabriel walk over the water without shedding a single wave. He stares at me for a long time, as if we share some secret the others don't understand. I don't like him looking at me. His looks are too strange, too unearthly. Humans don't have those eyes.

I am initiated into the Culture that night. I have no control over myself. I dance and leap around the fire with the others. I shout without understanding what I am saying. I howl without embarrassment. Each beat of the drum can be felt on my skin. The songs of the others sweep me up in mindless rhapsody. I hear a fluttering in my ears, the beating of the wings of a trapped bird. I whirl in a circle and imagine myself in flight. There is something old inside me. It shrieks with the voice a mouse hears before claws descend from the sky and end its life. I move my hands over my naked flesh and know that it is an alien body. I am not this smooth-skinned creature trapped on the ground for lack of wings. I am a creature of the air, my true self buried deep inside ponderous flesh.

It's over. There is silence. The ebb of joy is subsiding. My human perceptions are regaining their hold, silencing the wild voice of the other within me. Despondent, I gaze at the others who are no longer leaping through the fire. They watch me with smoldering eyes. Young men, women, and the eyes of those things in the cages.

I want to go home. Let me go home!

They do not stop me as I leave.

"You'll be back," Gabriel's tells me. "When I call you."

Screw you, buddy.

I go home. How long has it been since I left? Only a night? Two? No. I discover that it's been a week. I danced around the fire for days. I talked to my own soul.

The house is loud when I walk in. Mom looks up anxiously from her chair. Dad watches me from the kitchen table. The black and white war picture on the television is a riot of violence. Some of the smoke from the battlefield seems to be seeping out of the television screen into the air of the living-room.

Silence falls. They just look at me. They stare at me. Their mouths are half open with the next thing they want to scream, but no sound comes out. I walk over to the television and touch the switch. It dies quickly.

I feel like Rip Van Winkle, you know. Like I've just come home after twenty years.

The house stays quiet. The television is a corpse in the corner of the room. No voice rises now. My parents avoid my gaze and steal glances at me when I turn away. But I somehow can feel each look, each expression of sadness.

At school, friends avoid me. Enemies too. A path opens in front of me wherever I go. The hands of the teachers tremble when they lay tests on the desk. Why do they treat me like this? What do they see in me?

They see you for what you are, the creature who shares this cage with me mutters. I feel saliva drip onto my arm, then crawl like a grub across the feathers. Like it's any great mystery. They knew you were no part of them. They loathed you.

Maybe they did. I hope not though.

But then one night the drums start in my head again, making me feel feverish and viciously agitated. My room becomes claustrophobic; I have to get out into the open air. My mother watches me leave the house in the middle of the night. Her eyes are sad. Now I know she somehow understood what I was and that she would never see me again. God, but that image is the one, above all others, I wish I could erase from my head!

My career as a tagger begins. While the Culture goes on their Steeplechases or simply out to raise hell, I am obliged to come along and record their glory with spray-paint on alley walls and parked cars. They make me climb all the time, urge me to lose touch with my fear and be as wild as themselves. I become quite good at what I do with the paint, but I am always crushed with the guilt afterwards when I go back to the catacombs. Guilt that I have become a criminal, that I am contributing to the illness of society.

I am on a leash to the Hellions, following them whenever they call me. And since the leash is made of those incessant, primitive drums, there is no tangible knot to cut. They trap me with the force of their own wills, belief and superstition that has always been the downfall of Immortals. Unknown to me then, Gabriel planned to divest me of my humanity forever, to force me into becoming the true Immortal beast within. He'd falled with Cassie, but he was determined not to fail with me.

I get a cheap apartment across town, near a warehouse. I stay there and don't do much of anything until I am called by the drums. After a few weeks, my Culture gets in a bad fight with a rival one. We all end up running away from the scene for our lives. I know now that Gabriel instigated the fight to force me into taking the Himsati, which he calls the Wild Side, and to unleash it in full fury against his enemies. Even though I felt the animal there, snarling for release, I held it inside. After that, I stay in the flat night and day. A couple months pass in silence. I begin to think I am free of them, that they have moved to another neighborhood far away. I think of returning home and telling my folks that I am not really dead.

The drums wake me out of a deep sleep.

I follow drumbeats that no one around me seems to hear to their entrance into the catacombs under the steel mill. I walk through the darkness. I arrive and know, at that moment, that Gabriel has made me come. Next to him, a slender blond girl with eyes warm as summer watches me with a gentle interest.

"Kevin. I have one more test for you." He says enigmatically. I look over at the woman anxiously, then search for David. David sits on a crumbled pillar, unconcerned, it seems, with my arrival. For some reason, I feel disappointed.

Gabriel hands me a can of paint and tells me I have one more test. Still tired and angry at myself for being drawn here, I throw the can to the floor in defiance. The girl patiently retrieves it and offers it to me again. Gabriel's eyes flashed like embers threatening to burst into open flame. Fear strikes me a hard blow as he stares at me. I sense suddenly that he has a power over me beyond his ability to call me. I feel it in his steady gaze. I look at the girl, into her amber eyes and see profound anguish there. Compassion. I gasp inwardly as I stare at the eyes. How different they look so close to me, unhindered by the bars of a cage. She grips the can anxiously, turning her knuckles white. Her eyes implore me, and that is what makes me take the can.

"I'm Kevin." I say, my hand touching hers in the exchange.

"Cassandra," she smiles. Her eyes are so golden. There's sunlight trapped in them.

Cassie takes my hand. She stares into my eyes.

"We have no choice," she whispers to me.

I can only nod to her. Yet, I am also thinking of how I can free myself from Gabriel and his friends. And I am thinking that I will do whatever I can to free her too. I'll die to save her.

I hear a sniffling sound from the back of my cage. The filmy eyes of the beast leak out a pearlescent blob of pus and send it floating into the air. He dabs at the eye with one of his hooves.

God, that's so romantic, Kevin. I'm so touched. Really, don't mind my weeping. I'll be okay.

Stop it. Don't dare mock Cassie!

He grins, showing goat teeth carved with a razor-blade into little skulls.

I close my eyes, refocus my inner thoughts. Cassie embraces me at that moment, holding me tightly. I know, somehow, I have been with her a long time ago, in an age forgotten even by history. That happens to us Immortals a lot. We enter into the mental hibernation of Lethe and grow up as humans. But as we wander through life, it's like we magnetically pull one another together. Through circumstance, we come together again.

Sure Kevin. True lovers always find one another in another life. But so do true enemies.

Gabriel walks around, black-clad and brooding. He is hand-picking people to accompany Cassie and I on our "mission" to make sure we carried it out. I noticed that each member he chooses is one of those whose resentment of him showed too close to the surface. David is the last chosen, placed in charge of all of us. He shrugs.

Others protest. Gabriel silences them with a look, then turns to me with an enigmatic smile on his lips.

"Tonight, you're going to Heaven," he says

I, of course, thought I was going to be killed.

How else would we, once humans, take such a statement, especially in the caustic tone he used? He laughed at my fear and told me that the Hellions never wasted potential resources. I looked at the cages that had earlier held the animals. They were all empty. When I looked back at him with an accusing stare, he merely smiled again.

My mission was simple. I had to take the paint can, climb up to the top of a skyscraper, and leave the sign of the Hellions on some valuable sculptures inside the penthouse. I went with the others and found the building easy enough. As I made the climb, Cassie stood below on the lawn next to a tall tree and watched. The other Hellions took up positions around the building, standing under streetlights and acting cool. They watched me with morbid suspicion.

Now, Kevin. They're only human, after all. Pity those less fortunate than you, especially now that they're dead.

I pity them because of Him. He lives in their dreams. He sees out their eyes. In all their works, he is manifested. But at the time, I hated them for the control they had over Cassie and me.

As a mortal, I never knew what a natural climber I was, nor the feeling of exhilaration I would feel as I clung to ledges above the lights of Chicago. I was giddy, nearly to the point of letting go and trying to fly. It was the Himsati inside trying to get out. My brothers and sisters stand below me, mixed like dark specks of paint among the lights of the streets, watching. Cassie waits on the lawn, the lights in the grass making her chin and arms glow. I feel cold, feverishly hot, terrified and aroused all in the same moment. I crawl along the smooth stone and glass. I hold fast with only the strength of the muscles in my hands. A flock of doves bursts into the air. David waits on ledges just below, watching me. He looks agitated. He keeps staring up at the penthouse as if he senses something there. I look at him quizzically. He motions me to keep climbing.

Hands tortured by cramps, I reach Heaven.

Heaven is a term the Hellions use for particularly inaccessible or well-guarded places such as lit billboards, tall street signs or off-ramp signs, or territory protected by a rival Culture or by the police. It differs from moderately accessible places (the Clouds) and completely accessible places (The Earth). The higher you are able to tag something, the more prestigious it is for you and for the Culture you represent.

I am in Heaven, shivering in the cold wind and trying to keep the ball-bearing in my spray can from rattling as I test the strength of the window. It is, to my surprise, unlocked. Watching my own image floating in the glass, I understand the fear inside me. It shows plainly in my face. I almost abandon this insane pursuit, but I hear the sound of David coming up three ledges below me. My look to him is a pleading one. I feel so anxious. Something terrible is about to happen. David considers for a long moment, his dark hair swirling around his face. Then he motions for me to continue. The gesture carries the weight of reluctance.

With a little effort, I push the glass open. I wait for screams, alarms, the sound of a gun. There is only silence.

I am in a gallery with long windows, pleated drapes and a carpeted floor. I wait for a short time to allow my eyes to adjust to the dimness, then peer around. I don't dare use a flashlight despite the fact I've brought one. Instead, I pull back the curtains to let more light from the city outside through the window. Light falls across art, sculptures stand in various postures around the room. Most are contemporary modern art. Some are statues of nude women and men posed in the strangest positions, hands crossed in front of their faces, fingers splayed like the legs of an insect, casting shadows across lifelike faces. Each, I can see, are painted to appear lifelike. I tap on one to see if, impossibly, it would move. Tap-tap. Marble. Good marble. This crap must be worth a bloody fortune.

There's a statue in the very back. It looks like a stylized spider curled up into a ball with a naked woman transposed among the symmetrical legs. Way out there, that one. Someone scared of spiders carved that one out of black stone. I dare to shine my light on it. There's an hourglass carved in the abdomen of the woman. Her eyes are closed in serene beauty. Too weird for me.

A variety of paintings are hung on the walls. I'm no artist, so I don't have a clue as to how valuable they are. They're old. Portraits, painted with a disturbing brush. Faces smooth and ageless, despite a weight of age in their eyes. Why are all of them so unpleasant to look at? Oh, now I see. There's no whites in the eyes, only black, shiny orbs. Kinda disgusting. I take my paint can and spray a swath across the eyes of each painting. Then, I start painting the symbol of the Hellions on the statues. Seems a shame, you know. They're all really well done, except for the spider one. I cough and realize the smell of primer is burning my lungs. I turn to head out, opening the window.

Night breeze flows through the gauzy curtains. I take a deep satisfying breath.

Something *moves* behind me.

What the hell?

I spin around and shine the light in wide circle. The paintings, now looking like a line-up of masked bandits, stare back. The sculptures, covered with primer, cast shadows against the wall. The black sculpture stands like a statue that does not move. I slowly creep up to it, shining my light into the serene face amongst all of those legs.

I tap on the stone. I try to shake it, but it's damn heavy. Somehow it seems bigger than before. The legs don't seem so close together as when I first looked at them. I turn my back on the statue and search along the wall. The light folds over carpet and drapery until two shiny eyes are illuminated at the end of a tiny furry face. I jump, suppressing a shout.

It's a damn rat, man. A rat in a penthouse. What the hell is the world coming to?

I flip off the rat and turn back to the gallery. Just outside the window, a shadow moves. I freeze until I see David's face just outside the glass.

"C'mon, man," he whispers. "We're out of here."

"No kidding." I offer sarcastically. "Damn rat scared the piss out of me."

Something touches my shoulder.

I reach up and grab my shoulder in one swift motion, grabbing for the tiny furry bastard. But there's nothing there. I spin and look into the face of the spider-bitch statue.

Damn. I thought the eyes were closed when I first saw it. I thought she was supposed to be sleeping. Course, the stone's black. Loses details in this light.

With a sneer I give the can a hefty shake and spray primer all over the statue's face. Of course, you can't see it that good, but it felt satisfying.

The mouth suddenly opens in a white, toothy snarl. I leap as the legs reach out to snare me. I yell something unintelligible and throw my flashlight as I throw myself at the window.

The look on your face must have been PRICELESS! His voice penetrates the memory, but not enough to snap me out of it.

I run from the room and throw myself out the window. I bump heads with David, who slips and falls. I reach out in horror as he plummets from view.

No! I never meant for him to fall. I was afraid. I didn't realize he was climbing in the window.

I would have fallen if something hadn't grabbed the inseam of my pants as I frantically tried to pull my left leg out of the room. A supple hand, delicately feminine is clenched around the material like a vise. The window shatters under the blow of her other hand. Like a desperate animal, I kick out and strike her face. It feels as if I'm kicking stone, although there's some supple give to the skin. The treads of my shoes mark her face for a brief moment, then disappear as she stares at me with an expression I find chillingly impassive. She blinks briefly, conveying to me she has seen him hit the ground.

My next actions are born from desperation. I kick off my shoes while holding on to the ledge. There is no way I'm getting free from her grip. Bracing my foot against the side of the building, I unfasten the fly of my 501s and work my way out of them. Shimming forward, I slide out and, at the end of my strength, fall. Better to fall than let that thing get hold of me. Below, I see Cassie look up with horror. Her arms are stretched wide, as if she would catch me. The ruin of David's body lies broken next to her foot.

The living statue follows as I hurtled toward the ground, running along the side of the building with spider agility. She keeps pace with, then exceeds the speed of my falling, her left hand still clutching my pants. I close my eyes and tried to anticipate what hitting the sidewalk at this velocity will feel like. Will the pain travel from the back of my head forward, or would I simply feel total pain for only a brief moment? Despite these sympathetic sensations, I feel profoundly unencumbered. Inside me, that flying thing relished this sensation.

A scream forces my eyes open. I look to see a smear of blood layered on the air, floating in slow motion as Cassie falls backward, off the lawn. The statue, her hand red with Cassie's blood, now stands under me. Time to die.

Of course, I don't. I'm Immortal. We could fall out of the real Heaven and survive it. Our bodies repair themselves so quickly when our wounds are not caused by the living hand of an enemy, or the sword clutched in the hand. I strike the sidewalk with bone-snapping impact, feel my whole body lose all feeling. Only my head moves, attached to a bag of twisted, broken bones. Then, the numbness changes to the agony of bone fragments seeking one another out, like pieces of a puzzle, putting themselves back together. I scream. Man, do I scream! I scream until my spine pops back into its natural arc. My physique suffuses with a gentle, pleasant tingling. We take good health for granted, don't we? Pain reminds us not to. Pain sucks.

The afterglow of my magical healing, (I've heard it called the Panacea) gives way to fear as the statue steps over my body, stinking of the paint. She's dark, but human-like. I imagine the spider legs were only part of the niche she occupied before I awoke her. A moment later, my heart jumps as my paint-can lands in her hand. She squeezes it with an impassive, unreadable face until it bursts, showering both of us. Dark purple rains everywhere.

I know I'm not going to escape her, but I try. It's easy to try when there are no other alternatives. A lack of options can make you brave. I leap up, but she strikes me in the head so hard that I sail through the panes of the storefront nearby. Though the wounds caused by the glass begin to heal, the area where her blow landed continues to throb with pain. Cassie lays on the sidewalk, motionless. I cry out for her, bearing the pain of my dislocated jaw. Then I'm distracted as she runs away from me in a green blur of light. I hear screams, coughs, yelps of surprise. In her circuitous wake, I watch my Hellion brothers and sisters drop to the pavement in crimson sprays of their own blood.

That Martine, boy. She's mighty fast.

She kills them all.

As she walks up to me, this lovely cold woman with the stripe on her face changes. To my horror, her body expands, sending dark vine-like shoots out from both sides as her abdomen became swollen and black. A red hourglass pushes itself out of the bottom of her huge abdomen and flickers on like an old neon sign. Her eyes run like wax and pool again into several eyes, all black and pupilless. Now a monstrous spider squats over me. Nothing human remains.

I did what any of you would do. I passed out. Pain I can take, but not being devoured alive by a spider.

I wake up in a warehouse, feet pointed down, body wrapped in a sticky silk that I see, to my horror, is part of a web that spans the entire ceiling. I bob up and down when I try to move, as if I am tethered by a bungee cord. The web tinkles like broken pieces of glass hanging from fishing line. Somewhere in the darkness I feel a single long, slender leg stroking the strands of web, feeling my vibrations. I did what you would do. I scream until I'm too exhausted to make a sound.

I hang exhausted in the web for six days, maybe seven. Delirious from hunger, I wait to die in the jaws of the thing that wove my prison. I think of Cassie, her ribs exposed to the streetlights. I think of the other Hellions, dying with looks of complete surprise on their faces. I think of David and how he died. Gabriel marked him to die, and I killed him.

I awake to hear movement along the web. My throat is raw from screaming, so I merely lift up my eyes and peer into the gloom. She comes, not in spider form, but in the shape of delicate, fragile young woman with eyes that lack the whites. She balances on a thick strand of the web, arms out, feet toe-to-toe as if she's on a high-wire. She smiles at me, a forced expression that I immediately sense has no real meaning to her. She comes up to me. She prods me with a finger and watches me swing in the web.

"You're thin," she notes mildly. "You should eat."

I say nothing. Would you?

"Martine," she says.

"What?" I ask after a long pause during which she just stares at me.

"I am Martine," she repeats. Her voice holds no inflection at all. "You have a name?"

"Uh, Kevin."

"Mm. Kevin. We're going to be great friends, Kevin."

"What are you." I ask, not feeling particularly bold, but rather that I had nothing to lose. She's kept me alive for some reason. Killing me should have been so easy.

"Once a worthy member of the Arachne, a noble house descended from the Hive, extinct now for over sixty million years. All alone now, but for you. Renegade from my Pride."

"Pride?"

"Pride. My Immortal extended family."

She produces meat from behind her, raw and sliced thin. I don't know what kind of meat it is, but my stomach convulses in hunger when she puts it close to my mouth.

She seems fascinated by the movement of my jaws. I chew the meat quickly. The taste is bland. The cloud in my head starts to scatter. I drink a warm Pepsi she's procured from inside a barrel. I wonder how long I could have gone without food and water.

"There now," she says with a contented expression. "Isn't that better?"

"Thank you." I say.

"Thank the rat," she whispers into my ear.

The goat twists itself in another form, something redder and glossy as wax, shrunken face filled with deep creases, skin flaky as dry paste. The eyes all but shrivel up in huge eye sockets. *She fed you the rat? How rich! But then, riffraff can't always choose what garbage cans they eat out of. You should see some of the ones who are starved for a long, long time. Walled up alive. They shrivel up to mummies, waiting for some unsuspecting archeologist to open the sarcophagus. Then, lunch-time! No wonder archeology is such a dead field.*

Give me a moment to collect myself. He's trying to stop me.

Just keeping you company, Kei. The worms and roaches have all left. You bored them almost to death.

Martine didn't, at first, tell me why she allowed me to live. Now, I know it was His orders. Back then, I thought she was just psychotic. She threatened to set me on fire, pierce my body, and slice it with a knife while carefully watching my face as she spoke. I have come to learn that the Arachne are fascinated with fear. To them, it is the most engaging and dangerous emotion existing in Immortals and humans (who they call Twilights) alike. Martine was completely addicted to it.

You would probably laugh to hear I fell in love with her. I'm sure there's some psychology involved about the feelings one can develop for one's captors. There was just something about her that I couldn't resist. Her beauty, strange and unwholesome, haunted me, as did the specter of her real self—the black spider. I could sense it just beneath her human form, thinking alien things and wanting to hatch out.

As an Arachne, she could never return my love. She made love to me because she knew it frightened me. She trailed her tongue along my skin not in sensuality, but as if testing for a place to sink spidery fangs.

She knew better than to eat you, Kei. I'd have been just a bit upset. So she teased herself with the salt of your skin.

Martine began teaching me things about myself that I never knew. She spoke of my true form, buried in the folds of this human one. She terrorized me the entire time I was with her, never allowing me to feel comfortable, daring me to attack her. As I slept she would sit in the web above me in the spider form, mandibles working as if she was still talking to me, telling me things my ears couldn't hear but my thoughts somehow would. She even lived in my dreams when I finally sank into exhausted sleep.

There was no escape, it seemed. But one night I would escape her. You see, I really hated her for what she did to Cassie. When her enemies finally found her, I have to admit, I enjoyed it a little too much. But let me tell you first what I learned from the bitch.

WHAT I LEARNED IN THE WEB

I'm meditating in front of a full-length mirror. I've been here for the entire night. Martine tells me I need to get in touch with the inner beast, my real form buried under this human mask.

"It takes a little visualization to get in touch with Himsati when you are calm or not threatened. When you feel anxious, contact is swift and forceful, as is the transformation into the beast," she tells me with barely a whisper.

During the moments of relaxation I quiet all of my thoughts and simply float in the darkness of my own consciousness until, through the gloom, a pair of eyes float toward me. I know immediately what it is. The flapping sound of wings filled with the wind is heard. Apprehensive but curious, I approach the eyes until the faint outline of a large bird of prey can be seen framing them. Fear overcomes me and I step back, but the eyes seem to hypnotize me. I stand, paralyzed with terror, as the great bird spirals toward me in slow languid strokes of its wings and dives. I scream, but the screech of an eagle issues from my throat instead. The bird sinks its talons into my body, enraged, and mauls me. I scream again as the mental hooks slice through my body, tearing away the human appearance to reveal underneath a bright aura of many colors. There is pain as I visualize myself flayed by the violent bird, like a vulture ripping the skin from its prey. But I feel something else... the thrill of power. Then, as I lay there fully exposed to the creature, it flies *inside* me, vanishing into the light.

I change. The raptor occupies my entire body, swelling its wings to push beyond the contours of human flesh. I flow like molten metal. My eyes flare like gold embers as the muscles twist and pull themselves onto a new frame. My third shriek is more majestic. I open my eyes to see amber light bursting through the irises. I watch as my last human traits are swallowed in a supple coat of feathers. With a last shriek of fierce joy, I fly up, blowing out the window and into the city.

Oh the sights! I wing my way over the skyline of Chicago. Statues in the architecture seem to turn their heads as I fly by them. Their stone robes flutter in the sighing wind. How my senses have awakened! Grass and trees whisper to one another, the air creates a harmonious fugue as it brushes along the alleys. All living things shimmer with a delicate inner fire, each leaf's vein glowing with light, each human being surrounded with supple auras of color. How beautiful everything is to the eyes of the beast! How could we have ever left this awareness behind us? How could we have allowed ourselves to sleep for so long?

Every blade of grass sparkles with a point of fire at its tip. Green fire, the smoldering light at the heart of an emerald. Flowers yawn and spill light from their centers. Rose thorns sparkle like glass. Every grain of pollen, every airborne bacteria and virus glimmers like a fragment of

crystal dust, creating clouds of radiance. The gathering storm contains such beauty and mystery, I want only to fly into the dark thunderheads and be struck with lightning!

Yes, yes. Very lovely, Kevin. Why don't you give them the point? An Immortal's true form sees a world that is too beautiful to bear. Better to consume it than to let it's beauty drive you mad.

Damn you Sanguinary! Your corruption comes from your weakness to control your lust for this world.

I have eaten other worlds far more appetizing than this one.

But has any world ever opposed you like this one? I don't think so. I think this world is so bright that every time you get to close to it, you get burned. That's why you hide in the dark dreams of humanity, isn't it? What is a dream compared to the splendor of the real world? You exist in dreams because it's dark there.

The skull of the ram dips closer and closer to me, a skeletal balloon tied in the darkness to a vaporous hand. It's mouth opens, showering me with thousands of dead butterflies.

Really? You think you know everything, don't you boy? You try to escape this precious world of yours, like the rest of your mortal acquaintances. You hide yourself in libraries, movie theaters and violent sports arenas. Computer bulletin boards, phone sex, red light districts. Alcohol, nicotine, sniffing glue and paint and cocaine. Is there blood on the ice? A broken arm or head? Is the rainforest gone yet, raped by your need to record your uninspiring histories?

All of your labors are to remove yourself from this splendid world. Look at your pathetic parents. They pour their minds into dreams of what can never be, dead movie stars, the smoke from a hundred tobacco plantations. You can scarcely tell the difference between them and the dead.

Mortals were never shown what their world really is! I scream this. I feel vehement. It's a nice change from the fear.

This is the height of naiveté, and of bad manners. Humans would never have been content with seeing the world as it is. They'd have destroyed it twice as fast.

He's wrong. All of you have to know that. Martine taught me that much, in her roundabout way. People die, but that doesn't mean they cease to be. Death lets them walk through the door, to see as we see while they are spirits, for the essence of the Himsati is spiritual.

Write that down, Reverend. Spiritual? This is boring stuff. I preferred when you were whining about the end of your innocence.

You don't own all of the humans. You just infest them. But many of them seek a path away from you. Why would you need me otherwise?

He screams at me so loudly I have to cover my ears. Don't get me wrong. I'm sure I haven't ruffled him at all. He likes to startle me every once in a while. Even now, the goat eyes are closed in mirth, the lips pulled back over rotting teeth.

Made you look.

Martine follows above me, a quick spidery form tapping lightly across the windows of bank buildings. A trail of webbing moves around her like a living thing, a snake seeking to attach itself to anything it can grasp. I squawk a challenge to the spider, feeling powerful and free of her.

That's when she teaches me a valuable lesson.

Kicks your ass, you mean.

A strand of the web whistles up like an airborne whip and wraps around my left foot. I let out a high-pitched scream and beat my wings harder. I am pulled down, spun in quick little circles, wrapped by the radiant orange strands she pulls from her spinnerets. In moments, I am cocooned and struggling against bonds too strong to break. Within the orange cocoon, in its weird light, I see two fangs penetrate and come within inches of my throat. Then, they withdraw. I understand what she is saying to me: *I could have killed you then.*

I wish she had.



Can you hear that? His voice *sighs*, so sadly I almost want to apologize for annoying him. I want to beg his forgiveness, but I won't.

You really should get into practice. Haven't run across a good beggar since Cassandra.

Martine takes me back to the warehouse and ties me to the web until I fall asleep. When I awake, I am human again, aching from the sagging position I slept in. She releases me when she returns that evening. I don't even understand why she does this.

What a disappointment to see the world through human eyes again! Everything looks dark and dead. No light, no beating hearts, no fugue. I wanted to turn back into the raptor, but part of me was afraid to. Part of me considered it unnatural.

Martine tells me about the Esoterics, Immortals

whose Himsatis are not mere animal, but also fire, water, lightning and shadow.

"The Phoenix are made of fire, the Peri of stone and jewels. The Morrigan and Dracul have creatures of air, the Tautha of water. All seek to destroy their creator, the Sanguinary. All have become greedy for power, for the domination of the earth."

That was a lie, wasn't it?

The old shaggy beast turns in on itself, emerging as something wet, slick, dredged up from the mud. *What does it matter, Kevin? Martine thought she understood power. I'll tell you what power is. It is not just the ability to create something, but the ability to destroy it. I created the entire Immortal race from my own flesh and blood. They turned against me. Now, as the end time approaches, I will destroy them. You will see the full manifestation of power as few ever have, and you will survive it. Isn't that damn COOL of me?*

Why spare me? I ask, clenching my teeth.

Because you will become part of me. You will make me whole.

I'll die first.

Whatever it takes.

You all now must see and understand what I have.

Our deepest selves are in danger.

The passions unleashed by taking our true form open us up to possession by him. Once he takes us over, we're his.

I will eventually have all of you Kevin. You'll have to ask my permission to even breath, a prisoner in your own body. Don't fight me and I'll make it easy for you. Not just easy—wonderful! You'll know power that you can't even dream of yet.

Go to Hell!

Martine's reign of terror continues until I can't take it anymore. She lords her power over me, pushing me further and further, fascinated at my fear and the sensations it

causes. It is almost as if she is feeding on that fear, as if every day I grow weaker and her spider-body grows more bloated. She taunts me about Cassie. She tells me how satisfying it was to gut her. But she also teaches me things about myself. She focuses my awareness into the interior of my wild side. I don't know it then, but I think she is ready to betray her master and try, somehow, to save me from the darkness. All I know is that I hate her.

I make plans to escape. I watch her habits, the logical symmetry of them. At times I think she suspects my plans to get away, that her hold is broken. Once, when she forces me to make love to her, she fixes her strange eyes on mine.

"Spiders never let their lovers go," she says.

"They eat their lovers." I whisper in hatred.

"Yes. We do."

MY ESCAPE

On my own, I experiment more and more with shifting form. I accept more and more that part of my nature, unable to bear being closed off from that beauty for very long. Unlike what some of you believe, you do not tire of the appearance of the world because it is never the same. The same flower may seem profoundly different the second time you see it. The qualities of a mortal continue to rise to the surface like the corona of a tiny sun, flaring with heart-stopping grandeur.

Things, too, can be ugly while you are in that form. I find that out after I continue to transform night after night, as the corruption of Him enters my soul. You see, when we are tainted, the world loses its luster. It turns dark. Normal mortal perception is far preferable to the hideous contrasts the world assumes when you are drawn deeper into the darkness.

Despair grew in me, and Martine saw it. As the world seems to wither before me, I go searching for a beautiful part that has, miraculously, escaped. I don't realize the ugliness comes from me, not from my surroundings.

I run through alleys and over roofs while police helicopters skim high above, searchlights playing over me. I do not fear those probing lights. Martine has told me about the Haze, a type of invisibility that covers us while we are in this shape. Mortals see us, but not as we truly are. To those I pass by I am a mere cat, nothing more. The Haze protects me. What Martine doesn't tell me, and what should have been obvious, is the Haze doesn't hide me from supernatural creatures such as myself. Or from mortal animals in the Himsati's own image who hate us so much. You see, mortal animals can sense corruption. When they sense it in us, they attempt to destroy us, sacrificing their own lives to do so. Martine calls any animal like us a Companion, and in the brief conversation about them, I see real fear in her eyes for the first time.

"What are they?" I ask, pressing her.

"They are creatures who belong to this world, who evolved naturally in it." Martine says tiredly.

"They hate us?"

"They hate the corruption in us," she whispers in monotone. The whisper is enough to frighten me about these Companions.

"Why aren't we overrun with them?" I demand anxiously.

"Look at you," Martine says. "Under that human skin, that *Terrene*, you are a bird of prey. And you have become corrupted, how I cannot say.

Liar.

"Other birds of prey like you will see you for what you are. They will not hesitate to destroy you. Being like you, they sense you. Avoid those like you. Avoid your Companions."

Martine scuttles above me on her webs, but she no longer hunts or toys with me. I think she's bored. 19



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with me. Sometimes I allow myself to think she's gotten some compassion. Of course, my fear is so trivial now compared to my despair. I desire to see the world as I did that first night, to be part of that rhythm of life. I know she understands how I have become covered in this darkness. I curse her regularly to her face now, but she just ignores me.

Only the moon offers me solace. I don't understand why. Even in my darkness, it is undiminished in its beauty. There is a secret here, some significance about the moon that I devote my next month to discovering. Martine seems amused at my efforts. There's something in her eyes too. Expectation? Hope?

But in the end, I learn nothing about the moon except that, while I watch it, the darkness seems less powerful. I long to see it now, to gaze at the silver light and melt the apparition of Him out of my head.

The moon is my eye, Kevin.

Liar. You are a liar! The moon brought me back from you!

Only for a little while. Unfortunately, you'll never learn her secret.

Things are born in the springtime. There's an upheaval of birth so powerful that it makes you feel drunk from the life-force, like sweet pollen flowing through an enchanted wood. Everywhere I go, flowers push out their buds with little sighs, eggs hatch with loud explosions, the wails of the newly born layer the air in a harmonious rapture of sound. Having contemplated the moon each night, the darkness has withdrawn enough for me to perceive these miraculous things. Martine's became more and more anxious as the weather grows warmer. She becomes increasingly guarded and avoids taking her Himsati form. Instead, she walks as a human down the streets while I soar above her. She stabs her eyes into every shadowy corner. Every trash can or window-sill.

She's become more and more agitated. She holds her ears when the cry of a human baby lifts into the night.

In the hot summer night we return to the warehouse in silence. I feel as if something terrible is again about to happen. Martine crawls up into her web in the spider form, in that tunnel she wove as her lair and faces outward with cold impassive eyes.

I talk with her.

The attack comes in the still of the night, with the new moon directly above us.

I try to imagine now how long it took for all the spiders to congregate, to ignore their own instincts to kill one another, instead to unite against Martine. While sleeping in part of the web, I feel my skin suddenly begin to tingle. As I awake and watch the streetlights stream through the warped walls of the warehouse, I suddenly perceive movement. Then, as my sleepiness lifts, I look down to see spiders, hundreds of them,

scuttling along my prone body. Every one of them is a black widow, glossy hourglasses splashed underneath like smears of blood. Every one is a large round female. I freeze as they move over me. They crawled on my face, through my hair, across my eyelids. I think I will go mad from the feeling, but I resist the urge to brush them away.

Even more terrifying, I see the entire web is covered with these tiny creatures, thousands upon thousands of them. They must have come from miles and miles around, drawn by Martine's corruption. Strangely, in the moments they move over me, I consider how many of them have died on their journey here, their bodies paving the way for the others. It chills me to think that something as simple as a spider can know hatred.

Martine awakens sluggishly in that web. By the time she is aware of her surroundings, the foremost part of the tiny army has reached her. She curls her eight legs up and springs to a lower tier of the web. Spiders rain down like black berries into a moving mass on the floor.

Those spiders above Martine jump onto her, clinging to her huge black body. A scream issues from between her mandibles as she chews through her own web to escape the onslaught. But there are too many of them and too much web restricting her movements. As one force, they swarm her, spinning a shroud and trapping themselves next to her body. My entire body jumps in revulsion.

Martine is strong. She chews her way to the floor, only to be engulfed by many more of them. The weight of them slows her even more. She squashes huge numbers of them between her fangs. Her legs comb them off her eyes in sheets. Finally, she sinks to the floor and convulses. Her legs curl slowly around her in a final attempt to shield herself. Within moments, the milky shroud grows more and more opaque as the tiny companions enmesh her.

She waited too long in one place. She should have been more careful.

I don't move all night as the spiders trickle out of the warehouse. I think about a lot of things. I wonder if there is, somewhere in the city, a pride of eagles searching for me, hating me.

Everyone who's ever known you hates you! Kevin. I think it's the whining.

Nature hates you, devil. Nature rises up and destroys all those filled with your darkness!

Let Nature get in its licks while it still can, Kevin.

After they are gone, I see Martine's corpse. All that remains is a shell filled with tiny holes like some large, bizarre sculpture. Then, as the moments pass, it slowly dissolves away. Something like a crystalline reed rests on the floor under her mandibles.

I don't think to pick up the glowing reed. All I care about is getting out. And I do, leaving that part of the nightmare behind.

FINAL HOUR

I make my way to the steel mill. In the darkness of the catacombs, it's completely silent except for the dull thud above. I shift myself into the raptor and negotiate the curves with ease.

When I come to the meeting place, Gabriel is there. He and his last loyal man. Gabriel looks older than I remember, an antique whose shiny veneer is slowly peeling away. I scream a challenge to them.

Gabriel's friend flees immediately, running into a cave I had not noticed at the back of the cavern, the entrance to even deeper regions of the catacombs. Gabriel himself shows no fear. He even seems to be expecting me. I hiss again and fly toward him. I want him to scream. I want to see the same kind of terror Martine had caused me in his face. I want him to beg for life as his blood runs round my talons, begging that will not avail him.

He raises his hands with a look of pity that quickly becomes resignation. I hesitate. Only a few moments, perhaps, but enough to condemn me. In the next minute, Gabriel summons the music.

The music encircles me in sweet streams, so beautiful that I suddenly feel stunned and sluggish. He walks toward me, stabbing the air with his fingers as if he's playing a

piano. I stumble. My breath comes in short gasps. In my darkness, he shows me the beauty of the world I thought gone. I know now the fugue was false, contrived.

Entranced, I feel weightless as he seizes hold of the scruff of my neck and pulls me to the cages. I can't resist. You laugh because music charms the savage

beast. It is a susceptibility Martine had never told me about.

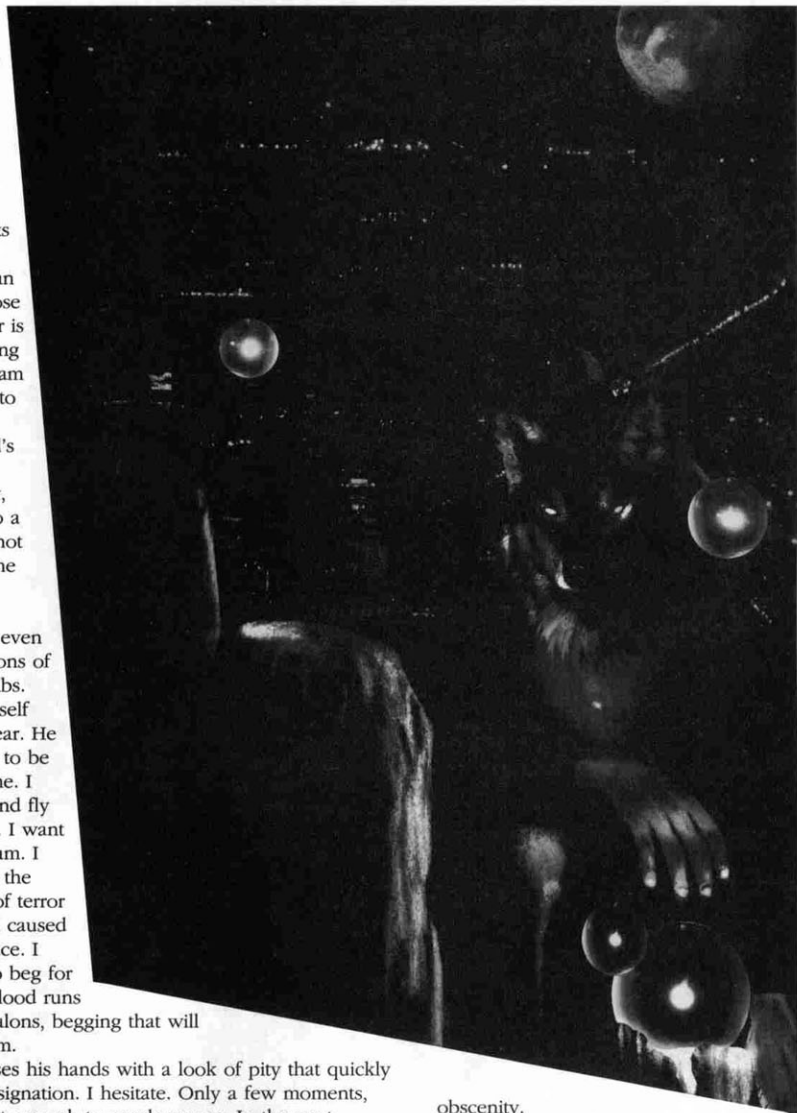
Don't give all of your secrets away, Kev. Always leave surprises for later, that's my motto. You should have guessed that music, itself a sorcery that Man has come to slavishly follow, finds deeper root in the mind of the primitive.

Gabriel closes the cage door, and like a conductor before a choir, makes a horizontal gesture that cuts the music off in mid-strain. I shriek. I throw myself against the bars until my head spins in circles. Gabriel only looks at me with savage hatred. "Where is she?" He demands. I scream a hawk

obscurity.

"Where is Cassie?" He repeats with slow, deliberate words.

Dead, I think. You know she's dead, you bastard! You sentenced her to death!



He glares at me a moment longer, then he takes after his fleeing companion, leaving me in this damn cage.

I'm tired. So tired. I need to sleep and hope not to dream. He's there in the dreams and his arms are outstretched for me. . .

A scream! Do you hear it? A loud wail. A single piercing cry that tells you he realizes he can't escape certain destruction. I listen. The wail trails off into a gurgle. I know that sound. The death rattle of a mortal.

Gabriel's scream. Oh, I've always hoped to hear it. *Couldn't disappoint you.* I incline my head to see my tormentor, a black wolfen thing smelling like rust. My eyes tear at the smell, though the smell isn't really here.

You?

You wanted him dead, didn't you Kev? You wanted your revenge. I have made it real, even as you have brought me from the land of dreams to be with you. C'mon kid. Stretch out your hand and take mine. I will take you out of this place, over the corpses of all who have harmed you.

His hand stretches out toward me. The claws, rusted barbed wire wrapped around each one, glint in the absence of light.

I look at the hand, realizing that I've told all I have to tell. There are no more words left in me. He's won. My corruption has made him real enough to slay the living. The claws touch me. They are so cold.

I start to cry.

The rusty creature moves over to me, a look of sadness in his face. I see a vulnerability I did not think was possible. His arms touch my wings, gently. He is here with me. He is going to take me away.

I'll kill anyone who tries to hurt you, Kevin. I will give you power to crush others like Gabriel.

I want to go home, I say. I want the nightmare to end. God, how can I have become so weak?

I'm here to take you, Kevin. Just take my hand and say the word.

I reach out. The eyes, so tender, so caring, watch my hands reach into His. The iron clasps my hand.

Behind me, the bars of the cage I'm leaning against give way so suddenly I can do nothing but fall backwards. I feel his hands slip out of mine. He lunges for me with a snarl of surprise and rage as I fall to the ground below. I look up.

It's her!

Cassie stands at the entrance of my cage, staring in. Her body, lithe and beautiful in its animal perfection radiates a silver light. The moon shines out of her eyes and into the niche. Something dark and rusted howls and leaps away from her.

She knows. She understands the moon.

I feel the shadow of Him pass in front of her, like an eclipse of the moon. He stands above me, claws extended, face contorted in complete hatred.

He snarls at me, but the words are so full of fury I can't even understand them. I cover my face with my wings as he comes down on me.

I feel the wound deeply. But the wound's been there for a long time now. He's just making me aware of it.

I move the wings, screaming, in time to see Cassie vault downward in a perfect acrobatic arc, strands of moonlight issuing out of her own feathers. She rakes the rusted wolf-thing, throwing it off of me and into the inky black water of the reservoir. Her talons, silvery, hiss like branding irons as they strike him.

"Send him away!" Cassie yells to me in the forgotten speech of eagles.

I turn, blood running like ice water from my side. I close my eyes. I wish for him to be gone.

A roar echoes through the chamber. I open my eyes to see something huge, twisted, black explode out of the water. The eyes of the nightmare are His, burning with such hunger that his skull shows through the amphibious skin. He rises, a mass of dark tentacles, and keeps rising higher and higher. A dark serpent, he looms over me, prepared to strike.

The moon. I will think only of the moon. Only of you Cassie. Only of you as I die.

Silence.

Long moments pass, counted by the lapping of waves on a stone shore. I keep my breath held inside, waiting for the fangs to pierce me.

"Kevin," I hear a bright voice in all this darkness.

I sob.

"He's gone," she whispers, now close to me. I feel a hand run gently over my feathers. I will myself to change, to leave the feathers and talons and razor beak behind. Reluctantly, sluggishly, I feel my body obey. I wait a long time, commanding my eyes to open. Why won't they open? Why won't they do as I say? Are they afraid of what they will see?

Fingers on my forehead. Human fingers. The soft touch of a woman.

My eyes, curious, flutter open.

She looks down at me, her eyes shining like two harvest moons. Alive. And the world that surrounds her, not so dark.

"He's gone." She repeats herself as I look around with wide eyes, looking for him.

"You dirty bastard!" I rasp at Him, waiting for him to answer. But he doesn't answer. The burning in my belly, in my heart, is gone.

"We have to go," she whispers. "Before the others arrive."

"The others?"

"Those who read your words. Some will want to destroy you, some will try to bring you back into their Master's fold. He won't stand by after having been so cheated."

"Where will we go?" I ask.

She smiles and helps me to my feet.

"The moon will guide us," she says.

And I believe her.



BOOK II: HIMSATI LORE

'The other fools discard their greatest weapon. We play the game. We are masters of it, but it is because we are not liars that we have been feared and shunned. Fear is our weapon and shunning us allows us to do our work in silence. A predator whose prey watches him stalk is forever hungry. We are the ultimate predators for we prey on the corrupted of our kind. Let the Sanguinary beware, we are the cancer in its body.'

Syden, Pride Terat

THE NATURE OF THE HIMSATI

The Perpetual Society did not always exist. Predating it was a time of chaos during which all Immortals remained in their Himsati forms and fought. Internecine conflicts sprang from mutual intolerance between the species. It was only after Immortals realized the depth of the Sanguinary's alien presence within a burgeoning humanity that these differences were set aside. Not accustomed to taking human form, the Immortals nevertheless understood the necessity of living among humanity to better study the Enemy. Thus, they buried their true shapes within the human form, assuming human physical limitations no matter what their previous form had been in order to reduce the strife and encourage cooperation.

Immortals found common ground on three fronts that allowed them to build a long-lasting society capable of protecting themselves while also weakening their corrupted enemies. The first commonality came with the invention of the Terrene Form, a human appearance beneath which they hid their true bodies. With human appearances in common, immortals slowly learned to interact with one another as peers, instead of the predator/prey species identity. A descendant of a hawk could, with relative ease, speak with the evolved mantis because their Terrene form made them more alike than unlike.

The second commonality came with the Convictions, philosophical tenets with which Immortals could discover like-minded comrades. The Convictions allowed Immortals to band together into Prides, their extended families. They built a more nationalistic unity rather than a species-based one, though elitism of one's animal type would always remain a force within each Pride. One's belief in the Pride's goals and philosophy gave him a sense of belonging and acceptance.

Lastly, the Stratagem, a political competition whose stakes offered not only prestige, but power to resist an Immortal's ultimate corruption at the patient hand of his enemy. Through the Stratagem, the Prides created an arena to perfect themselves for the final battle with the

Sanguinary they knew must one day come. Together with the Terrene and the Convictions, the Stratagem formed the cement that allowed a once scattered people to build a civilization that has lasted through the ages.

The Twelve Prides of the Stratagem have varying opinions of the Himsati form. Some are more eager to embrace it than others. All understand the inherent danger of assuming the more exotic aspects of the Himsati, the danger of influence from the Sanguinary or any one of its dreaming avatars. Too, all Prides understand the joy of taking their true form that leads to



REACHING EIDOS

In essence, Eidos is the achievement of physical perfection. This is the first step in ascending to the spiritual perfection attributed to the members of the Sunedron. When an immortal reaches this pinnacle of existence, the Conundrum within his body is transmuted to Palladium and all traces of the Sanguinary's direct presence is gone. Keep in mind that in game terms, reaching Eidos is a far off dream for almost all immortals. Some Perpetuals have existed for many millennia without achieving it. In system terms, once Eidos is embraced, a player no longer rolls Aspect Hostiles to activate his himsati's Natures.



EYE OF THE TIGER

Those immortals who spend a great deal of time in their Himsati form may begin to take on certain of its appearances and mannerisms even in Terrene form. Most common among immortals is a change in the eyes.

These tell-tale signs can be suppressed with an effort of will, but in some breeds (such as the Terat) they are openly displayed as a symbol of courageous self-identity.

corruption by the Beast. The following information encapsulates the general feeling of these immortal breeds, although it cannot offer the exceptions and nuances that have developed within each Pride over the last thousands of years. Immortals belonging to any of these Prides will certainly gain enough information from the following to stay within established boundaries of protocol where the subject of Himsati is involved.

UPLIFTING

Within the Perpetual Society, members of one Pride may defect to another, especially if enticed away with luxuries or status unavailable in their own Pride. When allowed to join a Pride, an individual is said to be "uplifted," brought within the fold of their new extended family. Once uplifted, an immortal must conform to all convictions of the Pride, and may be granted special *Gifts* in service to their new people. Each Pride's gift is detailed under its specific heading, below, and their system in Book 4, *Himsati Powers*, under *Natures*.

THE MOON

One of the enduring mysteries of the Immortal world is the moon and the strength her light gives to those who are pure. Many Immortals believe the moon is part of the Nadir, the now-destroyed network of ley lines that spanned our universe and connected the Dominions physically to the earth. The Terat especially insist on this theory, claiming the moon contains a rare mystic element that reflects and enriches life-force. The

Tautha believe the moon to be a portal into the Crucible itself, the actual source of life-force flowing into this universe. Either may be correct. The full moon grants additional strength to Immortals pure of taint, while the total absence of the celestial body boosts the strength of the Sanguinary's dark minions.

The benefits of the moon and the mechanics of how they operate can be found in Book 3, *Himsati Rules*.



ASPECTS AND NATURES

The physical animal, or elemental form of an immortal is known as his Prime Aspect. To assume this shape is a simple process, with no game mechanics to govern it. The immortal simply concentrates and feels his body flow into this old and comfortable shape. During this process an immortal shifts his colorless Free Immaculum halo (his soul) from it's human shape to it's animal one. By shifting his six forte halos (the colored ones) to their himsati equivalents, he takes on other Aspects. The other Aspects are physical as well, and represent the natural weaponry, armor, senses and special abilities possessed by his animal form. Each Aspect (except the Prime) is named for the halo color it represents. The other Aspects do require the use of mechanics. These are found in Book 4: Himsati Powers.

The physical abilities enacted when an immortal assumes a specific Aspect is known as a Nature. These physical powers range from the mundane (such as gliding) to the truly bizarre (controlling insects.) When an immortal assumes his red Aspect, he enables all the powers resident in that halo. The Natures and how they operate are detailed in the Appendices

THE FULL HIMSATI

When an immortal assumes all of his Himsati's Aspects (the Prime, plus the red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet) he is said to have assumed his *full Himsati* form. Additional benefits are aquired when this occurs, but the danger of assuming all Aspects will discourage many immortals from the attempt. More mechanic information on taking the full Himsati form can be found in Book III, Himsati Rules.

THE SPIRIT WORLD

An immortal in Himsati form exists in the physical world and the spiritual Blue Air at the same moment. To him, the Blue Air is a pale reflection of the real world, populated by spirits and illusions. The Himsati easily distinguishes between the two, and can voluntarily walk either path. The coexistence of these two planes makes the mundane world look breathtakingly beautiful to the Himsati, full of colors and textures found nowhere else in nature.

When an immortal is slain, his Himsati is released from the shell of his body, but lacks the violet and orange halos necessary to exist corporeally in the Habitat. This is the difference between an immortal who assumes his Himsati form while still "alive" in the physical world and one who which is released upon death. The Himsati of a slain immortal is known as a Gossomer. Gossomers too walk both the corporeal world and the spirit world at the same moment, but unlike the living Himsati, cannot physically effect it. Most Gossomers possess animals (or elements) of their same Himsati type and become Familiars. These creatures roam about the world in the service of mortals, collection precious life-force necessary to return to corporeality.

CHANGING HIMSATI

An Immortal may change his Himsati from his present form to another. This transformation, considered by most Immortals as the highest form of self-sacrifice, is a price some of them will pay to become one with another Pride, or to advance higher in the group's hierarchy. Unfortunately, any such transformation is bound to antagonize those immortals who share the abandoned form. He may be considered a traitor to the species, a slight that cuts far below Pride affiliation. Anyone who undergoes this transformation is forever considered an outcast among his former kin.

Changing Himsati must be voluntary, and always involves the death of the Immortal's current body. He is killed while his spirit is bound to the shrine where the rite takes place. He is then reconstituted into a new Himsati through the ritual, reborn as a new creature but possessing all of his own memories. Transforming the Himsati of an involuntary Immortal is unknown in the Perpetual Society, although the Doves are said to possess this ability through lore they have learned from the Sanguinary.

Tempests are known to transform the Himsati animal form of an immortal, usually meshing it with an element such as air, earth, fire or water. Elemental forms occasionally have animal attributes added to their pure Himsatis when caught in a Tempest.

PRIDE ANOPHELES

'No one knows more about lust than the creature who shuns it—for it is always on his mind. A prude knows more about pleasure than a libertine, unless the libertine be a prude in disguise. Beneath the Terrene is joy so powerful that we would certainly be madder if we indulged in it. One day we will shed the limits of our eroticism and know the touch of the universe like a lover on our skin. In comparison, your most avid slut will seem a prude.'

OUR CONVICTION

"There is a danger in the Himsati; we take the form only in greatest need. Still, its passions are profound and we enjoy it overmuch."

OUR WAY

Other Prides will tell you that the Anopheles are little more than pleasure-seekers, Immortals who spend all their energy seeking after sensual experience that make them at once the most desirable, and the most depraved of the undying.

The truth is more interesting.

Every Anopheles knows differently. Unlike the rest of you, we were created with premeditated design to be the shock troops of our old masters, the Abzulim. We emerged from our cocoons with a lust for blood and a maddening joy for killing. Our masters made murder the ultimate pleasure to our senses, made blood the sweetest substance, the most beautiful color we would ever know. We were made pure in our purpose and we served our purpose well.

Violence! To our Wild Side, no other act is so captivating, not even the act of love-making. To feel life rush out of your victim, to see and taste his blood, is to become delirious with pleasure. This is what we are, what we were made to be.

So you must understand that killing was and is our greatest passion. And as the passion that rules us, it must be denied when it is possible to do so because we do not wish to become the pawns we once were. Such an addiction, murder. As destructive to ourselves as our victims. To be masters of our destinies, we must keep our violent tendencies in rein.



To that end, we created other obsessions to distract the Killer. Now we allow our own bodies to become the canvas of experiences instead of painting others with their own blood. The fixations we indulge, so shocking to your prim senses, are trivial compared with the raw

lust of bloodshed we keep submerged every day of our lives. Would the Perpetual Society rather we abandon sex for violence? How long, we wonder, would all the rest of you last against us? Do not think this an idle boast. You all fancy yourselves the ultimate evolution of the warrior. We were already that at the dawn of our (and your) birth.

In turning from violence to pleasure and self-affliction, we discovered something wondrous! In opening ourselves up to physical experience, we grow. We become unique and compelling beings.

We are wise and understand the secrets of the universe denied us under the Abzulim's yoke.

The Magdalen scoff at us, making their petty jokes about the Whore Pride and it's seeking of enlightenment through the gratification of the flesh. Please. They watch the literature and arts of the world and believe they can see a master plan of the Enemy betrayed in the collective works of Man? They don't understand that the Enemy is, and always has been, cleverer than themselves. They are not even warriors. They don't understand the impulses we harbor in our

hearts! What fool can gain from study what we learn through experience? What Immortal gains insight in the words of another what we do not understand through its touch on our physical persons? Let them doze in their books. Let all others leave us to our pleasures lest our favorite obsession be one day indulged against them once again.

OUR HIMSATI FORMS

Most honored among us is the cat, in whatever form she prowls. Snakes and bats, lesser creatures that idolize the vital fluid of life, find refuge among our ranks. We crave blood, all of us, so eaters of plants may stay away as well. Plants whose thorny touch draws blood we find fascinating. Wild wolves are honored among us, but if you are a dog, you would do better to become Man's best friend, for you will never be ours.



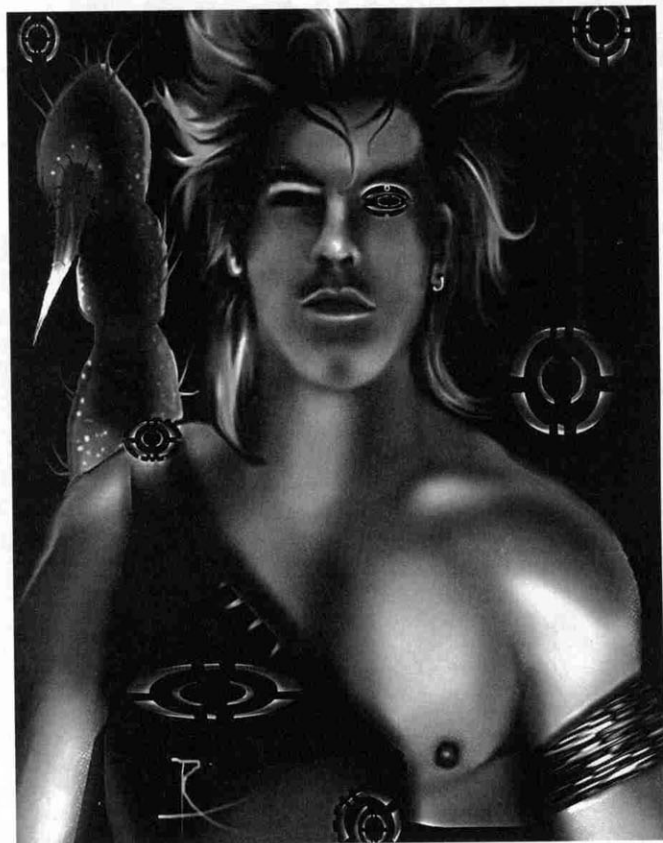
ANOPHELES

GIFT:

When in Himsati Form, all Anopheles who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gains the Estrus Nature, the ability to become physically tantalizing to their prey. System notes of how this Gift operates is found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Estrus.

OUR EIDOS

Once we have evolved to perfection, our love of killing will leave us. The peace to pursue our wisdom will ultimately result, as will the joy of living in the glory of the real world.



PRIDE ARACHNE

"We walk through the ages on the beast within us. You must shackle the beast for you cannot make it think."

CONVICTION

"We allow the Himsati to kill for us, as it was meant to do. Let us take the passions that pollute us and place them into that form where they will make us even more fierce and remorseless."

OUR WAY

We view the emotional nature of Himsati as a dangerous distraction to logical pursuits, especially where they concern the Stratagem. How can a plot that has taken centuries to engineer succeed when, at the critical time, one submits to the base Natures of the beast? Few move quietly in the shadows of immortal politics without maintaining a human form.

The Himsati is inseparable, yes. It is the magnet for emotions. Its love of the world's true beauty makes it all the more bothersome.

We do not want to fall in love with anything. Love poisons purpose. How the Anopheles consider the Himsati the most blessed state of being defies reason. In the end, their appreciation for beauty will become the obsession that kills them. More data is required on their fixations.

But, Himsati does have a single purpose that it fulfills admirably, even the Anopheles understand this. It is the masterpiece of weapons. As such, we use it to destroy our enemies.

We are the matadors of the immortals in regards to our true forms. Each day we tantalize the creature within, tease it, almost release it, then hold it in check. Emotion builds. The Himsati becomes more and more restless. It becomes mad. Only in

madness can it truly serve us, becoming a thing of violence to be loosed, controlled, manipulated whenever we desire. Only in this frenzied state can its mission remain pure.

Once we have released this part of ourselves, changing into the hunter, we allow it to expend its

aggression on its victim. When the victim is dead, the Himsati is cleansed. We take our human form again, victorious. We continue in our plans, building the frenzy of the beast for its next task.

OUR HIMSATI FORMS

Arachnids and insects are the most logical of creatures, the most dispassionate. Only these are accepted among us, those whose geometric thinking allows them to become a cohesive part of a single-minded whole while maintaining individual competence. Other creatures are distracted by emotion, and thus, under most circumstances, only represent a liability.

OUR EIDOS

Perfection of our form allows us to become truly one with our brothers and sisters, a single united mind dedicated to the higher planes of rational thought without dissension. In this, our thoughts, each one, become perfectly formed things.



ARACHNE GIFT:

When in Himsati Form, all Arachne who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gain the Mesmerize Nature, the ability to paralyze their prey with a stare. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Mesmerize.



PRIDE BANJAX

“Though freedom is not something that can be given, but instead must be taken by those who desire it, we are the ones who will make certain the choice is always there. Chains of gold are still chains, and fetters of silk still afflict burns.”

CONVICTION

“When all else fails, depend on your own blind animalistic soul to get you out of a tight spot.”

OUR WAY

We are dedicated to freedom. Our purpose is clear and without compromise. In the confines of Sheol long ago, when all Immortals were locked in a world of devouring entropy, we found a way out. When the mad creatures that our brothers had become escaped into the world, terrorizing humanity, we hunted them down, one by one. We captured these Himsatis and redeemed who we could, purging their insane minds of the horrors they'd experienced in Sheol. Those whose madness was too profound, we bound forever in the remotest places of the world and wept for their loss.

Transformation into the true self is the most liberating of experiences. Our rites utilize the change to remind us that all creatures are entangled in the servitude of others. When we take the animal shape, we are filled with both joy and a sober sense of responsibility to destroy the bondage the hated Sanguinary holds us in. He is the enemy. He took our true form from us. Afraid of our power and our ability to see the world as it is without enflaming a desire to devour it, the Sanguinary attacks us when we change. This may be petty, but it is also dangerous.



To be one of us, you must understand that the Himsati form is your birthright. While you must take great care not to attract the Sanguinary's attention, you should not abandon the freedom that is rightfully yours. Be sensible when you change form. Be careful of the powers you harness. Struggle to the bitter end when He tries to possess you. Track other shapeshifters who have fallen into bondage to the Sanguinary and, if you cannot take them back, destroy them. Released from their bodies into the spirit world, they have the freedom to throw off the yoke of the monster and become free-willed beings. There is no greater gift in all creation.

OUR HIMSATI FORMS

You make us laugh. What creature is undeserving of our fellowship because of the shape of his body? All are welcome who are dedicated to our Convictions.

OUR EIDOS

Perfection means only a greater capacity to enjoy freedom and to insure its presence among us. The Eidos is the ultimate emancipated being.



BANJAX GIFT:

Because of their love of freedom, Banjax in Himsati form formally uplifted into the Pride gains the Feral Nature, the ability to resist any Talent of Serenade that is used to control the mind. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Feral.

PRIDE DRACUL

"Light and Darkness are the oldest Immortal things. Is it so strange that we should live forever, to require eternity to vindicate ourselves for our foolish belief that they were only day and night?"

CONVICTION

"We cannot return to the barbarity of what we were. We lock the Himsati behind the a seven-fold gate of the mind."

OUR WAY

We seek balance in all aspects of our lives. The

Terrene is the yin to Himsati's yang. We keep our Himsatis in check by meditation and discipline so as not to upset the balance of our souls and cast ourselves into everlasting hunger.

The Himsati is a spirit, but not so ethereal as those who pass beyond the physical boundaries of this world. It is a spirit with skin, bones, flesh. Magic flows through it as blood. In our present state of imperfection, the magic is potent and deadly. Only through rigorous self-discipline and abstinence can we hope to understand it. Only through understanding it can we truly control it. Only through controlling it can we ultimately destroy our enemy, the Sanguinary.



SHARAKAI'S ATTENTION

Any Dracul persona who successfully solicits Sharakai's attention finds himself infused with the potent spiritual creature, a sensation much like standing in the midst of a raging thunderstorm. Now when he changes form, he applies, in addition to his normal Visage rating, an additional bonus ranging from a minimum of 1 to a maximum of 5 to the roll of the Himsati Hostile. It is up to the Narrator's judgment whether to confer this bonus by allowing Sharakai to notice the Dracul who is petitioning him for protection.

Dragon Sharakai, for his profound spirit to surround us and protect our souls during the change. If he hears us and comes, we gratefully change and delight in the mystic splendor of the world. If he does not come, we do not, under penalty of harsh censorship from our Pride, change.

There are those among us who were born of the Dragon Sharakai and who have remained so pure that he is always with them. These beings, the Ki-Rin, are often seen in their most excellent dragon forms within our fortresses. Often we venture into their presence to hear their wisdom and aspire to become what they are. Fortunately, our most esteemed Master Sharakai conveys his protection often when we are faced with battling the dark minions of his predacious enemy.

OUR HIMSATI FORMS

We honor the Chinese Zodiac and the creatures who represent it: the hare, rooster, horse, snake, monkey, rat, boar, tiger, ox, sheep and dog. But more importantly, we all aspire to become the dragon, like our patron when we reach Eidos.

OUR EIDOS

Perfection brings us into the arms of the Dragon and makes us one with him. His powers and wisdom are our legacy.



DRACUL GIFT:

When in Himsati Form, all Dracul who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gain the Infection Nature, the dragon Sharakai's ability to keep his prey from being healed by mystical means. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Infection.



PRIDE EREMIT

'Remain human at all costs and defend your achievements from the encroachment of the Beast.'

CONVICTION

"Our Himsati is not an animal. In either form, we are who we appear to be."

OUR WAY

The Eremites are thought to be self-centered people, xenophobic and elitist. Yes. We have a right to protect what we are from the impurity of the animal, an impurity that allowed the Sanguinary to become such a strong part of us. The Sanguinary dispensed His power stupidly, allowing lesser creatures to become Immortal. We might thank him for our own Immortality if not for His obvious flaws, the same flaws all animals hold—hunger and savagery.

That we are superior is a matter of providence; we do not blame others for their inferiority. We do hold them accountable for their bestial acts while in the Himsati. We hunt and dispatch them as quickly as possible. By the same token, we shouldn't be blamed for recognizing our superiority and acting on its inherent obligations to bring order and protection for every human to the world. After all, Immortals are the trespassers in this world of Man.

We tolerate the other Immortal breeds for as long as they retain human appearance and strive for the betterment of humankind in all their works. God gave Man dominion over the beasts of the field, all things that creep on land, fly through the air and swim in the seas. Immortals are not exempt from this decree. If you ask us what we are, the answer might surprise you. We are Immortal Man whose responsibility to protect mortal humankind rises above all other considerations. We are the shepherds of a flock surrounded by wolves.

We do not fear Himsati. We use him in our struggle against the most beastly creatures of all, the minions of the Sanguinary. We forgive humanity their horror when discovering this part of us—they do not understand that it is a blessed state, a pure state, an evolved state.

Unlike other Immortals, we do not lose the ability to use tools and weapons while in the Form That Injures. This makes us the ultimate warriors, feared throughout the lands of the Undying. The Himsati we hold in reserve against enemies who are deserving of its power and fury. All others face us as they face the Humankind upon which they prey—as Men and Women. The servants of the Great Beast do not deserve to die by human hands, but by the hands of our innermost violent souls.

OUR HIMSATI FORMS

If you come from any animal breed, there is no place for you here. Only humans may join with us for the protection of humanity. Only the dog, long revered for his ministrations to man, may join and serve us. Serpents we hate most of all, for it was a Serpent who tempted Man and allowed the destruction of his rightful dominion of this world. Snakes are not worthy even to draw breath.

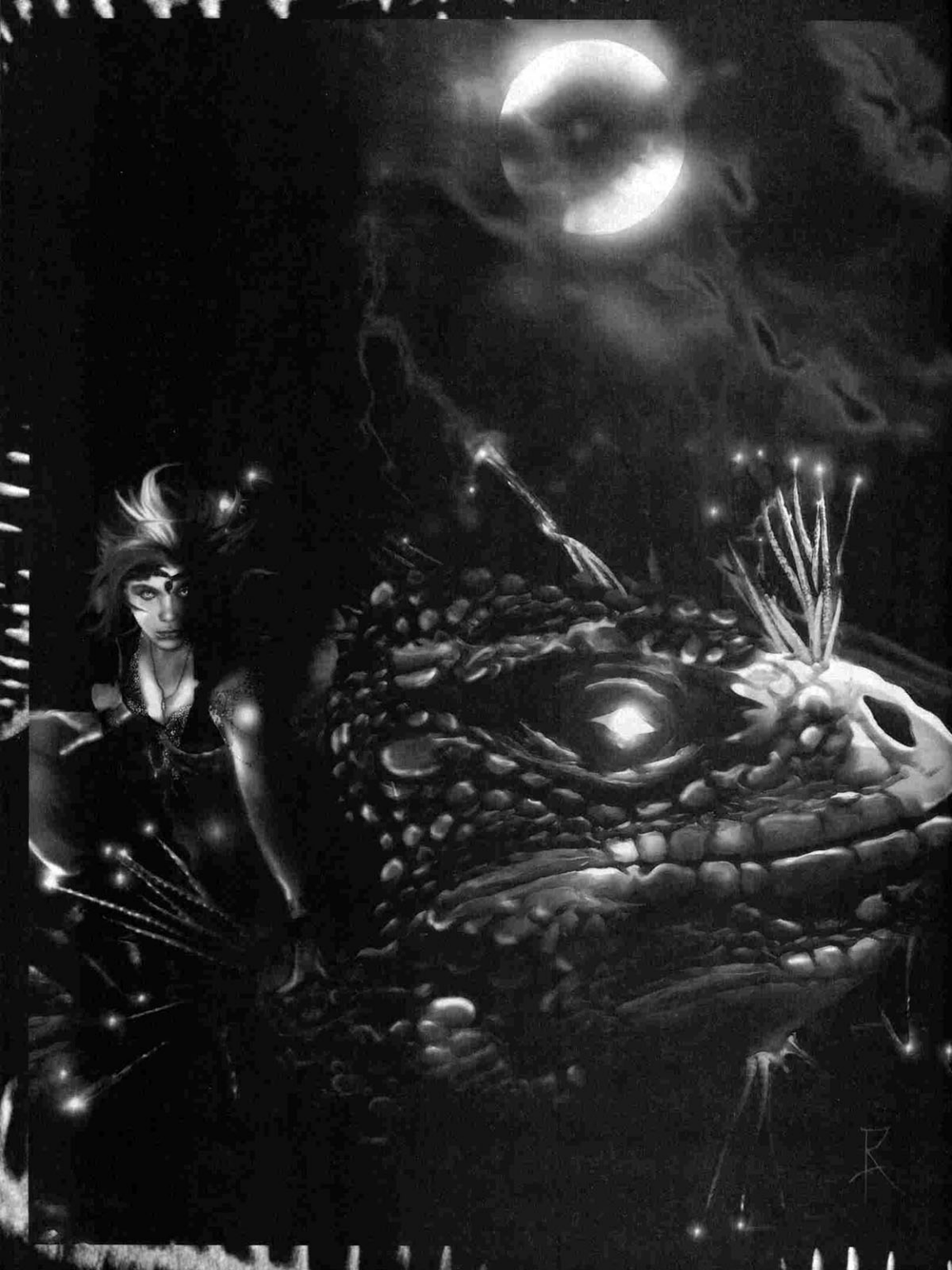
OUR EIDOS

To become the perfect Man is to become the highest being in this world. All of Man, guided by us, deserves this gift. No more will we suffer animal urges.



EREMITE GIFT:

When in Himsati Form, all Eremites who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gain the Spark Of Reason Nature, the ability to utilize weapons talents while in Himsati form. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Spark Of Reason.



PRIDE MAGDALEN

"The Present is the opening and closing of a gate, leaving those who peer through only a glimpse of a moment. The Past has gates that lie broken, failing to keep its precincts undivulged. The future's gate is locked and only by observing the other gates can we understand what lies on the other side. The written word is a spell, a secret, a power, a sentence, a doom, and ultimately— liberation for those who will heed it."

CONVICTION

"We detest this part of ourselves, for it languishes in ignorance. We will not take the Form That Injures."

OUR WAY

So many of you have this romantic idea of the Himsati, that it is some precious part of you that you lost and must return to some day. We hold no such delusions. The Himsati was nothing more than raw material to create us, to bring us to what we are now. We agree with the Eremites as to the value of the human form, especially when walking among humans themselves, but they place less value on us than on their mortal pets.

Yes, we evolve. We perfect ourselves. Why? Because the senses of the Himsati are unparalleled. They see all that there is to see, yet, prior to Eidos, they are too undisciplined. That is why our animal forms become possessed. That is why they fly into furies and kill. Only by reaching the ultimate rung of the ladder to perfection can we inhabit their form and, with enlightened minds, search for the weaknesses of the enemy.



SIN-EATERS

Those Magdalen who actually embrace their Himsati have become known as Sin-Eaters, capable of taking taboos from members of other Prides in exchange for special favors or concessions. This group exists on the outskirts of Magdalen society, unable to advance within the ranks of the Pride. Even so, their abilities give the Pride substantial bargaining power that they bring to bear during crucial events since members of other Prides will go to great lengths to rid themselves of the psychic backlash of mortals whose life-force they have stolen.

Recent discoveries by other Prides hint at a religion of the Sin-eaters which leads them down the path toward acceptance of their Wild Side, but little is known about this mysticism outside the Sin-eaters' own ranks. Rumors of the Sin-eaters' seeming passivity as a facade concealing plans for eventual domination of the Pride are rife, making them closely watched by their superiors.

Until that time, we cannot change. To do so destroys us. We have found the Sanguinary to be ever vigilant and willing to patiently wait until we, transforming, become drunk with the intensity surrounding us, and forget about his darkness. Even death gives off beautiful colors, so we cannot afford to be seduced by those things that cannot aid us in the Enemy's destruction or the extermination of His minions.

To be Magdalen is to understand that humanity, with its works of literature, art and media is the key to exposing the mind of the Enemy, which possesses almost every mortal. How can we, until achieving this perfect state, understand Man without being like him? How can we be like him when we change our shape into the wild things that spawned us! No. Only when confronting the monsters He sends against us should we assume the Form That Injures and that only because we must survive. Survival is the only thing worth any risk.

OUR HIMSATI FORMS

We allow no Immortal who burns with fire, such as those drawn to the Phoenix's destruction of books and records so vital to our purpose. Fire is the enemy of books, of knowledge, of history. All others are welcome among us.



MAGDALEN GIFT

When in Himsati Form, all Magdalen who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gain the Innocence Nature, the ability to destroy taboos afflicting them. The gift is usable only when the Magdalen takes Himsati form. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Innocence.

OUR EIDOS

All that matters is that, at the end of the path, enlightenment comes.

PRIDE MORRIGAN

"Let us not get used to the actions of the Enemy but to his stillness. As all have been pilgrims of the ground, we are masters of the skies. In the stillness at the eye of the storm, the beast confronts the beast in full fury."

CONVICTION

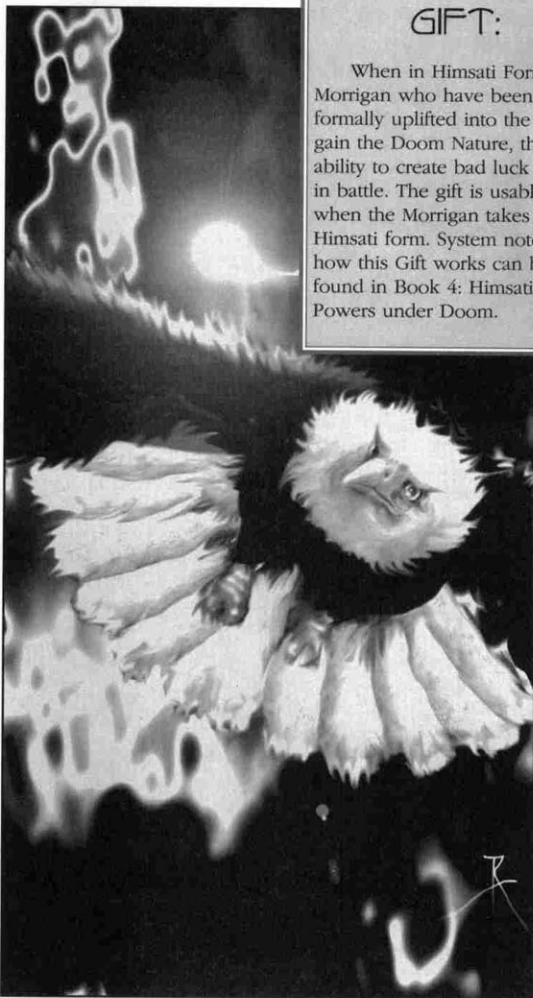
"Our Himsatis never touch the ground. We have learned the ultimate control of ourselves in all forms."

OUR WAY

The Banjax talk of freedom. How amusing! They don't have a clue to what true freedom even is. It's not the emancipation of the serf from his royal master, but the ability to rise above all others on the wind and to not be constrained by mere gravity. Flight is the ultimate freedom. With wings, a beggar and king are made equal. To walk on the rooftops of the world is to be above the petty concerns of those who huddle beneath them.

Yes, we celebrate Himsati. Himsati allows us to manifest our wings, to become the superlatively free creature and to defy the ground and all its grip of celestial attraction. Power comes from above, always has. As long as we float above all others, our mastery and guidance prevails against the earthbound pawns of the Enemy, humans and their attempts to cage us all.

Among the most important duties we cherish is the battle of the Silhouette, the most powerful Avatar of the Sanguinary known to exist in the Habitat. Because this creature is of the air, our



MORRIGAN

GIFT:

When in Himsati Form, all Morrigan who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gain the Doom Nature, the ability to create bad luck when in battle. The gift is usable only when the Morrigan takes Himsati form. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Doom.

winged Himsatis are crucial to attacking it when it appears. We have not succeeded in killing it yet, but we have been close several times. One day, we will destroy it. What hope do you, the earthbound members of the Perpetual Society, have of fighting it? You have your fabulous flying lighters, but with no way to touch the enemy yourselves, you are less than useless. Only the creature within us,

the creature that was strong enough to bear the weight of Immortality on its back, can save us in the end. Perfect yourself, draw the favor of the Jury and raise yourselves to the heights of power. We agree with the Phoenix: the threat of possession by the Sanguinary should not deter us from using our innate powers.

OUR HIMSATI FORMS

Our creche is the floating city of Magonia which drifts in the storms of the Habitat. All who would be one with us must have wings or command of the wind to bring him here. If you cannot fly, you cannot serve us.

OUR EIDOS

We are already perfect.

We simply need our bodies to catch up with our minds.

PRIDE NIMROD

"Those who rend solitude devour their own armor, their own weapons, and leave themselves naked to what lives inside shadows. When you shout from the top of a mountain, do not be surprised if all creatures sleeping below hear you."

CONVICTION

"Our Himsatis are our slaves, as they must always remain. In enslaving our Himsati we make use of the Sanguinary"

OUR WAY

We are the Children of Shadow, our inner selves transformed long ago into darkness. This is not to say we are evil, though others distrust us for our obscurity. We understand the Sanguinary as no other Pride, save perhaps the Terat. We have been drawn close to His open maw and danced on the edge of His fangs. When one peers into the throat of our creator, one comes to understand many things.

Immortals were never meant to exist in this world. Perhaps we were never meant to exist at all. The Sanguinary broke its malevolent body on this world and subjected its native inhabitants to Immortality through perverse infestation of its flesh to their own. We all sprang from this original sin.

Do you believe our existence was a mistake of nature? If you do, you are a bigger fool than you think. The Sanguinary came naked into this universe, powerless. Only through breaking his own body and ultimately absorbing the natives of the Habitat into him could he gain power. And he grows stronger with every one of us who succumbs to him. All the ability you ascribe to him is our power. Those who follow him make his magic real.

We Nimrod understand the Himsati is a tool and weapon that can either be used by the enemy, or by us



NIMROD GIFT:

Nimrod who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gain the Shadow Nature, the ability to separate their Himsati form from the human form and place it within the confines of their shadow. The gift is usable only when the Nimrod takes Himsati form. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Shadow. Nimrod who use their gift while tainted must roll a special hostile based on their number of tainted Immaculum motes, facing a difficulty of 3 for every 1 tainted mote in their aura. Failing this hostile indicates the Leash that holds the shadow-himsati to the Immortal has broken, allowing the shadow to escape. Nimrod Personas must cleanse themselves of all taint before they can reconstruct the leash, and of course, must find their shadow first. The longer a Nimrod waits to reunite with her shadow, the more madness accumulates. The Narrator should measure this time to suit his production, anywhere from weeks to years.

against Him. We also understand that the enemy exists somewhere between dreaming and wakefulness, between the light and the shadow. He wakes and sleeps, caught in a perpetual delirium that is his curse for having invaded the collective unconscious human mind. Living in



NIMROD HIMSATI

A Nimrod Himsati is the dark part of her nature and in many individuals, a separate entity altogether. While the seductive nature of its senses fills her with joy, the risk of madness is a looming specter every moment. A member of this Pride who has lost control of her shadow through the breaking of the Leash becomes a blind mindless shell babbling about an inward journey that she views, the journey of her missing self, into the spiraling darkness of the Sanguinary's path. Despite their state, these Lost Souls are often kept and observed in hopes that they will continue to yield strategic information about the Enemy and his minions.

dreams, he must dream as well. But at times, he can be brought into wakefulness by our mystical blunders and poor use of serenades. For this we impose the Silence and enforce it with our own Himsati forms on a leash.

We have learned to separate Himsati from our Terrene forms, splitting ourselves into two beings, one human, one beast. Our shadow-beasts we use to hunt those who transgress against the Pandect, the laws of Immortal Society. Until the day arrives when we are strong enough to battle the Dark One, we cling to the shadows and move about in Silence.

OUR HIMSATI FORMS

We allow any Himsati to approach us for sisterhood, but only those dedicated to our ideals get close to us. Only then do we grant them the gift to separate their human selves from the beast and master it on a long silver leash.

OUR EIDOS

Perfection means never having to be alone. Only when we have achieved perfection will our Himsati and Terrene be as one, separate yet bound together in common person. When this happens, no longer will the Himsati need a leash.

PRIDE PERI

"The Himsati is the blade concealed in the sheath of the human shape. Draw it, see it flash in the light as it falls on the victim. Don't unsheath what you don't intend to use."

CONVICTION

"Even though the Sanguinary can influence this part of us, we are unwilling to bury ourselves completely in the contours of human lies."

OUR WAY

We seem a carefree lot on the surface. We take the Himsati form when it suits us, refusing to live in the terror of the Sanguinary and exist in a form that is, to us, only half a person. We are proud of our origins in the good earth. Our view of our existence is pragmatic. We cannot deny what we truly are, nor completely embrace the legacy of stone polluted with the Sanguinary's abysmal hunger.

We are children of the Sanguinary. There is no denying this. Only through perfection can we sever the knot that binds us to our creator. Until that day each of us, as with all Immortals, are partners with corruption.

We hate the Sanguinary most for His invasion of the human mind. Twilights are too weak to understand or withstand his twisted influence. To this end, we are constructing the ultimate trap for this beast, a trap that will put him under our power and make some good come from his Immortal presence. Our Himsatis will make use of his power when the trap has finally closed.



PERI HIMSATIS

The Himsati of the Peri is a rare and beautiful thing, akin to a moving sculpture of precious materials. The materials which a Peri can manifest within himself depends on his violet halo, allowing him to transform into stone whose hardness matches the halo value. Consult the hardness table on pages 191-192 of the Immortal main rules book for a comparison. A Peri with a violet halo of 12, for example, could be covered with sapphires, emeralds, or rubies. A Peri covered with precious stones is a statement of itself on the physical power and evolution of the individual. Diamond-encrusted Peri on the edge of Eidos are truly intimidating to behold.



PERI GIFT:

When in Himsati Form, all Peri who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gain the Artifice Nature, the ability to transform themselves into a special magical weapon. The gift is usable only when the Peri takes Himsati form. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Artifice.

For us, Himsati is a machine of sorts. Not something as soulless and limited as your computers or assembly-line robots. We are the shifting form of metal, blood of quicksilver, claws of steel, eyes of glittering jewel. True living machines, you cannot imagine how magical we are! How can we then abandon our Himsatis and become mundane flesh and blood? Our Himsatis have forged legends!

We are the sword of Arthur, the spear of Odin, the hammer of Thor, the thunderbolts of Zeus! Our true selves have shaped the history of war and given Man a reason to struggle on against his infectious enemy.

We will never bury our souls as others do. If we would, we would bury the ultimate hope of Mankind and the Perpetual Society in this industrial age.

OUR HIMSATI FORMS

Our souls are stone, crystal, gem and steel. You must have crawled from the earth as we did to understand us, unless your bravery so impresses us that we teach you the secrets of how to become what we are. Only innocence will guarantee our swift adoption of you, otherwise, you will undergo frightful ordeals at the roots of mountains before we bring you to the secret heart of our world.

OUR EIDOS

We will make ourselves into the ultimate devices, capable of all things. When we achieve Eidos, we will be the weapons others will use to slay the Sanguinary!

PRIDE PHOENIX

"Is there, in all the world, a thing so beautiful, strong, or precious that we will not, in a fit of burning rage, rend it out of existence? Our terrible power is the ability to find flaws in even the greatest of Works. Only through achieving perfection can this obsession be killed, allowing our contentment."

CONVICTION

"We cannot contain what burns in our veins, but we can leash it as Nimrod leashes their shadows. Even the Drovers fear the fire of our inner beasts. Our Himsatis symbolize all that is eternal."

OUR WAY

We are born out of the essence of Fire, the children of the burning element. Our desires and emotions are overpowering, even among the Anopheles. Our fire clears away the old to make way for the new. That which does not continue to thrive is imperfect and must give way. Only in renewal does anything endure forever.

We are the children, too, of the Horned Lord, a creature born from the merging of elemental Fire and the Immortal trees of the Sunedrion. He saved us from extinction, allowing us to be reborn in the purity of Fire. He gives us purpose to avenge ourselves on all things that creep about in the tainted dark. Oh Sanguinary, we are Your most eager enemies!

How can we, creatures whose Himsatis are pure Fire, keep the flame buried forever under the human skin? We must release ourselves whenever possible and let that alter the flammable world around us. For that, we are acknowledged as the most destructive of the Prides, and the most unpredictable. Possession by the Sanguinary is trivial to us—we take our true shape and if taken by Him, await rescue or destruction at the hands of our brothers. For those of us who escape the oily grasp of the Beast, we are the terror of his servants, the blinding light that shines in their eyes. Let them not look away from us for an instant, for we devour them in our heat.

Can you understand the joy of what we are? Fire burns away darkness, makes shadows jump and dance, consumes weakness. Only when a thing is beautiful do



PHOENIX GIFT:

When in Himsati Form, all Phoenix who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gains the Dulcinea Nature, the ability to attune themselves to the sounds of the Crucible and thus use Serenades without the normal Himsati penalty. The gift is usable only when the Phoenix takes Himsati form. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Dulcinea

we allow it to endure for a time without the test of our fire. The civilization of humans is a lovely thing to witness through the eyes of Fire. While we have swallowed cities in flame, we have also spared them for the spectacle of the human soul burning within.

Like the Peri, we see our Wild Side separating us completely from other definitions of what is vital. We see many animals, plants and humans as only partly alive, chilled by darkness instead of burning with a living soul. We have made ourselves the purifiers of those who do not burn with a fierce living light. The ultimate enemy of the Sanguinary, we care less for the redemption of the corrupted than their unequivocal annihilation. Our Horned Lord is not called the Master of the Hunt for trivial reasons, nor is our striving to emulate him less than our highest purpose.

OUR HIMSATI FORM

We respect other elemental forms, stone and wind, but water is only a mockery to us. Do not think we will give you our gift of Fire if you do not have a fierce soul within to match it. We accept only those creatures who live each day like a flame lives, hot and unrelenting in its joy to be alive. Shadows crawl away from Fire and if your Himsati is of the darkness, we shall test your intent.

PALLADIUM (SOUL-AMBER)

As covetors of the petrified sap of the Sunedrion, Palladium, Phoenix often have jewelry made from the precious substance to aid them in resisting possession by the Sanguinary. They guard this substance with their lives, fanatically keeping it from falling into the hands of other Immortals not of their own Pride.

Palladium has halos just as any living thing does, although the number and color of these halos depends on the purity of the Soul-Amber. The Narrator should decide how many halos any specific Palladium fragment possesses. The more halos Palladium contains, the more precious it becomes. The mechanics of Palladium's benefits can be found in Book III, *Himsati Rules*.

A Narrator should keep Palladium an extremely rare commodity in his Production, if allowing it to surface at all. Though the Phoenix try to hold a monopoly over the substance, all Prides have sources that can be used in extreme situations of crisis. The corruption of Palladium into Darkie is among the most despairing events that any Immortal can face, for in allowing this to occur, an Immortal strengthens the power of the Beast.

OUR EIDOS

Our perfection will make us the worthy warriors of the Horned Lord who will lead us in the assault against darkness. Let it come as soon as is destined.

PRIDE ROANE

"We can never forget the treachery that pulled us down from power as Masters of the Stratagem, nor the corruption of the Leviathan that has divided our Pride. We come from the sea, and its danger continues to test us for the day when we may regain our rightful place within the Stratagem."

CONVICTION

"From beyond this world, the Enemy came and enslaved us by enslaving our truest bodies. Let us take it back and cast the Sanguinary back into the outer darkness.."

OUR WAY

Once we were the most prestigious of the Prides, the Scepter whose power was rivaled by none until the Morrigan's plot caused our expulsion into the sea while the duped Perpetual Society formed a vanguard to keep us there. Yes—we are bitter. But we are also wise. So many of us have spiraled into the dark maw of the Leviathan and have become its servants. Only we, the True Roane, remain free of the taint. It is our efforts that keep the black things that live in the murk from crawling out onto your neighborhood streets. It is we who guard the land, not those who cast us out.

The Himsati is the key to knowledge and wisdom. She senses the songs of the past, the tides of the presence, the rippling eddies flowing into the future. We are the watchers of time through the eyes of the eternal Immortal soul. To abandon the Himsati in the sea is to invite your own horrible death, for the sea has never been tamed by the fences and laws of Man.

OUR HIMSATI FORM

Water and those who thrive in it form the core of our Pride. If you are a wanderer of the sea, and your purposes are pure, we welcome you into our cause to kill the Sanguinary's greatest slave in the Habitat. The Leviathan must die. If you are of the land, you must leave your fears behind and venture into the endless fathoms of our vast world.

OUR EIDOS

Having become perfect, we lead others toward perfection. We become powerful enough to slay the dark creatures boiling out of the gates in Ys.



PRIDE ROANE

During a recent meeting between the Paragons of the Twelve Prides, the exile of the Roane, former leaders of the Stratagem, was revoked, and the remainder of the Pride, small as it is, has been welcomed back into the Perpetual Society. The vote was decided as follows, with the Morrigan being the most strident opposition and the Terat being the leaders of the motion that eventually prevailed:

ANOPHELES

Abstain

ARACHNE

Abstain

BANJAX

Yes

DRACUL

Yes

EREMITES

No

MAGDALEN

No

MORRIGAN

No

NIMROD

No

PERI

Abstain



ROANE GIFT:

When in Himsati Form, all Roane who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gain the Weary Nature, the ability to suppress the attributes of their opponents, literally causing the opponents strength to drain away. The gift is usable only when the Roane takes Himsati form. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Weary.

PHOENIX

Yes

TAUTHA

Yes

TERAT

Yes

PRIDE TAUTHA

"We whisper to you, Man, who cannot see the world as it truly exists. When you are ready to open your eyes, life as you know it ends forever. You shall destroy all your Works in shame of their imitations, and see the Traitor hiding in your mind."

CONVICTION

"This form is our ultimate betrayer. We must never allow it to emerge outside the protection of our sacred places.."

OUR WAY

Some say the Dark Ages are over, but they are not. Just as the Roman Empire took centuries to fall, so too the Age of Chivalry never ended after Arthur was put in the ground. Our Himsati, once known as the questing beasts, the faeries, the monsters uttered on the lips of old Welsh witches, still exist deep inside of us all. That we must keep them prisoners in this age where the Beast is so strong in the mind of Man is the greatest pity of all. We adore what we are, but outside the protection of our sacred groves, we fear the Himsati form's surrender to the Sanguinary's control. We fear what damage we might do.

We were once slaves to the Sanguinary, enthralled by the riddles whispering through the crystal Conundrum, determined to learn the true meaning of creation. We almost destroyed the world, almost brought the Enemy to His full strength. Our redemption is a miracle of the Sunedrion, and as its guardians. We do all we can now to keep the Beast from ever manifesting again and to this end we will be the ones who awaken the Habitat and turn its awful power against the parasite.

Thus we perfect ourselves through the Stratagem, climbing the tree toward Eidos where we no longer need fear the Enemy's influence nor conceal the splendor of what we are, a splendor that made a boy King and struck



SUNEDRION STAVES

Tautha Slayers are sometimes given staves made from Sunedrion wood. These weapons do a base damage of 9 with +1 additional damage according to the number of tainted motes of the victim. Arrows of Sunedrion wood are also granted to Slayers who are on vital missions for the Pride. Even ranged Sunedrion weapons negate the Panacea.

While in possession of these artifacts, the Slayer can take Himsati without fear of being controlled by the Sanguinary. Tautha will never use Palladium to aid their transformation into Himsati form, as the possibility of corrupting the Soul-amber into Darkle is too great for them to accept. Because of this, they will always attempt to change into the deeper Aspects of Himsati while in their sacred groves, and change back there after their objective is complete.

back the merciless advance of Rome. We guard the wild places with the same fervor as the Terat, but we do not play with the Beast as they do. Rarely outside the protection of the Sunedrion do we change into our deepest shapes, only in desperate need. We would never use soul-amber for so frivolous a task as the Phoenix. Do they not see that with each corrupted Palladium the Sanguinary grows stronger? They are fools, blinded by their own fire!

Such tales are told of us, such stories and songs. Man has endeared us to him more than any other Pride, and in the quieter places of the world, we are still revered as the Kindly Ones who have watched over Man and championed him against the darkness. If you see us in our Himsati form, know well that we are on a mission of such urgency that nothing you do will hold us back. Pray that we do not take our true forms to hunt you. The Arachne are not the only ones who know how to cast fear into the air. The Peri are not the only killers in gruesome ways.

Redemption is the ultimate purpose for us, and we pursue it with vigor. Let those Himsatis who have fallen into the Sanguinary's hungry blackness take heart, for we seek you and fight to bring you back into the light. When all are healed, we will watch the Sanguinary pay for all of the misery He has brought to this universe when that universe, awakened, devours it.

OUR HIMSATI FORM

All are cherished.

OUR EIDOS

The Sunedrion is Paradise beaten back to a few sacred places. In our perfection, we will be allowed into the true presence of these magnificent beings, but until then, we are only animals inside a dangerous forest, a forest we once betrayed to the Sanguinary. Eidos is our redemption. We do not veer from this path.



TAUTHA GIFT:

When in Himsati Form, all Tautha who have been formally uplifted into the Pride gain the Shroud Nature, the ability to transport themselves instantly as they dodge into an out of the Ley membrane. The gift is usable only when the Tautha takes Himsati form. System notes of how this Gift works can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers under Shroud.



PRIDE TERAT

"If you had not thought to make yourselves in the shape of mortals, you would not be in mortal danger. You would be strong enough today to send the Sanguinary back to its hell. Now you have to do it the hard way. How typical of a race diminished by its own prey! How does it feel to be a naked wolf in a field full of well-armed sheep?"

CONVICTION

We take back the weapon of this form and wield it against the greater monster. If we inspire terror in some, others will see our nobility.

OUR WAY

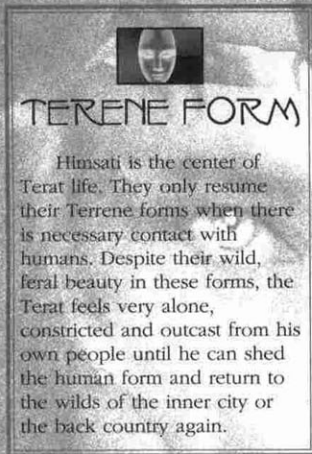
We are still called traitors, but who gives a damn what you think? We were once mighty among the Drones, a great power in the army of the Sanguinary. Yet we saved ourselves and broke away from the lesser chains of our captivity. Now we live in our Himsati form and struggle to sever the last bonds of the Sanguinary on our souls. The Himsati is, if you are too stupid to see it, a noble

creature made slave by its descent from the Beast. You would have us curl up in the skins of Man and pretend we are free? We are Himsati. We are its ultimate manifestation and its ultimate justification for being. When the word Himsati is spoken, it is the same as speaking each and every one of our names!

Anopheles! Accept what you are and throw off your self-imposed chains. We care little for your fascination with beauty, but we understand that you could be like us if you would only submit to your true selves and take on the challenge of besting the Sanguinary in his own arena. When the Rapture is here, you'll go back to killing soon enough, but will it be too late?

Arachne! You pride yourself on your lack of feelings, your lack of fear. Yet it is you who fear the Himsati and try to bury your fear in logic. Logic is no natural part of the universe, and its form differs in every mind. How can one have logic when the nature of the universe is the expression of energy in violent and unpredictable forms. You are slowly weaving a web of sleep that will entangle you all.

Banjax! You have the right idea, but you do not cast off the Terrene form entirely. Despite your claims of



Himsati is the center of Terat life. They only resume their Terrene forms when there is necessary contact with humans. Despite their wild, feral beauty in these forms, the Terat feels very alone, constricted and outcast from his own people until he can shed the human form and return to the wilds of the inner city or the back country again.

freedom, you are trapped in your fascination with humanity. Still, there is great hope for you.

Dracul! Your obsession with balance makes you blind to your roots. Stop trying to reconcile the human form with the animal and let go. Then, concentrate on the balance of power between our side and the Enemy's.

Eremites! We don't waste breath on you except to warn you that in the end time, you will be extinct.

Magdalen! Your obsession with humanity will lead you down the same road as the Eremites and the only difference between you and them is that we may yet try to save you from yourselves. Your Sin-eaters are political pawns and, despite their cleaving to Himsati, they are contemptible.

Morigan! You are high and mighty, but at least you understand our roots. Your ultimate problem is your arrogance. Of course, the times ahead will nicely cure that.

Peri! Come out from underground and take a look at the world up here. Your fixation with machines and your weird technology takes you away from the natural order. Of course, we don't really agree that you are anything but machines.

Phoenix! If you want to impress us, burn it all down. Until then, shut your mouths and concentrate on perfecting yourselves instead of the world around you. If you really saw the world as it is, you would realize it is already perfect. We're willing to help you, but be careful not to burn us—we don't get burned twice.

Tautha! Your plan to awaken the Earth is intriguing. Does this world have a soul as powerful as the Sanguinary? We will watch very carefully, but until that happens, you need to stop being so cowardly. Awaken your own powers!

Our purpose is to bring you all into our Pride, to unite the Immortal race as one and leave those who embrace the Enemy to face oblivion with him. To be Terat is not to be a member of a political faction, but part of the true Immortal race. Come to us and surrender yourself to the truth. Together, united, we can prevail.

OUR HIMSATIS

There are no distinctions to consider.

OUR EIDOS

Eidos is the reward of long endurance in the presence of the enemy. We weep for joy when it comes and increase our deadliness to the Sanguinary a hundred-fold.



BOOK III: HIMSATI RULES

'The Shape is merely chaos having a single defined thought.'

Sho. Pride Anophles

SHAPECHANGING

Changing into the Himsati form is an easy process for immortals, a simple telepathic thought to their body that signals a return to its natural state, leaving the human-like Terrene appearance behind. The changing process is a pleasant experience, and once complete, produces a lingering euphoria as all senses come alive. While enjoyable, the euphoria causes a certain amount of disorientation when it comes to playing serenades and using tactile manipulation skills. **For this reason, all immortals in Himsati form are at a -5 when using any talent involving the intricate use of the hands (including all weapon skills) and a -5 when attempting to play any serenade.**

Immortals assume the Himsati form in stages, each known as an Aspect. The Prime Aspect, the pure animal stage, transforms him into a relatively normal animal or elemental form. There is no danger of possession to take the Prime form, and no roll is required. When an immortal assumes the Prime Aspect, he gains the Natures (Himsati powers) proper to the Kingdom his Himsati is a part of. Birds, for example, constitute a Himsati Kingdom, as does fire, water, wind and other elements. When he becomes a member of a Pride, he gains the use of his Pride's Gift. The Gift, like Natures gained from an Immortal's Kingdom, have no cost to use. The Gift is supernaturally bestowed on an immortal by the Pride, and can be removed at any time. Those who defect from a Pride will always find the Pride gift revoked. Their proximity to the Pride is not required for the Gift to be removed.

Mechanics: For each Aspect (excluding the first, Prime Aspect) an Immortal takes on, he must roll a ten sided die (known as a Hostile) based on the Aspect's color. For instance, taking on the blue Aspect and the green Aspect would require a simultaneous roll of a blue and green Hostile. Assuming full Himsati form requires the roll of all 6 Aspect hostiles of the appropriate colors.

Rolling a null (a "0") on any of these Hostiles indicates the Persona becomes possessed by the Sanguinary for a time designated by the phase of the moon under which he changed. More about possession, its severity and duration can be found below under *The Moon*. Keep in mind the rules on possession are strictly optional, as are all the other mechanics listed herein.



THE ASPECTS

Red Aspect: When an immortal assumes his Red Aspect, corresponding to his resolve attribute, he draws upon mental or charismatic abilities associated with his true form. He might enhance his beauty, communicate with his companion animal, or control animals or elements associated with his Pride.

Orange Aspect: This Aspect, corresponding to an immortal's force attribute, draws upon the physical abilities of his true form which may manifest as claws, quills, fangs and the other animal or elemental characteristics of his Himsati.

Yellow Aspect: When assuming this Aspect, corresponding with his expertise attribute, an immortal draws upon dexterity abilities associated with his true form. Actions requiring precision, coordination, and timing are enhanced by the yellow Aspect.

Green Aspect: This Aspect corresponds to the movement attribute of the immortal's aura, giving him additional movement abilities associated with his true form; i.e. birds fly, snakes slither, dolphins swim.

Blue Aspect: Linked to the blue awareness halo, this Aspect draws upon sense powers of the Himsati form, allowing for a variety of perception abilities.

Violet Aspect: Derived from the resilience attribute, this Aspect draws upon the ability of the Himsati form to produce armor and other defensive mechanisms.

FULL HIMSATI FORM

When this form is taken, an Immortal gains the extraordinary ability to alter his body's attributes in rapid succession, lowering his awareness to raise his movement, lowering his resolve to raise his expertise, etc.

Mechanics: You can free up all of your Forte motes if you have assumed full Himsati form. The mote limit imposed by the Himsati Tier cannot be exceeded by this ability, so an Immortal on Himsati Tier 6 could not have more than 7 motes in his yellow halo.



THE HIMSATI HOSTILE

The mechanic for assuming Himsati form in the main rule book is designed as a very simple manner of resolving transformation into the Himsati form. It does not take into account the Natures gained through the various Aspects, nor the power of the moon. For players more interested in the shapeshifting aspect of IMMORTAL, we advise you to use the rules set forth in this book instead, disregarding the Himsati Hostile in the main rule book.



NATURES

Each Aspect of Himsati has a number of powers, known as Natures, that an Immortal can use when in this form. The chart below determines the number of Natures an Immortal of any given Himsati Tier can possess in addition to the Natures that come with his Prime Aspect. The Narrator should feel free to grant additional Natures to personas if it enhances play.

Personas begin with the Natureres granted by their Himsati Kingdom and their Pride Gift (if any). In addition, personas may select one additional Nature at the first Himsati Tier. After this initial selection, personas will gain more Natures as they move up the Himsati Tier, approaching Eidos. Beginning with the 3rd tier, and every 3 tiers thereafter, personas may select an additional Nature.

Chimeras gain natures more quickly. They receive a new nature at Himsati Tier 2, and gain an additional nature on every even tier thereafter.



BYPASSING THE PRIME ASPECT

An immortal can bypass the Prime Aspect that alters his human body into a purely bestial (or elemental) form. He may elect to ignore this Prime Aspect and instead remain in Terrene form and still take other Aspects, augmenting a relatively human body with the magical Natures that are his in each Aspect. Thus, an immortal who uses the Coils Natures (giving herself the coils of a snake) would appear as a cross between snake and human. An immortal using the Multiple Limb Nature would resemble the statues of Hindu gods with their variety of arms. While the Gift of an immortal functions still, no other Nature granted by the Prime Aspect can be used without assuming it. Immortals who use this method often have a wild, bestial nature, as well as the Himsati's savage beauty while retaining a human shape.



THE ANIMAS LEGACY

Because the Himsati Hostile no longer applies under these rules, the Legacy's system is changed as well (the two being interlinked). By the new rules, for every 1 Animas rank your character possesses, he gets a roll on the red Animas hostile to exile the Sanguinary from his mind if possessed. The difficulty of the roll depends on the phase of the moon under which your character was possessed. Because this resistance to the Sanguinary is made with resolve, you add all motes in your red halo to the roll. Every null must be challenged with a roll of the Legacy.

Phase	Difficulty
Full	3
Gibbous (waxing or waning)	6
Half (waxing or waning)	9
Crescent (waxing or waning)	12
New	15

THE MOON

'Moonlight is an elixir to our kind—we drink as it falls from the sky. The light is pure and strong when the moon is full, corrupt and bitter when new. During which time you take its power says much about your salvation, or damnation.'

Terat proverb



HIMSATI WOUNDS

Personas who assume their Himsati form do not suffer a decrease in their number of Wound Motes, even if the new form is smaller. However, Personas who assume a more massive form gain the benefits of the Wound Motes of that form. See the chart on page 94 of the main rules for more information regarding Wound Motes.



EQUIPMENT AND HIMSATI

Personas assuming their Prime Aspect are able to transform a limited amount of personal possessions along with them, which will once again be present when they regain Terrene form. For an item to be transformed along with an immortal, he must maintain halo contact, and the total mass and volume of all objects should equal what he can comfortably carry in Terrene form.

Clothes, weapons, jewelry and other items an immortal may wish to carry with him can all be transformed, but may not be accessed while he remains in Himsati form. If an immortal attempts to transform while carrying or wearing items which exceed this restriction, he must roll an extra Hostile for each multiple of his body weight (or volume) he attempts to transform. Each null rolled on this Hostile reduces every halo color (including free immaculum) by 1 for the duration of the transformation. If any halo color is reduced to 0 by this attempt, the immortal fails to transform, and enters a coma for a number of days equal to the number of nulls rolled.

Nothing with its own halo may be transformed.

The moon is a source of power for untainted Immortals. Its absence (a new moon) grants additional strength to tainted Immortals. This increase of power comes in the form of additional motes of Immaculum that may be applied to Free Immaculum up to a bonus of +4. A new moon does the same for immortals who are tainted. Thus, the minions of the Sanguinary find greater strength as the moon wanes (gets smaller), while those who resist the Beast find strength when it waxes (gets larger).

Because of this supernatural potency, most immortals within the Perpetual Society not under the influence of the Sanguinary will tend to be extremely careful in their encounters with tainted immortals under a new moon (and vice versa during the full moon.)

The duration of possession by the Sanguinary is also determined by the phase of the moon. Any immortal under a new moon who becomes possessed will remain possessed for a longer time, but in less intensity than one who's possession occurs during a full moon.



MOON BONUS

While in Himsati form, pure immortals gains extra Free Immaculum motes, depending on the phase of the moon. Tainted immortals in Himsati form regain the use of a fraction of their tainted motes (also dependent on the phase of the moon). Note: This bonus only applies under the Habitat's moon. The moon bonus can exceed the tier limit of Free Immaculum.

Untainted Immortals	Moon Phase	Tainted Immortals
+4	Full Moon	none
+3	Gibbous Moon Waning	1/4
+2	Half Moon Waning	1/2
+1	Crescent Moon Waning	3/4
+0	New Moon	all
+1	Crescent Moon Waxing	3/4
+2	Half Moon Waxing	1/2
+3	Gibbous Moon Waxing	1/4

Tainted immortals in Full Himsati form are able to resist banishment to the dominions. If touched by the light of the full moon, these immortals are cast out of the Habitat and immediately banished.

BENEFITS OF PALLADIUM

Soul-amber, the sap of a dead Sunedrion Tree, carries its tree's life with it. The halos of the tree (or other type of plant) are contained in the Palladium. Rarely, all halo colors are present, though most Palladium contains 3 halos or fewer. When in the possession of an Immortal, Palladium lets him assume aspects of his Himsati without fear of possession by the Sanguinary.

System: Your Narrator decides what halo colors are resident in your Palladium fragment. If, for example, your fragment contains a blue and green halo, you automatically assume those Aspects of your Himsati without having to roll the appropriate Hostiles.

This property of the Palladium is not inexhaustible. Rather, the soul-amber is slowly drained of its power. The Narrator should also determine how many "charges" any fragment possesses. Some may contain hundreds, some only a few. Each time an Immortal takes Himsati form and chooses to ignore rolling the hostiles appropriate for the Aspects he chooses, a charge is considered to have been used. One charge covers one transformation, even if multiple Aspects are taken, assuming the Palladium itself contains the appropriate halos.

When healing wounds and/or curing poisons, Palladium takes one charge per rank of wound or poison it heals.



PURISTS

There is a small but significant number of immortals who see Natures as a self-identifying gift, one that must exactly reflect the ideal of the form they hold. Hawk Purists, for example, believe no immortal with a Hawk Himsati should have powers not normally ascribed to a Hawk. Examples of Natures not acceptable for a hawk might be Coils, Stinger, and Burning Essence.

The more bizarre powers a Himsati manifests outside the expected normal abilities of his archtypical form, the more profane he is considered. The Purists are not a group who work openly, since they are themselves considered hostile to the Perpetual Society. As a secret order, they have maneuvered the destruction of Immortals who did not live up to the ideal of their animal forms.

Purists usually keep representations of their Himsati shape in the form of jewelry as calling cards when meeting with others of their ilk.



FAMILIARS

Gossamers can possess an animal similar to their Himsati form during a full moon. These "Familiars" are able to make pacts to regain their corporeal forms through service to mortals when the immortal doesn't have sufficient immaculum in his ark to reincarnate. This is especially common if the immortal's vox has not been retrieved. In return for the Twilight's willing surrender of part of his life-force (usually at the time of the Twilight's death) these Gossamers use their powers to aid their twilight patrons. These powers are not usable while the Gossomer possesses the animal, but he can speak through the animal, no matter what its species. The animal or elemental form (fire included) can store immaculum given voluntarily to it, however, and place it in an ark for use in his later reincarnation as an immortal.

Sometimes, a Familiar must serve a mortal his entire lifetime for the promise of his precious Immaculum at the moment of death. Familiars cannot "Sin" or steal life-force from any unwilling host, nor can they possess any creature that is sentient. Duration of the possession of the animal is only while the full moon is in the sky. Drove gossomers can possess animals on the new moon only.

THE COMPANION AND HIMSATI

*"Never knew a creature that didn't try to
destroy any of its imitators."*

Author Unknown

Companions are mortal animals, plants or natural elements untouched by the conundrum. With mankind, they exist everywhere in this world, the Habitat. For an Immortal whose Himsati is a wolf, all normal wolves are his companions. He can associate with those of his own kind, and can sometimes get their aid if he finds himself in a crisis. This friendly coexistence, however, is threatened by the appearance of any taint in his aura. Companions sense taint, the touch of the Sanguinary, and hate it. They will often follow Immortal versions of themselves who are tainted until they can destroy him. More information on using the Companion Hostile can be found in the main rule book on page 171.

Mechanics: An Immortal suffers an additional +3 damage from his Companion animal per successful strike. This damage is applied in the same manner as

orange halo motes. In addition, wounds done by a Companion animal take twice as long to heal naturally, and require a roll of +3 per rank of wound to heal with Serenades. To heal a light wound by one rank would require a roll of at least 9, an impairing wound a roll of at least 12, a severe wound at least 15, a crippling wound at least 18 and a mortal wound at least a 21 to heal it by one rank. Exceeding the level of wound you are attempting to heal by +3 more drops the wound by an additional level of severity.



MORTALS AND HIMSATI

Mortals are at a -1 per Aspect an Immortal has taken when making awareness rolls to perceive the Immortal at all. A failed roll means the immortal is completely invisible to the mortal or mortal animal.

THE HIMSATI KINGDOMS

Himsati forms are categorized in the Immortal game; the categories are derived from the various animal kingdoms as well as the elemental and other unusual substances. Each kingdom of Himsati has its own set of Natures intrinsic to its forms. These Natures, listed below under Inborn Natures, are free to the persona at the beginning of play. All additional Natures are earned by rising up the Himsati Tier.

In the following pages, each kingdom of Himsati is explored from its own viewpoint, and the Natures common to various creatures in that kingdom are detailed. These Natures do not count toward the player's number of selections, but are automatically gained when he takes the Prime Aspect of Himsati. Natures from one kingdom can be selected by members of another Kingdom, although GIFTS, the unique Nature of members of specific Prides, cannot be selected by members of any other Pride other than the one to which the Gift derives.

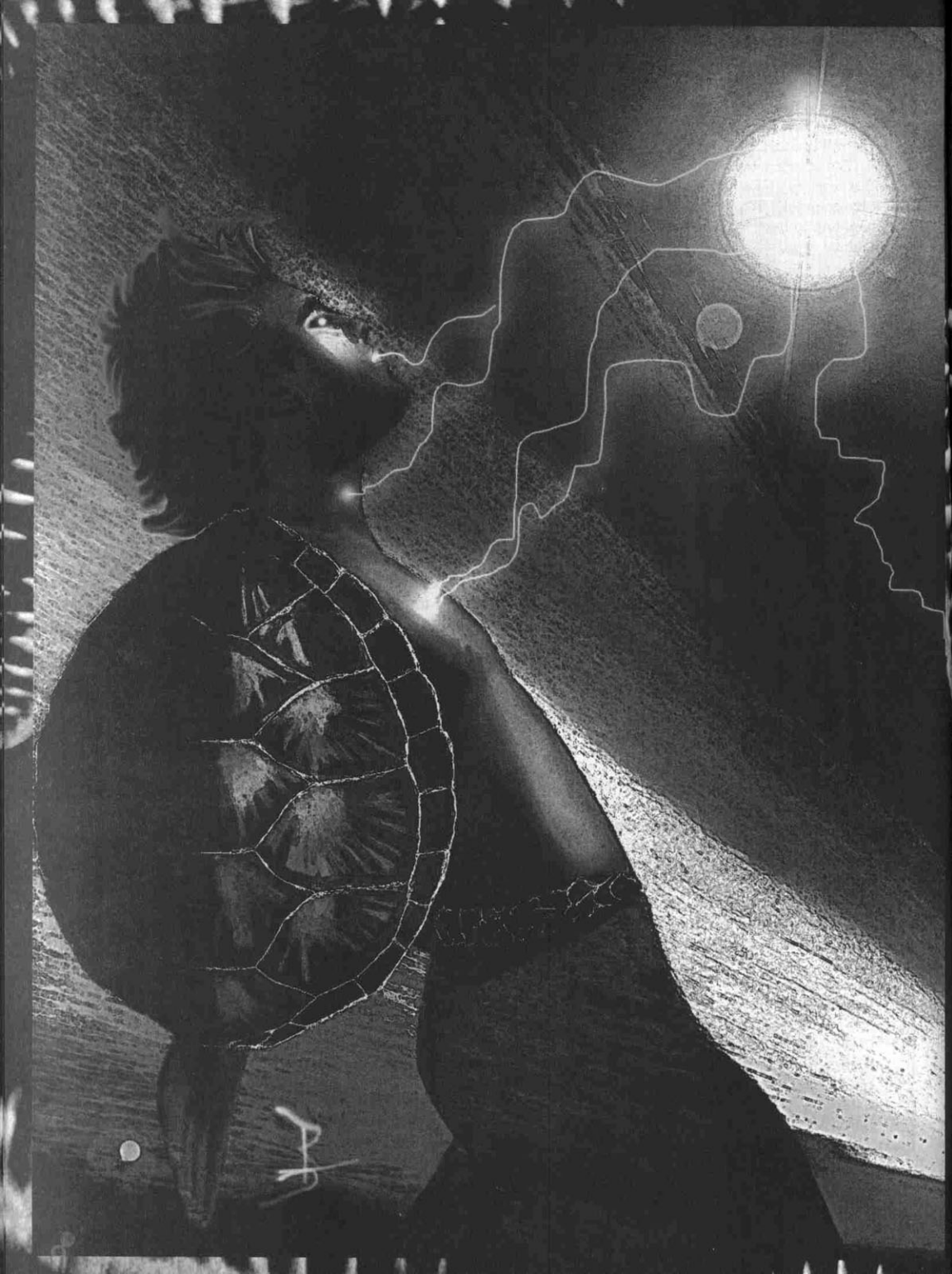
Taboos common to certain kingdoms of Himsatis can be found in Book 4: Himsati Powers to help add flavor to your character.



POSSESSION

The presence of the moon directly interferes with the Sanguinary's attempts to control an individual that he inhabits. The duration during which he remains resident in an immortal's body depends on the phase of the moon when the Persona was possessed. The actual sway the Sanguinary has over the individual intensifies with the less time it has to control the body. The following table can be used as an optional rule to determine how long an Immortal remains possessed by the Sanguinary. For simplicity, the Narrator can ignore this rule and simply play out the possession in a way that forwards the plot of his production. As always, fairness should prevail. Possession ends when the immortal manages to regain his Terrene form.

Duration of Possession	Moon Phase	Effect
Clash	Full Moon	Persona does things he is violently opposed to.
Scene	Gibbous Moon	Persona does things he would never voluntarily do.
Until dusk/dawn	Half Moon	Persona does things he's thought about, but wouldn't consciously do.
Entire Episode	Crescent Moon	Persona does things he has often thought of doing.
Narrator Discretion	New Moon	Persona does things he is already disposed to do.



INSECTS AND ARACHNIDS

'Are we cold? Are we emotionless? Are we nothing more than a biological machine programmed to reveal the folly and fears of others? Yes.'

Rudra, Emissary, Pride Arachne

"We are busy, feverish. While light fascinates some of us, most of us stay in the shadows. We band together for a common cause and are not in the least afraid of hard work or supposedly insurmountable odds. Our communities are everything to us, the strata well-defined. The Paragon is the core of the nest, the queen who perpetuates us all with her wisdom and toil. We defend her against any intruder. We never sleep, always seeing to our duty, never faltering.

"Despite all your efforts, you have not yet explained the term "entertainment" to our satisfaction. Is it a disease, perhaps?

"We are known to be single minded. Exquisite in our patience, cruel, non-competitive. We sacrifice our numbers for the good of the cause. We lay down our lives for our plans. We need no luxuries. We want nothing. We waste nothing. We attack the enemy until he is overwhelmed by numbers. We are the ultimate stalkers, hiding in camouflage until it is time to ensnare the enemy.

"All that matters is the web, our home, the center of our existence. We watch the web. We feel the tremors of all that touch it. We watch with many eyes and with infinite patience. We nurse our brood, kill our mates, lure the unwary close enough to strike. Our home is an art of geometry, plans and architectures placed in perfect patterns, invisible to the enemy as he blunders into it. We bring him in, wrap him up, hang him until his usefulness has ended, discard his husk to the same winds that blew him in. Destroy our web. We will construct another, stronger one. Kill our brood, we will mate again. Kill us, if you dare to come close enough."

Inborn Natures For Insect Himsatis: Balance, Clinging, Elongated Limbs, Multiple Limbs.

Inborn Natures For Arachnid Himsatis: Clinging, Elongated Limbs, Multiple Limbs, Webbing or Stinger, (depending on Spider or Scorpion).

Famous Insect/Arachnids

Immortal	Himsati	Pride	Calling
Sherlock Holmes	Ant	Arachne	Probe
Shiva	Praying Mantis	Arachne	Slayer
Lilith	Black Widow	Arachne	Sleeper
Mata Hari	Tarantula	Arachne	Juggler
Seshat	Scorpion	Banjax	Keeper
Ahmac	Beetle	Dracul	Emissary

REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS

'Satan is reputed to be a serpent. I do not remember.'

Dhamballa, Emissary, Pride Anopheles

"We are among the oldest Immortals, second only to the insects. Our greatest age was brought to an end by the coming of the Sanguinary. Most of our kind died in the holocaust while mammals hid in their holes and were preserved.

"We are cool, never betraying our plans, possessing the perfect poker face. But make no mistake—we are not without feeling. We have a reputation for cunning, preferring to trick an opponent into a trap, taking him by surprise. We enjoy being bringers of death. We epitomize cold cruelty and deadliness.

"We serpents are known for our secrets, especially those of a forbidden nature. We are tempters, offering rewards to those who are willing to take the risk. We are supreme liars and seducers, famous for our lithe sensuality. We have carnal appetites rivaled only by cats, but have less regard for our lovers. We are deadly killers, able to poison the enemy with venom or word.

"We turtles are symbols of wisdom, carrying the weight of the world's ignorance on our backs. We possess secrets as deep and eternal as time. We protect ourselves and will never yield to aggression. We are gentle, peaceful, preferring talk to battle.

"We crocodiles are masters of physical prowess. We are dangerous, quiet, patient. We are ancient and concern ourselves with the history of ancient places. No one openly challenges us, for such folly would mean certain death. We smile, we cry, but our tears should be a warning of your peril, not our despair.

"We amphibians are considered oddities, not so dangerous, not so serious. We are believed to be buffoons, ignorant lumps who simply sit at the bottom of the world and watch it go by. Good. In reality, we are lightning quick, slippery, swallowing all evidence of our enemy and the plans we used to take him down. Harass us and quickly learn the keen intellect under the mask of the fool. Those who do not take us seriously are our rightful prey.

Inborn Natures For Reptile Himsatis: Camouflage, Infrared, Limb Regrowth, Temperature tolerance: Heat.

Inborn Natures For Amphibian Himsatis: Aquatic, Companion Communication, Leap, Temperature Tolerance: Cold.

Famous Reptiles/Amphibians

Immortal	Himsati	Pride	Calling
Dhamballa	Serpent	Anopheles	Emissary
Alp Lauchra	Cobra	Anopheles	Slayer
Sebek	Crocodile	Banjax	Keeper
Seshanaga	Black Mamba	Anopheles	Rook
Tlaloc	Emerald Tree Boa	Dracul	Probe
Coyolxauqui	Green Tree Frog	Dracul	Sleeper
Medusa	Asp	Anopheles	Scourge

BIRDS

'As she spoke, a raven cried. She declared: 'Our freedom was once stolen from us. We became its servants. We were bound to the ground on which it was shattered.' Outside I heard a voice. The raven cried again, 'Nevermore.'

Morgan Le Fay, Interview with Poe.

"We are creatures of passions. We are excitable, always active, always concerned with every aspect of life. We love with passion, hate with passion. We are easily bored. We are above all other creatures. Perhaps arrogant, perhaps not.

"But are we not among the most beautiful of all Immortals? Aphrodite, Eros, Athena, these are among our ranks of loveliness. You call us petty, vain, envious. You are just jealous. We cannot help being as beautiful as we are.

"We ascend above the cares and petty things of the earth. Odin, Athena, Thoth exemplify this quality in their superb wisdom.

"We are fierce warriors, especially when our nest is disturbed.

We will fight to the death to protect what is ours. The Bushido code came from us and our way of thought, for honor is,

above all things, our greatest quality.

"We have great reserves of energy and purpose. We live life on the very edge. We live today, soar toward tomorrow. The past has been devoured and cannot truly be changed."

Inborn Natures For Bird Himsatis: Mimicry, Natural Weaponry (claws), Temperature Tolerance: Cold, Wings.

Famous Birds

Immortal	Himsati	Pride	Calling
Horus	Falcon	Banjax	Scourge
Aphrodite	Dove	Magdalen	Juggler
Eros	Swan	Anopheles	Sleeper
Loki	Crow	Morrigan	
Highbinder			
Hugin and Munin	Raven	Morrigan	Emissary
Thoth	Ibis	Banjax	Probe
Hiawatha	Eagle	Tautha	Keeper
Karasu Tengu	Crow	Morrigan	Slayer

MAMMALS

'We are all animals, but I'd prefer a fur coat in the winter to cold armor.'

Taliesin, Probe, Bride Tautha

"We are rats, quiet, scheming, kangaroos, who hide our secrets in our own bodies, bats who scream and see the night, moles who plumb underground for treasures, rabbits who are not so gentle as you would believe. We are cats and wolves whose eyes shine in the dark, hyenas who laugh at our own private jokes, bears who hold the wisdom of the wilderness in our thoughts. We are elephants, whose secret burial grounds hide greater mysteries than our bones and tusks.

"Even the gentler among us are dangerous when provoked. Domesticated animals see in us the fierceness they have lost. We do not walk quietly to our slaughter. With antler and hoof we defend ourselves. Pale as moonlight, we move through the forests of the world, not witless, not timid.

"We are horses whose footfalls thunder through the streets or across an ancient plain. We are power incarnated in equine perfection. We are monkeys, apes, lemurs and humans, more treacherous and aware than Man has ever

been. While he builds cities of clunky technology, we live in places where technology and magic cannot be separated. We are the most brilliant. "All of us share

hot blood flowing through our veins, glossy fur, stronger forms that rule the ground. We walk through day and night. We prowl and prey on those weaker than ourselves. Our sense of smell is keen, our eyesight rivals even the eagle. Our survival is guaranteed when the air chokes the birds from it, and the sea drowns its breathers."

Inborn Natures For Mammal Himsatis: Armor, Musk, Natural Weaponry, Temperature Tolerance: Cold.

Famous Mammals

Immortal	Himsati	Pride	Calling
Makeda	Black Panther	Anopheles	Sleeper
Chiron	Horse	Tautha	Emissary
Samson	Gorilla	Eremita	Scourge
Erwin Rommel	Fox	Magdalen	Probe
Hathor	Cow	Banjax	Juggler
Tauret	Hippopotamus	Banjax	Keeper
Hanuman	Monkey	Dracul	Highbinder
Artemis	Wolf	Magdalen	Slayer



MARINE HIMSATI

"There is no end to depth in us. We are a yawning chasm to swallow the hopes of those ignorant of our purposes. Who can know the sea? Even we are terrified by its boundlessness. We fear and we worship it."

Poseidon, Solitaire.

"The timeless sea is our haven. It makes us an unimaginable bounty of life. Survival is the only thing that concerns us. Darwin was right. Our world is the harshest in the Habitat, the most inhospitable, the most difficult to penetrate. We prey upon one another with a lethality that shocks those of you breathing in the upper world. Some of us are heartless. This comes from our struggle with forces under the waves. If we are eccentric, it is from living in the vast brooding oceans which constantly sends new terrors against us. You were once as we, but you crawled up on the land because the competition was a great deal tamer!

"We are capable of the greatest rage in this world. We are possessive of those things that have fallen into our domain from the dry land. We wait as you come to recover your old treasures, your pieces of history and your sunken monuments. We add you to that same collection you would hope to recover. We are the largest creatures, for our environment is vast. We are strong and constantly on the move.

"The Leviathan hunts us in this place, unhindered by undersea mountains or crushing pressure. We must be elusive to escape its powers. The lash of its tentacles stirs the seas, creates hurricanes, and earthquakes along the ocean's floor. Yet even this monster is eclipsed by the bigger monster in which we all live—the sea itself.

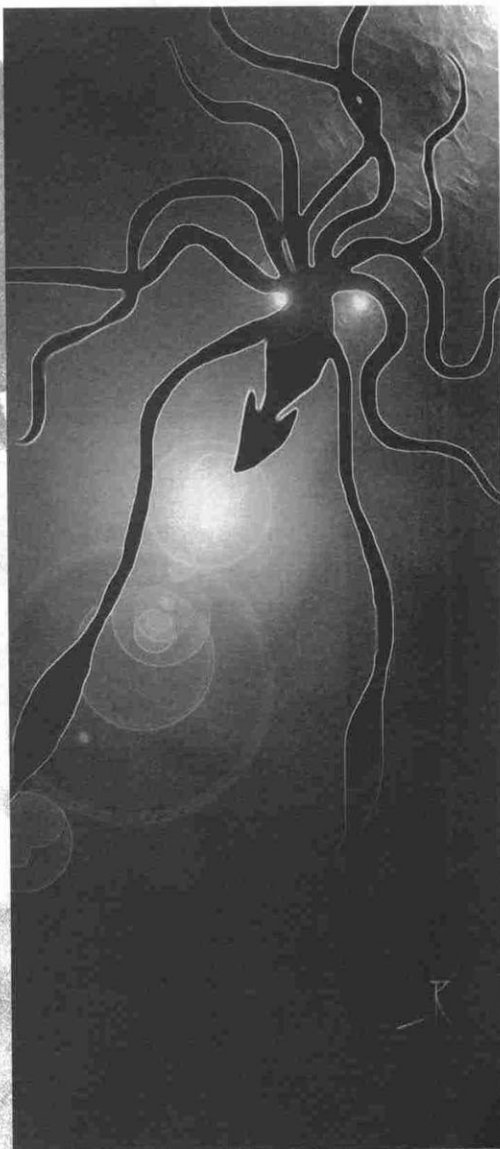
"We have heard of the beauty of the upper world, and we laugh. You cannot imagine beauty until you have seen the secret lost places under the waves. Even Atlantis has become a more splendid place here."

Inborn Natures For Marine Creatures: Aquatic, Breathe Water, Immunity To Pressure, Sense Magnetic Fields. Note: Crustaceans such as crabs have Armor instead of Aquatic.

Inborn Natures For Marine Mammals: Aquatic, Charge, Immunity to Pressure, Sense Magnetic Fields.

Famous Marine Immortals

Immortal	Himsati	Pride	Calling
Tangaloa	Sea Snake	Anopheles	Scourge
Diancecht	Leech	Tautha	Slayer
Ku	Sea Snake	Anopheles	Emissary
Delphinus	Dolphin	Magdalen	Highbinder
Pontos	Giant Fish	Drove Roane	N/A
Ogopogo	Sea Serpent	Tautha	Keeper
Triton	Shark	Magdalen	Probe
Nephthys	Fish	Banjax	Juggler



ESOTERICS

'The Heretic shouted at the Sky—'There are no gods in you!'

And Thunder answered him—'We merely decline to speak.'

*Oration Of Zeus,
Magdalen Archives, Jerimia.*

"We were once animals, plants, mere shadows. But unlike the animals of all other Kingdoms, we were in the moment of death when the Conundrum descended into us, bringing into our dead forms the power of the elements instead of a soul! That is what we are, creatures who look like animals, but who are in reality, the essence of wind, stone, fire, water and shadow. Some of us were plants, trees, flowers being consumed in the holocaust of the Sanguinary's coming. Do you think that one needs a mind to become an Immortal thing? The shattered conundrum knew well enough how to build a mind in us.

"We are fire. Hot, vivid, hungry for passions of every kind. We are bright, hot, quick as thought itself. We dance in pure gracefulness. We run along cruder matter, leaving more of ourselves in our path, mindless but still beautiful. We have swallowed monuments of every

"We are stone. If fire thinks it is eternal, fire can be squelched with water. We withstand fire. If water or wind wear us down, still our essence blows about, sand from the hourglass of time. We are patient, strong, slow to speak, slow to anger. We sparkle with the light of diamonds, emeralds, rubies. If we strike you, you know you have been struck! We embody that thing precious to mankind—his own past. We remind him of how he used to be by our very presence.

"We are Wind. No creature is more unfettered than we. We move through the ocean of air, the largest, most ethereal realm on this world. We live in the clouds. All the world reveres us in our gentleness, and fears us in our fury. Nothing is immune to our hand, even if our hand must press against it for a million years. We fly, everywhere we fly. We hold the bird in his flight, the machines of Man. We bring water to the fields, sculpt the dunes, obliterate unsightly cities with a mighty spinning breath. We are power, but we are also dispassionate. Hate is unknown to us, but laughter is not. We carry words spoken that are true and carry them

around the world for those awake enough to hear. In us, the voice is able to be heard.

"We are water. We ride with the wind, flow with the land, put fear into fire before we murder it. We flow through the most secret of places, through caverns deep below

the earth, through the basins that hold the seas. We are the true power of oceans, those Immortals who belong there. All others trespass in our element. All breathing things flee from us, and well they should. We are the lungs' enemy. There is nothing that withstands our path when we join in strength—no wall, no dam, no citadel. Inexorably, we chew at the coasts of the land and diminish it each day. In us is true eternity, for eternity flows from the past into the future.

"We are plants. Our breath sustains yours. We are rare, beautiful, exotic. Our skin is polished wood, our hair overflowing with thin stamens. We waft the heady smell of perfume around us, intoxicating to the ignorant. Our supple limbs are adorned with thorns, as are our tongues. We are the rose, orchid, lily, and many of us consume your bestial animal forms. We are grass that waves our tasseled hair in the wind, delicate as the tulip, strong as the oak. Our eyes are vivid in their color. Our lips are as soft as petals. Our Natures make us more dangerous than you could ever imagine. The snickers of shambling trees and flying bouquets are all soon silenced.

"We are shadow. You cannot see us without light, and light is such a fleeting thing. Shadow existed before light. It will remain when light has died. What more would you know about us? To discover our secrets, you must delve deep indeed, further into the mind than the depths of earth sky or sea.



ESOTERIC COMPANIONS

Elemental creatures may be composed of some sort of animal in addition to their elemental aspects. The animal that makes up their Himsati is vulnerable to a similar animal Companion. Other Immortals may have Himsatis of pure elements. These are known as Primals and may eventually draw the attention of this powerful yet secretive group.

Primals have purely elemental Companions (although this is so rare as to be nearly non-existent among non-Primal Immortals whose elemental form is usually fused with that of an animal, such as a flaming bird or a glass cat.) A Fire Himsati may be harmed by sunlight, a Stone Himsati by mercury, etc. Plant Himsatis, of course, can be harmed by normal plants like themselves, such as knives made of rosewood, oak, or other appropriate material. For unique Esoterics, the Narrator and player should work together to determine the appropriate Companion.

civilization in moments measured by the heartbeats of those who built them. The soul, hot and bright, is our legacy to Man. We are the burning rose, the flaming bird that made ancient peoples cry out in awe.

Inborn Natures For Fire: Beauty, Burning Essence, Ethereal Form, Regeneration.

Inborn Natures For Stone: Armor, Natural Weaponry, Sleeping Lungs, Terrain.

Inborn Natures For Wind: Absorb Element (Air), Control Air, Flight, Seclusion.

Inborn Natures For Water: Absorb Element (Water), Aquatic, Fluid Form, Breathe Water, Immunity To Pressure.

Inborn Natures For Plants: Beauty, Natural Weaponry, Photosynthesis, Pollen Cloud.

Inborn Natures For Shadow: Body Compression, Control Darkness, Immunity to Pressure, Regeneration.



CHIMERA AND DOPPLEGANGERS

Chimera are the offspring of an Immortal who is a Madonna and any other Immortal. A Madonna is an Immortal capable of bearing (or seeding) children, an exceptional rarity among Immortals. Although essentially outlawed, Chimera are groomed for service in their Pride. However, because of their propensity to take their Himsati form as often as possible, most Chimera end up possessed by the Sanguinary and in the service of the Drovies. For this reason, a Chimera of one Pride is always destroyed when encountered by members of another Pride, resulting in a loss of Visage for the presiding Immortal of the Chimera's Pride within a city. The Visage loss is always extreme.

Pride Terat honors these special Immortals above all others and puts emphasis on rescuing one whenever they become aware of him. It is said that Ammut himself, Paragon of Pride Terat, is a Chimera.

Dopplegangers are similar to Chimera, but are instead the product of two Madonnas. This makes the Doppleganger the greatest of Shapeshifters; they can literally become anything they wish, carrying the entire genetic code of all life in their veins. Players may never be a Doppleganger without the Narrator's express permission. Their most special ability is to preserve Gifts of Prides they have joined, while all other Immortals, when uplifted into a new Pride, have their previous Gift replaced with the new Pride's Gift. Dopplegangers collect Gifts, and thus can pass credibly within any Pride where they have been previously accepted as a true member. This makes them the ultimate in espionage agents.

Famous Esoteric Immortals

Immortal	Himsati	Pride	Calling
Aeolus	Wind	Morrigan	Keeper
Thor	Lightning	Morrigan	Scourge
Medea	Shadow Serpent	Nimrod	Sleeper
Demeter	Apple Blossoms	Magdalen	Keeper
Boudicca	Shadow Lion	Nimrod	Slayer
Xochitl	Flowering Vines	Dracul	Emissary
Akhhbal	Shadow Human	Drovies	N/A
Ganigan	Sword	Peri	Highbinder
Moye	Sword	Peri	Emissary
Caliburn	Sword	Peri	Juggler
Mjolnir	Hammer	Peri	Scourge
Di Xung	Fire (crow)	Phoenix	Juggler

CHIMERA

Life everlasting, an eternity to learn and understand, and yet they are still bound to human ignorance. They have been too long in their masquerade. We are the only true Immortals, not made but born of this world. We are the future, with the seeds of every breed in our bodies. They fear us because they want to be us.

Jigoku, The Coki.

"We are a melange of forms, a gift passed to us because of what we are. We are born of two Immortals, magical creatures who are Immortal and who share forms of both our parents, sometimes more! We are outlaws in all but Pride Terat, for we are considered too dangerous to be allowed to survive. But we are not Immortal's toys, we'll never be. Hunt us, and be prepared to become prey instead of predator.

Inborn Natures of Chimera: Any.

Note: It is not suggested that a player take a Chimera persona unless this adds a great deal to the Narrator's production.



NEWBORNS

There are other numerous Himsatis unlisted here that have evolved from modern elements and objects, anywhere from plastics to gasoline, to toxic waste. These are known as Newborns. Depending on the Himsati, you should select 4 Natures that most personify the unique element you choose. Such Himsatis are often mistrusted and scorned as too young to properly understand Immortal politics. The dark ones in the service of the Sanguinary are feared and destroyed whenever encountered. There are no limits to Esoterics that can be invented in the IMMORTAL universe, and we urge you to do so. Any unique Natures, however, must be approved by your Narrator before being used.



BOOK IV: HIMSATI POWERS

"Wear a gauntlet when you reach into your bag of tricks, for some of your oldest possessions have teeth."

Ran, Pride Roane

HOW NATURES WORK

Natures are abilities, sometimes supernatural, which manifest in an Immortal when he takes Himsati form. Unlike Serenades, no roll is necessary to employ a Nature. It simply functions or adds a bonus/benefit to your persona, usually during combat.

The effect of most natures relies on Immaculum; either the current, unallocated Free Immaculum, or in some cases the "Raw Immaculum" (see below).

Many Natures require an Immortal to "burn" a Free Immaculum mote before they can be activated. The cost to activate each Nature is given in its description. "Burned" motes may not be used for any purpose—treat it as if the burned mote does not even exist.

Any Free Immaculum that is burned becomes unusable until an Immortal resumes his human (Terrene) form. It requires one hour to regenerate a burned mote of Free Immaculum once the Persona regains human shape. Bonus motes gained from the Moon are always burned first, before other Free Immaculum.

For Natures of a certain Aspect to be used, an Immortal must first have assumed that Aspect. All green Natures having to do with movement, for example, will only be accessible if the Immortal takes on the green Aspect when shifting. Simply assuming an Aspect does not automatically activate the Natures linked to it. An Immortal is not required to activate a Nature simply because he assumes an Aspect. Of course, a bird Himsati possesses the Wings Nature while in the Prime Aspect, which is enabled automatically when the immortal assumes the form.



THE HUNTS

During the three days of the Full Moon each month, members of a certain Pride (the sponsors of the hunt) in any given area gather together in search of enemies of the Perpetual Society. This ceremony is both solemn and sacred to such an extent that the various political machinations of the Stratagem are completely suspended for the duration of the Hunt (except the prohibition against killing.) The sole purpose of the Hunt is to track down and kill minions of the Sanguinary (or certain troublesome Solitaires) with relentless fervor. The Hunt, unchanged since the dawn of the Stratagem itself, is conducted on Himsati mounts that are ridden through the city streets, following a band of "hounds" made up of many different Immortals in Himsati form. Even the Magdalen extend honor to the Sineaters who join in this fray.

These hunting parties scour the surrounding territory for the servants of the Dark Enemy. Refusal to join a hunt that your Pride has sponsored will result in a loss of Visage unless you can convince the Jury that your reasons were important enough. Members of a Pride not resident in the city of the Sponsoring Pride are exempt from the Hunt.

The Hunt is always led by the Slayer Calling, and the lead Slayer of the sponsoring Pride (known as the Huntmaster, despite his/her gender) who calls the Hunt together and is charged with making sure members of his Pride in the area are informed.

Once a year, during the full moon closest to the Summer Solstice, the Grand Hunt takes place attended by strange festivals and gatherings wherein all Prides must participate. Unlike the monthly hunts occurring during the year, duels are held within each Pride for the right to lead. The Paragons must face challenges to their authority from any challenger with Visage of 12 or above. The combats are to the death, making the challenges a carefully considered event. The entire Stratagem, including the prohibition against killing, is suspended during the Grand Hunt. It is rumored that powerful members of the Perpetual Society quietly rid themselves of enemies made during the rest of the year during this mystery-shrouded event.

Immortals involved in hunts will find themselves in a delirium as they move with their companions through the moon-soaked night. The light of the moon, as well as the world seen through the eyes of the Himsati is hypnotic and frightening. The hunt itself, ritual as old as the Perpetual Society itself, is captivating and difficult to resist, even if it were not compulsory.

NATURE SYSTEMS

Natures are unlike most other abilities. Immortals have at their disposal, and require a few definitions:



USING THE BENEFITS OF THE MOON

The phases of the moon, as described earlier, give a great deal of power to those who assume their Himsati forms under its light. The Narrator can let you know what phase of the moon is currently in the sky, and what bonus to your Free Immaculum it conveys. Each phase (and bonus conveyed by it) is assumed to last for approximately 3 days. Whether you are tainted or not, the moon nearly always conveys a bonus to Free Immaculum.

Current Immaculum (CI)

A persona's CI is his pool of Free Immaculum notes that have not been burned to activate the Natures, in other words, those that remain. Natures which cause damage or augment defenses are determined by the CI rating of the Himsati. CI also determines the bonus applied to rolls against Hostiles affecting you.

Raw Immaculum (RI)

This is the *total* number of unallocated Free Immaculum notes possessed by your characters, including those that have been burned in the activation of Natures. Raw Immaculum *always* determines the severity of Hostiles placed *by you* against your opponent as well as additional speed bonuses to various movement Natures.

Multiple Effects

For any Nature which can create multiple effects or operate in multiple ways, only one effect may prevail at a time.

Hostile Degrades

Whenever the target of a Hostile imposed by a Nature successfully resists the Nature, the difficulty number is reduced by a cumulative -3 for any further attempts to resist the Nature. When the hostile's effect reaches zero through continued successful resistance of the target, the Nature's effect on the target is considered broken for the duration of the combat. He is, in essence, immune.

COLUMNS

A. Free Immaculum	B. Difficulty	C. Area Affected	D. Mass of	E. # of Targets
1	1	5 x 5 x 5	1/4 Immortal's weight	1
2	2	10 x 10 x 10	1/2 Immortal's weight	2
3	3 (rank 1)	20 x 20 x 20	Immortal's weight	3
4	4	25 x 25 x 25	Immortal's weight x 2	4
5	5	30 x 30 x 30	Immortal's weight x 3	5
6	6 (rank 2)	60 x 60 x 60	Immortal's weight x 4	6
7	7	65 x 65 x 65	Immortal's weight x 5	7
8	8	70 x 70 x 70	Immortal's weight x 6	8
9	9 (rank 3)	140x140x140	Immortal's weight x 7	9
10	10	145x145x145	Immortal's weight x 8	10
11	11	150x150x150	Immortal's weight x 9	20
12	12 (rank 4)	300x300x300	Immortal's weight x 10	30
13	13	350x350x350	Immortal's weight x 20	40
14	14	400x400x400	Immortal's weight x 40	50
15	15 (rank 5)	800x800x800	Immortal's weight x 80	100

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES THE NATURES AND HOW THEY OPERATE ARE DETAILED. CERTAIN ELEMENTS OF THE POWER'S ABILITY ARE OUTLINED, INCLUDING:

Aspect.

The Himsati Aspect that must be active to use the Nature.

Duration.

How long the Nature operates when activated. Most Natures are indefinite—that is, they last until your Himsati returns a human form. Exceptions are noted.

Cost.

How many motes of Immaculum are necessary to activate the Nature. This cost is deducted from your Free Immaculum until you regain human form.

Column.

Points the way to the column immediately below whose components are brought into play by the use of a Nature.

Negated By.

Delineates the circumstances when the Nature cannot function, or is rendered useless against its target.



EXAMPLE: BEAUTY

Medusa uses Beauty, a Nature derived from the red Aspect, on her opponent Sho. Beauty, which affects the mind, creates a hostile for Sho, forcing him to defeat a hostile roll or be unable to attack Medusa. Medusa has a Free Immaculum rating of 12, and being an Anopheles, pays nothing to activate the Nature since it is free to anyone of her Pride. The hostile her Beauty imposes against Sho is then a 12. He has a red halo of 5 and makes a roll against the red Beauty hostile. He must roll a 7 or better on the hostile to reach the target of 12 and so be unaffected by the Nature.



T H E N A

Himsati Nature

Aspect In Which Nature Manifests

360° Vision	Blue
Absorb Element	Violet
Animate Plant	Yellow
Aquatic	Green
Arboreal Movement	Green
Armor	Violet
Artifice	Prime
Balance	Yellow
Beauty	Red
Bioluminescence	Blue
Blood Drain	Orange
Body Compression	Yellow
Breathe Water	Violet
Burning Essence	Red
Burrowing	Green
Camouflage	Yellow
Charge	Yellow
Clinging	Green
Coils	Orange
Companion Communication	Red
Control Air	Red
Control Birds	Red
Control Darkness	Red
Control Fire	Red
Control Insects /Arachnids	Red
Control Mammals	Red
Control Marine Creatures	Red
Control Reptiles /Amphibians	Red
Control Water and Ice	Red
Danger	Prime
Deafen	Blue
Doom	Prime
Dulcinea	Prime
Echolocation	Blue
Elongated Limbs	Prime
Estrus	Prime
Ethereal Form	Red
Feral	Prime
Flight	Green
Fluid Form	Orange
Gliding	Green
Growth	Violet



Haste	Green
Hibernation	Red
Hyper	Green
Immunity to Fire	Violet

T U R E S



Immunity to Pressure	Violet
Infection	Prime
Infrared	Blue
Ink Discharge	Yellow

Himsati Nature	Aspect In Which Nature Manifests
Innocence	Prime
Leap	Green
Limb Regrowth	Violet
Mesmerize	Prime
Mimicry	Red
Multiple Limbs	Yellow
Musk	Orange
Natural Weaponry	Orange
Phasing - Ice	Green
Phasing - Stone	Green
Pheromone Language	Blue
Photosynthesis	Violet
Poison	Red
Pollen Cloud	Orange
Prehensile Tail	Yellow
Regeneration	Violet
Seclusion	Yellow
Secretion	Yellow
Sense Magnetic Fields	Blue
Shadow	Prime
Shock	Red
Shrinking	Violet
Shroud	Prime
Sleeping Lungs	Violet
Smell Deceit	Blue
Solace	Violet
Spark Of Reason	Prime
Spew	Orange
Startle	Red
Sticky	Yellow
Stillness	Red
Swarm	Orange
Swell	Orange
Temp. Tolerance - Cold	Violet
Temp. Tolerance - Heat	Violet
Terrain	Green
Terrible Countenance	Red
Vibrations	Blue
Weary	Prime
Weather Control	Red
Webbing	Orange
Wings	Green



7
R

360° VISION

You use this Nature to look around you in a complete circle. In addition to your blue halo, add your CI to the roll against any Surprise or Tactical Hostiles. This Nature does not operate against anyone who is invisible or similarly hidden through mystical means.

Aspect: Blue
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

ABSORB ELEMENT

You can absorb the element (or animal) from which you ascended into your body and hold it there for a period of time. With this power, a fire Himsati can put out a raging fire, a water Himsati can drain a small lake or reservoir, a shadow Himsati can absorb the darkness in an area causing it to be well lit, a metal Himsati can absorb a sword into his body, a leopard Himsati can trap a leopard within his own body. The element can then be expelled as a projectile (see ranged combat rules in the Main Rules) with a damage rating equal to your CI rating. The damage is resisted by your opponents violet halo.

If absorbing a weapon from an opponent, you must allow yourself to be struck, and take any damage of the strike before absorbing the enemy's weapon. The element absorbed must be expelled before you transform back to the Terrene Form.

Aspect: Violet
Duration: Once per use
Cost: 1 (0 for the element or animal of your specific Himsati)
Column: C, D
Negated by: n/a

ANIMATE PLANT

You extend your control over plants in the immediate area, causing them to begin to move about independently. The plants will grasp at things that touch them and attempt to hold them. A Held Hostile results, based on your RI. If your opponent rolls a null on the hostile created by this Nature, he becomes completely entangled and unable to break free or even voice a serenade as his mouth is gagged by the plants.

Aspect: Yellow
Duration: Number of clashes equal to RI
Cost: 1
Column: B, E
Negated by: n/a

AQUATIC

You adapt for life in the water. You grow webbed feet for swimming and are not affected by cold, or pressure up to 100 fathoms. You apply your CI rating to your roll against Environmental Hostiles. In addition, when swimming, you move at your normal green halo (which is normally halved for anyone swimming.) You still need the Breath Water Nature active to breath underwater.

Aspect: Green
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for marine and water Himsatis)
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

ARBOREAL MOVEMENT

You move through tree tops without touching the ground and add your CI rating to Environmental Hostiles that come into play as well as your green halo while in trees. This Nature works regardless of your weight (orangutans move quietly through trees which seem incapable of holding their considerable weight). In addition, you move through trees at your normal green halo (normally halved for those not possessing this Nature.)

Aspect: Green
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for any animal normally associated with living in trees, excluding birds)
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

ARMOR

You grow some sort of protective natural armor. This can range from a bony carapace, a chitinous body shell, heavy dense fur, thick leathery hide, scales, layers of blubber, or just a dense musculature. The Armor is based on your CI and is applied in the same manner as violet moles.

Aspect: Violet
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for mammals and stone Himsatis)
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

ARTIFICE (PERI GIFT)

Your Peri character has the ability to shape itself into a weapon. In this form, you cannot move or speak, except by using a serenade or another Nature such as Flight or Pheremonal Language. Your damage is determined by your CI rating plus your orange halo. Natural Weaponry does not add additional damage to this Nature, nor vice-versa. Anyone wielding you does so as if wielding a normal weapon. The Peri Mjolnir, the hammer of Thor, created this Gift near the beginning of Immortal history.

Aspect: Prime

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 0 for Peri. No other Pride may possess it.

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

BALANCE

While you utilize this nature, you gain a bonus according to your CI rating against the Tactical Hostile when fighting on narrow or unstable ground, ledges, water, etc. Unless your opponent has this ability, he remains under the full hostile.

Aspect: Yellow

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for insects)

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

BEAUTY

Your physical appearance becomes so engaging that your opponents are awed and unable to harm you unless they overcomes a hostile based on your CI. If your opponent rolls a null on the hostile against him, he will fight to protect you from harm from anyone else attacking you, even if they are his own friends.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for fire and plant Himsatis)

Column: B

Negated by: Your attacking the target or if the target's red halo exceeds yours.

BIOLUMINESCENCE

You glow with a bright radiance, placing your opponent under a Visibility hostile determined by your CI. If your opponent rolls a null on this hostile, his blindness persists for a number of hours equal to your RI.

Aspect: Blue

Duration: Number of clashes equal to CI

Cost: 1

Column: B, E

Negated by: Target's blue halo exceeding yours.

BLOOD DRAIN

You drain the blood of the victim and cause damage according to your CI when physically touching him, applied against his violet halo. For example: If your damage, after deducting his violet motes was 6, you would do an impairing wound. The touch must be skin to skin and the blood drain does not commence until the second clash after you have successfully grappled your opponent.

Aspect: Orange

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: n/a

Negated by: Armor of any kind.

BODY COMPRESSION

You compress yourself small enough to fit through very small openings. The size of the opening is inconsequential to the successful use of this Nature; Himsatis can use it to compress themselves even under the crack of a door.

Aspect: Yellow

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for shadow Himsatis)

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

BREATHE WATER

You breathe normally while under water. You are still affected by other Hostiles underwater unless you have the Aquatic Nature engaged as well.

Aspect: Violet

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 2 (1 for marine and water Himsatis)

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

BURNING ESSENCE

You are able, at will, to burst into flame. This flame does damage equal to your CI to any flammables touching you, although you can apply as much or as little of the damage as you see fit. This damage is applied to anyone who physically touches you, though they subtract their number of violet motes from the damage. The damage of Burning Essence is applied separately from physical blows in the event of melee combat. Further, the fire can be spread in an area according to Column C.

Aspect: Red
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for fire Himsatis)
Column: C (to spread flame)
Negated by: Water, Halon or other fire suppressants.

BURROWING

You burrow through the ground and stone, creating a tunnel the size of your own body. You move as if through open air (normally your green motes would be cut down to 1/4), at a speed determined by your green motes. With this Nature, you can also tunnel out a chamber in the ground. The chamber can be as large as the stability of the ground permits.

Aspect: Green
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

COMPANION COMMUNICATION

You communicate with all creatures related to your Himsati form. Spider Himsatis understand arachnids, a Bird Himsatis understand all avians, etc. You will be on friendly terms with your own specific Himsati companion (if you are a hawk, with hawks, but not eagles or ducks.) If you are tainted, the Companion Hostile in the main rules comes into play against you.

Aspect: Red
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: (0 for amphibians)
Column: n/a
Negated by: Taint

CHARGE

You throw yourself against an attacker and may add your CI to your yellow halo for purposes of smashing into your enemy. Damage is calculated as usual. This attack can be dodged, but not parried.

Aspect: Yellow
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for marine Himsatis)
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

CLINGING

You cling to vertical surfaces like an insect. While clinging you can carry weight determined by your CI and column D.

Aspect: Green
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for insect and arachnid Himsatis)
Column: D
Negated by: Carrying weight heavier than allowed by Column D.

COILS

You manifest snake-like constricting coils or tentacles with which you can trap other creatures. If you manage to grapple them, they come under a Held Hostile equal to your RI to break out. Further, they take additional damage beyond your orange halo (according to your CI) as you slowly squeeze them.

Aspect: Orange
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: B, E
Negated by: Higher violet halo than your CI.

CAMOUFLAGE

You blend with your background whenever you are standing still. Your opponent's blue halo must exceed your CI for him to see you. Otherwise, he is under a Visibility Hostile, based on your RI, as long as you stay out of close-quarters (melee) combat or do not move. If he rolls a null on the hostile, he will not see you even if you move, as long as you come no closer to him.

Aspect: Yellow
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for reptiles)
Column: E (for multiple opponents)
Negated by: Target's blue halo exceeding your CI.



CONTROL AIR

You cause the winds to blow in an area creating an Environmental hostile according to your RI. You also control the temperature of the wind, raising or lowering the temperature 10 degrees for every one mote in your CI. You are immune to the hostile, and anyone rolling a null against it drops whatever they are holding in the face of the strong winds.

If any individual with a wind Himsati utilizes this Nature and is tainted, he must roll on the Companion Hostile or be placed under the Hostile himself.

This power does not allow control of an immortal.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Number of clashes equal to RI

Cost: 1 (0 for wind Himsatis)

Column: B

Negated by: Taint

CONTROL BIRDS

You control the actions of birds. If the target of the control does not have a red halo greater than your CI, it is completely under your control until threatened by you, after which the Jeopardy Hostile comes into play based on your RI.

If you are a bird Himsati and are tainted, the Companion Hostile comes into play. If you roll a null on this Hostile, the Companion will become your sworn enemy until it dies.

This power does not allow control of an immortal.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: E

Negated by: Taint

CONTROL INSECTS AND ARACHNIDS

You control the actions of insects, spiders and scorpions. If the target of the control does not have a red halo greater than your CI, it is completely under your control until threatened by you, after which the Jeopardy Hostile comes into play based on your RI.

If you are an insect or arachnid Himsati and are tainted, the Companion Hostile comes into play. If you roll a null on this Hostile, the Companion will become your sworn enemy until it dies.

This power does not allow control of an immortal.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: E

Negated by: Taint

CONTROL FIRE

You shape fire into any sort of contour, causing it to move across any flammable surface, increase or decrease its rate of fuel consumption (causing it to burn hotter or cooler), or cause it to animate into an attack. If you cause a fire to animate and attack, that is the only action you can do in the clash. The fire will continue to try and burn the target, chasing it over flammable surfaces and continuing to burn it until it is completely consumed, or it is unreachable, or the fire is redirected at another target, or the fire is put out. This power only affects normal flames. The flames do damage according to your CI. The fire goes out when it has run out of fuel. The fire covers an area according to your CI and column C.

If your own Himsati is fire, the Companion Hostile comes into play when you are tainted. Failing the Hostile puts you in danger of attack, and you will suffer damage unless you possess the Immunity To Fire Nature and it is active. A null on the Companion Hostile causes damage even with such immunity.

This power does not allow control of an immortal.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Number of clashes equal to CI

Cost: 1

Column: C, E

Negated by: Taint

CONTROL DARKNESS

This Nature allows you to control darkness around you, the shadows moving precisely as you desire. You control shadow based on your CI and column C.

Any target of the darkness must roll a Visibility hostile if his blue motes are exceeded by your CI. The Hostile's target number is based on your RI.

If you are a Shadow Himsati and tainted, the Companion Hostile comes into play. If you fail it, you come under a Visibility hostile as you stumble around in the darkness you created. Rolling a null on this Companion hostile places you under the hostile for a number of hours equal to your target's RI.

This power does not allow control of an immortal.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Number of clashes equal to CI

Cost: 1 (0 for shadow Himsatis)

Column: B, C, E

Negated By: Taint

CONTROL MAMMALS

You control the actions of warm blooded mammals. If the target of the control does not have a red halo greater than your CI, it is completely under your control until threatened by you, after which the Jeopardy Hostile comes into play based on your RI.

If you are a mammal Himsati and are tainted, the Companion Hostile comes into play. If you roll a null, the Companion will become your sworn enemy until it dies.

This power does not allow control of an immortal.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: E

Negated by: Taint

DANGER (TERAT GIFT)

Prior to attacks on him, your Terat character is allowed to make an awareness roll. Successfully meeting the target number imposed by the Narrator alerts you to the danger. The Narrator determines the target number by the intensity of the danger, and informs the persona prior to its appearance. This gift was created by the famous member of the Terat—Grendel—and has become a pivotal instrument of survival for his small Pride.

Aspect: Prime

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 0 for Terat. No other Pride may possess it.

Column: E (to sense if danger is coming for others)

Negated by: n/a

CONTROL REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS

You control the actions of snakes, lizards, frogs and other reptiles and amphibians. If the target of the control does not have a red halo greater than your CI, it is completely under your control until threatened by you, after which the Jeopardy Hostile comes into play based on your RI.

If you are a reptile or amphibian Himsati and are tainted, the Companion Hostile comes into play. If you roll a null on this Hostile, the Companion will become your sworn enemy until it dies.

This power does not allow control of an immortal.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: E

Negated by: Taint

CONTROL WATER AND ICE

You cause water to flow backward in a stream, cause small whirlpools, create ice in fresh water, freeze a lake or slow flowing river over, create waves, etc. You can create Environmental and Tactical Hostiles against others according to your CI.

You can also create an icy shell around an individual and a Held Hostile based on your RI. An immortal rolling a null on this hostile is frozen for a number of clashes equal to your RI.

Only one of the above effects can be created at a time.

If you have a water/ice Himsati and are tainted, you must roll the Companion Hostile. Failing this turns the water/ice against you.

This power does not allow control of an immortal.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: B, C, E

Negated by: Taint

CONTROL MARINE CREATURES

You control the actions of aquatic creatures. If the target of the control does not have a red halo greater than your CI, it is completely under your control until threatened by you, after which the Jeopardy Hostile comes into play based on your RI.

If you are a marine Himsati and are tainted, the Companion Hostile comes into play. If you roll a null on this Hostile, the Companion will become your sworn enemy until it dies.

This power does not allow control of an immortal.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: E

Negated by: Taint

DEAFEN

This Nature enables you to emit such a powerful roar or screech that it deafens your target, creating a hostile based on your CI if your CI exceeds your opponent's blue halo. The hostile acts as a Visibility hostile (based on your RI) in all respects since your target's hearing loss creates disorientation. Rolling a null on this hostile causes your target to remain deafened for a number of hours based on your RI.

Aspect: Blue

Duration: Number of clashes equal to CI

Cost: 1

Column: E

Negated by: Ear plugs or deafness

DOOM (MORRIGAN GIFT)

You create a hostile of bad luck (based on your RI) for those you do not favor in battle based on your CI. The opponent(s) battle(s) with this additional liability for as long as you do nothing else but watch. The Gift negates if you enter combat in any way. Created by the Paragon of the Pride—Morrigan herself, it was perfected by Morgan Le Fey and her Sisters, who taught it to the rest of the Pride. Anyone rolling a null on the Doom hostile loses all actions in his next clash.

Aspect: Prime

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 0 for Morrigan. No other Pride may possess it.

Column: E

Negated by: Target's red halo exceeding Morrigan's CI

DULCINEA (PHOENIX GIFT)

As a Phoenix, you gain the ability to use serenades in Himsati form at your Terrene's Attention skill instead of taking the -5 penalty. Because of their long association with the Horned Lord, who passed the Gift down, the Phoenix have attuned themselves to the vibrations of the Crucible, disciplining themselves against distractions caused by the beauty of the world through Himsati eyes.

Aspect: Prime

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 0 for Phoenix. No other Pride may possess it.

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

ESTRUS (ANOPHELES GIFT)

As an Anopheles, you create lust and avarice in your target, making them desire something—a person, object, food, money, anything at all—with a consuming passion. The target of Estrus, if his red halo does not exceed your CI, will fall under a hostile (based on your RI) which he must roll to do anything other than experience the sensuality offered by the object of the Estrus. This may take the form of desiring a sword and dancing around with it, admiring it's edge, sitting down and consuming a table full of food with gluttonous glee, satisfying sexual arousal or clinging in ecstasy to a piece of art. A null on the Estrus hostile causes your opponent to become permanently obsessed with that specific object

Aspect: Prime

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 0 for Anopheles. No other Pride may possess it.

Column: B, E

Negated by: Target's red halo exceeding Anopheles' CI

ECHOLOCAION

You can locate the positions of solid objects in the area around you with active sonar as a bat does when it flies. You gain a bonus to any Visibility Hostiles based on your CI and can see normally even in pitch black darkness, blinded or blind-folded.

Aspect: Blue

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: n/a

Negated by: Deafness, helmet or ear-plugs.

ELONGATED LIMBS

Your Himsati has extra long limbs that can strike an opponent normally who is a yard away (plus any additional distance for weapon reach). You opponent gains a penalty to his Dodge, based on your CI which is deducted from his final dodge roll. In addition, your opponent comes under the Called-Shot hostile based on your RI when attempting to strike any part of you except your limbs.

Aspect: Prime

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for insects and arachnids)

Column: B, E

Negated by: n/a

ETHEREAL FORM

Your body transforms into mist and flows wherever you desire. You cannot attack anything or anyone in this vaporous form. Conversely, no physical attack can harm you. You can flow through cracks, into open windows in a swirling eddy of almost luminescent fog. You can also carry animate or inanimate things with you, transforming them into mist as well. Refer to column D to see how much. Lastly, you can create a Visibility Hostile with your own body as you flow through an area, based on your RI. If your Himsati form is Fire, you transform into an incense-like smoke. Rolling a null on this hostile adds a +1 difficulty to all other rolls for the remainder of the combat.

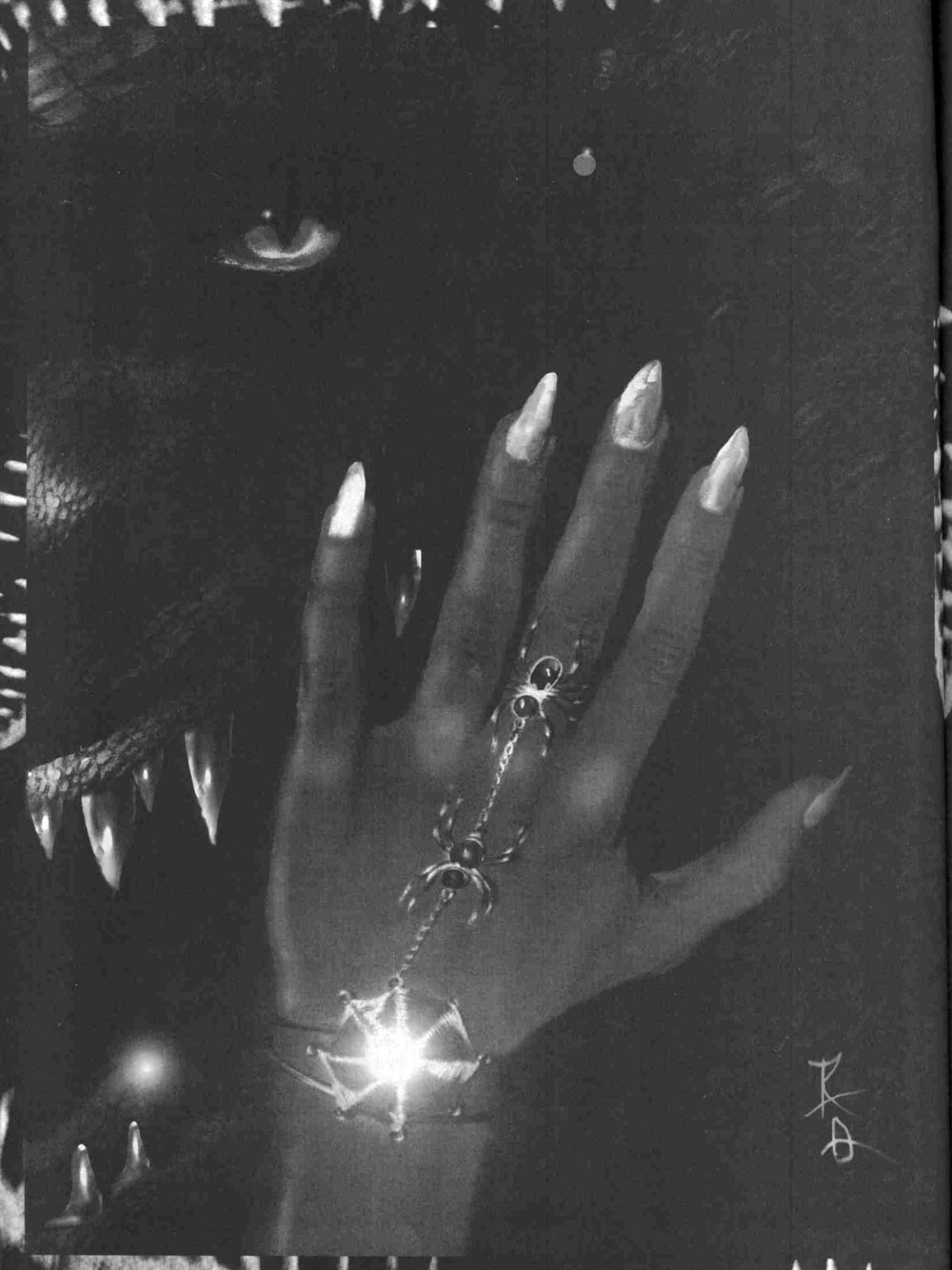
Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: C, D

Negated by: n/a



FERAL (BANJAX GIFT)

Your mind becomes so animalistic that attempts to control it are severely retarded. When using this Nature, your CI acts as additional red halo whenever someone attempts to control your mind and force you to do anything against your will. Created by Ra of the Banjax, it's development signifies freedom of the Banjax mind against any who tries to subvert it

Aspect: Prime

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 0 for Banjax. No other Pride may possess it.

Column: n/a

Negated by: A Nature or Serenade whose effect exceeds the combined red halo and CI of the Banjax penetrates this defense.

FLIGHT

Simply, this Nature allows flight without wings. Even a Peri in sword form can use this Nature to move himself about or a Phoenix with a fire Himsati can blaze like a comet across the sky. Your green halo determines speed and distance.

Aspect: Green

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for wind Himsatis)

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

FLUID FORM

You transform your body into a liquid state and flow through any cracks or along the ground, even uphill if you desire. While in this form, you cannot be harmed by any physical means, nor will the elements evaporate or freeze you. You can be gathered up and contained. When in water, you become totally immune to all attacks that are not magical in nature.

Aspect: Orange

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for water Himsatis)

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

GLIDING

You ride the air to a gentle landing rather than falling or climbing down from high places.

Aspect: Green

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 0

Column: n/a

Negated by: Mortar shells. *Just Kidding*.

GROWTH

Your body expands, becoming capable of more wounds. You gain a wound rank equivalent to your CI and one in each wound category below it. For example, a CI of 9 gets you one more severe wound box, plus one impairing and one light below it.

Aspect: Violet

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

HASTE

You move so quickly that all others see nothing but a blur. If your CI is greater than the blue motes of your opponent, he comes under a Surprised Hostile as you strike him with lightning quickness, based on your RI. If he rolls a null on this hostile, he is unable to even see you the next clash and the hostile gains a +1 difficulty for the combat against the same opponent. The Surprised Hostile is equal to your CI.

Aspect: Green

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: B, E

Negated by: n/a

HIBERNATION

You can enter into suspended animation when environmental conditions get too rigorous for you. If you are cold, hot, without food, water, or air, you hibernate until the environment changes to more ideal conditions, or someone enters the room. You can also choose an exact time when to awaken.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: n/a

Negated by: See above.

HYPER

When this Nature is employed, you add your CI to your green halo to determine your speed when using movement natures such as Aquatic, Arboreal Movement, Burrowing, Flight, all Phasings and Wings.

Aspect: Green

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

IMMUNITY TO FIRE

You can walk through fires, even hot chemical fires without feeling their burning effects while in your Himsati form. Anything you are carrying is also protected (including carrying a person from a burning building) up to weight specified by your CI and column D. This Nature is not required for fire Himsatis, and does not protect against mystical fire attacks such as Ember serenades..

Aspect: Violet
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

IMMUNITY TO PRESSURE

You become immune to the damage caused by the pressures of the deep ocean, able to dive to the greatest depths of the oceans or even survive in space (if you also possess Sleeping Lungs).

Aspect: Violet
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for shadow, marine and water Himsatis)
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

INFRARED

Your eyes sense heat, and gain you a bonus of your CI against all Visibility Hostiles as long as your target radiates heat. Refer to column C to determine the range of the Infrared.

Aspect: Blue
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for Reptiles)
Column: C
Negated by: Cold air, underwater, cold-blooded foes.



INFECTION (DRACUL GIFT)

Your claws, bite, or stinger deal wounds that quickly become infected and cannot be healed by mystical means. Thus, a Pain Hostile, based on your CI comes into play until the wound heals naturally. Created by the great Dracul Lin Do in fanatical service to his Dragon Lord Sharakai, this Nature is dreaded by most Immortals. Note: This Nature only applies to the physical body of a Dracul, not his weapons.

Aspect: Prime
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 0 for Dracul. No other Pride may possess it.
Column: B

Negated by: No Serenade will heal wounds so Infected, although the Solace Nature can. Palladium can heal infected wounds.



INK DISCHARGE

You discharge a viscous ink into the water which will cause a visibility hostile equal to your RI. The area of the ink cloud is also determined by your CI, consulting column C. The hostile only comes into play if your CI exceeds your target's blue halo. Any null rolled against this hostile increases it's difficulty by +1 for future attempts.

Aspect: Yellow

Duration: Number of clashes equal to CI

Cost: 1

Column: B, D, F

Negated by: Your target's blue halo exceeding your CI will negate the effect.

INNOCENCE

(MAGDALEN GIFT)

You can negate your own Taboos (or those of others) by consuming them. The rank of a Taboo so consumed must be proportionate with your RI. A rank 3 Taboo, for example, can be destroyed if your RI is 9 or more. Once the Taboo is negated once, it is gone forever. Created by the reviled Magdalen Thalia, one of the Nine Muses, this gift nonetheless gives the Magdalen powerful leverage when dealing with their cursed brethren.

Aspect: Prime

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 0 for Magdalen. No other Pride may possess it.

Column: n/a

Negated by: A taboo whose rank is higher than your RI.

LEAP

You leap a number of feet equal to your RI straight up, and double that horizontally. If your RI is 10, you can leap 10 feet straight up and 20 feet to the side.

Aspect: Green

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for amphibian Himsatis or any creature which normally leaps, such as some insects and cats.)

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

LIMB REGROWTH

You regenerate arms, legs or tail that have been severed from your body. The limb regrows in a number of days equal to 20 minus your CI, during which time you must remain in Himsati form.

Aspect: Violet

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 3 (0 for reptiles and Amphibians)

Column: n/a

Negated by: Assuming Terrene form before the limb's growth is completed, or if the limb is cauterized.

MESMERIZE

(ARACHNE GIFT)

You are capable of staring at an opponent and paralyzing them with absolute terror. The hostile you create for them corresponds with your RI. If they fall under the hostile, they must make a roll each time they attempt to take an action against you, or be unable to even move. A null on this Hostile causes the opponent to flee in panic.

Developed by the dread Arachne Lilith, its use has given her Pride a distinction as alien horrors concealed beneath human skin. To place your opponent under the hostile, your CI must exceed his red halo notes.

Aspect: Prime

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 0 for Arachne. No other Pride may possess it.

Column: B, F

Negated by: Target's red halo exceeding your CI.

MIMICRY

You can literally recreate vocal sounds you've heard, except for the tones of Serenades, and speak them out in flawless similitude. Unscrupulous Immortals often use this Nature to imitate the cries of infants or other loved ones to draw in unwary mortals into their traps. Your CI must exceed the blue halo of your target or he will suspect that the sound is not genuine.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for birds)

Column: n/a

Negated by: Target's blue halo exceeding your CI.

MULTIPLE LIMBS

You gain an additional pair of arms (or legs, tail, tentacles) for every 3 CI you possess, allowing you one additional parry per pair usable only against multiple opponents attacking you. No bonuses to strike are conveyed by this Nature. If your limbs are tentacles, and you are in the water, you create a Held Hostile for any one opponent you grapple equal to your RI.

Aspect: Yellow

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for arachnids and insects and any other creature which is known to have multiple limbs, such as octopi and squid.)

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a



MUSK

You produce a strong musk that causes an Irritant Hostile against your opponent(s) based on your RI.

Aspect: Orange
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for mammals)
Column: n/a

Negated by: The target, once hit, must wash off the musk to rid himself of the Irritant Hostile, or he negates it if his violet halo exceeds your CI.

NATURAL WEAPONRY

You can grow claws, a sharp beak, mandibles, serrated hooks, tusks, horns, quills, stingers, thorns, antlers, fangs, or some other deadly barb. Base damage of the weapons are determined by your CI and are applied as if they were orange halo motes.

Aspect: Orange
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for mammals, birds, stone and plant Himsatis, or any animal which has specific types of Natural weaponry.)

Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

PHEROMONE LANGUAGE

You produce pheromones which those of your own Himsati use as a form of communication. You can communicate in absolute silence in this manner, surrounded by the sweet musky perfume of your words. Only those of your Himsati Kingdom can understand this speech, and then, only if they possess this Nature. Perfect for combat communication as long as you are not spread out too far. To determine the range at which you will get a clear message, consult column C. Your number of targets of this Nature is determined by column E.

Aspect: Blue
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: C, E

Negated by: A strong wind or such air pollutants as smoke, gas or heavy perfumes.

PHOTOSYNTHESIS

You can ignore the need for food and water, or even air while you are in sunlight (and sunlight only.) Further, you can double the rate of normal healing as defined in the main rules on page 155. An impairing wound, for example, would heal in 4 and half days (or 9 days, if poisoned) instead of the 9/18 requirement.

Aspect: Violet
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for plant Himsatis)
Column: n/a

Negated by: Darkness. After taking a wound, you must be in the direct sun for an entire day (15 hours minimum), modified by your CI. For every CI you have, deduct 1 less hour of exposure. Being out of the direct sunlight for any less time negates the healing, requiring your character to begin again at dawn the next day.

PHASING - ICE

You move through ice as though it were air. Your green halo determines the speed of your phasing.

Aspect: Green
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1, 0 for ice Himsatis.
Column: n/a

Negated by: Impurities in the ice, if great enough, will slow you down.

PHASING - STONE

You pass through stone without leaving a trace. Your green halo determines the speed of your phasing.

Aspect: Green
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: n/a

Negated by: Only Stone may be traversed. This includes dirt, but not ice.

POISON

You create a Pain Hostile in any wound you inflict while using this Nature based on your RI until the wound is healed. This venom cannot be delivered unless you also possess the Spit Blood/Venom or Natural Weaponry Natures. A null on this hostile brings unconsciousness for a number of hours equal to your RI.

Aspect: Red
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: B

Negated by: Palladium, Nostrum Serenades, touch of Sinedrion leaves, flowers, roots or wood.

POLLEN CLOUD

You produce a cloud of iridescent spores that create an Irritant Hostile against your opponent similar to the Musk Nature based on your RI. The cloud only affects an opponent if his violet halo is less than your CI. The range of the cloud is determined by column C.

Aspect: Orange

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for Plant Himsatis)

Column: B, C

Negated by: Any helmet that protects the eyes and nose, where incoming air is filtered.

REGENERATION

You can link your health to that of your own element or animal Himsati and heal wounds you have sustained simply by standing in fire, holding the animal, immersing yourself in water, etc. The amount of healing that can done is dependent on your RI. Neither the element, nor the life-force of the animal depletes during the process.

Aspect: Violet

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for Shadow Himsatis)

Column: n/a

Negated by: The animal or element must be at hand.



PREHENSILE TAIL

You possess a tail (or in the case of the elephant and tapir, a snout) that grasps and manipulates objects. If used to hold an opponent, a Held Hostile equal to your RI comes into play.

Aspect: Yellow

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: B

Negated by: n/a

SECLUSION

When used, you can enter into your own element and be rendered invisible by the surroundings. If your Himsati is Fire, you enter and become part of fire. If a horse, you can absorb yourself into a horse, allowing it to carry and shield you.

Aspect: Yellow

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for Wind Himsatis)

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

SECRETION

You perspire a red oily substance from your pores that makes it difficult to grasp you, granting you a bonus equal to your CI when rolling against all Held Hostiles.

Aspect: Yellow
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

SENSE MAGNETIC FIELDS

You distinguish magnetic fields with such precision that you always know what direction you are going. You can also sense magnetic fields which emanate from electronic equipment as well as living things that are near you. The range of this sense is determined by Column C, while the ability to correctly identify the number of targets is based on column E. Such things need not be in line of sight to be detected, as long as they are within the area of the sense. Sense Magnetic Fields negates Visibility Hostiles.

Aspect: Blue
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for Marine Himsatis)
Column: C, E
Negated by: Heavy magnetic or enclosed metal environments.

SHADOW (NIMROD GIFT)

As a Nimrod, you separate your Himsati into a physical shadow form. This form has the same halo attributes as you do corresponding to Aspects you have activated. In other words, you must have taken on the orange Aspect for the shadow to gain an orange halo corresponding to your own. Otherwise, it has only your CI rating and no other attributes. The Shadow can use Natures (you cannot while the Shadow is present) and takes the same number of wounds as you can. These wounds are only transferred to you if you transform back into human form before healing the Shadow. See the section under Nimrod, above, for rules on the Leash.

Special Note: A member of Nimrod may assume her Himsati form without using this Nature to separate it from her body, in which case her shadow/animal form replaces her human shape. Using this Nature, however, allows her to fight alongside her Himsati. This Nature was supposedly created by the Pride's proximity to the ancient relic known as the Femme Darkle, a shadowy stone that transformed their Himsatis forever.

Aspect: Prime
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 0 for Nimrod. No other Pride may possess it.
Column: n/a
Negated by: Bright light forces the Shadow back to the body.

SHOCK

You are able, at will, to surround yourself with electricity. This shock does damage equal to your CI plus red halo to any conductive material touching you. This damage is applied to anyone who physically touches you, and they subtract their number of violet motes from the damage. Further, the electricity spreads according to column C if the area contains conductive material such as most fluids and metals. The damage is applied separately to physical blows in the event of melee combat.

Aspect: Red
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for fire Himsatis)
Column: C
Negated by: Non-conductive or insulating materials.

SHRINKING

You make yourself smaller and smaller, placing your opponent under a Target Size Hostile based on your own CI. You also shrink your gear, depending on column D.

Aspect: Violet
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: D
Negated by: n/a

SHROUD (TAUTHA GIFT)

You gain the ability to flicker in and out of the Ley membrane during combat. This ability makes you much more difficult to attack, creating an additional hostile for attempts to target you based on your CI. This Nature has no effect on the targeting of Serenades. You can also use this Nature to make short hops through the Ley membrane, allowing you to jump through walls or other obstacles.

Aspect: Prime
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 0 for Tautha. No other Pride may possess it.
Column: B, E
Negated by: Tangled Ley Lines.

SLEEPING LUNGS

You need not breathe the air around you, especially if it's toxic. Your body converts its own molecules into breathable gasses within your lungs.

Aspect: Violet
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for stone Himsatis)
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a



SMELL DECEIT

You can tell if someone is telling the truth if your CI is greater than their red halo motes. Successful use of this ability simply lets you know that the target is lying, not what the actual truth is.

Aspect: Blue

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: E (number of targets)

Negated by: Target's red halo exceeding your CI.

SPEW

These Immortals can disgorge material according to their Himsatis (if they are elemental) or venom if the Poison Nature is active. The Nature allows such materials to be trained on an enemy as ranged attacks.

Aspect: Orange

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

STILLNESS

You suddenly freeze and become as lifeless as a statue. Anyone seeing you would mistake you for a realistic sculpture if they didn't know any better. If you have not yet been spotted by your enemy, no sense based on sight or hearing at range will detect you. The Infrared Nature or any heat-sensing technology will also not detect you from the background.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: n/a

Negated by: Motion

STARTLE

You emit a loud shriek, roar or cry that immediately places your opponent under a Fear Hostile if your CI is greater than your opponents red halo. The Fear Hostile is commensurate with your RI. A null rolled on this causes the opponent to flee the field.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: B, C, E

Negated by: Target's red halo exceeding your CI.

STICKY

You sweat a sticky residue from your pores, which cause anything hitting you to stick. If a weapon sticks to you, it automatically comes under a Bulk Hostile until dislodged. If a creature stakes you, a Held Hostile occurs. These Hostiles' potency is proportionate to your RI. If a null is rolled, the difficulty of the hostile advances by +1 for future attempts.

Aspect: Yellow

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: B

Negated by: n/a

SPARK OF REASON (EREMITE GIFT)

As an Eremite, you gain the ability to use weapons and tools in Himsati form at your Terrene's weapon skill instead of taking the -5 penalty. Being descended from primates, who early on learned the use of tools, this Nature has always been a part of the Eremites arsenal of Natures.

Aspect: Prime

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 0 for Eremites. No other Pride may possess it.

Column: n/a

Negated by: Any Fear Hostiles negate this Nature.

SOLACE

You can instantly heal wounds done to you, according to your CI. For every 3 CI you have, 1 wound category can be healed. All wounds beneath it are similarly healed.

Aspect: Violet

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: n/a

Negated by: Any wound that is also poisoned cannot be healed with this Nature.

SWARM

(INSECT HIMSATIS ONLY)

You transform your body into a swarm of insects which descends on your opponent and reduces him to a single action per clash as he wipes the swarming insects away from him. Each clash your swarm surrounds your opponent, you automatically take 1 damage mote as he smashes individual insects. At 3—you take a light wound, at 6—an impairing wound, at 9—a severe wound, at 12—a crippling wound and at 15—a Mortal wound. The 15th clash automatically dispels the Nature and leaves you with a Mortal Wound.

Aspect: Orange
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: n/a
Negated by: Pesticides, fire.

TEMPERATURE

TOLERANCE: COLD

You are immune to sub-zero temperatures and will not suffer from exposure due to cold. You remain active and comfortable in frigid temperatures of up to 50 below zero.

Aspect: Violet
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for mammals and birds)
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

TEMPERATURE

TOLERANCE: HEAT

You can remain fully active in the direct desert sun, regardless of the temperature, immune to heat of up to 3000 F.

Aspect: Violet
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for Reptiles)
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

SWELL

You puff out your body and gain a bonus of your CI against any Held Hostiles.

Aspect: Orange
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: n/a
Negated by: Inflexible container or cage.

TERRAIN

You sink your feet into the earth and manipulate the terrain around you. You can make the ground give forth a spring of water, boulders rise from the ground in front of opponents, produce uneven ground, and produce Cover and Tactical Hostiles against your opponents based on your RI. It takes a single clash to alter the terrain, during which you can do nothing else. Refer to column B for the Hostiles created and C for the amount of ground that can be altered. A nulled rolled against this hostile advances it's difficulty for future attempts by +1.

Aspect: Green
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1 (0 for Stone Himsatis)
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

TERRIBLE COUNTEenance

You becomes so hideous in appearance that your target, if his red halo is lower than your CI, will immediately come under a Fear Hostile when fighting you based on your RI, and will flee if he rolls a null on that Hostile.

Aspect: Red
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

VIBRATIONS

You sense things approaching you if your are touching the ground with any part of your body, even from great distances by feeling the footfalls and other movements. You can detect the size and number of the approaching creatures.

Aspect: Blue
Duration: Indefinite
Cost: 1
Column: n/a
Negated by: n/a

WEARY (ROANE GIFT)

As an Roane, you gain the ability to use your own halo to suppress the attributes of your opponent. Your CI can make a corresponding number of your opponents halo unusable, although this suppression cannot effect Free Immaculum; only your choice of his colored (forte) halos.

Aspect: Prime

Duration: indefinite

Cost: 0 for Roane. No other Pride may possess it.

Column: n/a

Negated by: If the Roane fails any red hostile he falls under, his Weary on his opponent fails as well.

WEATHER CONTROL

You can summon or calm a storm. The storm can create Visibility, Irritant or Environmental Hostiles (your choice of one) against those in the area by creating snow, blowing sand, sleet, and wind. Lightning must be discharged via the Shock Nature. The severity of the storm (and thus the severity of Hostiles it creates) is dependent on your RI. You are also under the same Hostiles while you remain in the area. Nulls rolled against this hostile raise it's difficulty by +1.

Aspect: Red

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1

Column: n/a

Negated by: The Weather control Nature used by someone whose CI is higher than yours. It can also be negated using the Welkin Attention.

WINGS

You create wings with which you can fly, and you can hover as well. Your flight speed equals your green halo.

Aspect: Green

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for birds or other natural fliers.)

Column: n/a

Negated by: n/a

WEBBING

You create a sticky webbing that you can throw like a rope and use in combat. The webbing has a hardness equal to your CI and is sticky (you are immune to the stickiness). Webbing spun around an opponent places them under a Held or Close Quarter's Hostile (your choice) due to its sticky mass. The Hostile equals your RI and advances by +1 difficulty if the opponent rolls a null against it.

Aspect: Orange

Duration: Indefinite

Cost: 1 (0 for arachnids)

Column: B

Negated by: n/a



TRAVEL CHART

This chart is offered to help calculate flight, swimming, and running based on Natures that augment movement. Your Green motes (plus your current Free Immaculum if using Hyper) determine the rate at which you can travel. The Speed is given in miles per hour and the distance in yards per clash.

(Note: Some animals have a natural speed at which they can run or fly. Falcons and cheetah's are prime examples. Immortals who take these fast forms should have the speed of the falcon (about 50 mph) and the cheetah (about 30 mph) and *then* add their CI to determine speed.)

Green (+ CI Rating)	Speed/Distance
---------------------	----------------

1	5/8
2	10/15
3	15/22
4	20/30
5	25/40
6	30/45
7	40/60
8	50/75
9	60/90
10	80/120
11	100/150
12	120/180
13	160/240
14	200/300
15	300/450
16	400/600
17	500/750
18	600/900
19	750/1125
20	900/1350
21	1050/1575
22	1250/1875
23	1450/2175
24	1650/2475
25	1900/2850
26	2150/3225
27	2400/3600
28	2700/4050
29	3000/4500
30	4000/6000

NEW TALENTS

BITE.

Allows for accuracy when attacking an opponent in melee. It is the Himsati's version of a weapon skill, but cannot be used to parry an attack.

Complexity: 2

Halo: Yellow

STRIKE.

Proficiency skill when using claws or other limbs with stingers, spikes or any striking article in combat. It can be used to parry any other melee attack, including those using melee weapons such as swords.

Complexity: 3

Halo: Yellow

TABOOS OF THE KINGDOMS

INSECT AND ARACHNID

Rank 1

- 01) The Immortal is accompanied by a slight buzzing sound like insect wings
- 02) The Immortal feels pain every time he kills an insect
- 03) The Immortal is fascinated by fire
- 04) The Immortal makes insect-like sounds in his sleep
- 05) The Immortal is nauseated by the smell of alcohol
- 06) The Immortal is fascinated with dead things
- 07) The Immortal is fascinated by bright colors
- 08) The Immortal is jittery except in crowds (which remind him of the Hive)
- 09) When the Immortal takes his Himsati form, his skin splits like an insect emerging from the pupae aspect
- 10) The Immortal has a noticeable birthmark in the shape of his Himsati

Rank 2

- 01) The Immortal emits a loud cicada-like sound whenever he is angry or aroused
- 02) The Immortal likes to eat natural fabrics (like a moth)
- 03) The Immortal can only eat green growing plants
- 04) The Immortal is afraid of open spaces (agoraphobia)
- 05) The Immortal secretes a honey-like substance from a gland on his body
- 06) The Immortal is very distracted by the smell of flowers
- 07) The Immortal hates being wet
- 08) The Immortal is fascinated by insects and arachnids of all kinds
- 09) The Immortal's hair becomes lighter or darker depending on the surrounding environment
- 10) The Immortal casts an insect or arachnid shadow

Rank 3

- 01) The Immortal can only ingest liquid foods
- 02) Flies and biting insects follow the Immortal (except in cold climates)
- 03) The touch of alcohol (even whiskey) causes the Immortal pain
- 04) The Immortal's blood turns into biting insects when it is spilled
- 05) The Immortal's skin has a colored metallic sheen like a blue-bottle fly
- 06) The Immortal is afraid of birds (ornithophobia)
- 07) The Immortal is afraid of spiders (arachnophobia)
- 08) The Immortal's eyes are compound
- 09) Everywhere the Immortal walks and everything he touches is covered with webbing
- 10) The Immortal likes to eat insects, including other Immortals with insect Himsatis

Rank 4

- 01) The Immortal can only get nourishment from fresh blood (like a mosquito)
- 02) The Immortal can only eat foods that are rotted
- 03) Alcohol causes a light wound every time it touches the Immortal's skin
- 04) The Immortal constantly feels insects crawling on him (irritant hostile rank 3)
- 05) The Immortal takes a light wound whenever he kills an insect
- 06) The Immortal can only sleep when he is completely concealed
- 07) The Immortal is inactive in temperatures below 60 degrees Fahrenheit
- 08) If the Immortal purposely kills an insect, all insects in the area attack the Immortal
- 09) The Immortal gives off an offensive odor (like a stink bug)
- 10) The Immortal's touch carries disease and fouls food and water

Rank 5

- 01) Plagues of insects follow the Immortal
- 02) The Immortal can only eat live animal flesh
- 03) The Immortal kills his sexual partners (black widow syndrome)
- 04) The merest touch of alcohol is poison to the Immortal (rank 4 poison)
- 05) The Immortal's presence in the area causes normal insects to double their size and become aggressive
- 06) The Immortal can only eat carrion or offal
- 07) The Immortal's voice is an excruciating screech which shatters glass in the immediate area
- 08) The Immortal can only sleep while buried in the ground
- 09) The Immortal undergoes a complete metamorphosis of appearance every season
- 10) The Immortal's touch causes painful bites to those he loves

REPTILE AND AMPHIBIAN

Rank 1

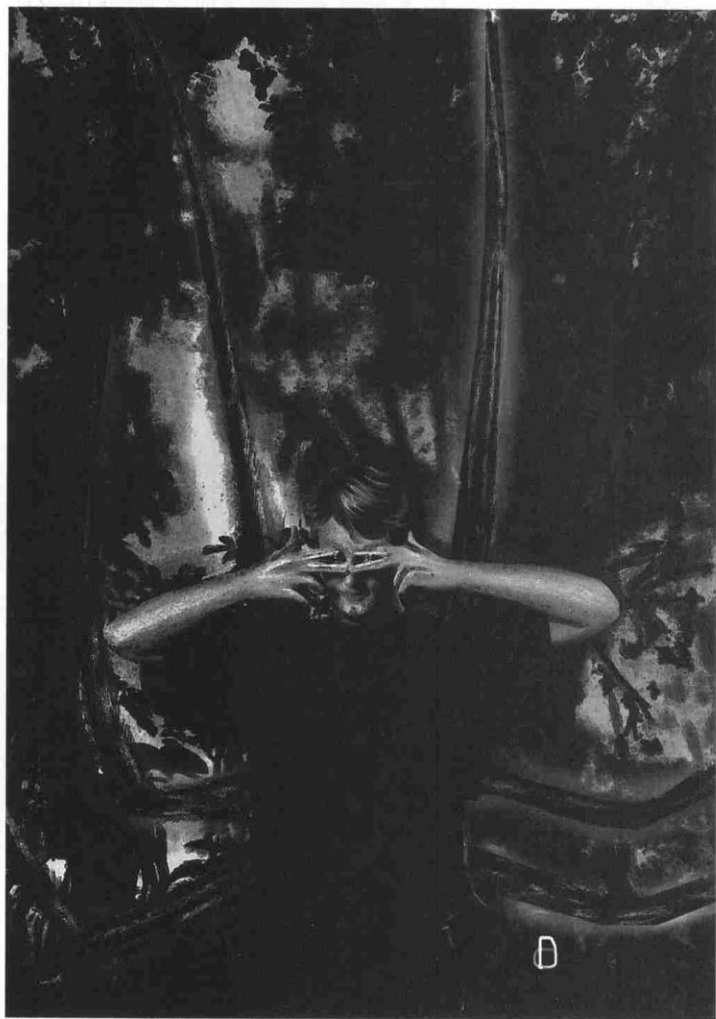
- 01) The Immortal's skin appears normal but feels scaly, slimy, or leathery
- 02) The Immortal has snake eyes whenever he is angry
- 03) The Immortal casts a reptile shadow
- 04) The Immortal leaves a slimy coating on anything he sits on (like a frog)
- 05) The Immortal is attracted to water
- 06) The Immortal hisses whenever he is angry
- 07) The Immortal carries a birthmark shaped like his Himsari
- 08) The Immortal croaks like a frog when he is asleep
- 09) The Immortal's body is completely hairless (except his head)
- 10) The Immortal dislikes the cold

Rank 2

- 01) The Immortal has snake eyes
- 02) The Immortal has a set of retractable fangs which show when he opens his mouth
- 03) The Immortal has a forked tongue
- 04) The Immortal leaves a serpent's tracks wherever he walks
- 05) The Immortal's hands and feet are webbed
- 06) The Immortal likes to sun himself
- 07) The Immortal is inactive in temperature below 32 degrees Fahrenheit
- 08) The Immortal carries the "mark of Brahmin" upon his throat (like an Indian cobra)
- 09) The Immortal sheds his skin like a snake
- 10) The Immortal's fingers are long and slender, plus his nails are sharp (like a lizard's foot)

Rank 3

- 01) The Immortal eats insects
- 02) The Immortal's tongue is elongated and sticky, making it difficult to speak
- 03) The Immortal spends at least half of every day in the water
- 04) The Immortal is mesmerized by swaying movement (like a cobra)
- 05) The Immortal will continue to grow at the rate of 1/2" per year until he re-enters Lethe
- 06) The Immortal's skin is scaly or leathery, as opposed to simply feeling that way.
- 07) The Immortal makes a noise like a rattlesnake whenever he is about to attack (even if trying to be stealthy)
- 08) The Immortal smells strongly of reptile (a musky ammonia smell)
- 09) The Immortal is terrified of snakes (ophidiophobia)
- 10) The Immortal is fascinated by poisonous reptiles



Rank 4

- 01) The Immortal can only eat live food (rats, mice, birds, etc.)
- 02) The Immortal hallucinates attacks by reptiles when he is in the presence of any item made from reptile skin.
- 03) Reptiles follow the Immortal wherever he goes
- 04) An illusion of a snake appears from the Immortal's mouth whenever he speaks.
- 05) Tadpoles spontaneously generate in whatever water source the Immortal drinks from
- 06) The Immortal's skin must be kept wet
- 07) Small objects skitter away from the Immortal (like lizards) when he comes near them
- 08) The Immortal is deaf like a snake
- 09) The Immortal is legless in water
- 10) The Immortal sleeps for at least 24 hours after each meal (like a snake)

Rank 5

- 01) The Immortal cannot abide temperatures below 60 degrees Fahrenheit or he becomes too stiff to move
- 02) The Immortal cannot breathe air (he must take the gills power for his Himsati)
- 03) The Immortal devolves into a tadpole-like state whenever he enters the water
- 04) The Immortal considers humanoid beings to be prey
- 05) Any long, flexible object near the Immortal animates, hissing and striking at anything that moves in its vicinity
- 06) The bite of any reptile is poisonous to the Immortal (rank 4 poison)
- 07) Sticks and twigs which the Immortal touches transform into serpents
- 08) Sand on which the Immortal walks becomes infested with vipers
- 09) The Immortal cannot take his Himsati form except in water (he may then go on land)
- 10) The Immortal's hair is transformed into a writhing mass of serpents

BIRDS

Rank 1

- 01) The Immortal's voice is high pitched and raucous like a crow's cry
- 02) The Immortal casts a bird shadow
- 03) The Immortal has a large visible bird shaped-birth mark
- 04) The Immortal's hair constantly moves in a wind as though he was in flight
- 05) Feathers are always in the area where the Immortal sat or stood after he leaves
- 06) A fluttering sound accompanies the Immortal (like the sound of a bird's wings)
- 07) The Immortal is fascinated by high places
- 08) Any bird capable of speech will speak the Immortal's name when he approaches
- 09) Whenever the Immortal's name is spoken birds in the area begin to squawk
- 10) The Immortal's Himsati is reflected in his eyes

Rank 2

- 01) The Immortal casts the reflection of his Himsati
- 02) The Immortal's knuckles are scaly like a bird's
- 03) The Immortal has bird eyes
- 04) The Immortal has only four digits on each hand
- 05) The Immortal is hyper-active like a bird
- 06) The Immortal sleeps standing up
- 07) The Immortal makes a honking sound when he is startled, like a goose
- 08) Birds are constantly near the Immortal
- 09) The Immortal migrates each fall to the country of origin of one of his avatars
- 10) The Immortal's eyes and hair change colors with the seasons

Rank 3

- 01) The Immortal swallows small stones in order to grind his food
- 02) Birds in the area speak the Immortal's thoughts out loud
- 03) Some part of the Immortal's body is feathered
- 04) The Immortal has large eyes and is nocturnal like an owl
- 05) The Immortal builds a nest to sleep in
- 06) The Immortal must eat every two hours or suffer from the fatigue hostile
- 07) Eggs hatch with strange objects in them whenever the Immortal is near
- 08) Birds fight one another and kill their young whenever the Immortal is nearby
- 09) The Immortal can only eat raw meat
- 10) Any Twilight carrying a feather is invisible to the Immortal

Rank 4

- 01) The Immortal is terrified of birds (ornithophobia)
- 02) Fire burns in bird-like shapes whenever the Immortal is near
- 03) Killing a bird causes the Immortal very bad luck (-4 to all rolls for a full lunar month)
- 04) The Immortal's vision is only good at great distances and becomes blurry up close (a rank 4 Visibility hostile to see anything clearly at closer than 10 feet)
- 05) The Immortal will repeat any secret told to him in a parrot-like fashion whenever it is most inconvenient
- 06) The Immortal becomes a kleptomaniac (rank 4 red hostile to resist stealing interesting or shiny objects)
- 07) The Immortal is terrified of flying
- 08) The Immortal is drawn to scenes of death and dying (like a carrion bird)
- 09) The Immortal is sexually attracted to anyone of either sex who wears certain colors (color scheme is determined by the Narrator)
- 10) The Immortal will create an emotional attachment to the first being he encounters upon rising from sleep.

Rank 5

- 01) The Immortal's presence causes birds in the area to flock and attack anything that moves
- 02) The Immortal takes a mortal wound if someone kills a bird within 50 feet of him
- 03) The Immortal cannot speak, instead he sings like a bird
- 04) The Immortal is mesmerized completely (rank 5 red hostile) by watching a snake
- 05) The Immortal will cause any female he touches to become pregnant and lay an egg. The egg hatches into a bird.
- 06) The Immortal goes berserk and attacks his companion on sight, even in preference to any other enemies.
- 07) If the Immortal is touched by the shadow of a bird, he is compelled to take his full Himsati form
- 08) The Immortal cannot abide the presence of birds (including those with avian Himsatis)
- 09) The Immortal's touch will transform other Immortals into their Himsati aspects
- 10) The Immortal is constantly haunted by a demonic bird-like creature (a spirit)

MAMMALS

Rank 1

- 01) The Immortal's skin feels like soft, sleek fur
- 02) The Immortal pants like a dog when he is hot
- 03) Dogs howl whenever the Immortal is near
- 04) The Immortal has thickened, elongated nails (like claws)
- 05) The Immortal is hairy, even if female
- 06) The Immortal has fangs like a tiger or wolf
- 07) Cats fear the Immortal
- 08) The Immortal's hair bears the same markings as his Himsati form (not necessarily the same color)
- 09) The Immortal is nocturnal, eschewing the daylight if at all possible
- 10) The Immortal has unusual ears (pointed, long, etc.)

Rank 2

- 01) The Immortal cannot resist chasing any running creature (like a dog chasing a rabbit)
- 02) The Immortal loves the water (like an otter)
- 03) The Immortal has whiskers like a cat
- 04) The Immortal smells like an animal when wet
- 05) The Immortal's shadow is that of an animal
- 06) The Immortal's humanoid shadow makes animal noises.
- 07) The Immortal himself cries out like an animal in fear or ecstasy
- 08) The Immortal leaves animal footprints
- 09) The Immortal is very territorial about his possessions, loved ones, and home
- 10) The Immortal is constantly scratching like a dog with fleas

Rank 3

- 01) Eating meat poisons the Immortal as a rank 3 wound.
- 02) Eating plants poisons the Immortal as a rank 3 wound.
- 03) The Immortal growls or hisses whenever he is angry.
- 04) The Immortal's skin is marked exactly like his Himsati, including light soft fur the same color as the Himsati's
- 05) The Immortal is enraged by the killing of animals
- 06) The Immortal must obey anyone who places a collar on him
- 07) The Immortal always sleeps out of doors
- 08) The Immortal experiences severe pain (rank 3 pain hostile) if he wears leather or fur
- 09) The Immortal is prone to berserk rages
- 10) The Immortal assumes his Himsati form if he is nude

Rank 4

- 01) The Immortal's mannerisms are those of his Himsati animal
- 02) The Immortal's touch causes female creatures to conceive twins when they next become pregnant.
- 03) Mammals in the area begin to fight with one another
- 04) The Immortal's presence causes mammals in the area to kill their young (does not include humans)
- 05) The Immortal eats grass like a grazing beast
- 06) The Immortal sees through the eyes of a mammal in the area, but otherwise is blind
- 07) The Immortal's head becomes that of his Himsati form
- 08) The Immortal has hooved feet and animal-like legs
- 09) The Immortal is a carrier of rabies that spreads to whoever he bites.
- 10) The Immortal is followed by a plague of rats

Rank 5

- 01) The Immortal wanders the countryside in his Himsati form in his sleep during the full moon
- 02) The Immortal's touch causes herbivorous mammals to grow fangs and become aggressive carnivores
- 03) The Immortal must kill creatures identical to his Himsati whenever he encounters them.
- 04) The Immortal becomes a man-eater
- 05) The Immortal transforms into his Himsati if he sees the moon
- 06) The Immortal's serenades and Himsati powers do not affect his companion animal, including claws
- 07) The Immortal transforms into Himsati and cannot take human form again except under the moon
- 08) The Immortal's loved ones become the target of animal attacks
- 09) The Immortal's presence sends all animals in the area into a killing frenzy
- 10) Mammals do +1 rank of wound higher against the Immortal



AQUATIC HIMSATIS

Rank 1

- 01) The Immortal leaves wet footprints no matter where he goes
- 02) Fresh water grows salty in the presence of the Immortal
- 03) The Immortal's hair is always wet
- 04) The Immortal is always shedding tears that taste of the sea
- 05) The Immortal's hands are slightly webbed (common enough in human beings)
- 06) The Immortal is always thirsty
- 07) The Immortal has a trident shaped birthmark
- 08) Water evaporates very quickly in the Immortal's presence
- 09) Fish are found in any ice whenever the Immortal is present
- 10) The Immortal bleeds salt water instead of blood

Rank 2

- 01) The Immortal's clothing is constantly wet
- 02) The Immortal smells like brine
- 03) Anywhere the Immortal sat is crusted with salt
- 04) The Immortal cannot abide dry climates (fatigue hostile whenever the humidity is less than 75%)
- 05) The Immortal grows a fish tail whenever he is submerged in water
- 06) The Immortal is fascinated with the sea and other bodies of water
- 07) Water turns to blood whenever the Immortal touches it
- 08) The Immortal has delicate fish scales on his body in places
- 09) The Immortal must return to a certain body of water once every 2 years or go into ennui
- 10) The Immortal is hairless

Rank 3

- 01) The Immortal's skin is slimy
- 02) The Immortal must keep his skin wet every hour or lose his youth and beauty
- 03) The Immortal transforms into his Himsati whenever he is completely submerged in water
- 04) The Immortal has no eyelids (he can sleep normally in a dark place)
- 05) The Immortal's hands are fully webbed; he finds fine manipulation of objects difficult
- 06) Water becomes rough if the Immortal travels in a boat
- 07) The Immortal excretes pearls (this process is painful, and he will be sought for his ability to do this)
- 08) The Immortal has barbels (fleshy whiskers around his mouth like a catfish)
- 09) In times of grief or stress, the Immortal vomits salt water and fish
- 10) The Immortal can only see in shades of green, blue and violet (like a fish)

Rank 4

- 01) The Immortal has noticeable gill slits and cannot remain out of the water for more than an hour
- 02) The Immortal's presence causes water to become undrinkable
- 03) The Immortal has seaweed for hair
- 04) The Immortal's body is transparent (like a glass catfish); his bones and organs are visible
- 05) The Immortal transforms into his Himsati if he gets wet
- 06) The Immortal's presence causes rip tides, high winds and large waves
- 07) The Immortal's touch causes water to freeze solid
- 08) The Immortal's body is encrusted with barnacles
- 09) The Immortal draws the attention of dangerous marine creatures
- 10) The Immortal's entire body is adapted for aquatic life (scales, webbed hands & feet, large eyes, slimy skin, etc.)

Rank 5

- 01) The Immortal cannot breathe air (he must possess the breathe water power)
- 02) The Immortal's arms are tentacles
- 03) If the Immortal smells blood, he will attack any object that bears the smell
- 04) The Immortal is constantly hungry and will eat anything (including pieces of metal, rubber, or any creature)
- 05) The Immortal transforms into his full Himsati whenever he gets wet
- 06) The Immortal cannot return to his humanoid form until he has submerged himself in the ocean
- 07) The Immortal cannot assume his Himsati unless he wears the skin of his companion animal
- 08) The Immortal's touch causes Twilights to be unable to breathe air
- 09) The Immortal's presence brings the red tides
- 10) The Immortal cannot drink at all; he is forever thirsty

ESOTERIC HIMSAṬIS (DEPENDING ON FORM)

Rank 1

- 01) It seems to get darker whenever the Immortal enters the room
- 02) The Immortals touch causes plants to bloom
- 03) Fire burns a different color when the Immortal is nearby
- 04) The Immortal warps objects made of stone/wood/metal
- 05) Ice melts into strange shapes when the Immortal is near
- 06) The area around the Immortal is warmer/colder than the surrounding region
- 07) Shadows in the area of the Immortal move toward him regardless of the direction of the light source
- 08) The area around the Immortal is constantly windy
- 09) Metal tarnishes at the Immortal's touch
- 10) The Immortals silhouette appears as a occlusion in gemstones he touches

Rank 2

- 01) Flames burn cold in the Immortal's vicinity
- 02) Water boils whenever the Immortal is near
- 03) The Immortals touch causes glass to vibrate
- 04) All shadows in the area congregate near the Immortal's feet
- 05) Mist rises from the Immortal's skin
- 06) The Immortal's touch causes plants to wither and die
- 07) Fabrics made of plant fiber (linen and cotton) rot at the Immortal's touch
- 08) The Immortals shadow continually physically touches anyone near it
- 09) The Immortal sneezes with the force of a gale wind
- 10) Thunder is heard every time the Immortal's name is spoken

Rank 3

- 01) Wind gusts into the room every time the Immortal opens a door, disturbing anything small and light in the area
- 02) The Immortal is constantly wet and smells like brine
- 03) Metal near the Immortal vibrates with the Immortal's name
- 04) The Immortals words are inscribed in metal whenever he speaks
- 05) The Immortals voice shatters glass
- 06) Fruit trees and vegetable plants near the Immortal produce rotten fruit
- 07) The Immortals touch absorbs any water it comes in contact with
- 08) The Immortal suffers a visibility hostile in sunlight
- 09) The Immortals shadow bites anything living in its vicinity; the shadow's bite is painful but causes no wounds
- 10) The Immortals touch cracks stone

Rank 4

- 01) The Immortals touch loudly warps metal
- 02) The Immortal must remain in the sun in order to digest his food
- 03) The weather changes to match the Immortal's mood (if he is angry, it storms, etc.)
- 04) Water freezes whenever the Immortal is near
- 05) The shadow of a living creature that touches the Immortal's shadow animates with that creature's abilities.
- 06) Sunlight causes the Immortal pain (but no wounds)
- 07) The Immortals tongue transforms into fire ora blade if he is angered
- 08) The Immortals touch causes frostbite to Twilights
- 09) The Immortal has a halo of flame over his head constantly
- 10) Torrents of water flow from the Immortal's eyes if he weeps

Rank 5

- 01) Sunlight burns the Immortal's skin at the rate of a light wound every minute
- 02) If the Immortal shouts, lightning strikes randomly in the Immortal's immediate area
- 03) The Immortal's touch turns gold and precious metals to lead
- 04) The Immortal's voice is as loud as thunder
- 05) The Immortal's touch causes the shadow of the thing he touched to come alive and attack him or anyone with him
- 06) The Immortal's touch transforms those he loves to stone
- 07) The Immortal's presence causes the sun in the area to be obscured
- 08) The Immortal cannot light a fire without the use of serenade
- 09) Nothing will burn in the Immortals area
- 10) Terrible storms follow the Immortal





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