

WEREWOLF

PLAYERS GUIDE



A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse



LEGENDS OF THE GAROU

Half Moon's Journey

The Canadian pine forest was clearly marked, if you knew what to look for. Here and there, just out of casual view, claws had gouged into bark, wood, even stone, and described ancient symbols of the wind across the moon. In the afternoon, a young wanderer had walked along the hidden trails the glyphs overlooked, noting each mark as he passed. Now he waited under a chill, starry sky, on a bald rise where no human had stood for two thousand years.

No human.

Nor did one stand there tonight.

Wolves paced the edge of the clearing. They were lean and gray, and something in their eyes wasn't *quite* lupine. A naturalist would have been very confused to watch them circle the young traveller in their midst in a slow, meticulous, not-quite-wolflike way.

And any other outsider would have called the boy of eighteen or so a suicidal fool for standing as still as the earth beneath him, while the great wolves drew nearer and nearer with every circuit.

True, he had the powerful build of someone who'd spent his adolescence in heavy exertion. He also was armed, although most people would consider his antique flint spear a poor substitute for an automatic rifle.

Evan knew better. Even the slickest salesman couldn't talk him into swapping the ancient spear for a depot full of guns. Especially now, among the very people who'd made the spear centuries ago and bound the spirits of the storm into it. It would have been easy to lean on the spear, to soothe his anxiety with the palpable strength of the fetish. Evan did no such thing, although he was sorely tempted.

Finally, three wolves broke away from the circle and paced toward Evan. As they drew closer, two of them swelled up onto their hind legs and bulged into massive, gray monsters. One of them was a gigantic brute who flexed his great claws again and again as he glared at Evan. The other was almost as massive, but his matted fur was crisscrossed with white streaks. While the other two stopped some distance away, the elder Garou kept walking until he loomed over Evan and glared down with shining eyes at the young man. Finally, he growled low and whirled to face the circle of wolves.

"Fools!" The old one spat out a strangled snarl. "Fools, charachs and worse! You let this one into the heart of our lands? You believed a white man when he told you he was Wendigo? Look at him!" The hulking werewolf gestured violently at Evan. "White as any. Blue eyes. *Blue eyes!*" He stamped the ground. "Would even Older Brother accept this Wyrncomer? This is just another white child, moved to tears by television and history books, trying to come among us and help the Wendigo because he *pities* us!" His voice had nearly become a howl. "How could you even *consider* letting him walk this land as if he were one of our own!"

Evan swallowed hard and looked the massive elder in the eye. "I'm right here, Cries-in-the-Wind-rhya," he said, forcing the Garou words through his human throat. "You don't have to use third person." His brow tightened, and his lip pulled back just a hair. "You want to question my tribe, do it to my face. Or call on Great Wendigo himself."

The elder growled again, low and long. "You are so sure of yourself, pup? Do you want us to bring the North Wind here, that he may look on your impure face and slice you with his teeth of ice? Do you want to speak your lies before our Half Moons?"

"I'm sure." Evan coolly took one step back. "Call your Crescent Moons, Cries-rhya. Or let your Half Moons watch my tongue and see if it forks. I was charged with this mission by Great Wendigo himself four years ago, and I'll never forget his words. I can repeat them for you, if you like."

The giant Crinos at Cries' side flinched, and his muzzle wrinkled. Cries' ears twitched back, and his gaze flickered ever-so-briefly to his younger septmate.

"Cries-rhya," the brute rumbled, "he speaks truth as clear as the springs. Great Wendigo—" he said, then paused as if reluctant to speak further. "The young one has spoken with Great Wendigo. I am sure of it."

A cold wind stirred the clearing and carried the massive werewolf's words off into an empty silence. The circle of wolves nervously shifted and paced, watching the four Garou at the clearing's heart. Cries-in-the-Wind stood sullenly rigid, his knotted chest heaving, his eyes burning. Finally, he spoke.

"Why have you come?" Each word was bitten off as it left his jaws.

Evan tightened his grip on the spear. "Because, like him—" he said, with a gesture toward the giant Crinos at Cries' side, "I am Half Moon. I have a duty to Luna and to Gaia to bring peace to their warring children." His voice grew louder, clearer, almost too much for the young Philodox's chest. "I am Evan Heals-the-Past, and I earn my sacred name by working my Mother's will. That is why I came to you, and that is why your sentries felt my purpose and let me pass."

His expression grew stern, and he turned slowly to face the circle of wolves, his gaze passing over each one in turn. "I come to this sept, where Great Wendigo's children gather in numbers, with tidings of war. The war."

Evan stopped turning as he faced Cries-in-the-Wind once more and looked again into the elder's eyes. "At Father Wendigo and Mother Gaia's bidding, I have come to speak to you. To my tribe. Will you listen?"

Cries' lip twitched upward at one corner. The rest of him remained stock-still. Drawing in a breath, Evan bowed his head respectfully to the elder, then began in the strong, measured voice of a practiced speaker:

"I was a Lost Cub of Wendigo, born to a white father who knew nothing of his great-great-grandfather's blood, to a white mother who was not even Kin. They sensed the predator in me, and they feared it." He closed his eyes briefly, then opened them again. "They died ignorant, and I might have, too."

His voice took on a more commanding tone. "But I was spared. Great Wendigo sent Lord Albrecht — a Silver Fang — to find me. Wendigo asked Falcon for help, and Falcon gladly offered it. What's more, the totems chose another to guide me — Mari Cabrah, warrior and Theurge of the Black Furies." He shook his head. "Mari and Albrecht — they hated each other. I thought they'd kill each other over the slightest things. But they didn't."

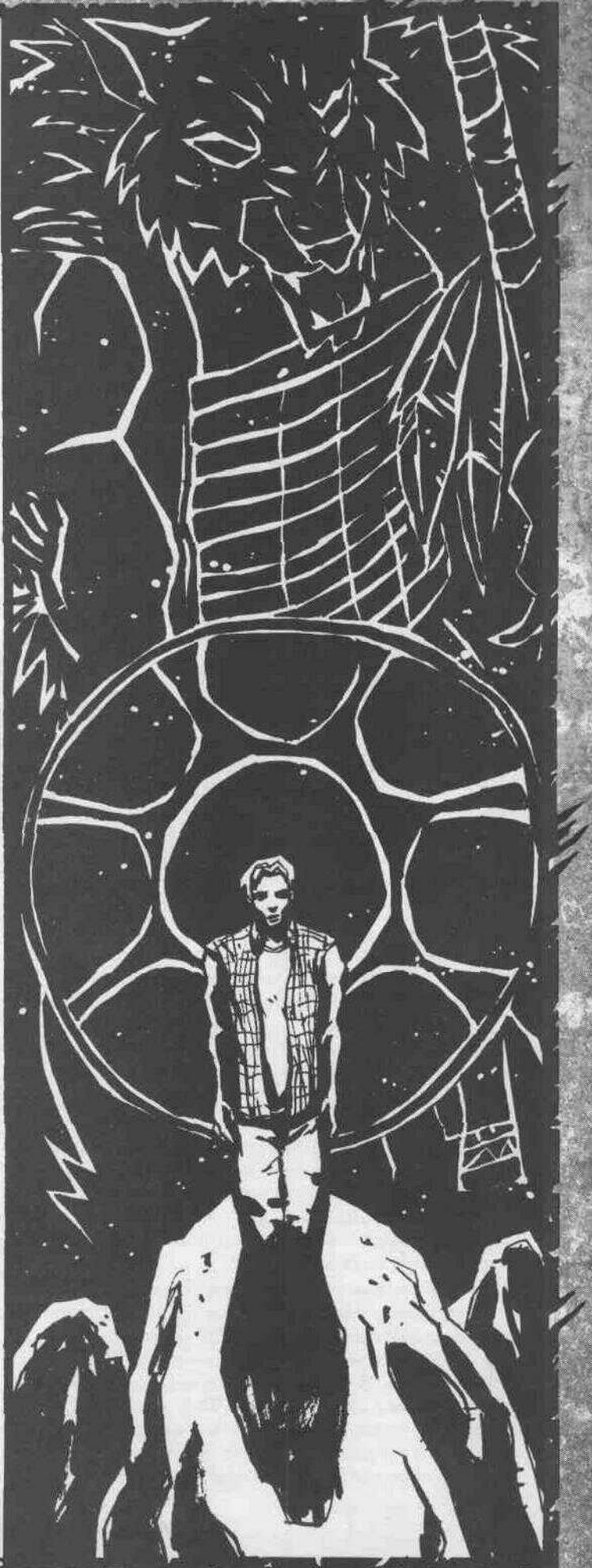
Evan struck his chest with one fist. "I helped to make peace between them. I was young and foolish, but even then I saw the idiocy of fighting other Garou. They listened, even though they didn't realize they were doing so. And as we ran from one sept to the next, a Stargazer — the child of *another* tribe — came to help us. He showed me the way within..." He paused and then spoke again, reverently. "And I met Great Wendigo, who showed me how to remember."

The wind ruffled the tops of the pines. Evan looked up into the sky, then back to the circle of wolves.

"I was young. I was a child. I found it difficult to accept my duty, and at first I wondered why Great Wendigo would choose me — me, a cub who had never met his own tribe?"

He shook his head. "But even a child can split a mountain, if he is Garou. And so I did as I was asked." A tiny, fiercely proud smile lit the corners of his mouth. "And I am a child no longer."

"I have walked in the Umbra, from the tunnels of Abyss to the jungles of Pangaea. I have seen with my own eyes a new king arise, a king who endured all in the name of Gaia and unity. I have survived as a prisoner in a Black Spiral Dancer Hive and endured their tortures. I have slain mockeries, Black Spirals, Banes — even a Thunderwurm. I have done all this not from pride — but from faith." He almost smiled, but caught himself. "Faith in my packmates, and hope for what we may yet accomplish."



Evan gestured with the spear toward the cold, starry sky. "How can I describe the strength my packmates and I share? Even when Albrecht is duty bound to the Oak Throne and when Mari is stalking her personal prey in the blighted streets of New York, we are one. And when we gather together to hunt..."

The tip of the spear began to shine with a cold, blue light, and a faint rumble of thunder rolled down from the empty sky. Evan heard the wolves around him shift and growl, but he didn't take his eyes from the three Garou before him.

"The last time we hunted together, we slew four times our number of Black Spiral Dancers. We caught them in the sewers of New York, where they..." He shook his head, as if to clear it.

"We came at them as a pack should, and two of them were dead before they knew we were killing them. If we had been all Black Furies or all Silver Fangs or all three Wendigo..." Evan paused for just a moment, anticipating an interruption. Cries' lip curled, but he made no sound.

"If we had possessed a common strength or weakness among us, the Dancers could have beaten us. But how could they have known what to expect? How could they fight the strength of Wendigo, Falcon and Pegasus all at once?"

"Albrecht never even paused. He drew back with his ancestors' *klaive* and leapt forward, howling a Silver Fang song of battle. Wherever he struck, their diseased flesh burned. Even when they dragged him down and nearly clawed his eye from his head — he still loses the sight in that eye from time to time — he was howling from anger, not fear or pain.

"And Mari—" Evan shook his head and smiled. "For all that she's wanted to eat Albrecht's liver in the past, Mari tore his attackers to pieces as if they were flightless pigeons. Her claws cut through Dancer flesh like a knife cuts through snow. One of them hit the ground in three pieces, and then Albrecht was up again.

"I probably don't need to go on. Together, we were thunder and lightning and silver and thorn and winter wind. Nothing could stop us."

His eyes shone with pride. "Incredible, huh? I can't tell you the stories about Mari and do them any justice. She's a hero to her tribe and many others, and her loyalty to the Furies is unshakable. And she didn't want to take orders from any Silver Fang, much less one who'd nearly disemboweled her in a New York alleyway when they first met.

"But she respects Albrecht. She doesn't like him — but she stands by him. She offers him her respect, even her loyalty. Not just for who he is — and yes, he's made his fair share of mistakes — but for what he stands for. He's hope. He's a cry for unity."

Evan slammed the butt of the spear against the ground. "These are the last days! Yes, we will never bow our heads to another tribe in obedience — but why can we not set aside our tribal pride and offer our Garou brothers and sisters our loyalty? Our time is winter, and the Great Winter is *now* — and this is why we were born!

"Great Wendigo chose me to learn the ways of the other tribes, but to keep and remember the ways of the Wendigo. If we fight, we may preserve our tribe's honor and wisdom until the sun blackens and falls from the sky. But our only hope of *winning* is if we fight alongside our brothers and sisters!

"I can't offer you a place in legend." He levelly met Cries' stare. "Legends are only that if there's someone left to tell them.

Come to the court. Listen to what the other tribes have to say. And if we, the children of Great Wendigo, decide to stand with our cousins, then just maybe there'll be a time when our great-grandchildren can speak proudly of our deeds. Their time."

There was silence again, soft and still save for the wind in the treetops. Cries' muscles twisted under his skin. The massive Philodox beside him looked full into Evan's face — but with lupine eyes that were full of something other than anger. The third wolf, the one who had said nothing since arriving with Cries-in-the-Wind, sniffed quietly at the wind and looked back and forth between Evan and the scarred elder.

Cries half-snarled, then let it die away. "What you say—" and then he stopped, and straightened just a bit. His posture eased, shortened in the darkness; his head drew up, eyes closed, ears twitching slowly.

It was a long moment before he spoke again, and his guttural voice was somehow lower, softer.

"I...am old, and my brains must be growing feeble. I do not know why I do not kill you where you stand." His eyes opened, and again they blazed. "I do not know how it is that you can speak silver words like all white men, yet speak with the voice of the winds in the same breath."

He snorted, a sound like a choking cough. "Half Moon. I hate your silver words. I hate your accusing white face, which looks at me and defies me to take action. But..."

His fur melted, dissolved away. His body poured itself into the form of an old man in deerskin, a man with a stern face and furious eyes.

"But," Cries-in-the-Wind said finally, "I cannot hate Great Wendigo, no matter how much I want to hate his words." He sighed, a long, growling sigh more resigned than sad. "Even the trees feel the seasons when they change. So I will honor my totem by returning to the heart of my caern, and there I will think on your silver words." Cries' smoldering gaze flickered briefly from Evan's face to the Garou at each of the elder's flanks, then returned.

"We will talk on your words, and we will consult our spirits. We promise you nothing more."

Evan bowed quietly.

Then the old Garou turned and walked, still in human form, back into the circle of wolves. The massive Philodox gave Evan one last appraising, wondering stare, then fell to all fours and paced after the elder. The third didn't even look at Evan as she left.

As Cries-in-the-Wind was lost amid the darkness between the trees, the circle of Wendigo began to break apart. All passed before the young Philodox as they left, and each looked full into his eyes before vanishing into the woods. Some of their gazes held anger and hate only barely in check. Others were cooler, more peaceful, but no less intense. The gray eyes of the last wolf to leave were appraising, curious — and warm, at the end. Evan smiled then, just a little, and held his smile until she was gone. Then there was nothing but silence.

Evan sighed and slowly started down the slope. The tension he'd previously felt had drained away, taking most of his energy with it. Now there was just a dull twinge of fatigue, coupled with a touch of worry. He leaned on the spear, just a little.

They'd think on it. It was all he could ask for.

For now.

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Special Thanks To:

You.

Thanks for keeping the spirit of the wild places alive, no matter how drab, sick and generally screwed up our own society gets. Now get out there and kick some!



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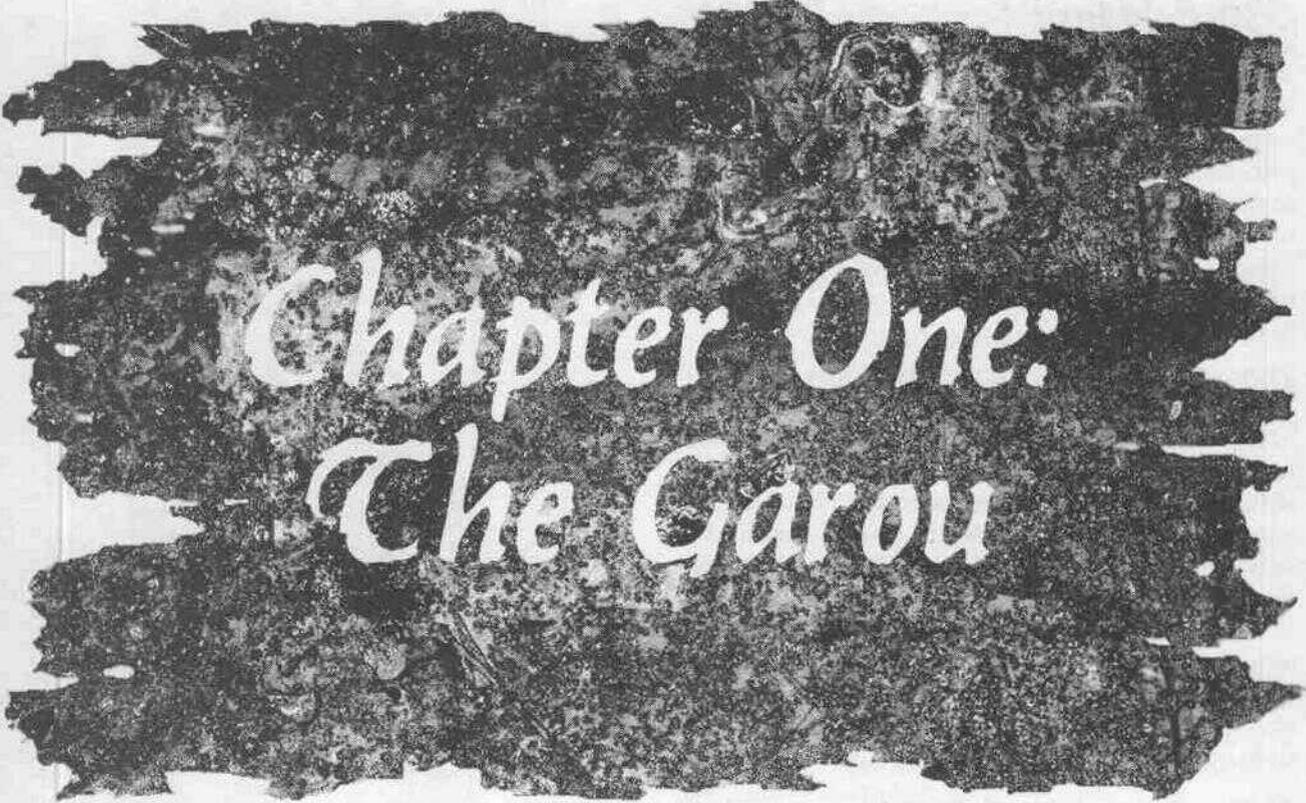
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1997



Chapter One: The Garou

Merits and Flaws

Merits and Flaws are character Traits that add spice to your *Werewolf* chronicle. Merits provide a character with some benefits, while Flaws act to a character's detriment. Some of these Traits have little effect on a game beyond a dash of style; others could unbalance a chronicle or completely change its direction. Powerful Merits or Flaws shape a character's destiny and any relationships she has.

When you create a character in *Werewolf*, you receive 15 "freebie" points that can be assigned to whatever Traits you like in order to give your character the finishing touches that make her unique. The optional system of Merits and Flaws expands on this idea and allows you to personalize your character further.

Merits may be purchased only with freebie points and only during character conception. Flaws provide additional freebies to spend, again, only during initial conception. You may take a maximum of seven points of Flaws, which limits your potential freebie points to a total of 22. Some Merits and Flaws have variable point costs; these Traits offer more options for character creation.

Merits and Flaws are available to flesh out a character and to add new story hooks and details, not to allow power gamers to "min-max" their characters into war machines. Make sure that the Storyteller actually permits these options in your chronicle before creating characters based upon them. Each chronicle is individual and unique, so there's no telling what restrictions or changes the Storyteller may have in mind. There's no right or wrong way, only ways that work for everyone concerned.

Some Flaws are marked as possible alternate deformities for metis characters (such as Deranged, Blind or Monstrous). Remember that although you can take such a Flaw as your metis disfigurement, in no case do you gain freebie points for that Flaw. Of course, you can take other Flaws in addition to such disfigurement for freebie points — a truly unlucky metis could well be born blind, mad and hideous — but at least one deformity must be taken without recompense. Such is the metis curse.

Psychological

These Merits and Flaws deal with the psychological makeup of your character. More than simple personality quirks, they detail overpowering motivations, ideals or pathologies. Some psychological Flaws can be temporarily ignored by spending a Willpower point and are noted as such. If you take such a Flaw and don't roleplay it when the Storyteller thinks you should, then he may tell you that you have spent a point of Willpower for the effort. Flaws cannot be conveniently ignored.

Code of Honor: (1 point Merit)

You have a strict personal code of ethics that you cannot ignore. You can automatically resist most temptations that would bring you in conflict with your code. When battling supernatural persuasion (mind magick, vampiric Domination, etc.) that would make you violate your code, either you gain three extra dice to resist or your opponent's difficulties are increased by 2 (Storyteller's choice). You must construct your own personal code of honor in as much detail as you can, outlining the general rules of conduct by which you abide. An obvious choice might be adherence to the Litany, but personal codes and commitment can vary widely.

Berserker: (2 point Merit)

You feel the rage burning inside you, and you know how to use and direct it against your enemies. You have the ability to frenzy at will and, thus, are able to ignore your wound penalties. However, any acts you commit during frenzy have consequences, just as they would otherwise. Also, you have the same chance of going into frenzy even when you don't wish to do so.

Compulsion: (1 point Flaw)

You have some sort of psychological compulsion that can cause you a number of different problems. Your compulsion may be for cleanliness, perfection, bragging, stealing, gambling, exaggeration or just talking. The only way to avoid your compulsion temporarily is to spend a Willpower point (Storyteller's discretion as to how long you resist the urge), but it is in effect at all other times.

Dark Secret: (1 point Flaw)

You have some sort of secret that, if uncovered, would be of immense embarrassment to you and would make you a pariah in the Garou community. It can be anything from having murdered an elder to having been seduced into an affair with a Black Spiral Dancer. While this secret is on your mind at all times, it will come up in stories only once in a while, but when it does, watch out.

Intolerance: (1 point Flaw)

You have an irrational dislike of a certain thing. It may be an animal, a class of person, a situation or just about



anything at all. You have a +2 difficulty on all dice rolls in which the object of dislike is involved. Note that some dislikes may be too trivial or ridiculous to count — a dislike of Bavarian-creme-filled donuts or mechanical pencils, for instance, has no real dramatic value and shouldn't be allowed. The Storyteller is the final arbiter of what you can pick to dislike. Garou cannot take an intolerance of the Wyrms; it's already a common mindset and hardly a Flaw.

Nightmares: (1 point Flaw)

You experience horrendous nightmares every time you sleep, and memories of them haunt you during your waking hours. Sometimes, the nightmares are so horrific they cause you to lose one die on all your actions during the following day (Storyteller's discretion). Some of the nightmares may be so intense that you mistake them for reality; a crafty Storyteller is quick to take advantage of this Flaw.

Overconfident: (1 point Flaw)

You have an exaggerated and unshakable opinion of your own worth and capacities — and you display no hesitation in trusting your abilities, even when you may be risking defeat. Because your abilities may be inadequate, this Flaw can be very dangerous. When you fail, you're quick to find someone or something to blame other than yourself. If you are convincing enough, you can infect others with your overconfidence.

Phobia: (1 or 3 point Flaw)

You have an overpowering fear of something. You instinctively and illogically retreat from the object of your fear, and you strain to avoid it. Common objects of phobias include certain animals, insects, crowds, open spaces, confined spaces and heights. If you suffer from a mild phobia (1 point), you must roll Willpower when you encounter the object of your fear. The Storyteller determines the difficulty of this roll; if you get fewer than three successes, you refuse to approach the object or situation in question, and if you fail this roll, you flee. If your phobia is severe (3 points), you must make a frenzy roll to avoid entering a fox frenzy when you confront the object of your fear. The Storyteller has final say over which phobias are allowed in a chronicle.

Shy: (1 point Flaw)

You are distinctly ill at ease when dealing with people, and you try to avoid social situations whenever possible. All rolls concerned with social dealings are at +1 difficulty, and any roll you make while your character is the center of attention is at +2 difficulty. Don't expect to make a public speech.

Soft-Hearted: (1 point Flaw)

You cannot stand to see others suffer; maybe you're truly compassionate, or maybe you just dislike the intensity of their emotion. If you directly cause someone's suffering while that person is with you, you experience days of nausea and sleepless grief. You avoid situations in which you might have to observe suffering, and you will do anything possible to protect others from it as well. Whenever you must witness true suffering, difficulties for all your rolls are at +2 for the next hour.

Speech Impediment: (1 point Flaw)

You have a stammer or some other impediment that hampers spoken communication (even in the Garou tongue of howls and growls). All relevant rolls are made at a +2 difficulty. You aren't obliged to roleplay this impediment constantly, but you should attempt to simulate it in times of stress or when dealing with strangers.

Curiosity: (2 point Flaw)

You're a naturally curious person and you find mysteries of any sort irresistible. In most circumstances, alas, your curiosity easily overrides your common sense. To resist the temptation, make a Wits roll. The difficulty is 5 for simple things ("I wonder what's in that cabinet?") but can rise as high as 9 in intense circumstances ("I wonder where this Moon Bridge leads to. I'd better check it out. What could possibly go wrong?").

Low Self Image: (2 point Flaw)

You just don't believe in yourself. You have two fewer dice in situations where you don't expect to succeed (at the

Storyteller's discretion, although he might limit this penalty to one die if you do the brave thing and point out times when this Flaw could affect you). At the Storyteller's option, you may have to make Willpower rolls to do things that require self-confidence, or even to use a Willpower point when other players would not be obliged to do so.

Pack Mentality: (2 point Flaw)

The pack is your life; without it, you are nothing. Your identity is so tied to that of your pack that you always think in terms of "us" rather than "me." When in the presence of at least one packmate, you receive a -1 on all pack tactics difficulties; when alone, you receive a +1 to all difficulties. You are so dependent on your pack that sometimes you can't make decisions without them — even if you are the alpha! The Storyteller may decide that you have to make a Willpower roll or even spend a Willpower point to act on your own in a stressful situation.

Short Fuse: (2 point Flaw)

The difficulty of your frenzy rolls is always 2 lower, no matter how you might be provoked. The Wyrms touch on you is stronger than normal, and you naturally fall more easily into the "thrall of the Wyrms." This Flaw is a dangerous one; don't choose it lightly.

Vengeance: (2 point Flaw)

You are out for revenge — perhaps the caern you belonged to was destroyed, Pentex made your best friend into a fomor or someone brutally murdered one of your parents. This may be something from your days before the Change, or its origins could be in some event from your life as a werewolf. Either way, your obsession is wreaking vengeance on an individual (or perhaps an entire group), and you make it your first priority in all situations. Your need for vengeance can be overcome only by spending Willpower points, and even then, it subsides only temporarily. Someday, you may have your revenge, but the Storyteller won't make it easy.

Deranged: (3 point Flaw)

Due to circumstances beyond your control, you are permanently insane. You may have a congenital brain disorder, or perhaps you saw things you weren't meant to see, and the experience drove you mad. Choose a Derangement for your character; although you can temporarily overcome this insanity with Willpower, you can never permanently rid yourself of its grip. Metis can take this Flaw as their deformity.

Driving Goal: (3 point Flaw)

You have a personal goal that compels and directs you in sometimes startling ways. The goal is always limitless in depth and can never truly be achieved. It could be to reform the Black Spiral Dancers or to make amends for your

ancestors' actions against the other Changing Breeds during the War of Rage. Because you must work toward your goal throughout the chronicle (though you can avoid it for short periods by spending Willpower) it continually gets you into trouble and may jeopardize other goals; other Garou probably don't share your vision, and they may look down on you as being distracted from the true war. Choose your goal carefully, as it's sure to direct and focus *everything* your character does.

Hatred: (3 point Flaw)

You have an unreasoning, total and virtually uncontrollable hatred of a certain thing. You may hate an animal, a class of person, a situation — almost anything. You must make a frenzy roll whenever faced with the object of your hatred. You constantly pursue opportunities to injure, destroy or control your nemesis, so much so that your reason is clouded.

Territorial: (3 point Flaw)

You don't like to leave your territory, nor do you like to have strangers enter it. In fact, you get so nervous and disoriented while outside your territory that you are +1 on all difficulties. In addition, you must make a frenzy roll to keep yourself from attacking intruders who enter your territory, unless they obtain your permission to do so.

Mental

These Merits and Flaws deal with the mind's strengths, weaknesses and special capacities.

Common Sense: (1 point Merit)

You have a significant amount of practical, everyday wisdom. If you're about to do something counter to common sense, the Storyteller may alert you to what you are trying to do and how it might violate practicality. This Merit is an ideal one for a novice player, for it allows you to receive advice from the Storyteller concerning what you can and can't do and (even more importantly) what you should and shouldn't do.

Concentration: (1 point Merit)

You have learned to focus your mind, shutting out any distractions and annoyances. Any negative modifier to a Dice Pool or any difficulty that arises from a distraction or other inauspicious circumstance is limited to 2.

Lightning Calculator: (1 point Merit)

Your natural affinity for numbers and your talent for mental arithmetic make you a natural for working with computers or betting at race tracks. All relevant rolls are made at -2 difficulty. Another possible use for this Merit, assuming you have numbers on which to base your conclusions, is the ability to calculate the difficulty of certain tasks.

In appropriate situations, you may ask the Storyteller for the difficulty of some action you are about to perform.

Eidetic Memory: (2 point Merit)

You have a "photographic" memory and can remember in perfect detail things seen and heard. By gaining at least one success on an Intelligence + Alertness roll, you can recall any sight or sound accurately, even if you heard it or glanced at it only once (although the difficulty of such a feat would be high). Five successes enable you to recall an event perfectly: The Storyteller relates to you exactly what was seen or heard.

Calm Heart: (3 point Merit)

You are naturally calm and well composed, and you rarely fly off the handle. Raise the difficulty on all your frenzy rolls by 2, no matter how any incident is provoked.

Iron Will: (5 point Merit)

When you are determined and your mind is set, nothing can divert you from your goals. You cannot be Dominated by vampires, and wraiths and mages using mental attacks against you gain +3 to their difficulties if you are aware of them and resisting. However, the additional mental defense costs you one Willpower point per turn. Even if you are unaware of an attack, anyone attempting to influence you magically must add +1 to her difficulty.

Self-Confident: (5 point Merit)

When you spend a point of Willpower to gain an automatic success, your self-confidence may allow you to gain the benefit of that expenditure without actually losing the Willpower point. When you declare that you are using a point of Willpower for an extra success, you do not lose the Willpower unless you fail the roll. You may use this Merit only when you need confidence in your abilities in order to succeed; thus, only when the difficulty of a roll is 6 or higher can it come into play. You may spend Willpower at other times; however, if the difficulty is 5 or less, this Merit won't help you.

Amnesia: (2 point Flaw)

You are unable to remember your past or anything about yourself or your family. Your life is a blank slate. However, your past may someday come back to haunt you. (You can, if you wish, take up to five points of other Flaws without specifying what they are. The Storyteller can...supply the details; over the course of the chronicle, you and your character slowly discover them.)

Confused: (2 point Flaw)

You are often confused, and you perceive the world to be a very distorted and twisted place. Sometimes, you are simply unable to make sense of things. You need to roleplay

this behavior all the time to a small degree, but your confusion becomes especially strong whenever stimuli surround you (such as a number of different people all talking at once or the pounding music of a nightclub.) You can spend Willpower to override the effects of your confusion, but it works only temporarily.

Weak-Willed: (2 point Flaw)

You are highly susceptible to domination and intimidation; you are, in fact, unable to use your Willpower freely. You can roll or spend Willpower only when survival is at stake or when it is appropriate to your auspice or Nature (see the Archetypes section).

Absent-Minded: (3 point Flaw)

Your packmates always say that you'd lose your head if it weren't attached. You've got such a bad memory that you barely recall what you did yesterday, much less last week. You don't forget Knowledges or Skills, but you do forget names, addresses and when you last ate. In order to remember anything more than your own name and the location of your caern, you need to make a Wits roll or, as a last resort, expend a Willpower point. This Flaw may not be taken with the Merit: Concentration.

Awareness

These Merits and Flaws involve your senses and perception (or lack thereof).

Color Blindness: (1 point Flaw)

You can see only in black and white, no matter what form you take. Color means nothing to you, although you are sensitive to color density, which you perceive as shades of gray. (Yes, color blindness actually indicates an inability to distinguish between two colors, but we fudged a bit for the sake of brevity.) This Flaw is much more common among lupus.

Hard of Hearing: (1 point Flaw)

Your hearing is defective. The difficulties for all dice rolls related to hearing are increased by 2. You receive the Lupus form Perception bonus only to olfactory checks. You may not take the Merit: Acute Hearing if you take this Flaw.

Bad Sight: (2 point Flaw)

Your sight is defective, and all your dice rolls related to vision are at +2 difficulty. You don't receive the Lupus form Perception bonus to visual checks, and you suffer from night blindness. This Flaw is neither nearsightedness nor farsightedness — it is a minor form of blindness, and it is not correctable.

One Eye: (2 point Flaw)

You can't see out of one eye — because it's not there. You have no peripheral vision on your blind side, and you roll two fewer dice when a situation involves depth perception (including ranged combat). Metis characters may take this Flaw as their metis disfigurement. Additionally, a metis character who takes this Flaw as his deformity may have a cyclopean appearance, with the one eye centered on his forehead. This feature can well affect his social life by increasing the difficulties of all Social rolls by 2. Such a metis may well have no peripheral vision whatsoever.

Deaf: (4 point Flaw)

You cannot hear sound — you can feel the vibrations of very loud noises, nothing more — and you automatically fail any rolls that require hearing. Metis characters may take this Flaw as their metis disfigurement.

Blind: (6 point Flaw)

You're completely blind, and you automatically fail all dice rolls involving vision. Metis may take this Flaw as a metis deformity.

Aptitudes

These Merits and Flaws establish special capacities and abilities for your character, or they can modify the effects and powers of your character's other abilities.

Animal Magnetism: (1 point Merit)

You are especially attractive to others of your breed. You receive a -2 difficulty on seduction or animal attraction rolls (which may inspire some jealousy in others who view you as "competition").

Computer Aptitude: (1 point Merit)

You have a natural affinity for computers; the difficulties of all rolls to repair, construct or operate them are reduced by 2.

Expert Driver: (1 point Merit)

You have a knack for driving wheeled motor vehicles, such as cars, 18-wheelers and even tractors. The difficulties of all rolls requiring risky or especially difficult driving maneuvers are reduced by 2.

Mechanical Aptitude: (1 point Merit)

You are naturally adept with all kinds of mechanical devices (note that this aptitude does not extend to electronic devices, such as computers). The difficulties of all dice rolls to understand, repair or operate any kind of mechanical device are reduced by 2. However, this Merit doesn't help you drive any sort of vehicle.

Ambidextrous: (2 point Merit)

You have a high degree of secondary-hand dexterity and can perform tasks with the "wrong" hand at no penalty. The normal penalty for using both hands at once to perform different tasks (such as fighting with a weapon in each hand) is +1 difficulty for the "right" hand and +3 difficulty for the other hand; with this Merit, the penalty is at +1 for each hand.

Natural Linguist: (2 point Merit)

You have a flair for languages. This Merit does not allow you to learn more languages than are permitted by your Linguistics score, but you may add three dice to any roll involving languages (both written and spoken).

Daredevil: (3 point Merit)

You are good at taking risks and even better at surviving them. All difficulties are at -2 whenever you try something exceptionally dangerous, and you can ignore a single "one" on such rolls (as if you had an extra success).

Perfect Balance: (3 point Merit)

Your sense of balance is acute thanks to constant training or inherited traits. It's very unlikely that you'll ever fall during your life. You may trip, but you always catch yourself before you fully lose your footing or handhold.

This Merit aids such actions as tightrope walking, crossing ice and climbing mountains; all such feats are at -3 difficulty.

Jack-Of-All-Trades: (5 point Merit)

You can draw upon a large pool of skills and knowledge, obtained through your extensive travels, the jobs you've held or just all-around know-how. You automatically have one dot in all Skill and Knowledge Dice Pools. This is an illusory level, used only to simulate a wide range of abilities. If you train or spend experience in the Skill or Knowledge, you must pay the point cost for the first level a "second time" before raising the Skill or Knowledge to 2 dots. Lupus characters cannot take this Merit.

Inept: (5 point Flaw)

You are not attuned to your natural aptitudes and, therefore, have 5 fewer points to spend on your Talents (so the most you could take on your talents would be 8, and the least would be 0). Of course, you can still spend freebie points to take Talents. However, you cannot, at the start of the game, have any Talent at level 3 or higher.

Uneducated: (5 point Flaw)

Because you have never been to school, you have 5 fewer points to spend on your Knowledge abilities (so the

most you could take would be 8, and the least would be 0). Of course, you can still spend freebie points to take Knowledges. However, you cannot, at the start of the game, have any Knowledge at level 3 or higher. Lupus cannot take this Flaw, and the Storyteller should allow it only in games that have the characters interact often with human society.

Unskilled: (5 point Flaw)

You have never trained extensively in any skill or craft and, therefore, have 5 fewer points to spend on your Skills (so the most you could take on your Skills would be 8, and the least would be 0). Of course, you can still spend freebie points to take Skills. However, you cannot, at the start of the game, have any Skills at level 3 or higher.

Supernatural

These Merits and Flaws are all some sort of supernatural benefit or detriment. Because of the potential for imbalance in these particular Traits, the Storyteller might not allow you to choose from this category — ask before you pick any. Furthermore, you should not select such Traits unless they firmly fit your character concept, and you can explain why your character possesses them. In general, we do not recommend that anyone have more than one or two supernatural Merits or Flaws — they should be under the Storyteller's strict control.

Ancestor Ally: (1 point Merit)

You are strongly linked to one particular Past Life; the difficulty to channel him is 2 less. Create the ancestor; give him a name, abilities for which he was known (and which you can easily channel) and decide how renowned he was among other Garou. You must have the Background: Past Life to purchase this Merit.

True Love: (1 point Merit)

You have discovered, and possibly lost (at least temporarily) a true love — not just a romance, but a source of joy in an increasingly darkening world. The Wyrms may be winning, but you know there is something to keep fighting for. Whenever you are suffering, in danger or dejected, the thought of your true love is enough to give you the strength to persevere. In game terms, this love allows you to succeed automatically on any Willpower roll, but only when you are actively striving to protect or come closer to your true love. Also, the power of your love may be enough to protect you from other supernatural forces (Storyteller's discretion). However, your true love may also be a hindrance and require aid (or even rescue) from time to time. Be forewarned: This Merit is a most exacting one to play over the course of a chronicle. Be prepared to roleplay it well.

Moon-Bound: (2 point Merit)

You are especially tied to your auspice, and when Luna is in the waxing phase of your auspice, you receive an extra die on all rolls. However, when your moon phase is waning, you lose one die on all rolls.

Danger Sense: (3 point Merit)

You have a sixth sense that warns you of danger. When you are in danger, the Storyteller should make a secret roll against your Perception + Alertness; the difficulty corresponds to the remoteness of the danger. If the roll succeeds, the Storyteller tells you that you have a sense of foreboding. Multiple successes may refine the feeling and give an indication of direction, distance or nature.

Luck: (3 point Merit)

Maybe you were born lucky; maybe Gaia has sent someone to look after you. Either way, you can repeat three failed rolls per story. Only one repeat attempt may be made on any single roll, and the second roll always stands.

Natural Channel: (3 point Merit)

You find the Gauntlet between worlds thinner than most Garou do. Your difficulty to step sideways is one less, and spirits react a bit more favorably to you. Even if you aren't a Theurge, you won't find it difficult to obtain training from the Garou shamans.

Supernatural Companion: (3 point Merit)

You have a friend and ally who happens to be a vampire, mage, wraith or changeling. Although you may call upon her in time of need, she also has the right to call upon you (after all, you are friends). However, neither your fellows nor hers are likely to appreciate such a relationship, and they'll punish both of you if you are found out (especially if you're slumming with a Leech). Meeting places and methods of communication are always risky. The Storyteller creates your companion, but doesn't reveal to you her full powers and potencies.

Charmed Existence: (5 point Merit)

Your life is somehow protected, and you do not face the perils that others must. It could be that you are simply lucky. *Because of this Merit, you may ignore a single one on every roll you make, as though you had an extra success.* This Merit makes it far more unlikely that you will ever botch and grants you more successes than others might obtain.

Guardian Angel: (6 point Merit)

Some supernatural force watches over you and protects you from harm. You have no idea who or what it is, but you suspect that someone is there looking out for you. In times



of great need, you may be supernaturally protected from harm by peculiar coincidences. However, you can't count on your protector's intervention. The Storyteller must decide why you are being watched over and by what (not necessarily an angel, despite the name).

Immune to Wyrms Emanations: ***(6 point Merit)***

You have a special boon from Gaia: You are immune to the toxins of the Wyrms. You receive no penalty from supernatural radiation, balefire, Wyrms elementals and the like (although you still suffer *damage* from such attacks). Likewise, you are immune to Bane possession. Your sept recognizes this invulnerability and thrusts you into many dangerous perils with the expectation that you will use your immunity for the good of others.

Silver Tolerance: (7 point Merit)

You have an immunity of sorts to silver. You are able to soak silver, although it still causes you aggravated damage. Also, any Gnosis loss from carrying silver items is halved for Garou with this Merit. Instead of losing one Gnosis for every silver item you possess, you lose one Gnosis for every pair of silver items you carry (always round up to the nearest number).

True Faith: (7 point Merit)

You have a deep-seated faith in (and love for) Gaia, God or whatever it is you consider the Almighty. You begin the game with one point of Faith (a Trait that ranges from 1-10). This Faith provides you with an inner strength and comfort that continues to support you when all else betrays you.

Your Faith adds to Willpower rolls as an extra die to that Dice Pool for each point in Faith. The exact supernatural effects of Faith, if any, are completely up to the Storyteller, although it typically repels vampires. (The werewolf must make a Faith roll against a difficulty of the vampire's Willpower to repel him. For more rules, see **Vampire Players Guide**, p. 30, or **The Hunters Hunted**, pp. 64-66.) The effects of Faith certainly vary from Garou to Garou, and some are almost never obvious—some of the most saintly people never perform miracles greater than managing to ease an injured soul's suffering. The nature of any miracles you might perform is usually tied to your own auspice or Nature, and you may never realize that you receive aid from a force beyond yourself.

True Faith is a rare attribute in this day and age. No one may start the game with more than one Faith point. Additional points are only awarded at the Storyteller's discretion, based on appropriate behavior and deeds.

Banned Transformation: ***(1-6 point Flaw)***

Some event prevents you from changing, except back to your breed form. Choose one from below or create your own. You must spend a Willpower point and make a Will-

power roll to change forms successfully when the restricting circumstance occurs.

- Soothing music (1 point)
- When wolfsbane is near (2 points)
- Without spending a Rage point (3 points)
- When silver is near (4 points)
- During the day (5 points)
- When the moon cannot be seen (6 points)

Cursed: (1-5 point Flaw)

You have been cursed by someone or something with supernatural or magical powers. This curse is specific and detailed; it cannot be dispelled without extreme effort, and it can be life threatening. Some examples:

- Your fur falls out in clumps from time to time, lowering your Appearance to 1 for days at a stretch (1 point)
- You always wind up losing something very important to you — your keys, a minor fetish or that strategic memo from the Pentex board of directors (2 points)
- Tools often break or malfunction and electrical devices short out when you attempt to use them (3 points)
- You are doomed to make bitter enemies of individuals to whom you become most attached — so whatever you do, don't get too close to the other characters! (4 points)
- Any fetishes you use have a fifty-fifty chance of not working even if you manage to successfully activate them (5 points)

Foe From the Past: (1-3 point Flaw)

An enemy of one of your ancestors still seeks revenge — through you. If the enemy is supernatural, such as a vampire, mage, wraith, changeling or spirit, this Flaw is worth three points; if you are being stalked by a fanatical werewolf hunter or other nonsupernatural human, it is worth one or two points, depending on how powerful your foe is. (Such a mortal probably isn't the same person that pursued your ancestor, but rather a descendant or heir of one of your ancestor's enemies.) She doesn't necessarily pursue you all the time. She is out for revenge against your ancestor, and you are simply the best path to that vengeance. You must have the Background: Past Life to purchase this Flaw.

Forced Transformation: ***(1-4 point Flaw)***

Some event or condition forces you to shapeshift uncontrollably. You must spend a Willpower point each turn to resist the change. Once changed, you cannot shift back until the condition forcing the change has passed. Choose one event from below or create your own.

- Every full moon you must assume Crinos form (2 points)
- When your auspice waxes you assume Crinos form (2 points)



- You change under influence of alcohol: to Glabro (1 point), to Crinos (2 points)
- When you are sexually aroused: to Glabro (1 point), to Crinos (2 points); if you are a lupus: to Homid (2 points)
- When you get angry (just short of a Rage roll): to Glabro (1 point), to Crinos (2 points)
- When you frenzy, you take a form other than Crinos: to Glabro or Hispo (2 points), to Lupus (3 points), to Homid (4 points)
- When entering the Umbra: to Glabro, Crinos, Hispo (1 point), to Homid or Lupus (2 points)
- At the sight of wolfsbane: to Homid (1 point)
- At the sight of a vampire: to Crinos (1 point), to Homid (3 points)
- When you sense Wyrms-taint: to Crinos (1 point), to Homid (2 points)

Insane Past Life: (1 point Flaw)

One of your ancestors was mad. This Past Life takes over during certain situations and is quite a hindrance. Choose the situation; it can be anything from "whenever Black Spiral Dancers appear" to "whenever the Litany law is read at a moot." Create the ancestor; give him a name and some abilities and define the nature of his madness. Play it to the hilt. If the Storyteller deems you aren't playing the

ancestor well, he can declare that you've spent a Willpower point to suppress your Past Life. You must have the Background: Past Life to purchase this Flaw.

Slip Sideways: (1 point Flaw)

You can't always control your passage to the Umbra. If, during a stressful situation, you should confront a highly reflective surface, roll Wits + Occult, difficulty 7, to avoid making the shift. You must still make a Gnosis roll to pass the Gauntlet in this instance, though your difficulty is 1 less — but *only* when you accidentally step sideways. If you *want* to go through, you're at normal difficulty.

Mark of the Predator: (2 point Flaw)

Herbivores fear you, and carnivores see you as a threat. You cannot possess the Skill: Animal Ken.

Sign of the Wolf: (2 point Flaw)

You find it difficult to hide your werewolf heritage. In fact, your Homid form has all the folkloric signs of werewolves. Your eyebrows have grown together, there is hair on your palms, your second and third digits are the same length — you exhibit all manner of embarrassing conditions, in other words. In extreme cases, a pentagram may appear on your palm just before and during your auspice's phase of the moon. Obviously, it's difficult for you to hide from werewolf hunters.

Pierced Veil: (3 point Flaw)

Your Crinos form doesn't trigger the Delirium in mortals. This Flaw can be a dangerous one, as werewolf hunters find it easier to trace you and perhaps find your caern.

Dark Fate: (5 point Flaw)

You are doomed to experience a most horrible demise or, worse, suffer eternal agony. Ultimately, even your efforts, your struggles and your dreams may come to naught. Even more ghastly, you have partial knowledge of this end, for you occasionally have visions of it — and they are most disturbing. The malaise these visions bring on can only be overcome through the use of Willpower; even so, it returns after each vision. In terms of the story, someday you will indeed face your fate, but when and how are completely up to the Storyteller. Although you can't do anything about your fate, you can still attempt to reach some goal before it occurs, or at least try to make sure that your friends aren't dragged down with you.

Taint of Corruption (7 point Flaw)

You are touched by the Wyrms and corrupt in the eyes of other Garou. You appear as a Wyrms creature to others using the Gift: Sense Wyrms. You suffer bad dreams, as manifestations of the Wyrms come to you in your sleep to lure you to their side. Your only hope may be your pack, if it will stand beside you. Ridding yourself of this corruption should be a major undertaking; such a quest would certainly inspire many stories.

Garou Ties

These Merits and Flaws deal with a character's place, position and status within Garou society.

Favor: (1-3 point Merit)

An elder owes you a favor because of something either you or your pack once did for him. The extent of the favor depends on this Merit's value: 1 point would indicate a relatively minor favor, while 3 points would indicate the elder owes you his life. This favor can be called in only once.

Reputation: (2 point Merit)

You have a good reputation among the Garou of your sept. The reputation may be your own, or it may derive from your pack. Add +3 to all Dice Pools for social dealings with your sept's Garou. This Merit is not the same thing as Renown; a Garou can have little Renown, yet be well known and liked. A character with this Merit may not take the Flaw: Notoriety.

Enemy: (1-5 point Flaw)

You have an enemy, or perhaps a group of enemies, who seek to do you harm. The value of the Flaw determines how

powerful these enemies are. The most powerful enemies (Methuselah vampires or archmages) would be 5 points, while someone near your own power would be only 1 point. You must decide who your enemy is and how you became enemies in the first place.

Twisted Upbringing: (1 point Flaw)

The pack that nabbed you and took you away for your Rite of Passage taught you all the wrong things about Garou society. Everything you believe about how Garou interact is wrong, and your faulty beliefs are likely to get you into a great deal of trouble. Over time, after many hard lessons, you can overcome this bad start (the Storyteller will tell you when). But until then, you continue to believe what you first heard, no matter how others try to trick you into thinking otherwise.

Notoriety: (3 point Flaw)

You have a bad reputation among the Garou of your sept. The reputation may be your own, or it may derive from your pack. There is a two-dice penalty to all dice rolls for social dealings with your sept's Garou. This is not the same thing as Renown; a Garou can have much Renown yet still be disliked. A character with this Flaw may not take the Merit: Reputation.

Human Society

These Merits and Flaws deal with the influence, power and status of a character within human society. Some of them correspond very closely to certain Background Traits (such as Resources, Contracts and Influence), while others simply elaborate and expand upon them. The Backgrounds give you more creative freedom, while the Merits provide you with exact details of what you possess.

Local Ties (1-3 point Merit)

You have both influence over and contacts in local circles of some sort, whether a government system or a loose collection of like businesses. Your influence is far from total, and it may be threatened by changes in personnel or regulations. The more you use your ties, the weaker they grow unless you do something to bolster them. This Merit cannot purchase ties on a national or even statewide scale.

- Park department (1 point): Your ties are with local park rangers (if your sept and caern are near woodlands or other wild areas). You can cause certain people to be ejected from the area and you can prevent others from entering.

- Judicial (2 points): You know most of the local judges as well as the attorneys in the D.A.'s department, and you can affect the progress of various cases and trials with limited difficulty. Although it is difficult to intervene in a case, you can influence it in one direction or another. These ties can also make it easy to acquire search warrants.

- **Media (2 points):** You can suppress or create news stories (though not always with 100 percent efficiency; journalists are a unruly bunch). You also have access to the files and gossip of newspaper and TV station staffs.

- **Church (3 points):** You have influence and contacts in some local churches, and you have the means to organize protest rallies, help the needy and raise money.

- **Corporate (3 points):** You understand the dynamics of money in the city and have links with all the major players. In times of need, you can cause all sorts of financial mayhem, and you can raise considerable amounts of money (in the form of loans) in a very short period of time. You can also discover which companies Pentex owns or which ones the conglomerate plans to buy.

- **Police (3 points):** You can, with a single phone call, arrange for an APB to be issued. However, the more often you use your ties with the police department the weaker they become — and the more attention you attract toward yourself. Your influence is not solid (that can be achieved only through gameplay) and can let you down at times.

- **Political (3 points):** You're a factor in the local bureaucracy. In times of need, you can shut off the power and water to a building or neighborhood, and you can unleash many different means of harassment against your enemies.

- **Underworld (3 points):** You have both influence over and contacts in the local organized crime scene — possibly with the Mafia, Yakuza, street gangs or whatever. This Merit provides you with limited access to large numbers of "soldiers," as well as extensive links to the underworld of crime.

Corporate CEO: (5 point Merit)

Whether you literally are a corporation's chief executive officer or not, you have a particular influence and sway over a major corporation and its associated companies. Indeed, you may have owned this company before your Change, and retained your control even afterwards. Through this corporation, you know much of what is going on in the corporate community and have the means to wage economic warfare. This Merit provides you with some informal contacts and resources, the exact extent of which the Storyteller determines.

With the Storyteller's approval, you can head a Pentex-owned company and have greater access to monkeywrenching that megacorporation. But beware: Pentex does give close scrutiny to its acquisitions.

Persistent Parents: (2 point Flaw)

Your parents refuse to let your memory lie, and they actively run a missing teens program to search for you. They also use hired detectives to hunt for you. How close they are to your trail is the Storyteller's decision. You cannot simply tell them what has become of you for some reason: Maybe your father is a loyal Pentex employee, or perhaps your parents are fundamentalists who just wouldn't understand your new life.





Hunted: (3 point Flaw)

You are pursued by a fanatical werewolf hunter who believes you are a dangerous, slaving beast inimical to humanity (whether you are or not). All your companions may be hunted by the same individual as well. Although this hunter seeks the destruction of all Garou, there is something about you that impassions this killer. The hunter is, for some reason, immune to the Delirium.

Ward: (3 point Flaw)

You devote yourself to the protection of a human. You may describe your ward, though the Storyteller will actually create her. This character may be a friend or relative from your pre-Change days or just a good friend. Wards have a talent for getting caught up in the action of stories, and they're frequent targets of characters' enemies. If the ward is Kinfolk, then she must be one the character has a particularly special relationship with (lover, childhood friend, etc.).

Physical

These Merits and Flaws deal with your health and physical makeup.

Double-jointed: (1 point Merit)

You are unusually supple. The difficulty of any Dexterity roll involving body flexibility is reduced by 2. Squeezing through a tiny space is one example of a use for this Merit.

Mixed-morph: (1 point Merit)

It is easy for you to transform certain body parts only, such as a hand to a claw while you remain in Homid form or changing your Lupus vocal cords into a human voicebox.

Your difficulty for such changes is only a 6.

Bad Taste: (2 point Merit)

You're just plain nasty. Your flesh exudes oils tasting so bad that anyone whose mouth parts touch you (Garou, fomori, Wyrn monsters) becomes nauseated. The would-be biter must make a successful Willpower roll each turn for the remainder of the scene or be unable to act while he is retching. Lupus and wolves may react poorly to you; they obviously won't lick you. These oils aren't odorous in any way, but you must constantly wipe oily sweat from yourself.

Fair Glabro: (2 point Merit)

Your Glabro form can pass for Homid, albeit a large and bulky one. You lose no Social Attributes when in Glabro.

Lack of Scent: (2 point Merit)

You produce no scent, or your scent is extremely faint. You are hard to track by Garou or other hunters who use scent. Any attempts to track you are at +2 difficulty.

Longevity: (2 point Merit)

Gaia has blessed you with long life. You do not suffer aging effects until you are 90 years old or more (rather than 70 and up). You can expect to reach 120 to 130 years of age, barring death in combat.

Huge Size: (4 point Merit)

You are abnormally large in size, possibly over seven feet tall and 400 pounds in weight in Homid form. You therefore have one additional Health Level, and you can thus suffer more harm before you are incapacitated. Treat this Merit as an extra Bruised Health Level, with no penalties to rolls.

Metamorph: (6 point Merit)

You find it extremely easy to change forms and can do it even in your sleep. You do not need to roll to shift forms (you are considered to have an automatic five successes); nor do you need to spend a Rage point to instantly assume a desired form. In addition, if you are ever knocked unconscious (due to wounds, etc.), you can make a roll of Wits + Primal-Urge, difficulty 8, to assume whatever form you wish instead of reverting to your breed form.

Animal Musk: (1 point Flaw)

You smell like an animal even in Homid form. You suffer +2 difficulty on Social rolls in a situation where your smell is obvious (indoors, at a party; but not at a dump, etc.). This scent does not bother wolves, only humans.

No Partial Transformation: (1 point Flaw)

You cannot take any mixed forms at all (such as Crinos paws while in Hispo) — only the full forms.

Short: (1 point Flaw)

You are well below average height, and you have trouble seeing over high objects and moving quickly. Your Crinos form doesn't gain as much mass and size as it normally would; you are just under average human height in this form. You suffer a two-dice penalty to all pursuit rolls, and you and the Storyteller should make sure your height is taken into account in all situations. In some circumstances, this Flaw can give you a concealment bonus.

Strict Carnivore: (1 point Flaw)

You derive no nourishment from vegetables, and you must rely solely on meat — preferably raw. It is hard for you to subsist in a desolate landscape where prey is scarce.

Disfigured: (2 point Flaw)

A hideous disfigurement makes you ugly and easy to notice — as well as remember. You therefore have a zero

Appearance. The disfigurement is either a deformity from birth or a massive battle scar that has ruined your face. Metis characters may take this Flaw as their metis disfigurement.

Deformity: (3 point Flaw)

You have some kind of deformity — a misshapen limb, a hunchback or some other — that affects your interactions with others and may inconvenience you physically. Your difficulty is +2 on all dice rolls related to physical appearance. This Flaw also raises the difficulty of some Dexterity rolls by two, depending on the type of deformity you possess. Metis characters may take this Flaw as their metis disfigurement.

Lame: (3 point Flaw)

Your legs are injured or otherwise prevented from working effectively. You suffer a two-dice penalty to all dice rolls related to movement, no matter your form. Lameness may result from a birth defect, pre-Change injury or battle scar. A character may not take this Flaw along with the Merit: Double-jointed. Metis characters may take this Flaw as their inborn deformity.

Monstrous: (3 point Flaw)

There is something wholly monstrous about you, something that makes you hideous in the eyes of fellow Garou. Your Homid form scarcely looks human and your Crinos and Lupus forms look horrendous; in what manner you differ from the norm is up to you. Perhaps you have taken on the features of a reptilian animal and resemble a creature of the Wyrms to certain literal-minded Garou. Your Appearance is 0. Metis characters may take this Flaw as their metis disfigurement.

One Arm: (3 point Flaw)

Whether from a birth defect, pre-Change injury or battle scar, you have only one arm. It's assumed that you are accustomed to using your remaining hand, so you suffer no secondary-hand penalty. However, you do suffer a two-dice penalty to any Dice Pool when two hands would normally be needed to perform a task. Metis characters may take this Flaw as their metis deformity.

Mute: (4 point Flaw)

Your vocal apparatus does not function, and you cannot speak at all. You can communicate only through other means — typically writing or signing. Metis characters may take this Flaw as their metis disfigurement.

Wolf Years: (5 point Flaw)

Your life span is that of a wolf, rather than that of a normal Garou. In other words, you've got 12 to 20 years at most. You begin to take aging effects at eight years if you are lupus or within five years of the Change for a homid character. Naturally, homids with this Flaw begin aging quickly only after the Change.

Personality Archetypes

As human beings, we're no strangers to roleplaying. We layer differing shades of personalities around ourselves, presenting some false faces when they're more "acceptable" and offering our true faces when we feel right doing so. We take on roles when necessary, roles that guide and shape our behavior. The optional system of personality Archetypes is a way of encouraging these layers of identity in characters and of rewarding players for adding extra detail.

A character typically has two Archetypes: his Nature and his Demeanor. His Nature is the character's true self, his core personality; his Demeanor guides the way he behaves around others.

These Archetypes are presented here for players who wish to enrich their roleplaying (or at least get a better handle on regaining Willpower). Certain Archetypes tend to overlap some of the roles that are already set in Garou society, such as Philodox or Galliard. To a certain degree, all Philodox are Judges, just as Ragabash are Deviants and Jesters, but such roles are more duty to auspice than true personality traits. Just as with humans, a Garou can let his perceived role in life define his personality — or not.

These rules provide a deeper level of psychology and some variety in roleplaying for troupes who wish to use them. If the Storyteller allows, players can recover Willpower by achieving goals appropriate to their Natures, as well as through ones pertinent to their auspices.

The key to using Archetypes is the interaction between the character's Nature and Demeanor. The Nature is the true personality of the character, that which she is but might not reveal to others. Most people don't want others to know them intimately, and they therefore create façades behind which they can hide. A character's Demeanor, the personality she "shows" to others, may be as consistent as her Attributes, or it may change from minute to minute. An extraordinarily open, honest or simple-minded individual often has the same Demeanor and Nature.

Archetypes have a practical impact on the game, for each Archetype provides a different way to regain Willpower points. The Nature of the character is thus vital in regaining Willpower. If a character succeeds at something she finds important to her Nature, her player can ask the Storyteller if she can regain Willpower, and the Storyteller either accepts or rejects the request. If the Storyteller deems the effort valid, he awards anything from one to three Willpower points, depending on the character's actions. The Storyteller shouldn't reward a character if he thinks the player took certain actions simply to regain Willpower and not for a valid roleplaying reason.

The Storyteller should encourage his players to develop their own Archetypes, ones that describe their characters' Natures or Demeanors, thus giving players an opportunity to create truly unique personalities.

• Alpha

You believe that you were born to lead and that your instinct proves you correct. It's your driving goal to become the leader of the pack, sept, tribe — whatever. You are an "alpha," the lead wolf — even when others don't necessarily recognize you as such. Thus, you feel the need to prove your dominance to others constantly in order to reinforce your leadership to them and to yourself. This approach has brought you many challenges and is to bring many more in the future.

Any Garou can take this Archetype, and the Storyteller should judge when to award Willpower. Everyone expects to follow an Ahroun or Philodox; Garou of these auspices don't regain Willpower for this Archetype unless they've truly earned it.

— Regain Willpower whenever you successfully prove your right to lead others, either through challenge or by convincing them, through roleplaying, to follow you.

• Bravo

You are known as a bully, a tough guy and a thug. Things must always go your way, and you do not tolerate anyone who crosses you. Power and might are all you respect; indeed, you heed only individuals who can prove their power to you.

You see nothing wrong with forcing your will upon others. There is nothing you like better than to persecute, antagonize, heckle and intimidate anyone for whom you have contempt — and you respect few people indeed. The emotions of kindness and pity are not completely foreign to you, but you hide from your own sense of weakness through cruelty to others. You might protect the weak, but you do not tolerate such weakness in yourself.

— Regain Willpower whenever you intimidate or physically force another person into doing what you want.

• Builder

Your sense of purpose goes beyond your own needs; you try to create something of lasting value for all who come after you. People need many things, and you gain satisfaction by providing whatever you can. You are the type of person who makes an effort to build something of value: to found a sept, create a caern, raise strong and wise cubs or in some other way leave a lasting legacy.

— Regain Willpower whenever you create or establish something of importance or lasting value.

• Bureaucrat

Laws were created for a reason, and you have to be sure to follow them. Rules weren't made to be broken. The Litany exists to protect the Garou, the laws of the wild influence every lupus and mankind's laws aren't as easy to forget as some Garou would hope. You must follow the rules to a "T." If nobody follows the laws, civilization breaks down into chaos. You know the rules, and you know that by following them, they lead to victory.

— Regain Willpower whenever you resolve a situation "by the book" and can get others to follow the correct procedures.



- **Caregiver**

You have a soft place in your heart and feel the need to care for the unfortunate. People around you depend on your stability and strength to keep them steady and centered. You are the one to whom people turn when they have a problem. As a wolf, you nurture and care for smaller wolves and the weak. This is an Archetype found among many Children of Gaia.

— Regain Willpower whenever you successfully protect or nurture someone else. This comfort can be as small as a smile of support or bringing food to an elderly wolf. You must help the other person in some way, though he need not acknowledge (or even be aware of) your assistance.

- **Competitor**

It's all or nothing for you. The thrill of victory is the only thrill that you recognize; it is the thing that drives you forward. You see life as a contest and society as a dichotomy of winners and losers. You try to turn every situation into a contest of some kind — it is the only way you can relate to anything. You are capable of cooperating with others, but only by turning the group interactions into another contest: You must be the leader, or the most productive, or the most indispensable, or the best liked — anything, as long as it means you win, in some way or another. This Archetype is found among many Shadow Lords.

— Regain Willpower whenever you win a contest of any sort, formal or informal. For truly impressive victories, the Storyteller may award more points.

- **Confidant**

You understand others, and, more importantly, you like them. You are a facilitator who listens and advises. People confess to you and in return you give them advice, most of it good (though sometimes your advice is more to your own benefit than to that of its recipient). You are very interested in other people, in who and what they are. Personality fascinates you, as does the brutality and the beauty of Garou nature.

— Regain Willpower whenever someone confides in you on a personal and intimate level.

- **Conniver**

Why work hard and break your back when you can get someone to do your work for you? You always try to find the easy way out, the fast track to success and wealth. Some people might call what you do swindling or even outright theft, but you know that you just do what everyone else does — except that you do it better. Additionally, it's a game, and you get great pleasure from outwitting someone. Connivers play many roles, so you may be a thief, a swindler, a street waif, a con man or just a finagler. This Nature is one found among many Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers.

— Regain Willpower whenever you trick another person into doing what you want.

- **Cub**

You are still immature in personality and temperament: a kid who never grew up. Although you believe you can care for yourself, you prefer the security of being watched over by others. You often seek out someone who can look after you — a caretaker of sorts. Some see you as a spoiled brat, while others see you as an innocent pup unaffected by the evils of the world.

— Regain Willpower whenever someone does something to help you with no apparent gain for herself.

- **Curmudgeon**

You're an irascible, churlish old wolf at heart, with a severely grim outlook and a black sense of humor (if any). Whether your cynicism is fed by the oncoming Apocalypse, or whether you put up a stern front to hide your true sorrow, you're well known for naysaying just about anything. Of course, to you it may not be "cynicism," but rather "a perfect understanding of how the world *really* works."

— Regain Willpower whenever someone does something stupid, just as you predicted. You must predict it either out loud to the other characters or in private to the Storyteller.

- **Deviant**

There are always people who don't fit in, and you are such a miscreant. The status quo doesn't suit you, and your beliefs, ethics and motivations fly in the face of conventional thinking. You don't give a damn about other people's morality, but you do adhere to your own strange code of conduct. Deviants are typically irreverent, and some have truly bizarre tastes and desires.

— Regain Willpower whenever you are able to thumb your nose at society and its precepts without retaliation (a hard task in tradition-bound Garou society).

- **Director**

You despise chaos and disorder, and you tend to take control and organize things as a means of suppressing anarchy. You like to be in charge, live to organize and habitually strive to make things work smoothly. You trust your own judgment implicitly and tend to think of things in black-and-white terms: "This won't work"; "You're either for me or against me"; "There are two ways to do this — my way and the wrong way." This Archetype is not the same as Alpha, for a Director can be perfectly happy working under an Alpha — as long as things go the Director's way.

— Regain Willpower when you are able to lead a group and accomplish some significant task.

- **Explorer**

There is much you haven't done or seen in your life. There's an entire world out there to explore. New people to meet, new places to visit, new things to see... you want to take it all in. Just think! Once you've finished exploring this world, there's always the Umbra! You *know* that the Umbra is full of new and exciting things. Discovery fuels your fire,

and you spend as much time as possible exploring and travelling to new places.

— Regain Willpower whenever you make a significant discovery such as finding a lost fetish, a new area of the Umbra or even something new about yourself or others.

- **Fanatic**

You are consumed by *the* cause, the primary force in your life. You direct every ounce of blood and passion you possess toward it; in fact, you may feel very guilty about spending time on anything else. You let *nothing* stand in your way. You and others around you may suffer, but your cause is everything — the end justifies the means. Before the game begins, make sure you describe your cause and define how it may affect your behavior. Fighting the Wyrms is every Garou's cause, so it is not recommended as a cause here.

— Regain Willpower whenever you accomplish an act that furthers your cause.

- **Follower**

All great leaders need followers, and you stand ready for your orders. Taking charge is just not your style. You find it very distasteful to go against the flow or to rebel. You work incredibly well with others when you are all trying to reach a common goal. You never aspire to be the alpha of the pack; all you want to do is follow and support your leader. You hate inconsistency and instability, and you know that supporting a strong leader prevents chaos from occurring.

— Regain Willpower whenever your pack accomplishes something because of your support and aid.

- **Gallant**

You are as flamboyant as you are amoral; some see you as a rogue, a Don Juan, a rake or an idol to many — but you see yourself as all of the above. You are a consummate actor who loves to make as big a show of things as possible; nothing attracts your attention more than an appreciative audience. You love people, and you love to impress them even more. Gallants vary widely in temperament and ambition, as little unites them beyond their love of attention. This Nature is found among many Fianna.

— Regain Willpower whenever you manage to dazzle or impress another person. The Storyteller is always the judge, even when characters are involved.

- **Hedonist**

The Apocalypse is coming — so have as good a time as possible. A human would call you a bon vivant, sensualist, epicure or voluptuary — but your fellow Garou call you an idler, loafer, layabout and irresponsible pleasure seeker. You are quite the party animal, though: The words austerity, self-denial and self-discipline have no place in your life. You much prefer the concept of instant gratification. Still, you don't mind a little hard work, as long as a good time awaits you upon its completion.

— Regain Willpower whenever you have a truly good time and can fully express your exaltation (or perhaps even more points if you enjoy an especially boisterous night).

• Jester

You are the fool, idiot, quipster, clown or comic, forever making fun of both yourself and others. You constantly seek the humor in any situation, as you strive always to battle the tides of depression inside yourself. You hate sorrow and pain, and you constantly try to take others' minds off the dark side of life. Sometimes you'll do nearly anything to forget that pain exists. Your particular brand of humor might not always impress your friends, but it makes you feel better. Some Jesters manage to escape pain and are truly happy, but most never find release.

— Regain Willpower when you lift the spirits of persons around you through the device of humor, especially when you are able to escape your own pain in the process.

• Judge

You seek to make things better by acting as a mediator, arbitrator and peacemaker. You pride yourself on your rationality, your judgment and your ability to deduce a reasonable explanation when you process the facts. You struggle to promote truth, but you understand how difficult it is to ascertain. You respect justice, for it is the means by which truth can reign.

In your view, people are resources, though ones that are most difficult to manage and employ. You hate dissension and arguments, and you shy away from dogmatism. Sometimes Judges make good leaders, though a lack of vision can sometimes cause them to maintain the status quo instead of searching for a better way. Philodox naturally gravitate toward this Archetype.

— Regain Willpower when you are successfully able to separate the truth from a web of lies (without using a Gift) or when you can convince disputing individuals to agree with your judgments.

• Lone Wolf

You are the type of Garou who is always alone, even in the midst of a crowd. You are the wanderer, the hunter, the loner. Although others might think of you as lonely, forsaken, isolated or remote, in truth you prefer your own company to that of others. There are many potential reasons you are this way: You don't understand others, you understand others too well, others dislike you, others like you too much, or you are simply lost in your own thoughts. Your reasons are your own. Despite the name, most Ronin are not Lone Wolves by Nature, and therein lies the pain of being outcast.

— When you manage, without the aid of others, to accomplish some significant task on your own that aids the group (pack, sept, tribe) in some way, you regain Willpower based on the significance of the achievement.

• Martyr

Many Garou possess the martyr instinct, but few act upon it. Even fewer live the life of a martyr, but you are such an individual. You work twice as hard as anyone else and expect no reward beyond some recognition for your efforts.



You are able to endure long-lasting and severe suffering because of your beliefs and ideals.

At worst, a Martyr expects sympathy and attention because of her suffering, and she may even feign or exaggerate pain or deprivation. At best, a Martyr chooses to suffer injury or even death rather than renounce her beliefs, principles, causes or friends.

— Regain Willpower when you sacrifice yourself in a real and immediate way for your beliefs or for another individual.

• Predator

The urge of the wild is strong within you. Kill or be killed, survival of the fittest — these age-old instincts are imprinted in the deepest recesses of your brain. Let the others talk of merciful Gaia all they wish — you know Mother Nature takes no prisoners. The surest way to render yourself safe from harm is to place yourself firmly at the top of the food chain — whether this “food chain” is metaphorical or all too carnal depends on you.

— Regain Willpower whenever you single-handedly stalk, attack and defeat another creature in order to ensure your own survival (said creature may be prey or an actual threat). The defeat of particularly deadly foes may warrant additional Willpower points.

• Rebel

You do what you want, when you want, where you want. You are a defiant free-thinker. You are so independent-minded and free-willed that you are not willing to join any particular cause or movement. You are simply yourself and desire only the freedom to be yourself. You're not a good follower and you aren't usually a very good leader either (unless your followers are willing to go wherever you lead). You tend to be insubordinate toward authority to the point of stupidity.

— Regain Willpower whenever your rebellion against authority or the status quo turns out to be for the best.

• Reluctant Garou

Being a werewolf is cool, you guess, and you can understand the need for “change,” but why does it have to be you? You were enjoying being human (or wolf), and now you can never go back. You want to have a normal life, to go shopping without guilt, to go to school, watch MTV, fall in love, have a family or a career like a normal person. Or, if you were a wolf, you would much prefer to roam the wilderness with your pack. Your eyes have been opened to things you never wanted to see, and you miss being half-blind. Granted, there are certain compensations in being a Garou; still, given the chance, you'd rather be the human (or wolf) that you never really were.

— Gain one permanent point of Willpower when you realize and accept your true place in the world and establish peace between your warring sides. This rapprochement should occur after some long soul-searching and excellent roleplaying. Afterward, choose another Nature, perhaps one related to the catalyst of your change: Did you realize your true self when you took control of your pack (Alpha) or while helping people (Caregiver)?

• Show-Off

You get your self-worth entirely from others. You crave approval and praise, and you go to extreme lengths to get it — even risking yourself and things you love if necessary. You do not think of protection, and you have no compunctions about using others' good opinions to your own advantage — you simply crave approval for its own sake, so that you can feel good about yourself.

— Regain Willpower whenever your antics bring you praise, admiration or appreciation. However, the more points you get, the harder and harder they will be to gain thereafter; your feats must grow increasingly spectacular — and dangerous.

• Survivor

Living is what you are best at and enjoy most. No matter what, you always manage to survive. You can endure, pull through, recover from, outlast and outlive nearly any circumstance. Sure, you've been at death's door so many times you've lost count. You have more scars, patches of fur missing and badly reset bones than any other Garou you know. When the going gets tough, you get going. Nothing angers you as much as a person who doesn't struggle to make things better — except a person who surrenders to the nameless forces of the universe.

— Regain Willpower whenever you survive a difficult situation by barely winning or by escaping from overwhelming adversity. (Considering that this sort of thing happens in almost every *Werewolf* story, Storytellers should be cautious when rewarding this Archetype.)

• Traditionalist

You are an orthodox, conservative and extremely traditional individual. You know that history repeats itself, so you look to the past for solutions to today's problems. What was good enough for you when you were young is good enough for you now. You almost never change. In general, you are opposed to change for the sake of change — things could get worse, not better.

— Regain Willpower whenever an old-fashioned solution proves effective.

• Visionary

Very few are brave or strong or imaginative enough to look beyond the suffocating embrace of the mundane for something more. Society treats such people with both respect and contempt — for it is the Visionary who both “perverts” society as well as guides it into the future.

You are always looking for something more. You see beyond the bounds of conventional imagination and create new possibilities. Although you might have your head in the clouds and are often of an impractical bent, you are filled with new ideas and perceptions. This Archetype is one found among many Stargazers.

— Regain Willpower whenever you are able to convince others to believe in your dreams and follow the course of action outlined by your vision of the future.



Metis Disfigurements

- **Albino:** There is no pigment in your fur or skin, in any of your forms. Your pale, pinkish skin sunburns easily; lengthy exposure to sunlight can cause you damage if you don't wear protective clothing. Your red eyes are very sensitive to light; you must wear sunglasses or suffer a +2 difficulty on all Perception-based rolls when acting in sunshine or bright light.

- **Fits:** You suffer from periodic spells of unconsciousness and loss of muscular control. When you roll a botch in a stressful situation, you may enter one of these fits and must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 8) each turn until you gain control. Until then, you can do nothing but writhe on the ground.

- **Fragile Claws:** Your claws are brittle and break easily. When you claw or rake someone, you risk losing some claws. On a botched claw attack, your claws break and fall out (the number is up to the Storyteller; generally one for every Health Level of damage you would have inflicted on your foe, up to a maximum of five per hand), and you take one unsoakable Health Level of damage. Your claws will regenerate within a week, but they will still be brittle and fragile.

- **Horns or Hooves:** You have hooves when in Crinos form, something like a satyr: that, or you have a horn or horns sticking out of your head in all your forms. Hooves, whether cloven or solid, don't alter your movement. Horns may take the shape of goat's or ram's horns, or possibly even small antlers (which may earn you some respect from the Fianna) or a single unicorn's spiral horn (which may impress Children of Gaia). However, with hooves, you are at +1 difficulty to all Social rolls among Garou (or anyone else, in the case of horns) — horns and hooves are the mark of prey, not predators.

- **Hunchback:** Quasimodo...Igor...They don't have anything on you. Your spine is terribly deformed, bent and twisted, and you have an abnormally large hump. Your mobility is severely impaired; the difficulty of all your Dexterity rolls increases by 2. Due to the unsightly lump that is your back, the difficulty of all Social rolls increases by 1. However, odds are that you're powerfully strong to boot.

- **Hyperacute Senses:** Your sensory abilities are stronger than ones of other Garou. They help in some cases; all difficulties related to sensory input are reduced by 2. However, you can easily suffer injury from sudden powerful stimuli, such as blinding lights or explosions. The Storyteller is sure to play up the bad side of this disfigurement.

- **Silver Sensitivity:** Your susceptibility to silver is worse than that of other Garou. Silver does an additional Health Level of damage per turn of contact, and pure silver even causes you one Health Level of damage in Homid form. If you carry anything made of silver, your Gnosis is reduced by two points instead of one. Prolonged exposure to large quantities of raw silver makes you ill even if you don't touch it (think radiation sickness). However, this disfigurement

allows you to sense the presence of silver through the appearance of a rash or blisters on your skin; roll Perception + Medicine (difficulty 8) to detect silver. This action cannot reveal where the silver is, just that the metal is near. You cannot take the Merit: Silver Tolerance.

• **Third Eye:** You have a bizarre disfigurement: a third eye on your forehead. You have a +1 difficulty on all Social rolls and receive no Perception bonuses. However, some mystical Garou may treat you with respect; Stargazers, for example, believe the third eye is able to peer into the Umbra or see mystical things. (Whether or not you can train your third eye to see into the Umbra or sense mystical things is the Storyteller's decision.)

• **Tough Hide:** Your thick, leathery hide resists damage (+1 die to soak rolls), but it also has major drawbacks. You are constantly scratching and picking at your hot, uncomfortable skin. Since your hide is so thick, your hair (or fur, depending which form you are in) grows out in random tufts, so you have bald spots all over your body. Your Appearance can never be higher than 1, and you're at +2 difficulty for all Social rolls.

• **Weak Immune System:** You tend to get sick and stay that way more often than others in your pack. Your body's natural immune system can't keep up with the stress you subject yourself to, so you are more prone to becoming sick. You do not receive the Bruised Health level, and you may prove susceptible to Wyrms emanations.

New Abilities

The following Abilities are examples of how to expand the Abilities list given in the *Werewolf* rulebook. They describe some of the limitless Abilities your character can take and that can help define your character more completely. Some of these Abilities may seem less useful than the more general ones described in *Werewolf*. Some of them are subcategories of the more general Abilities. Your Storyteller is at liberty to decide exactly how these new Abilities come into play — for instance, whether she wants to introduce the Archery Skill or default to Dexterity + Athletics for firing a bow. Do whatever works best for your group.

Talents

Instruction

You have a knack for explaining information and skills so that others can easily grasp the concepts or techniques involved. You can teach any of your Skills or Knowledges to another character, but you can never raise a student's score above your own: If you have only two dots in Melee, you can't teach a student the tricks necessary for him to raise his Melee to 3.

For each month of instruction, roll your Manipulation + Instruction against a difficulty of 11 minus the student's Intelligence. The number of successes is the number of experience points the student can apply toward that skill. For example, Antonine Teardrop is trying to teach Truck

Basher the ways of Kailindo. Truck Basher is neither particularly clever nor dense (Intelligence 2), so Antonine's difficulty is 9.

A student may well become too discouraged or distracted with other things to pay attention to his teacher and, thus, have to spend a Willpower point (at the Storyteller's discretion) to keep at his studies. Frequent interruptions can cost a student a number of Willpower points, or they may simply cause him not to learn anything (in which case, his teacher might cease the lessons).

With the Storyteller's approval, a person can teach some Talents such as Brawl or Dodge. In these cases, it is good to roleplay some of the training sessions, to get a few good licks in on the student and see if he learns anything from them. Talents such as Empathy or Alertness cannot be taught. They must be learned the hard way.

- **Novice:** You can take a simple concept (such as basic arithmetic) and present it in an interesting and digestible manner.
- **Practiced:** You can teach moderately complex things (say, algebra) and make them straightforward and interesting.
- **Competent:** You can teach any subject of which you have Knowledge, up to high-school level. You can make differential calculus sound like the simplest thing in the world.
- **Expert:** Learning from you is scarcely an effort. You could teach irrational-number theory or Sumerian cuneiform to almost anyone.
- **Master:** You are an inspiring teacher, and you bestow a touch of greatness on anyone who studies with you.

Possessed by: Elders, Teachers, Parents, Artisans

Specialties: Rites of Passage, Customs and Laws, University, Skills, Knowledges

Mimicry

You have a versatile voice and can imitate accents, people and some other sounds. You can use this talent to entertain or deceive. With enough talent, almost any sort of sound can be created — the larynx is an amazingly flexible organ, especially in a Garou.

- **Novice:** You can manage a few accents passably and do impressions of a couple of well-known personalities.
- **Practiced:** You can do a range of accents well enough to fool anyone but a native speaker, and you can imitate a range of celebrities. You're capable of basic bird calls and some predatory-animal sounds.
- **Competent:** You could do celebrity impersonations on stage. You can pick up someone's vocal mannerisms by studying her for a couple of hours, then imitate her well enough to fool anyone but a close friend. You can produce many mammal and bird sounds.

- Expert: You can imitate a specific person well enough to fool someone over the phone, and you can pass as a native speaker in an accent close to your own. You're able to do a wide range of animal and technological noises.
- Master: There is almost no accent, person, animal or noise that you can't imitate.

Possessed by: Galliards, Ragabash, Fianna, Hunters, Comics

Specialties: Accents, Celebrities, Birds, Animals, Mechanical Sounds, Vocal Impersonation

Search

You have a good feel for where things should be, whether they're deliberately hidden or simply out of sight. When you concentrate on finding something, you're capable of pulling out all the tricks and making sure you cover all the bases.

- Novice: You could find your sister's diary.
- Practiced: You're careful to look for disturbed soil or broken plants.
- Competent: You've gone seeking after things enough times to be confident in your skills.
- Expert: You can find a specific bottlecap in the remains of a frat party.
- Master: It's never in the last place you look — it's in the first.

Possessed by: Trackers, Detectives, Domestic, Police, Caern Warders

Specialties: Objects, People, Deliberately Hidden Targets, Sounds, Furniture

Ventriloquism

You have the ability to throw your voice, thus making it seem to come from somewhere else. This talent can be used for deception as well as entertainment.

- Novice: You could fool a kid who wanted to believe you.
- Practiced: You can make it seem as if someone standing next to you spoke.
- Competent: You can make it seem as if someone (or something) within five yards of you spoke.
- Expert: You could take your act to Vegas; your voice can seem to come from any spot within 30 feet of you.
- Master: You can make your voice seem to come from anywhere within earshot.

Possessed by: Entertainers, Con Artists, Ragabash, Nuwisha, Mediums

Specialties: Distance, Clarity, Dummy, Inanimate Object (e.g., radio)

Skills

Archery

You know how to launch arrows from a bow, and you may be able to do so with great proficiency. A primitive — but powerful — Garou bow is needed for firing Bane Arrows, and wooden arrows make excellent weapons against vampires.

- Novice: High School Gym Champ
- Practiced: Forest Bow Hunter
- Competent: Medieval Ranger
- Expert: You usually hit the bullseye.
- Master: Robin Hood

Possessed by: Hunters, War Bands, Hobby Enthusiasts, Competitors

Specialties: Arched Flight, Forests, Competition, Hunting, Moving Targets, Garou Bows

Crafts

You can make all sorts of things with your hands, from tanning leather to building wooden benches. As long as you have the proper tools, you can do all right for yourself wherever there's raw material to be found.

- Novice: You can whittle a crude whistle.
- Practiced: You can build a stool.
- Competent: You can build an intricate set of cabinets.
- Expert: You should write a book or get your own TV show, you're so good.
- Master: Spirits are falling over themselves to empower your fetishes.

Possessed by: Artisans, Carpenters, Potters, Keepers of the Land, Theurges

Specialties: Woodwork, Leatherwork, Ceramics, Weaving, Carving with Claws

Demolitions

You have a knowledge of explosives and demolitions that allows you to build and set off all types of bombs. You know how to handle nearly anything: dynamite, plastic explosives, nitroglycerin, black powder, blasting cord, nitro cellulose, even napalm. Additionally, you know techniques for disarming explosives.

- Novice: Guy Fawkes
- Practiced: Leroy Moody
- Competent: Underground Chemist
- Expert: You blow up Pentex facilities for a living.
- Master: Bye-bye, Pentex Corporate Headquarters.

Possessed by: Monkeywrenchers, Glass Walkers, Terrorists, Police Bomb Squads, Armed Forces Personnel

Specialties: Dynamite, Plastic Explosive, Car Bombs, Bomb Defusion, Explosives Detection, Elementals

Disguise

You can change your appearance — and even make yourself look like another specific person — through the use of clothes and makeup. This skill is useful in Homid form only, as makeup cannot disguise a Crinos or Lupus. At the Storyteller's discretion, Glabro form can be disguised, especially if the character is impersonating a thug. A disguised character in Glabro form can receive bonuses against persons who do not realize she is a Garou — they would not suspect she can grow two to three feet taller.

- Novice: Good enough to fool someone who knows neither you nor the person you're impersonating.
- Practiced: Good enough to fool some of the people some of the time.
- Competent: Good enough to fool some of the people most of the time.
- Expert: Good enough to fool most of the people most of the time.
- Master: Good enough to fool nearest and dearest most of the time.

Possessed by: Actors, Spies, Undercover Cops, Criminals, Con Artists, Nuwisha

Specialties: Specific Person, Type of Person, Concealing Own Identity

Escape Artistry

You are skilled in various techniques that enable you to escape from bonds and restraints. This Skill is often used for entertainment, but it can also be useful in real life, particularly when Crinos form is not an option.

- Novice: Children's party entertainer; you can escape from loose or poorly tied bonds.
- Practiced: Amateur entertainer; you can escape from fairly well tied bonds.
- Competent: Professional entertainer; you can escape from handcuffs and chains.
- Expert: Star; you can escape from a straitjacket.
- Master: Houdini, baby. How do you do it?

Possessed by: Entertainers, Spies, Special Forces, Amateurs, Pulp Detectives, Ragabash

Specialties: Magic Tricks, Ropes, Boxes, Locks, Underwater, Handcuffs, Showmanship, Silver Restraints, Arm Locks and Holds

Fast-Draw

You can get your weapon ready almost instantly. By rolling Dexterity + Fast-Draw and getting three successes, you can draw a weapon and have it poised for use, just as if it had been in your hand all along. The difficulty depends on how securely stowed the weapon is — a gun hidden in your underwear is harder to reach than one in a belt holster! A klaive in a sheath is difficulty 6, for instance. This Skill can be used with any weapon. When appropriate, the Fast-Draw score can be added to your Initiative roll.

- Novice: You have good reflexes.
- Practiced: You're good, but not great.
- Competent: You could work Wild West shows. You are known among those Garou who follow duels.
- Expert: Pretty fast. Your enemies are wary of your speed in drawing your klaive.
- Master: Greased lightning. You might have been able to take Billy the Kid. A Shadow Lord elder would be wary of you.

Possessed by: Shadow Lords, Klaive Duelists, Gunfighters, Martial Artists, Cops, Special Forces, Vigilantes

Specialties: Klaive, Pistol, Sword, Arrow, Rifle/Shotgun

Gambling

You're an expert at games of chance, particularly ones where skill can make a difference. You can play most games without worrying about losing too much money and can increase your odds of winning without cheating.

- Novice: Can't miss your weekly poker game with the gang.
- Practiced: You go to Atlantic City every year.
- Competent: You've been around, whether in Las Vegas or Monaco.
- Expert: You could make a living this way.
- Master: You've been banned from most of the world's major casinos.

Possessed by: Glass Walkers, Bone Gnawers, Professional Gamblers, Hopefuls

Specialties: Poker, Blackjack, Roulette, Dice Games, Electronic Slot Machines

Hypnotism

You can place a subject into a trance and use hypnotism to gather information or treat psychiatric problems. To place a willing subject into a trance, make an opposed roll of your Charisma + Hypnotism versus the subject's Intelligence (for an unwilling subject who is immobilized or Dominated to comply, use Intelligence + Willpower). The number of successes indicates the depth of the trance and can be added to your Hypnotism roll for the success of tasks. For example, a hypnotist with Charisma 4 and Hypnotism 4 hypnotizes a willing subject with Intelligence 5. The hypnotist rolls 5 successes and the subject 2 — a total of 3 successes in the hypnotist's favor, indicating a fairly deep trance. The hypnotist can now roll seven dice (3 successes plus Hypnotism 4) to probe the subject's mind.

- Novice: You do it occasionally to entertain.
- Practiced: You are a skilled amateur.
- Competent: You can find some interesting secrets.
- Expert: You can dig very deeply.
- Master: You can discover secrets from a subject's Past Lives.

Possessed by: Theurges, Uktena, Entertainers, Holistic Healers, New Agers, Police Specialists, Psychiatrists

Specialties: Interrogation, Past Life Regression, Hypnotherapy, Behavior Modification

Kailindo

Kailindo is the Garou-exclusive martial art, developed by the Stargazers to take advantage of the shapeshifter skills. You must have this Skill (Brawl is not enough) to practice Kailindo maneuvers. See the Systems Chapter for more details on Kailindo in gameplay.

- Early Wind "Breeze": a novice on the Airy Path.
- Second Wind "Gust": an accomplished practitioner on the Buffeting Road.
- Perfect Spiral "Tornado": a guardian at the Tumultuous Gate.
- Impenetrable Sky "Tempest": a initiate into the Aerial Mysteries.
- Enfolding Coil "Maelstrom": a Grand Master of the Ethereal Way.

Possessed by: Stargazers, Introspective Combatants

Specialties: Throw, Punch, Kick, Evade, Shapeshift

Klaive Dueling

You've been trained in the art of *klaivaskar*, the Garou art of fighting with klaives. You may choose maneuvers from the Klaive Dueling list, one for each dot in this Skill.

- Novice: You held a klaive once.
- Practiced: You've used a klaive in some real fights.
- Competent: You know the ins and outs of dueling.
- Expert: Your techniques are excellent; cubs beg you to teach them the way of *klaivaskar*.
- Master: Silver Fangs get nervous when they hear your name.

Possessed by: Silver Fangs, Shadow Lords, Caern Warders, Leaders, Heroes

Specialties: Disarm, Parry, Disable, Riposte, Feint

Meditation

You can enter a trancelike state at will to focus your mind inward and deal with a range of mental and physical problems. A successful Willpower roll is necessary to enter meditation; the difficulty depends on your surroundings but is generally 8. After each full hour in a trance, the character rolls Meditation skill alone against difficulty 9. Subtract dice from the character's Dice Pool if there are any distractions during that time. Each success on the second roll restores one point of Willpower or subtracts one point of Rage; each net botch indicates a Willpower point lost or a Rage point gained, depending on your goal. If the meditation is interrupted and concentration is lost before the hour is up, no benefit occurs.

- Novice: Looked through a book on it once.
- Practiced: Studied seriously.



- Competent: Studied under a master.
- Expert: Qualified to teach.
- Master: Just that.

Possessed by: Stargazers, Yogis, Mystics, Holistic Healers, New Agers, Theurges, Old Hippies

Specialties: Tantric, Transcendental, Yogic, New Age, Rage, Willpower

Pilot

You know how to take off and land airplanes, plus how to read instrumentation and do some basic navigation. You could even try some tricky stuff, if you're feeling cocky.

- Novice: Hang gliders; you could take the controls and be talked down.
- Practiced: Small aircraft and gliders
- Competent: Commercial planes
- Expert: Military aircraft; helicopters
- Master: Baron von Richthoffen

Possessed by: Glass Walkers, Enthusiasts, Pilots, Military, Police

Specialties: Helicopters, Biplanes, Corporate Jets, Emergency Landings, Dogfights, Stormy Weather, Military Jets

Swimming

You can keep yourself afloat at the very least. Normal swimming speed is 8 yards (plus Dexterity). A swimmer can

increase his speed to 12 yards (plus Dexterity) if he is doing nothing else that turn. With the Swimming Skill, a character can try to swim faster than normal; roll Stamina + Swimming, difficulty 7; add three yards to your swimming speed per success (one roll per turn). For more information, see Chapter Six.

- Novice: You can swim.
- Practiced: You can swim quickly or for extended periods.
- Competent: Instructor/Lifeguard.
- Expert: Swim team.
- Master: Olympic gold.

Possessed by: Athletes, Almost Anyone

Specialties: Racing, Distance, Sea, Survival, Lifesaving

Traps

You know how to set various traps to catch the game of your choosing.

- Novice: Boy Scout
- Practiced: Eagle Scout
- Competent: Fur Trapper
- Expert: Mantraps are no problem.
- Master: They'll never even know what hit them.

Possessed by: Hunters, Survivalists, Special Forces, Caern Warders, Wendigo

Specialties: Deer, Small Game, Urban, Rock, Humans



Knowledges

Area Knowledge

You are familiar with an area—usually a protectorate (or, for Glass Walkers, a city)—and you know about its landscape, history, inhabitants and human politics. This Knowledge also provides a basic Garou “who’s who” for the protectorate.

- Novice: You know a fair amount for a visitor.
- Practiced: You may have lived in the area for a year or two.
- Competent: You may have lived in the area for 5 to 10 years.
- Expert: You’re native born, and you never left.
- Master: You know every stone, stream or building in the area.

Possessed by: Caern Warders, Sept Leaders, Silent Striders

Specialties: History, Geography, Wildlife, Caerns, Protectorates, Enemies, Politics, Transportation, Law

Cosmology

You have a working knowledge of the spirit world, from its various Realms to the politics of the Umbral broods. You’re familiar both with the politics of the Celestines and the configuration of the Middle Umbra.

- Novice: You’ve listened to your pack’s Theurge.
- Practiced: You know to avoid the Abyss.
- Competent: You can find your way from one Realm to another.
- Expert: You know most of the shortcuts and a few trade secrets.
- Master: You blaze trails for the Nuwisha to follow.

Possessed by: Silent Striders, Corax, Nuwisha, Theurges, Dreamspeakers, Any Garou

Specialties: Celestines, Incarna, Totems, Broods, Near Umbra, Dark Umbra, High Umbra, Realms

Herbalism

You have a working knowledge of herbs and their properties, medicinal and otherwise. You can find and prepare herbs and know which herb or blend of herbs to use in any situation. This Knowledge also provides awareness of the magical lore of plants, including what a plant can do when Awakened.

- Novice: Leafed through a book on it once.
- Practiced: Serious student.
- Competent: Local supplier.
- Expert: Author of books on herbalism.
- Master: Herbal doctor.

Possessed by: Children of Gaia, Uktena, Theurges, Holistic Healers, New Agers, Wized Elders, Members of Traditional Cultures

Specialties: Culinary, Medicinal, Poisonous, Narcotic/Hallucinogenic, Spirit

Linguistics

We admit it: The rules for Linguistics in the *Werewolf* rulebook are kind of limited, and they don’t really make sense for people who grow up in truly multicultural environments. An average European or a Hong Kong native can easily know at least three or four languages, though perhaps not all of them fluently. Consequently, we recommend that the following rules replace the Linguistics rules in *Werewolf*.

Each dot in Linguistics doubles the character’s “extra” language capacity. Thus:

- One additional language
- Two additional languages
- Four additional languages
- Eight additional languages
- 16 additional languages

Each “slot” can be spent to purchase a different human tongue, a different dialect of a tongue (such as Cantonese or Mandarin) or even something like sign language (the common human varieties or even the coded gestures of the Silent Striders, Uktena or Wendigo—although these tribes do not teach their secret languages to outsiders). All Garou are assumed to know the Garou speech instinctively, though a “slot” might be used to attain complete fluency with the Garou glyph-writing system.

Poisons

You have a working knowledge of poisons, their effects and their antidotes. You can analyze a poison to tell where it came from and mix a poison or antidote given time and equipment. You must have at least one dot in Science to acquire this Knowledge.

- Novice: Dabbler
- Practiced: Detective, Mystery Reader
- Competent: Pharmacist, Mystery Writer
- Expert: Forensic Scientist, Assassin, Emergency-Room Doctor
- Master: You could kill a city if you wanted to.

Possessed by: Shadow Lords, Black Spiral Dancers, Iliad Project Scientists, Mystery Buffs, Detectives, Pharmacists, Assassins

Specialties: Venoms, Chemical Poisons, Plant-based Poisons, Analysis, Antidotes, Instant Poisons, Slow-building Poisons, Undetectable Poisons, Wurm Toxins

Wurm Lore

Some Garou delve into the deep lore of their enemy, the Wurm. Such a pursuit is dangerous: For every bit of information they gain, they risk corruption. For every level in Wurm lore, the Garou increasingly becomes more expert in the tactics and ways of his enemy. However, for every level in



Wyrmlord he has in excess of Willpower, he gains a Derangement. For example: Truck Basher's Willpower is 3, but he has just spent his experience points on another level of Wyrmlord Lore, which brings him up to 4 dots. He now lacks sufficient self-control to resist the foul thoughts that arise in his mind, so he gains a Derangement. For a list of possible Derangements, see p. 209.

- Novice: You are aware of and can name many Wyrmlord creatures.
- Practiced: You know there are many Wyrmlord manifestations (Triatic Wyrmlord, Urge Wyrmlord). You may understand some of the Black Spiral Dancer's pictograms.
- Competent: You know a little about the geography and people of Malfeas.
- Expert: You've read the *Chronicle of the Black Labyrinth*, and you know the secrets hidden within.
- Master: You are a danger to the Wyrmlord and yourself.

Possessed by: Black Spiral Dancers, Uktena Banetenders, Pentex Board Members

Specialties: Triatic Wyrmlord, Urge Wyrmlords, Monsters, Banes, Black Spiral Mysteries, Malfeas

New Background

Familiar Spirit

You have a special relationship with a spirit, one who freely and without compunction is your companion. This spirit can be an animal spirit (perhaps associated with a totem), an affiliated spirit (such as a spirit of War), or in some cases even a faerie spirit. The spirit follows you wherever you go in the Umbra, and it's always waiting for you when you step sideways. It can act as a "battery" for extra Gnosis, Rage or Willpower points; you can give these points to your familiar to hold until they are needed. This Background can be bought only with freebie points.

- Your familiar is the smallest Gaffling and not too bright. The only ways you can speak to it are with the Gift: Spirit Speech or by direct communication when you're near it in the Umbra. It can store three extra points of Gnosis, Willpower or Rage (choose one at a time) for you. It normally cannot Peek through the Gauntlet, so it rarely knows what's going on in the Realm.

- Your familiar is a decent-sized Gaffling and almost intelligent. The only ways you can speak to it are with the Gift: Spirit Speech or by direct communication when you're near it in the Umbra. It can store five extra points of Gnosis, Willpower or Rage (choose one at a time) for you. It knows instinctively where you are, and it can Peek to see you from time to time.

- Your familiar is a Jagglings of average intelligence. You can speak aloud to it easily through the bond you share, as long as it is nearby. It can store five extra points of Gnosis, Willpower, or Rage (choose two) for you. It knows instinc-

tively where you are, can see through your eyes and can also Peek through the Gauntlet.

•••• Your familiar is a fairly bright Jaggling. You can speak telepathically to it through the bond you share, as long as it is nearby. You always know where it is. You can see through its eyes, and it can borrow your sight as well. It can store five extra points of Gnosis, Rage or Willpower (all three in any combination) for you. It knows instinctively where you are. It can Peek into (and can even Manifest in) the Realm.

••••• Your familiar is an intelligent Jaggling affiliated with a specific Incarna. You can speak telepathically to it no matter how far away it is. You and it always know each other's location. You both can share any of the five senses and knowledge from any Gift (such as Scent of the True Form or Truth of Gaia). It can store a total of six extra points of Gnosis, Rage or Willpower (all three in any combination) for you.

The Gifts of Gaia

As werewolves are creatures of both the physical and spiritual worlds, the Gifts they learn from Gaian spirits are as much a part of the Garou nature as bone and sinew. Given the countless realms and denizens within the Umbra, it is no wonder that the Garou's spiritual abilities seem limited only by werewolves' ambition to learn them. The myriad of abilities possessed by spirits vary as much as do the spirits themselves. Each one has a Gift to teach, and Garou, young and old, would do well to learn as many as possible.

Homid

• **Tongues (Level Three)** — This Gift allows the user to read or write any human language encountered, no matter how ancient or obscure. Galliards often use this Gift when translating ancient texts to revive old legends or compose new songs for moots. This Gift is taught by a Raven-spirit.

System: After spending one Willpower point, the player rolls her Intelligence + Linguistics. The obscurity and relative age of the language determines the difficulty. A common modern language such as Spanish is difficulty 4. An ancient and obscure tongue, such as Etruscan, would be difficulty 10. The number of successes determines the character's fluency with the language.

Metis

• **Shed (Level One)** — The Garou knows the trick of shedding and growing fur at an alarming rate. This gift makes the Garou especially difficult to grapple successfully; opponents find themselves holding tufts of fur instead of their target. The Garou can also slide through tight spaces using his shedding fur as natural lubrication. A Lizard-spirit or Snake-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The Garou may use his slick outer coating to avoid being grappled. With a successful Dexterity + Primal-Urge roll (difficulty 7), he can free himself from any successful grappling attack. The fur also reduces by two the werewolf's difficulty whenever he squeezes through tight spaces or slips restraints, such as handcuffs.

• **Splintered Claw (Level Three)** — This painful Gift causes the metis' claws to splinter as they pierce flesh. Tiny bits of claw imbed themselves deep in the victim's body, thus causing tremendous irritation. Healing such a wound without first removing the splinters is both painful and stupid. Unfortunately, the Gift's user loses her claws until she spends a round regenerating new ones. A Tree-spirit teaches this Gift. Glass Walkers or Bone Gnawers can learn this Gift from spirits living in houses or other wooden constructs.

System: After a successful attack that causes at least one Health Level of damage, the Garou may spend a Rage point to activate the Gift. Any damage that the target does not soak cannot be healed until he removes the bits of claw. As with all other werewolf claw attacks, the wounds are aggravated.

The attacking Garou receives one automatic, nonaggravated wound. The werewolf cannot soak this wound but can heal it as normal. Until the Garou heals the wound, he has no claws.

Lupus

• **Monkey Tail (Level Three)** — Although the lupus' tail retains the appearance of a regular wolf's tail, it gains far more agility and flexibility. Although incapable of fine manipulation, the tail can grasp objects, wrap around branches or allow the Garou to hang upside down. The tail can also attack from an unexpected direction. A Monkey-spirit must be persuaded to teach a Garou this Gift.

System: After learning the Gift, the Garou's tail automatically becomes prehensile whenever she likes. In order to manipulate the tail successfully, the player must make a Dexterity + Athletics roll (difficulty 6). The difficulty can increase for very delicate operations.

If the Garou's Strength exceeds her Stamina, she can use the tail to hang or swing. When attempting to lift objects with her tail, the Garou's Strength rating is halved. If used as an attack, the tail's damage is Strength -1.

• **Venom (Level Four)** — A common trick of desert-dwelling Garou, this Gift allows the user to produce a noxious venom. The werewolf's bile can incapacitate or even kill a victim. The Garou herself is immune to her own poison, but she can be incapacitated by another Garou's *Venom attack*.

A Rattlesnake-spirit teaches this Gift. Most Garou hesitate to make deals with snakes and serpents, but sometimes necessity outweighs prejudice.

System: After making a successful bite attack, the Garou must roll Stamina + Primal-Urge in a resisted roll

against the target's Stamina +4. For every additional success the attacker gets, the victim receives an additional nonsoakable, aggravated wound along with whatever damage the bite caused. Each success also reduces the target's Stamina by one level until the victim loses consciousness. Additional poisonous bites can force the victim into a coma and eventually kill her.

Ragabash

• **Alter Scent (Level Two)** — The Garou can change his scent trail to evade a hunter or leave a false trail. The Garou can reproduce any scent he has encountered, from deer to diesel trucks. A Skunk-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player rolls Wits + Primal-Urge to reproduce any scent the Garou has encountered (difficulty 6). The number of successes determines the accuracy of the false scent. Garou with this Gift can reproduce the aroma of other Garou or even inanimate objects.

• **Obscure the Truth (Level Two)** — Not many Garou can look a Philodox in the eye and get away with bald-faced lies. The Ragabash with this Gift has an edge over all his kin. She can calmly explain that the sky is green or gleefully regale her comrades with the exploits of a lone, heroic Ragabash and have no fear of being called on her prank.

The ever-deceptive Fox-spirit might teach this Gift to a Garou. Then again, he might just say he's teaching you the Gift.

System: By spending a Gnosis point, the Ragabash gains an air of sincerity that is nearly impossible to penetrate. Once activated, consider the Ragabash's Subterfuge to be double its normal rating.

• **Fly Feet (Level Three)** — Like an insect, the Garou can now cling to vertical surfaces. She can walk along walls or hang from a ceiling. The adhesive grip of the Garou can even assist her when catching falling objects or seizing handholds when she is falling! A Fly-spirit, naturally, teaches this Gift.

System: The Garou can automatically activate this Gift with a Dexterity + Athletics roll. The difficulty depends on the surface. For instance, wood or stone is difficulty 5; glass or ice is difficulty 9. Moving along the ceiling increases the difficulty by 1. The Storyteller should halve all movement rates unless the player rolls five or more successes.

Theurge

• **Umbral Tether (Level Two)** — Although most Theurges would never admit it, even they can become lost in the spirit world from time to time. This Gift allows the werewolf to spin a spiritual line, resembling spider silk, behind her as she explores the Umbra. Only the Garou using the Gift can see the trail, thus increasing the Theurge's reputation as master of the spirit world. A Spider-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player does not need to roll to create the trail, but must spend one Gnosis point for every hour of Umbral travel to maintain it. At every dawn, the player must spend an additional Gnosis point to maintain the trail in the physical world. Although only the werewolf using this Gift can see her trail, some Gaffling pests occasionally sever or alter the trail without knowing it.

• **Spirit Path (Level Three)** — The Umbra can often confuse the senses of even the most perceptive tracker. The *Theurge who possesses this Gift can track a particular spirit anywhere in the spirit world. As long as the Garou knows the spirit's name, she can find that spirit no matter which Umbral realm it takes refuge in. A Cockroach-spirit can teach this Gift.*

System: As long as the Garou knows the true name of the spirit, she can use this Gift. She must spend a Gnosis point to be able to find the spirit. A successful Perception + Enigmas roll (difficulty 8) reveals the location of the errant Umbral denizen. Some Realms and certain Charms can make this Gift more difficult to use. The Gift: Name the Spirit can be used in conjunction with Spirit Path.

• **Umbral Sight (Level Three)** — Although all Garou can Peek from the Penumbra into the Realm, the Theurge is capable of shifting his sight into the Penumbra from the physical world. This Gift is taught by an Owl-spirit.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Perception + Alertness (difficulty of the area's Gauntlet). In all other ways, this Gift works exactly like Peeking. The ability lasts for the rest of the scene or until the character moves to an area with a higher Gauntlet. Note that while focused on the Umbra, the character cannot see in the physical realm.

• **Shadowplay (Level Four)** — The Theurge breathes life into her shadow, which can then perform tasks for her. The shadow moves about independently with the same abilities as its creator. The Theurge's emissary can cause lifesaving distractions, pick up remote objects and even fight battles.

System: To activate the shadow, the player must roll Dexterity + Enigmas (difficulty 8) and spend one Gnosis point. The Theurge must act out the doings of her shadow by making "shadow puppets" with her hands. No light need be present for the shadow to be active. In all respects besides appearance, the shadow maintains the same Traits and Abilities as the Garou. The werewolf cannot create multiple shadows. The shadow can operate out of sight of the Garou; its range is ten yards per success.

• **Grasp the Beyond (Level Four)** — This Gift allows the user to take objects out of the Umbra (or put them into it) without stepping sideways. After using the Gift: Umbral Sight, the Garou can reach through, pick up anything — such as a pocketwatch or an unconscious Garou — and bring it into the physical world. The clever Raccoon-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: Once the Garou knows what she wants to recover from the spirit world, she need only spend an appropriate amount of Willpower points and be able to lift the object. The player must spend one Willpower point for any small, handheld object and up to three for a larger item, such as a motorcycle. She can also place objects into the Penumbra in the same manner, although she cannot place sideways anything living (or undead) without its consent.

• **Spirit Vessel (Level Five)** — One of the best kept secrets of the Theurge elders is the ability to channel a spirit. For a short time, Garou and spirit become one creature with the abilities of both. Usually, the Garou remains in control, adding the spirit's Charms to her repertoire — but sometimes things go awry. Elementals, especially fire elementals, understand the workings of this Gift. Banes can also teach this Gift — but at a dangerous cost.

System: The player rolls her character's Gnosis and spends a Gnosis point to activate the Gift. The Rite of Summoning chart (*Werewolf*, p. 145) determines the difficulty of this Gift. Every success allows the Garou to use one of the spirit's Charms for up to one scene. A botch on the roll indicates the Garou accidentally channels a Bane that goes on to turn the Theurge against her friends.

Philodox

• **Sense Balance (Level Three)** — As the arbitrators of the Garou Nation, the Philodox have developed an *attunement* with the precarious forces that balance the world and the individual alike. This Gift allows the user to detect an overabundance of any of the prime forces of the universe, whether Wyrms, Wyld or Weaver. It can point out a Bane manifestation at an industrial plant or mental instability in a packmate. A Cat-spirit teaches a friendly Garou this Gift in exchange for a warm fire and a promise not to chase her kin.

System: The Gift requires the expenditure of one Gnosis point. With a successful Perception + Enigmas roll (difficulty 8) the Garou can feel the balance, or lack thereof, within an area, person or inanimate object. Wyrms manifestation feels dense and oily, Weaver presence feels cold and unyielding and Wyld energies feel warm and trembling. Such manifestations are more subtle than ones detectable through Gifts such as Sense Wyrms.

The Philodox must focus and be at peace for this Gift to work properly. Distractions, such as combat or exhaustion, disrupt any benefits of the Gift — the Garou can find only her own imbalance in such instances.

• **Take the True Form (Level Four)** — The Philodox with this power can force a Garou into her breed form. This Gift is especially useful to abate a frenzy, prevent damage from silver or take a combative advantage. A Wolf-spirit teaches a worthy Philodox the workings of this Gift.

System: The player rolls his Manipulation + Primal-Urge (difficulty 7). If successful, the target automatically

shifts to her breed form. The number of successes equals the number of turns the target must remain in her natural form.

Galliard

• **Mimic (Level Two)** — The Garou can alter her voice such that she can imitate any sound or voice she has heard, including sirens, gunshots, musical instruments or even specific quotations. The Gift does not allow the creation of new sounds, but new combinations can have interesting effects. Magpie-spirits know this Gift, but learning it from them can be an embarrassing and frustrating process.

System: Once the Garou learns this Gift, she can reproduce anything she hears. When simulating another person's voice (or animal speech) she can only iterate what she has heard and cannot improvise new speech. Clever Garou create new combinations to form new sentences, but they often sound choppy. The player must roll Charisma + Performance (difficulty 6) if the intended audience suspects a ruse or knows the original voice very well (a relative, long-time friend or packmate, for instance).

• **Song of the Siren (Level Four)** — The sound of the Garou's voice can entrance anyone who hears it. Typically, the Garou sings or howls while using this Gift, although some modern Glass Walkers have taken to poetry recital. This Gift can make an opponent pause before a fight but can rarely stop a heated combat already in progress. A Songbird-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player rolls Charisma + Performance versus the target's Willpower and spends one Gnosis point. Enchanted targets cannot perform any actions for a number of turns equal to the number of successes rolled. The audience can spend Willpower to overcome the enchanting effects; to act freely, a listener must spend one point for each of the Galliard's successes.

Ahroun

• **Combat Healing (Level Three)** — The Ahroun are famous for their ability to fight — it's their purpose in life. This Gift allows a Garou to heal wounds during combat without hesitation or even a moment's pause. While other Garou are licking their wounds, the Ahroun with this Gift keeps fighting. Wolverine-spirits teach this Gift, although they usually have to be bested in combat first.

System: The player spends two Rage points to activate this Gift. The Garou no longer need pause for a turn to heal a Health Level or roll Stamina to heal during combat. Every round, the Ahroun heals one nonaggravated Health Level, regardless of her actions.

• **Shatter Bone (Level Three)** — Victims with twisted arms or crushed legs are much easier prey. The Ahroun with this Gift can destroy bone with a single punch, regardless of the damage inflicted by the blow. An Hyena-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: Before striking an opponent, the Ahroun must spend a Willpower point and a Rage point. The Garou must target a specific limb, which increases the attack's difficulty. The player must score at least three successes. Also, he must spend the Willpower and Rage even if the blow does not connect or he scores fewer than three successes. The successful use of this Gift crushes whatever bone structure lies beneath the targeted flesh and causes a number of Health Levels of damage equal to the number of successes in the attack roll - 3. Broken arms and legs subsequently handicap an opponent in any combat. Broken ribs hinder movement and can possibly puncture a lung. A fractured skull renders the victim unconscious in most cases. A broken spine causes paralysis. This attack is unsoakable but does not cause aggravated wounds.

| Target | Difficulty | Special effect |
|--------|------------|---|
| Skull | +3 | Stamina roll (difficulty 8) to remain conscious |
| Arm | +2 | Dexterity roll to hold items; target cannot use broken limb to attack |
| Leg | +1 | Dexterity roll to remain standing; target cannot run or attack with broken limb |
| Rib | +2 | Stamina roll (difficulty 6) to avoid puncturing a lung |
| Spine | +4 | Must attack target from rear; target remains paralyzed until this wound heals. |

Black Furies

- **Trail of Pain (Level Two)** — First developed by the Amazons of Diana camp, this Gift allows the user to sense persons in agony. The Amazons use this Gift to uncover individuals suffering abuse. Other Black Furies use this Gift to track the *abusers* after wounding them. This Gift is taught by a spirit servant of Pegasus.

System: The Garou must focus and spend a Gnosis point. At least one turn is required for the Gift user to attune herself to the mental anguish of the target. A Perception + Empathy roll discerns a single sufferer amongst many. The Fury can sense any living being in tremendous pain, physical or emotional, within 50 yards. The user senses only the general direction and urgency, but that's typically enough for an angry Black Fury.

- **Bacchantes' Rage (Level Three)** — When deep in the wilds, the Black Furies can use this Gift to inflict extra damage. Even the toughest Get have walked away with a battle scar due to the effects of this potent Gift — and some couldn't walk away at all. This Gift is taught by a Wyld-spirit.

System: The Garou spends two Gnosis points to activate the Gift. During combat, she may spend Rage points to deal extra damage after a wounding hit; every point spent causes one additional, unsoakable Health Level of damage.

- **Song of the Siren (Level Three)** — As the Galliard Gift.



- **Gorgon's Gaze (Level Five)** — This hideous power of legend can turn living flesh into stone with but a gaze. Victims who make eye contact with the user of this Gift find themselves changed into statues where they stand. This Gift is a closely guarded secret, not to be shared with the other tribes. Rumors persist that elder Black Furies can make the effect permanent.

Difficult to find and even more dangerous to approach, the legendary Basilisk-spirit can teach this Gift.

System: After making eye contact, the player rolls Perception + Occult (difficulty equal to the target's Willpower) to determine the number of rounds the victim remains stone. The player can double this time by spending a Willpower point.

Bone Gnawers

- **Cardboard Mansion (Level One)** — A Bone Gnawer with this Gift can create a perfectly functional shelter for herself. The Garou can fashion any ordinary cardboard box into a waterproof, noise-resistant and insulated home. Despite conditions outside the box, the "mansion" remains dry, warm and quiet. A Home or Hearth-spirit can teach this Gift.

System: The Bone Gnawer needs only a box of suitable size. A large enough box can sleep more than one — as long

as everybody is friendly. The Gnawer spends a Gnosis point and crawls in for an evening nap.

• **Trash Magnet (Level Two)** — Ordinary street garbage becomes the Bone Gnawer's ally as it swirls about his opponent or engulfs his rival. All the trash nearby assails the target of this Gift, making life difficult. Older Bone Gnawers can completely immobilize smart-mouth, upstart Garou in heaps of trash and piles of garbage. Trash-spirits teach this Gift, although Rat-spirits teach a version that animates sewer flotsam.

System: The player rolls Charisma + Streetwise (difficulty 7) to determine the amount of trash involved. With one success, a minor distraction of newspapers and plastic bags causes a small increase in difficulties. With five successes, the target is buried in garbage and must dig his way to freedom. This Gift affects toxic waste as well. Note that this Gift does not create trash but instead draws upon the garbage in an area. An attempt to use this Gift in a sterile laboratory would fail.

• **Beg (Level Three)** — Playing upon the compassion of others, Bone Gnawers can generate an amazing amount of pity. By exaggerating her miserable state, a clever Bone Gnawer can gain favor with people who have too much anyway. By groveling or telling her particular sob story, she might get a handout, a favor or at least a good meal. A Pigeon-spirit teaches this Gift, which is one reason only Bone Gnawers ever learn it.

System: The player must spend one Gnosis point and roll Manipulation + Performance. If the roleplaying is particularly moving, the player can forgo the roll at the Storyteller's discretion. The difficulty depends on the target: a charitable Child of Gaia might be a 4, whereas an overbearing Get of Fenris might be a 9. The number of successes determines the amount of pity generated and the generosity of the favor.

• **Gift of the Termite (Level Three)** — The Bone Gnawer can cause wood and paper to rot with astonishing speed. Furniture falls apart, documents disintegrate and even buildings collapse. Obviously, the best instructor of this Gift is a Termite-spirit.

System: After spending one Gnosis point, the character rolls Intelligence + Repair (difficulty 7). The number of successes determines the amount of wood or paper destroyed: One success can rot a ream of paper, three successes can deteriorate a wall, and five successes can collapse the roof of a small building. Strategic use of this power can have dramatic results even for users with little skill.

Children of Gaia

• **Chant of Morpheus (Level Three)** — The user of this Gift can induce a long, restful slumber in the target. Although the Gift will not stop a frenzied werewolf, it can ward off a frenzy before one takes place. The Gift disinclines any hostile activity after the peaceful rest. Also, the waking

victim is able to think much more clearly. An Opossum-spirit teaches this Gift to individuals with patience and a lot of time.

System: The number of successes on a Charisma + Enigmas roll (difficulty equal to the opponent's Willpower) determines the number of hours that the target sleeps. One Gnosis point activates this power. For one hour after waking, the target must spend a Willpower point to take any hostile action against the user of this Gift. Any attacks directed at the sleeper awaken her immediately and end the effects of the Gift.

• **Guilt Trip (Level Three)** — By unearthing buried guilt and remorse, the Child of Gaia can force another to perform an action against her own will. Even if little relation exists between the guilty conscience and the task at hand, the Gift can be effective. Better results occur when there is a direct link, however. The Gift works best when the target *wants* to perform the action, but pride or fear prevents her from doing so.

Many urban spirits that have witnessed the cruelty of humanity toward itself know this Gift and teach it to the Garou.

System: The player must roleplay the plea; otherwise the Gift automatically fails. Excellent roleplaying can even negate the need for a roll (or even the need for the Gift). Otherwise, the player must roll Manipulation + Empathy versus the target's Willpower. One success barely gets a Bone Gnawer to lift his pinkie, whereas five successes can force a proud Silver Fang to beg for forgiveness. The target can spend Willpower points to resist this Gift.

• **Unicorn's Grace (Level Four)** — A Garou with this Gift never loses her poise and rarely loses her temper. Even in the nastiest arguments or the bloodiest combats, Children of Gaia can maintain their cool with this blessing. An avatar of Unicorn teaches her followers this Gift.

System: By spending one Gnosis point, the Garou represses her Rage for an entire scene. No matter how many Rage points the Garou has, humans and animals are unable to detect her supernatural essence. The Garou also cannot frenzy and can spend Rage points only up to a maximum of her Empathy.

Fianna

• **Brew (Level Two)** — The Fianna are renowned for their ability to drink liquor. Part of this legend stems from their ability to make it. With Brew the Garou can mystically transform a pitcher of any liquid into an alcoholic substance. This Gift can surreptitiously inebriate unsuspecting targets. A Grain-spirit, and in some cases a Worm-spirit, teaches this Gift.

System: After spending a Gnosis point, the player rolls Wits + Medicine (difficulty 7). The number of successes determines the quality and the potency of the concoction. One success can create cheap, domestic beer, low-budget

wine or mediocre tequila, while five successes can create a high quality imported beer, fine vintage champagne or a top-shelf liquor. A botch creates a brew that induces massive hangovers (-1 penalty for the entire next day).

• **Ley Lines (Level Three)** — By manipulating ley lines — part of an energy web that crisscrosses the planet — the Fianna can disorient would-be trackers or hunters. The victims of this Gift find themselves following false trails, making wrong turns or walking in circles. The user's trail simply disappears! The secrets of this Gift can be learned from an Earth-spirit.

System: After spending a Gnosis point, the player rolls Wits + Occult (difficulty 7). Any attempt to track the Garou must follow a successful Perception + Occult roll (difficulty 8). This roll must exceed the Gift user's successes before any tracking can take place.

• **Woadling (Level Three)** — The ancient Celts would paint their skin with woad — the components of which caused a frenzylike state — before marching off to battle. The Fianna carry on this tradition and take it even further. After painting the woad on their bodies, they can bring the paintings to life to harry an opponent. A Stag-spirit can teach this Gift.

System: Each painting can create one woadling that costs one Gnosis point to animate. The Fianna can release only one woadling per turn. Each time the player creates a woadling, she should roll Dexterity + Occult (difficulty 6). Every success subtracts one die from her opponent's pool as the woadling dances and prances about the target. The woadlings vanish (and must be repainted) after the Gift ends.

• **Song of the Dire (Level Four)** — The Fianna sings a battle song to empower her comrades as she enters a fray. Driven by their packmate, the embattled Garou double their efforts to defeat the foe. The Black Spiral Dancers have learned to turn tail and flee upon hearing the lyrics of this dread Gift.

System: The player spends two Gnosis points and rolls Manipulation + Performance (difficulty 8). Each success adds one die to each of her packmates' Dice Pools; the number of successes cannot exceed the Fianna's Performance rating. The Garou must keep singing throughout the contest; to do so she must remain in Hispo form, spend two Gnosis points and allocate at least two dice for singing each round.

Get of Fenris

• **Berserker's Song (Level Four)** — The Get can sing himself into a controlled frenzy. He can ignore wounds, shift to Crinos immediately, and he is immune to many mental Gifts or Charms. In this state, unlike a normal frenzy, the Get can pull out of the frenzy at any time. An angry Wolverine-spirit or Bear-spirit teaches this Gift to the Get.

System: The Garou spends two Rage points and begins singing his particular song of Rage (many young Get prefer "death metal"). The number of



successes on a Stamina + Expression (or Performance) roll (difficulty 6) equals the number of rounds the frenzy lasts. She can drop the frenzy earlier by spending a Willpower point.

• **Sense Guilt (Level Two)** — The Hand of Tyr camp specializes in the use and misuse of this Gift. By staring into the eyes of another, the Get can sense whether the target harbors guilt for some past offense. The most experienced Get can even get a feeling for what sort of crime transpired. Unfortunately, a few Get have been known to take advantage of this Gift by “sensing” guilt where none exists or by blackmailing Garou after a successful reading. A Crow-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: A successful Perception + Empathy roll (difficulty 8) reveals hidden guilty feelings. One success detects any sense of regret, whereas five successes reveal specific facts concerning the dirty issue.

• **Mark the Enemy (Level Three)** — A specialized power developed by the Swords of Heimdall, this Gift marks the target with a mystical brand that only this Gift’s users can see. The Swords use this brand to label their enemies so that all other Swords can see the threat. An avatar of Fenris himself teaches his children to identify their enemies thus.

System: By laying her hand on the target and successfully rolling Manipulation + Occult (difficulty 8), the Get can mark her enemy. Other Swords who know the Gift can see the mark with a successful Perception + Occult roll (difficulty 8). Any Garou who knows the Gift can remove the effect.

Glass Walkers

• **Heat Metal (Level Two)** — Glass Walkers — who understand the workings of science and spirits alike — can mystically excite the molecules within metal. Metal heated in such a way can be forged, molded or used to sear flesh. A red-hot crowbar can be a very effective weapon, and heating the exterior of a gasoline tanker can have explosive results. Glass Walkers learn this Gift from fire, earth, or metal elementals.

System: The Glass Walker must spend one Gnosis point and successfully roll Intelligence + Repair. The difficulty varies from base metals (such as copper or lead) at difficulty 6 to complex alloys (such as steel or titanium alloy) at difficulty 8. The number of successes equals the number of rounds the metal stays heated. Touching heated metal causes one aggravated, unsoakable Health Level of damage per round.

• **Data Flow (Level Three)** — The Glass Walkers originally developed this Gift as a “remote control” for new electronic devices. As the computer gained importance, this Gift gained a whole new utility. Glass Walkers now use this ability to take control of the data resources that are so important to the world’s economy and to society in general. By focusing her attention on a single computer, a Glass Walker can take control of that machine from across the room. She can order it to erase its memory, alter security

clearances, transmit false data or simply print a document. An electrical spirit or the even more complex computer spirits can teach this Gift.

System: A successful Wits + Computer roll (difficulty 7) plus the expenditure of one Gnosis point establishes contact with the computer. As long as the Garou keeps her target in her line of sight, she can maintain contact with the machine. While this Gift allows remote access, the Garou must still make all the appropriate rolls to manipulate the computer.

Red Talons

• **Primal Instinct (Level Two)** — The Red Talon can strip away the layers of humanity that cover up man’s basic instincts. A human assaulted with this Gift finds himself behaving like a beast. Momentarily losing all civility, the human strips naked, runs through the streets, growls at threats and makes numerous, uninvited overtures toward members of the opposite sex. All thoughts of business meetings, color television and BMWs vanish in favor of the basic drives of survival.

Red Talons use whatever means necessary to force Ape-spirits to teach them this Gift.

System: The Red Talon must spend a Gnosis point and roll Manipulation + Animal Ken (difficulty equal to the target’s Willpower). The number of successes indicates the extent to which the human target loses his humanity. One success causes a certain absent-mindedness and preoccupation with food and sex. Five successes, on the other hand, probably causes the raving target to be locked up and tranquilized.

• **Cull the Herd (Level Two)** — A Red Talon using this Gift measures the vitality of her prey to plan her attack strategy effectively. During the Impergium, Red Talons used this Gift to pick the weakest of the humans and destroy them. Occasionally, the Red Talons killed the strongest of the humans to remove them from the breeding pool. Today, the Gift continues to help Red Talons hunt and kill their prey. An avatar of Wolf teaches his children how to detect the easiest prey.

System: The Red Talon need only succeed on a Perception + Medicine roll (difficulty 7) to determine the general health and fitness of an individual. The Gift also works on animals and Garou as well as humans. One success detects any injuries, whereas five successes would reveal the creature’s entire physiology.

• **Recycle (Level Four)** — Red Talons who possess this powerful Gift can destroy any man-made substance. Plastics, alloys and any other material not found in nature disintegrate with just a touch. Lawn chairs dissolve into oily puddles and steel melts into iron and carbon.

The Cockroach-spirit, which has witnessed the humans’ secret creation rites, knows the Gifts that can dissolve almost anything.

System: The Garou must touch the material for the Gift to work. Only materials that science has manufactured are viable targets. For instance, a wooden chair would be unaffected, whereas a plastic chair would melt to the ground. The Garou then must roll her Rage against a difficulty determined by the item's complexity. The difficulty ranges from iron (difficulty 6) and ordinary plastics (difficulty 7) to rare and complex metal alloys (difficulty 9). Every success reduces five pounds of the target material to its base components.

Shadow Lords

- **Disfigurement (Level Two)** — The Shadow Lord can place a nasty boil or dishonorable scar on the target. She can disfigure her rival in embarrassing ways that rob him of prestige in the presence of other Garou. Although the lesion isn't physically handicapping, it certainly limits the victim's social grace. A Baboon-spirit or Toad-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player rolls Manipulation + Primal-Urge (difficulty 7) and spends a Willpower point. The disfigurement subtracts two dice from all the target's Social rolls. The scar or blemish heals at the end of one scene.

- **Curse of Corruption (Level Three)** — The Shadow Lords, never a tribe to play fair, designed this Gift to discredit their rivals. Victims of this curse find themselves doubted by even their staunchest allies. Despite a target's most noble exertions, no one believes anything he has to say until the curse fades. A Jackal-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The Shadow Lord rolls her Gnosis against a difficulty equal to the target's Gnosis. The number of successes indicates the number of turns the victim suffers from the curse. Until it fades, everything the victim says sounds dishonest. The Shadow Lord must spend a Willpower point to activate this Gift.

- **Summon Stormcrow (Level Three)** — The Judges of Doom learned this blessing from Grandfather Thunder himself. The Stormcrows, some of Grandfather Thunder's servants, come to the aid of those Garou who activate this Gift. Acting as spies, the Stormcrows follow anybody the Judge chooses and report back all they learn. Rumors speak of networks of Stormcrows that pass information back and forth like a telephone line.

System: To call a 'crow, the Judge must roll Charisma + Intimidation (difficulty 8) and spend a Gnosis point. He may give the crow a single command, such as "Follow the Red Talon and report his activities" or "Keep an eye on the Theurge elder." The Stormcrow is invisible to everyone except individuals in the Umbra. The target must roll her Perception (difficulty 8) or employ a Gift to see a Stormcrow in the Umbra.



Silent Striders

- **Summon Talisman (Level Two)** — The Strider can summon to herself any dedicated handheld object (see the Rite of Talisman Dedication). The item disappears from wherever it currently rests, even from somebody else's grasp, and appears in the Garou's grip. Striders use this Gift to bring special items to them once they have finished a journey or to recover items lost along the way. A Packrat-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The Garou need only spend one Gnosis point and concentrate on the item. The Garou can call only half of his dedicated items — he must choose which ones upon learning this Gift.

- **Long Running (Level Three)** — Whether the Garou is on foot or in a vehicle, this Gift allows him to reduce the travel time on a lengthy journey. Striders use this Gift only when the need is dire; usually, they prefer to see the sights and take their time. A Horse-spirit can teach this Gift.

System: The player rolls Dexterity + Athletics (or Drive) at a difficulty equal to the local Gauntlet; she must also spend one Gnosis point. For every success, the travel time diminishes by 5 percent. A botch increases travel time by 25 percent or indicates that travel has stopped altogether (e.g., due to a flat tire or twisted ankle).

- **Tongues (Level Three)** — As the Homid Gift.
- **Touch of Death (Level Four)** — The Silent Striders

learned this Gift from the wraiths who prowl the Underworld. With it, a Garou can cause a victim to see the moment of her death. Although the victim does not remember what she sees, the experience disables her with fear.

System: The Garou must touch his target for this Gift to work. She must also spend two Gnosis points and roll Manipulation + Occult (difficulty 8). The number of successes determines the number of dice removed from the victim's Physical Traits (Storyteller discretion as to which ones). These "wounds" can be healed like aggravated damage. Typically, the victim's fur is streaked white by the incident. Vampires and other undead are unharmed by this Gift — they simply remember what has already happened to them.

Silver Fangs

- **Word of Honor (Level Two)** — To a Silver Fang, honor is everything. This Gift imbues a Garou's words with his honorable bearing. As long as the Silver Fang speaks the truth, others believe him. An Eagle-spirit teaches the Silver Fangs how to speak clear and true.

System: By spending a Gnosis point, the Silver Fang can make every word he says bear the ring of truth. Anyone who listens hears that the Gift user speaks true. Listeners are not necessarily inclined to obey the Fang or follow his suggestions, but the facts are clear. The Silver Fang must speak the truth, as he knows it, or the Gift automatically backfires.

- **Ignore Death Blow (Level Four)** — Tales say that the first Silver Fang died and was reborn; since that time, the Fangs have passed down this Gift. A Fang with this Gift can choose to ignore what would be a killing blow. This Gift is taught by a Lion-spirit.

System: Once per scene, the Fang can spend a Willpower point and ignore all damage from a single attack. The damage simply does not occur; no special handicaps take effect, either.

- **Renew the Cycle (Level Six)** — One of the most potent powers available to the Garou, this Gift allows the correction of a grievous wrong to the natural cycle of Gaia. The undead, whose very existence is an affront to the natural order of things, wither and crumble to dust when struck by the power of this Gift. Whether the undead is a shambling, month-old animated corpse or an ancient vampire, the Fang can destroy it with but a glance.

Only an avatar of Helios or Gaia Herself can teach this Gift.

System: The Garou and the victim enter into a resisted contest of Gnosis versus Willpower (both difficulty 8). The Garou must then spend three permanent Gnosis points to activate the wrath of Gaia. If the Garou wins the contest, the vampire (or other undead) is reduced to its natural state:

Elder vampires turn to dust, whereas freshly exhumed corpses simply lose their animation. This Gift forces mummies into a dead season of sleep but does not destroy them.

Stargazers

- **Conundrum (Level Three)** — A Stargazer with this Gift can introduce an unsolvable problem into a victim's mind. Depending on the effectiveness, the target could be completely immobilized by her new, fascinating train of thought. The effect varies with every individual, but it usually derives from the target's personality: A computer-hacking Glass Walker might try to discover the last digit of pi, while a Bone Gnawer might try to reason why, indeed, did the chicken cross the road. An avatar of the Chimera teaches this Gift, but the Garou must first solve her instructor's puzzle.

System: The Stargazer rolls her Manipulation + Subterfuge (difficulty of the target's Wits + Enigmas). The number of successes indicates the complexity of the problem and the extent to which the target is distracted. Each success also subtracts one die from the target's Dice Pools for an equal number of rounds. Each Willpower point the target spends reduces the effectiveness of this Gift by 1.

- **Avoid Fate (Level Four)** — With this Gift, the Stargazer can dodge the wheels of fate for the moment. Through a preternatural connection between herself and the universe, she avoids certain disaster. A Cat-spirit teaches the Garou this Gift.

System: Once per scene, the player can spend a Gnosis point to reroll any failed roll.

- **Directing the Soul (Level Five)** — Stargazers with this Gift can redirect the effects of their Rage and Gnosis. By attaining this higher control over their inner selves, they influence the world around them in their favor. This Gift is taught by an Enigmatic spirit.

System: After learning this Gift, the Stargazer can spend her Rage or Gnosis, instead of Willpower, to receive one automatic success on a roll.

Uktena

- **Scrying (Level Three)** — By staring into a mirror or other reflective surface, the Uktena can witness distant events or spy on rivals. She can follow a comrade's progress into a dangerous ambush or sneak a peak into the Tremere chantry house. Other supernaturals, especially ones with similar abilities, may have defenses against this Gift, which is taught by a Fly-spirit.

System: After spending one Gnosis point, the player must roll Perception + Occult (difficulty 7). The difficulty increases to 10 if the Garou does not possess an item owned by the target or something taken from the chosen area. The Uktena can see everything as if she were the proverbial fly on the wall.

• **Secrets (Level Three)** — Uktena are said to possess more hidden knowledge than any other tribe. This Gift may be one reason it is so. With Secrets, an Uktena can have one specific question answered simply by touching somebody who knows the answer. The answer to any question — such as “Where is the vampire’s lair?” — leaps into the Garou’s mind if, in fact, the target knows the answer in the first place. A Dream-spirit can teach this Gift after being caught.

System: After formulating a mental question, the Garou must touch the target. She must also roll Perception + Enigmas (difficulty 8) and spend one Gnosis point. The deeper the secret, the more successes are required. Learning a target’s favorite color requires only one success, whereas uncovering his secret lair might be four or more. If the target is aware of the mental intrusion, she may resist with a Willpower roll (difficulty 8).

• **Umbral Sight (Level Three)** — As the Theurge Gift.

• **Pointing the Bone (Level Four)** — The Garou can inflict ranged damage by simply pointing a bone at an opponent. After gathering the bone from some corpse herself, the Uktena can change it into a devastating weapon. A Vulture-spirit can teach this Gift in exchange for a few scraps.

System: The player rolls Perception + Athletics (difficulty 7) and spends one Gnosis point. The number of successes equals the number of aggravated Health Levels the attack causes to the target (this damage can be soaked as normal). The bone shatters after one use, but any properly harvested bone will suffice.

• **Sideways Attack (Level Four)** — The Uktena, ever delving into spirit matters, have learned the secrets of attacking Banes in the spirit world without ever leaving the physical realm. The Uktena’s arms seem to blur and vanish as she strikes into the Penumbra. This Gift is taught by a spirit servant of Uktena.

System: The werewolf must first use the Gift: Umbral Sight to locate her target. She may then spend a Gnosis point to attack anything she sees in the Penumbra, including spirits that are not materialized. She rolls her normal attack maneuver (Dexterity + Brawl for a Rake attack). The difficulty is two higher than normal.

Wendigo

• **Ghost Pack (Level Two)** — This Gift allows the Wendigo to call upon the aid of their ancient relatives. Much like the Past Life Background, the Ghost Pack can aid the Garou when she is in trouble or needs advice. The Ghost Pack whispers secrets to the Wendigo and often follows her around even after the Gift expires. A Buffalo-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player must spend one Gnosis, one Rage and roll Charisma + Occult (difficulty 7). The number of successes equals the number of ancestor spirits that come to the user’s aid. Although the ghosts cannot affect the physi-

cal world — they are simply memories and not actual wraiths — they can provide information and skills as per the Past Life Background.

• **Fog (Level Two)** — As the Black Fury Gift: Curse of Aeolus. The Warpath camp acquired a Gift similar to the Black Furies’ to cover their ecoterrorist activities. They learn this Gift from the Rain-spirits.

• **Harano (Level Four)** — The Wendigo can inflict a state of Harano on a single victim. The target feels the tragic history of all the world’s oppressed peoples, including the Garou themselves. Rumors that this power would not affect Native Americans have been dispelled by a Shadow Lord who swindled the Gift out of a naive Wendigo — who found himself the victim of a Gift he’d just taught. The Shadow Lord has not been heard from in recent days. A Wind-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: For one scene, the Garou can inflict an artificial Harano with a Manipulation + Expression roll (difficulty 8). Five or more successes can result in permanent mental injury. During the duration of the effect the victim is too depressed to perform any actions without a successful Willpower roll (difficulty 6).

New Rites

Rites of Accord

Rite of the Hunting Ground

Level One

Lupus Garou mark their territory by urinating on trees and bushes. After the rite, no wolf or Garou can come into the area without immediately realizing they have entered another’s territory. There is no compunction not to enter, however.

System: Typically, the Garou must spend an hour marking her territory. Special messages, such as a greeting to other Garou, can be left with an Intelligence + Primal-Urge roll (difficulty 7).

Caern Rites

Rite of the Opened Sky

Level Four

The rains summoned by the caster of this rite purify the Caern and the Garou within it. These showers can wash away all Wurm impurities and even heal wounds. When performing the rite, the caster must also sacrifice something of personal value.

System: This Gift has the same effects as the Rite of Contrition, but it encompasses the entire caern in which the rite is cast. In addition, for every two points of Gnosis the character spends, each Garou in the caern heals one Health Level.

Rites of Death

Rite of Lasting Glory

Level Five

Perhaps the greatest honor that one Garou can bestow upon another is the Rite of Lasting Glory. Only the most heroic Garou ever receive this reward, and only for the greatest of deeds serving both Garou and Gaia. This rite has only been bestowed posthumously. The tribe determines the nature of the rite; Get of Fenris celebrate the hero's new journey, whereas the Bone Gnawers glut themselves for an entire week.

System: The ritemaster leads the gathered in the most appropriate celebration. Typically, the Garou celebrate the fallen hero's death in the same way she lived her life: ritual combat for a warrior, for example. The mourners also expect a *eulogy from the ritemaster* and the packmates of the fallen hero, which may require Charisma + Etiquette rolls (difficulty 7, more if a speaker did not know the departed). At the end of the ritual, the ritemaster rolls her Wits + Rituals (difficulty 7). Each success adds one posthumous point of Honor to the fallen; the ritemaster receives half that number.

Mystic Rites

Rite of Silence

Level One

Garou who need to be silent use this rite to make up for any lack in natural ability. For the duration of this rite, the Garou are incapable of making any noise even if they bang on a drum or shatter glass. With the assistance of Raven-spirits, the Garou can sneak through dry underbrush or over a gravel road without making a sound.

System: The Garou invoking this rite confines herself in a dark room or cave. She whispers her darkest secret and then utters an oath of silence. Raven-spirits, attracted by her secret, carry any sound she makes into the Umbra once she leaves her confinement. If the werewolf chooses to speak for any reason, the rite ends immediately. The Raven-spirits, disappointed that the Garou did not reveal any more secrets, return the sounds they carried. For several minutes, the Garou is surrounded by a cacophony she created earlier.

This rite silences only those sounds the Garou would have made directly. If she were to throw a rock at a window, for instance, the whistle of the rock through the air would be silent, but the shattering glass would not. If she punched the glass with her bare hand, the breaking window would not make a sound.

Rite of the Spirit Brew

Level Two

With this rite, a Garou imbues a small volume of water with Gnosis. The most time-consuming aspect of the rite



involves actually creating the container. It must be sturdy enough to survive long journeys but ready mystically to hold the spiritual energies. This process allows the Garou to store a reserve of Gnosis for use during a particularly grueling conflict or extended journey.

System: After several hours of meditation and prayers to Gaia, the Garou buries the receptacle in purified earth for three days. At the end of that period, the Garou recovers her prize. The water now holds three Gnosis points that can be consumed by anyone. Should a creature incapable of using Gnosis drink the liquid, nothing happens and the Gnosis is lost.

The nature of the container depends purely on the Garou and the circumstances in which she finds herself. Many Get of Fenris use army canteens, whereas the Pure Ones remain fond of buffalo-hide waterskins.

Rite of Blood Kin

Level Three

Finding friends in an unfriendly world can be a challenging and even dangerous task. This rite discovers any Kinfolk unknown to the werewolf. Any Garou undergoing this rite enters a hypnotic state wherein he whispers the names of his ancient relatives. At the end of this lengthy rite, the identities of his existing Kinfolk are mystically added to the list. The rite, however, cannot tell the Garou anything about the disposition of the Kinfolk; neither does it reveal Wurm-taint or other supernatural influence.

System: The ritemaster need only make sure that the questing Garou remains calm upon entering the trance. For the rite to be successful, nothing can disturb the ritualist's concentration. At the end of the rite, the questing Garou rolls his Wits + Empathy (difficulty 5). Each success makes clear the identity of one previously unknown Kinfolk within 100 miles of the Garou.

Rite of Weeping for a Vision

Level Three

The native tribes adopted this rite from their Sioux brethren. After preparing a sacred pipe of tobacco and entering meditation on a hilltop, the Garou receives visions. Unlike the Sioux ritual, however, the Garou's spirit actually leaves her body and travels into the Umbra. Once there, spirits assail her with visions of her possible futures or memories of her past.

System: The ritualist prepares all the necessary implements prior to the vision seeker's journey. Once secluded, the Garou smokes the sacred pipe and meditates throughout the night. With a successful Gnosis roll (difficulty 7), her spirit leaves her body and enters the Umbra. If anyone disturbs her physical form, the visions end immediately. In the Umbra, the Garou experiences visions and delusions created by spirits who wish to frighten the stranger out of their realm. Among these images, fortunes of the future and reflections of the past can be discerned. Interpreting these



visions should never be easy, and the Storyteller should do her best to conceal their true meanings.

Punishment Rites

Rite of the Stolen Wolf

Level Four

This rite is usually enacted for crimes against other Garou or Kinfolk. The ritual strips a Garou of all her Rage. She thus loses the wolf and can no longer shapeshift, frenzy, gain Rage or spend it. Typically, this punishment lasts for a set amount of time depending on the crime's severity. When the rite expires, the Garou is once again able to tap her Rage — ideally having learned a valuable lesson.

System: The ritemaster cuts off a piece of the victim's fur and seals it in a box or shell. This item is then buried and cannot be reopened for a period determined by the caster. Destroying the case causes the Garou to lose the wolf permanently. No roll is required; however, preparing the receptacle takes many days and the target may not be willing to surrender the wolf.

Rite of the Lone Wolf

Level Five

No greater punishment can be meted out than to ostracize a Garou from the sept. This rite strips the Garou of all her privileges and all her ties to sept, tribes and lineage. The Lone Wolf, or Ronin, must leave Garou society permanently. No longer welcome at any gathering, she walks her road alone. These single Garou, separated from the protection of the pack and tribe, often meet a violent end.

Many Garou choose death over banishment, but the incidence of Ronin Garou is on the rise. A Ronin may even remain with her pack, if the pack allows it. Ronin continue to gain Renown and even rank, although at a vastly slower rate. They may learn new rank Gifts from spirits or a heavily bribed mentor.

System: Only the vilest crimes ever warrant the enactment of this rite. A council of elders must decide whether the severity of the crimes require this form of punishment. Once this rite is chosen, the ritemaster ceremoniously removes all the Garou's belongings, revokes her name, leads her to the edge of the Caern and turns his back on her. No howl of mourning sounds, no tears are shed; the Garou simply no longer exists in the minds of the sept.

The Ronin Garou loses all temporary Renown. The ritemaster gains two Wisdom points but loses two temporary Honor for performing this task.

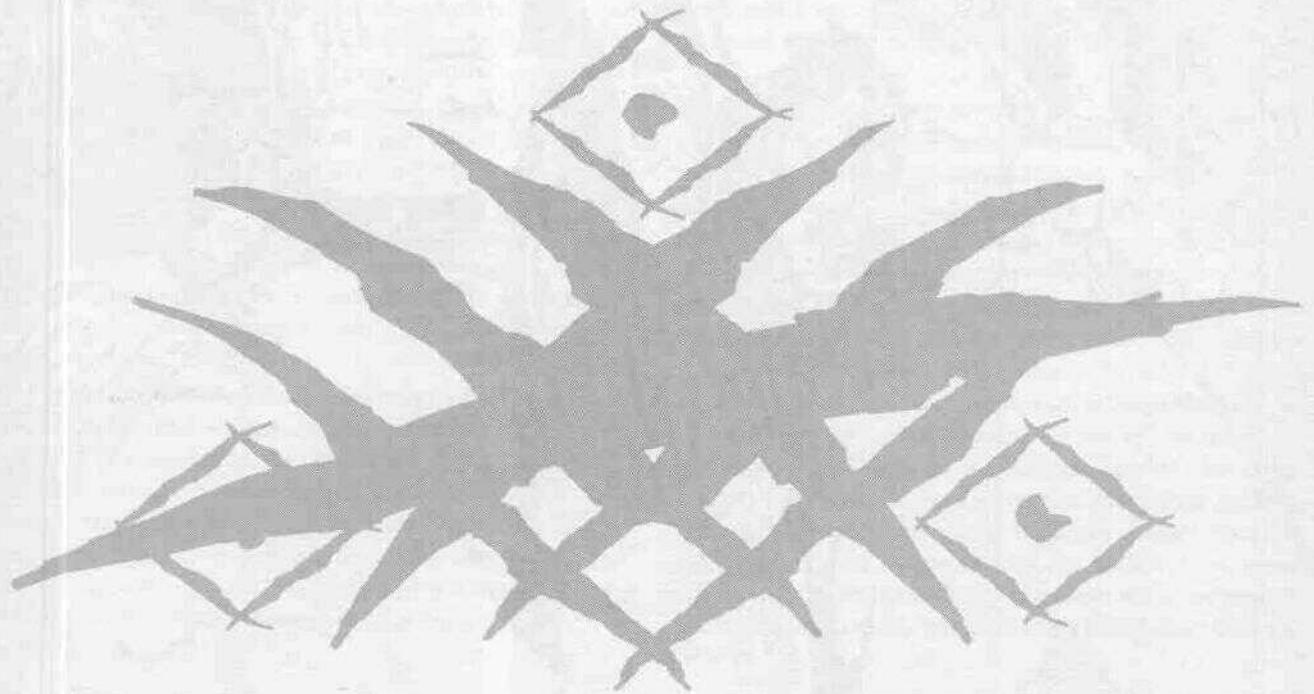
Rites of Renown

Rite of Praise

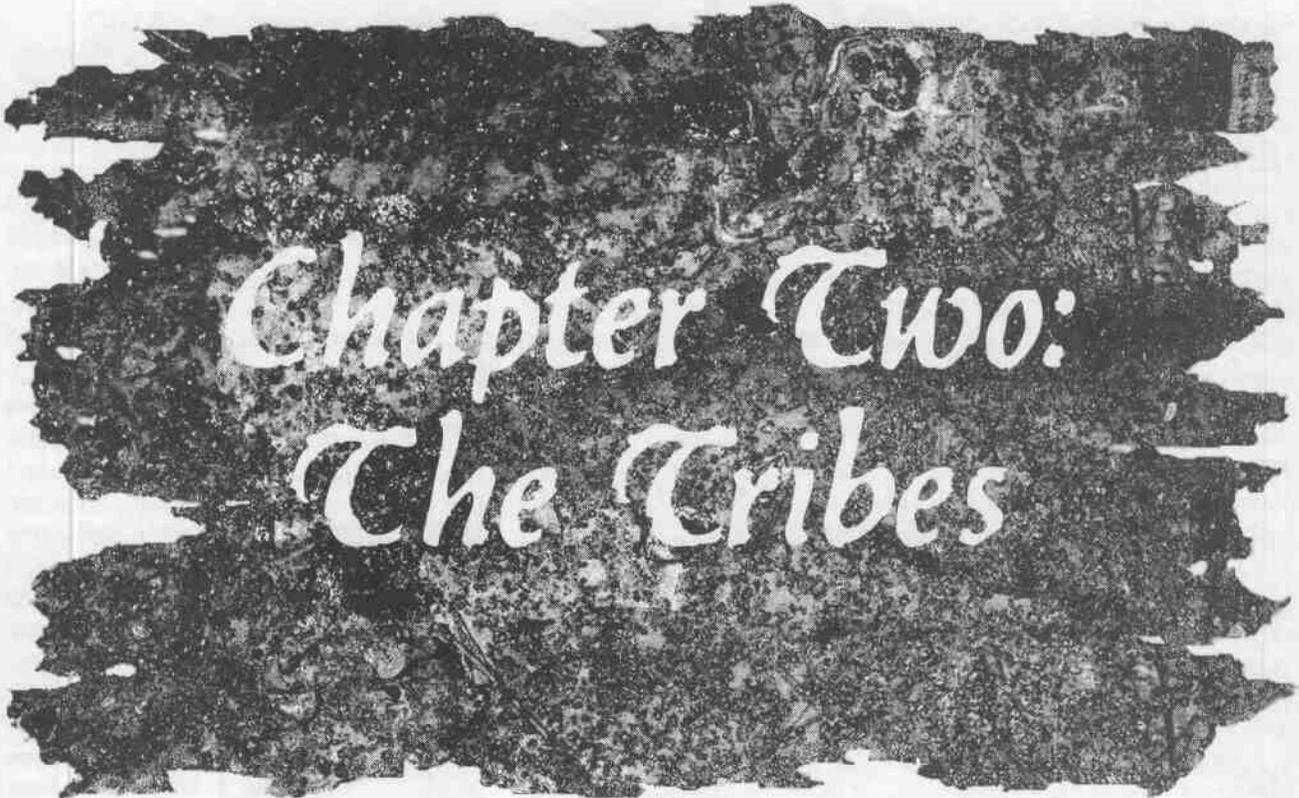
Level Two

This rite recognizes the service and bravery of a single Garou. Any actions above and beyond the call of duty can warrant this praise. For the next three moons, the deeds of the individual are honored. She may even receive a fetish for her accomplishments.

System: The ritemaster describes the chosen Garou's heroics and makes a Charisma + Rituals roll (difficulty 6). For every success she rolls, the target gains one extra die to her Social Dice Pools when dealing with the sept during the next three months.







Chapter Two: The Tribes

The tribe. More than a cultural group, more than an accident of heritage — to many Garou, the tribe is a source of identity. Each tribe is the culmination of millennia of tradition and customs, reinforced by the tangible spirituality of Garou existence. Although only a fool would presume that all Get of Fenris are warlike or that all Silver Fangs are haughty, there's a certain amount of cultural unity that keeps a tribe together. This oneness is their strength — as divisive and short-tempered as werewolves are, it's amazing that a group of them can agree on anything at all. Without tribes, they would never have survived to the Final Times. And unless they learn to overcome the tribal boundaries that have grown stronger over time, they probably won't survive further.

This chapter offers a bit more information on each of the 13 tribes than was presented in the main rulebook, as well as a tiny amount on the Lost Tribes. Admittedly, much of this information is couched in myth and legend — but such is the nature of an oral tradition. Any Garou myth could be right, or it could be propaganda: It's common knowledge among the Garou, and it's what keeps them from leaping at each other's throats over the slightest retelling of a tribal history. Usually.

Camps

Camps — groupings of like-minded Garou with their own agenda — are further subdivisions within each tribe. These camps can be as informal as a philosophy or activity some tribe members have in common or as rigid as viciously factional political groups or separatist societies. Not all Garou belong to camps — and not all Garou of a camp necessarily agree on very much.

Camps provide yet another way to forge a unique identity within a tribe, to provide a few more ideas about how to personalize your character or his philosophy. Some camps have their own special Gifts or rites. Such practices are rarely taught to outsiders; even members of the same tribe cannot learn them without joining that camp.

When a character wants to join a camp, the Storyteller should create inventive initiation rites or membership requirements. Some camps are easy to join, such as the Earth Guides of the Uktena (simply prove your commitment to Native American life) or the Wayfarers of the Silent Striders (just go to another tribe and offer your services to the highest bidder). Others, however, require a more rigorous initiation, from the patience-test of the Stargazer Klaital Puk (sit still in a room for a week without saying anything) to the harrowing “judgment” one must pass before joining the Shadow Lord Judges of Doom.

Black Furies

Legendry

Luna is many things. She is wondrous and capricious by turns; and she is jealous, too. You can see nightly how she turns her face toward Gaia and away from Her in turn. This is because of Luna's envy. And yet, from that envy was born a powerful tribe of warriors. Listen, cub, and you will learn.

You see, when the world was young, and the Weaver had first dragged the Wyrn into her web to strangle from it its secrets, Gaia could tell that ill would come of that struggle. She felt the darkness of the future as you would feel an oncoming fever, or as a pregnant mother feels her child's strength. So She gathered Her strength, and from it She gave birth to the Garou and to all the other shapeshifters besides.

Luna watched as the shapeshifters were born and gladly offered her favor to them when Gaia asked her to do so. But it troubled Luna that of all the creatures running wild and free, none were truly hers. All belonged to Gaia first and venerated Luna second.

So Luna decided that she wanted children as devoted to her as they were to Gaia. She looked all across the world as she travelled above it, and finally she found what she was looking for — a band of female Garou who patrolled the shores of the Mediterranean. "Yes," thought Luna, "they'll do nicely."

Wearing the face of the Huntress, Artemis, Luna descended among the Garou. Instantly, each dropped to one knee before the splendid sight of the Moon Huntress. She smiled at that and said, "You know who I am."

As one, the five bowed their heads, and the first and most beautiful among them — her name was Medusa — spoke. "Majesty, we could not fail to know you," she said. "Our blood sings your name to us."

Artemis smiled then. "Listen," she said. "I've looked across the world, and you five are the strongest women that have ever shared food and drink. You are wild and stubborn, and for that I want your service."

Again, the five bowed as one. "Majesty," rumbled Isthmene, "we could ask nothing more."

Artemis walked among them then, and to each woman she gave a gift. "To you, Euryale, I grant my Cloak; for you, Helena, my Salve. Stheno, I grant you my Bridle; and Medusa, take my Loom.

Isthmene, you may take my Bow, and may you slay many beasts with it in my name.

"But listen: The power I grant you is yours only so long as you keep yourselves pure and true to my wishes. You cannot teach the lore I give you to the sons of man or wolf, for they would be confused and clumsy with such knowledge. This power and wisdom is yours alone." She smiled, and spread her hands. "And now, I must leave you."

"But, wait!" cried Helena. "You haven't told us the secrets of these treasures yet! How can we use them in your name?"

Artemis smiled as she climbed back into the sky. "I shall always be with you, but I will not share my secrets with the world! What I have to share is for you and your daughters alone — and not for idle ears. Look for me in the wildest and most remote places; there I will tell you the secrets of Sun and Moon."



To this day, the daughters of those first Black Furies guard the wildest places. There they speak to Artemis, Hunter of the Moon. But because Luna is fickle, they have yet to learn all of her secrets. Nonetheless, they know that Artemis' wisdom is for them alone, and woe to the would-be eavesdropper who tries to steal lore from the Furies!

Recent History

The Furies are becoming spread all too thin in these Final Days. Their struggle to improve Woman's lot has borne some fruit, at least in some cultures. However, they have so much further to go that many despair of accomplishing their goals before the Apocalypse comes. What's more, the Furies are beginning to become far too rare to devote proper attention both to their social agendas *and* to defending the Wyld. Every year, more Furies die than are born, and every year, more of the Wyld places are defiled. Even their recruitment of females from other tribes is not enough. Today, many Furies feel torn between their duties, as they believe that the tribe cannot win both the war for women's status and the war for the Wyld. The Black Furies today remain too proud to ask (or trust) the other tribes to help, and some pessimists outside the tribe claim that the Furies will snap if they keep trying to bear half the world on their shoulders.

In defiance, the Furies struggle even harder in the Final Days to protect their charges. Several Furies have travelled into Bosnia/Herzegovina over the past few years, determined to put an end to the rape camps and worse that have sprung up there. Few of those crusaders have been heard from since, leading some of their sisters to believe that great and noisome powers are lurking in the area, feeding off the anguish of the locals. Other Furies have passed into Bangkok, Amsterdam, New York and Hong Kong, where they have found foul evidence of a conspiracy that feeds the Defiler Wyrms with the violation of innocents. Some Furies have asked the other Garou to aid them against this network of depravity, but most, upon witnessing the suffering of its victims, are too enraged even to spare a thought for allies.

Organization

The Black Furies are scattered across the world, and they jealously guard most of their caerns in the wildest, most secluded places. They allow no lupus or homid male to serve in the tribe, and they usually forbid such werewolves from the Furies' sacred sites. Oddly enough, they accept the metis sons of Furies into their ranks, although male metis never gain much prestige or responsibility in the tribe and usually remain in supporting roles.

The entire tribe takes its direction from the rulings of two circles, or Calyxes. The Outer Calyx is composed of 13 Furies, chosen by lot, who come from all over the world.

These Furies coordinate the tribe's activities across the globe, and each one oversees a certain region and administers the edicts of the Inner Calyx when necessary.

The Inner Calyx consists of five Furies chosen by Artemis herself. These five are reputedly the keepers of the sacred treasures and certainly the highest law of the tribe. Each one exemplifies a certain role (or facet of Artemis) and is a sterling representative of her auspice. The five are the First Daughter (Ragabash), the Elder Crone (Theurge), the Great Mother (Philodox), the Mistress of Artisans (Galliard) and the Chief Warrior (Ahroun). These five are not always of the highest Rank; Artemis herself determines the worthiness of a member of the Inner Calyx and does not share her reasons.

Camps

- **Amazons of Diana:** This secret order is dedicated foremost to the ideal of protecting women from abuse. The Amazons run the gamut from patient social workers who operate women's clinics to vicious warriors who stalk and dismember rapists and sex offenders. They rarely cooperate with male Garou and gladly perpetuate the bloody rivalry between the Furies and the Get of Fenris.

- **Freebooters:** By comparison, the Freebooters are interested more in discovering and defending lost sacred ground or undiscovered sites of the Wyld. They operate mostly on the fringes of human society, as they prefer their missions even over tribal politics. Freebooters are known for capturing Wyrms fetishes and placing them under the tribe's protection, as well as being the advance guard to reclaim lost caerns. Always leaping into the next adventure, they certainly make for interesting companions.

- **Moon-Daughters:** This camp concerns itself mostly with the mysticism that is its tribe's birthright, and the Moon-Daughters often distribute filtered-down Fury spirituality into various human subcultures. They are about as egalitarian and accepting as Fury camps get, and they work constantly to raise the consciousness of the humans around them. However, outsiders who dismiss the Moon-Daughters as yet another New Age or pagan sect often miss the point — the Daughters are as ferocious in battle as any of their sisters, and their patience is hardly limitless.

Quote

You are Garou. You understand that the connections of the spirit world, of spirit and flesh, are far more than superstition. Then why can you not understand that sex has its own power and wisdom? You need to leave your pathetic pop psychology behind and accept that our roles have been set since before humanity was baking clay bricks in the sun.

— Cassandra Shadow-Watcher, Black Fury Theurge

Bone Gnawers

Legendry

What's a Bone Gnawer? Hah, that's pretty funny, kid.

Wait — you're serious? Jeez O'Pete, kid; that ain't funny at all. Siddown a minute.

The Bone Gnawers are the hardest working tribe in show business, if ya know what I mean. We've always been hale and hearty, living in and around the refuse of the cities. Unlike most of the other tribes, we don't really have a "homeland," but it's been roughly conceded that the earliest of our kind came out of Mesopotamia. Or at least, that's what the Gall'yards say.

Anyways, we haven't ever really gotten on so well with the other tribes, but we've always got the will to survive, just like the song says. See, most of the other Garou have this big, overinflated sense of their own importance. Back in the annals of Gaia's history, this arrogant Silver Fang War Chief, Fangs-of-Anger, said outright that we could eat only whatever the 'Fangs left after they were done. Now, ol' Fangs changed his tune after a gaggle of Gnawers dragged his pack's sorry white butts out of some grade-A snowdrifts, but most of the time things don't go so (even begrudgingly) good.

Problem is that, for the most part, we're city folk. Now, don't get me wrong — there certainly are some noteworthy Bone Gnawers out there in the hill country of Appalachia and especially down in Mexico and Baja. Most Bone Gnawers, though, are civilized through and through. Hand in hand with the "stigma" of living in cities goes our

somewhat...impoverished...condition. But what the hell — it's not like werewolves keep day jobs, you know, kid?

Anyway, as part of our urban existence, we tend to run into all the ugly stuff the city has to offer. More than a few of us know a fair shake about the Leeches, and most of us aren't strangers to the underside of the legal table, but it takes all kinds, doesn't it, kiddo? Where many of the other tribes turn up their noses at us, we quietly and humbly get the job done. Function over fashion, don'tcha know.

Naturally, those other Garou think we've given up the fight against the Wurm. They accuse us of being in league with the Weaver, happy to rest on our flea-ridden hind ends and eat discarded McChunks out of dumpsters. That just ain't true.

Every company's got its grunts, and that's typically where we fall, even though there's no rigid intertribal hierarchy in Garou society. The way we see it, sporty, is that nobody lives a perfect life. You can yelp and howl and chant the Litany all day long, but if you don't do anything about it, it ain't gonna do you a bit of good. Maybe I don't Submit to Those of Better Status or whatever the Litany says, but you can bet that I watch the caern six ways till Sunday and have respect for those pathetic wretches beneath even me. I mean, hell, even Jesus must have sinned here and there, no? It's impossible to uphold all that crap — and you can quote me there.



There's a subtle code to the Bone Gnawer lifestyle: Serve Gaia as best you can. I know it may sound like a cop-out, but, hey, the Apocalypse is upon us, you know? A couple of Bone Gnawers have given up the quest altogether, searching for a better place in the deepest reaches of the Umbra, but aside from them, we're a pretty stand-up bunch. We're good snoops, given our predisposition for hiding amid the castoffs of polite society, and we've got the keenest ears for the voices of the city spirits. (Don't let anyone tell you otherwise; those Glass Walkers are too busy being 31337 to do any good.) We know all the ropes at the bottom levels of society, and don't even tell me that there's not some use for the information beat cops and hookers can tell you. We may not be pretty, but I'll be damned if we aren't pulling our own weight here, boyo.

Organization

Don't make me laugh.

Bone Gnawer society is about as loose and egalitarian as it gets. There's no real "ocracy" down here, but your ability makes and breaks your reputation, and that rep's as good as gold in Gnawer circles, let me tell you.

Down here in the armpit of society, we take care of our own, and a great deal of prestige goes to those who help the most folks. You've probably heard the terms "Mother," "Father," "Grandmother" and "Grandfather" a lot among Bone Gnawers. Those names refer to Garou who have gone out of their way to hook up the unfortunates with a better deal. You get one of those nicknames by helping feed the hungry, employ the jobless and house the homeless. The more you help people, the more you're looked up to.

Another way to gain status is to accumulate an impressive array of Stuff. Capital "S." I'm not talking about random crap you come across in the street, son, I'm talking about genuinely useful things — things that the City wants you to use to help it. Some of it may look like junk, but we've got a good sense for what may be useful and what's garbage. Garbage won't help you out when you're facing down a pack

of deranged fomori coughed up from a medical waste recycling plant, lemme tell you, but Stuff might. It's a kind of nebulous term, I know, but you'll learn to spot it.

Moots happen every now and then, but they're pretty informal affairs. Unless something really big is going down, you won't get any visitors from any other tribes (except the odd Silent Strider); our parties are fairly low-rent shindigs that those other ponceys don't wanna touch. Whatever.

Camps

Bone Gnawers aren't segregationist, but when you grow up with street gangs as families, you're bound to pick up some kind of crowd mentality.

- **Deserters:** These slobs give us our bad name with the other Garou. In a nutshell, they think it's too late to save Gaia, so they pack up and head out into the Umbra to find someplace else. Cowards. If I ever catch one of these runts within arm's reach, I'll give him a new hole to hide his head in.

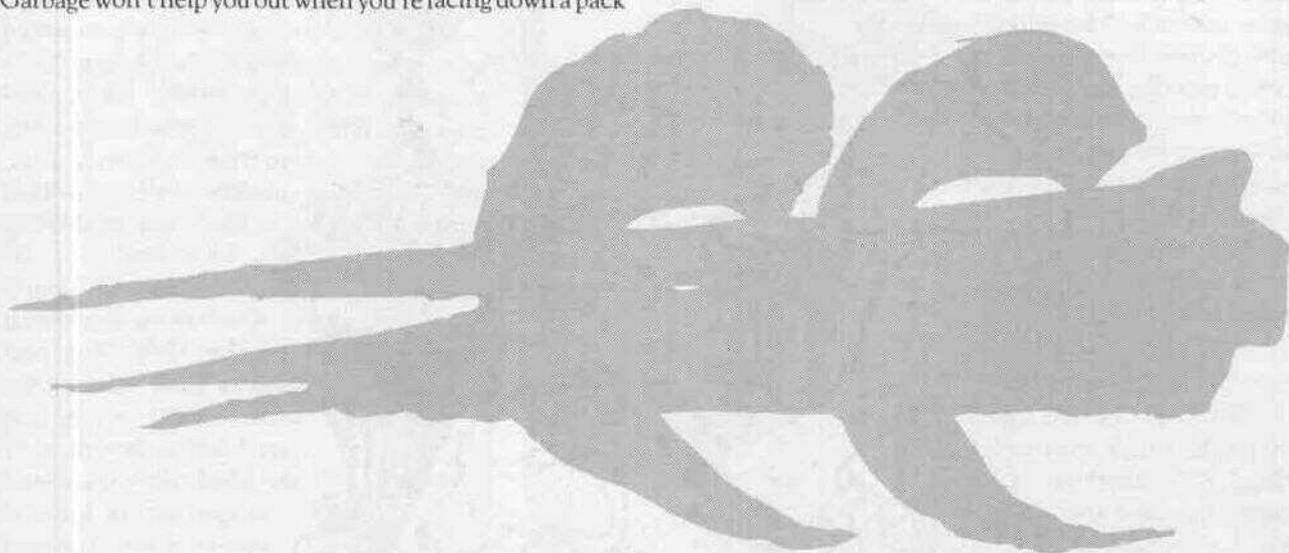
- **Rat Finks:** If a Garou were a fly on the wall, he'd be a Rat Fink. These guys specialize in digging up dirt — and then doing something productive with it. You remember that big Endron oil spill a few years ago? It was all gonna blow over until some Rat Fink turned his lead over to the press.

- **The Hood:** Kind of like Garou-powered welfare. The Hood secretly aids the down-and-out humans of the city. They're not real popular (Gaia knows we don't need any more humies than we already got), but they're about as dedicated to a cause as you can get.

Quote

I may be dirty, I may be poor and I may be ugly. But when it comes down to the wire, I'll lay my life on the line for Gaia and any of those under her auspices. Your high-horse talk doesn't do a damn bit of good if you don't have the gumption to back it up.

— Grandfather Bannion, Bone Gnawer Ahroun



Children of Gaia

Legendry

Blood. All creatures are born in the blood of their mothers, and no less so the Garou. The Children of Gaia, however, know that they have been born twice to their calling — once from the suffering of their Mother Gaia and again from the violence that split the Garou.

In the beginning, of course, there were no such things as tribes. When Gaia was first torn by the poisoned talons of the newly maddened Wyrn, She birthed the Changing Breeds from Her pain. The Garou didn't know what tribes were back then. Whether their pelts were silvery or shadowy, gray, brown or white — it made no difference.

What a different world it would have been had that lasted.

But no. The Garou watched as the humans grew more numerous. They watched as the soft-skinned humans learned the tricks of using tools where they had no claws or building shelters to make up for their lack of pelts. They watched, and they grew angry. Where once the Garou would walk among the humans and guide them, now they stalked the hut villages by night, carrying off their victims to keep the population in check. This killing festered in the hearts of some Garou, and they went mad with the touch of Beast-of-War. For the first time, Garou fought Garou over the rights to certain territories or the stewardship of certain human villages.

And in that fevered time, they slew their own cubs.

Gaia wept to see the cubs die and caught up the pups to Her breast. There She breathed new life into them and raised them among

the branches of the World Tree. As they grew, they learned the secret of Death, as all wolves do. And then, Gaia taught them the secret of Life.

When the cubs grew to adulthood, Gaia brought them back to the world and charged them to teach the others the way of Life. But the other Garou were ashamed of their anger, and they would not listen. They wandered away, embarrassed, and in so doing split apart. To this day, the Children of Gaia strive to bring the Garou back into one tribe, to live as Gaia always intended them to.

But the Children were clever and did not speak to the Garou alone. They also went among the humans and brought Gaia's messages of love and Life with them.

Few humans could bear to think of the Mother's infinite love, and they, too, wandered away from the Children. But the Children never left them, and the proof lies with the ancient Greeks — and with the humans today.

For in Greek, and then again in the languages that followed and learned from the ancient Greeks, the humans knew and spoke the true name for the Earth, the Mother — Gaia.

Recent History

The Children of Gaia have always had to struggle, and recent years are no exception. The tribe heaved a great collective sigh at the end of the Cold War, relieved at the thought that the humans might not leap as quickly into a third World War. However, the situation remains grim, and humanity will not simply stop being cruel and brutal to itself.

Some Children of Gaia ran the desert sands in the Gulf War and brought back tales of the technological terrors that reaped human lives there by the hundreds. Others were caught in the horrible events of the Rwandan



civil war, and they watched the Penumbra there boil with Blights as the slaughter continued. Still more went to the Balkans and were nearly devoured by the evils that humanity's hatred had awakened there.

But the Children are nothing if not persistent. Their strident cries for peace in the Garou Nation are swaying some of the younger, more open-minded werewolves — and alienating the elders who believe that the time to act is *now*. The Children also refuse to give up on humanity, and they strive to heal both human society and Garou society alike, even though it strains their resources more and more with each passing day. Currently, the tribe is attempting to smooth out and further peace negotiations in the Middle East. The Children of Gaia are active in trying to bring an end to human rights violations wherever they occur. They are also attempting to bring democracy to China and other nations whose failed attempts at Communism have brought only more hardship to their people. Unfortunately, they are meeting with resistance in China from the native shapeshifters, the *hengeyokai*, who firmly argue that the Children have no place in a society they do not truly understand.

Organization

Children of Gaia can be found almost anywhere around the globe. Wherever there is conflict to be resolved or suffering to be alleviated, there are likely to be Children of Gaia or their Kin trying to do so. The tribe isn't dominant in any one area; they prefer to try spreading their message as widely as possible. Many Children are nomadic or involved in missionary work with other tribes.

To the tribes who have rigidly structured hierarchies of dominance, the Children of Gaia appear to have no leaders at all; their leaders encourage the participation of the Garou beneath them in decision-making and determining tribal policy. It is true that the tribe has no overall ruler. However, the Children of Gaia understand the value of good government and have — with varying degrees of success — tried to get human societies to follow their lead.

Each sept has a threefold leadership structure. The Voice of the Goddess, traditionally a female role, is the lawgiver and policy maker of the sept. The Arm of the Goddess, usually male, is in charge of enforcing Gaia's will. The Heart of the Goddess, most often a *metis* or an elder past childbearing years, acts as judge and interpreter of Gaia's will.

Camps

• **Angels in the Garden:** For the Angels, immunizing the youngest human generation against the Defiler Wyrms is of paramount importance. These Garou maintain an underground network among their Kin to protect children from abusers, even if it means breaking the laws against kidnapping once in a while. They also strive to inseminate children's books and other media with Gaian ideals, in hopes of turning youngsters against the Wyrms. Cynical Garou sometimes warn these Children that the Apocalypse may well come before this next generation grows to adulthood, and that all the Angels' work will be for naught. The Angels invariably reply that they cannot afford to take that chance.

• **Imminent Strike:** Not all Children of Gaia counsel negotiation and compromise. Imminent Strike is composed of Garou who are prepared to enter the Final Battle as soon as the horn sounds, and to the Abyss with any who are reluctant to heed their call. If the other tribes cannot cooperate, Imminent Strike advises, they must be severed from the Garou Nation and abandoned to their fate. Better to lose the dead weight, say this camp's members, than to have it drag you under.

• **The Patient Deed:** The antithesis of Imminent Strike, the members of The Patient Deed insist that the Garou can prevail only through the unity of all tribes. If the Garou cannot even solve the problems that plague their own society, how can they hope to solve the problems that plague the whole world? The Patient Deed sends missionaries to learn more about the other tribes and to promote understanding between them. Gaia needs *all* of Her children to defend Her. Even the willful, rebellious ones must learn to do their part.

Quote

Honor? You claim you duel for honor? What honor is there in abandoning your duty to Gaia, your pack and tribe? If you two duel now, then one of you will surely die — and will have failed. What will you do then? Seek to return as a spirit to aid your cubs, who needed you alive? What of cubs who will never be born because you had to die before siring them? Pah! If either of you fools think you know what honor is, then look me in the eye and tell me!

—Michael Mountain-Shoulder, Child of Gaia Ahroun

Fianna

Legendry

It happened that Fergus Grins-At-Doom was walking along in the woods. His gang was asleep from partyin' hard the night before, but ol' Fergus could go endless rounds with the bottle and still be up bright and early in the mornin'. So, he was off alone in the woods, probably doin' his business, when these fomora come upon him.

They was ugly bastards all right, two of 'em, big and brutish. One of 'em had only one eye, but it was big and could see a good ways on both sides of his head. The other had four arms and four swords to go with 'em. They see this hero of the Garou who was always kickin' their pals' butts, and they knew they had him. So, they draw their weapons and surround him before he can even shake off.

But Fergus, he's a cunning one alright. He pretends he don't see 'em and starts to stumble a bit, like he's drunk from the night before. He turns around and yells: "Ah, me pals. Whatcha doin' up so soon? C'mon, let's go have some more!"

The fomora look at each other and smile. Thinking that he's thinking that they're part of his gang, they decide to lead him back to their camp, where they can show him off to their Wyrms pals alive rather than dead. So, the one with the big eye says: "Yeah. Let's do that. It's this way."

Fergus falls right in with 'em, tromping towards who knows how many fomora. How's he gonna get outta this? Well, he starts to think. And whenever Fergus needed to think hard, he sought the Salmon Wisdom. As legend goes, Fionn Mac Cumhail was the first to get the wisdom when he burned his thumb on a salmon he was cookin'. So, he sucked his thumb to suck in wisdom. Well, Salmon taught Fergus the same trick, as he taught many Garou.

Well, the fomora see Fergus suckin' his thumb, and they lose it. They start to laugh so hard they're weepin'. Here's this famous Garou who wins against all his enemies, and he's suckin' his thumb like a baby. It was too much for 'em.

So Fergus sees his chance and does a salmon leap over the trees, well out of sight of the two fomora. After they wipe their tears away, they look around to see that their catch is missing; he's slipped the hook and swum away. So pissed off are they that each starts blamin' the other for the loss, and soon they're comin' to blows. Fergus, watching from the bushes, is glad he got outta that fix, cause these guys is tough. With one blow from each, they both go down dead.

Fergus comes outta the bushes and shifts into Crinos form. He picks them up — and they're heavy — and carries the bodies back to camp, where he drops them in front of his bleary-eyed gang and says: "Ah, ya wimps. Yer not even full awake yet, and I've already killed two Wyrms creatures today!"

"Hey, that ain't fair!" one of his gang says. "You shoulda woke us! Where're we gonna get some fomora to kill?"

"Don't worry," Fergus says. "I left ya some back in the woods. A whole camp of 'em."

The Fianna all leap up and gather their weapons and run off into the woods to look for some Wyrms butt to kick, so as not to be shown up by their leader. Fergus, he sits down and swallows the rest of the beer left in the bottoms of the cups scattered about. And that, me friends, is a true Fianna. All the glory with none of the hardship.



Recent History

The Fianna have undergone a radical change of late, turning away from human politics, which all too often leads to useless and ceaseless violence. One of their camps, the Eire Fundamentalists, has seen many defections of late, as even their Kinfolk forego violent solutions to long-held differences. The Brotherhood of Herne has likewise suffered a sea change in its ranks, as members call for more spiritual traditions than worldly politics.

As a result, the energies of the tribe are now turning to more productive affairs, especially the search for the Wyrms in its own midst. Many corrupt hearts need healing, and many Fianna unable to reform their ways are sent on Umbral quests to beg Stag for guidance in finding a new life path or a refuge from the horrors of the ongoing war against corruption.

Ancient trods are sought again, and old alliances with the fae are recalled. The Fianna feel that the mirthful magic that once sustained them in their fight has been lost and that perhaps the fae could help them find it again. The Fianna aren't naive, however — they've dealt with the fickle lords and commoners of the Seelie and Unseelie Courts before, and they know that there is a price to pay for any aid or gift tendered from Arcadia.

The Righ and the Council of Song have called for a worldwide alliance with the other tribes, and they bid their ranks to seek favor with other Garou, no matter how disagreeable they are. Thus, Fianna are bid to hold their tempers and smile away any insults the Get of Fenris or Shadow Lords may serve up. Of course, such wisdom goes against the grain of the prideful tribe, and it remains to be seen just how successful this campaign of alliance will be.

Organization

The tribe, as a whole, is led by a high king or queen, called the Ar-Righ, whose traditional seat is at Tara in Ireland, but the occasional high king has been known to hold court in Wales or even Boston. Each sept is led by a king or queen (often called simply "Righ"), who is backed and advised by a Council of Song made up of Philodox and Galliards. This structure displays the bent of the tribe as a whole: The Fianna value wisdom and song in matters of judgment. However, they reserve the highest honors and glory in their songs for the Ahrouns; the most popular tales involve mighty heroes of muscle and magic. Nonetheless, Ragabash also gain their due, for a hearty laugh and even a malicious joke or two garner respect among this tribe.

At each moot, a sept elects certain Fianna to valued "Chairs": the Chair of Poetry, the Chair of Song and the

Chair of Stories. These Garou are the best of their sept at the named tasks, and Chairs from all over the world compete with each other during the annual Grand Moot at Tara. To win a Chair is a high honor; to win the Grand Chair is the achievement of a lifetime.

Camps

- **Children of Dire:** This lupus-only camp has — like the lupus population as a whole — dwindled in recent years. They still keep up the fight, however, sniffing out Wyrmscent on the moors, in the dells and throughout the few remaining old-growth woodlands of the British Isles.

- **Grandchildren of Fionn:** The most rough-and-tumble of the lot, Grandchildren look up to the Fianna's ancient ancestor, their illustrious Kinfolk, Fionn Mac Cumhail. Emulating him, they choose to roam the land and look for scraps to get in or causes to fight for — and treasure to be had. Taking up the banner of the new Ar-Righ's strategy of cross-tribal alliance, they lead the missions to greet septs whose friendships have been long severed, in the hopes of building common causes against the Wyrms.

- **Tuatha de Fionn:** This camp has kept the old lore concerning the fae alive, and it maintains generational friendships with them. While many Fianna do not understand the fae of today, believing them lost in their own games after playing "dead" for so long as to forget who they are, the Tuatha know the truth: that the modern world is poison to a Changeling's Glamour. Thus, they swear to aid their friends of old by fighting the rising tide of Banality however they can.

- **Whispering Rovers:** The Rovers mainly roam Europe, to keep abreast of the troubles there, but they rarely stay long enough to become too involved in them. They probably have the largest gossip network in the tribe, but they don't care much for inter-tribal unity — they've been snubbed too often by the septs of the lands they travel through, whether Silver Fang, Get or Shadow Lord. Some have even immigrated to America, where they travel the heartland's back roads as modern-day gypsies, scamming a meal — or a fortune — from humans wherever they can.

Quote

Ya all know Tuan's song of old: "I am the hot wind that blows. I am the foam upon the beer. I am the boar at the party." I am the one who's damn sick of that song! It's time for some new songs, and I am the bard to sing 'em.

— Angus Firethroat, Fianna Galliard

Get of Fenris

Legendry

The Get of Fenris know the truth: Gaia created them as vessels of vengeance. The humans of the great, frozen north lands killed the wolves without remorse, and so She created the Get of Fenris to return the favor. When they'd tamed or killed the most ruthless humans, they slowly joined with the culture of their onetime enemies and even began mating with them. Long after others had abandoned the Impergium, the Get continued the duties they'd received, dealing death to the careless and watching over the remaining Scandinavian tribes. Looking back at the recent past, many of them feel they'd have been better off to continue the killings. The Get learned from the Norse men. They learned the glory of combat and the joy of killing an enemy: lessons they've never forgotten.

When their Norse Kinfolk moved to other lands, the Get went with them to serve as protectors and sometimes as leaders. Wherever they went, the Get of Fenris sought out the other werewolf tribes, watched them and learned their ways. What they saw disgusted the Get. Most other Garou were weak, barely managing to hold their lands and seldom doing anything at all to keep control of their human Kinfolk.

When the time came, the Get began teaching their werewolf brethren a few hard lessons. Most important of all was simply this: *Protect yourselves and your caems, because if you can't, we'll do it for you.*

The Get of Fenris are warriors. They fight the Wyrms, its minions and all who need killing, and they fight the other Garou to make sure that all are ready when the time for Ragnarok — the final battle with the Wyrms — comes around. They fight because they must. In distant times, they were content to fight only when the need arose, but these days the struggle demands that they constantly test their Garou cousins, whether their cousins like it or not.

For much of their time the Get have managed to keep at least a handful of the tribes constantly offended by Get attitudes. They don't care. The time for polite conversation, if such a time ever existed, is long past. Ragnarok comes soon enough, and everyone the Get strengthen will be grateful for such efforts. Until that time, the other tribes may whine and whimper about this "mistreatment." Until they stand and fight, the Get choose not to listen.

Recent History

Since the time of the second Great War, the Get have seen dissension within their ranks. A few still contend that Hitler had the right idea: Kill the weak completely and save them the inevitable suffering. While such extreme survivalists find the idea sound, the vast ma-



jority can't tolerate the idea of genocide — that is the way of the Wyrms and the way of the fool humans who can't be trusted to know better. But the supremacists are still out there claiming that only the Get and their Kinfolk have the right to survive. The struggle has produced fragmentation among the Get of Fenris. The camps war among themselves, each determined to seize control of the tribe and lead the way to victory. While not all of the Get are members of camps, they all feel the repercussions of this strife just the same.

Older battles still continue to rage as well. The Wendigo have long contended that the Get's interference in the Pure Lands is at least partially responsible for the Wyrms coming to North America. The Get don't agree. To the Get, the Pure Ones' own lack of fighting skill and general complacency made the Wyrms' arrival inevitable. Just recently, the Wendigo began trying to take back what the Get of Fenris claimed by force over a hundred years ago. The Get aren't exactly waiting around for the attacks. These days, they're actually fanning the fires.

At the worst possible time, the humans have begun making life especially difficult, threatening the rights of all to arm themselves and fretting over whether or not each action another makes is "politically correct." The Get have no time for such nonsense. As human militias gather their arms and prepare to fight against the country that granted them their freedoms, the Get gird themselves for battle and prepare for the bloody carnage to come.

The Get remain convinced that Ragnarok is upon the world. The time for niceties is past. Even as they deal with their skirmishes, they prepare for all-out war against Jormungandr — the Wyrms — and its minions.

Organization

The Get of Fenris are ruled by Jarls. The tribe chooses Jarls for their ability to fight and their ability to lead, in that order. While each Jarl has advisors, it is his option to ignore them, so long as he can keep his title. It's not uncommon for a Jarl to fall in ritual combat only months after taking his command. Younger, stronger Get are always around the corner and always looking for any sign of weakness. Jarls may be overthrown only in ritual combat held after moots, and only if there are other Get to witness the battle. Anyone eager to take a Jarl's place had best be among the finest warriors the Get ever produced, however, as the Get often fight to the death.

Camps

As stated earlier, the tribe is somewhat fragmented. Most Get still manage to work together, but there are

growing political factions that are beginning to make noises of conquest, of seizing power in the tribe. Some of the factions seek control, others seek only a voice in tribal affairs. Either way, as is usually the case with the Get of Fenris, they *will* be heard.

- **The Fangs of Garm:** The Fangs of Garm are among the most active of Garou in protecting the innocent. The best way to save people from the Wyrms, they insist, is to make certain the Wyrms never touches them. Where areas of high crime exist, the Fangs are likely to form neighborhood watch teams and vigilante groups to end the problem. Among the Get of Fenris, the Fangs of Garm are the most sympathetic to the other tribes. The Fangs often demonstrate at Native American protests and fight for the rights of North America's first citizens. This camp is just as likely to make its sympathies known at gay rights and NAACP rallies. The Fangs are at least willing to listen to the Children of Gaia, and they often have dealings with the Wendigo and Uktena tribes; nevertheless, the Fangs' relations with the Pure Ones are sometimes strained. It should be noted that the Fangs, like virtually all Get, still believe themselves stronger and more skilled than the average Garou, but they're willing to overlook the others' flaws and work with their cousins anyway.

- **The Hand of Tyr:** These Get hold to a simple, old-school philosophy: The only good death is one that happens in glorious combat. Nothing is more important to the members of the Hand than victory and an honorable death. However, their love of honor has led them to severely punish all whom they see as useless for anything other than fertilizer. The camp is well known for its brutal reprisals against murderers, drug dealers, child molesters and rapists. They save the need to change into the Crinos form as a last resort, as they prefer to use their bare hands in destroying such human opponents.

- **The Valkyria of Freya:** The Valkyria want equality. This camp, primarily of female Get, demands that its members' voices be heard. It wants to make certain they're seen as equals by all the Get. While this camp is small, it is sometimes among the most volatile. Some of the Valkyria want to defect and join with the Black Furies, but the long history of bad blood between the two tribes makes such unions very unlikely.

Quote

Get up! I'm not done killing you yet. You fight like a woman, now die like a man!

— Kaavi Axe-Hurler, Get of Fenris Ahroun

Glass Walkers

Legendry

There came a time when members of all the tribes grew weary of constantly travelling with their human herds. Around the same time, some of the humans decided to establish themselves in regions that were geographically sound and that offered both land to farm and shelter from the worst of Gaia's wrath. Gradually, over the course of a few decades, the tribe that would eventually call itself the Glass Walkers began to form. They revelled in the changes affecting the world. They thrilled at the building of cities and towns. And they continued to protect their herd from the predatory vampires.

In the growth of civilization, the newly formed tribe, called the Warders, found fresh challenges to meet and innovative new ways to work within the strange cities built by humans. The strong always survive, the weak always perish: That is nature's way. But the cities made survival of the fittest a puzzle that had to be solved. By watching the humans and associating with the ones who could gain strength in the cities, the Warders became more powerful themselves. They solved the riddle of the cities and flourished, where others would surely have fallen. As certain factions among the Silver Fangs and Shadow Lords took command over the upper echelons of society, the Warders merged with the merchants and the criminal elements to establish their own roots of power. In time, the glory of the nobles fell, and the Warders were there, once again using their human connections and weaving lines of power in human society. With more complex governments forming, the Warders worked their way from the bottom toward the upper levels of power, never taking charge of the countries where such

changes happened, but always making certain the tribe had enough influence to sway these changes. As always, the working class continued, as it continues today, in a constantly shifting world — and the Glass Walkers are there.

The robber barons were replaced by harsher, more business-savvy types such as the Mafia. In true survivor fashion, the Warders met with these new powers and imitated them. Sometimes they even joined with these groups and guided much of what followed. However, always present as a thorn in the Warders' collective side, the vampires vied for these same power bases. From time to time, a brief truce between these supernaturals comes to pass, but it always breaks apart. The two groups are too different in their approaches and their beliefs.

When humanity captured the power of steam and iron, the Warders were there, though they'd changed their tribal name (as they'd done several times previously) to something more appropriate: the Iron Riders. When the human world industrialized itself, the tribe, now known as the Glass Walkers, changed with it yet again. Nuclear power, a terror to most in its early days, quickly attracted the tribe's scrutiny. So, too, did computers and the Internet.

Whereas other Garou are still puzzling out just what the cities are good for, the Glass Walkers have found their niche. They still watch over and guide their herds, though they do so with a frightening subtlety worthy of the Weaver. Perhaps the Glass Walkers are no longer as wild as they once were, but time has proved their vision worthy, and they have survived and excelled.



Recent History

The expansion of the human race has been a boon to the Glass Walkers. They hold influence throughout the world, and their money is certainly more immediately useful than the claws and fangs of their more savage counterparts. These days, the Glass Walkers hold an incredible amount of power in the form of information. With its hidden files and its spy programs, the tribe gleans information about what Pentex is working on and how best to stop other megacorporations from serving the Wyrms. There are whispered rumors that the Glass Walkers plan to throw a major assault against Pentex in the near future: not a physical attack, but a financial one. Individuals in the know are whispering that someone is planning a hostile takeover of Pentex. The Glass Walkers aren't talking, but they're doing a great deal of smiling.

NAFTA marks one of the Glass Walkers' most recent failures. Despite their most strenuous attempts to force environmental issues into the trade agreement, the best they could manage was a promise by each country to monitor such situations. While the tribe considers the legislation a major blow against Gaia's protection, the Glass Walkers are also working on other projects to aid in cleaning the environment.

One of the greatest struggles the Glass Walkers face at present is the gradual, painful collapse of the old Mafia and its replacement by Young Turks with guns and a profound lack of morality. Although it took some time to find out who was behind this recent turn of events, the Glass Walkers are now convinced that the Sabbat vampires are the culprits. The tribe's next step involves revealing the threat that the vampires represent, but given the Kindred's media campaigns and increase of horror-related shows, many people now lean toward sympathy for the vampiric figures they see as fiction — or, in some cases, as perfect models to emulate. Obviously, a new method of attack must be found.

Organization

The Glass Walkers follow a "family" method of management. One or two powerful Garou in every city hold sway over the rest by means of offering promotions, favors and information in exchange for loyalty. The leaders of these families are called "Dons" or "Lords," and their power is immense. Few can hope to stand alone against the political and financial power of a local Don, and in the information age, it takes remarkably little for one of these giants to shatter the entire livelihood of any rival. Angering the Don could mean a slap on the wrist or an audit by the IRS, with all the offender's assets being seized in the interim.

Most Dons are enthusiastic about the ever-changing age of computers, and they give a great deal of leeway to their younger associates, while simultaneously making certain that the elder members of the family enforce tribal loyalty by any means necessary. In the world of the Glass Walkers, everything is business, and that includes saving Gaia from the Wyrms. Just as in business, the Glass Walkers are often ruthless with anyone foolish enough to consider betraying them.

Camps

Glass Walker camps are less violent than most, but they are just as hungry for control. It's not unusual for the influence of the different camps to switch from day to day, and that's exactly how the Dons like it. Competition keeps everyone working hard, and hard workers produce results.

- **City Farmers:** The City Farmers are working quietly and diligently to bring about a different sort of urban renewal. They are behind several of the recent trends toward planting trees and bushes inside buildings, and they've been instrumental in granting the funding necessary for development of effective hydroponics gardens. Most Glass Walkers see their own efforts as transitory, but the City Farmers are beginning to believe that the other Garou are right and that the Apocalypse is indeed at hand. It's this camp's hope that the developments it creates now might save the cities in the future.

- **Cyber Dogs:** The Cyber Dogs, a new faction of the Glass Walkers, are a cross between the Urban Primitives and the Random Interrupts. They've decided the best way to handle the changing world is to meet it head-on. The Cyber Dogs are very fond of cybernetics and are actively enhancing their bodies, even going so far as to attack hidden establishments that deal in advanced wetware to get the technology they want. One of the camp's greatest sins is trying to recruit lupus Garou to its beliefs by forcing enhancements on them. So far, of the 15 attempts to build a better lupus, seven have died and three have gone mad from the changes. The Cyber Dogs' record in this area is scandalous.

- **Random Interrupts:** The ultimate computer hackers, these Garou often communicate with the Information-spirits of the World Wide Web, thus foregoing the need for computers and moving directly into the spiritual realm of the Internet to obtain information and hack into files that would otherwise be inaccessible. No files are secret or sacred in the eyes of the Interrupts, and they've begun to learn things about other organizations that could prove very interesting to the right buyer. Things about a powerful group called the Technocracy and several of its factions....

- **Urban Primitives:** Disdaining the computer age, these Garou seek to grow stronger and more influential by using their wits and physical prowess. To this end, many of them have begun forming gangs and seizing control of areas where most Glass Walkers wouldn't consider dwelling. Most often tattooed, pierced, scarred and shaved, the Urban Primitives have their own set of challenges to face every day, from finding places to live to eating regularly. Of all the Glass Walker camps, the Urban Primitives' members are the ones most likely to draw weapons and go for actual blood in a fight. They're also the Glass Walkers most likely to win in any such combat.

Quote

Civilization is inescapable. Why hide in the eradicated woods and lament the loss of the world? Instead, why not adapt, assimilate and conquer the new world that is coming?

— Junius Datatree, Glass Walker Philodox

Red Talons

Legendry

After the apes had learned to walk upright and discovered their friend fire — after Mother Gaia blessed some of the humans to walk like wolves and honored some of the wolves to walk like men, the better to keep an eye on the unruly apes — the first pack of Red Talons formed.

When wolves first began to walk like man, there were many of them, but they were scattered across the land. They found they could no longer run with their cousins. The wolves-who-could-not-walk-like-man said, "You must go out of our pack. You scare away the game and take too much for your share. We still honor you, but you must find others of your own kind." So our great ancestors left behind the company and the family of their packs in search of others like themselves.

The first Red Talons did find others like themselves, but things were not as they had expected. Everywhere they found Garou mixing with humans; the Fianna sang and danced, the Children of Gaia played with their human Kin, the Bone Gnawers ate the refuse of the apes and the Glass Walkers wasted their time with toys and trinkets. They also found those Garou who seemed to have the courage, but not the direction, to do Gaia's will: the Get of Fenris mindlessly clashed with one another, the Black Furies wasted their energy on human causes and the Stargazers were too cryptic to understand. Even the mighty Silver Fangs argued amongst themselves in their icy caverns, already tainted by their coming madness.

They all begin to howl to Gaia, to ask for help, to plead with her for some sign. No answer came. But the Half Moon of our many-times-parents looked around at the gathered Garou and knew what had to be done. As the other Garou would not help and the humans were growing in power, the time had come to form a pack of werewolves that would take action.

Recent History

With growing alarm, the Red Talons watched the humans hunt their wolf Kinfolk into extinction. They watched their precious forests turn into highways and housing developments. Also, they watched as the other Garou did nothing to protect the



Wyld but continued to fight among themselves. The watching has ended.

In the great winter-waste of northern Canada, the elder Red Talons met and decided on a course of action. This meeting has become known as the Winter Council. Knowing that the other tribes would unite against a renewed Impergium — even though they can't seem to unite against the Wyrms — the Red Talons decided on a subtler course of action. When the council disbanded, several alphas had agreed to the plan and all had agreed to keep the meeting secret from the other tribes.

In the coming seasons, a few Red Talon cubs from around the world would be hidden from the other tribes. Of these new Garou, only a select few would be allowed to join packs with other tribes, in order to maintain a semblance of cooperation. The other Talons would be raised to adulthood, trained as warriors and placed in packs, without ever meeting another tribe or even a single human. With these "untainted" Garou, the elders would begin their plan of renewing the Impergium.

Of course, not all Red Talon elders support this plan. Many decry it as wishful thinking that a handful of Garou could begin to undo the damage wrought by thousands of years of unmitigated human expansion. Others mutter that humanity is too powerful and that a reinstated Impergium could achieve nothing beyond unwanted attention. But even these dissenters refuse to betray the plan to the other tribes, in the hope that Griffin has a secret weapon to use against the hated humans. The first of the secret packs has already been formed.

Organization

The Red Talons retain more of their wolf heritage than any other tribe. Their social structure depends on levels of dominance determined by strength, cunning and endurance. The Alpha leads, and all others bow to her wishes. The hierarchy often parallels the order in which the group eats. The Alpha eats first and allows others to dine at her discretion. Violating this pecking order constitutes a challenge of authority and usually results in a fight for dominance.

Recent years have actually seen a few metis born into the tribe, to the shock of many Garou, Red Talons and otherwise. It is a sign of the tribe's growing desperation that these metis are being brought up in the Red Talon way and given places among Talon packs. (Other Garou whisper that it's a sign of the Talons' desperation that these metis are being conceived at all. Either way, it seems to be a poor sign for the future of the tribe.)

A Note on Names

The name of a Red Talon can be found in her howl. Unpronounceable to humans, the Red Talon sings what-

ever resides in her heart of hearts. This is her true name, and only wolves or Garou who know her well, such as a mate or pack member, can reproduce it. For the convenience of other Garou, a Red Talon often chooses human words that at least represent the song in her heart. Most names represent a favored activity, a spectacular deed or a particularly special aspect of Gaia, such as Moon Chaser or Blood-Eye.

Camps

Camps are fairly rare among the Red Talons, for various reasons. The first and foremost, however, is that this tribe is much more closely unified in matters of ideology than most other tribes — and, in this case, the ideology is an unfortunate one for humanity.

- **The Lodge of the Predator Kings:** These Red Talons commonly run in Hispo form, as a tribute to their long-lost dire wolf cousins. The Kings feel that it is the duty of all animals and all Garou to prevent human expansion. Slightly more progressive than the Warders (see below), the Kings have made tentative alliances with other of the shapeshifters, such as the Bastet and the Corax. The Kings believe that if the Changers band together, the defilement of Gaia can be halted. The Predator Kings are baffled by humanity's ability simply to consume nature — and not only do they not understand it, they fear it.

- **Warders of the Land:** The most prevalent of the camps, the Warders believe it is the duty of the Red Talons and all wolves to keep the humans away from nature. Although the Warders are always prepared for a direct confrontation, they have been stymied by the slow, inexorable progress of *homo sapiens*. Humanity doesn't attack nature the way a wolf brings down a doe, it simply absorbs everything Gaian. While the Warders would reverse time so that predators once more ruled the world, it is this nostalgic thinking that is costing them the fight.

- **Whelp's Compromise:** The most compassionate — at least from a homid's perspective — of the Red Talon camps, this group has adopted a few homid mannerisms, to the great distress of tribal elders. These Talons have suggested at several moots that the tribe should bide its time and simply curb the progress of humanity, rather than waging outright war against the apes. Better to use the humans' weapons against them, they argue, and not futilely strive for the humans' extinction. Most members of this camp in no way believe that humans deserve any amount of mercy, but they fear that the Talons' goals may lead to an all-out war with the other tribes.

Quote

The apes breed Wyrmspawn like a mongrel's back breeds fleas; kill the mongrel and the fleas will die off. If you protect them, dog, then you deserve your fate.

— Bloodmoon, Red Talon Ahroun

Shadow Lords

Legendry

When Gaia stretched Her hand forth across the land and sculpted the first fifteen Garou, they were a failure. Scowl not, cub, for it is true, and there is nothing to be done about it. Oh, they fought well, to be sure. They growled and snarled and leapt and clawed and bit, and they tore through the hatchlings of the Wyrn like no other creature could. But for all that, they were not enough. And Gaia despaired, for although Her children were formed of oak and ice and thorn and all things strong or dangerous, they still lacked the strength to prevail against the Wyrmlings.

And Grandfather Thunder, mighty and unyielding in the darkness above the sky, looked down to see Gaia's plight. There

he watched Her and waited. He waited as She asked Luna to bless her children with Rage, and he waited as She asked Helios to scour the sores from Her sides. And finally, Her eyes rose to his with an unspoken plea — and he descended to Her.

The pup that She then birthed was black as a hole in the sky, and the strength of Thunder himself roiled through the young one's veins. The strike of his paw was as a thunderbolt; the force of his howl was as lightning. As he leapt into battle, the other Garou rose up at his heels and followed this great warrior, this first Shadow Lord, onward to victory.

And yet, glory shall always breed jealousy, and in the hearts of the first Garou a cancer arose, a spite that turned them against the Shadow Lord and his children. But hush, cub, for that is another night's tale, and you will know the root of our grievances soon enough....

Recent History

The Shadow Lords' patience has been strained to its limits of late. The tribe has carefully monitored the atrocities of humanity, but for rather different reasons than the Children of Gaia or the Glass Walkers. Rather, the tribe has been cataloguing the incidence of slaughter, rape, torture, incest, genocide and the sundry crimes of humankind — all to serve as evidence. As far as the Shadow Lords are concerned, humanity's dark deeds have far outshone the Impergium, the



War of Rage or any of the stains on Garou history — and even the Garou's crimes, they reason, were not prevented by the "Gaia-ordained kings of the Garou."

Many Garou are becoming very wary of the Shadow Lords. These others worry that, with the End Times at hand, the Lords may make their bid for power soon. Of course, few realize what staunch proponents of patience the Shadow Lords have always been. Garou who know the Lords' ways well realize that the tribe will not make a play for power until it is quite, quite ready — which is small comfort.

But Margrave Yuri Konietzko, a Shadow Lord strong enough to keep his domain even in the vampire-infested Carpathian mountains, has grown tired of biding his time. He has sent Stormcrows to all Shadow Lord septs of late, demanding their support in a yet-unspecified endeavor to come. And although most Silent Striders would give an eye to know the tribe's answer to him, it remains a mystery.

Organization

Only one Garou has the right to rule a Shadow Lord sept: the strongest. This leader brooks no disrespect from underlings; the Lords have a clear system of dominance and submission, and woe to all who will not or cannot learn their place. Might does not make right, in the tribe's view: Rather, might gets results. Few of the Lords concern themselves with questions of what is "more right" or "less wrong" — all that matters is what is necessary.

Of course, the Shadow Lords would be fools to assume that physical strength alone confers the right to rule. Cunning, charisma and spiritual power have all led great Lords to stations above their fellows — and kept them there, for the Lords in no way tolerate incompetence among their leaders. Garou who lead the tribe wisely and firmly shall rule. Garou who are incapable shall be dragged down.

Peculiarly, the Lords find that by merely attaining the position of leader, a Lord has proved himself "perfect," worthy to rule — unless he is proved otherwise. Until that proof comes, Shadow Lords defer to his wishes as though he were the chosen son of Gaia Herself.

It's rumored that the Shadow Lords normally hold moots of two varieties: the commonly known moots where policy is decided and revels held, and darker "shadow moots," — forbidden even to young Lords — where the tribe's true plans are discussed and enacted. If the Shadow Lords truly hold such moots, it's guaranteed that only Lords

of the highest status are allowed to attend, and the Lords have multiple means of enforcing their privacy....

Camps

• **Bringers of Light:** Distrusted even by their own tribe, the Bringers of Light place themselves in daily temptation for the good of the Shadow Lords. They are known to consort with mages, vampires and worse, to make lengthy undercover stays in Black Spiral Hives or even to visit hideous Umbral realms such as Atrocity. Many Bringers have fallen into full darkness, but ones who survive show a tempered purity of spirit that even the Wendigo might envy.

• **Judges of Doom:** Perhaps the most infamous of Shadow Lord camps — or even of all camps — the Judges of Doom are a fearsome force for Litany law throughout the Garou Nation. Although a quasi-secret society, tales of this grim band of pitiless executioners spread quickly from sept to sept. Some have compared the Judges of Doom to the human Inquisition in terms of fanaticism and ruthless methods. More than one seemingly upstanding sept leader has been dragged into the night to face punishment for his "well-hidden Wurm-taint."

Most Garou are of two minds concerning the true motivations of this all-Philodox camp. The more popular theory is that the Judges strike at "corruption" in other tribes in order to shock and weaken rivals, thus granting the Lords another advantage in their quest for dominance. The second is that the Judges are atoning for some great secret in the Shadow Lords' past. None can say for certain.

• **Society of Nidhogg:** Secretive in the extreme, this camp focuses more on the mystical than on the political. The group's fanaticism would revile even other Shadow Lords, were it made public. To the Society, even sunlight itself is an affront to the power of Thunder. Many other Lords feel that the Society may be going too far in its devotion to darkness; if the Lords see a genuine threat to their infrastructure in the next decade, it may be due to machinations by the followers of Nidhogg.

Quote

At last it has come to this: that mercy has finally proven itself a weakness and compassion is revealed as a failing. With our numbers fewer than ever before, any fool can see that methods are a luxury. Results are all that matter now.

— Margrave Yuri Konietzko

Silent Striders

Legendary

Some will tell you that Wolf knows the secret of Death, and in some ways that's true. But among all the Garou, the Striders are the ones who've learned that secret twice over and the ones who took their duty as guardians of the next world most seriously. Now, there are many tales of how the Striders pried Death's wisdom out of his bony fists. But the one I heard takes place before there were tribes, when the Garou were still cubs playing in the sunlit green world and had little idea of what was to come.

It was after the rise of the Gauntlet that Death came to be. When matter and spirit were still one, there was no need for Death — things did not cease to be, but only changed into something different. But once the spirit world was removed from the physical realm, people began to die as we know it.

Now, the Garou learned the secret of Death not long after the rise of the Gauntlet. They knew where the dead's spirits would travel, and they peacefully accepted this new way of doing things.

But one of the daughters of the Garou wanted to know more. She was one of the most clever Garou along her river, and she loved her friends and neighbors dearly. However, she was also very inquisitive and was constantly seeking the answers to complicated questions. She felt that this newcomer Death must be very wise, as he had everyone's wisest ancestors in his lands and probably spoke with them regularly. So she asked her father again and again if she could go visit the lands of the dead and learn a little more of Death's great wisdom. At first her father refused, but he could not resist her forever. Finally, he agreed to let her go into the Dark Umbra and ask Death if he had any more secrets. But as she packed for the journey, her father called to Owl, a friend of his.

"Owl," he said, "I would ask you to go with my daughter to Death's house and make sure she returns safely. Death's lands are dark, and I would feel better if you kept your sharp eyes on her."

Owl gladly agreed, and when the young Garou set out, he travelled along with her. The two of them talked a little on the long, shadowy road there but mostly kept their thoughts to themselves — for she was preoccupied with the thought of the wisdom that lay ahead, and Owl thought she was being foolish but didn't want to say so.

Finally, they reached the house of Death. The young Garou walked up to the porch and knocked, while Owl waited on the

gate outside. Death opened the door and welcomed her in. And as she walked into his house, he closed the door again, with a sound like a falling slab of lead.

Owl waited on the gate for her, but the door did not open again. Owl waited and waited, until a month had passed. Then he flew to the door and called inside, "Youngling! You have spent time enough in there, and your father worries! Come out, and let us go and hunt!"

Death's voice came from the other side of the door. "She can't leave yet; we haven't finished dinner. You may come in too, if you like, Owl. I am a gracious host, and I'll offer you food, drink and a fine perch."

But Owl knew better. He had seen many people and creatures die since the Severing, and not one had he seen return. "You may be a fine host, Death," Owl called back, "perhaps too fine. If I cannot persuade you to let your guest leave, I will have to find someone else to ask you."



So Owl took flight from the dark lands and returned to the surface of the spirit world. He flew high above the trees, then above the clouds and finally above the stars. There he came to the house of Phoenix, where the great spirit perched and looked out over the world.

"Mighty Phoenix," Owl said, "a friend of mine has gone to Death's house in search of wisdom, but he will not let her come out again. Will you help me?"

Phoenix smiled. "I have already seen this," he said. "Here, we are higher than even time itself, and I can see whatever has come to pass as well as what will one day be." He spread his wing toward the world below, and Owl looked and saw that it was so.

Phoenix continued, "She is a clever one, though not as wise as she thinks. I like her, and for that as well as our friendship, Owl, I will help her."

Then Phoenix plummeted from his perch and flew down through the worlds into the Dark Umbra. He dove through Death's window, and the flames leaping from his plumage lit the gray house more brightly than it had ever been lit before. Death recoiled from the burst of light and color and tripped over his chair. The young Garou did nothing — she was lying as if asleep before the empty, cold fireplace. All the color had been stolen from her coat, and she was lean and black as a shadow.

Phoenix took her in his claws and beat his mighty wings. Flame billowed forth from his pinions and washed the shadowy world with light. And Phoenix soared upward, out of the land of the dead, up through the Middle World and up above the sky.

The young Garou stirred then, life returning to her as Phoenix's fire warmed her. She opened her eyes and looked out across the heavens, and she gasped at the beauty of it all.

"Do not pain yourself gazing on the stars' faces," Phoenix bade. "There will be time enough for that when you slip the shackles of your body. Look instead down on the world. If you would have wisdom granted to none other, then look upon this."

We all know what she saw then, for she told her story again and again. We know her vision as the Prophecy of the Phoenix, which has proved to be one of the truest warnings ever given to the Garou. But as Phoenix descended, carrying her back to the world, she stole a glance at her homeland, the land of the great river.

She looked to see the fate of her friends, her descendants, her family, and she saw — nothing. Not one Garou walked the valley of the sun, and the nights of Khem belonged to snakes swollen with stolen blood.

And she wept for the things to come, not even in the Apocalypse, but all too soon.

Recent History

The Silent Striders are becoming heavily concerned by the growing numbers of vampires in the world. The tribe's travels have made it more aware than any other Garou of the Leeches' spread, and the Striders' long-standing hatred for the undead compels them to do something about the situation. However, the Striders have nothing near the numbers or resources to fight a prolonged battle against the vampires of the world, and so they quietly deliberate over a plan of action.

The tribe's members are currently occupied with an internal debate — whether or not to break their long silence. Some elders claim that the secret they have quietly borne since the First Times

cannot be revealed to the other Garou, for fear that the other tribes would disregard it as some elaborate scheme. Others counter that such honesty could be the step needed to galvanize the tribes and prepare them for the imminent Final Battle. Of course, Striders being what they are, they are taking their time with their decision.

Organization

The Silent Striders have little in the way of formal organization. As the tribe is almost completely made up of wanderers and exiles, a formal hierarchy is of little practical use to the Striders. They communicate with one another mainly by leaving Garou glyphs, graffiti hieroglyphs or similarly cryptic signs behind; a Silent Strider can sometimes learn where the local vampires' hunting grounds are just by scanning the walls of a subway station.

Striders congregate only when chance brings them together, save for the occasional grand moot, which all members of the tribe try to attend. The location of this moot changes with every occurrence, though such events are usually held on a desolate stretch of untravelled road. No outsider could say which Striders decide that a moot is necessary, nor is it known exactly how word gets passed from Garou to Garou. It simply happens, and the details of *how* are a tribal secret.

Among all the tribes, the Striders hold the smallest number of caerns. Few of these werewolves have any lasting love for a place (apart from those tales of his ancestral homeland a Strider might preserve), and most are born with a wanderlust deep in their blood. When a Silent Strider finally chooses a home to call his own, he intends to die there.

Camps

- **Harbingers:** Most other Garou, asked to describe a Silent Strider, would probably describe a Harbinger. These cryptic wolves often appear at moots as if from thin air, to bring warnings of things to come. Most often, their warnings are accurate. The Harbingers enjoy quite a bit of respect from other tribes, and they almost always receive silent attention when they want to speak. The camp has access to the Corax Gift: Omens and Signs (see p. 149), which accounts for many of their prophecies.

- **Seekers:** Most of the Silent Striders remaining today fall into this camp. With little left for them in Garou society and less in the human or wolf worlds, Seekers wander from place to place as they accumulate lore and wisdom. They are frequent visitors to libraries and try to carry as much knowledge as they possibly can in their minds. If a Seeker sees it, she'll probably remember it years from now.

- **Wayfarers:** The other Silent Striders have little respect for this camp. The Wayfarers care nothing for duty or knowledge for its own sake; they measure their worth in terms of money, training or favors. They make their services as messengers, thieves or spies quite available to the average sept, but always at a price.

Quote

Sometimes you just have to spit in that Wyrmbastard's eye and set off running. If he doesn't chase you, fine. If he does, you can take him to meet some friends of yours. If he catches you — well, you were probably too slow to be in this business in the first place.

— Mephi Faster-Than-Death, Silent Strider Galliard

Silver Fangs

Legendry

Long ago, in the days before man, the world was a shining place. Gaia watched over Her lands and Her children, the animals, and was content with what She saw. But from afar, up in the black places between the stars, a great Darkness looked down upon this wonderful world and coveted it. It flew down from behind the sky and seized up the spirit of Gaia Herself, then burrowed beneath the World Navel with its captive.

Without Gaia's blessing, the world withered. Darkness began dripping from the sky, and the land began to fade into blight. In response, the lords of the beasts — Lion, Falcon, Griffin, Pegasus, Stag, Chimera and the rest — gathered in council under the World Tree. There they argued for hours, each claiming a rightful place in the war party to rescue the Mother.

Finally, Wolf asked to come with the other animals to help rescue Gaia. But they laughed at him for his presumption — Unicorn called Wolf a savage, while Lion claimed that Wolf's blood was ignoble. Chimera called Wolf a fool, and Pegasus disdained Wolf as a mongrel. Not one would allow Wolf to join their war band, and they left him waiting at the World Navel as they descended into the realm of the unliving Darkness.

They followed the haunting sound of Gaia's voice to the gates of the Dark Thing's lodge, where they called out for the Darkness to release the Mother. "We are many to your one!" they cried. "You have no chance against us!"

But the Darkness was far more powerful than they had thought. It rose up from its lodge like a tidal wave and drew them all into the chill folds of its being. Lion tried to claw it, but the cold drew his strength away. Chimera could speak no spells, and Unicorn could not so much as toss her head. One by one, they fell numb. And with a laugh like a crumbling mountain, the Dark Thing spat them all back into the sunlit world and returned its attentions to its captive.

Wolf came to the animal lords and licked their wounds. Then he growled in a low voice, "The Darkness cannot be allowed to succeed. I will go and fight it for Mother Gaia's spirit."

Again, the others laughed bitterly. "What chance can you have?" asked Lion. "We are the greatest of Gaia's children, and we failed against this great monster. How could you hope to stand against it?"

But Falcon raised his shattered wing and said, "We have all failed. It costs us nothing to allow another animal, even one so low as Wolf, to try to free our Mother."

So the crushed and battered animals relented, and they allowed Wolf to enter the World Navel and walk the long tunnel to the Darkness, cold and alone. But when he reached the Dark Thing's lodge, he did not call out a challenge. Instead, he quietly crept inside. There, Wolf saw the Darkness force the spirit of Gaia to sing to it. And as She sang, the tiny, soft, beating heart of the Darkness pulsed with a terrible life.

Wolf crept up to the Darkness and lunged. He sank his fangs into its foulness and closed his terrible jaws about Darkness' heart. Darkness howled in a voice that rattled the world.



"I shall destroy you!" Darkness thundered, and it battered the life from Wolf. Wolf bit harder.

"I shall kill her!" Darkness threatened, and it shook the captive Gaia. Wolf bit harder.

"Fool! We shall all three die!" Darkness wailed. Wolf bit harder and felt the heart begin to break.

And lo, Death came for all three. As Death reached out for them, the Great Dark relented. It released the spirit of Gaia from the dank underworld and returned Her to the lands above.

"I have released her! Unhinge your jaws from my heart!" Darkness implored. Wolf bit harder.

Death lingered over Wolf and touched him. And Wolf could bite no more.

In the lands above the World Navel, life returned to the forests and mountains and valleys and oceans. The wounded animals looked up to see Gaia free once more, and they rejoiced. "Wolf has freed Gaia!" they cried. "Praise be to Wolf!"

But alas! Wolf was nowhere to be seen. And the animals hung their heads in sorrow.

And Gaia said to the assembled beasts, "My mightiest animals fell before the foe, and only my Wolf could save me. Henceforth, all animals shall honor Wolf and revere him and serve him as totem spirits. And Falcon shall serve the highest of wolves, for only Falcon believed in Wolf."

"But alas!" cried Falcon. "Wolf has perished!"

Gaia raised her arms, and bore up the body of Wolf. "Wolf has died that Life may live. Henceforth, Wolf shall know the secret of Gaia and the secret of Death."

And behold! Wolf was restored to Life.

"Because he has passed through Death's domain, Wolf's coat shall be the purest white," Gaia said. "When I create Humans, Wolf shall be the intermediary. Wolf shall walk the realms between animal and humankind, and make his home in both lands. And from Human and Wolf I shall fashion a protector: a great spirit hunter with bountiful courage and abundant wisdom."

And by Gaia's decree, the Wolf became Her protector in all ways and all things and all times. Many lineages came from Wolf, but to this day, the White Wolf remains first before all.

Recent History

The Silver Fangs have seen a recent flurry of activity among their ranks — and more than a little strife. When Jonas Albrecht retrieved the Silver Crown from the dark reaches of the Umbra and crowned himself King, the ripples of this dramatic event spread throughout the tribe. More than ever, young Silver Fangs are crying out for a renewal of the tribe itself. Unfortunately for these young ones, few of them have shaken off the mental instability that plagues the long-inbred tribe. What's more, the elder Fangs in power have no desire to surrender their authority to a gaggle of ill-mannered pups, and tradition is firmly on the elders' side.

Another unfortunate problem that won't go away is the constantly circulating rumor that when the Final Battle comes, a Silver Fang will hold the banner of the Wym. This prophecy has brought a lot of tough attention from the other tribes,

sometimes in an almost Inquisitionlike form: The Judges of Doom have been seen at altogether too many Silver Fang septs of late. Besieged on all sides, many Silver Fangs are rather strongly considering a show of force to bring the other tribes back in line. Whether such action might prove successful or start an internecine civil war that could leave the Garou easy prey for the Wym's minions, none can say.

Organization

The Silver Fangs, not surprisingly, are monarchists of the highest degree. Each sept is ruled by a king (the term applies to both male and female Fangs), who is held to possess nothing less than a Gaia-granted Divine Right to rule. Kings are always Ahroun, and they keep officials of each other auspice in their courts. A full Silver Fang court consists of a king, two shamans (Theurges and spirit advisors), two stewards (Philodox and leaders of the sept's offensive forces), two squires (Galliards and leaders of the sept's defense) and a seneschal (a jack-of-all-trades; once traditionally Ragabash, but now more often Ahroun). Of course, dwindling numbers now mean that few Silver Fang septs have complete courts, much less courts composed of Garou best suited for the positions.

Silver Fang septs are divided into two lodges: the Lodge of the Sun and the Lodge of the Moon. The Sun Lodge deals with the human community and the outside world; the Moon Lodge has the lupus community and the spirit world as its provinces. Each lodge sends a shaman, steward and squire to the king's court, the better to retain balance.

As concerned with lineage as the Silver Fangs are, it is no surprise that they count several royal families among their ranks. There were once 13 of these great houses, but six have disappeared or died out over time. The ones that remain are Gleaming Eye, Unbreakable Hearth, Blood Red Crest, Wise Heart, Austere Howl, Wymfoe and Crescent Moon. Although not all Silver Fangs belong to one of these houses, it's worth noting that these seven families hold the preponderance of power in the tribe.

Camps

The Silver Fangs are relatively free of camps — between the various courts, lodges and royal houses in their tribe, there are few enough Garou to be split along ideological lines. The closest thing to proper camps among the Silver Fangs are the Renewalist and Royalist movements. The Renewalists call for a spiritual reinvigoration of the tribe, but they often disagree on the best method to achieve it; their most popular cry is for an influx of new blood, which some Fangs consider tantamount to heresy. The Royalists are most concerned with reestablishing Silver Fang rule over the other 12 tribes; as such, their ambassadors are not always well received at other septs.

Quote

I am ordained by Gaia, by Sun and Moon, by Falcon and by Death itself. In all these names, I am chosen to uphold the law of the Mother and of the Garou Nation. And to you, traitor and charach — I am ordained executioner.

— Katarina Thousand-Howl, Ivory Priestess

Stargazers

Legendry

Once, as Wise King Klaital sat in his palace and prepared to judge a dispute between two of his people, he was distracted by an ugly crone walking outside his courtroom. He called to her to present herself before him, but she ignored his commandments and hobbled from sight. Intrigued, and somewhat angry for being denied, he arose from his dais and went out to follow her. Although it took but moments for him to reach the place where he had last seen her, she was no longer there. Instead, he saw her far down the dusty road.

He called for his robe and staff and set forth after her, now more curious than ever as to her identity. But no matter how fast he walked, the old woman was faster still and ever on the horizon. No closer to her could he come, even though he lifted up his staff and ran. The day grew old, then night came, and still Klaital could not catch her. Finally, once the moon arose, Klaital tired of the game and, in frustration, begged the moon to lend him its speed so that he might catch the crone.

His body became like fluid and his form became that of a wolf. Klaital could barely believe his eyes — or his other senses. He could hear the slightest breeze blow, smell the distant flowers and the sap dripping from the trees. A new world opened around him. He thought to himself, "How can it be that there is so much more to the world than I, as a king, have experienced? It seems that many things were hidden from my senses before."

Fleet now was his running with four legs; this time, the old woman could not evade him. As he came upon her, she

smiled at him, which surprised Klaital. What kind of person was not afraid of a charging wolf at night?

"Greetings, my nephew," she said.

Klaital again took the form of a man and addressed her. "Nephew? What do you speak of? I know you not, for no aunt of mine can run so fast!"

"Your aunt I am, for I am the sister of your mother, Gaia."

"Gaia? You are mistaken, for my mother is Jatijala, daughter of kings."

"Jatijala is only the mother of your incarnation. You have had many other such mothers before. But you have only one true mother, and that is Gaia."

Klaital was suddenly struck with a feeling of despair, as if he were old and had wasted his life. "As you say these things, they seem true. Have I really lived many times before? To what purpose?"

"To overcome illusion and greet your mother. I have given your incarnation the form of the Changing Breed, the highest of forms, so that you may discover this, and teach such wisdom to others lost in the web of ignorance. As you now know, there is so much more to the world than you realized, and there is still more that you do not yet know."

Then she disappeared, and Klaital heard the howling of wolves nearby, for he was now far from the palace and deep in the woods. He dropped his robe and staff, threw off the form of man and ran on all fours into the woods to join his brothers.



Only after many years among wolfkind did he return to teach the wisdom of the wild to all sentient beings. But only a small few among the Garou, the nieces and nephews of Luna, heard his words. Only the Stargazers heed his wisdom.

Recent History

While the Stargazers have spread their wisdom across the world (rumors even claim that one walked among the Pure Ones before the European invasions), their greatest monastery and earthly abode of lore has always been in Tibet. No more. The Wyrms and its minions had long desired the destruction of this sacred caern. Through the Chinese invasions, the Wyrms finally got their wish.

The Shigalu Monastery, home to the Sept of the Snow Leopard, was overrun by Wyrms creatures posing as Chinese military forces. Among them was one of the greatest Banes: Goghikkhu, a materialized nexus crawler. Even the mighty Kailindo masters of the monastery could not stand before the invading horde. Many brave Garou died holding back the enemy long enough for some of the monks to gather the most important fetishes and escape by Moon Bridge. No reinforcements could be gathered in time, for the caern fell soon after, its Pathstone devoured by Goghikkhu.

Not all the fetishes and lore could be rescued, and it is believed that invaluable material has been lost forever — or worse, given to the Wyrms. What's more, two of the eldest monks, each carrying many fetishes, disappeared on the Moon Bridges; no one knows where they have gone. Some speculate that they plan to hide the fetishes where no one can find them; others say they are surely lost in the Umbra, perhaps harried by Wyrms servitors, and many Stargazers have likewise disappeared on quests in search of the monks.

It seems a dark time for the wisest of tribes.

Organization

Unlike other tribes, Stargazers do not have a tribe-wide hierarchy. While one of the camps, the Klaital Puk, elects the reincarnation of the tribe's greatest sage to leadership, this revered figure is not accepted as a leader by all members of the tribe. Instead, the prime leadership role among Stargazers is that of mentor.

Each Stargazer has a mentor, one who guides him in his path to enlightenment. It may happen that this mentor is only temporary, that the student one day graduates to walk alone, but more often the mentor is a lifelong guru, one the student continues to revere even after the mentor has died. Indeed, it is not unknown for mentors to continue to aid their students as spirits, although it is more likely that they are reincarnated — perhaps as Stargazers to be tutored by their former students, now masters!

Camps

- **Klaital Puk:** The most traditional of Stargazer camps and perhaps the one with the largest following is the Klaital Puk, led by the reincarnation of Klaital himself. Puk monks endeavor to gather lore from the past and safeguard it for other sentient beings until they are ready for it. After the troubles in Tibet, the monks have increasingly left their monastery retreats for extended missions in the modern world. They hope to find beings capable of understanding the Truth the Puk wish to reveal.

This camp is most responsible for spreading the belief that the true enemy of Garou — and the world — is the Weaver, the source of all delusions, the greatest of which is the modern world: an extraordinary illusion of dysfunction. Thus, the true mission of an enlightened Stargazer is not to battle the Wyrms directly, but to reveal the enemy behind the Wyrms, to sever the web of falsehood preventing perception of the True Gaia Realm.

- **Ouroboroans:** Like the Klaital Puk, Ouroboroans believe that the Weaver is the true enemy and that she has fully corrupted the Wyrms by trapping it at the center of her delusory web and feeding it her venom, a powerful anesthesia that provokes hallucinations of hellish existence. Instead of fighting the Wyrms, Ouroboroans say, it must be freed. Hence, some of these monks believe that the ways of the Wyrms must be used, not shunned. They walk a path dangerously close to the Black Spiral Labyrinth....

- **The World Tree:** Similar in some ways to the Children of Gaia, the World Tree monks seek to extend their wisdom outside the ranks of the Garou to all shapechangers and some other Awakened beings — and even to individuals who do not yet know the secrets of the Invisible World: un-Awakened humans.

- **The Zephyr:** This camp hosts perhaps the most boisterous monks, ones most concerned with action in the world over abstract philosophy. It is little wonder that the Zephyr has produced the greatest Kailindo masters and the most adventurous and rootless Stargazers.

Quote

The enemy which you fight does not exist. The Rage which burns within you does not exist. The glory which exalts you does not exist. Honor and Wisdom also do not exist. There is only the True Gaia Realm. As a great bodhisattva once said, "Beneath the fury of the world all is secretly well."

— Saram Snow-on-Treetops, Stargazer Philodox

Uktena

Legendry

This is a tale from the oldest times, when the world was young and Gaia's warriors passed freely back and forth between the Umbra and the physical world. The day came when the Garou formed tribes, divided by the things that made them different from one another. Each tribe wandered the two worlds, seeking names.

Three brother Garou, more like each other than they were like any of the others, travelled into the Umbra in search of their names. The youngest brother, full of eagerness to do battle for Gaia against the Wyrms, followed the call of the icy northern wind. The middle brother, deliberate and devoted in his manner, embraced the great turtle as his name-father. Only the eldest brother, quiet and brooding, had no name.

The brothers stopped to rest by a great river that poured forth from a dark cavern. Water exploded into the open in great gushes that sparkled in the sun like diamonds. Older brother stood transfixed by the river, and so it was he who saw the movement in the river's depths. Beneath the rapid surface, something immense and ponderous slithered.

Without stopping to consider his danger, older brother dove into the water and sought the creature, to discover its nature. Thus, he encountered the great serpent Uktena, with horns like a deer and the claws and eyes of a cougar. In the center of its forehead was a brilliant gemstone. Older brother challenged the spirit and

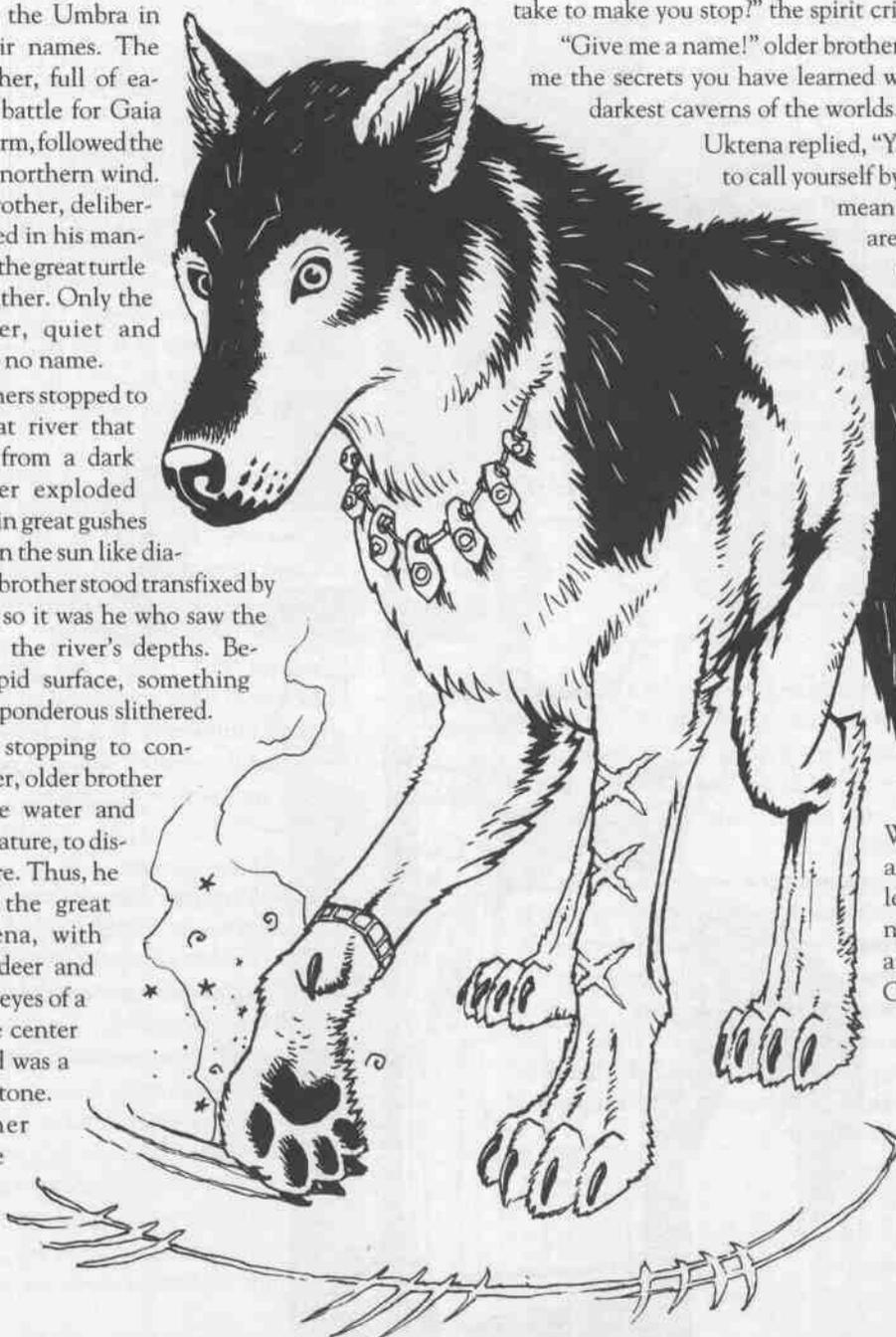
they joined in battle. They fought for three days, in the water and atop the water and, finally, on the land, matching each other blow for blow and ruse for ruse.

Finally, Uktena tired of the sport and sought to bring it to a conclusion. Older brother refused. Exhausted from his battle but determined not to be the first to submit, he grabbed Uktena's gem and held on. For three more days they fought. Finally, Uktena had endured enough. "What will it take to make you stop?" the spirit cried.

"Give me a name!" older brother demanded. "And tell me the secrets you have learned while travelling in the darkest caverns of the worlds."

Uktena replied, "You have won the right to call yourself by my name, but secrets mean nothing unless they are discovered. From this day, you are Uktena, the Seeker of Secrets. While your brothers battle the Great Devourer with their talons and their fangs, you alone will study your great enemy, fathom its ways and pursue hidden knowledge of the spirit world until you find the way to defeat the Wyrms through cunning and wisdom. Now release me and claim your name and your place among the tribes of Gaia."

And it was so.



Recent History

The Uktena were primarily responsible for the network of caerns that bound many Wyrms spirits in the New World. When the Wyrmscomers (European Garou) upset that balance and took many caerns away from the Uktena, the interlopers unleashed horrors held at bay for centuries. Europeans drove the Native Americans from their homelands, and the Red Talons coopted the Uktena wolf-kin, thus disrupting the tribe's breeding stock. Since the first European colonists set foot on American soil, the Uktena have fought a desperate defensive battle to contain the Wyrms' corruption and the Weaver's enticements.

Where once they bred exclusively with Native American stock, the Uktena have broadened their breeding stock to include African-Americans, Hispanics and Asian-Americans in hopes of revitalizing their dwindling human populations. Their solidarity with the civil rights and cultural pride movements among these groups has helped bring the Uktena back from the brink of xenophobia. While many Uktena elders still advocate extreme caution in dealing with Garou of European stock, a growing number of Uktena support forming alliances (albeit wary ones) with the other tribes.

Recently, the Uktena have risen again alongside many groups dedicated to empowering minorities and preserving oppressed cultures. The once-dispossessed tribe is beginning to take back ancient caerns on tribal lands returned to Native Americans. They are reopening some caerns that were abandoned, as a few of them now have "protected" status, either as habitats for endangered species or as cultural landmarks. As it has become "politically correct" to eschew racism, their Kinfolk (and the Uktena themselves) realize greater opportunities to thrive. With this renewed hope, the Uktena have become both more visible and more active.

Visibility invites attack, however, and the Uktena have many enemies, including corrupt government officials who wish to "keep tribals in their place." In many areas, Uktena defend their Kinfolk from exploitation, the influx of drugs and growing violence. Despite their aversion to urban areas, many Uktena find it necessary to live (at least part-time) in the cities.

The plight of urban Uktena and their Kinfolk has reopened old wounds. Growing anger and desperation lead to talk of uprisings as the Uktena strive to prevent the total assimilation of their Kinfolk and the concomitant loss of cultural identity. The preservation of spirituality and secret lore within native cultures has, for the tribe, achieved nearly equal importance with the reclamation of the wilderness and the recovery of forgotten caerns.

Organization

Since they reflect so many disparate cultures and tribal practices, the Uktena rely on a loose structure of councils rather than a strict hierarchy. Within these councils, the voices of the elders carry great weight. While the overall

decentralization of the Uktena prevents any one individual or group from gaining too much power and, thus, lessens the chance for corruption, the lack of structured leadership also makes it difficult for the tribe to present a united front on many issues important to the well-being of the Garou.

At each solstice and equinox, a Great Council, made up of a chosen representative from each Uktena protectorate, meets. While any Uktena could be chosen to attend, in actuality the council exclusively comprises respected elders. The Uktena are all too aware of the trouble that can result from the impulsiveness of youth. The council debates matters of great import to the entire tribe. As a governing body, it is not usually effective, for custom dictates that decisions of the council must be unanimous. Feuds among protectorates or individuals on the council preclude many such decisions. Nonetheless, each representative takes back news to his or her protectorate, thus affording the Uktena more communication than might otherwise be possible.

Camps

- **Bane Tenders:** Uktena who belong to this camp embody the most sinister and brooding aspects of their tribe. Responsible for keeping watch over the Great Banes bound by the tribe in its earliest days in the Pure Lands, these grim Garou spend most of their time locked in endless vigils. When a Bane Tender chooses to attend a council of Uktena, her words weigh heavily upon the ears of her listeners. Treated with respect and fear by their fellow Uktena, Bane Tenders have few friends; most Uktena stay as far away from them as possible. The Earth Guides conduct regular tests upon this camp's members to check them for evidence of Wyrms-taint because of the Bane Tenders' regular proximity to the creatures they guard. For this reason, the Bane Tenders universally loathe the Earth Guides.

- **Earth Guides:** These tradition-minded Garou keep the old ways alive by encouraging Native American practices and spirituality among both Garou and Kinfolk. One of the largest and most respected camps, the Earth Guides try to lead "white folks" to an understanding of these ways as well. They claim credit for the awakening of a new consciousness among Americans since the '60s.

- **Ghost Dancers:** This group embraces members of both the Uktena and Wendigo tribes. Whereas the Wendigo remember the warlike aspects of the Great Ghost Dance of 1889, the Uktena recall the spiritual underpinnings and mystical rites associated with it. Primarily concerned with searching for signs in the Umbra that their fellow Pure Ones, the Croatan, might still exist somewhere, Ghost Dancers also seek to keep their heritage alive for younger Kinfolk.

Quote

You, who like greedy children were so quick to steal our lands and sacred places, accuse us of keeping knowledge from you. Like children, then, we treat you. When the time is right, we will tell you what you need to know. Until then, do not distract us from our tasks. You little understand what we truly do.

— Standing Rock, Uktena Theurge and Gatekeeper

Wendigo

Legendry

There was once a great and terrible winter on the land, so cold and so white that summer never came. There was no spring and no fall, for the Dead Time would not die. And it was all blamed on Falling Bird. Falling Bird was not a man; he was a wolfchanger, and his people lived in the wilds and in the sacred places, those heights and groves forbidden to humans. It was because of his power as a wolfchanger that he broke the world so.

It happened this way: Falling Bird went out hunting alone, as he often did, for nobody liked him. His Rage was obvious even to those who did not know his wolf blood. He was always angry, and so his human friends feared to hunt with him.

As he took the wolf form and moved quietly through the woods, he came upon a crying maiden. He approached her and asked why it was she cried. She looked up from her sorrow and was not afraid to talk to the wolf. "My brother has ruined me, friend wolf! He has shamed me to all the village, and now no man will have me for a wife."

"What has he done to shame one so beautiful as you?" Falling Bird asked. "One could as easily shame the moon as steal men's affections from you."

"It is kind of you to say so, but my brother hates me. He says that I give favors to strangers from the woods, and everyone believes him, for he is a respected warrior."

"If I were to marry you, they would not say these things anymore. Come, we shall live in your village and everyone shall envy me for the wife I have."

The maiden smiled and led her new husband to her village. As they walked, Falling Bird put on the human skin again. When they arrived, everyone was shocked to see the girl with a powerful warrior and even more surprised to find that they were man and wife. The next day, he asked his wife's brother to hunt with him, but her brother said that nobody in the village hunted, that they did not need to.

Falling Bird thought this was strange, but shrugged and went off alone anyway. He came back in the evening with ten hares. He gave them to his wife and told her to skin and cook them. She did so ably and proved to be an expert cook. But when he sat to eat, she would have none of it. When he asked why she did not eat, she said: "I am not hungry. I ate with my brother earlier." The same thing happened the next day. He brought home a buffalo which he had killed himself, and she cooked it fine for him and began to make a coat from the hide. But she would not eat it and said that she had eaten with her brother.

Now Falling Bird was curious, and the next time he only pretended to go into the woods to hunt. He used his Gifts to sneak back into the village and watch his wife.

In the middle of the day, a group of human strangers came to the village. They were greeted by

his wife's brother, and all the people of the village invited them in and prepared food for them from a large pot. Then, when the strangers lay down to sleep, tired from their full repast, the warriors killed them. The women all took the bodies and expertly skinned them and cooked them in the pot.

Falling Bird could barely believe his eyes. But he was cunning, and he thought up a plan. He stole one of the dead stranger's fingers and waited until evening to show himself. Pretending to return from the hunt with no game, he asked his wife if she had anything to eat. She told him that her brother kept all the food, but he would surely share with his sister's husband.



So, Falling Bird went to his wife's brother's lodge and asked if he could have some food.

Smiling, the brother invited him in and gave him a bowl of stew from a simmering pot. Falling Bird cunningly dropped the finger he had stolen earlier into the bowl. He then pulled it out in shock and surprise and exclaimed: "My wife's brother feeds me human flesh! He has broken the laws of Gaia!"

Then the brother scowled and pulled off his human skin as if it were a coat, stitched in the back to hold it on. Falling Bird saw him as he truly was: a Lesser Wendigo, one of the cannibal spirits who mocked the great totem whose name they stole.

Falling Bird leapt up before the spirit could snatch him and ran from the lodge. The entire village came from their lodges, and he could see that they were all Lesser Wendigo, even his wife. He became a wolf to evade them, but they were as fast as the wind. They circled him and moved in to eat him, so he cried to the great totem of his tribe for help.

The winds roared and ice fell from the sky, stabbing the spirits in their backs and pinning them to the earth. A mighty giant strode over the trees and glared down at the evil spirits who had dared to mock his powers. He reached down and scooped them up in one mighty paw and immediately dropped them into his cavernous mouth.

Once awake, though, Great Wendigo was not so easily put to rest. For the rest of the year, Wendigo raged across the land and prevented the seasonal winds from blowing. Finally, his rage abated, he again fell into slumber and the warm spring winds melted him into the earth, where he waited to be summoned again.

Falling Bird went back to his own friends among the Garou and told them about his adventure. It won him much glory, but the Contraries mocked him for ten years after. Only a fool would summon Wendigo.

Recent History

The Wendigo are more deeply tied to their sacred lands than any other tribe. While the others follow their Kinfolk in migrations from nation to nation, the Wendigo rarely leave their ancestral territories. Like their Kinfolk, they know that their heart and soul are brother and sister to the land, and to sever such a bond is to die. Thus, they defend their lands with a ferocity and — some say — cruelty shocking to even the hardest of the other tribes. While they can be among the calmest and most stoic of Garou, when their beloved, sacred lands, Kin or traditions are threatened, their unleashed Rage knows little mercy.

Some in the tribe say that they have spent too long worrying about the land and not enough time tending to their Kinfolk, who too often must defend themselves alone against oppression. The most bitter among the tribe say that their Kin must fend for themselves, for only in such a way can they learn to be warriors, but wiser council points out that without their Kin, the Wendigo themselves would cease to be. The proud Garou, however, know little about fighting the diseases born of conquest: depression, poverty, hopelessness and lack of spirituality. Torn from their old ways with few spirit allies to guide them, Wendigo Kinfolk often suffer in the modern world.

Thus, many in the tribe have taken up the political causes of their human relations and the more militant protection of their wolf cousins. Wendigo have been involved in many recent Native American protests, including numerous incidents not covered by the news media — incidents that invariably involve Wym servants. Indeed, Fentex is attempting to buy many tribal lands and use dams to flood them, to strip-mine them out of existence or to poison them with faultily-contained nuclear waste.

The Wendigo need allies to win battles on so many fronts, but they are too bitter and prideful to seek aid from other tribes — especially

the traitor Uktena, who have lost themselves in mystic traps. While certain septs have healed the frayed relations with Older Brother, others still save hate in their hearts toward the Uktena for not dying with the Croatan. Some wise Garou within the tribe have seen the source of this anger: The Wendigo wish that they themselves had died instead of Middle Brother, and their Rage has eaten away at their hearts.

Organization

Each Wendigo sept is led by many Chiefs, although usually one Chief stands out among the others as the most respected and, thus, the most heeded. Generally, Chiefs are considered either peacetime or war Chiefs; Philodox usually lead during peace, while Ahroun lead in wartime. This tradition has caused trouble of late, for some claim that there is now always war, and thus the Ahroun must lead the tribe. The Philodox, however, say that wartime is only when there is a battle to fight and that they must lead at all other times.

In addition, a group of shamans known as the Lodge of the Manitou (or the Lodge of Mysteries) councils the Chiefs in matters involving spirits or magic, including the pursuit of prophecy.

The Wendigo take auspice roles very seriously, and they almost oppress anyone who wishes to behave outside her moon-given role. For a Theurge to act like an Ahroun once or twice is fine, but to continue such behavior invites bad luck. The only exception to this rule is the Ragabash, who are expected to act contrary to any expectations — for the New Moons to do otherwise is to break the auspice taboo.

Camps

- **Ghost Dancers:** Harkening back to the religious movement that galvanized many Native American nations at the end of the last century, the Ghost Dancers seek to strengthen the power of their spirit allies in this world by thinning the Gauntlet and again bringing about a union between spirit and matter. Only through such means can the land live again and be able to throw off its foes without the aid of the Garou.

- **The Sacred Hoop:** This group believes that there is a purpose behind the migration of peoples across the world, that it signifies a coming together of disparate creatures of Gaia, beings intended ultimately to work together in harmony. People are meant to learn the ways of others with respect and to grow from such understandings. Thus, the Wendigo's traditions are not meant for Wendigo alone but are also good for other Garou, even other shapeshifters. Indeed, humans, too, can learn from such wisdom. The Sacred Hoop is led mainly by a coalition of peacetime Chiefs who seek to avoid war at all costs.

- **The Warpath:** The most militant and powerful camp in the tribe, the Warpath is made up mainly of Ahroun and led by war Chiefs, although many auspices join its ranks. Its members involve themselves in Native American rights issues, especially where monkeywrenching or violent protest is warranted. Although most Native rights matters are given little heed by the media, the issues the Warpath champions are more obscure still, for they involve battles with the true enemy: Wymspawn. The Wym's minions are expert at covering up these fights and even lending a negative spin to what little evidence remains.

Quote

O Great Mother, guide us in our hunt! Our prey is swift and cunning, and its scent evades our noses. We are your warriors! Call the wind to guide our arrows true, to pierce the thick hide of the Wym. Protect us from its poison as we fight with tooth and claw. We slay the monster in your name, O Great Mother!

— Midnight-of-the-Year, Wendigo Galliard

Bunyip

Of all the tragedies we Garou have endured, surely the loss of the Bunyip pains us the worst. For they were a tribe of great wisdom and honorable hearts, and now they are slain forever — at our own hands.

We should have known. Garou is Garou. When we first walked their lands, they hid from us. Then, when we met them, we found them strange and alien. Did they not breed with the thylacine, not truly a wolf at all? Had they not chosen a barren land to guard? Did they not avoid us when we walked their lands, rather than challenging our right to tread their territories? But Garou is Garou, and we did not remember that.

Wyrmbaiter. The cursed one. He was the one who called us all to avenge the loss of his sister. He was the one who called for war without mercy. And damn us all, we followed him. A year. One year was all it took. Were the children of the Rainbow Serpent so few? Were we so mighty?

We were deceived, yes. But that is no excuse. We did the Wyrn's work, all the time telling ourselves that it was necessary. May Gaia have mercy on us.

Of all the Lost Tribes, the Bunyip are the most senseless casualty. Unlike the Croatan, their death achieved nothing. Unlike the White Howlers, they did not fall from pride. The Bunyip were lost to Black Spiral treachery and unthinking Garou prejudice, and there was nothing noble about their deaths at all.

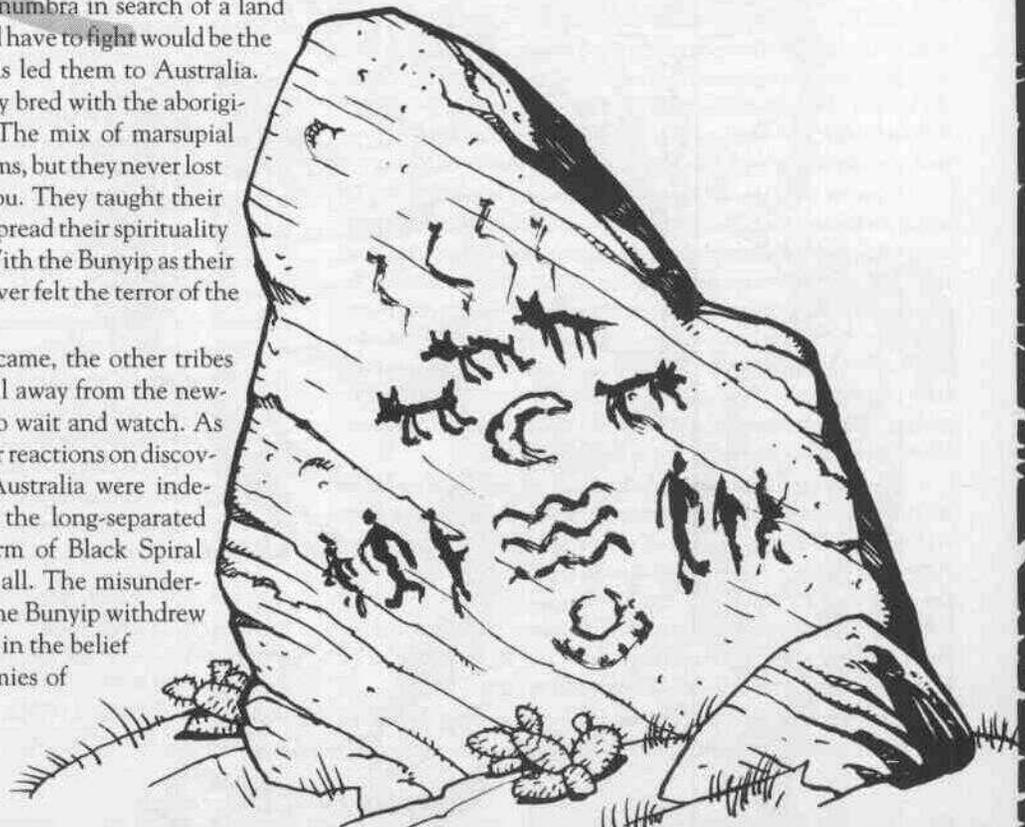
The Bunyip split from the other tribes at the beginning of the Impergium. Sickened by the violence against humans, they crossed into the Penumbra in search of a land where the only thing they would have to fight would be the Wyrn. Eventually, their travels led them to Australia. Here they settled, and here they bred with the aborigines and with the thylacines. The mix of marsupial blood colored their physical forms, but they never lost track of what it was to be Garou. They taught their Kin the lore of the Umbra and spread their spirituality throughout the native tribes. With the Bunyip as their protectors, the humans here never felt the terror of the Impergium.

But when the Europeans came, the other tribes followed. The Bunyip kept well away from the newcomers and instead preferred to wait and watch. As for the other tribes — well, their reactions on discovering werewolves already in Australia were indescribable. Many thought that the long-separated tribe was some degenerate form of Black Spiral Dancer, or not even Garou at all. The misunderstandings grew and grew, and the Bunyip withdrew even further from their cousins in the belief that the newcomers were enemies of the Dreamtime.

The final stroke took place in the 1930s. One of the greatest Red Talon heroes in Australia, a warrior named Wyrmbaiter, found the mangled body of his sister strewn across a rock carved with the Rainbow Serpent. He immediately suspected the strange Bunyip and called a moot to determine justice for his murdered sister. Although the Bunyip were invited, they never arrived — which was all the proof Wyrmbaiter needed.

The proud Ahroun formed a great war party and led it against the Bunyip. One by one, the Bunyip fell, until the last one died at Wyrmbaiter's teeth. But as he stood over that last body, a soft voice reached his ears. It was the voice of a Black Spiral Dancer, one whose pack had slain Wyrmbaiter's sister and kept the Bunyip from attending the crucial moot. Maddened by the realization of his mistake, his unthinking genocide, Wyrmbaiter threw himself into a deep cave and was never heard from again.

Although the Garou of today still hope that a few, even one, of the Bunyip managed to escape the great slaughter, each passing year makes it seem more and more unlikely. The totems of the Dreamtime refuse to speak to the Europeans, and tales persist of Bunyip ghosts who hunt living Garou in the outback. It seems unlikely that the spirits of Australia can ever forgive the Garou for this terrible, terrible deed — even if the Garou could forgive themselves.



Croatan

In the beginning, Gaia wanted all Her creatures to have one place to stay, where they could all gather together and enjoy the good, green bounty of the earth. So, Gaia created the world. She first asked Turtle if he would support it, and naturally he agreed, for it was a great honor. Then, She sent Muskrat into the Great Waters to fetch some soil from the ocean bottom. He came back and spit it from his mouth across Turtle's back. Gaia patted it down and spread it evenly. Then, She invited all her creations to join her on Turtle's back, and She set down their duties, the roles they would have in the coming world.

It all went wrong. The Wyrn ruined it. And Gaia's creatures forgot their duties and instead did as they pleased. They soon even forgot who they were and could no longer remember what they had to do to keep the earth in balance and harmony.

Poor Turtle, he just kept bearing it all on his back. Turtle did not forget his duty. His people — the Croatan Garou — followed his advice in all things. But his people are now gone, and the world has forgotten Turtle. No one can find him. The world will soon sink again into the Great Waters, for there is no one left to bear the Earth....

The Croatan were one of the three Garou tribes that migrated to the Pure Lands in prehistoric times. Croatan was called Middle Brother, for the Uktena were Older Brother and the Wendigo Little Brother. The Croatan were the most balanced and fair of the three tribes. Whenever Older and Little Brother had a dispute, they came to Middle Brother to resolve it. The three brother tribes would often send their young cubs to be tutored by each other. In such a way were the bonds of kinship and culture enhanced and preserved.

The Croatan lived mainly along the eastern shore of the Pure Lands, although, like their Brothers, they had septs in many places and among many peoples. Their totem was Turtle, the great being who bore the Earth itself on his back. Through their alliance with Turtle, the Croatan could cause the earth to shake, by asking their totem to stir himself on the Great Waters. He taught them how to form a protective shell like his, a mystical one that they could call upon to defend them from attack. Because he was the bearer of the Earth, many Earth-spirits owed him great favors, and Turtle told them to aid his children. Thus, the Croatan could summon Earth-spirits — spirits of the stones and soil — and ask favors of these mighty beings.

The Croatan were perhaps best known, however, for their trustworthiness. So great was the word of a Croatan that it could become a magical force, a resolute vow that bound the Garou to a task but gave her great powers in achieving it.

When the Wyrn's minions came to the New World, the Croatan were the first to meet them — and were the first to fall before them. In the middle of the conflict were naive and innocent humans, both Native and white. There were also cunning and malicious humans, mainly white ones.

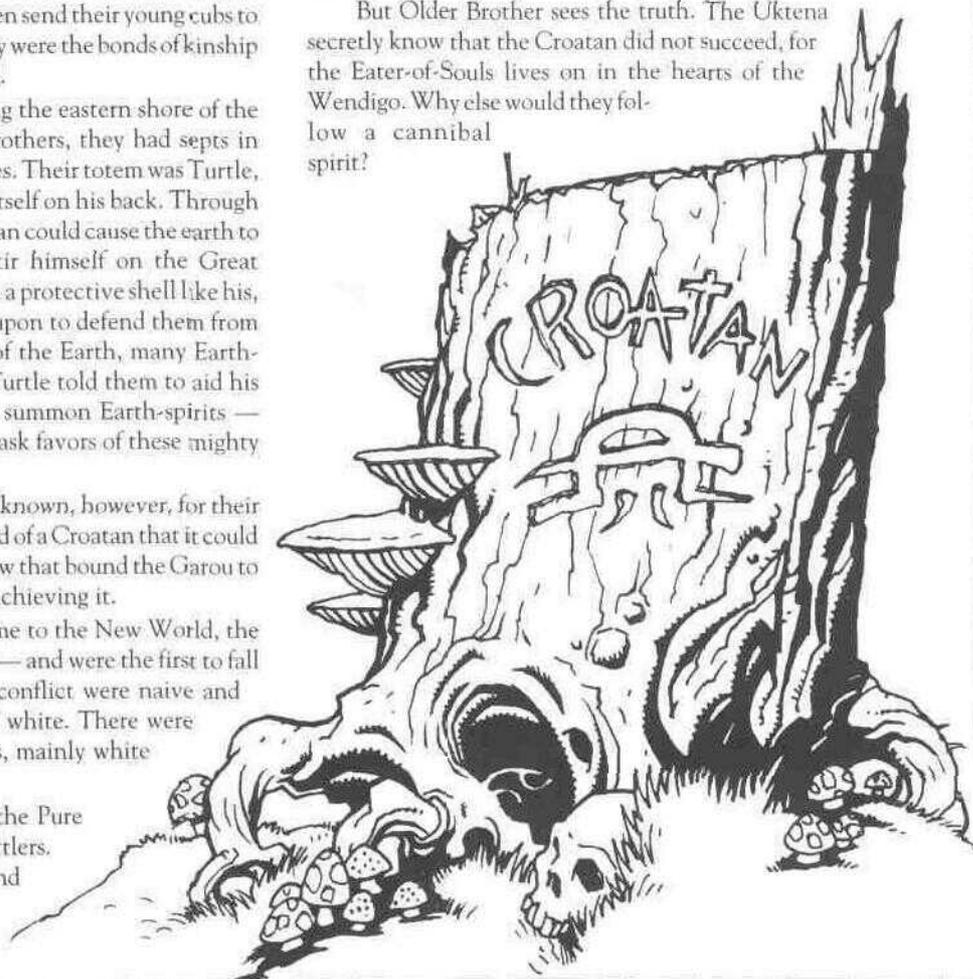
The Eater-of-Souls came into the Pure Lands with its servitors among the settlers. It sprouted from the earth as black and

twisted corn and birthed a legion of monsters. The Croatan could not fight them all. Nevertheless, Wanchese, the Croatan's greatest Ahroun, swore that he and his people would stop the Eater-of-Souls, and so they threw themselves into its maw. The Eater-of-Souls, gorged beyond its limits, could not swallow so many pure souls so fast. It went into shock and retreated from the world and even now slumbers at the bottom of the unfathomable Abyss.

Wanchese had a pupil, a Wendigo cub named Little Fox, whom Wanchese tricked into leaving so that the youngling would not be sacrificed. He also tricked Old Red Eagle of the Uktena. Both Garou realized too late what had happened. They returned to find no remnant of Middle Brother. In honor of the sacrifice, Old Red Eagle carved the name "Croatan" into an ancient tree, where it was later seen by whites come from across the sea.

Little Fox had lost his mentor and best friend, and the youngster would not be consoled. He blamed Old Red Eagle for not being there to help the Croatan, for he felt sure that the great Theurge could have helped. He did not understand that it would have meant their deaths also. He ran from Old Red Eagle and swore an oath of hatred against Older Brother. And so it is that Little Brother distrusts Older Brother to this day, for Little Fox's oath endures. No more does either tribe send its cubs to the other's septs.

But Older Brother sees the truth. The Uktena secretly know that the Croatan did not succeed, for the Eater-of-Souls lives on in the hearts of the Wendigo. Why else would they follow a cannibal spirit?



White Howlers

Did ya know that there were once lions roaming across these lands? Yeah, back when the Picts ran through these woods and the White Howlers ran among them.

Yeah...them. I know they've got a bad rep these days, but back then — hell, they were more fierce than their reprobate cousins, the Fianna (that being us). They were savage all right, in a way none of us Garou are today, except maybe the Red Talons. They bred among Picts, fer Gaia's sake! Painted themselves blue with scary tattoos and danced around screamin' and yellin' all the time. Hell, they didn't need to control their rage — their Kinfolk sure didn't!

The land'd be different today, ya know, if they had survived. If they hadn't been all full up with pride and Rage and Gaia knows what else, storming down into a Wyrms pit an' all. Yeah, I've heard the rumors, that the Wyrms planned it that way for a long time, but I don't think it can plan anything. It must'a been a sickness inside the Howlers all the time that done them in. I mean, to all go to the Wyrms like that? It's not that easy or so quick. Nah, they were sick inside.

And the land would be different. No Romans, that's fer sure. They woulda kicked Rome's butt back to the boot it came from. But instead, they went to the Wyrms and invited the bastards in. That's why we're in such a shit today, 'cause the White Howlers failed.

The British Isles were once home to a powerful but small Garou tribe called the White Howlers. Known for their spooky ways, the Howlers were considered strange even by their neighboring Garou cousins, the Fianna. Preferring to live on ghostly moors and along lonely North Sea shores, the Howlers are said to have courted spirits of the animal dead in a more grisly fashion than other aboriginal peoples. Their Kinfolk were primitive Picts, and thus the tribe resembled more a relic of the stone age than it did its Garou contemporaries.

The Howlers followed the Lion totem, and from it they received hunting secrets that made them some of the best trackers. They also received its strength, which gave them mighty thews, often misshapen and disproportionate-seeming to the aesthetic Celt eye. Their wood-painted tattoos were imbued with spirits who aided them in war or mate-stealing (a favorite activity of theirs, since carried on by their...descendants).

The White Howlers did not die; they became Black Spiral Dancers. While other Lost Tribes of the Garou can boast powerful sacrifices and some degree of martyrdom, the White Howlers merely failed. The bulk of the tribe, flush with pride and hubris, went down a Wyrms hole and came out gibbering, slobbering, maddened creatures, their wonderful white coats now mangled and blackened, their eyes glowing with balefire. These altered Howlers, with the aid of the Wyrms, hunted down all their kin and exposed them to balefires, twisted mockeries of their Celtic cousins' holy fires.

They then proceeded to corrupt their human Kinfolk. Within a generation's time, they turned the Picts into stunted, dwarfish brutes. Eventually, the Picts died out, although Viking legends from the Orkneys speak of them as living in the dark earth as late as the ninth or 10th century. A few Picts, of course, interbred with invading Celts or Saxons, but for the most part, there is little evidence of their lineage left behind.

Of that tiny number, an even tinier percentage still carries the White Howler gene. Thus, while it is not unknown for a White Howler to be born in modern times, it is extremely rare. Such pitiable creatures don't have much of a chance anyway, for the White Howler Kin-Fetch spirits were corrupted also and are alert to the birth of any White Howler. The spirits diligently report these births to Black Spiral Dancer Theurges, who then organize a hunt for the child. They consistently find such a youngling before any other Garou even knows the babe exists, and they perform the old changeling switch, taking the White Howler-to-be and placing another baby in the crib (usually a Black Spiral Kinfolk from a nearby family all too eager to sell the baby for crack money; the child rarely even looks like the baby it replaces). The White Howler babe then undergoes a hellish baptism that ensures it will grow up to be just like its corrupt "family."

The Garou hate to lose their own, and many werewolves have eulogized the Howlers as great warriors lost to a power greater than themselves. But the truth, as perceived by some Fianna Galliards, is that they were on the fast track to destruction anyway. The White Howlers found the Weaver totally alien and were unable to cope with the more civilized invaders of the Isles. Like their Kinfolk, they never crawled out of the past. Whereas lupus tribes such as the Red Talons survive by breeding in the wild, the White Howlers' wild lands were quickly becoming the home of others, most of whom the Howlers refused to breed with.

If the Wyrms hadn't taken them, their own intractable ways and refusal to change probably would have. As the Fianna Ahroun, Rory Axebiter, says: "I'd say rest in peace to 'em, but the worms ain't dead — they're still crawling around pissin' in our pots!"



Half-Breeds and the Forgotten

Of course, there are still werewolves who fall between the cracks, Garou who have been rejected by their own or who have turned their backs on the 13 Tribes. Nearly all are considered Ronin and draw their Physical and Mental traits either from their former tribe or from no tribe at all. (For further information on Ronin, see **World of Darkness: Outcasts**.)

There are numerous reasons why a Garou might not be accepted by his birth tribe; many metis, for example, are given up by their parents and reared by other tribes. Until properly accepted into a tribe, a Garou is considered Ronin, and she gains no special abilities of any tribe, even from the spirits.

If a tribeless Garou is later given a Rite of Passage into a true tribe, she becomes for all intents and purposes a member of that tribe. Her appearance doesn't change — several adopted male Children of Gaia have the midnight pelt of the Black Furies, for instance — but from that point on, she is a Rank One Garou of the appropriate tribe. She does not lose any Backgrounds previously owned due to her new tribe's restrictions, nor does her Willpower change. However, she gains the reduced cost to learn tribal Gifts, as well as the tribal weakness (if used; see **Werewolf Storytellers Handbook** or any of the **Tribebooks**). Some tribal weaknesses may transfer, while others cannot; an inbred Silver Fang may still retain his mental instability, whereas a Glass Walker who joins a more rural tribe might overcome the tribal "block" of regaining Gnosis in the wild.

The following are two sample "subtribes." Note that beginning characters of either group receive only two Gifts — breed and auspice — at character creation. Without a tribe to initiate them, they must rely on the Gifts of their breed heritage and moon-sign.

(Storytellers beware: Some players will want to begin play as one of these characters, then join their tribe of choice within a session or two. This dodge is a way for an unscrupulous player to skirt Background restrictions and gain more Willpower for his character. If a player wants to run a character without a tribe, make sure he does so for some time

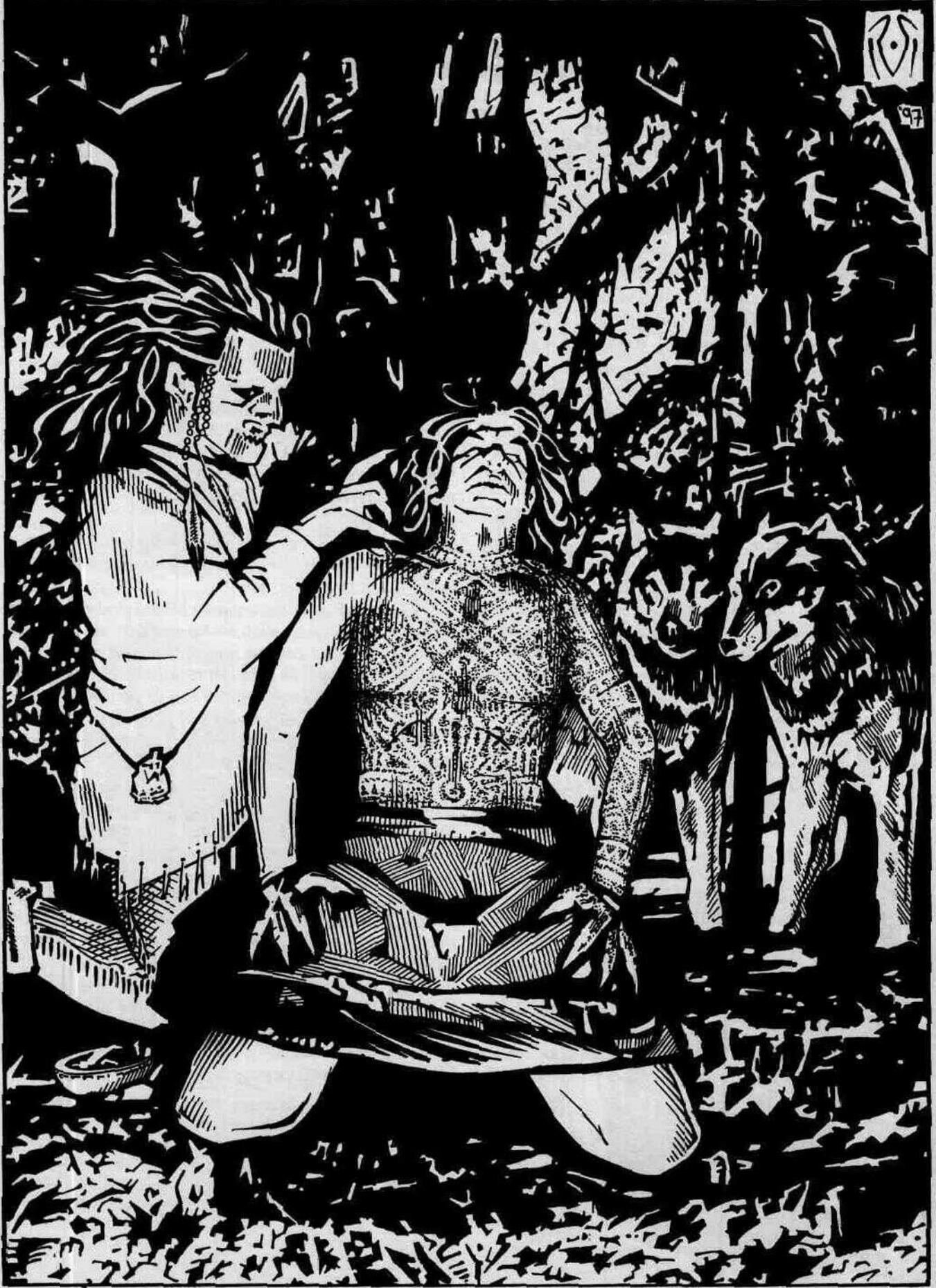
before you allow the character to join a tribe proper. Acceptance must be earned, and that's not an easy thing to do among the Garou.)

- **Siberakh:** This rare Siberian bloodline (introduced in **Rage Across Russia**, reprinted in **Rage Across the World, Volume 1**) is the result of a splinter group of Silver Fangs mating with forgotten Wendigo Kinfolk. Few recognize them, including the Silver Fangs (who treat them as Ronin). Some say their blood is purer even than that of the Fangs, as they show no sign of undue madness or extreme senility. The reclusive nature of the Siberakh tends to limit their contact with the outside world; they accomplish little more than survival in the Siberian wastes. Still, for them, that is enough.

The Siberakh begin play with 4 Willpower. They may not purchase Allies or Resources. In addition, most have at least a dot or two of Survival.

- **Dancer Ronin:** Sometimes a Black Spiral cub never dances the Spiral. Most often, it's because this cub was born to wayward Kin or because some glimmer of conscience drives her to escape her tribe before initiation. And sometimes, even long-corrupt Dancers can be purified of their taint (although the only proven way of doing so is a long stretch in Erebus). Needless to say, very few of these "faux" Dancers survive such "betrayal." Ones who do, however, sometimes flee to other tribes. Although it usually takes some time to earn a tribe's trust enough to warrant adoption, Dancer Ronin who are later inducted into a tribe can prove loyal to the point of martyrdom, so elated are they to find acceptance at last.

Dancer Ronin begin play with 4 Willpower. They may not purchase Fetish, Kinfolk, Mentor or Rites Backgrounds; they also may not purchase Pure Breed less than 5, if they buy any at all. Many are mad (purchase the Flaw: Deranged), and most bear the twisted, grayish forms of their ancestors. A very few resemble the White Howlers of old; the Black Spiral Dancers hunt these throwbacks even more fervently than they do other Dancer Ronin. To date, not one of these "mock Howlers" has survived for more than a year outside the Hives.



Chapter Three: Life in the Garou Nation

Packs

Mist would be leaving soon.

She was certain of it.

Her back hurt where the new scar was forming. The collar was beginning to itch again, but the restraints prevented her from scratching.

The collar was a large metal ring with silver spikes protruding at all angles from the inside. If she kept her head very still, the silver only brushed against her skin. Once, one of the doctors had dropped a glass jar. The noise had startled her, and she'd turned her head. The wounds still bled where the spikes had torn into her neck. The security men had been very clear that if Mist tried to change forms, she would tear out her throat on the spikes. She believed them, but she mused that death might be worth it. She might not be able to escape, but at least she could kill everyone in this room. Probably a few other rooms, as well. But the sedatives made it difficult for her to summon her Rage.

The security men were always very concerned about the sedatives.

So Mist sat, strapped to a metal chair in her loathed Homid form, watching, enduring the doctors' endless tests, waiting.

Mist would be leaving soon, because her pack was not strapped down with her.

The argument had been over nothing. Thunder's Pride had refused even to listen to her advice. Then Chuck and even her tribemate Darius Hunter-Moon had turned against her to agree with the arrogant ass. Only Fangthane-the-Render stood with

her, but Mist knew that was just because the oaf was trying to undermine the Shadow Lord. She'd stormed away.

The trap had been perfectly sprung. Too perfectly. It was as if some malevolent outside force had planned the entire situation to amuse itself.

The First Team had caught Mist completely unawares, distracting her while the Black Spiral Dancer slipped from the Umbra behind her and stabbed her in the back with his festering klaive. As the rest of the First Team swarmed her, she'd briefly wondered if someone was trying to teach her a lesson.

Mist would be leaving soon, because her pack was on the way.

The Gathering Storm Pack had been through a lot. Of course, they had their differences — all families do — and occasionally fights broke out among them. Fangthane even pulled his klaive on Thunder's-Pride once. The two were at each other's throats until the rest of the pack leaped in. Then things got ugly. Mist remembered how they all stood there, glaring at one another, recalling past insults, letting the tension build. The situation would have spiralled out of hand — but Chuck announced that he was hungry and suggested they go for tacos. Embarrassed, they all remembered the pack's first rule: No one pushes a pack member around without getting hurt — except another pack member. They had been through too much together, saved each other too many times, ever to kill one of their own, or to leave one of their number to an enemy.

Mist would be leaving soon.

Her pack had finally arrived.

The sound of gunshots sent all of the doctors and security men scurrying like roaches in the light. With a surge of delighted energy, Mist tore her left hand free and punched one of the doctors in the throat. She watched him drown in his own blood while the guards fought to restrain her. It was a useless gesture on their part. They would all be dead soon. It was only a matter of time.

Something big tore one of the laboratory's reinforced doors from its hinges and threw the metal slab across the room. Fangthane-the-Render was in the building, and he was angry. That was when the screaming began in earnest.

Mist felt her heart begin to pound as she watched her packmates in action. Darius Hunter-Moon fluidly glided among his foes in a gracefully brutal dance of death. The arrogant and aloof Thunder's-Pride would pause, looking into each adversary's eyes, giving each a moment to recognize death, before tearing into his victim with his fiery klaive. Fangthane (who Chuck often referred to as the Get of Fenris poster child) was doing what he did best: breaking anyone or anything he could get hold of with his mighty claws. Mist longed to join them in the fray. She knew she belonged alongside them.

Chuck approached, dragging a reluctant doctor who struggled ridiculously.

"You have one chance to die quickly: Open it," he said. As his final act on Earth, the broken doctor keyed in the numbers that shut down the electromagnet and opened the collar.

Chuck smiled. "Hiya, kitten. Miss me?" Mist realized she had.

Overview

Werewolves, like their wolf and human kin, are instinctively social animals. Consequently, the fundamental unit in Garou society is not the individual, but the pack. Packs serve as friends, backup, emotional support groups and commando units all in one. Packs are also the fangs, claws and wrath of Gaia. Although a Garou's enemies far outnumber his friends, these friends are fiercely, almost unswervingly, loyal.

When a Garou joins a pack she enters a family. Packmates adopt a "we" mentality, in which the pack is more important than the individual members. They share a powerful bond forged through a common purpose and strengthened by the intense and dangerous experiences they endure together. Although rivalries may exist between members, a Garou can always depend on her pack to stand with her and fight to the death.

Through long experience, werewolves often become so familiar with their packmates that they act in complete unison, as though one mind is governing the group. Such packs are almost entities unto themselves, with each member an integral part of a larger organism. When werewolves are united toward a single purpose, they are an awesome sight to behold as, in elegant and violent harmony, they tear through their foes.

Pack Formation

The principal theme governing pack formation is trust. Garou find themselves in battle with the forces of the Wyrms almost every day of their adult lives. Thus, they know it's vital to be able to trust completely Garou who stand with them against this tide of corruption.

Of course, trust is far different from friendship. Werewolves don't always form packs with their friends. Everyone has a friend who is always late or who constantly forgets to do what he said he would do. No matter how much you may like such a friend, he isn't the type of individual you'd want watching your back when a situation's potentially fatal. Garou do not always get along well with their packmates. In many cases, members of a pack develop strong competitive relationships, which can lead to disagreements, confrontation and petty bickering. But Garou trust, respect and defend their packmates. Packmates rarely allow their relationships with one another to deteriorate beyond "occasionally hostile" or "coldly professional." If a relationship degenerates further, both individuals involved typically agree that they shouldn't work together. If the two don't reach an agreement, one of them — often the loser of a challenge or duel — leaves the pack.

Because trust is essential to a pack's survival, sept leaders rarely interfere in the formation of a pack beyond placing recently Changed Garou together for the Rite of Passage. These young Garou often choose to continue functioning as a pack after bonding together over the course of the rite.

Traditionally, Garou formed packs exclusively along tribal lines. But as the wilderness shrinks, tribes must come together and associate more freely with one another. As a result, modern packs usually contain members of several different tribes.

The membership and size of a pack often depends on the purpose for the pack's existence. Every pack has a purpose: It could be as broad as "fighting the Wyrms," "defending Gaia," or "destroying Pentex"; or as narrow as "killing Sargrath Thief-of-Eyes." If the purpose is broad, nearly anyone is eligible for membership, but if the purpose is specific, each member has a reason for joining the pack.

Occasionally, specific problems that arise can defy the skills of existing packs. In such instances, sept leaders form temporary packs by recruiting members who have the abilities needed to take action. Recruiting strategies vary, depending on the pack's purpose and the wishes of the present members. Occasionally, the pack's alpha makes a general announcement during a moot and evaluates volunteers, but usually pack membership is by invitation only. Garou are never forced to join a pack — however, rumors inevitably surface about werewolves who refuse an invitation to join.

After a pack forms, a totem spirit is almost always bound to it. This spirit guides, teaches, protects and serves as a unifying force for a pack. Pack totems leave when a pack disbands.



The purpose for a pack's creation ultimately determines how long the pack remains together. The pack's goal may take only a few days to achieve, or it may require a lifetime. Once a pack accomplishes its purpose, its members either disband or choose another goal. Although Garou can join temporary packs without disbanding their current ones, they consider their "true" pack dominant in all cases, and they usually join other packs for no more than a month.

Losing a Pack's Trust

Occasionally, there comes a time when a pack's members no longer tolerate the actions of one of their own, and they cast him out. If the offense is great enough, the pack may turn on the former member and kill him. Such severity usually follows only if the offender has betrayed his pack to the forces of the Wurm. Sept leaders advise the preservation of Garou life, but when the offense is so awful, they gladly allow a pack to tear apart a traitor. It is better that one should die at the hands of many, than that many should die because of one's misdeeds.

If a pack deems a member unworthy through repeated cowardice, dishonorable conduct, excessive abuse of other pack members or similar crimes, they usually choose simply to have nothing further to do with the offender. Naturally, because of the very nature of packs, Garou never take lightly the decision to ostracize a packmate. A pack banishes a

member only if all of the other packmates agree that the offender represents a clear and present danger to the group as a whole or to the accomplishment of its purpose. Sometimes the pack appoints another member as the offender's warden; this warden oversees a "grace period" and is ultimately responsible for the violator's actions. And many packs aren't above giving a troublesome member a thorough beating to express displeasure with her actions. If a Garou's pack deems her untrustworthy and refuses to associate with her, she finds it very difficult to gain membership in another pack. Such a stigma often forces a Garou exiled from her pack to leave her sept also, in order to find a pack that will take her. Frequently, such banished Garou become Ronin.

Packs and Sept Laws

Garou who violate the laws of a sept generally have their pack called to stand with them before the elders. There are two reasons for this practice: First, the pack as a whole is responsible for the conduct of its individual members. If a member of a pack commits a crime, then the entire pack is guilty to some extent, if only by association. The punishment for packmates depends on the degree, if any, to which they participated in the crime. Usually, the punishment for a criminal's packmates is the humiliation of forever being associated with the deed (typically it means a loss of Renown). Although not as severely punished as their renegade packmate, the other members of the pack are always remembered as guilty for not having prevented the transgression, if nothing more.

Second, sept elders always carefully consider the words of an accused Garou's packmates. No one knows a Garou better than her packmates. In many cases, a pack may explain the necessity of the offense and persuade the elders to be lenient when punishing its errant member. Often, when the individual's crime is not severe, packs volunteer to share the punishment collectively.

Alphas and Pack Leadership

Leadership is often a source of contention within a pack. Intense competition can develop among packmates as they struggle for dominance over one another. These rivalries and the constant vying for leadership can provide excellent opportunities for roleplaying. However, you should realize that, during times of crisis, all of the characters in a true pack band together and obey the current alpha's orders, unless she is clearly incompetent.

The most common means of establishing a hierarchy is designating one member as alpha when the pack is formed. The alpha may be chosen by a number of means — rank, Renown, mutual agreement of the pack, challenges between members, contests of skill, etc. Traditionally, this Garou remains the alpha until a packmate usurps her position by defeating her in a duel or other contest. The Litany states that "the leader may be challenged at any time during peace" because an alpha must always be worthy, which constant



testing can ensure. Alphas can come and go frequently in such packs, thus allowing anyone who wishes (and is worthy) a reasonable chance of obtaining the position.

In other packs, the position of alpha passes to whomever the pack feels is best suited for the job during a particular situation — combat, Umbral quests or whatever. This method has proven to be effective for governing a pack, but it sometimes gives rise to subversion within the pack, as members try to undermine and discredit one another's abilities. Members of such packs are not as openly aggressive toward their packmates as individuals who challenge for leadership, but the former tend to harbor greater resentment.

There are even a few democratic packs that have no alpha. Members of these packs strive to put behind them the prejudices and squabbling of their respective tribes, along with their own ambitions for authority, in an effort to achieve greater unity with their packmates. Unfortunately, these packs may be difficult to manage during a crisis, as there is no clear voice of authority. What's more, the lack of an alpha goes against lupine instinct. Consequently, democracy proves successful only in packs that are truly unified.

The Silver Pack

Concolations are the rarest of moots, and they require several septs representing no fewer than five of the tribes. Werewolves call such gatherings to discuss matters of the greatest importance concerning the Garou Nation. And only at a concolation can Garou be called to the Silver Pack — the pack of heroes.

The Silver Pack is symbolic of the first pack formed after the creation of the Garou, and it always contains a member from each of the five auspices. The Silver Pack's duty, which is decided by the tribal elders during the concolation, is always an errand of tremendous importance. The Silver Pack's missions are often complicated as well as dangerous, and each auspice's influence is necessary to ensure success. While it is theoretically possible for more than one Silver Pack to be in existence at one time, such a thing happens only during times of direst need — and such times have not yet been seen.

Choosing a Silver Pack

Garou of all breeds, tribes and auspices compete fiercely for the honor of joining the Silver Pack. The prospective Silver Pack members are tried in three categories: Glory, Wisdom and Honor, which test the candidates in body, mind and spirit. The specific competitions vary; the elders representing the five auspices select tests relating to the new Silver Pack's purpose. A few examples follow, but Storytellers should create tests that relate to a Silver Pack's future adventures.

- **Glory:** Contests of Glory are always of a physical nature. This test usually consists of trial by combat, but occasionally contestants must climb a treacherous mountain peak, race across the open desert or suffer a beating to see how much pain they can endure. The test always seeks to challenge the body of the contestant. *With the Apocalypse approaching, the Garou cannot allow their champions to be weak.*

- **Wisdom:** Elders from the various tribes select different approaches to this test. The Silent Striders develop tests of deceptively simple cunning. Glass Walkers may hold mock trials in which one Garou must pass judgment on another. Stargazers like to ask virtually impossible riddles, while the Wendigo prefer throwing a candidate into a predicament and forcing her to use her cleverness and ingenuity to escape. The object of this test is always to measure the mind of the contestant. *If the Garou accept fools as their heroes, they will surely fall.*

- **Honor:** Tests of Honor vary widely and are often extremely subtle. Elders frequently test Garou in this area without the contestants' knowledge. Often, the elders have someone insult or annoy a contestant, all the while observing his response. An Honor test always challenges a character's attitude and temperament. The Silver Pack is meant to be an example and to bridge the gap between the various tribes. Petty and selfish individuals cannot accomplish this task. *If the spirit is weak, corruption will lay claim to the rest.*

Winning a competition is a great honor (+3 temporary Renown of the appropriate category), but it does not guarantee a Garou's place in the Silver Pack. Representatives of each auspice watch the competitions closely and confer with one another frequently.

Upon completion of the tests, the elders choose several favored prospects of each auspice from the contestants. The Caller of the Wyld leads these Garou to the center of the caern, where he performs the Rite of the Phoenix to determine which of the applicants is worthy and to create the Silver Pack. Members of the Silver Pack gain 5 points of Glory, Honor and Wisdom, and they receive the patronage of the totem Phoenix. The new Silver Pack members do not lose the guidance and protection of any previous pack or personal totems; their previous pack duties are simply suspended for the time being, as are the gifts bestowed by their other totems.

Leaving the Silver Pack

There are three ways to leave the Silver Pack. The first is, of course, death. Life in the Silver Pack is even more dangerous than usual for Garou. Still, werewolves who die in the Silver Pack's service are well remembered in story and song for the honor of having belonged to this great pack.

The second, and rarest, means for a Garou to leave the Silver Pack is to disgrace the pack. Even the most honorable of souls can abandon his packmates or become tainted by the

Rite of the Phoenix

Level Five

By using this rite, the Caller of the Wyld summons the totem Phoenix to a caern when a new Silver Pack is chosen. The ritemaster calls out to Phoenix and leads the Council of Elders in a howl stating the purpose of the Silver Pack and beseeching Phoenix to offer his patronage. As the rite ends, a pillar of cold, blue flame appears before the assembled Garou. Each prospective pack member must pass through the flame in turn. A Garou chosen for the Silver Pack emerges from the flame bearing the Mark of the Phoenix. When Phoenix is satisfied with the pack before him, the flame explodes upward harmlessly and vanishes.

System: The ritemaster must make a Wits + Rituals roll (difficulty 7). At the successful completion of the rite, the pillar of flame appears. Garou whom Phoenix accepts (the Storyteller's choice as to who is worthiest) emerge unharmed and receive full benefits of membership in the Silver Pack. Ones not accepted receive two Health Levels of aggravated damage from the flames.

Wyrms. While cowardice may be pardoned once or twice in a normal pack, it is unacceptable in the Silver Pack. Because the Silver Pack stands as an example to all Garou, its standard of conduct is very high. The penalty for failure in the Silver Pack is uncommonly brutal, usually resulting in the other pack members tearing the offender to pieces and leaving his carcass to rot.

Finally, like other packs, the Silver Pack disbands once it has completed its purpose. The Silver Pack also disbands if half or more of its members are killed without achieving its goal; surely, in such a case, the pack was not meant to be. Surviving members are eligible to compete for membership if another Silver Pack is chosen; however, many move on to become valuable leaders in notable septs. In cases where the Silver Pack accomplishes its purpose, the members sometimes remain packmates, choosing another totem in order to remain together. Sept leaders across the world often call upon such packs to aid with problems that threaten their caerns.

Silver Pack Totem: Phoenix

Background Cost: None. This totem may be taken only by members of an active Silver Pack.

Phoenix represents the cycle of life, death and rebirth. He also symbolizes the never-ending struggle to protect Gaia, as the Garou fight brilliantly, die, and pass on their struggle to others. Garou may not choose Phoenix; instead, Phoenix chooses those Garou worthy of membership in the Silver Pack. He accepts only a Silver Pack that contains a representative from each of the five auspices.

Traits: Members of the Silver Pack gain 5 Renown in each category: Glory, Honor and Wisdom. Each Silver Pack member gains one additional die to his Dice Pools in any social interaction with other Garou. The Silver Pack can call on 10 additional points of Willpower per story. Phoenix grants to his children added protection against minions of the Wyrms; the difficulties for all attacks made by Wym creatures against members of the Silver Pack increase by 2. Each Silver Pack member bears the Mark of the Phoenix, a blue flame branded onto the left shoulder as she passes through the pillar of fire.

Ban: If a member of the Silver Pack ever falls below 3 permanent Honor, she loses membership in the Silver Pack and all benefits of the Phoenix totem. Such a wretch never regains the respect he once held as one of Phoenix's chosen.

A Final Note on Packs

The most important step in creating a cooperative pack is for the players to choose wisely the people they play with. The entire reason to play *Werewolf* is for the Storyteller and all of the players to have a good time. It's often difficult to do if one or two players make it their goal to frustrate and annoy the others in the group. If a single player constantly demands attention, he often breeds resentment in the other players and the Storyteller. This caveat doesn't mean that your character must be boring or that you should only passively react to the game's stimuli. However, it *does* mean that you should be considerate of the others in your group.

Garou are aggressive, hot-tempered, primal forces of nature, but players shouldn't be. Be courteous. Try not to offend other players, even if your characters are snarling at each other. Be supportive. *Werewolf* is, above all, a cooperative game. Players unwilling to work with the members of their group may quickly find their character dead or abandoned to the clutches of the Wym.

Finally, be true to your character. The purpose for the pack and the reason your character joined it are often the governing goals of the character's life. Certainly, characters can have other interests, goals and ambitions — but part of being Garou is making your personal affairs subordinate to the goal of your pack. This rationale seems a little contrary to our society and its emphasis on individuality — and that's good. Roleplaying a pack can be an almost alien experience — and one that's well worthwhile.

Septs

Runs-with-Scissors stayed in Crinos while he dragged the dead Thunderwurm off the young Garou. She was obviously homid and frightened to boot, even though she'd torn into the Wyrmspaun with a fury that an Ahroun would envy. This chance encounter promised to be quite illuminating. Runs-with-Scissors changed to human shape, figuring it would help calm the girl.

"What's happened to me?" the pup asked. (No, Runs-with-Scissors thought. She may be young, but she's certainly a pup no longer.)

He shrugged like he'd seen his homid cousins do. "You grew up." Runs-with-Scissors snorted with irritation. He could see the comment hadn't helped the girl to understand what she was. He growled with annoyance. He was a Ragabash; this sort of thing was a Galliard's job.

"You are not human, you are Garou," Runs-with-Scissors explained, pointing at himself for emphasis.

"Sure thing, freak," she said, as the all-too-human distrust of anything unknown replaced the confusion in her eyes. Still, Runs-with-Scissors saw a glimmer of fear behind that distrust, a hint that the youngling couldn't deny the truth of what he'd said. Runs-with-Scissors was determined to change that fear to pride.

"Look at this thing," he said, gesturing at the Thunderwurm. It was relatively small for its kind, only 14 feet long, but still a threat even to a veteran warrior. "You sensed its passage through this wasted place. You were drawn to it, to uncover that which defiles Mother Gaia. And, when you truly saw what you faced, the change came over you." Runs-with-Scissors smiled. "I pursued it, but you dispatched it. Your first kill, I am guessing."

The girl shuddered, shaking her head slightly. Still, even if her memories of the sudden fight weren't clear in her mind, the Thunderwurm corpse was more than enough to convince her. She tore her gaze from the rapidly decaying carcass and looked Runs-with-Scissors in the eye. "Who are you?" she asked, redirecting the conversation to delay the inevitable.

"In the human tongue, I am called 'Runs-with-Scissors.'" At her puzzled look, he declared proudly, "It is an old joke."

While this exchange didn't seem to alleviate her uncertainty, Runs-with-Scissors felt he had explained himself enough. It was time to show this girl the true scope of the world she had entered.

"Come," he said. Runs-with-Scissors extended a hand that smelled of dark glens and heavy woodlands. "Come back with me."

"Where?" the girl asked, reaching out almost in spite of herself.

Runs-with-Scissors smiled brightly. "To the sept. To my family."

The sept is a dynamic social unit comprising Garou who come together to maintain and protect individual caerns. Protecting these centers of spiritual energy is a heavy responsibility to bear, one to which the Garou must commit themselves with utmost dedication and perseverance. In generations past, each sept comprised Garou from a single tribe. As caerns dwindled in number and enemies multiplied in abundance (the former condition frequently caused by the latter), many tribes began mixing around individual caerns. Some older Garou bemoan this increased multitribalism, as they feel that a tribe is meant to protect its caerns without help from other tribes. To them, such a situation implies tribal weakness. Of course, it's just this sort of divisiveness and pride that troubles all Garou almost as

much as does the Wyrms itself. Nonetheless, more and more tribes have united around various caerns in recent years, by necessity creating closer ties between them than was historically the case.

For, aside from the caern's defense, the sept creates a broad social group, one more diverse than a Garou's individual pack. Groups are very important to social creatures such as the Garou, and a werewolf's sept is as much a part of his identity as his breed, auspice, pack or tribe. Indeed, only tribe and pack take precedence over the sept. In the sept, Garou of all walks of life, of all views, come together in a common place. They share their experiences and gain strength from one another. Only in the sept can each Garou truly relax and be at peace. This harmony, along with the moots the sept holds and the system of justice the Garou follow, serves to strengthen the caern and affirm Gaia's ties to the Garou.

Sept Types

Two major factors shape the sept: the nature of the caern it guards and the goals of the tribe or tribes that it comprises. Each aspect brings with it social and political influences. A smart Garou hoping to gain Renown looks at the complex factors relating to the caern's focus of power and the social dynamics relating to the sept's tribal composition. By acting in accordance with the caern's purpose and taking advantage of the sept's flux of influences, the Garou can garner much Glory, Honor and/or Wisdom. In this way are heroes made.

Caern Influences

For the most part, the caern's influence is quite self-explanatory. One need only know to what purpose a caern is dedicated to understand its influence on the sept (see p. 104-108 for a complete listing of caern types).

Caerns dedicated to rage, strength, stamina and healing are strongholds for Garou who engage in regular warfare against the Wyrms. These mystical places contain reserves of power vital to Gaia's continued defense. Such caerns give the septs that inhabit them the support they need to confront the Wyrms in all its guises. Members of septs based in these caerns are notably more militant than Garou from other septs. Geared, as they are, toward conflict, septs of these types are quick to aggression (save perhaps ones at caerns of healing) and highly resistant to suggestions involving alliances with other septs.

Those places of calm, will, wisdom, honor and kingship find use as political centers among the Garou. Here negotiations occur, alliances form and the Litany is discussed. Caerns of this type are vital to unifying the tribes' many and conflicting natures under a single cause — the defense of Gaia. Septs based in these caerns pursue trade of goods, ideas and personnel with other septs. They make the greatest efforts at overcoming tribal differences (which, due to the



fractious nature of Garou, isn't always saying much). Of all the sept types, the ones at these caerns tend to have the greatest mix of tribes.

Caerns devoted to enigmas, visions, Gnosis, fertility and the Wyld are great spiritual havens. Garou in these places search for solutions to the many struggles they face. They delve into the possibilities of redemption through alliances with Umbral spirits. They use the caern's power to plumb the depths of mysticism. Septs established in these places are quite isolationist, but they aren't adverse toward other septs. Instead, they focus primarily on spiritual and mystical pursuits. In fact, they often welcome associations with other septs that offer insight or assistance along these lines.

Tribal Influences

Like the circumstances the caern exerts on the sept, tribal influences aren't difficult to understand. A sept comprising almost exclusively members of a single tribe more than likely adheres to that tribe's outlook. The waters muddy when multiple tribes come together in a single sept. In these circumstances, while the tribal majority often dictates the sept's goals, the other tribe or tribes invariably raise an alternate view, even to the point of dissension.

These differing views can be reconciled for the most part. However, a sept comprising two (or more) radically different tribes is a powder keg. A sept of Glass Walkers and Red Talons is unlikely in the extreme and would quickly dissolve into infighting. The two tribes' views on humans and civilization are so incompatible as to be alien to each other.

A more realistic possibility might involve a sept comprising Get of Fenris and Children of Gaia. Whether involved in battles against the Wyrms or negotiations with other septs, a Get-Children sept would find itself caught between charging forward and discussing options. Things could become even more complex if the sept's Grand Elder is a Child of Gaia, but its Warder is a Get. Although a Garou's duty to his position is considered paramount, deeply ingrained tribal views are hard for a werewolf to ignore.

Adding a third tribe into a sept throws any possibility of stereotyping right out the window. If a small group of Silver Fangs joins the Get-Children sept, one might think they would side with the Get of Fenris. Both tribes are forthright warriors, determined not to shirk from battling the Wyrms at any turn. Thus, even if the Children of Gaia were to have a greater number of Garou in the sept, the combined influence of Get and Silver Fangs would be almost impossible to overcome. However, the Silver Fangs may instead side with the Children of Gaia, as that tribe more closely follows the Silver Fangs' political inclinations. Or, more likely, the Silver Fangs would play one tribe against the other in an attempt to gain the upper hand in the sept, even though the Fangs are fewest in number!



Storytellers and players alike should remember that, though very social creatures, Garou are also highly individual and ruled by instinct. The more influences there are from outside or inside a sept, the more unpredictable are the decisions that sept makes.

Sept Roles

Being a social unit, the sept requires some form of structure. Luckily for the caste-conscious Garou, much of that structure is already in place: The concept of dominance is an integral part of Garou (and wolf) society, and the Garou hierarchy is ingrained deeply in every member of the sept. Lower-ranking Garou usually defer to their elders without question.

In addition to these basic, instinctual methods of behavior and interaction, packs have alphas and tribes have tribal elders. These distinctions have importance within the sept, but the sept's social structure and purpose require specific positions of guidance and adjudication.

Council of Elders

The Council of Elders is the sept's main ruling body. The number of elders varies, depending on the size of the sept, but usually ranges from three to 13 individuals. These Garou have the responsibility to protect the sept's interests regardless of their personal desires. They receive assistance in this duty from those Garou with other specific roles within the sept and the caern.

One Garou on the council, usually a Philodox, is known as the Grand Elder. He speaks for the council in most cases and usually has the final word on issues involving the sept as a whole. Matters involving individual Garou or the Litany usually fall to the Truthcatcher (see p. 91). The other council members may overrule the Grand Elder's decisions with a majority vote. Also, some Garou holding special posts, such as the Warder or the Truthcatcher, may, in extreme instances (as determined by the individual caern officer) supersede not only the Grand Elder's authority but that of the entire council, too.

Council members don't have much opportunity to gain Glory, but considering that they're elder Garou of high rank already, such a limitation is a minor one. Sitting on the Council of Elders does bestow the Garou with Honor and can provide opportunities for Wisdom Renown as well. Likewise, the role of Grand Elder is a truly challenging position, but one that promises Honor and Wisdom for the Garou who serves the post with distinction.

Warder

The Warder is the caern's chief guardian. The post is separate from the Council of Elders, as the Warder concerns himself purely with the caern's well-being. However, all answer to his orders, including the Council, on issues relating directly to the caern. The Warder has complete say over the caern's safety, and sept politics be damned if he steps on some toes while enforcing that security. As with

other key sept roles, this position is a highly valued one, sometimes outranking even the Grand Elder. Only Garou of high rank and distinction are considered for the post.

While his is the ultimate authority in all matters concerning the caern, the Warder does not command the sept. He cannot declare war parties or missions against the Wyrms, although he can decide who stays to defend the caern during such activities. Someone on the caern Warder's bad side might find himself forced to remain at the caern while others gain Glory in the fight for Gaia. The Warder himself never leaves the caern. His rank and position indicate clearly that he no longer needs to seek Renown. In fact, he gains Honor by holding his post.

This duty takes precedence over any political ties. A Caern Warder who demonstrates that defense of the caern is secondary to her political — or any other — ties (by allowing an enemy sept to enter the caern because the Grand Elder wishes it, for example) is summarily voted out of office by the Council of Elders. The Warder must be above reproach and beyond corruption of any sort.

Guardians

Usually, the Warder chooses a few packs to help guard the caern; these Guardians are the Warder's soldiers. They are loyal to the Warder and are obliged to follow his orders over any given by other sept officials. The specific number of Guardians in a caern depends on the caern's level and the sept's size. Generally speaking, there are five Guardians for each level the caern has (assuming the sept can spare that many Garou). Especially large septs increase this number by five more werewolves per level.

Guardians' duties include providing defensive layers in the bawn surrounding the caern and within the caern center itself. They receive powerful fetishes to aid in their tasks and hold a place of honor within the sept.

Guardians don't have the opportunity to gain as much Glory as Garou who may venture far from the caern on missions. Instead, they gain Honor for staying at their posts and by monitoring vigilantly against breaches of the caern. Opportunities for Glory arise during the infrequent, but always dangerous, assaults by the Wyrms upon the caern. In such circumstances, these Garou have the chance to prove why they hold the special honor of being Guardians.

Master of the Rite

The Master of the Rite is exactly that — the seneschal for all ceremonies and rites involving the sept and/or the caern. For each rite performed within the caern's confines or related to the sept, he first measures the ritual's potential danger and likely benefit. If the Master finds it acceptable, he allows the rite to be performed, but remains at hand to monitor it nonetheless. Even the Caller of the Wyld must follow the Master of the Rite's directives.

This post can become an involving one, especially with a large sept in a high-ranking caern. The Master of the Rite must decide which of the many packs vying to enact rites at

auspicious times receive approval. And, in doing so, he must always keep the sept's well-being and the caern's safety foremost in his mind.

The Master's authority extends only throughout the caern proper. He doesn't regulate rites performed throughout the bawn, unless those rituals may in some way draw attention or cause possible harm to the caern or its inhabitants.

The Master of the Rite is usually among the sept's most experienced Theurges or Philodox. He must be a master of many rites himself, in fact (usually, he has a 5 Rituals and knows at least one level 5 rite). Whereas he often enacts the ceremonies most important to the caern, such as the Rite of the Shrouded Glen, rituals specific to other sept roles are performed by those individuals. Thus, the Grand Elder performs the Rite of Gaia's Vengeful Teeth, the Caller of the Wyld executes the Rite of Totem Binding, and the Talesinger invokes the Gift of Shadows by the Fire Light.

Gatekeeper

The Gatekeeper is the sept's "liaison" with other septs. He monitors the Moon Bridge and opens or closes it as necessary. He determines if another sept may open up a bridge through the Umbra to the caern, and he seals off all access to the caern's bridge in times of war. Such authority often puts him at odds with the Council and with the Warder. The former may wish to establish ties with distant septs the Gatekeeper sees as dangerous to the caern, whereas the latter may want the Moon Bridge to close more quickly or slowly than the Gatekeeper wishes.

Disputes that involve the status of the Moon Bridge but pose no immediate danger to the caern are often resolved through a challenge. If either the Warder or the Council backs the Gatekeeper against the other, then the Gatekeeper's decision stands. Although the Warder always has final say on whether to close the Moon Bridge in times of conflict, if the Gatekeeper holds a differing opinion, the Warder may expect to receive a challenge after the current crisis ends.

The Gatekeeper must know every Moon Bridge rite and possess most of the Moon Bridge Gifts. He also has a fetish of office that allows direct communication with the caern's totem, thus enabling the Gatekeeper to open bridges. This fetish is highly prized by the sept, which hands it from one Gatekeeper to the next, as new Garou fill the post.

Like the Warder, the Gatekeeper never leaves the caern. He has an emissary who travels to other caerns for him to initiate talks on travel passage rights. The post of Moonwalker requires strong diplomatic skills and is not the province of unworldly cubs. For large caerns (of level four or higher) or missions of some importance, the Gatekeeper may assign an entire pack to be his emissaries.

Keeper of the Land

The Keeper of the Land maintains the appearance of the caern and the bawn that surrounds it. Many Garou, especially younger ones, view this duty as a frivolous one.



However, many spirits won't visit a filthy or badly maintained caern. A well-kept caern shows respect for Gaia and for the spirits who live at the site.

Although he doesn't possess direct authority, the Keeper can recommend punishment to the Council for Garou who transgress against his rules. Such sentences usually involve helping the Keeper perform maintenance on some part of the caern or bawn. Young Garou who ruffle under the Keeper's favorite willow may suddenly find themselves helping him clear away kudzu.

Apart from mundane responsibilities, the Keeper of the Land offers the Master of the Rite assistance with grounds requirements for certain rituals. Some ceremonies, after all, require special landscape preparation, for which the Keeper is supremely suited.

Not all caerns have a Keeper of the Land. The Red Talons and Bone Gnawers find the idea laughable, but the Children of Gaia and the Fianna feel that a Keeper helps make the spirits they deal with calmer and more benign. Fianna Keepers, interestingly, create the path leading to the caern center as a spiral leading around a hill. Additionally, smaller septs sometimes combine the Keeper's duties with the duties of the Warder.

Master of the Challenge

The Master of the Challenge oversees all challenges. He must be skilled not only in physical combat but also in a variety of gamecraft, riddles and name-calling. For combat

challenges, the Master regulates the extent of force allowed, the forms that the two contestants may use and whether any weapons are permitted. For gamecraft challenges, he establishes the specific type of contest and the time limit (if any). He also establishes the appropriate victory conditions. The Master of the Challenge then monitors the contest and declares the winner and loser.

The Master also sets when and where a challenge is to take place. Most Garou think such a thing is a simple matter, but the Master of the Challenge must be sure that the contest doesn't conflict with other sept affairs or compromise the safety of the caern. He coordinates with the Master of the Rite and the Gatekeeper to ensure that the contest doesn't disrupt any rites and that no outsiders arrive by Moon Bridge during the challenge. Setting a time also allows word to spread through the sept, thus guaranteeing the event a good-sized crowd.

While the Master of the Challenge's word is usually final, sometimes a contestant may appeal to the crowd. A unanimous vote against the Master by the assemblage reverses his decision, and the Master of the Challenge loses Honor as well. If the Master suffers an overturned decision three consecutive times, he is removed from office and may even be subject to a lowering of rank.

Lesser Offices

The following offices are largely a matter of formality. It's entirely possible, especially in these days, that one person may hold more than one of the lesser offices, or a lesser office in conjunction with a greater one. The Gatekeeper, for instance, may also serve as the Master of the Howl in a sept. Once, there were generally enough werewolves in a sept for each of these offices to be held permanently by different Garou, but those times are long past.

Master of the Howl

The Master of the Howl leads other Moon Dancers in the Opening Howl that begins every moot. This post, typically filled by a Galliard, involves leading the songs and chants that begin the moot. It is a weighty role, as the Opening Howl sets the tone for that moot's content. The Master of the Howl must also ensure a smooth transition from one section of the moot to the next.

The method of appointing a Master of the Howl varies from sept to sept. Some construe it as a hereditary position, some as an elective position determined by the entire sept or by the Galliards themselves, and some pass the duty among the Moon Dancers from moot to moot. Master of the Howl is a vital, but strangely understated, duty. If done properly, other Garou at the moot aren't even aware of the Master of the Howl's presence and instead are caught up in the flow of the moot itself.

Caller of the Wyld

This role involves invocation of the sept totems during a moot to strengthen the caern. The Caller of the Wyld,

commonly a Theurge, first leads the sept in honoring the various totems of the sept and of the tribe or tribes that the sept comprises. Then, he performs the rites to reach into the Umbra and contact the spirits that lend their strength to the caern.

Performed properly, such rituals reinforce the caern's connection to the Umbra and to the spirits that watch over the Garou. In smaller septs, the Master of the Rite often takes on the role of Caller of the Wyld, as well.

In generations past, the Caller of the Wyld had the assistance of Garou who physically embodied the totems. These offices, known collectively as the Shining Ones, have fallen into disuse for the most part. Only those septs run by the Stargazers and Uktena still carry on the tradition. Reportedly, the Uktena perform an intricate ritual dance wherein the Shining Ones, assuming the roles of their totems, interweave vines and moonlight in a complex rite of spirit binding. The Stargazers' ritual is far less spectacular but no less effective, as the Shining Ones actually channel the spirit totems. For those septs without Shining Ones, the Caller of the Wyld must bear the brunt of the summoning himself.

Truthcatcher

The honored role of Truthcatcher requires the Garou to mediate disputes and judge crimes. The post, filled almost invariably by a Philodox elder, is a key component in every moot. However, the Truthcatcher may also judge transgressions outside the moot's formal confines. Only serious crimes, such as ones in defiance of the Litany, are reserved for a moot — and are usually the reason one is called in the first place.

Previous generations maintained other Garou in posts that assisted the Truthcatcher. Major positions, titled Advocate, Arbiter, Caster and Judge, gave the Truthcatcher support in reconciling disputes and sentencing transgressions. As with other parts of the moot and the sept itself, these roles are rarely filled, although the Silver Fangs and Shadow Lords seem to have an overabundance of positions supporting the Truthcatcher. The exact form these moonlit courts take differs from sept to sept (see below).

Talesinger

The role of Talesinger is one all Garou covet highly, even though Galliards fill the post most frequently. The Talesinger leads the sept in stories during each moot and also brings forward Garou to play the part of past heroes. The honor of these roles goes to Garou who have performed noteworthy deeds (or, sometimes, as a test for young sept members). It's a rare, but tremendous, honor when a Garou assumes the role of Talesinger for a single moot. This gift goes to a Garou who has performed an especially grand deed recently.

The Talesinger, sometimes with another Moon Dancer's assistance, weaves Gifts into the stories he tells, most often the Shadows by the Fire Light. The images conjured by the Talesinger's words and songs almost seem real through such channeling. A skilled Talesinger can gain much Honor in performing inspired stories during the moot.

Wyrm Foe

This key position goes to a great Garou warrior (almost always an Ahroun, obviously). The Wyrm Foe leads the sept in the Revel that concludes each moot. Once every Garou is sufficiently excited at the moot's climax, the Wyrm Foe howls, urging them past the point of no return. He then leads them in a savage chase throughout the caern's bawn, which they clear of anyone who is not of the sept.

Wyrm Foe is a highly selective honor, but one that can mean the difference between a passable moot and a truly mystical one. For, without the Wyrm Foe's direction, the sept wouldn't reach the height of excitement necessary to unleash its collective passion in true mystical form — Gnosis — with which the caern is recharged.

Apart from the moot responsibilities, the Wyrm Foe often coordinates forays against Garou enemies. While this aspect of the office often means leading a pack from the caern to battle the Wyrm, the Wyrm Foe also monitors the efforts of various packs from inside the caern. This way, multiple packs aren't covering the same ground while leaving gaps in the sept's territory. The Wyrm Foe must accede to the Warder or the Grand Elder if either feels a pack would be more useful in a capacity other than what the Wyrm Foe recommends.

In smaller septs, the Master of the Challenge often assumes the role of Wyrm Foe, passing it on from time to time to individuals who've distinguished themselves recently.

Life in the Sept

It's obviously unrealistic to expect all the sept's members to live out their lives in the caern, especially in urban caerns. At any given time, only about half of the sept can be found within the caern's bawn; a smaller contingent might leave the caern dangerously open to attack. However, the Garou can't just idle about the caern and wait for the next assault — they have to take the war to the enemy, whether that means raiding nearby Blights or doing social work in human society.

For many Garou, the First Change means an end to their human lives. They can't go back to their homes and families, they have next to no chance of holding down jobs, and in many cases they have no homes to return to. Garou with nowhere else to go are given homes within the bawn, and they spend the majority of their time in the caern — unless duty beckons, of course. However, a sept usually trains even orphaned cubs some skills that would be useful in the outside world; no caern can supply *all* the resources its sept needs. Even a tiny sept of ten or so werewolves needs to feed all ten, and it's a point of pride that a sept takes care of its own.

Those Garou who continue to live out their human lives (Glass Walkers are notorious for this practice) tend to spend roughly two-thirds of their time seeing to their human

affairs; other times they serve their duties at the caern. Of course, their routines are often disrupted when the need arises; as a result, few of even these Garou hold down nine-to-five jobs. Werewolves also rarely make good parents; most of their children are raised by the other parent in human or wolf society, with little (if any) contact between Garou and child. Only the metis are an exception — born and raised in Crinos, metis grow up in the sept by necessity.

A sept is as likely to be active during the day as at night; someone always has to be on guard. Moots are almost always held at night, however. Although a sept constantly has guards on watch — which entails Umbral patrols as well as physical watches — Garou at the caern can also be found instructing cubs, keeping the caern in order, communicating with spirits or Kinfolk, fashioning talens or fetishes, hunting for food, meditating, keeping their equipment in repair, and generally doing their best to get by. The day-to-day life in a sept isn't glamorous, but such is the case for any army involved in a war but not currently in open combat.

Moots

Moots are an essential component of Garou social structure. The moot, perhaps the most dynamic and interactive group experience the Garou have, serves many purposes. These functions honor heroes past and present, address issues of Garou law, resolve individual grievances, recharge the caern's spiritual energy, celebrate tribal ways and reaffirm Garou cultural identity.

The moot is the most basic, primal and pervasive form of social gathering for the Garou. The specifics of its purpose are covered in *Werewolf* (pp. 40-42). The following information explores moot structure itself to enable players and Storytellers to incorporate moots into their chronicles more easily.

Moot Dynamics

Garou culture has a wide variety of moots. The gatherings can range in size from intimate meetings between a small Stargazer sept to a grand collocation uniting Garou from all the tribes. The methods and procedures of moots vary from tribe to tribe and sept to sept. However, all moots grew from a common ancestry (much like the tribes themselves). As such, moots share certain elements.

A moot has five basic divisions: the Opening Howl, the Inner Sky, Cracking the Bone, Stories and Songs, and the Revel. Septs give some of these sections more weight than others and even add their own variations and subsections. Still, these five components are the core of every moot: The sept must gather, honor totems, recharge the caern, air grievances, affirm Garou history and, finally, release primal passions. These acts are at the heart of every member of the sept and remind all who take part in a moot what it means to be Garou.



Each part of the moot also requires various Garou to take on certain roles, described above as the Master of the Howl, the Caller of the Wyld, the Truthcatcher, the Talesinger and the Wyrms Foe. It's a great honor to serve in an official capacity during a moot. Most often, a specific Garou routinely performs a given office for the sept. Still, there are occasions when another Garou may step in and assume the duties of an office. It's not uncommon for a Garou to find herself performing a key function at the next moot in recognition of some noteworthy recent achievement. A Garou who recovered a lost fetish or dispatched a Bane might be honored with the role of Caller of the Wyld, while one who triumphed over Wyrms minions might assume the mantle of Wyrms Foe. In this way, the Garou give individual accomplishments another sort of recognition along with rank and Renown.

Sadly, Garou attendance at moots is seriously diminished compared to times past. Although the declining Garou population is certainly a factor, fewer and fewer join in the howl as time goes on. These Garou become caught up instead in warfare, petty squabbles or simple lack of interest. Many of the traditional secondary offices go vacant, and even some of the primary offices of the moot fall into disuse or require a single Garou to perform multiple roles. It is believed that a great number of other offices used to exist but fell into obscurity due to these very circumstances. Some pessimists even claim that entire sections of the moot itself have been forgotten in much the same way.

The actual decline in ceremony, office and ritual varies with the tribe and the sept. Still, even the most scrupulous followers of Gaia might concede that no truly suitable Garou exist for certain posts. By thus reducing the Garou spirit with squabbling and crass entertainment, the Wyrms tarnishes and corrodes the Garou heritage. This insidious threat poses perhaps a greater danger to Garou than even the most vicious Nexus Crawler.

The Opening Howl

All moots start with the howl. The Opening Howl, led by the Master of the Howl, fills the air with unearthly, atonal modulations. Each sept's howl has a distinctive flavor, the result of that sept's general attitude, particular blending of tribes and recent events. For instance, the howl of a primarily Fianna sept echoes with an almost ethereal beauty; that of a predominantly Shadow Lord sept resonates with a disturbing dissonance; a Red Talon sept cries out with guttural savagery. More diverse septs integrate the various tribes' moods. Thus, a sept with large numbers of Fianna, Shadow Lords and Red Talons generates a beautifully dark keening, as the Fianna's rarefied voices intermingle with the Shadow Lords' lower tones and the Red Talons' sharp punctuations.

While tribe and attitude play a part in the howl, the sept's current status colors the howl just as strongly. These elements blend in the Opening Howl's final moments, when the Galliards, coordinated by the Master of the Howl, lead

the rest of the sept in declaring the purpose of the moot. A howl marking the sept's recent triumph is martial in tone and flavored with tribal heritage — Fianna tones reminiscent of Celtic war ballads, Stargazers' of ancient Tibetan songs, Red Talons' of pure, wild bestiality. A moot called to determine the fate of a Garou accused of turning to the Wyrms echoes with howls that are uniformly menacing in tone, whether the subvocal growl of Silver Fangs, the savage snarl of Get of Fenris or the nerve-wracking barks of Bone Gnawers.

The Opening Howl historically has other offices aside from that held by the Master of the Howl. The best known is the role of the Fool (typically a post filled by a Ragabash). The Trickster performing this office routinely questions each assertion made during the Opening Howl. The rest of the sept, led by the Master of the Howl, refutes each of the Fool's claims in turn. This way, all the Garou unite in affirming their heritage.

The Fool's questioning of Garou rites and traditions encourages each member of the sept to reevaluate and reaffirm his loyalty to pack, sept, tribe, tradition and duty. Although the Fool's responsibilities are just as important as those of the Master of the Howl, the Trickster doesn't often attain the same degree of respect the Master of the Howl holds. Many Garou view the Fool as just that, and they usually don't take seriously his yelping dissension during the moot.

The Inner Sky

The moot's second portion devotes itself to strengthening the caern by contacting tribal spirits. The Caller of the Wyld leads the sept in this portion of the moot. Umbral spirits are the source of the caern's continued strength; as such, the Inner Sky is vital to the caern's health. The Caller of the Wyld must contact the spirits and treat them with appropriate honor and deference.

If a sept doesn't maintain the caern's bonds to the Umbra, the caern itself weakens over time, no matter how passionate the Revels that end the moots. This factor is often cited as the cause behind a caern becoming fallow or falling to the Wyrms.

Some tribes, the Red Talons chief among them, claim that losing the connection to Gaia is what precipitates such weakening. They point to the Bone Gnawers' and Glass Walkers' less stringent rites as examples of this failing. In return, the two urban tribes observe that their technology-bound spirits don't need the constant attention that less strictly regimented nature spirits might.

In practice, a sept that goes for more than nine turnings of the moon without the Rite of Totem Binding may lose one level from the caern's power. Starting after the ninth month of neglect, the Storyteller rolls once per lunar month to see whether the caern loses a power level. The Dice Pool rolled equals the caern leader's Wits + Rituals. The difficulty is 5 in the ninth month and increases by one point each month thereafter. As long as the Storyteller rolls at least one



success, the caern maintains its current level of power. However, the Storyteller continues to roll each lunar month (at an increasing level of difficulty) until she gets no successes. Once that happens, the caern loses a point of power.

If the caern remains neglected nine months *after* losing the point, the process begins again. In this fashion the caern slowly dies out or falls dormant. A Rite of Spirit Awakening must be performed to reawaken the caern or to recharge lost points. The difficulty in performing this rite equals the caern's original level plus five. Also, the ritemaster must spend a number of permanent Gnosis points equal to the number of caern levels lost.

Once the sept performs the Inner Sky properly, no rolls are required unless another nine months of neglect should pass. The Storyteller may simply lower a neglected caern's power level instead of going through the rolling process, depending on the circumstances involved.

Cracking the Bone

The business of the moot occurs at this stage. Grievances are aired, sept policy is made and personal conduct addressed. The Truthcatcher heads this part of the moot. As its name implies, Cracking the Bone is no simple task. Much like a hungry wolf cracks a bone to find the sweet marrow hidden inside, the Truthcatcher must cleave into the most challenging dilemma and discover the core of truth that lies within.

All temporal business is conducted at this time. Most tribes allow all Garou who wish to speak to do so. Even in this openness there is a proper procedure, however. The concept of rank is so ingrained in most Garou that lower ranking members inevitably defer to higher ranking individuals. A Garou who speaks out of turn, defying the sept hierarchy, invariably loses Honor. Still, some of the more tolerant septs, usually led by the Bone Gnawers or Children of Gaia, allow their younger members to speak out of turn without harsh penalty.

The Garou system of justice is simpler than that used in the human world, as it has more in common with lupine ways. Judgment and the punishment that follows is swift, blunt and without appeal. Once a decision is made, for good or ill, the matter is usually closed.

Stories and Songs

During this section of a moot, the Talesinger leads the sept in spinning stories of past and present Garou adventures. Ancient heroes are remembered and new ones honored with howls of recognition and rites of praise. A Garou whose deeds have earned a Talesinger's praise gains much glory in the eyes of his peers.

The mood of the Stories and Songs segment is, again, dependent on the sept and its tribal majority. Tales told by Shadow Lords and Silver Fangs are usually serious treatises and heavy-handed ballads howled only by the Talesinger. A Talesinger's personal glory in these long-winded affairs is secondary to his ancestry and connection to the tribe and sept. Stories of past heroes are told as parables that often cite

the Garou's superiority over humans and place the particular tribe in the position of guide and mentor to other tribes. Things become very interesting during this phase in septs comprising both Shadow Lords and Silver Fangs, since both tribes not only consider themselves without equal, but view each other as rivals for true supremacy over all other tribes.

The Uktena and Wendigo tale-telling follows the Native American model, with the greatest warrior braves taking on the roles of victor and vanquished, and a chorus supporting the tale with howls and natural percussion. This portion of the moot can become so charged with energy for these tribes that the remainder of the sept comes forward, dancing and howling in a ring around the Talesinger as he reaches the story's climax.

Of all the tribes, the Silent Striders are most noted for their Stories and Songs. They elevate this portion of the moot to an art form in and of itself by incorporating elaborate and exuberant dance-tales known as *Pakiv Swatura*. Only those dancers trained extensively in this strenuous and expressive art may participate in such tales. A Garou honored to be part of a *Pakiv Swatura* often finds himself spun about and tossed in the air repeatedly by the other dancers until he's too dizzy to walk.

The Silent Striders also engage in *Darane Swatura*, boisterous, overblown comical tales told simply for the joy of the telling. A single Strider usually begins a story, then passes from one Garou to the next. Each builds on the tale in an attempt to surpass the previous speaker's humor until the entire sept is overwhelmed with riotous laughter.

The Revel

The Revel culminates the moot. The passion of every Garou in the sept builds toward the Revel, finally releasing with tremendous physical, emotional and spiritual intensity. Not only is this section cathartic for the Garou, but it serves to recharge the caern and echoes the reconnection to the Umbra as performed during the Inner Sky.

Both mundane procedures and mystical rites become more impassioned as the moot progresses. The stories and songs kick the Garou assemblage into even higher gear and stir the werewolves' souls to a fever pitch. Once the sept is roused to the greatest possible extent, the Garou chosen for the role of Wyrms Foe changes into wolf form and gives a mighty howl. The Wyrms Foe usually waits for the Master of the Howl to give him this signal, but it's not unknown for the Garou to become so caught up in the building Revel that he leaps forward, giving an ear-splitting call. The rest of the sept joins in the howl, and Garou not already in Lupus make the change, emulating the Wyrms Foe.

Mock battles and other displays of strength and prowess erupt spontaneously throughout the sept, as the Garou prepare for the run. These demonstrations serve to take the Garou past the point of no return, a truly liberating release on every level. Once the sept reaches this degree of excitement, the Wyrms Foe thunders out of the caern proper, leading the entire sept on an exhausting run to clear the area

around the caern of all enemies. *During the run itself, many Garou eventually transform into their deadly Crinos form, as they fully embrace their Rage.*

Although any Garou in the throes of the Revel is a gloriously fearsome sight, the Get of Fenris are renowned for their incredible savagery during the run. The defense of caerns by the Get and other rural septs give rise to many small-town stories of "full moon fever." Similarly, the urban prowls of Bone Gnawer and Glass Walker Revels are often labeled gang warfare or particularly vicious killing sprees by the unsuspecting human populace.

The Garou passion released during the Revel is effectively raw Gnosis that pours back into the caern itself. Such recharging is vital in maintaining the caern's power, just as sustaining the caern's connection to the Umbra is. Every Garou who participates in a Revel must spend at least one point of Gnosis toward recharging the caern.

An active caern must receive five points of Gnosis per power level each lunar month to remain fully replenished. Thus, to replenish a caern with a power level of four, the sept must spend at least 20 Gnosis. These points need not be spent all at once (although they usually are during a Revel), but can be given to the caern at any time during the month.

A caern that doesn't receive the requisite amount of Gnosis lapses into inactive status. Although its potential spiritual energy still exists, the caern must be reconnected to the Umbra and its spirits awakened before Garou may tap its power.

After the Moot

The Garou find their way back to the caern after the end of the frenzy brought on by the Revel. Although exhausted after a moot, the sept brims with a great contentment and feeling of unity.

A regularly performed moot sustains both caern and sept. It strengthens the caern's connection to the Umbra, to the sept's totem spirits and between the Garou themselves. The sept itself draws mystical and psychological strength from the caern in turn. Sept and caern have a symbiotic relationship and sustain each other against the myriad dangers that menace Gaia's defenders.

Justice

Garou law bears a stronger resemblance to the rapid, decisive acts of a wolf pack than to the red tape and bureaucracy of a human legal system. Once a decision is made, any punishment is exacted with swift and often brutal severity. Traditionally, Philodox take on the roles of judges among the Garou. The Half Moons' gift for discernment is well known among the tribes. As such, Philodox judges' decisions are virtually never questioned. Other auspices have been known to hold the post competently. Indeed, Ragabash judges have shown keen insight in interpreting the Litany.



For the most part, disapproval of an individual or individuals by the pack, sept or tribe takes care of many personal disputes and transgressions among the Garou. Apart from this unofficial method, the system of hierarchy and challenges normally quells other "misbehavior." Actual trials are reserved for those rare occasions when a Garou breaks with Litany law, sept and/or tribal tradition.

Hierarchy

Garou social interaction relies on a complex system of rank and hierarchy. Every individual Garou is evaluated by where she stands in an intricate pecking order of pack, sept and tribe. Three criteria interdependently determine a Garou's rank in these situations: Glory, Honor and Wisdom. Thus, while an individual Garou may lack Glory, for example, correspondingly higher ratings in Honor and Wisdom might result in a high overall rank.

Werewolf discusses the three Renown Traits in detail (see p. 153). Each one requires differing methods for gaining Renown. To gain distinction through Glory, a Garou shows great courage, martial prowess and physical strength or endurance. Since Honor combines pride, dignity and personal integrity, a Garou gains Renown in this Trait by performing acts that are just. Actions that show good judgment, discretion and an ability to distinguish between truth and fallacy provide a Garou with Renown in Wisdom.

The 13 tribes have differing opinions on what specific actions are worthy of Renown — opinions colored even further by the individual Garou's auspice. After all, auspice conveys the Garou's expected role within the sept. An Ahroun who tries his hand at pranks has a harder time gaining Renown, and thereby increasing his rank, than does a Ragabash. Many actions unrelated to the Garou's auspice, from individual combat against the Wyrms to holding a sept post with distinction, bestow the Garou with Renown.

The hierarchy established by rank keeps most Garou effectively in their places within the sept. Since every Garou learns the intricacies of hierarchy, any violation of this order is obvious to all. If a Garou acts out of his station without good reason, he is punished appropriately (by the leader of the pack or sept, whichever is closer to — but still above — the offending Garou's status). The actual punishment varies by sept and tribe, but it can range from a harsh beating to a short period of lowered status. In most cases, though, it's resolved in a challenge. If the accused feels he acted with good reason, he must convince the others of his sept. Sometimes, thorough reasoning is enough, although most often the resolution is handled through the challenge or the Council's intercession.

Challenges

The challenge usually comes into play when a Garou strives for a higher station — a process also known as a "formal challenge" (see below). However, it's also used to

resolve minor crimes and discrepancies that don't violate the Litany. The conflicting parties engage in a challenge, with the defender choosing the specific method of contest. For those situations in which it's unclear which Garou is the wronged one, the Council of Elders declares the type of challenge (generally one equally difficult for both Garou). The challenge itself is considered an appropriate punishment (or vindication, if the defendant is the victor).

Dominance

Garou hierarchy isn't static. In a society of specialists, leadership fluctuates as different Garou lead in differing situations. The least compromising Ahroun battle lord is a poor choice to represent the sept in a negotiation, just as the wise, but frail, Philodox judge is poorly suited for leading the sept into battle against the Wyrms. All Garou understand this application of the hierarchy.

Challenges occur when one Garou disputes another Garou's authority. Essentially, the challenger calls into question the other Garou's dominance over him. Some hotheaded pups voice a challenge unwittingly by protesting a superior's directives, but for the most part a Garou knows full well the consequences when he issues a challenge. Even so, most challenges occur spontaneously and are considered informal. In more serious matters, a Garou may formally challenge another, and the defender chooses the specific style of challenge.

The contests commonly take one of three basic forms: facedown, gamecraft or duel. Although the terms and methods of challenge vary between septs, all Garou recognize and use this basic system.

Facedown

Always informal, the facedown is the most common form of dominance challenge. This contest is quite simple on the surface: The two Garou stare into each other's eyes, with the loser being the one who looks away first. The two may assume either human or wolf form for the facedown (generally both take the same form). Facedowns occur daily in the sept; they're a fast and simple way to resolve conflict.

Two of the 13 tribes put their own spin on this challenge. When two Bone Gnawers engage in a facedown, others of the tribe take sides and harass one of the opponents, in hopes of making him look away first. This harassment is primarily vocal; it's considered a breach of the challenge to touch either participant. The Bone Gnawers have also been known to indulge in betting if the contesting Garou seem particularly well matched. In contrast, a true Stargazer facedown may take over an hour to complete. Stargazer challengers face each other in an air of complete silence — indeed, other Stargazers normally ignore the two contestants entirely until the challenge ends.

The Storyteller has two basic options for handling a facedown. The first is literally to roleplay the contest between the two players (or the player and the Storyteller, depending on which characters are involved in the chal-

lenge). The players look into each others' eyes, the loser being the one who finally looks away. The winning player's character is considered to have defeated the opposing player's character in the facedown. A live facedown can add tension and flavor to your story. However, it has limitations. The other players sit around with nothing to do until the contest ends (although it's less problematic if the Storyteller isn't actually one of the contestants). Not only that, but the facedown can drag out for some time if the two players are especially committed.

The less time-intensive (and less dramatic) option involves rolling dice. Each player rolls dice equal to his character's Charisma + Intimidation (difficulty of the opponent's Willpower); the first to score total successes equal to his opponent's Wits + 5 wins. If the contestant's ranks differ, the difficulty for the Garou of lesser rank increases by one for every two ranks he is below his opponent. (See *Werewolf*, p. 219, for more details.)

Gamecraft

Gamecraft is a more sophisticated form of dominance challenge involving a wide variety of possible contests. In such a contest of wits, and of wills, the more clever and resourceful Garou triumphs. Although most gamecraft challenges are informal, it's not unknown for them to be formal displays. Tribal distinctions play a large part in the variations on gamecraft. Fianna, Silent Striders and Stargazers (and the septs comprising them) are noted particularly for their numerous and ingenious gamecraft contests. In contrast, the Get of Fenris and Red Talons tailor their gamecraft to pursuits such as tracking or other tests of physical prowess.

Unlike facedowns, which usually begin over a specific event, contests of gamecraft often start when two Garou disagree on a philosophical concept or principle, or when one Garou wishes to display his prowess over another. The contests can range from friendly rivalry to deadly serious challenge. A gamecraft challenge may decide a course of action or a change in philosophy for the pack, sept or tribe — or even for the Garou as a nation. (Indeed, some say a formal challenge of gamecraft resulted in the decision to lift the Impergium. Supposedly after an intense debate lasting three days, the Stargazer speaking in favor of the change finally defeated the Shadow Lord speaking in favor of an ongoing Impergium.)

Gamecraft always involves some type of mental challenge between the contestants. The Black Furies trade ever more elaborate and exciting tales of mythic heroines. Glass Walker contests range from amusingly dramatic video game duels to high-stakes corporate takeovers. The Wendigo, in contrast, indulge in leisurely riddling contests of tremendous cleverness. These examples offer only a minor sampling of the widely varied gamecraft Garou perform. No tribe limits itself to one form, or even a dozen forms, of this type of challenge. In every case, the Council of Elders confirms the victor, removing any doubt about which Garou wins the gamecraft.

The Storyteller can handle a gamecraft challenge in a few different ways. When deciding upon the specific form of the challenge, the Storyteller (and the players) should have the contest reflect the reasons behind the challenge itself. So, if the challenge arises over a Garou's ability to negotiate with humans, the contest might involve having both Garou make separate deals with a used car salesman, the winner being the werewolf who cuts the better deal (he needn't actually buy a car, of course). A challenge due to a dispute on quick thinking might involve a riddle contest, with the Garou who stumps his opponent the victor.

Although dice rolls can certainly decide the gamecraft's victor, the challenge might work best if actually roleplayed. If possible, contests involving riddles, debates, colorful insults or tale-telling should be roleplayed by the players without resorting to dice. Even a "tracking" challenge, in which the players search a room for a hidden object, is often more fun than discovering the result through dice rolls.

If the contest isn't suitable for live action roleplay or would simply become too involved, dice rolls are a perfectly acceptable form of resolution. For resolving riddles or tale-telling with dice, both contestants roll Wits + Enigmas (difficulty of the opponent's Intelligence + Enigmas). For debates and put-downs, they roll Manipulation + Expression (difficulty of the opponent's Willpower). For all dice rolls, the victor is the one gaining the greater number of successes on the roll. Additionally, a character's difficulty increases by one for every two ranks his opponent is above him. (See *Werewolf*, p. 223.)

Duel

The duel is simply ritualized combat, but it's not something the Garou undertake lightly. It is the most serious type of challenge and is almost always considered a formal contest. All Garou respect the need for this extreme form of challenge. While some septs limit the amount of force allowed in a given duel, one constant is always imposed: No one may interfere until the contest is decided.

Get of Fenris and Red Talons have ferocious duels, even between a pair of packmates. They contrast greatly with the Children of Gaia and the Stargazers. It's unheard of for packmates among these Garou to duel, and the number of duels within their tribes is much lower than what occurs in each of the remaining 11.

Any limits set for the contestants are established in advance (specific victory conditions, form or forms the contestants may assume, use of weapons). At the duel's end, the loser must bare his neck to the winner as a sign of submission. Traditionally, the victor may rip out the loser's throat, but it happens very rarely in practice. Most tribes feel that there are simply too few Garou left in the world to slay one's own, even in something as serious as a duel. If the loser remains defiant and refuses to comply with the tradition, the winner loses no Honor by continuing to attack without limit.



Duels are not roleplayed physically. Instead, the troupe resolves the challenge using the normal combat system. For a more involved optional system of dueling, see p. 196.

Formal Challenge

Formal challenges revolve around an individual Garou's attempt to rise in rank, assert dominance over another Garou or address a grievous wrong suffered by another. This formal contest is often a duel, although a contest of gamecraft isn't uncommon.

While the challenger declares the contest, the defender chooses the actual type of challenge. Auspice has some bearing on whether duel or gamecraft is chosen — an Ahroun is more inclined to duel, while a Ragabash prefers gamecraft. However, tribal upbringing plays a larger part. Black Furies, Get of Fenris, Red Talons and Wendigo tend to prefer duels. Children of Gaia, Fianna, Silent Striders, Uktena and Stargazers usually resolve formal challenges through gamecraft. Bone Gnawers, Glass Walkers, Shadow Lords and Silver Fangs use both equally.

Challenge of Rank or Dominance

For formal challenges involving an attempt to rise in rank or assert dominance, the challenger may be, at most, two ranks lower than his potential opponent. If the gap between challenger and challenged exceeds two ranks, the challenger may lose Honor for committing such an inappropriate act. In this case, the player rolls Charisma + Empathy (difficulty 7) to avoid losing a point of the character's Honor.

In order to advance in rank, a Garou must have sufficient Renown and must challenge another Garou already of the desired rank. If the challenger bests his opponent in a contest of his opponent's choice, he achieves the next rank. As such, it's often best for the Garou to challenge an elder who truly wishes the challenger to advance. Even sympathetic elders won't make this contest simple, but an elder who doesn't feel the Garou is fit to rise in rank may give the youngster an almost impossible challenge. A zealous cub who challenges the first available elder he sees may come to regret his impetuosity.

Challenge of Grievance

The sept's Council typically handles significant issues of crime or wrongdoing. The elders hear the matter, and if it doesn't involve transgression of Litany law, they hand down a judgment immediately. For situations involving extenuating circumstances or issues of personal honor, the Council declares a formal challenge.

They hand off the issue to the Master of the Challenge, who decides on the type of contest and picks an appropriate champion for the challenger. The Master of the Challenge judges the contest. If the challenger wins, he's considered vindicated; if he loses, his guilt is affirmed and his punishment is the beating he took during the challenge itself. In either case, the matter is considered closed after the challenge ends.

Litany Law

All Garou honor the Litany individually and by tribe. Each sept has its own way of interpreting sections of the Litany, but all Garou law and tradition comes from this same source. When a Garou breaks one of the laws, or when one Garou suspects another of violating pack code, or even when a Garou faces a challenge to his honor, the sept must decide that individual's guilt. If the law finds the Garou innocent, the incident is forgotten and he goes free (although some petty Garou have been known to hold grudges on both sides of an argument). If he's found guilty, punishment quickly follows.

A werewolf charged with *transgressing* against the Garou as a whole, and thus against Gaia Herself, comes before the Council of Elders. The defending Garou need not actually be present at the trial, but absence is almost always seen as an admission of guilt. Usually, the entire Council convenes for truly staggering transgressions against the Litany. Otherwise, only a few members of the Council need be present to act as judges. The exact form the trial takes varies with the sept itself. In multiple-tribe septs, the judging format usually follows from the tribe composing the sept's majority.

Black Furies and Stargazers appoint three elders who consult mystic signs and conduct interviews before passing judgment. Get of Fenris and Red Talons use a single judge who officiates trial by combat. Children of Gaia and Fianna also like to keep things simple, with the Grand Elder deciding the case based upon witness and defendant testimony. The sept's Grand Elder also judges Silver Fang trials, but an advocate from the Council represents the accused. Bone Gnawer and Glass Walker trials most closely resemble human courts, the former rather *informal* and subject to bribery and the latter utilizing advanced criminology techniques. Uktena summon Umbral spirits to draw the truth from the accused (such interrogations can often escalate to a frightening degree). Silent Striders appoint a pair of judges from the Council, one acting as a proponent and the other as devil's advocate (a "good cop/bad cop" routine), to cross-examine the accused Garou's character references. Shadow Lord High Inquisitions are involved affairs, with the Council performing harsh interrogations and exhausting tests. Wendigo rely on the elders to discuss the facts at length and pass judgment *on the accused*.

Although each tribe has its own format for judging breaches against Garou and Gaia, all proceedings take, at most, a matter of days to resolve. The typical case is judged in only a few hours, in fact. If the accused Garou is found guilty, punishment follows swiftly thereafter. The specific punishment depends on the tribe, sept, individual and the crime itself. Still, most punishments find their root in one of four forms — shaming, shunning, death and casting out.

Shaming

Garou subject to shaming have allowed their own pride, cowardice or self-absorption to hurt the Garou or Gaia as a whole. This punishment often involves rites including the Stone of Scorn, the Voice of the Jackal and

even the Satire Rite for more serious transgressions. Normally, a Garou subjected to shaming once is chastened enough to change his behavior.

The Silent Striders and Fianna are especially adept at this form of punishment. Their marvelously creative epithets and bitingly sharp satires are acutely effective at tormenting unfortunate transgressors.

Shunning

Shunning applies to a Garou who placed a fellow Garou or even Gaia Herself at unnecessary risk, or to one who continues in a habit for which he'd been punished before. The Rite of Ostracism is performed on the guilty party; all Garou ignore him entirely, not even speaking to him or acknowledging his existence.

A shunning's length varies, usually ranging in duration from one week to one lunar year. *Alternately*, the length may depend on the punished Garou himself; only when he truly changes does the shunning lift. To increase the transgressor's discomfort and isolation, he never knows the actual duration, no matter what term is levied.

Although shunning is difficult for any Garou, the Wendigo see it as a terrible sentence, second only to being cast out of the tribe. A shunned Wendigo often forgoes sustenance and wastes away until the sentence ends or until he dies. If death draws near, the shunned Wendigo leaves his sept to find a place to die. This way, the Garou doesn't compound his initial dishonor by littering the caern with his earthly remains.

Death

The death sentence goes to those Garou who, although having committed murder or other capital crimes, still maintain some trailing vestige of honor. The sept performs the Rite of the Hunt after this punishment is announced.

All tribes use this punishment when appropriate, although the Children of Gaias' gentle nature makes them less likely to resort to it. In contrast, the Get of Fenris are wont to apply the death sentence fairly often, the better to stress the severity of some crimes.

Casting Out

Some crimes are so horrendous that the Garou is cast out. The werewolf is proven a traitor to Litany law, to the Garou and to Gaia Herself. The criminal's offense is so heinous, he is considered an agent of the Wyrms. The traitor is an enemy to Gaia and to his Garou champions, and he is to be killed without honor.

The outcast Garou exists beyond all redemption, likely even in his lives to come. Casting out involves one of two powerful rites, either Gaia's Vengeful Teeth or the more severe Rite of the Shattered Soul. The latter rite declares that the traitor is no longer one of the Garou. Should the outcast subjected to the Rite of the Shattered Soul be reborn, he does so in his true form — as a creature of the Wyrms. Not even a vestige of honor remains to such a lost soul.

Ronin

On rare occasions, a Garou accused of a grievous transgression may ask to be declared Ronin. While a serious judgment, the label of "punishment" doesn't fit neatly here. The accused states his desire to be cast from Garou society rather than to live within it. A Garou declared Ronin undergoes the Rite of the Lone Wolf and gives up all contact with his sept, tribe and lineage. He may still run with his pack — if the pack is willing to accept him.

Few Ronin gain any further Renown for the remainder of their lives. Even the most heroic deeds may grant them only a cursory mention at the next moot — and what the Garou do not acknowledge, the spirits do not acknowledge either. Only a mentor — hard for an outcast to find — can teach a Ronin the Gifts due his former rank, but virtually nobody is willing to perform the Rite of Accomplishment for a Ronin. The vast majority of Garou treat these lone warriors with scorn. Due to the Ronin's increasing numbers, however, the Garou sometimes find it necessary to deal with one.

Caerns

Corin Eye-of-Stone hit the pavement before the rig skidded to a halt. He surveyed the stretch of highway behind them. Good. His pursuers weren't as close as he had feared. He had a few minutes to warn the others.

"You sure this is where you want to be dropped off?" The trucker hung his head out of the window and looked around. As far as he could see, there was only the interstate.

"Yep. Thanks for the ride."

The trucker shrugged, put the vehicle back into gear and pulled onto the road once again. Corin's attention was elsewhere. He paused to breathe in the clean air. The caern tugged at his heart, urging him home. He had endured a long half-moon in that twisted pile of metal and stone the monkeys called a city. But it was worth it. He had uncovered Pentex's plot and forced them to accelerate their timetable. Now, if he could just warn the sept in time, all would end well.

Before crossing the tree line and entering the bawn, Corin took a good look around. It wouldn't do to find a First Team ambush waiting. His gaze swept over the area. He knew this place like the back of his paw. He knew the spirits that dwelt here. He closed his good eye and concentrated. With a sudden shift, he was looking through a swimming pool to see patterns on the bottom — except he was peering through liquid reality. Even this close to the bawn's edge, the Umbra was showing the effects of the interstate's proximity.

Suddenly, Corin heard the high-pitched whine of approaching automobiles. He'd wasted too much time. His desperation rekindled, he dashed into the forest. After taking three strides, Corin suddenly found himself thrown backward into a tree by a

huge shaft that pinned him through his right shoulder. His legs momentarily buckled under the pain. Focusing, he withdrew the pole as he clenched his jaw to prevent the howl from escaping. With a sudden, blessed jolt, the spear ripped out and Corin dropped to one knee. Within seconds he arose in Glabro, the wound already healing.

"You really oughta let us know when you're comin', boss." The horribly scarred visage of Blood-Moon appeared from behind a large outcropping of rock.

"No time. Pentex is right behind me." Without looking to see if she followed, he pushed deeper into familiar territory.

Once, long ago, the whole of Gaia had been like it was here, complete and undivided. But the Weaver, the same power behind the odious pit Corin had just returned from and the interstate he'd just left, had sundered Her into two realms and left both to a lingering destruction.

Corin could hear the distant crashes of the pursuing troops behind him. Blood-Moon sounded a piercing howl, followed by a human yell that was cut short instantly. Corin uttered his own warning yell, a call to arms. Already, his brothers and sisters gathered to join the defense. They wouldn't allow the caern to fall.

Overview

Caerns are complex entities. They are more than simple circles of standing stones or magical groves of trees: They are centers of Garou life. Here, important meetings take place and packs prepare to accomplish essential tasks. For many Garou, the caern is home. Players are encouraged to base their pack in a caern. It should be a source of spiritual power, the heart of the social circle and a secret hideout all rolled into one. Embracing your caern with as much enthusiasm as you give your character and other chronicle elements can reward you with an attachment between the characters and their home. Attention to the details of the caern also inspires additional elements for the Storyteller to work into the ongoing chronicle.

Caerns have Umbral aspects as well as physical properties. While all caerns share certain common characteristics, each is unique. Trying to turn caerns into faceless, identical barracks would destroy their magic. For this reason, the following guidelines on caerns are to be applied to the extent that they help your chronicle. As always, the Storyteller should feel free to modify these rules while keeping game play in balance.

Physical Areas

Bawn

The bawn forms the outer boundary of the caern. As such, it is the first line of defense. There is a great deal of latitude in circumscribing the bawn of any particular caern. In a caern found within city limits, the bawn may cover a few blocks or less. By comparison, a deep wilderness caern's bawn may include thousands of acres. Regardless, no werewolf

can mistake the sensation of entering any bawn. Inside a caern, the twin elements of the Garou worlds, of physical corporeality and Umbral spirituality, are temporarily made one. The Garou feel the nearness of the Umbra and draw strength from that intimacy. *They feel an increased connection to Gaia and all her creatures there, for within the bawn the spirits are awake and able to communicate with the Garou.*

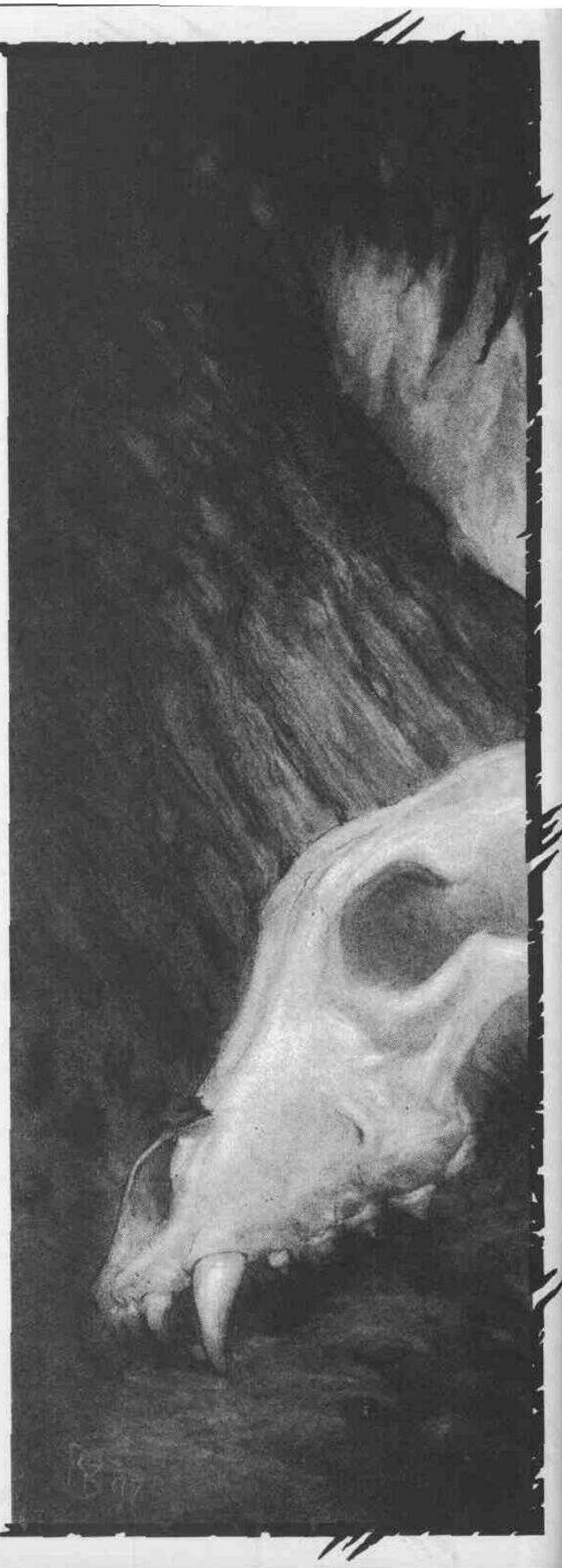
Because the caern is such an important part of a Garou's life, as many werewolves as possible live within its boundary. In a small urban caern, there just isn't enough room for the entire sept to dwell without drawing the unwanted attention of local law enforcement and the Wurm. In wilderness caerns, however, there is ample room for the entire sept to take up residence and live in harmony with Gaia and Her creatures. It also makes the caern more defensible — if it happens to be home, there is less of a commute for the troops. Kinfolk stay close as well, although human Kin rarely live inside the bawn. They typically lodge in the nearest town, often along the most common mass transit route to help monitor the caern's incoming and outgoing traffic. Wolf Kin are welcomed within the bawn, where they are much easier to protect. However, the roaming nature of wolves makes it unlikely for a pack to dwell exclusively within any but the largest caern boundaries.

Graves of the Hallowed Heroes

Every caern has an area that functions as a place of remembrance. This area is often called the Graves of the Hallowed Heroes, although different tribes have their own unique terminology. Many predominantly Wendigo septs refer to this place as an ancestral mound; Get of Fenris sometimes call the area Valhalla's Gate. Black Furies call this area *Gaia's Repose* or, more rarely, the Nekropolis. Of course, the Fianna usually call this area the Heroes' Cairn. Regardless of its name, here the living gather to remember the dead. Mortality is an integral part of life. Death comes to all. In any group for which death is such a constant threat, it is important to acknowledge fellows who have fallen. It helps the young learn how to face their own eventual demise with courage. Some Garou lorekeepers believe that primitive caerns may have evolved to fulfill such a purpose, and that similar traditions might even have bled over into human culture.

While the area's name typically refers to graves, septs generally do not bury bodies here. In fact, it is often difficult to recover enough of a Garou's body for burial. The kind of damage it takes to kill a Garou often involves the complete destruction of the body. To compound the problem, in most caerns there simply isn't enough room to allow for the interment of corpses. The graveyard is symbolical, a shrine to the deceased rather than an actual cemetery.

The Graves of the Hallowed Heroes is always located in a quiet place where a person can be alone with thoughts of the dead. It should, however, have enough room to hold a gather-



ing dedicated to mourning a specific comrade or the sept's ancestors in general. Thus, it may be near the assembly area or have its own intimate gathering place. While the Garou do not often lay tombstones in the manner humans do, they frequently place some kind of marker that relates to the life and death of the honored individual. This marker could be a treasured photo, a particularly valued fetish or a prized trophy. Each sept has its own traditions regarding these grave tokens. A packmate's death is never insignificant, so even the unexpected (or expected) death of a troupe member's character can provide wonderful opportunities for roleplaying.

Assembly Area

One of the primary purposes of a caern is to provide a safe place for instruction, discussion and preparation. These activities take place at the assembly area. This area is often the largest single portion of a caern, due to the potential size of groups that may gather there.

Some examples of possible assembly areas include natural amphitheatres, abandoned warehouses, large caves or glens. There must be enough room to hold the entire sept, including space for visiting packs. The organization of gatherings (or lack thereof) held in an assembly area often reflects the preferences of the caern's controlling tribe. For example, the Glass Walkers, Shadow Lords and Silver Fangs have complex organizational structures and interrelationships that affect seating order, position, who officiates, who conducts, etc. Other tribes, including the Get of Fenris and Wendigo, make seating a sign of status and strength with no other significance. Bone Gnawers usually just show up.

Caern's Heart

All other areas exist to support the caern's heart. While the heart is often referred to as the center of the caern, it is not a geographic center but a spiritual one. Without the caern's heart, the rest of the territory is just a staging ground. This area constantly calls to the sept's Garou with a siren song. It is the place where the Umbra actually touches the physical world and the Gauntlet has been torn. Inside the caern's heart, Garou make no roll to step sideways.

The caern's heart must be easily identifiable as a self-contained area, with no question of when a character is inside it or outside it. Examples include rings of standing stones, unnaturally perfect circular clearings, small caves, medicine huts, pools of water, an ancient tree or the top of a plateau. The heart is always heavily guarded. Most members of the sept enter it rarely and always at the invitation of sept leaders. The sept's totem spirit appears most frequently at or near the caern's heart, for this place is the manifestation of its power.

The sept leaders frequently gather at the caern's heart to discuss the future of the caern and the sept along with other present concerns. In addition, one of the sept leaders is usually present at the center to act as the caern Warder. Other Garou are often found in the vicinity of the heart, whether their positions require them to be there or not.

The Umbra

Near a caern, the Umbra is more integrated with the physical world. This relationship more closely approximates the conditions that existed prior to the Weaver's great division. Symbiosis creates a situation where both sides benefit: The spirits in the Umbra near a caern have an interest in the future and well-being of the Garou who make the physical world their home. For this reason, these spirits teach Gifts to Garou more readily than their wandering cousins do. They are also often more willing to be bound into fetishes. Of course, they expect this situation to work both ways, such that local Garou are willing to assist them should some great errand arise. Players should consider it an honor to aid the caern spirits, not an obligation.

The Penumbra may have very close ties to the corporeal world, but that does not mean it is an exact duplication. The Umbral landscape symbolically mirrors the physical layout of the caern, with areas corresponding to the bawn, the Graves of Hallowed Heroes, assembly area and caern's heart. For example, the bawn may appear as a stone wall with no actual substance unless so willed by the surrounding spirits. Near the Graves of Hallowed Heroes, the spirits may appear as beings of bone — skeletal and gaunt.

Of course, inside the caern's heart the physical world and the Umbra are one and the same. A werewolf stands in both only while she is within the center. As a Garou leaves the caern's heart, he must choose to enter either the physical world or the Umbra.

Other Areas

Because each caern is unique, each has areas that can be difficult to classify in any roster. Every caern has a specific purpose, and this purpose should be reflected in singular areas found inside the caern. For example, if a caern serves as the staging area for guerrilla raids on a Pentex factory, then it might very well contain an armory holding powerful fetishes to be lent to the attacking forces. All caerns are distinct, for they are all living things.

Building a Caern

Characters can attempt to create a caern, using the Rite of Caern Building found in *Werewolf*, p. 142. It is a monumental task that is growing ever more difficult as the Weaver continues to strengthen the Gauntlet between worlds. Nevertheless, this strenuous and dangerous effort has obvious rewards.

Creating a caern is hellishly risky, and the Garou involved are frequently injured or killed. Botching the creation roll lets loose energies that can consume the builders on the spot. Even in successful efforts, rarely can anything higher than a Rank 2 caern be formed, which is part of the reason that Rank 5 caerns are guarded so vigilantly.

Caern Powers

Accessing a caern's power usually involves the Rite of Opening, which must be performed by one of the caern officials, typically the Master of the Rite. He makes a Manipulation + Rituals roll (difficulty 7). Customarily, each success equals one bonus die to be distributed among the characters as she sees fit. If the bonus could go to more than one dice pool, the affected pool must be chosen when the bonus is awarded. Typically, these bonus dice have an effective duration of one day and may not be saved up. A player may benefit from a specific power only once during a single day, so if the player is awarded more bonus dice in the same area, he loses any bonus he may already have had.

A caern is not a bottomless well. Like any natural resource, it has limits. A caern can be utilized a number of times during a single day equal to its rank level. Thus, a Rank 4 caern can be accessed only four times before it is drained and in need of a recharging. There is no special procedure for recharging a caern; simply leaving it alone for an interval is all that is required. During times of desperate circumstance, a caern can be called upon for more endowment, but only at great risk. If the ritemaster attempts to draw additional bonus dice from a caern that has already been drained, the difficulty rises by 1. If the Storyteller feels that the players are coming to rely upon the caern more than is prudent, she should feel free to rule that other packs have already accessed the caern too many times that day. If the characters feel strongly that they should be allowed to use the caern anyway, they may request a session with the sept leaders to cajole, wheedle or beg for the privilege.

Caern Types

While caerns are unique, they can be loosely divided into three general categories of Gaian caerns and three classifications of Wyrms caerns. Gaian caerns are differentiated by the three governing aspects of a Garou's life: Glory, Honor and Wisdom. Gaia Garou classify a caern by the type of activities that it encourages. For example, a caern that makes it possible for its sept to gain strength and win battles would be a Glory Caern. There are several different types of caerns under each category that focus on distinct aspects of Garou life. Each one offers different gifts to the sept through the Rite of Opening, and each should have its own flavor in the game.

Black Spiral Dancers categorize their caerns for the various means by which they come into existence. The three types are Hive, Pit and Defiled. Defiled caerns used to be Gaia caerns of any type, although the Wyrms has its greatest success when corrupting Glory caerns. A corrupted caern retains many of its previous abilities, although the caern totem is obviously different. What abilities do change become mockeries of the former powers. Hives are created by large concentrations of Black Spiral Dancers living and breeding. They often develop unique layouts and arrange-

ments to reflect their primary purpose: propagation of the tribe. Pits are created when the Wyrms manages to pierce the Gauntlet from the other side. These foul places are usually the strongest Wyrms caerns, with a minimum rank of 3. They are also the places where most Black Spiral Dancers enter Malfeas to dance the spiral.

It is possible for the servants of Gaia to reclaim a Defiled caern and restore it to its former stature. However, Hives and Pits can only be destroyed, and even then they often return like festering sores that refuse to heal. They require constant monitoring to prevent a resurgence of their destructive energies. Recovered caerns can never reach Rank 5 and always bear some stigma from their previous degradation. In ancient history, the Garou might have abandoned such debased sites, but today's septs have the dilemma of choosing from increasingly scarce potential locations.

The following caern types are the most commonly encountered sorts (and even then, some are very rare). However, they by no means constitute the definitive list. Storytellers should feel free to alter these descriptions to customize a sept's caern or create their own caern types. The actual purpose of the caern defines the sort of powers that the Rite of Opening bestows on the ritemaster or sept, as well as the general atmosphere of the caern. Storytellers should also feel free to add unique abilities to the most powerful caerns; sample ideas are also listed below.

Calm — Wisdom

These rare and powerful caerns are generally situated near a glen in the Umbra. They promote peace and understanding and are popular with the Children of Gaia and Stargazers.

The ritemaster can clear his mind by summoning the caern's power, which enables him to concentrate or meditate on a problem with a state of heightened awareness. Opening the caern adds a number of dice to the ritemaster's Meditation Dice Pool equal to the rite's successes. The most powerful of these caerns calm Garou within them, increasing by 1 the difficulty of all frenzy rolls made by characters who are within the bawn.

Enigmas — Wisdom

These caerns are sources of strange and unusual information that is often intricately hidden within puzzles or dreams. Enigmatic spirits often dwell within the bawn to torment and reward the persistent seeker. These caerns are popular with Uktena, Stargazers and Silent Striders.

These caerns are located in areas steeped in mystery and where the unknown abounds, deep in virgin rain forests or high atop Himalayan peaks — anywhere humanity has not yet explored. Sites immersed in mystery and unexplained phenomena are also potential caern locations; areas of frequent UFO sightings or desert dunes that produce eerily haunting music are examples.



Opening the caern adds points to the ritemaster's Enigmas Knowledge. Spending the night at a mighty Enigmas caern may also give a sleeper vivid, but bizarre, dreams holding hidden answers that may be deciphered only with patience and wisdom. Anyone wishing to interpret these dreams must roll Intelligence + Enigmas (difficulty 9).

Fertility — Glory

These crucial and vanishing caerns exist in places where the land grows unfettered and untamed. Garou of all tribes prize them, Children of Gaia more so than other tribes.

There are very few of these important caerns left in the world. A tiny fraction endures in national parks and game preserves, but the majority of them exist in South America and Africa. These caerns are so significant because they alter the normal odds dictating that only one in 10 children born to Garou parents breeds true. In the vicinity of these powerful sources of procreative energy, the numbers can increase to 20 or even 30 percent of offspring being Garou. Because of this influence, septs near these caerns inevitably prosper and flourish. Ironically, such success often makes these caerns primary targets of the Wyrms.

There is no particular advantage to be obtained by opening a Fertility caern. Instead, Storytellers should add a prosperous flavor to the local area. Perhaps the local crops are significantly bigger or better than in other nearby areas, or there may be significantly more children in the caern's vicinity.

Gnosis — Honor

Occasionally, caerns can provide a direct source of spiritual sustenance. All tribes fiercely guard such potent caerns, but the Uktena particularly prize them.

Areas where the physical world has recurring and intimate contact with the Umbra provide fitting sites for Gnosis caerns. Possible locales include ghostly haunts or battlefields where many died. Other locations include areas where the Gauntlet has been pierced regularly over the course of decades.

Every success achieved by the ritemaster on a Manipulation + Rituals roll (difficulty 7) translates to an additional point of Gnosis, even if it exceeds her permanent rating. She may distribute these supplementary points to any number of willing recipients, provided she does not distribute more points than the number of successes she achieved. The most powerful of these caerns may reduce the difficulty of Gnosis rolls made within the bawn.

Healing — Honor

These caerns, highly sought after by the Children of Gaia, are sources of healing energy to all living beings as well as the land itself. They are located wherever there is peace and tranquility. They are never located on lands that have

hosted conflict at any time in the past, which makes them terribly rare and difficult to find. A Healing Caern also must be opened in the strictest of secrecy, for even an unsuccessful assault by Wyrms forces may disturb the natural calm enough to make the caern unusable.

The primary use of these caerns is the healing of the body. After opening the caern, the ritemaster may use each success gained on a Perception + Medicine roll (difficulty 8) to heal one Health Level. Even aggravated wounds and battle scars may be healed in this manner, but almost no Garou voluntarily yield their marks of Glory. Unfortunately, even these caerns may never heal a metis of her disfigurement or disadvantage, nor a person of any other inborn ailment.

The caern can soothe the mental scars as well. Opening the caern allows the ritemaster to make a contested Wits + Empathy roll against a sufferer's Willpower (difficulty 8 for both). Successes gained on the caern opening roll can be added to this Dice Pool. Every success gained allows the victim to recover from a Derangement. This psychic soothing can help Garou afflicted by Harano to recover as well. If the ritemaster succeeds on the Wits + Empathy roll, the ailing Garou may add one die to his Willpower for the purposes of his next recovery roll.

Humor — Wisdom

These caerns, apart from being some of the rarest altogether, are also among the few types of caerns found more frequently in the cities than in the countryside. Consequently, they tend to be controlled by Glass Walkers, Bone Gnawers or Fianna, although Ragabash of all tribes tend to congregate at such places when they can. These caerns also attract a higher share of Nuwisha than other Garou caerns.

Only those places that have seen the most joy and laughter are prepared for use as a Humor caern. Such places as comedy clubs, bars or theaters can be made into these caerns, as can old homesteads. Inside these caerns, even Garou are slower to anger and quick to see the humor in any situation.

While these caerns grant no specific ability to a ritemaster, every time they are opened Garou present have higher levels of enjoyment and revelry. The Storyteller is encouraged to interject elements into the game congruent with this caern's function. Perhaps no rivalries exist for characters inside the bawn, or Garou find it impossible to frenzy because they are enjoying themselves too much. Humor caerns can also successfully help Garou suffering from Harano overcome their affliction.

Kingship — Honor

These caerns are historically under the control of the kings of the Garou, the Silver Fangs. They are seats of leadership and monarchy. Only a few exist and are all found in Eastern Europe and Russia.

In the distant past, these caerns were the centers of Garou government. The Silver Fang Warder ruled large protectorates. Only one of these caerns is not under the Fangs' control. The Shadow Lords who usurped it now find it is slowly dying. They blame the spiteful Silver Fangs for denying anyone else the caern's power, but the Fangs counter that the Lords have mismanaged the site. The Silver Fangs point to this failure as proof that they are destined and foreordained to lead the Garou through the Apocalypse.

These caerns can be used to add to the Leadership, Intimidation or Politics Dice Pools of the ritemaster.

Plenty — Glory

Wherever money or food is found in abundance, a caern of Plenty might just be possible. No one wants for anything in these bountiful regions. The Glass Walkers or Fianna frequently control such caerns; the luckless Bone Gnawers, in comparison, have never successfully built or held one.

These caerns can be found in places where money is easy to come by, such as racetracks, flourishing financial offices or casinos. Tourist traps can also attract a caern of this type.

Opening these caerns temporarily adds to the Resources Background in unusual and unanticipated ways: An unknown relative bequeaths a fortune upon the ritemaster, a suspicious looking character drops a bag of money in a nearby dumpster while fleeing law enforcement officers, or the bank makes an error in the ritemaster's favor. Powerful caerns of Plenty might see a steady trickle of resources flow in from the outside.

Primal-Urge — Wisdom

Red Talons and lupus of all tribes seek out these caerns, which occur in areas where wild animals are abundant. They can be found in game preserves and other locales where wild animals are protected and allowed to roam freely. They are not found in zoos or circuses that cage or chain animals.

Opening the caern adds to the ritemaster's Primal-Urge or Animal Ken. The difficulty to change forms may drop by one for a character within the bawn of a powerful Primal-Urge caern. In addition, all Garou therein feel the urge to spend a majority of their time in wolf form.

Rage — Glory

Devoted to the primal passion of the Garou, these caerns have taken on a role of increased importance in recent years. They are evidence of the escalating battle for Gaia. Although all Garou seek their aid and support, they are favored by the Get of Fenris, Red Talons and Wendigo.

These intense caerns are often situated near areas where unspeakable atrocities occurred or where great armies clashed in glorious battle. Any location where vividly emotional conflict has shaped the area might hold a potential Rage caern.

The ritemaster opening a Rage caern gains extra Rage. He can even distribute it among his sept: one point for each success on a Manipulation + Rituals roll (difficulty 7). These points may even temporarily increase the recipient's Rage pool to a level higher than his permanent total.

Stamina — Honor

While many caerns are located in areas of great, but fragile, natural beauty, Stamina caerns always occur in nonurban sites of endurance and rugged splendor such as deserts, tundra or rocky coastlines. Wendigo, Bone Gnawers and Silent Striders prefer such caerns, but struggling septs the world over seek refuge in these desolate lands.

The Wyrms' minions find it difficult to corrupt caerns of Stamina, which resist toxins and manmade disasters and thrive under extreme conditions. When opening the caern, the ritemaster can increase the soak rolls of the caern members by an additional die for every success. Moreover, unlike bonuses from other caerns, this bonus applies to more than a single beneficiary. A number of sept members equal to the ritemaster's successes receives the increased soak roll: If Midnight Cloud rolls four successes on the caern-opening roll, he may add four extra soak dice to four different Garou.

Streetwise — Wisdom

Among the more recent developments in the spiritual network of the world, Streetwise caerns are exclusively urban and are naturally controlled by either Bone Gnawers or Glass Walkers. They aren't typically found in socially acceptable areas of a city; instead, the seedier sections of town, where the business of survival is job one, are the locales for Streetwise caerns. Areas where lots of people, merchandise or information move about make prime locations for these caerns, as do areas that keep an eye on the ebb and flow of power. Bars, police stations or parks may all house Streetwise caerns. These caerns help the sept maintain a steady flow of important information. Sept members usually have advance word on any significant event that may alter the balance of power, including getting the real story on supernatural enemies like vampires or Pentex.

Opening these caerns gives Streetwise dice to the ritemaster. She can use them to make immediate rolls for information, and she need not seek out her normal contacts. If this roll for strategic intelligence succeeds, her contacts bring the information to her within the space of an hour without really understanding why.

Strength — Glory

Get of Fenris, Wendigo and Shadow Lords, who all value mental and physical strength, eagerly seek out these caerns. The potency bestowed by such caerns is a valuable asset in the Garou's war against the Wyrms' forces.

Sites primed for use as Strength caerns usually occur high in impressive mountain ranges. Any site withstanding the test of time is perfect for use. The Garou are particularly

fond of using active or dormant volcanoes as sites for such caerns. Additionally, any area that has successfully resisted the intrusion of man is ripe for the creation of a Strength caern.

Opening a Strength caern adds dice directly to the ritemaster's Strength. She may also distribute these dice among the sept. Consequently, these septs are particularly fierce in battle, and their members discharge immensely powerful strikes.

Visions — Wisdom

These caerns abound with visions of the past, present and future; they even act as mouthpieces for mighty Incarna and Celestines. The Black Furies, Children of Gaia and Uktena hold these caerns in high regard.

Such caern's visions cannot be predicted. They strike suddenly and without warning, often disabling Garou for the duration of the spectacle. These visions are immense and overpowering, and they impart more information than any individual Garou could hope to absorb. Garou who receive such a powerful message find it impossible to ignore — a caern-granted vision can become the focus of a werewolf's life. Confused and directionless packs often make pilgrimages to these caerns in hopes of finding a purpose.

Because there is no routine for the securing of these visions, it is wholly up to the Storyteller's discretion as to when a vision occurs and what the vision entails.

Willpower — Honor

These caerns inspire among the Garou increased dedication to the difficult tasks that lie ahead in the coming Apocalypse. The Stargazers, Shadow Lords and Silver Fangs favor them.

Anywhere consequential decisions affecting many individuals have been made, the energies of willpower may surge against the Gauntlet. These places include sites of governmental authority or important meetings between great leaders.

The ritemaster opening this caern gains additional Willpower points and can even temporarily rise above her permanent total. She may distribute them to multiple Garou as with Rage caerns (see above).

Wyld — Glory

The rarest of caerns, these powerful sites can be found only deep in the untouched wilderness. Only Black Furies are known to control any caerns of this type.

Managing a Wyld caern is a dangerous proposition, due to the chaotic energies involved. Unusual manifestations are frequent, and reality itself is frayed near these caerns. They are sources of pure creative energy from Gaia Herself. As such, they are impossible for the Wyrms to corrupt. Any such attempt is doomed to failure. They are also immune to the binding effects of the Weaver and discard the shackles of conformity with ease.

Opening these caerns is risky: Botching the roll can result in literally anything. The Storyteller should allow his imagination complete freedom in creating the effects. However, successfully opening these caerns is worth the risk, for the ritemaster can channel the available energy into anything, which makes Wyld caerns the most versatile of all.

Sample Caern Ranks

The following figures approximate the general size, capabilities and other details of caerns by rank. Be aware that these guidelines are very general and that Storytellers are completely within their rights to modify any and all offered statistics to suit their own chronicles. Caerns are, after all, so rare that they're almost impossible to pigeon-hole.

Rank 1:

Average Population: 4-10 Garou

Average Bawn: 200 acres or (usually much) less

Maximum Moon Bridge Distance: 1,000 miles

Gauntlet: 4

Disadvantages: Very little raw power; smaller bawn size means almost no area for lupus to live.

Advantages: Fewer Garou to compete with; little interpack politics; good possibility of filling one of the sept positions; the Wyrms' forces are probably unaware of its existence.

Rank 2:

Average Population: 8-15 Garou

Average Bawn: 350 acres

Maximum Moon Bridge Distance: 2,000 miles

Gauntlet: 4

Disadvantages: Not many powers; limited room; not as many defenders.

Advantages: Still little politicking; packs have access to healthy totem spirits.

Rank 3:

Average Population: 10-20 Garou

Average Bawn: 800 acres

Maximum Moon Bridge Distance: 3,000 miles

Gauntlet: 3

Disadvantages: Little chance for filling a sept role; large enough that defense is a bigger concern; the Wyrms has definitely taken notice; starting to become difficult to maintain or expand.

Advantages: Real source of potent power; strong allies in septmates; easy access to teachers and spirits.

Rank 4:

Average Population: 15-30 Garou

Average Bawn: 800 acres

Maximum Moon Bridge Distance: 6,000 miles

Gauntlet: 3

Disadvantages: More people than room; Wyrms is actively trying to destroy the caern; much interpack and tribal politics; limited access to resources.

Advantages: Very potent caern with a multitude of powers, mighty allies and mentors.

Rank 5:

Average Population: 25-40 Garou

Average Bawn: 1,000 or more acres

Maximum Moon Bridge Distance: 10,000 miles

Gauntlet: 2

Disadvantages: Typically huge bawn; as large a population of werewolves sharing resources as can be; sept leaders tend to ignore pups; Wyrmspawn are constantly planning or launching attacks; cannot be hidden.

Advantages: Huge numbers of Garou come to defend it.

Caern Totems

Spirits are tied to the land, a truth nowhere more evident than among caern totems. They have an intrinsic bond with the animals, plants and minerals that make up their home. No one — and nothing — understands a caern spirit's chosen geography better. Caern totems draw strength from the land. In return, they nurture the earth. They protect the flora and fauna. The spirits, in turn, require protection. The very ties that give them vigor are also their weakness. If the land prospers, so do they. If humans tear the land, pull the trees and kill the beasts, the caern spirit suffers as well.

This interdependence with the land motivates the spirit's pact with the Garou. The caern totem agrees to teach, transport, enrich and empower the Garou. In return, they agree to protect, nurture and defend the spirit and the land. This agreement must be upheld if the caern is to continue. The Garou rightly consider this pact to be a sacred covenant. Any Garou should be willing to give his life to protect his caern.

The caern totem cannot travel throughout the Umbra or the physical world without a great deal of difficulty. This limited range is the price they pay to have power over (and knowledge about) their particular area. Often, small broods of spirits act as a totem's eyes, ears, tongue and hands outside the bawn. These Gafflings have made their own incomprehensible pacts with the caern totem. Occasionally, the caern totem requires that the sept send Garou to protect such Gafflings as these spirit servitors depart on arcane and unfathomable missions.

When the Garou create a new caern, they have little control over what spirit becomes the caern totem. Gaia Herself selects the spirit and gives it a commission to protect and serve this small section of Her being. After the Rite of

Caern Building has been completed, the caern totem makes its first appearance and begins the acquaintance process. This step is a critical one in the course of fashioning a strong and efficient caern. The Garou can facilitate this process by helping the totem reclaim the land, by removing human interference, by uncovering hidden geography or by nurturing indigenous flora and fauna. The sept learns of any restriction placed upon it by the totem at this time.

Glory caerns tend to have totem spirits with high Rage. These spirits are often angry about the state of affairs and use their power to help the Garou correct the situation. Honor caern totems are much more interested in urging Garou to reach the highest levels of integrity and distinction. They teach truthfully and honestly, and they tend to be the most communicative totem spirits. They also tend to have higher Willpower. Wisdom caern totems are often reclusive and quiet, emerging only to lend Garou cryptic assistance in solving mysteries. They usually have high Gnosis.

Caern Totem Construction

Feel free to use any spirit from among the many offered in various **Werewolf** sourcebooks, notably **Axis Mundi: The Book of Spirits**, as a caern totem. If you choose to use a spirit of your own design, base it upon indigenous animals, plants or inanimate objects. A caern high atop the Rocky Mountains is unlikely to have a Dolphin-spirit as its totem. In addition, **Axis Mundi** contains extra rules for charms. The actual abilities and statistics for the totem are less important than its motivation. Why is it helping the sept? What does it need to grow in power and strength?

Storytellers should try to give the caern totem a personality. If it helps to assign a Nature and Demeanor to the spirit, then do so. It can also help to give the totem quirks that make it more than a simple batch of numbers. Spirits are interrelated, so figure out what brood your totem belongs to, who its sibling spirits are and why it chose to become a caern totem.

Spirits Within the Caern

Inside the bawn, a majority of the natural spirits are awake and aware. This situation is in direct contrast to the rest of the Tellurian, where the shadows of the physical world are sleeping. The very act of creating a caern unleashes a wave of energy that wakes the caern totem, as well as many spirits in its vicinity. In addition to this initial stirring, Garou often spend time waking other spirits to serve in fetishes, as pack totems, etc. These freshly awakened spirits also rouse their compatriots.

Over time, local spirits develop personal relationships with the Garou who also live there. Familiarity builds trust. At the Storyteller's discretion, the difficulty for all Social rolls involving spirits from a player's home caern may be decreased by 1. This advantage reflects mutual awareness and understanding that have developed in the past.





Maintaining and Expanding a Caern

Caerns do not exist without the Garou. There are no hidden caerns, complete with totems and powers, waiting for a lucky pack to stumble across them. Caerns must be built on areas where the spiritual energy is already residually high. Moreover, they must be maintained. If a sept were to abandon its caern, the site would waste away until it was virtually indistinguishable from the surrounding land, with only an increased potential there for possible future caerns. It takes hundreds of years for this diminishment to occur, so it is possible to reclaim a caern that has been abandoned within just the last few centuries. In a strange way, a caern draws power from the Garou who honor its totem. Spirits seem to draw vigor from the respect given them. As a sept grows in fame, so also grows the caern in power.

Maintaining the caern is the primary responsibility of the sept leaders, but it is shared by every pack that calls the caern home. Maintenance is accomplished by serving the wishes of the totem. If the sept has been lax in actively combating the Wyrn in some way, simply suggest that the caern is weakening. If the player characters do not act quickly, the caern begins to suffer. Such consequences can be an excellent way to inject a note of desperation into laid-back adventurers.

Of course, if caerns weaken through neglect, they can also be strengthened by dedicated service. Raising a caern to a higher level is not an easy task. If it were, the world would be covered with hundreds of Rank 5 caerns. It is a great source of pride for the sept to invigorate its caern successfully. Caerns do not advance only after monumental battles against truly epic opponents (although that is one possible means). Garou can also bolster their caern by helping preserve the history of the Changing Breeds. Giving substantial aid to spirits or other shapechangers also serves Gaia and enhances the caern. No Rank 5 caern has ever been advanced.

As a caern advances, it often manifests new powers or greater expressions of its existing powers. A caern tends to develop powers in keeping with the events that lead to its betterment.

Corrupting a Caern

Black Spiral Dancers are always on the lookout for Gaian caerns that might be corrupted. Every caern that falls to the Wyrn gives the tribe new power, while simultaneously taking away the resources of Gaia. In addition, taking a caern by force often provides the Black Spiral Dancers with at least a handful of wounded prisoners to send into the Black Spiral, use as breeding stock or...worse.

Simply destroying all of a caern's defenders is not sufficient to corrupt a caern, although the surviving attackers can easily pollute the surrounding area. A Black Spiral Dancer Theurge must officiate over the loathsome Rite of Desecration. The first half of the rite can take as long as 36 hours to perform completely. This time offers the defenders their best chance to regroup and rescue the caern before the Dancers accomplish anything permanent. During this period, the Theurge must make no more than 18 Manipulation + Rituals rolls (difficulty 7). Accumulating 50 successes completes this portion of the corruption process and binds the totem to the physical realm. A single botched roll means the rite fails, and the totem escapes into the Umbra. During the entire ritual, the Theurge must not be disturbed or the rite fails, and she suffers five Health Levels of aggravated damage from the enraged totem. While the ritemaster is gathering the required successes, a chosen champion duels the caern totem to finish the second half of the ritual. If the Black Spiral Dancer defeats the totem and the Theurge gathers the needed successes, a new Wyrms totem is chosen and the former totem is forced to serve its new master. At this point, the ritemaster makes one final Charisma + Rituals roll (difficulty 5 + former caern rank). The Dancer may *not* spend Willpower to guarantee successes on this roll. The number of successes indicates the new rank of the caern. At this point, the caern has become a Defiled one. The caern begins to manifest its new abilities. Usually, they are variations on the old Gaian abilities with new...twists. If this rite fails, the ritemaster may be dragged off to Erebus while all other participating Black Spiral Dancers receive five Health Levels of aggravated damage.

Recovering a Caern

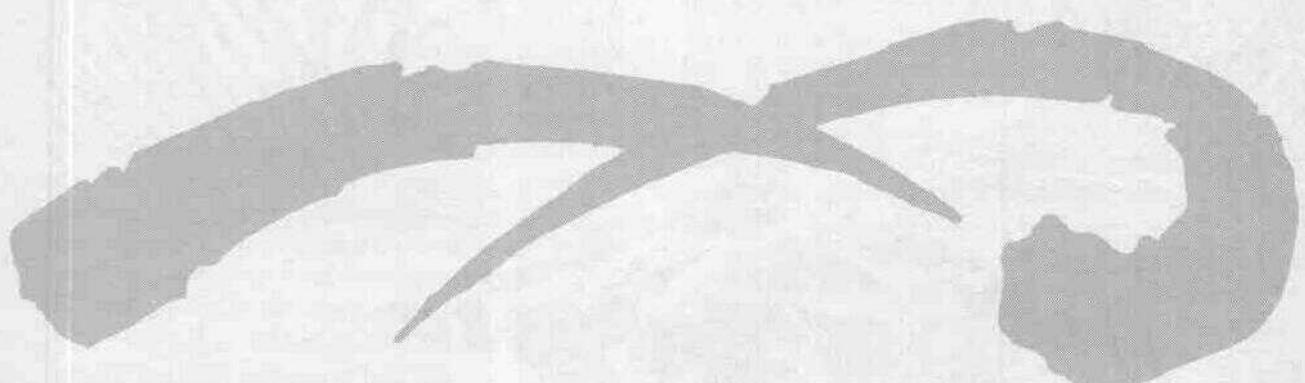
As noted previously, Hives and Pits are irrevocably of the Wyrms and may not be recovered, but former Gaian caerns corrupted and defiled by the Black Spiral Dancers may be reclaimed by pure Garou willing to risk the awesome energies and potential for destruction inherent in the process. It involves two rites: the Rite of Expulsion and the Rite of Reclamation.

The Rite of Expulsion is the more dangerous of the two; it is during this time that the Wyrms-spirit totem is evicted. Obviously, the totem is rarely willing to abandon its home.

The ritemaster must make an extended and contested Manipulation + Rituals roll versus the totem's Willpower or Gnosis, whichever is higher (difficulty 7 for both rolls). The first to reach 25 successes wins. Because of the concentration required, the *ritemaster must be defended from the spirit* during this period. If the Wyrms totem prevails, the caern is unaffected by the ritual. Worse yet, the ritemaster must make a Gnosis roll (difficulty 10). Failure indicates the ritemaster has gone insane. Regardless of whether the ritemaster succeeds on the Gnosis roll, all Garou present take three Health Levels of damage. If the ritemaster triumphs, he forces the Wyrms totem to leave. However, this step is only half the total process.

The next ritual is the Rite of Reclamation. This rite assists the former caern totem in recovering from the ordeal suffered at the hands of its oppressors. The ritemaster who recently bested the Wyrms totem usually performs this rite as well, although it is not required. However, if another Theurge assumes the role of ritemaster, the difficulty on all rolls increases by 1.

Coaxing the recovering spirit into showing itself is an effort that requires a great deal of patience. It is not a task for the rash, and even Garou with considerable patience find it a constant struggle. The Storyteller may want to make the ritemaster roll for frenzy at appropriate times during the process. The ritemaster rolls her Charisma + Occult (difficulty 9). As soon as a number of successes equaling the totem's Willpower has been gathered, the spirit makes its presence known and the ritual can begin in earnest. A botch means that all successes gathered so far are lost. After its manifestation, Garou must provide Gnosis to the injured spirit. Typically, every Garou present donates 1 point of Gnosis, and the ritemaster spends 1 point permanently. Gathering more than 10 Gnosis makes the procedure easier. Next, the ritemaster rolls Charisma + Rituals. The difficulty for this roll is equal to 10 minus every point of Gnosis gathered after the first 10, with a minimum difficulty of 5. If successful, the spirit is freed from its enslavement and can take control of the caern again. Recovered caerns always begin at Rank 1. It may return quickly to its former status, depending on how many Garou return to make the caern their home.





Chapter Four: Spirit Matters

Spirits

Many players of *Werewolf* play the game to enjoy the blood-pounding, fist-clenching, tendon-tearing action of ripping a Wyrmling to pieces. But once the ichor is dripping from your claws, what next? Is this sort of thing the highest goal to which your game can aspire? Strength without wisdom is nothing. The Garou who ignores his spiritual calling in favor of pure physical action is almost certainly doomed — if, that is, he could ignore the spiritual at all. The fact of the matter is that he can't.

The Spiritual Life

Werewolf revolves around the basic concept of creatures that are equal portions spirit and flesh, battling the great spiritual darkness that seeks to consume the Fount. Again, the operative word here is "Spirit." You can needlessly fling yourself into the jaws of doom by taking the war form and charging forward blindly — but Mother Gaia didn't give you the powers you have so that you could waste them. She tied you into the spiritual whole of the world and made you a sibling and child of the mightiest Incarna and the lowliest Gaffling alike. You have allies, companions and contacts that see much more than any human can and that can teach you more than even the wisest Garou might. To be sure, dealing with these cousins can be a test at times, but they're there to aid you. After all, they may be flighty, alien and bizarre, but Gaia is their mother, too.

Combat and tribal politicking often overshadow the ebb and flow of the spirit world in some *Werewolf* chronicles. Even within the Umbra, it's easier (and alas, sometimes more popular) for many groups to run a "Let's-go-get-that-nasty-Blight" session than to take a break in a quiet pocket of the Penumbra and converse with the local Willow-spirit. Sure, breaking bones and gouging eyes is a fun part of the game, a nice cathartic release. However, the *Werewolf* game that neglects the spiritual side, that ignores the many facets of dealing with spirits and negotiating with the forces that make up the world, is frankly incomplete.

Among the most common mistakes players make when dealing with a spirit is succumbing to the temptation to see it as a Gift dispenser and fetish battery. While this description superficially covers a Garou's common uses for spirits, it's like saying that a lion is something that only makes little lions. Spirits are part of a complex ecosystem every bit as diverse and spectacular as the one in the physical world. To Gaia, they are as valuable as material things, and it pains Her to see the Garou ignoring one half of their heritage in favor of the other. Animal and human, strength and wisdom, flesh and spirit — all in the name of balance.

Because spirits are almost exclusively run as Storyteller characters, it's up to your Storyteller to make them come alive. However it's worth thinking about your character's personal spiritual world as well. If your character has fetishes, devise the story of how she came by them, what kind

of spirits are bound within them and what bans or geasa were the price for such power. Decide what kind of relationship your character has with her pack totem. The relationship between totem and Garou can take on tones of sibling and sibling, parent and child, ruler and liegeman, or a host of other possibilities. What other spiritual contacts and allies does your character have? Has she offended any spirits, either intentionally or by accident? Does she understand the "logic" by which spirits operate, or are her dealings with the Broods still a touch clumsy? By thinking about these questions, you're as prepared to have your Garou bargain with a Gaffling as to leap at a Black Spiral (who may have spirit allies of his own).

Of course, your character may not need to be reminded just how vital spirits are. Without them, a werewolf has no Gifts, his beloved *klaive* is just a silver dagger, and if he needs some emergency Gnosis, he's out of luck. Dealing honorably with spirits is a good source of Renown, and never mind all the nifty traits a totem spirit grants its children....

As for the less material rewards, well, it's always rewarding to have friends in the right places. The emotional benefits of an involved roleplaying session aside, if you impress one of Great Fenris' Brood, you'll probably have better relations with other spirits of the Brood, as well as a recommendation among the Get of Fenris. Everything's connected. It just makes sense for even the most hair-trigger Ahroun to make friends with at least a few spirits. The problem many of the more warlike Garou have when trying to befriend spirits is that spirits can sense high Rage within a werewolf. In fact, the higher a Garou's Rage, the less likely a peaceful spirit is to allow the Garou to approach. This effect is also evident if the Garou's Gnosis happens to drop below his Rage score — few spirits care to barter with individuals who let their anger overpower their wisdom. This aversion can make it difficult to get close enough to bargain with a spirit for, say, that all-important infusion of emergency Gnosis.

In the very first times, the shapeshifters and the spirits struck a great bargain, called the Pact, that empowers Garou rites and Gifts even today. The Pact established the Changing Breeds as Gaia's chosen and set down the rules of give and take between shapeshifter and spirit. These rules of exchange can be tricky to master; you usually have to offer something to get something in return. The term for such an offering is *chiminage*, and the exact nature of this *chiminage* depends on the spirit: A War-spirit may ask you to dedicate your kills to it, while a Unicorn Jaggling may ask you to settle a dispute between rival street gangs. The greater the task asked of the spirit, the greater the *chiminage* it requires. A Garou who consorts often with spirits may acquire many long-lasting bans, obligations and quests. Indeed, many elder Theurges have strange habits that come from years of negotiation and friendship with spirits. (Guidelines for *chiminage* and negotiation are covered in much greater detail in *Axis Mundi: The Book of Spirits*.)



Once the bargain has been struck, you're responsible for holding up your end. Break your word, and the spirit's brood (usually a gathering of spirits under the auspices of one of the tribal totems) is likely to view you as highly untrustworthy. Break the bargain severely enough and the brood may also seek revenge. What's more, you'll likely lose some Renown when the local sept hears how shabbily you're treating your spirit allies.

Naturally, the Garou who have the most contact with spirits are the Theurges. The Crescent Moons not only have the easiest time speaking with spirits but are themselves spirit magnets of a sort. Many Theurges seemingly suffer from a slightly oblivious attitude; you'd be a little out of it too if every local Jaggling absolutely had to get your attention whenever you were nearby. When groups of Theurges get together to exchange lore and trade secrets, it isn't advisable to slip sideways as the Umbral traffic is nothing short of incredible. On the other hand, if you have trouble finding spirits to talk with, hanging out with Theurges is a great way to get introduced. Just be warned: The Theurge is putting his reputation on the line if he brokers a deal for you. Break the agreement and you may find yourself in more than mere spiritual trouble, considering that any good Theurge has plenty of friends who owe him favors.

If you're playing a Theurge, it's vital to decide on your style of interaction with spirits. Some seers prefer a meeting between equals, others prefer a heavily ritualized negotiation, and still others have a fluid attitude and prefer to tailor the interaction to the spirit they are speaking with. Many Theurges choose to learn the ways of a particular type of spirit over all others. At the Storyteller's discretion, Theurges who choose a favored brood or type of spirit (a specific totem's brood or all water elementals, for instance) may get their Social difficulties reduced by 1 whenever they deal with such spirits. (However, they may find their Social difficulties raised when dealing with spirits of an opposing nature; knowing the ways of dealing with War-spirits won't help you deal with Unicorn's brood.) These modifications don't represent a brood's predisposed opinion toward the Theurge (for example, one of Fenris' Brood responding to a Get), but simply represents the Theurge's familiarity with this spirit brood's attitudes, likes and dislikes.

Garou deal most frequently with their totems and caern spirits. A pack's totem spirit can have a constant, if subtle, effect on the pack's attitudes and habits. This constant coloring of a werewolf's life makes a totem a powerful part of a Garou's spiritual makeup. Caern totems are the spirits that give a caern its vibrancy and life. These powerful spirits open the land to the Umbral energies that allow the caern to flourish. Caern totems are rooted to the nexus of Earth and Umbra that they guard and are almost always well disposed to any Garou who dwells within the caern's environment. The spirit of the caern always manifests some aspect of the caern that it powers. A caern of strength might boast a War-spirit as a totem; this martial quality would also reflect the

caern's Umbral aspect because the spirit shapes the Penumbra in its image.

Most other spirits simply spend their "lives" in the Umbra, where they play out the roles to which Gaia ordains them. A Rabbit-spirit running through the underbrush is probably destined to be swept up by a Hawk-spirit seeking dinner. Unlike their physical counterparts, however, both spirits are self-aware and know that they are part of a chain. The rabbit gladly gives up its life to feed the hawk; in turn, the hawk honors its prey by not wasting such a sacrifice and by using its power to sing the rabbit's praises to the Wind-spirits. Many sages counsel watching the actions of spirits to learn and understand more fully Gaia's great plan in all of its complex majesty and diversity.

Upbringing and tribal role can also color a character's approach to the spirit world. Lupus Garou, while much more in touch with the fundamental truths of spirits, have great difficulty dealing with some Weaver and other technological spirits that a homid may talk with as a matter of course. Homids, while having an upper hand in the intellectual and verbal side of spirit negotiation, find it much harder to grasp the truth of the spirit world, due to all the time they've spent locked into the mundane world of humanity. The metis, who suffer the contempt of other werewolves, nevertheless grow up in the bosom of Garou society and therefore know of spirits almost from birth. This familiarity usually lets them deal with the wide variety of spirits that can be encountered in the Umbra. To put it another way: A lupus sees a spirit, and his instincts help him approach it; a homid sees the same spirit and tries to reason with it by using her intellect and logic; a metis often knows already the formalities of approaching such a spirit and may even greet the spirit as he would an old friend.

All Garou are expected to learn the ways of the spirit world to some degree. However, a werewolf's auspice can dictate just how much direct spiritual contact he has, whether by fulfilling the Garou's expectations or simply by nature. A high level of Rage often frightens away spirits; thus, they seldom cluster around the volatile Ahrouns. Theurges, on the other hand, are expected to be the go-betweens and interpreters for almost all spiritual interaction. Philodox and Galliards have no particular advantages or disadvantages either way. Ragabash are a dichotomy: Either they easily identify with the alien and bizarre mindset of the spirit, thus overcoming communications barriers, or their penchant for questioning the ways earns them a rather bad reaction.

Finally, always remember that your spirit allies are just that — allies. They aren't *dei ex machina* who save your furry butt when you're in trouble. A spirit pact is part friendship, part business transaction. Your ally may also ask you to help it as well (unless you somehow managed to negotiate that out of the agreement). Play fair with the spirits, or they may feel taken advantage of, and you'll quickly find yourself without their help at a critical juncture. Treat spirits well and fairly, with respect, and they'll return the favor.

Spiritual Environments

Garou live in a world where everything has a spiritual component. If someone is sick, he may well have a spiritual illness as well as a physical one. A Garou is constantly aware of the Umbra's juxtaposition with the material realm, and this awareness colors everything she feels, touches and sees.

This juxtaposition also births an incredible diversity among spirits; even in the Penumbra, spirits come in a multitude of aspects, attitudes and flavors. This diversity springs from the fact that, with only a few exceptions, everything on Earth, from an oak tree to a '57 Chevy, has a spirit. Often, these spirits lie dormant, never receiving the jolt of psychic or spiritual energy needed to awaken them.

Garou, though, are virtually spiritual capacitors. They can sometimes awaken a spirit by virtue of their presence alone. A werewolf's personal possessions may sometimes even awaken through nothing more than the Garou's routine contact. (Whether or not the spirit reveals itself to the werewolf is usually dependent on her actions, of course.)

The spirit world is just as important to the fight for Gaia as the material one. Indeed, the Umbra can hold secrets and reveal knowledge hidden from mundane eyes. A deeply buried toxic dump may look like a placid park in the physical realm, but in the Umbra it cannot hide its foulness as its reek takes on a tangible form and Banes stalk the area.

All spirits come from Gaia. Even the most Wyrmedefiled Banes were once Gaian. There are spirits that can remember the Dawn Times, and spirits that travel along the electronic streams of the Internet. All this diversity springs from the endless bounty of Gaia's love, and Garou who treat spirits as mystical battery packs or intelligent objects may find certain...repercussions of their actions spreading like ripples through the Umbra. Even Gafflings won't take excessive abuse; granted, a Gaffling may not have much brainpower beyond the desire to flutter about doing its assigned function, but it may get angry with someone who gets in its way. It may also report back to its superior, who is likely to be displeased with the interference.

Tribal Traditions

Each tribe tends to have its own take on spirits. For example, the Black Furies' worldview tends to put them in touch with spirits that have a significant link to the female side of spirituality. Naturae and lunar spirits are the Furies' meat and drink. The tribe's role as guardians of the world's Wyld places also leads them to communicate with Wyldlings, either to learn of new and untouched places or to beseech aid in protecting those places already under Fury stewardship. The Furies generally don't get along with spirits of Great Fenris' Brood and approach the more powerful Weaver-spirits with caution.

The Bone Gnawers take help wherever they can get it, whether from a talking trash heap or the spirit of the freeway. Whatever crevice they have made for themselves,

there they find local spirits to aid them. The Gnawers tend to shy away from spirits of the loftier broods, such as Falcon's own, and prefer dealing with humbler entities that know how to "make a deal." As survivors, the tribe deals well with spirits on the lower end of the Umbral "food chain."

The Children of Gaia see all spirits save ones of the Wyrms as potential allies or sources of aid. Above all, the tribe prefers dealing with the spirits of living things — Willow before Granite, Ox before Storm — and enjoying the company of spirits tied into the full energy of Gaian life. Some daring Children of Gaia go even further, pursuing Umbral quests with the hope of finding a Blight and returning the Wyrms' spirits therein to their original Gaian state.

Fianna Theurges love spirits with noble hearts who know how to have a good time. The tribe gladly includes spirits of merriment and the Wyld in its deliberations. The Fianna approach spirits that are more amenable to a good riddle contest than to out-and-out negotiation.

The Glass Walkers love dealing with the mercurial spirits of the computer world. Most Glass Walkers aren't terribly comfortable with the myriad Naturae in the Tellurian (a woeful side effect of the Walkers' urban upbringing), but they are the undisputed masters of the CyberRealm. Most other Garou, particularly ones suffering from technoshock, grudgingly seek the Glass Walkers as go-betweens with the newer technological spirits.

The Get of Fenris have a bond with the wild and angry spirits of war. Often, their spirit allies are the sorts that negotiate pacts through physical contact. However, they also appreciate spirits associated with talecraft, endurance and the occasional boisterous celebration. The Get have little patience with those spirits that don't fight for what they want, such as the quiet spirits of trees and areas.

Natural spirits that draw nothing of their form from human thought are the Red Talons' preferred allies. The Talons obviously shun such human-inspired entities as urban spirits. The tribe heavily dislikes Weaver-spirits — almost as much as it loathes Wyrms' spirits — and destroys on sight any Pattern Spiders that wander into a Talon protectorate.

The Shadow Lords have a definite vassalage system in their spiritual dealings. Although they don't exclude any of the spirits from their negotiations, the Shadow Lords tend to have complex and binding fealty treaties with their most common allies, treaties the tribe follows to the letter. A Shadow Lord/spirit relationship very rarely progresses beyond that of master and trusted servant. As a result, most Lords don't have very long-term spiritual affiliations, save with those spirits that gladly accept a submissive role.

The ever-nomadic Silent Striders meet a greater variety of spirits than almost any other tribe, save the Uktena. They are respectful to most spirits they meet; who knows when one may travel through that brood's territory again? The Striders choose their spirit allies with the same great care they use when choosing their physical companions.

However, once they enter into a pact, they are unshakable in their loyalty. The Striders prefer to deal with far-ranging or wise spirits, and the tribe relies more on a spirit's character than an entity's function.

The Silver Fangs treat Falcon's brood with great respect and the rest of the spirit world with thinly disguised condescension. The Fangs use the ancient bonds of the Pact as a basis to force many spirits to enter agreements that aren't always fair. As a result, more than a few Jagglings are a little leery of Silver Fangs. Nonetheless, most broods bow to the demands of Gaia's chosen.

The Stargazers seek to be almost like the spirits themselves in mindset; the tribe's quest for purity of purpose leads many of its members toward a more instinctive, less material philosophy. The Stargazers, in their constant quest to unlock the truth, strive to adopt the thought patterns of humans, wolves and even spirits. The tribe allies itself with spirits of knowledge and lore, and it tends to avoid spirits that are aspects of undirected emotion. These Garou also have an undeniable bond with the Enigmatics and Dream-spirits, cryptic beings from whom the Stargazers try to gain understanding.

The Uktena have perhaps more spiritual dealings than any other tribe. As a result, the tribe interacts with virtually all spirits and bars none from its caerns, (the obvious exception to this latitude are the spirits of the Wyrn). Other tribes mutter darkly of vast, alien intelligences the Uktena communicate with in the deep Umbra, but these rumors have yet to be substantiated.

The Wendigo prefer to deal with spirits that are somehow tied to their homeland. These spirits are more closely attuned to the way the tribe thinks, or so they claim. The relatively xenophobic Wendigo usually shun spirits that spring from Old World concepts. Also, most Wendigo avoid techno-spirits, due to the Weaver's affiliation, but the tribe's younger members are taking more and more to the idea of techno-shamanism and are beginning to deal increasingly with these new entities.

Totems

Totems are the spirits to which Garou make the strongest, deepest commitments. These spirits, usually of a great Incarna's brood, meld with a pack to lend it strength, favor and power. A spirit may act as a totem on a tribal, pack or even personal level. However, almost all Garou eschew personal totems; as social creatures, they prefer the unifying and strengthening bond of the pack totem to the more divisive influence of a personal totem.



The tribal totem is not a personal devotion (unless a Garou chooses that totem specifically), but rather a spirit that has extended its patronage to all members of a tribe, in exchange for having the tribe glorify the spirit and its ideals. The pack totem is the spirit that binds separate Garou together into a bond deeper than any family. It is the pack's *totem spirit that gives the pack its abilities to think and move as one*; without such a totem, a group of Garou is a "group," nothing more. A personal totem is a spirit that an individual may have contacted for guidance and protection. Through all these varieties of totems, Garou — indeed, all the Changing Breeds — learn more about themselves and are aided to grow and change.

All totems have some sort of link to the physical world; many ancient totems no longer have any power, due to the loss of their material counterparts. The only thing that can keep an "extinct" totem in power is the patronage of an Incarna or of a mighty Garou sept. Dodo was never a powerful totem animal, for example, and now lacks the strength to grant abilities to Garou. However, Sabertooth was favored by many warrior Garou and still fights as a member of Griffin's brood. He is a rarity, though; similarly, any spirit whose material counterpart is on the endangered species list has only a slim hope of survival.

Tribal Totems

Tribal totems are the spiritual parents of their adopted tribes. No matter what pack totem a Garou chooses, the tribal totem still sees any member of its tribe as one of its children. A Silver Fang who serves his tribe with honor usually gets a neutral or positive reaction from a spirit in Falcon's brood, for example. When a Garou goes through the First Change, her first spiritual contact is likely with her tribal totem. Most werewolves have traditionally chosen their tribal totem over any other when it comes time to make a commitment as a pack. But as the Apocalypse draws near, multitribal packs are becoming more the rule than the exception. Such a pack must choose a totem that can stand for all its members through the turbulent times ahead.

Pack Totems

Pack totems are the spirits that agree to take a pack to its bosom and weld the Garou of the pack into one. Often, such a totem acts as personal guide to each pack member, while it also serves to unify the whole. The type of totem a pack chooses should reflect the nature of the members. A pack of troubadours and artists may beseech a totem such as Stag for aid, whereas a pack of furious commandos may prefer a totem such as Grandfather Thunder. In all cases, the pack must approach the spirit and ask what it requires to accept them as its children. The spirit may ask for a favor or quest, and in each case it imposes a geas. Once accepted by its chosen totem (a process formally recognized by the Rite of the Totem), the pack receives all the benefits of the spirit's stewardship. A prospective pack customarily can



Totems and Points

It's mentioned in the *Werewolf* rulebook that, unlike other Background Traits, the Totem Trait can be raised with experience. This flexibility allows a pack's totem to become more powerful as its children accomplish great deeds in its name. Unfortunately, nowhere is the exact cost mentioned.

It takes two experience points to raise a pack totem's power by one Background point. This cost can be shared by pack members; if one player contributes one experience point, another shares two, and a third donates three points, the totem's power goes up as if three extra Background points were spent on it. (Obviously, it's only fair to make sure everyone contributes equally. But if they don't, the totem, in all likelihood, tends to give the more generous Garou preferential treatment.) Remember that there should be an accompanying in-game event, roleplayed out, to justify the increase in power. The event can be as simple as a new packmate joining the pack and pledging loyalty to the totem, thereby strengthening it, or as complex as an extended quest in the totem's name to forward the totem's goals. Whatever the form, it should be a memorable episode. The game's just more fun that way.

Personal totems, if your Storyteller allows them, work in much the same manner. However, Garou must pay *twice* as many Background points to purchase a personal totem, and *twice* as much experience to increase the totem's ability. Thus, a Garou who wanted Uktena as a personal totem would have to spend at least 12 Background points on Totem and would have to spend four experience points for every point added in play. And again, there should be some in-game rationale for any such increase.

approach any totem three times. If the pack cannot convince a totem to accept it, it usually disbands, for the members recognize that they are not meant to be together.

(A word of warning: Yes, this means you should select a totem that speaks well for the entire pack; if even one player is unhappy with the pack totem, the pack can't operate at the strength required of it. All packs have a purpose; you may want to talk to other players about your pack's common goals and themes before selecting a spirit to stand for you all.)

Personal Totems

Personal totems are very rare among Garou and common only among Changing Breeds that operate alone. Such a totem becomes a spiritual parent to the shapeshifter, looks out for her, guides her and, when circumstances warrant, punishes her. A personal totem is a steady companion: reassuring, constant, a part of the shapeshifter that is always there. Each personal totem handles its charge differently. It

is up to the player and the Storyteller to decide how the totem acts with its charge. Such a relationship demands much more from both sides, and can — if handled well — offer an epic feel to the game.

Personal totems are available only with Storyteller permission. We don't recommend that you choose a personal totem just because you want something different from the rest of the pack. A werewolf with a personal totem is part of no pack and often something of a pariah in Garou society. Generally speaking, only Garou who are bereft of a pack for good reason (such as being the only survivor) take personal totems. Among these individuals, homid Garou are the most predisposed to approaching and keeping personal totems; the concept of "pack" is just too ingrained and vital to most metis and lupus.

Totem Realms

Totem Realms are the Umbral abodes of the tribal totems and the homelands of their broods. Within a Totem Realm, a Garou can always find the great spirit that lives there and at least one member of each type of spirit in the brood. Each Umbral Realm also reflects the personality and fundamental aspects of its ruler. Wendigo's realm is a vast Arctic terrain with wide ice fields, huge tracts of tundra and giant pine forests. Owl's realm is an enormous forest filled with small scurrying animals, the verdure broken only at the heart of the woods by a tower housing a library the size of a city. By contrast, Thunder's realm is full of sheer and towering cliffs, their every inch battered by unending rainstorms.

Tribal totems test all who approach them in their homelands. While some totems offer only a small test of their petitioners' mettle, others force any pilgrims to their realms through numerous and difficult trials. If the totem is unsure of the petitioners' worth, the test can be as difficult as answering an almost impossible riddle ("What was the first lie spoken?") or a vastly difficult task ("Overcome this powerful Juggling using only an autumn leaf!").

Totem Realms are very difficult to find from inside the Umbra. The simplest route into a Totem Realm is to ask the totem to open a Moon Bridge into it. Even if the spirit does open the bridge, there's no guarantee that getting to the totem once you're within the realm will be easy.

New Totems

The following totems are meant to give packs a few more choices, as well as suggest a few more ideas for Storytellers who want to create their own totems. Remember that all totems grant their Traits to only one pack member at a time; the only exceptions are Renown awards (which are granted after the Rite of the Totem and are always temporary) and Traits that specifically mention "each pack member." However, a totem's gifts can take a Garou's Traits over the natural limit, so long as the totem's favor rests with him.

Totems of Respect

Bison

Background Cost: 5

Bison, hard-headed and serene, roams the endless savannah. Native Garou who understand the route to enlightenment is through quiet, methodical thought usually follow him. His wicked horns discourage most from disturbing his thoughts. Although he was nearly wiped out in the 1890s, lately he has been more and more active, as the herds reestablish themselves.

Traits: Bison grants his children 1 Honor, +1 Animal Ken, +1 Enigmas and +2 Survival. They may draw on three additional Willpower points per story.

Ban: Bison's children must always use part of what they kill for something constructive.

Lion

Background Cost: 5

Lion was the ancient tribal totem of the White Howlers. He has lost much favor since their fall, but there are still Garou who understand his ancient strengths. He is very traditional and has become paranoid about "new ways of doing things." As such, he finds some favor among Silver Fangs and Red Talons.

Traits: Lion packs gain 1 Honor and +3 Animal Ken. They may draw on four additional Willpower points per story. The pack also gains -1 difficulty for any roll to impress an elder.

Ban: Lion's children must protect animals from anyone who kills for sport or pleasure.

Quetzal

Background Cost: 7

Quetzal is proud and beautiful, and his plumage marks him as nobility. He is more than a little vain, but he acts with only the purest of hearts. Although a totem of Respect, Quetzal also looks favorably on warriors and takes pleasure when his children overcome their enemies in fair battle.

Traits: Quetzal grants his children an additional die of Appearance, as well as +1 Etiquette, +1 Melee and +2 Leadership. Each pack member gains 1 Honor. Quetzal's packs can draw on an additional three Willpower points per story.

Ban: Quetzal requires that his packs not shame him by acting rudely or ignobly. He may also demand that they take action to defend his favored home of Central or South America from anyone who would pillage those lands or their people.

Sphinx

Background Cost: 7

Guardian of the ancient sands, Sphinx is strong, wise and does not suffer fools gladly. She is deadly with claw and fang but prefers to outriddle her opponents. Sphinx takes under her wing only Garou with sharp wits and clever tongues.



Traits: So long as Sphinx remains happy with her children, each one gains 1 Honor and an extra point of Wits. The pack also gains +3 Enigmas.

Ban: Sphinx's children may never refuse a riddle contest; depending on the difficulty of such games, they may gain or lose Honor depending on the outcome of the contest (Storyteller's discretion).

Totems of War

Bull

Background Cost: 6

Bull's strength is charging into battle, horns flashing, without any forethought. His children adopt the same brash, devil-may-care attitude; his influence pervades their very tempers. Bull is a force of fertility as well as brute power, and several Garou follow him in hopes of having strong cubs.

Traits: Bull grants his children 1 Glory and +1 Brawl. Each pack member receives an additional dot of Strength.

Ban: As a result of their totem's hotheadedness, Bull's children receive a -1 penalty on frenzy difficulties.

Flea

Background Cost: 6

Flea delivers hundreds of stinging blows to her foe before he can react. She leaps away from most blows, and her armor protects her from the ones that land. Alas, most Garou see Flea as a coward due to her fighting style. As a result, only Bone Gnawers and Ragabash follow Flea.

Traits: Flea grants her children the Gifts of Luna's Armor and Leap of the Kangaroo. Followers of Flea find it harder than other Garou to earn Glory (Storyteller's discretion how this difficulty manifests).

Ban: Flea asks that you leave her people in peace (you can't scratch, you poor mutt).

Shark

Background Cost: 6

Swift, silent, deadly: Shark moves easily through the lightless depths, killing without emotion. Shark is the most lethal hunter anywhere. Once he finds his prey, he does not stop until that prey is dead.

Traits: Shark offers his packs one point of Strength, +2 Stealth and two additional dice of bite damage. Children of Shark can swim for prodigious distances without getting tired.

Ban: Shark's children may never take pleasure or sadness at killing.

Weasel

Background Cost: 7

Weasel is a cunning, swift and relentless warrior. She carefully dodges her foe's attacks until she can bite him neatly in the jugular. She also believes she can beat anything

that comes her way, and this overconfidence is reflected in her children.

Traits: Weasel grants one point of Dexterity to each of her children. Her packs also receive +1 Dodge and an additional die of bite damage.

Ban: Weasel requires that her children never show fear.

Wolverine

Background Cost: 6

Wolverine is tireless and merciless, and his affinity to War is unquestionable. He draws on a bottomless fount of anger and battles on after all others have fallen to injury or exhaustion. This mindless viciousness makes him devoid of compassion or mercy, something that doesn't sit well with many Garou.

Traits: Wolverine teaches combat and power. He grants each of his children an extra point of Stamina so they won't fall in battle. What's more, he shows them the heart of his fury by sending them a vision of the depths of Malfeas, in the heart of the Wyrms itself. After viewing this atrocity, his children gain an extra point of Rage (not to exceed 10). Although they might spend all their Rage, children of Wolverine can never permanently lose this point, and thus they never lose the Wolf or run out of Rage.

Ban: Wolverine requires that his children always use Rage in combat and never show mercy to a foe.

Totems of Wisdom

Chameleon

Background Cost: 4

Chameleon is the ultimate adapter. He changes himself to fit in with his environment, and his eyes see everything around him. Chameleon is usually favored by Garou who prefer to observe and learn unobtrusively.

Traits: Chameleon teaches his children the Gift: Blur of the Milky Eye and grants them three points of Perception.

Ban: Chameleon's children must always observe their surroundings before acting.

City Father/Mother

Background Cost: 6

Every city has a pulse, an energy that each living thing within the city contributes to. If the city is large enough, this pool of energy manifests in the being of the City Father or City Mother. To date, the Glass Walkers have had interaction only with Chicago, New York, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Toronto, Boston and London, though the tribe believes other cities harbor such spirits.

The totem appears in an anthropomorphic form representative of its city. Chicago has broad shoulders, Atlanta is a southern belle with faded and charred skirts, and Toronto is nattily dressed and a little boring.

Traits: Children of a City gain an intimate knowledge of the place as if they had the Bone Gnawer Gift: Attunement. Sometimes, a City can warn its children of impending danger by sending a messenger, usually in the form of someone who loves the city. Children of the City can draw on three dice of an Area Knowledge Dice Pool for their city. Glass Walkers gain one Wisdom when accepted, but any other tribe member who is discovered to have the City as a totem immediately loses 1 Honor.

Ban: City Mothers and Fathers often ask of their children favors usually having to do with helping the whole city. If these favors are not granted, the totem may withdraw any support.

Dolphin

Background Cost: 4

Graceful and playful in the ocean, Dolphin watches the seas and acts as their guardian and watchdog. Marine disasters sadden and frighten her. They include the depletion by fisheries and various oil spills. Most of Dolphin's children are impressively active in environmentalism, even for Garou. Such werewolves often protest or interfere with whaling and illegal oceanic dumping.

Traits: Dolphin grants her packs 1 Wisdom, +3 Empathy and 2 points of Charisma.

Ban: Dolphin's children must prevent the hunting of marine mammals and work to stop water pollution.

Fog

Background Cost: 5

Fog is a quiet and obfuscatory ally. He holds many secrets in the gauzy folds of his cloak and teaches his children the value of subtlety and patience. Fog is most favored by Stargazers, Uktena and Ragabash.

Traits: Children of Fog may add an extra die to Subterfuge and Stealth Dice Pools. They also receive -1 difficulty to all Occult and Enigmas rolls and gain the Gift: Curse of Aeolus.

Ban: If a child of Fog reveals a secret to someone outside her sept, she loses one Willpower point permanently.

Twister

Background Cost: 4

Mercurial and swift, Twister speeds through the countryside on wings of wind. He is destructive, powerful and alien. However, from wild destruction come new beginnings. Twister's children tend to be forces of change and dynamism, throwing the doors open to new ideas.

Traits: Twister's packs gain one point of Dexterity and one point of Strength. They also gain Primal-Urge 2.

Ban: Twister's children must never leave a residential area without some minor act of destruction. (Many of his packs playfully single out trailer parks for attention.)

Wind Incarna

Background Cost: 5

The Wind Incarna are abstract, almost alien, representatives of the various winds. Garou can contact these Incarna only through meditation or while in the Umbra. Each Wind Incarna has subtle variations and bestows different gifts upon its children. The Zephyr Stargazers, who highly respect these Incarna, learned many of their Kailindo secrets from such Wind-spirits. Similarly, Wendigo are on good terms with the North Wind, and a Wendigo needs to pay one less Background point to ally with the North Wind Incarna.

Traits: The East Wind's packs may draw on three extra Gnosis points per story, and their frenzy difficulties are at +1.

The South Wind grants his children the Gift: Eye of the Eagle and one Stamina point.

The North Wind grants his packs Occult 3 and Enigmas 2.

The West Wind grants Meditation 3 and three extra Willpower points per story.

The Ethereal, or Umbral, Wind reduces the difficulty to step sideways by 2.

Ban: The followers of a Wind Incarna must meditate for one hour per week.

Totems of Cunning

The Garou are straightforward in many respects. Not for them are the trickery and stealth of other Breeds. Similarly, no Garou tribe has cared to choose a Totem of Cunning. These totems do exist, however. Many younger Garou, eager for new ways and ideas, now seek out these spirits. Most traditional Garou see these totems as dishonorable, and their packs often have to work twice as hard to prove themselves worthy of Honor.

Fox

Background Cost: 7

Fox skulks slyly through the underbrush, merrily spreading confusion among his enemies. His favorite trick is to pull his enemies into his confidence and then lead them into a cleverly conceived trap. Fox is especially happy if the trap teaches his foe a lesson at the same time.

Traits: To help his children baffle and confuse their enemies, Fox teaches Stealth 2, Subterfuge 3 and Streetwise 2. He also grants each of his children a point in Manipulation.

Ban: The only limitation Fox gives his children is that they must never participate in a fox hunt and, if possible, always help any foxes encountered during such a hunt. However, Fox's children are viewed as untrustworthy, and they receive one temporary Honor less from any Honor awards.

Goat

Background Cost: 5

Wily and voracious, Goat is an excellent debater and can survive on anything. Also, his horns and powerful feet can show the most stubborn opponents the light. Goat teaches his children how to pursue a point to its end, no matter what the cost. He isn't above using dirty tricks to get his way, either.

Traits: Goat gives his children +2 Subterfuge and +2 Survival. His children make all Willpower rolls at -1 difficulty.

Ban: Goat's children must always eat what is offered to them.

Raccoon

Background Cost: 5

Raccoon is a survivor. He lives anywhere, city or wilderness, and adapts as he sees fit. He prefers to be left to his own devices but becomes a fierce and cunning fighter when cornered.

Traits: Raccoon teaches his children +2 Stealth and +3 Survival. They gain an extra die of Brawl during any claw or swipe attack.

Ban: Raccoon asks his children to leave small, shiny objects in the forest for him to find.

Fetishes

Among the most potent weapons in the Garou's arsenal are the spiritually powered artifacts called fetishes. These objects aren't simply items with a magical ability, but potent mystic symbols of the spirit world. Many Garou who don't understand how to take care of their fetishes may find their power flees from them at the most inopportune moments.

To create a fetish, a Garou must approach a spirit with the appropriate powers or aspects, then convince it to enter the physical object and infuse the thing with its power. If the spirit agrees, it is imprisoned within the fetish until either the fetish is destroyed or the Garou who created it breaks the pact made with the spirit.

Although many spirits enjoy the opportunity to take a more active role within a fetish and so fight against the Wurm, they may still feel that living in a state of half-slumber within a fetish isn't necessarily a happy thing. Thus, the Garou must convince the spirit. To help his case, a werewolf can spend extra time preparing the object. For every week spent working detail and personal attention into the object, the difficulty of convincing a spirit to enter the object drops by 1.

Once the object is created and the spirit has been approached, the terms of the agreement must be worked out. Unlike a pact for simple alliance, the fetish pact generally



requires an active commitment on the part of the Garou. The type of fetish being created usually determines the kind of task required of the Garou. For example, a War-spirit asked to bind itself into a klaive usually asks for the Garou to clean the blade ritually once a week and never to let the blood of the slain remain on it after battle. Once the terms of service are set, the spirit binds itself into the object and falls into permanent half-slumber until the object is destroyed, which sets the spirit free.

When deciding on a fetish for a character, a player may want to think on which spirit brood his fetish incorporates. Having a detailed idea of where the fetish comes from may help the player figure out why he has it and what its geasa or requirements are. A fetish powered by Unicorn's brood would almost always be one of wisdom or scholarship. A Fenris broodmates' fetish would generally be straightforward and warlike in aspect.

Fetishes are an integral part of Garou existence and are used as gifts, rewards and marks of power. Some tribes are extremely conscious of the rank of fetishes and their wielders, and it isn't uncommon for inexperienced Garou to be challenged over their right to possess and use such fetishes. Fetishes that the Garou herself has created are almost always exempt from this rule.

Sample Fetishes

Bells of Rain

Level 1, Gnosis 6

This fetish consists of a string of small metal bells carried upon the person of the Garou. These bells remain completely silent until the fetish is activated; then the bells appear to ring, but a sound like gentle rain on a spring morning sounds in the area. The fetish then creates a modest rainfall in the area (outdoors only). It can bring rain three times before it must be recharged by exposing it to natural rain. Slightly rarer versions of these bells chime gently before a natural rainfall.

To create this fetish, a Garou must bind a Rain-spirit, Water-spirit or Air-spirit into the bells.

Fang of the Wyrn

Level 1, Gnosis 3

Septs often give these simple fetishes to new Garou after their Rites of Passage. A Fang resembles just that: a pearly white fang on a leather thong. When the fang is activated, it reacts to the presence of the Wyrn by turning a mottled, bilious green. The more corrupted the surroundings, the darker the fang becomes. The fang clears after being in a Gaian caern for an hour.

Any spirit servant of Gaia can empower this fetish.

Moonwatch

Level 1, Gnosis 4

This wristwatch automatically tells a Garou what the current moon phase is and whether it is waxing or waning.

When activated, the watch indicates to the user what auspice the person before him is.

To create a Moonwatch, a Garou must bind a Lune or Gaffling of Luna into a sanctified timepiece.

Bones of Shielding

Level 2, Gnosis 3

This fetish is a small bone (about the size of a chicken's thighbone) intricately carved with small runes of protection and shielding. This bone must be braided into the wearer's hair or fur. When activated, the bone gives the wearer additional soak dice equal to half his current Gnosis score for the duration of one turn. The runes on the bone fade with each use; after four uses the bone is completely unmarked, and it disintegrates.

To create these bones, a spirit of one of the following types must be bound within: War, Wolverine, Turtle, Earth or Bear.

Elk Tooth Necklace

Level 2, Gnosis 5

This thong-and-tooth necklace allows its wearer to perform actions of great physical prowess. When successfully activated, this necklace doubles running speed and jumping distance. It can be activated only once per turn.

Naturally, this fetish is powered by an Elk-spirit.

Friendship Ring

Level 2, Gnosis 6

These fetishes generally ally themselves with Children of Gaia; any member of another tribe is at +2 difficulty when attempting to attune herself to this fetish. The ring can be made of any material but usually has to have a symbol for peace from some culture inscribed on it. When activated, this fetish forms a temporary bond of friendship with a target. The Garou need not already be friends with the target, but they cannot be enemies. The user gains +1 to all Social rolls affecting the target for one scene.

To create a Friendship Ring, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the ring: Peace, Calm, Dog or Unicorn.

Kinship Doll

Level 2, Gnosis 5

This fetish is a small doll that resembles a potbellied human. When a Garou activates and concentrates on a particular Kinfolk relative, the doll speaks to the Garou and reveals the Kin's location and general condition. The more activation successes the player scores, the more detailed is the information he receives.

To create a Kinship Doll, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the doll: Ancestor, Love or Pelican.

Lagomorph's Boon

Level 2, Gnosis 7

This fetish can actually take many shapes but is often literally a rabbit's foot. The bearer of this object receives uncommonly good luck. For each activation success, the player can negate one botch per story. This power can be used only once per story. At the Storyteller's discretion, the Boon can aid the player in other, secret ways.

To create this fetish, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the object: Rabbit, Fortune or Cat.

Power Spike

Level 2, Gnosis 7

A Glass Walker favorite, this fetish takes the form of a small chrome spike. When laid next to a machine and activated, the spike sends out a surge of destructive energy that fries circuits, trips breakers and burns fuses. The more complex the machine, the more likely that some delicate part of it is damaged; the number of successes determines the extent of the destruction.

To create a Power Spike, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the spike: Electricity, Wyld, Cockroach or Storm.

Coin of Wealth

Level 3, Gnosis 8

Most of these fetishes take the form of an ancient gold coin, but some recent versions look like battered credit or ATM cards. When rubbed (and activated), the Coin brings its patron wealth — not necessarily money, but the resources the Garou needs to complete the tasks before him. The number of successes on the Gnosis roll should be the guideline to the level of assistance granted. These fetishes tend to lose their effectiveness if overused. Every time the fetish is used during the same story, the coin should get progressively more difficult to use and its effects should become smaller and smaller.

To create this fetish, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the coin or card: Wealth, Trickster or Earth.

Dream Trap

Level 3, Gnosis 8

These fetishes resemble the Native American objects, although they can take a multitude of forms, from metal wire to intricately woven spidersilk. The fetish surrounds a sleeper's bed, where it catches any Umbral spirits attempting to disturb or harm the sleeper. The spirit must roll its Gnosis versus the fetish's Gnosis or become trapped.

To create a Dream Trap, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the matrix: Dream, Sleep or Spider.

Gaia's Poultice

Level 3, Gnosis 8

This rough-woven, herb-treated bandage has remarkable healing properties. When placed on a wound and activated,

the bandage heals a number of wounds (even aggravated ones) equal to the number of successes rolled. The bandage must be kept in a special pouch, or it loses its potency. It can be used on any given person only once during a scene.

To create a Poultice, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the bandage: Healing, Unicorn or Snake.

Key to the Umbra

Level 3, Gnosis 7

This fetish is a small key that reduces the strength of the Gauntlet. For every two activation successes, the local Gauntlet drops by 1. The key is usually worn around the neck.

Any Gaian spirit can power the Key, so long as the spirit isn't tied to one location.

Loon's Refund

Level 3, Gnosis 8

This nondescript ATM card was created by a Glass Walker Theurge named Loon. This fetish can be used to withdraw funds from any ATM machine. The money withdrawn equals activation successes x \$100. Characters who use this fetish more than once a day run the risk of drawing attention to themselves.

To create this fetish, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the card: Wealth, Electricity or Weaver.

Sands of Sleep

Level 3, Gnosis 6

This fetish takes the form of a small bag made from a black material and filled with a fine powder that is absorbed when it comes into contact with liquids or solids. When activated, the bag must be swung open-end-first toward the target, striking him with the "sand." The target must make a Willpower roll versus the fetish's Gnosis or fall into a deep sleep for one hour.

To create this fetish, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the bag: Sleep, Dream, Calm or Night.

Shard of Despair

Level 3, Gnosis 5

This fetish is a small spike of goethite (a crystalline rust). When driven carefully into the floor (Dexterity + Repair, difficulty 7, or it shatters) and activated, the shard afflicts everyone within the area with despair for the duration of one scene. Each person in the area must roll his or her Gnosis versus that of the fetish to resist an overwhelming depression; individuals without Gnosis can roll Willpower, but the difficulty rises to 9. Bone Gnawers often use this fetish as a security measure.

To create a Shard, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the goethite: Despair, Pain, Night or Fear.

Spirit Bell and Candles

Level 3, Gnosis 8

This fetish consists of a small bell and two candlesticks. When candles are placed into the sticks on either side of the bell, and the bell is struck, all spirits are drawn and bound to the location of the candles. These spirits are unable to act as long as the note peals (three minutes per activation success). The local Gauntlet in the area is reduced by 2 as well.

Any spirit servant of Uktena or Falcon can empower this fetish.

Tongue of the Leech

Level 3, Gnosis 8

This fetish is fashioned from the dried tongue of a vampire. It can heal a number of aggravated wounds equal to the number of successes gained by rolling the fetish's Gnosis versus the target's Rage. A botch means the tongue burrows into the target's flesh to seek blood, thus causing another aggravated wound.

Snake-spirits, Death-spirits and even a few Wyrmspirits can power this fetish.

Gnostic Bag

Level 4, Gnosis 9

This small pouch, usually decorated with ornamentation and Garou pictograms, can store Gnosis. To activate the pouch, the Garou must reach in and literally remove and eat the Gnosis. The number of successes on the activation roll determines the number of Gnosis points gained. The bag holds its Gnosis score in points; when exhausted, the bag must be recharged by spending points directly into the bag.

To create this fetish, an Engling must be bound into the bag.

Rager

Level 4, Gnosis 8

This shard of bone is made from the remains of an Ahroun who fell in combat against the Wyrms. When activated, the fury of the warrior fills the user with a point of Rage per activation success (maximum of 10 per story).

To create a Rager, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the bone: Anger, War, Wolverine or Boar.

Heart of the Spirit

Level 5, Gnosis 6

This fetish resembles a miniature heart carved from rose quartz. It allows the user to store up to ten points of Gnosis, Willpower or Rage (choose one at a time) within it. The activation roll's successes determine the number of points that can be stored that scene. A successful activation roll is also needed to draw points out of the heart; the number of successes determines the number of points available to be withdrawn.

To create this fetish, an Engling must be bound into the crystal.



Hearthstone

Level 5, Gnosis 8

This oblong flagstone is generally kept in a Garou's home. When placed within a domicile, it becomes a link to Gaia and permeates the home with tranquillity and calm. When the Hearthstone is activated, the area around it (up to the size of a small house) becomes linked to Gaia in the manner of a caern. Garou become able to regain Gnosis through meditation within a domicile that contains an activated Hearthstone. The stone works only within a permanent residence.

To create this fetish, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the stone: Calm, Ancestor or Peace.

Soothsay Runes

Level 6, Gnosis 7

This divinatory fetish can take many forms, from rare stones marked with Garou glyphs to carefully painted fortunetelling cards or even handmade playing cards. When activated, the runes show a vision or hint of the future. The clarity of the vision is determined by the successes on the roll. The difficulty is determined by the Storyteller, as is any information. Any readings about the Apocalypse inevitably come up blank, and should the Garou botch the roll for such a request, the cards are destroyed.

To create such a divinatory fetish, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the tools: Time, Dream, Enigmas or Wisdom.

Fetish Drums

The Garou often add deep, stirring rhythms and music to their rituals. The instruments they most often use are drums, particularly in Uktena and Wendigo rites. More than just instruments, some of these drums are powerful fetishes in their own right.

Most fetish drums require a Dexterity + Performance roll to activate, the difficulty being the drum's Gnosis. Such activation is never a combat action. The drummer must spend time letting the rhythm gain its own life and tempo, letting it feel its own pace. If the drummer takes particularly long, the Storyteller may want to substitute Stamina for Dexterity.

Bata'a

Level 1, Gnosis 5

This cone-shaped drum, possessing both large and small heads, adds one die to any Gifts or rites dealing with the Umbra. If the drummer knows the secret language of the Lucumi (the people who invented the drum type), he may send messages by drumming, even into the Umbra.

To create this fetish, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the drum: Wisdom, Enigmas or Music.

Spirit Drum

Level 2, Gnosis 5

This drum helps the drummer to call Gafflings, Jagglings and other minor spirits. The player rolls Dexterity + Performance versus the drum's Gnosis; the number of successes adds to the Dice Pool to call the spirit in a Rite of Summoning.

Any Wisdom-spirit can empower this drum.

Scar Fetishes

Many Garou are proud of the badges of honor they wear on their bodies as scars. Occasionally, as a sign of great respect and honor, a War-spirit may be bound into a scar, thus becoming a living fetish, part of the Garou itself. This practice is most common among the Uktena, Wendigo, Black Furies, Fianna and Get of Fenris, but some tribes bind War-spirits to their bodies in tattoos or in fetishes used as ornaments in piercings.

The power of these fetishes varies in function and form. Generally, it is up to the Storyteller and the player to decide the level and cost of these fetishes. It isn't recommended that a beginning player have scar fetishes, as they are generally gifts given after a great achievement.

Taltos Drum

Level 3, Gnosis 6

This drum is an aid to healing rituals. The number of successes the drummer gains while drumming equals the number of Health Levels healed in the listeners. This method of healing can be used only once per week (or per month at the Storyteller's discretion).

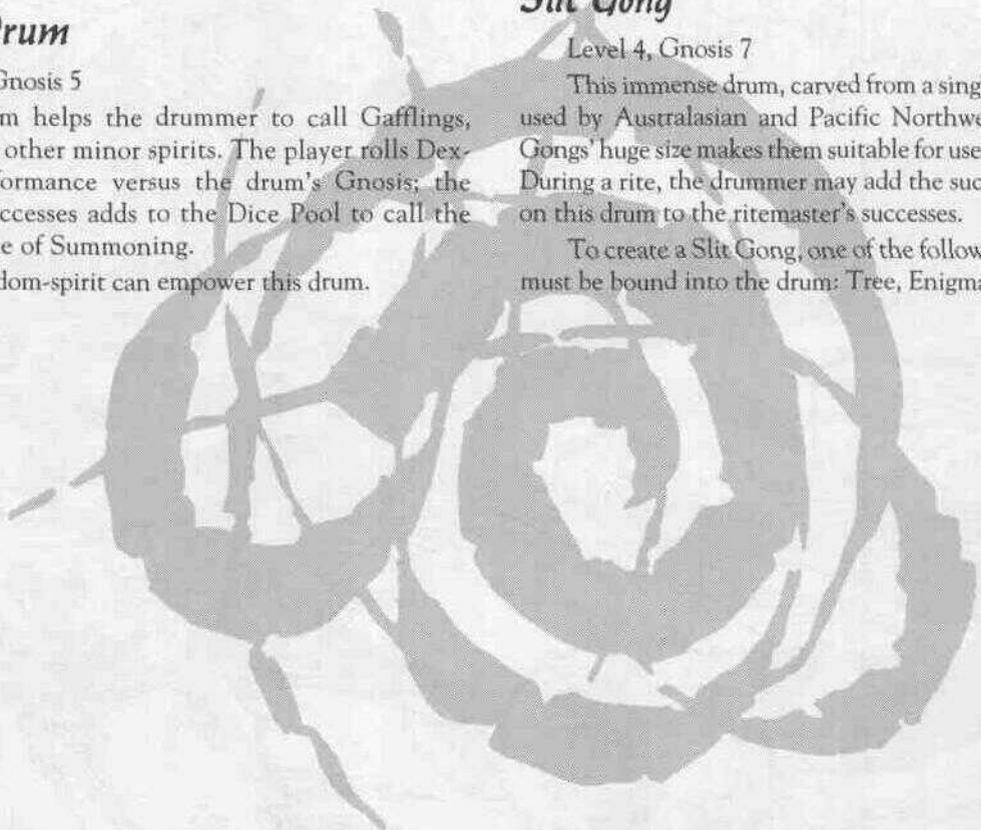
To create a Taltos Drum, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the drum: Unicorn, Healing or Snake.

Slit Gong

Level 4, Gnosis 7

This immense drum, carved from a single tree trunk, is used by Australasian and Pacific Northwest Garou. Slit Gongs' huge size makes them suitable for use in caerns only. During a rite, the drummer may add the successes he gains on this drum to the ritemaster's successes.

To create a Slit Gong, one of the following spirit types must be bound into the drum: Tree, Enigmas or Wisdom.





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Chapter Five: The Changing Breeds

When Gaia created the Garou, She never intended for them to be Her only protectors. What good is a warrior without perspective, one who cannot tell where his enemy is or remember how his enemy fought when last they met? How quickly would the Garou have fallen if they didn't know how to heal themselves or how to laugh in hard times? To that end, Gaia created several broods of two-skinned children, ones who could walk between human and beast, between spirit and flesh. They were the Changing Breeds, or the Bête.

Unfortunately, few of the Bête remain alive today. Many fell to Harano; others died out as their animal kin were slaughtered. But worst of all, thousands of the shapeshifters died long ago — at the talons of their cousins, the Garou.

The War of Rage

How did it start? That's hard to say. Most Garou say that it began out of jealousy. Like envious children, the Changing Breeds fell to squabbling long ago about who had the most important task and who was loved best by the Mother. And many agree that the most vehement — and violent — champions of the Garou's side were the Silver Fangs.

The Silver Fangs do not deny that they claimed superiority over the other shapeshifters. Even today, the Fangs do not doubt that as the foremost of warriors, they are directly ordained by Gaia Herself to lead their cousins to victory. So it seems likely enough that the Fangs of long ago demanded the right to command the various Changing Breeds, to tell werecat and werewolf alike how best to accomplish their tasks.

Naturally, the other shapeshifters disagreed. They knew their duty to Gaia well enough and objected to the Silver Fangs' attempts to tell them their place. The argument got louder and louder until, finally, *someone* — *no one* knows who — let his Rage get the better of him. Once first blood was spilled, war was inevitable.

The Gurahl — the werewolves — were the first to fall. Their territory was far too close to that of the Fangs, and many Garou believed that the werewolves were *unworthy* of their powers over life and death. Many of the other Bête leapt to the Gurahl's defense, and soon the war raged across the world. As the fighting grew worse, the Garou found themselves justifying the war with ever-mounting excuses — the Bastet never shared their secrets; the Mokolé and Nagah were the very image of the Wyrms; the Ananasi were alien and obviously traitors.

Sadly enough, the Garou were too strong. Gaia had designed them too well. They attacked with the strength of the pack, whereas the other shapeshifters could defend themselves only as a collection of individuals. No other race could match the *ferocious unity* of the werewolves' packs. Soon the Bête had to flee their lands and go into hiding. Individuals who survived found themselves the target of the Wyrms' forces, which caught many weakened Bête in their coils. Of the few who escaped, many fell into terrible grief, the deep, dark *despair of Harano*. Many survivors wandered to remote places to die alone and forgotten.

Such is the legacy of the Garou and their Rage. With the Gurahl gone, there are none to heal Gaia. With the Corax gone, there are none to warn Her. With the Bastet gone, there are none to watch over Her. And with the departure of the Nuwisha, there are none to help Her children laugh.

The Garou soon realized the horrible mistake they had made. Many of the tribes despaired — why hadn't they said anything? In those times, the line of their *kings was strong*. How could the judgment of the Silver Fangs be faulty?

And yet it was, and the world has suffered for it since.

Today

The Garou managed to drive several Changing Breeds fully to extinction, but a few still remain. Hardened by their forebears' tales of hatred and war, these scattered Bête hide themselves from the Garou and still go about their duties in the farthest corners of the world, at the *fringes* of the werewolves' territory.

Many Garou, especially the Children of Gaia and the Stargazers, regret the shapeshifter war, but others feel it was just — or at least they try to convince themselves it was so by fighting the few remaining Changers. Some *Shadow Lords* and the Silver Fangs still claim their right to rule the other shapechangers, and they find some support among the Black Furies, Red Talons and Get of Fenris. The Uktena and the Wendigo offer the most strenuous dissent to this notion. Whereas the Children of Gaia,



for example, mourn their lost cousins, the Native American tribes fight for the ones who still live.

The Uktena and Wendigo have kept a truce between themselves and their neighbors in the Pure Lands — including the Corax, Nuwisha and the Pumonca, or cougar clan of the Bastet. However, no Garou ever trusts a Mokolé or Ananasi, as they are too alien and *different*. As for the Nagah — well, even the other shapeshifters believe the Nagah to be dead.

Only a few places in the world are still ruled by the other Bête. Both the Balam werejaguars and the crocodilian Mokolé make their home in the Amazon Basin. The two groups wage constant war against both Pentex troops and the Garou who come to fight the megacorporation.

Asia is largely the realm of the hengeyokai, shapeshifters who answer to a different law than their Western counterparts. Although a few Garou have moved to the continent in hopes of helping Gaia there, they have been firmly rebuffed by the native Bête, who want nothing to do with these outsiders.

The Pacific Northwest is home to the few Corax, or wereravens, left in the world, save the ones on the British Isles. There are mysterious places in the southwestern United States where the Nuwisha, or werecoyotes, dwell. However, the exact number of other shapeshifters is unknowable, for



they fear to come forth and be counted. There are too many enemies waiting to pounce on them.

Gaia's Gifts

All shapeshifters share certain things in common, by virtue of their half-spirit blood and roles as the world's chosen. There are a few exceptions to every rule, of course — Gaia loves diversity — but for the most part, the following traits apply to all Changing Breeds unless otherwise stated.

All shapeshifters may regenerate as do Garou, regaining a Health Level every turn. Only aggravated damage prevents this regeneration, although Bête can soak most forms of aggravated damage (save silver, Luna's burden on the werereatures). They may all enter the Umbra as well, although many Changing Breeds cannot do so instinctively and must learn the trick of stepping sideways as a Gift. Of all the shapeshifters, the Nuwisha, Corax and Garou remain the authorities on travelling the spirit world.

Each Changing Breed has its own peculiar "tongue," a mixture of body language, actual words and noises of their animal form. These languages cannot be learned as easily as human speech, although a Garou may learn to speak heavily accented Nuwisha-talk or a few words of Mokolé speech, for instance. The language of a Changing Breed is instinctual, and it floods into the shapeshifter's mind shortly after the First Change. However, animal-breed Bête, whether feline, arach-

nid, corvid or other, have the same restrictions as lupus Garou on the Traits they can purchase with their initial point allotments.

All shapeshifters have at least three forms. Like a Garou, any shapeshifter can instantly shift forms by spending a Rage point or automatically assume her breed form with no roll or expenditure at all. In addition, a shapeshifter in her breed form is immune to the baneful effects of silver.

A few of the Changing Breeds participated to some extent in the Impergium, but most others abstained. As a result, when in war-form all Changing Breeds incite the Delirium in human onlookers. However, since few Bête participated in the culling of humanity, the Delirium they cause is lessened to some extent. Unless otherwise noted, a shapeshifter's Crinos form (or equivalent) inspires the Delirium as if the onlooker's Willpower were two points higher.

Finally, all shapeshifters with Rage can frenzy just as Garou do, gaining all the benefits (and hindrances) thereof.

Form and Function

The truest definition of what a shapeshifter really is lies with her purpose. Each of the Changing Breeds was born to a specific role, and each group reflects its task in the world. This peculiar teleology has led to some confusion among more scientifically inclined cubs, who don't see how the marsupial-related Bunyip were ever truly Garou or how the werecoyotes are so different from the werewolves when their coyote and wolf Kin are so similar. But the Bunyip were born to serve as warriors, and the Nuwisha were chosen to act as tricksters — and the two became very different indeed.

The Tales of the Others

The moot-fire burned low; most of the Garou had danced until they were spent, and now they lolled about in human or wolf form. The eldest among them, ones who had traveled the farthest, sat closer to the fire. The aged Uktena, Irena Wondervoiced, stood and strode about the circle; she met the fierce gaze of each of the elders as she walked and spoke.

"I thank you all for dancing with us; it has been far too long since so many of our people have gathered in this place, under these stars." She paused only a little, sharing an iron glance with a rough-featured Get who watched her carefully. "It is... good to remember that, despite our differences, we are all of one nation, of one blood. The tales of our ancestors glorify all of the Garou Nation and keep us wise and strong in battle. To that end, I call it now time to speak of our lost kin."

She gestured around the circle, and looked about the caern. "I have asked our fellow elders here to speak of our lost cousins, of the mistake we made when we warred on them and of the allies we have lost. You must learn the stories of our relatives, for we must honor their loss and recognize our shame by remembering."

With that, she sat down. The first of the elder speakers, a grizzled white wolf in Crinos, rose to his feet and began to speak.

Ananasi

Legendry

Winter's Muzzle speaks:

When Gaia was young and the Triat worked in harmony, the Weaver begat its first progeny, creatures designed to keep the Wyld in check. The greatest of Weaver's children was Queen Ananasa, who took the form of a spider and ruled over the Kingdoms of Chitin. Ananasa was the Weaver's messenger, and she spread wisdom to the humans where she ruled.

The Spider-Queen ruled with kindness until the day the Wyrn went mad. Some say she was taken captive by the Wyrn; some claim she eagerly joined the Corrupter in his madness and ruled by his side. Who can say the truth? Surely not me. I've heard others claim that the Weaver grew jealous of Ananasa's beauty and influence and sought to destroy her. Still other tales claim she was the bait in the Weaver's efforts to bind the Wyrn into servitude. Whatever really happened, the end result was immediate. The Ananasi — the children of the Spider-Queen — took notice of the mammals and reptiles for the first time. They involved themselves in the affairs of the other Changing Breeds. They interfered with the Impergium in certain places and insisted that humankind was theirs to guide. They refused to acknowledge the rights of the Garou to keep herd over the humans where the Ananasi dwelled.

The Silver Fangs felt the spiders' interference was unwarranted and, thus, retaliated. Wherever the Ananasi were found, the Silver Fangs and their followers tried to destroy them.

We discovered the hard way that they aren't very easy to kill. We've all heard the tales of the War of Rage. We've listened to the songs of slaughter and carnage. Some of us still revel in those past "glories," believing that our ancestors were right.

But they forget the other tales and brush aside the hatred we brewed and now must drink. When I was younger, and far more foolish, I tracked down one of the Ananasi. I wanted to speak of the past and try to mend the gap between our races. One of my pack grew impatient on the way, snarling threats and scoffing at the legends of the great spiders of the Amazon. I found his body two days after he disappeared. He was a husk, a dried, shriveled shell without a solitary drop of moisture left in him. Pinned to his chest was a simple note. It read: "You are not forgiven."

It's hard to say who the Ananasi ally themselves with. Each part of the Triat claims some of the spiders as servants. I suspect they would make wonderful allies and very dangerous enemies.

Description

The Ananasi are unique among the Changing Breeds. They are the only remaining shapeshifters who are part of the world most people ignore. There are hundreds of thousands of spiders in a single acre of land. Most folks tend to forget this fact, and that includes the Garou. Even without

benefit of special Gifts, the Ananasi can hide in plain sight, too small to be noticed.

A single Ananasi is literally an army of arachnids with but one mind. Unlike the other Changing Breeds, the werespiders can literally be in a hundred places at once. In times long past, humans worshipped the Ananasi as gods — or devils — in various lands throughout the world. The spiders neither considered themselves a part of the human race nor even particularly close to their human Kinfolk. Instead, their Kinfolk were merely breeding stock. While that might sound insulting, to the Ananasi it's merely a fact. Countless generations ago, the Ananasi served as advisors and protectors of their human cousins in exchange for reverence. To the werespiders, it was the way things were always meant to be. Human emotion has never been a part of their world; the Ananasi were always more akin to their arachnid relatives than their human ones. Predatory by nature and often cannibalistic, they've never felt a special bond with any other beings.

Although most believe the Ananasi came originally from Africa, there is no solid evidence to confirm this notion. Legends of their kind spread back through every continent but Antarctica, and in their Homid forms, they are as likely to be Asian as they are to be African.

It's not too difficult for most of the supernaturals to confuse the Ananasi with vampires. Most of the werespiders are nocturnal, preferring to live and hunt in the darkness. Even when in Homid form, the werespiders can drink the blood of their prey by employing retractable fangs. Many of the Ananasi are almost unnaturally pale in their humanoid forms, and as a rule they are always unusually attractive. Perhaps it's the vague threat of a predator that humans sense when they stare, almost mesmerized, at an Ananasi in Homid form. Perhaps it's simply that the werespiders have a remarkable control over their shapes and are vain. No one knows really except the Ananasi.

While the Ananasi are often nocturnal by choice, they suffer no ill effects from sunlight. As with the victims of vampires, individuals werespiders feed from are often overwhelmed by a feeling of almost sexual intensity while the feeding occurs. This effect probably derives from the mild venom Ananasi inject into their prey to anesthetize the victim's flesh and close the wounds left by the werespider's fangs. The venom is powerful, and only minutes after such a feeding the victim's wounds are normally healed, leaving only the faintest scars. A victim killed during a feeding doesn't heal, which has led to some potentially dangerous situations regarding certain vampires and their "Masquerade."

Unlike vampires, Ananasi almost always prefer more isolated areas, where they can take on the form of numerous spiders and dwell in relative peace. While most werespiders claim to prefer human blood or even warm mammal blood, flies and other insects work perfectly well to keep them fed.

The truth of the matter, however, is that only warm, mammalian blood gives the werespiders their other, special talents. Whereas most Changing Breeds have Rage to aid them in healing and combat, the Ananasi have Blood Pools, much like vampires. Mammalian blood allows them to take extra actions and even to heal their wounds, just as with vampires.

Organization

The Ananasi tend toward lives of relative solitude. By their

very nature, they are solitary hunters and individuals. However, they believe very strongly in family, and all of the Ananasi accept each other as kindred spirits, no matter which faction they follow.

Despite their tendency toward leading private lives, they frequently communicate with one another, even if that normally means picking up the phone and calling a relative to catch up on the latest gossip.

While it's fairly rare, there are some groups of Ananasi who gather together for protection. Normally, this phenomenon occurs in the cities or in areas where the other Changing Breeds — particularly the Garou — regularly make their presence known. When werespiders do gather in force, it's always the eldest females who lead them.

It's commonly accepted that Queen Ananasa leads the actions of the werespiders, but exactly how she rules over them is unknown. The Ananasi still claim to follow their great queen, but at the same time they war among themselves with a ferocity almost unseen even by the Garou. There is a three-way civil war occurring between the werespiders, and no one is certain just who will come out victorious in the end. The factions fighting each other are aligned with the Weaver, the Wym and the Wyld respectively. Rarest of the three are the Hatar, or Goblin Spiders, the followers of the Wym. While it's known that Queen Ananasa is presently in Malfeas, most believe she is a captive there. Apparently, the Hatar follow the Wym in an effort to keep her safe. The Kumoti, or Wyld-Spiders, serve the Wyld in the belief that the only way to save their queen is to free her from the clutches of the Wym. The Kumoti and Hatar are seen most commonly in Asia, where they're known collectively as the Kumo and where they have a surprising amount of influence among the other hengeyokai. Finally, the Skein-Spiders, the most common of the Ananasi, follow the Weaver as all the Ananasi did long ago. Their belief is that the Weaver still protects Queen Ananasa within her royal Opal Chambers, which both other factions see as a prison rather than a ward against injury.

Despite the war raging between the three groups, there are still certain rules that all werespiders observe. None ever stands by while another of its kind is hurt by an outsider. Any werespider seeing another attacked by anything apart from an Ananasi immediately steps into the combat to aid its relative, regardless of political beliefs. While they seem to have no trouble with waging war among themselves, outside interference is another story entirely.

Little is known of how or where the Ananasi gather for matters of tribal importance. There are, allegedly, caves deep within the jungles of Africa that house the original palace of Queen Ananasa. Most believe these caves to be sacred to the werespiders. Such a place surely would be "neutral ground" where the Ananasi might discuss events that affect them as a race.



Traits

Without exception, the Ananasi do not possess Rage. What they have instead is a Blood Pool that allows them to heal wounds and take extra actions. Each Ananasi is capable of holding 10 Blood Points comfortably; more than that and they tend to feel sluggish. Unlike a vampire, however, the loss of blood from a werespider's Blood Pool doesn't weaken an Ananasi any more than fighting on an empty stomach would weaken a Garou. When the Blood Pool is empty, they simply can't heal themselves or take extra actions any longer — not until they drink mammalian blood again, anyway.

Ananasi may spend only one Blood Point per turn, either for rebuilding their injured forms or for taking extra actions. One point of blood heals one Health Level of damage or allows for one extra action. As a result of their lack of Rage, the Ananasi do not suffer from a weakness to silver. The metal causes them neither aggravated damage nor a loss of Gnosis. Many believe that the Ananasi suffer from a special weakness to pesticides, but there's little truth to the rumor. In actuality, any amount that would harm a spider harms the werespiders while they are in their Crawlerling form. To affect them in any other form requires as much of the toxin as would be needed to harm a full-grown human.

If the Ananasi can be said to have a weakness, it's that they don't share the other Changing Breeds' immunity to disease or even their powerful tolerance to poisons. The Ananasi, who don't regenerate in the same fashion as the other shapeshifters, don't get the extra defenses that protect their brethren against viruses and maladies. Both the natural and supernatural diseases of the world have claimed many a werespider.

Ananasi do have a Renown system, but the traits are different than the ones for werewolves. Werespider traits include Cunning (the primary and most important Trait for the Hatar), Obedience (the most important Trait for the Skein-Spiders) and Wisdom (most important for the Kumoti). Cunning deals with how they handle themselves in combat and how well they can manipulate others they encounter. Obedience reflects how well they follow the orders of their superiors and, through them, Queen Ananasa. Wisdom measures how well they've learned the lessons life has to offer and how well they've taught those lessons to others. Their desire to stay away from other Changing Breeds notwithstanding, the Ananasi still believe in granting wisdom to their Kinfolk in exchange for services rendered. Just what those services are is anyone's guess.

The Ananasi are not restricted in their Background Traits, save by their breed. A werespider born of spider Kinfolk isn't likely to have millions of dollars or a license to drive. All Ananasi have an automatic connection to the Queen Ananasa Totem.

Queen Ananasa (Totem of Wisdom)

Background Cost: 5 (free to Ananasi)

Queen Ananasa remains in Malfestas, though it's uncertain if she does so by choice. Although she rests in the

Wyrms' realm, she still looks after all of her children, regardless of their affiliation to the Triat.

Traits: Ananasa grants her children Occult +3 and Enigmas +2. While she remains silent to most, the eldest and most powerful of her followers remain in contact with her and share her wisdom with their factions.

Ban: Ananasi must defend each other from outsiders, though they are free to squabble among themselves in any way they see fit.

Breeds

The Ananasi have two confirmed breeds: homid and arachnid. If there are actually metis Ananasi, the werespiders aren't talking, and even the ever-curious Nuwisha haven't managed to find any evidence of their existence. Arachnid Ananasi have the same trait restrictions as lupus Garou.

Human-born Ananasi have one very simple advantage over their brethren: They start off with the mass they need in order to attain their full size. Arachnid Ananasi must quite literally eat their way to the proper size, consuming their egg-mates and often devouring every regular spider for several acres before they've gained the necessary mass. The arachnid-born werespiders often take on coloration and characteristics of the local spider populace as a result of this rapid weight gain. For example, an Ananasi who comes of age in Texas is likely to resemble a tarantula, whereas a werespider from New York would more likely resemble a wolf spider. When running in the Crawlerling form, the Ananasi almost always looks exactly like the spiders originally consumed, unless he wills larger spiders to form from his flesh.

While the Ananasi aren't influenced by the moon or the sun, they are influenced by the member of the Triat they choose to follow. In the Ananasi's case, the auspice they work under reflects whether they follow the Wyrms, the Weaver or the Wyld.

A homid Ananasi starts with the following Traits:

Initial Willpower: 3

Initial Gnosis: 1

Beginning Gifts: Web Haven, Blur of the Milky Eye, one Auspice Gift

An arachnid Ananasi starts with the following Traits:

Initial Willpower: 4

Initial Gnosis: 5

Beginning Gifts: Eyes of the Cat, Jump, one Auspice Gift

Forms

The werespiders have amazing control over their own anatomies. As freakish as their regular gamut of forms is, some who've encountered Ananasi claim the creatures have appeared in even more outlandishly frightening shapes — but the toxins from the werespiders' venom could well have distorted these unfortunates' perceptions.

The Homid form of the Ananasi is human in every aspect. They eat like humans and can mate with humans while in this form. While ordinary food can sustain an Ananasi, it lacks certain...elements, thus leading the werespiders to prefer their liquid diet. Once out of Homid form, they are incapable of consuming regular solid foods.

The Lilian form is almost unique, different for each werespider. Some remain upright, standing on two legs and growing additional appendages down their torsos. Some become almost completely arachnid, save that a humanoid trunk grows from the area where the spider's head would be, making such Ananasi seem like freakish spider-centaurs. In every case, a hard, thick carapace forms over the body; nobody could look a Lilian Ananasi in the face and mistake its features for human. Often their faces are almost completely human, though immobilized by the carapace, yet just as frequently their faces resemble the alien visage of a giant spider, complete with eight eyes and mandibles. In all of these various forms, the Ananasi acquire the full use of eight limbs and the same Attribute modifications. No variation is stronger than any other, and it seems the main differences are cosmetic. In this form, as with all forms but the Homid, the Ananasi rely on blood as their sustenance.

The Pithus form of the Ananasi is that of a gigantic spider. The actual type of spider changes depending on locale: In desert areas, the Pithus often resembles a tarantula or trap-door spider, whereas in moister regions the Pithus looks more akin to a brown recluse or black widow of epic proportions. The actual appearance doesn't change from area to area, but instead has to do with where the Ananasi comes from originally.

Of all the forms, the most disquieting to watch an Ananasi assume is the Crawlerling. The werespider breaks himself into a horde of normal-sized spiders, literally enough to make up his full human mass. Considering the weight of the average spider, that makes for a substantial number. While in any combat situation, most Ananasi seem to lean toward larger, more aggressive shapes. When trying to hide themselves, however, many prefer the faster and less detectable forms of their species.

Gifts

Ananasi start with three Gifts: one Breed Gift, one Auspice Gift and one Tribe Gift. There simply isn't enough room in this book to detail all the Gifts available to the Ananasi. For that reason, the Gifts listed below are restricted to the tribal Gifts of the werespiders. When creating an Ananasi character, the Storyteller and player should consider the Gifts already listed in *Werewolf*. Homid Gifts suit the homid breed and Lupus Gifts work roughly for the arachnid breed. For Auspice Gifts, most Glass Walker Gifts are appropriate to followers of the Weaver, Red Talon Gifts suit the followers of the Wyld and Black Spiral Dancer Gifts work well enough for the Wyrms' servants.

Form Statistics

| Lilian | Pithus | Crawlerling |
|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Str: +3 | Str: +4 | Str: 0 |
| Dex: +3 | Dex: +2 | Dex: +6 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +3 | Sta: 0 |
| App: -1 | App: -2 | App: 0 |
| Man: -1 | Man: -3 | Man: 0 |
| Diff: 6 | Diff: 7 | Diff: 6 |
| Str +1 Bite | Str +3 Bite | Str -4 Bite |
| Claw +2 | Web | Web |

In Lilian and Pithus both, the Ananasi incite the Delirium at full strength.

In Pithus and Crawlerling, the Ananasi can spin webs. For the Crawlerling form, these webs are as strong as a regular spider's; for Pithus, these webs are as strong as steel cables and resist Strength rolls with a 9 Strength for anyone unfortunate enough to get stuck in them. Spinning webs in Pithus form requires the expenditure of 1 Blood Point.

In Crawlerling form, the Ananasi are almost indestructible. So long as even one spider remains, a werespider can come back from the battle a survivor. Given time, the individual can once again grow to its full mass by devouring other spiders and, in extreme cases, other arachnids. However, if more than 30 percent of its body mass is destroyed, the werespider often comes back looking very different than she did before, at least in any of her non-Homid forms.

- **Jump (Level One)** — Spiders have amazing strength, proportionately speaking, and many can leap immense distances. With this Gift, the Ananasi can cover distances that would put even the finest athletes to shame. This Gift is taught by a Spider-spirit.

System: The Ananasi must make a Strength + Athletics roll, difficulty 6. Thus, the werespider can double the distance he could normally leap for each success. Three successes change a normal vertical leap from 5 feet per success to 40 feet per success for a werespider in the Pithus form.

- **Web Haven (Level One)** — The werespider using this Gift creates a barrier for the night that anchors in both the material world and the Umbra as well. This fortress works as an early warning system alerting the Ananasi to any potential threats (or meals) that enter the area the werespider has claimed. While the werespider must actually spin a web to use this Gift, the web lacks the typical characteristics — sticky and obvious — unless the Ananasi desires them. When crafting the web, the character can instead choose to have its strands blend perfectly with the surroundings, thus camouflaging them from all natural senses. This Gift is taught by a Spider-spirit.

System: The character must spend one Blood Point creating the web (unless in Crawlerling form) and make a Gnosis roll, difficulty 7. The area affected is roughly 100 feet in radius per success. Unlike typical webs, Web Havens may be anchored in the air or even in the water and do not need solid supports to remain intact.

• **Morphean Bite (Level Two)** — The Ananasi employing this Gift can knock an opponent into a deep sleep by using her venomous bite. Once bitten, the target immediately succumbs to the powerful toxins. This Gift is taught by an Avatar of Queen Ananasa.

System: The character bites a target and then makes a Gnosis roll, difficulty of the target's Stamina, before the venom can take effect. Once unconscious, the victim remains asleep for 12 hours unless awakened violently. Even if the target is prematurely revived, he suffers a -2 to all Physical Attributes for the remainder of the scene. Most Ananasi use this Gift to ease feeding on larger prey.

• **Replenishment of the Flesh (Level Two)** — The Ananasi may heal her wounds with this Gift by drawing spiders into her body. This Gift is taught by an Ancestor-spirit.

System: The character may take no other actions while using this Gift. The character absorbs the summoned arachnids into her flesh, and they become a part of the werespider. While spiders are preferable, this Gift can attract ticks, mites and scorpions to complete the healing process. The Ananasi heals one Health Level per Gnosis point spent.

• **Venom Bite (Level Three)** — The character can use her fangs to inject a mutated venom that paralyzes her victims. The effects are instantaneous and capable of stopping a bull elephant in full rampage...or even a Garou. This Gift is taught by a Spider-spirit.

System: The character spends a Gnosis point, makes a Gnosis roll (difficulty of the target's Stamina +4) and must successfully bite the target before the venom can take effect. One full dose of the venom removes a target's ability to control his limbs. A second bite stops autonomic functions such as breathing and heartbeat. This Gift has no effect on other Ananasi and is normally used only when there are superior numbers of enemies. This venom can be purged from the system by any supernatural method; it counts as four Health Levels of nonaggravated damage for purposes of healing.

• **Spinnerets (Level Three)** — With this Gift, the Ananasi may generate webs in any form. In Homid form, the spinnerets appear on the hands and the feet; in all other forms the spinnerets appear on the abdomen. In all forms the webs are strong enough to hold four times the Ananasi's weight. This Gift is taught by a Spider-spirit.

System: The character must spend 1 Blood Point to generate any useful amount of webbing. At the Storyteller's discretion, the cost may be higher (a web bridging the Grand Canyon is possible but would likely require 20 or 30 Blood Points).



• **Entropic Bite (Level Four)** — The Ananasi using this Gift can produce a powerful venom that causes painful ulcerations and stops any regenerative abilities for as long as it remains in the target's system. The venom is progressive and capable of killing an adult human in one turn. This Gift is taught by a Spider-spirit.

System: The character must successfully bite her target; the player then spends two Gnosis and makes a Gnosis roll, difficulty of the target's Stamina +5. Once the venom enters a target's system, the target begins to feel the burning pain caused by the bite. The target takes one unsoakable Health Level of damage each turn; the poison stays in effect for one turn per success. The damage is considered aggravated, as the venom courses into the bloodstream and actually begins destroying blood cells and necrotizing muscle. Ananasi are immune to these toxins and often use this Gift to melt their prey into an edible soup. Vampires are affected by this Gift, but may remove the venom by forcing five Blood Points worth of blood from their bodies. During the time it takes them to remove the poisoned blood from their systems, affected vampires can take no other actions.

• **Iron Web (Level Four)** — The Ananasi can spin a web that is nearly transparent and remarkably durable. Many Ananasi use this Gift to create their permanent sanctuaries. This Gift is taught by an avatar of Queen Ananasa.

System: The character must spend one Gnosis, make a Gnosis roll (difficulty 7) and spend Blood Points as usual. The Iron Web generated by this Gift is extremely tough and often lasts for months, even years. This web is resistant to fire and able to soak damage as if it had a 7 Stamina. Each cubic foot of the Iron Web can withstand 5 Health Levels of damage, in addition to its ability to soak damage, before it breaks.

• **Carapace (Level Five)** — The Ananasi generates a heavy, damage-resistant body armor over her exoskeleton, thus allowing her to resist much heavier sorts of injury. This Gift is taught by a Crab-spirit.

System: The Ananasi adds +4 to her Stamina for the purpose of soaking damage. This Gift costs one Gnosis to activate. The armor lasts for one scene and regenerates itself whenever it's penetrated.

• **Umbral Barrier (Level Five)** — The werespider spins a web that increases the Gauntlet in a given area, thus making it more difficult for anyone to pass to or from the Umbra. As the creator of the barrier, the Ananasi has the option of building a secret passage through the web, thereby skirting the increase in difficulties. This Gift is taught by an avatar of Queen Ananasa.

System: The character must expend the appropriate number of Blood Points to build the web she desires. While building the web, she must spend two Gnosis and make a Wits + Occult roll, difficulty 8. Each success increases the area's Gauntlet by 1. Rumors persist that the Ananasi have used these Umbral Barriers to hide their own caerns from detection and even to steal away other caerns from the Garou as revenge for the past slaughter of werespiders.

Rites

Ananasi use many of the same Rites as the Uktena (Wyld), the Glass Walkers (Weaver) and the Black Spiral Dancers (Wyrn).

Quote

We tried to join them in their quest to protect the humans and Gaia as well. In return, we were murdered. Never again. The rules of engagement are changing, and we are the ones making the changes. Queen Ananasa will be free, and the fools will learn the error of their ways.

Stereotypes

• **Garou** — We have not forgiven their arrogance, nor have we forgotten our fallen family. But we are patient. The time is not yet right to destroy the wolflings.

• **Corax** — Watch the skies.

• **Gurahl** — They are but pawns the Garou have beaten into submission and forced to live a lie. They've forgotten what they once were. Though we bear them no malice, we shall show them no pity should they cross our paths.

• **Mokolé** — We dwell in many of the same places. The Mokolé are noble and terrifying enemies. Respect their power. Also, cold blood is less flavorful than that of mammals. Avoid them if possible.

• **Nagah** — Obviously a myth created by foolish wolflings who can't recognize a Mokolé when they see one. We'll keep saying that and pray that the myth remains just that. The reality would be frightening.

• **Nuwisha** — Cousins to the wolflings but far superior in wisdom. It's seldom that a Nuwisha feels the need to kill wantonly. They are very curious and tend to talk of what they learn. Avoid them.

• **Ratkin** — They grovel in the sewers and feed off the droppings of other, better creatures. They are also very good at learning things hidden. Treat them with respect and never, never trust a ratling.

• **Rokea** — *What use do we have for fishlings?*

Bastet

Legendry

Silicon Dragon flips open his laptop and speaks:

This tale of the Bastet was sent to me via email a few weeks ago.

The children of Dragon were charged with remembering all that occurred so that future generations could seek that wisdom. The children of Wolf were charged with defending Gaia from all evil. Gaia felt that these two would be enough, but soon She began to hear complaints. Dragon grumbled that his children could not travel very far from the rivers, so how were they supposed to remember things they didn't know about? Wolf was frustrated by how easily his children were led into ambushes or surprised by an enemy's tactics. How were they supposed to plan their attacks when they didn't know what they were up against? So Gaia promised to find them a clever ally who could spy out happenings in distant lands or gather information on Her enemies for them.

She searched all over Her creation for a suitable spy, until She grew very weary and stopped to rest for the night. All Her searching had accomplished nothing. Then She noticed the moonlight gleaming in a pair of eyes. "Who is there?" She called, and Cat stepped forward. Gaia thought: With eyes like that, he must be able to see very well, and he is certainly stealthy enough to spy on my enemies. And so, She charged the children of Cat to be Her eyes in the world and spy out the secrets Her other children needed to know.

Cat did not like being told what to do, but he could not argue with Gaia. Cat was also envious of the gift that had been given to the children of Wolf and Dragon. His children had been taught no such tricks when he was charged with his duty. Wolf and Dragon shunned the places of men and wasted their gift, while he found man infinitely fascinating. Still, he had no choice but to do as he was bid.

Soon, Dragon and Wolf came to Gaia again with the same complaints as before. "You promised us an ally," they said.

"And I have given you one," Gaia replied, and She summoned Cat before Her. "I know your children have not failed in their duty, so why have they not shared what they have found with the children of Dragon and Wolf?" Cat, who had only grudgingly been doing as he was told, considered how to turn this recalcitrance to his advantage.

"Their work is incomplete. The places of man hold many secrets but few hiding places for my children. The men run in fear when my children approach too closely, so they cannot learn man's secrets. They would not give an incomplete report, for that can be just as misleading as none at all."

"Very well," Gaia said. "You may now also take the shapes of men in order to learn their secrets."

Cat was pleased at having gotten what he wanted. His children went off to learn the secrets of man, and that is how the Bastet came to be.

When Dragon and Wolf came again to Gaia, they grumbled that Cat would still not tell them what he had learned. So Gaia summoned Cat again and asked why he had not shared his secrets. Cat replied,

"It is impossible to share a secret, for once you do it is a secret no longer." Gaia then saw She would get nothing from Cat and grew angry that he had manipulated Her. "Fine! You may keep your secrets, but keep them well — for they will prove your undoing!"

The next time Gaia chose a creature to be her eyes, she chose more wisely.

Description

Bastet, the great cat skinchangers, consider themselves to be the "Eyes of Gaia." It's a role they relish, as it gives them an excuse to indulge their natural curiosity and pry into the secrets of others. Of course, they would rather discover things by watching others than by engaging in any activity that might get them dirty, so they're not infallible at learning secrets. But as superior fighters to the Corax, Bastet can afford to dig a lot deeper to obtain the information they need, and they also have the patience to do so. For some strange reason, Bastet are practically magnets for other supernaturals and so have become very adept at learning what vampires, mages and even changelings have to hide. The Corax see much from their lofty perches, but often the view from within is more useful. Unfortunately, unlike the Corax, the Bastet sometimes don't know when it's better to share a secret instead of being stubbornly enigmatic. The rough treatment they experienced in the Wars of Rage has not made them any more communicative.

The bad blood between the cat-changers and their wolf cousins goes back to the Impergium. Bastet were squarely opposed to this method of dealing with humanity because they wanted to see what interesting things human inventiveness would lead to if permitted to reach its full potential. Many modern Bastet regret the folly of allowing humans to expand to the point that the cats' kin and kind are near extinction in many places. Still, that doesn't make them any fonder of the Garou.

Organization

With the exception of the Simba werelions, who organize themselves into prides, Bastet are not particularly social creatures. Being solitary hunters, they have little reason to form a society of their own. The tribal prejudices that form such strong divisions among the Garou are less important among the Bastet. Therefore, these individualistic creatures generally judge another cat on her own merits. The eight surviving tribes of Bastet all have their own origin myths and Gifts, and they do tend to share a certain outlook. They are divided by which species of great cat they're related to rather than by philosophical or national ties as are the Garou.

Occasionally, however, Bastet do gather to exchange secrets and stories and to perform rites. They call this sort of

gathering a taghairm. Usually, a single Bastet hosts the event in her Den-Realm (an Umbral "den," which a Bastet has mystically "staked out" for herself — for more information on the Den-Realm Background, see **Bastet** pp. 83-84). Guests other than Bastet are not welcome, and woe to anyone caught spying on the werecats' secret gatherings!

Traits

Because werecats do not receive Luna's favor in the same way a Garou does, they have no auspices. Willpower for Bastet is determined by tribe. A Bastet player might want to select a Nature and Demeanor for her character for the purposes of regaining Willpower.

Feline Bastet have the same restrictions on Backgrounds and Abilities that lupus Garou do. In addition, Bastet may not take the Past Lives or Pack Totem Backgrounds, and if the werecat is past her First Year she also may not have the Mentor Background.

Bastet determine rank slightly differently than do Garou. Bastet have their own brand of Honor, but they value Ferocity above Glory and Cleverness above Wisdom. Also, because Bastet are so few and far between, it's much more difficult to gain their attention (and, thus, their recognition). One way a Bastet can gain Rank is by attending a taghairm to undergo the Rite of Recognition before her peers (although it can be performed by a solitary Bastet for herself; the spirits present at the rite spread the tales of her deeds).

Breeds

Bastet breed in the same fashion as Garou but because they are in season only once a year, metis are rarer among them. Metis earn the same respect as any other werecat and are judged on their deeds rather than their parentage. As with the Garou, homid is the most common breed of Bastet. With the diminishing of their cat kin's natural habitats, feline Bastet become rarer each year.

Because of their innate knack for magic, werecats start one Gnosis higher than Garou of the same breed. Homids start with two, metis with four and felines with six.



Forms

Like the Garou, Bastet can change into five forms: Homid, Sokto (Glabro equivalent), Crinos, Chatro (Hispo equivalent) and Feline. Werecats do inspire the Delirium in Crinos form, but at one level lower on the Delirium Chart. The Chatro form is the one that is truly terrifying for humans. This massive, saber-toothed war-form causes people viewing it to suffer the full effects of Delirium by stirring up ancestral memories of ferocious smilodons.

Tribes

• Bagheera (werepanthers/wereleopards)

Initial Rage: 2

Initial Willpower: 4

Judges and mediators among the Bastet, Bagheera tend to be widely traveled and well educated. They enjoy philosophical, religious and cultural studies. Although mainly of Indian descent, there are also African, Asian and even European Bagheera. They are more likely than other tribes to have dealings with non-Bastet. While they are the most even-tempered of the cats, when a Bagheera rouses to anger, even the most arrogant Simba are smart enough to stay out of his way.

Form Statistics

| Sokto | Crinos | Chatro | Feline |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Str: +1 | Str: +3 | Str: +2 | Str: +1 |
| Dex: +1 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +3 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +2 |
| Man: -1 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 |
| App: -1 | App: 0 | App: -2 | |

• Balam (werejaguars)

Initial Rage: 4

Initial Willpower: 3

The Balam are fierce defenders of the fast diminishing wilderness of Central and South America. They are almost exclusively of Native South American tribal descent and favor the weapons and fashions of the ancient tribes of that region, though some use modern arms (the better to inflict mass destruction on their Garou and Pentex foes). The desperate battle to preserve their lands and their people leaves the werejaguars with little time or inclination to socialize — and so their rich cultural heritage, powerful spirit magics and strong sense of both honor and family responsibility go unseen by outsiders.

Form Statistics

| Sokto | Crinos | Chatro | Feline |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Str: +2 | Str: +3 | Str: +3 | Str: +2 |
| Dex: +1 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +2 | Dex: +3 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +2 | Sta: +2 |
| Man: -1 | Man: -4 | Man: -4 | Man: -3 |
| App: -1 | App: 0 | App: 0 | |

• Bubasti

Initial Rage: 1

Initial Willpower: 5

Thought by many to be extinct, these werecats are related to the cats of Kyphur, large wildcats that once lived along the

lower Nile; the ancient Egyptians worshipped these animals as demigods. Those feline kin are long gone, but somehow a handful of these lean and eerie Bastet have survived. Their feline forms are always black. All Bubasti wear some kind of occult jewelry or symbols and tend to favor Egyptian motifs. Their knowledge of the occult and ancient, or forbidden, lore is unparalleled among the other shapechangers, and they often ally themselves to mages or vampires. Their seekings into darker mysteries make Bubasti especially vulnerable to Wyrmtaint, however, and even other Bastet do not trust them.

Form Statistics

| Sokto | Crinos | Chatro | Feline |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Str: +0 | Str: +1 | Str: +2 | Str: -1 |
| Dex: +1 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +4 | Dex: +4 |
| Sta: +0 | Sta: +1 | Sta: +1 | Sta: +1 |
| Man: +0 | Man: -2 | Man: -2 | Man: +0 |
| App: +1 | App: -3 | App: 0 | |

• Khan (weretigers)

Initial Rage: 5

Initial Willpower: 2

The Khan, the warriors of the Bastet, match an Ahroun in Rage and can often exceed him in physical prowess. This tribe stresses the virtues of honor and obedience. The decimation of their feline kin, both in southern Asia and Siberia, has thinned their ranks dramatically and stirred up their hatred for humans. Many of the tiger-folk have left their traditional homelands and settled in cities around the globe, the better to prevent the complete extinction of their tribe.

Form Statistics

| Sokto | Crinos | Chatro | Feline |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Str: +2 | Str: +3 | Str: +4 | Str: +2 |
| Dex: +1 | Dex: +2 | Dex: +2 | Dex: +2 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 |
| Man: -1 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 |
| App: -1 | App: 0 | App: 0 | |

• Pumonca (werecougars)

Initial Rage: 3

Initial Willpower: 4

Pumonca are loners and wanderers, even more so than other Bastet. They seem to have some special connection with their North American homeland, however, and never stray too far from it for very long. Many are of Native American descent, though nowadays the werecougars have also bred with many hardy and like-minded loners. They consider themselves the children of Thunderbird and their duty to rid their homeland of corruption is one they take very seriously.

Form Statistics

| Sokto | Crinos | Chatro | Feline |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Str: +1 | Str: +3 | Str: +3 | Str: +2 |
| Dex: +2 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +3 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +4 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 |
| Man: -1 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 | Man: +0 |
| App: +1 | App: 0 | App: 0 | |

- **Qualmi (werelynxes)**

Initial Rage: 2

Initial Willpower: 5

The Qualmi are a curious, mystical folk who delight in puzzles and enigmas, so much so that they tend to speak in riddles and questions themselves. Qualmi are smaller in physical stature than other werecat tribes, and they tend to look much older than their actual age; even the youngsters have gray hair. Very few werelynxes have white ancestors, and they are *mainly descendants of the natives of the Northern United States and Canada*. Qualmi generally live in the more remote reaches of their homelands. They tend to favor sturdy, outdoor-style clothing but always wear some insignia of the moon about them.

Form Statistics

| Sokto | Crinos | Chatro | Feline |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Str: +0 | Str: +1 | Str: +1 | Str: +0 |
| Dex: +2 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +4 | Dex: +4 |
| Sta: +0 | Sta: +1 | Sta: +1 | Sta: +0 |
| Man: +0 | Man: -2 | Man: -2 | Man: -2 |
| App: +1 | App: 0 | App: 0 | |

- **Simba (werelions)**

Initial Rage: 5

Initial Willpower: 2

Believing themselves to be the kings of the Bastet as well as of lesser beasts, the Simba can be overbearingly arrogant at times. As the only Bastet tribe that has any formal organization, they place a high value on strength and order. Each pride is self-reliant, though prides sometimes form a loose federation owing allegiance to a high king. Simba are almost exclusively of African descent, though there are a few whites among them. Both males and females have wild, thick hair in Homid form, but females do not retain their manes in their cat forms.

Form Statistics

| Sokto | Crinos | Chatro | Feline |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Str: +2 | Str: +3 | Str: +3 | Str: +3 |
| Dex: +1 | Dex: +2 | Dex: +2 | Dex: +3 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +2 |
| Man: -1 | Man: -2 | Man: -2 | Man: -1 |
| App: +1 | App: 0 | App: 0 | |

- **Swara (werecheetah)**

Initial Rage: 2

Initial Willpower: 4

The other tribes often underestimate these shy and wily Bastet, but the Swara have several advantages no other tribe can claim. First and most obvious is their natural speed and agility. The other is a closely guarded secret among them: Learning to step sideways is much easier for Swara than for other Bastet. Like the Pumonca, Swara are loners and wanderers. However, their territory extends much farther, even deep into the Umbra, though their innate xenophobia always leads them back to the grasslands of Africa. They tend to favor their feline ancestry, finding cheetah infinitely more trustworthy than humans. Those Swara who do mate with humans usually choose African bushpeople or Bantu as lovers.

Form Statistics

| Sokto | Crinos | Chatro | Feline |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Str: +1 | Str: +2 | Str: +2 | Str: +1 |
| Dex: +2 | Dex: +4 | Dex: +4 | Dex: +4 |
| Sta: +1 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +2 |
| Man: -1 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 |
| App: +0 | App: 0 | App: 0 | |

Gifts

Unlike most other shapeshifters, Bastet more often than not learn their Gifts from each other. Another way they learn new Gifts is by "swiping" them from other werereatures — i.e., spying on someone using a Gift, then practicing it until they learn its secret. Some Gifts are easier to learn than others in this way. Notably, the cats find it most difficult to "swipe" Auspice Gifts; they lack the Garou's close connection to Luna, though they often have similar Gifts of their own.

Common Gifts

- **Catfeet (Level One)** — As the Level Three Lupus Gift but obviously easier for Bastet.

- **Lick Wounds (Level One)** — Like the Theurge Gift: Mother's Touch, this power heals normal or aggravated wounds. However, the Bastet can use this Gift on herself. This Gift may be used as many times as the player wants, but each healing "lick" costs another Gnosis point. Bear in mind that a werecat may well be loath to lick up toxic waste or raw sewage! Some substances, such as silver or Wyrn-poison, might damage the healer in proportion to her healing — that is, by one Health Level per Health Level healed — if it's still in or on the wound when she licks it.

- **Open Seal (Level One)** — As the Ragabash Gift.

- **Sense the Truth (Level One)** — As the Philodox Gift: Truth of Gaia.

- **Sense Unmaker's Hand (Level One)** — As the Metis Gift: Sense Wyrn.

- **Silent Stalking (Level One)** — This common trick allows a Bastet to move without making any sound. Even squeaky or shifting surfaces, including wooden floors or piled twigs, can be passed over noiselessly.

System: The player rolls Dexterity + Stealth, difficulty 5. Failure renders the Gift unusable for the rest of the scene. Note that this Gift neither makes the werecat himself invisible or silent in any way, nor does it prevent any damage (broken twigs, for instance) in his wake — it stifles the sound of his footsteps, nothing more.

- **Cat Sight (Level Two)** — As the Level Three Metis Gift: Eyes of the Cat.

- **Eerie Eyes (Level Two)** — As the Garou Homid Gift: Staretdown.

- **First Slash (Level Two)** — As the Ahroun Gift: Spirit of the Fray.

- **Night's Passage (Level Two)** — By attuning himself to the shadows from which he was born, a Bastet may walk through dim or dark areas and be effectively invisible. Others may hear him or spy him with magical sight, but until he makes his move, the werecat remains hidden from view. This Gift

even foils sudden lights, as long as some shadows still exist in which to hide.

System: By spending a Gnosis point and rolling Dexterity + Subterfuge or Occult (difficulty 7), the werecat effectively "disappears" for the rest of the scene, or until he attacks someone. Supernatural beings can use their own magics to detect the cat by rolling Perception + Occult, difficulty 8. Otherwise, nothing short of total illumination can reveal the skulking werecat.

- **Sense of the Prey (Level Two)** — As the Ragabash Gift.
- **Sense Silver (Level Two)** — As the Ahroun Gift.
- **Shriek (Level Two)** — With an ear-splitting scream, the Bastet deafens everyone nearby. Careless shriekers beware — your allies are not immune!

System: This Gift demands a scream, a Stamina + Expression roll (difficulty 7) and a mean streak. Everyone within 10 feet is deafened for one turn per success, and all except the user end up in a world of pain (+1 to all difficulties for the duration).

- **Swipe (Level Two)** — As the Ragabash Gift: Taking the Forgotten.
- **Touch the Mind (Level Two)** — As the Metis Gift: Mental Speech.
- **Purr (Level Three)** — The ultimate tool of feline seduction: By softly purring near some person or animal, the Bastet instills his target with a desire to cuddle, pet and spoil him. As long as he treats his paramour well, she wants nothing more than to shower him with affection for days at a time. Purr works in any form.

System: To set this charm in motion, the Bastet must purr audibly for at least a minute. The player spends a Willpower point and rolls Charisma + Empathy (difficulty of the target's Willpower). This Gift works on anyone, and unless she has some reason to suspect a trick, the subject believes her affections are genuine (soon, they may be). Violence or unreasonable demands ("Bring me Heasha Morningshade's head on a platter, sweetie") wreck the charm beyond repair — it'll never work on that target again. The infatuation lingers for one day per success; however, the results may last a lifetime.

- **Walking Between the Worlds (Level Four)** — Some tales claim that Coyote taught Bastet to step sideways; others insist the trick was stolen from Garou. In any case, this Gift allows a werecat to step sideways as Garou do.

System: See *Werewolf*, pp. 170, 175-176. The talent for stepping sideways becomes natural once a werecat learns this Gift.

- **Wolf's Terror (Level Four)** — As the Ahroun Gift: Silver Claws.
- **Withering Stare (Level Five)** — This Gift lets a werecat kill with a glance, a favorite trick of Simba lords and wandering Pumonca. Using this Gift against other Bastet is considered deeply dishonorable, but it happens nonetheless.

System: The werecat locks gazes with his target, spends a Gnosis point and rolls his Rage. The difficulty is the victim's Willpower, and each success inflicts one aggravated Health Level of damage. Only a Willpower roll (difficulty 8) can soak the Stare, which twists the victim into agonized convulsions either until death or until the werecat grants release.

Tribe Gifts

Bagheera

• **Treeclimber (Level One)** — By extending and sharpening his claws, then invoking this Gift, a Bastet may travel up or down any vertical surface, from tree bark to concrete. Leopards excel at climbing so their mentors often teach them this secret first.

System: Climbing this way requires a Dexterity + Athletics roll. Really hard or slippery surfaces, such as ice or steel, are difficulty 8, while softer ones including rock or bark are at difficulty 6. A character traveling this way moves at roughly 10 feet per turn and may have to make new rolls if the circumstances change (in an avalanche, for example).

• **Lawgiver's Legacy (Level Two)** — It is said that in the distant past the Bagheera were to be the arbitrators of the cat-folk. The position never materialized, but this Gift offers an edge to Bagheera trying to exercise this ancient right with minimal force. With it, a panther can raise her voice to drown out all others without actually shouting, and it adds a note of command that makes even Simba take the panther's words seriously.

System: The player rolls Manipulation + Expression (difficulty 7) to get everyone's attention for one scene. This Gift also reduces the difficulty of his next Social roll by 1 for every success he rolls for the Gift. Anyone who wants to contest the Bagheera's authority must win a resisted Willpower roll with the panther (difficulty 7).

• **Potter's Clay (Level Four)** — As the Level Three Homid Gift: Reshape Object.

• **Shiva's Might (Level Five)** — Bagheera may change into a form reminiscent of Shiva the Destroyer. In a burst of holy light, the Bastet becomes a 12-foot-tall, six-armed Crinos-form werepanther wielding flaming weapons. Until the ground is littered with bodies, this godlike force of destruction hacks everything around it — foe and otherwise — into bloody giblets. Obviously, this Gift is a last resort but a very effective one.

System: The cat invoking this Gift spends two Rage points and two Gnosis points, then immediately rolls for frenzy (difficulty 3). If he wins five successes or more, the Bagheera springs into Crinos form, grows three feet taller and sprouts four more arms, each bearing a flaming weapon. This destroyer form, the *Juddho*, enters a killing frenzy that lasts for one turn for every point of Rage in the Bastet's permanent rating. If he fails, nothing happens; a botch brings on a fox frenzy instead. The stats for *Juddho* form are:

| | |
|-------------|--------------------------|
| Strength: | +6 |
| Dexterity: | +3 |
| Stamina: | +6 |
| Appearance: | 0 |
| Weapons: | Strength +4 (aggravated) |

No one is safe from Shiva's Might — anyone in sight is attacked. The Bagheera is totally incapable of any form of rational communication or combat strategy. Until the *Juddho* form disappears, he knows only how to kill. When the Gift finally fades, the panther drops to zero Rage, assumes his breed form and falls asleep for at least four hours.

Balam

• **Hunter's Mists (Level One)** — As the Black Fury Gift: Curse of Aeolus.

• **Storm of Pests (Level One)** — By singing a plea to the Insect-spirits, a werejaguar can call up a cloud of mosquitoes, gnats, biting flies or some equally obnoxious bugs. These creatures don't do damage but do distract their prey, although they might, at the Storyteller's option, carry diseases such as malaria or yellow fever. By drawing the victim's attention to the biting pests, the Balam may prepare either an ambush or an escape.

System: The jaguar's player rolls Manipulation + Survival. In most rainforests or coastal areas, the difficulty is 5. In other places, the difficulty rises to 7 and goes to 9 in areas where bugs are scarce. For each success, an area roughly 10 feet square fills with flying bugs, which reduce all Dice Pools by two for one turn per success. After that, the insects disperse. The cat is not immune to bug bites, but usually knows what to expect and can act normally.

• **Wandering Forest (Level Three)** — As the Red Talon Gift: Trackless Waste.

• **Jungle's Vengeance (Level Four)** — By tapping into her ties with the land, a Balam urges the jungle to turn against any invaders. The assault begins innocently enough with vines that trip and swarms of hungry bugs; however, if the outsiders don't get the hint and leave, the Vengeance turns nastier. Pools of quicksand, poisonous plants and insects, and clouds of noxious gas spring into existence right in the invaders' path. Ultimately, the Gift whittles a determined force of trespassers down to a handful of desperate survivors — easy pickings for an angry werejaguar and her friends....

System: The player spends one point of Rage and two of Gnosis to activate this Gift. Although the Storyteller has the final say about exactly what happens where and to whom, the land and its pests begin a subtle campaign to drive out invaders. These events escalate from annoyances to fatalities as the Storyteller desires. Although the effects aren't powerful enough to destroy a band of supernatural foes, most mortals are driven to near-madness before the Gift runs its course.

Bubasti

• **Scholar's Friend (Level One)** — A simple yet helpful Gift, this secret allows a Bubasti to read a book, scroll or tablet in any written language. This talent doesn't teach the cat any new language or help him to understand esoteric concepts or to detect missing bits of text. Even so, the ability to read anything set in front of you is a subtle, yet powerful, one.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point, rolls his Willpower and the Bubasti begins reading. The difficulty of the roll depends on the obscurity of the text:

| Language | Difficulty |
|--|------------|
| Modern | 5 |
| Scholarly (Latin, Sanskrit) | 6 |
| Archaic or dead (Aramaic) | 7 |
| Common pictograms (classical Egyptian) | 8 |
| Obscure pictograms/code (Sigils of Mu) | 9 |
| Personal codes/lost cuneiform | 10 |

Only one roll is allowed per reading session. The Gift lasts for one hour per success, and the cat must rest his eyes for several hours after finishing. A failed roll doesn't necessarily mean the werecat couldn't read the text; it may mean that he read it



inaccurately. Storytellers are advised to keep the difficulty of the roll secret and to base the information given on the success of the roll. One success lets the cat get the general idea, whereas four successes or more indicate complete understanding.

• **Banish Cahlash's Brood (Level Three)** — By calling upon the powers of the Wyrms, a Bubasti may command one of the Unmaker's brood to depart. Of course, powerful spirits or ones bound into fetishes cannot be easily dismissed; doing so may demand great rituals or even a sacrifice. Small independent elementals or Banes, however, may be banished with slight effort. Calling upon Cahlash has a price: Each time the werecat performs this Gift, his fur grows a deeper shade of black and his actions become more... erratic. Garou or Bastet with Sense Wyrms can detect its essence upon the Gift user until he purges himself somehow. The more spirits he banishes, the deeper the taint becomes.

System: The cat's player rolls Manipulation + Enigmas and spends a Willpower point to attempt to dismiss a spirit. The difficulty is the spirit's Gnosis or its Rage if the latter is higher. Each success removes 10 points of the spirit's Power. Banishing a 30 Power spirit, thus, requires at least three successes. Getting rid of a powerful spirit might require an extended roll or two; a spirit bound into a fetish, meanwhile, sets the difficulty at 6 plus the fetish's level (a level 4 fetish would be difficulty 10, as would a level 5). Sacrificing a bit of blood to the Wyrms may add to the Gift's effectiveness; for every Health Level "spent" this way, the Bubasti lowers his difficulty by 1. The spirit isn't under any obligation to sit still during the process and may attack the Bastet until either the werecat stops or the spirit disappears.

Gaia help the werecat who botches this Gift; the Wyrmtaint fills him utterly, and he must make a Rage roll, difficulty 6, or frenzy. Atonement isn't impossible, but ridding oneself of the dark stain often requires a rigorous quest without Renown.

- **Shadowplay (Level Four)** — Like the Theurge Gift of the same name (found in the *Players Guide*, p. 36). Unlike the werewolf Gift, the Bubasti does not have to mimic the shadow's movements; once free, it can go about its business as if it were a perfect duplicate of the Bastet. Also unlike the Garou Gift, some light must be present to cast the shadow in the first place.

Khan

- **Skin of Jade (Level One)** — Willing himself solid, a Khan may turn his skin to the hardness of jade. It's said that the spirit of the rock itself taught this Gift to Yu Kwan, a warrior in the service of the alchemist Ko Hung.

System: By spending a Willpower point and rolling Gnosis (difficulty 7), the tiger gains an additional two dice to his soak rolls. This Gift lasts one scene.

- **Heart of Fury (Level Two)** — As the Ahroun Gift.

- **Maker's Charm (Level Three)** — As the Homid Gift: Reshape Object.

- **Asuras' Bane (Level Four)** — As the Level Three Bubasti Gift: Banish Cahlash's Brood, except that using it turns the tiger's pelt white instead of black. Unlike the Bubasti, tigers channel the Weaver to banish corruption.

- **Call to Battle (Level Five)** — As the Ahroun Gift: Strength of Will.

Pumonca

- **Wanderer's Boon (Level One)** — Travel is hard, especially given the Spartan ways of the Pumonca. This Gift allows a cougar to adapt to changing climates quickly or to ignore the pangs of hunger or thirst for some time. Bird-spirits and Bear-spirits teach this Gift.

System: By rolling Stamina + Survival and spending a Willpower point, the player allows her werecat to do one of the following things: ignore the worst effects of normal heat and cold for a week, go one day without water or go three days without food. The difficulty for the roll is 6, although harsh conditions (blizzards, droughts, heat waves, etc.) can raise it by 2 or more. The Gift can be repeated, but the difficulty rises by 1 each time it's performed in succession.

- **Stonework (Level Two)** — Like the Level Three Homid Gift: Reshape Object, except that it affects only stone, dirt, clay and glass, employs a Manipulation + Survival roll and reshapes the object permanently.

- **Thunderbolt (Level Three)** — A pact with the spirits of the storm allows some Pumonca to call down a thunderbolt. If at least one cloud hangs in the air above, the cougar can summon lightning. Most cougars learn this Gift from Thunderbird himself.

System: The cougar's player spends a point of Rage to summon a bolt of lightning and rolls Dexterity + Survival to hit his target. Under normal conditions (partly cloudy skies, human-sized target), the roll's difficulty is 8; large targets or stormy skies can decrease it to 7 or 6, while dry conditions or unusually small targets can raise the difficulty to 9 or even 10. The bolt inflicts two

dice of fire damage for every point of the werecat's Gnosis. Even if the Thunderbolt misses its victim, it's still a terrifying experience to be on the receiving end of a lightning strike. Would-be victims must roll their Willpower against difficulty 8 to avoid running in fear.

- **Thunderbird's Cry (Level Five)** — A mighty Pumonca can call upon the weather spirits to whip up a storm. Doing so usually requires a long rite in which the cat yowls and capers at the sky. This Gift is also said to be taught by Thunderbird himself.

System: Beginning this process requires two Gnosis points and a Manipulation + Survival roll (difficulty 8, five successes required to summon a severe thunderstorm). Once the storm begins, it runs its own course and usually disperses after a few minutes, though it may last for up to an hour if the player's roll exceeds five successes. Storms in unlikely locations (a sudden rainstorm in the desert, for instance) require five or more *additional* successes. Botching during a storm-call can be unpredictable — and disastrous. The Pumonca is not immune to the forces she calls upon....

Qualmi

- **Breakfast of Stones (Level One)** — As the Pumonca Gift: Wanderer's Boon.

- **Turned Fur (Level One)** — Like the Wendigo Gift: Camouflage, save that the cat must discard any clothing and gear before the Gift takes effect — only the lynx himself changes color.

- **Wind from the West (Level Two)** — Words can be as ephemeral as the Pacific fog; by making them dance and shimmer, a Qualmi can lead a less clever opponent into a mental maze, then leave him there to puzzle his own way out. This Gift takes the form of a series of high-speed riddles designed to tie folks' minds into knots. Most Qualmi are especially pleased to find someone clever enough to overcome this mental snare.

System: The player rolls Manipulation + Enigmas, difficulty of the target's Willpower (or Rage, if higher). Success scrambles the target's sense of direction and relationship. The better the roll is, the more confused the target becomes. Three successes or more send him into a panic: Werewolves and vampires must check for frenzy, mages must make a Willpower roll or go into a short Quiet, and mere humans just freak out. This disorientation lasts about 15 minutes, then slowly fades. To counter the confusion effect, the target might try to figure out the puzzle (Wits + Enigmas) before it takes effect. Oddly enough, it pleases most Qualmi when a victim can think himself around this Gift; such perspicacity often leads to a riddling contest, with the loser becoming confused by the magic. To simulate this exchange, see "Gamecraft" in *Werewolf* (p. 223), and raise the difficulty by 1 after each turn. When it reaches 10, check the final result: If someone wins and the other loses, the loser suffers magical confusion; if both lose, they're both confused; if both win, neither is confused. Most Qualmi take defeat well under these circumstances and can be very generous losers.

- **Water's Vision (Level Five)** — Water sees everything. By learning to see as the water does, a Qualmi can look through barriers to glimpse what lies beyond them. Walls, vaults, the Gauntlet — all become like glass to a Qualmi who wants to see past them.

System: Seeing through barriers requires a Perception + Primal-Urge roll against the local Gauntlet rating. For each

success, the lynx can see 100 feet without obstruction. Every object, from stone walls to living bodies to the Gauntlet, appears translucent and immaterial. Unfortunately, it's often hard to pick out one thing from the series of see-through patterns. It often requires a Perception + Alertness roll to notice details. This vision stops at ground level, although the cat can see into basements or cellars if her sight extends far enough. This Gift lasts one turn per success.

Simba

- **Submit (Level One)** — An important trick in any ruler's arsenal is the ability to make his subjects obey whether they want to or not. By mastering her body, a Simba can force others to fall to their knees or roll over on their backs in submission. They can say whatever they like, but their reactions betray their cowardice!

System: Like the Philodox Gift: Roll Over, although Simba of Ranks One or Two must spend two Gnosis to use it. The Gift can't change a target's mind, but it can master his body if the Simba earns at least three successes in a resisted Willpower roll (difficulty 7). This Gift lasts one turn per success. Simba are immune to this Gift if it comes from one of their kind.

- **Armor of Kings (Level Two)** — As the Children of Gaia Gift: Luna's Armor.

- **Fireroar (Level Three)** — Bellowing like a thunderclap, the Simba vomits a ball of fire on his foes. This burning exhalation continues to blaze until either it or its target is consumed.

System: This Gift costs one Gnosis point to perform and blasts out a fireball worth one Health Level for each point of the Simba's current (not permanent) Gnosis. A successful Dexterity + Brawl roll puts the fireball where the lion wants it. It burns anyone within 10 feet of the blast unless he makes a Dexterity + Dodge roll (difficulty 8). If the target has already acted this turn, the Fireroar inflicts its full damage. Next turn, it will burn for half that damage, igniting anything flammable in its range. On the third turn, the Gift's fire burns for one additional Health Level, then dies. A fire begun by the Gift will burn like any normal blaze (see *Werewolf*, p. 197).

- **King of Beasts (Level Four)** — Like the Philodox Gift: King of the Beasts, except that it affects all animals within 300 feet.

Swara

- **Diamond Claws (Level One)** — As the Ahroun Gift: Razor Claws. This magic is especially helpful for the Swara, who wear down their claws through daily use.

- **Impala's Flight (Level One)** — Essential on the open plains, this Gift doubles the werecat's running speed. As the name implies, the Swara credit Impala with this wisdom.

System: A successful Stamina + Athletics roll (difficulty 6) boosts the Swara's maximum speed to double. It does not confer additional actions in the same turn. The Gift lasts two turns per success and works in any form. This Gift is Level Three for any other Bastet.

- **Walking Between the Worlds (Level Two)** — As the Level Four Common Gift of the same name. The fact that this talent is so common among the Swara is a closely guarded secret.

- **Ghost Caress (Level Four)** — This secret, called the "Ghost Caress" because most people blame ghosts for its effects, recalls the time when all things were still one. By tapping the spirits that bond objects together, the Swara can send sensations across a distance. To use the Gift, a cheetah must hold something that contains the essence of the person she wants to affect: Locks of hair, prized possessions or items of clothing are good examples. Focusing her intentions on the item, she does to the item whatever she wants done to the target. A sympathetic pulse passes between the two objects and, if the cat has been successful, transfers a feeling from the item to the target. Although the magic can't physically harm someone, it can drive him nearly crazy as phantom pains or pleasures wash over him without noticeable cause.

System: To reach across space, the Swara's player spends a Willpower point and rolls Gnosis. The difficulty depends on the distance between the Bastet and her target. Whatever she does to her focus from that point passes the sensation to the person on the receiving end. Each success allows her one action to perform. When those actions are done, the spell ends. This Gift passes sensations only, not damage; it can send the *feeling* of being slapped, but it cannot do harm. Likewise, it cannot move the target at all; a Swara who simply lifts a handkerchief cannot lift the person who owns it.

| Distance | Difficulty |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| Nearby (one mile) | 7 |
| A ways off (two to five miles) | 8 |
| Distant (six to 10 miles) | 9 |
| Really distant (10 to 50 miles) | 10 |

- **All Beasts Under the Sun (Level Five)** — As the Black Fury Gift: The Thousand Forms.

Quote

Once we walked alone by choice. Now there are so few of us left that we count ourselves fortunate even to be given that choice.

Stereotypes

- **Garou** — The so-called "Warriors of Gaia" should have known better than to war against Her own servants. We can never forgive them.

- **Ananasi** — Are these macabre shapeshifters even creatures of Gaia at all? They seem more like some kind of vampire to me.

- **Corax** — When they're well-behaved — a rarity at best — these birds can be useful allies, but you must watch them closely if you hope to learn their secrets.

- **Mokolé** — It's best to let sleeping crocodiles lie.

- **Nagah** — We have mourned the passing of these wise folk, but it is the way that only the strong will survive.

- **Nuwisha** — The "Laughter of Gaia," eh? With so little left to laugh about, it's no wonder we never hear from these gadflies anymore.

- **Ratkin** — These vermin are beneath our consideration, even as prey.

Corax

Legendry

Races-Falling-Stars speaks:

There is more than one reason for everything. For example, there are Corax who claim that Gaia created us to keep watch over Her other creations. This is true enough, in its own way, but it is not the whole truth — how can it be?

The story you may not have heard is this one: Once, long ago, the Sun did hide himself from Gaia — everyone knows that. Gaia asked all of the animals if they could return the Sun to where he belonged, but none of them could. Coyote looked high and low for Helios but could not find him. Spider wove a web to catch him, but as Helios remained in hiding, Spider's web only gathered spirits and dust. Wolf shouted out to the night and demanded that the Sun return, but the Sun was not listening.

Finally, Gaia asked Raven if he would take the task of returning the Sun to the world. And so Raven laughed, and journeyed to the Sun's house in the sky — the one place none of the other animals could go. He travelled into the house of the Sun and stole the Sun away with him, to bear Helios back to where he belonged.

But Raven being Raven, he decided that Gaia's thanks were not enough for a service this great. He decided that if he were the one to return the Sun, then he ought to have a reward for his work. So, even as Raven returned the Sun to his rightful place in the firmament, the winged one stole bits of the Sun and hid them away, all over the darkest part of the sky where he thought no one would find them. Raven laughed to think that he had outsmarted the Sun and Gaia. He laughed until the Sun went down, then he looked up.

All the bits of the Sun that Raven had stolen now shone in the sky as stars, and upon seeing these new lights in the sky, all of the animals called to Gaia to ask where the stars had come from. Gaia answered, telling the other animals Helios had heard that his sister Luna had been lonely, and so he had placed bits of himself in her sky as a promise that he would never leave her again.

Then She went looking for Raven. She gave Raven what some might call a stern talking to, then demanded that he gather up all of the bits of the Sun that he had stolen. Raven replied that he had scattered the stars so far and wide that he could never retrieve them all by himself and that he would need helpers if he was ever to accomplish this task.

And so the Corax were created, so that someday they will fly with Raven to take down the stars, one by one, and bring them home. From what the spirits have told me, Gaia occasionally asks Raven when he is going to get around to it, and Raven always replies that the Corax, his children, are still searching for every last bit of stolen Sun. That is why they are here and why they are compelled to try to uncover every secret the world holds.

And that is the truth. Or at least part of it.

Description

Insatiably curious and startlingly omnipresent, the Corax are Gaia's spies and informants. The wereravens are driven by an unstoppable urge to know, to unearth secrets and share them.

So, from the mean streets of the city to the furthest reaches of the Umbra, you can find Corax poking around at anything that catches their fancy — and an awful lot does.

Corax don't like fighting — they're not terribly good at it for one thing — and they recognize their role is that of scouts, not infantry. A Corax is just as happy to get the scoop, get out and then send the local ass-kicking werewolf population after the real baddies.

Corax are also incurable gossips and take every opportunity to share what they know with others of their kind. This behavior is as much a survival tactic as it is a social necessity; passing on information multiple times ensures that the message always gets through, even if one messenger gets waylaid. Moreover, information transfer is the prime motive of all Corax. The vast majority of Corax believe that Gaia created them to have someone who'd keep an eye on the world and its dirty little secrets, and the Corax do their best to fill that role. Of course, when those secrets involve murder, Wyrrn-taint or the like, the Corax also view it as their duty to sic someone qualified — say, a pack of Red Talons — on the problem.

There are Corax the world over, from Scandinavia to the Pacific Northwest, and from the British Isles to Hokkaido. Raven legends are nearly universal, and where the legendry goes, there go the Corax. There are few places where Corax settle *per se* — too many have wandering feet — but the greatest concentrations of Corax Kin are in the Pacific Northwest and Scotland. Mind you, Kinfolk doesn't mean the same thing to Corax that it does to, say, Garou. Corax don't have to breed from their Kinfolk. Rather, they keep their Kin close so they'll have someone to talk to who understands what the wereravens are actually about.

Corax are creatures of Raven and the Sun — and not necessarily in that order. Back in their legendary past, the raven-folk did Helios a great favor (or at least he thinks so). As such, Luna handed the Corax over to the Sun with a minimum of fuss in order to keep him happy. What that means is complicated — Corax are never forced to change by any phase of the moon, and they don't have the normal Changing Breed allergy to silver. Rather, it is gold that is deadly to the Corax, within the usual breed and form limitations.

One of the other unusual habits ascribed to the Corax is their penchant for drinking out the eyes of dead humans and beasts. Blessed (or cursed) with the innate ability to "imbibe" from a dead eye the last thing its owner saw, Corax regard it as a sacred duty to save these last visions. The fact that these visions often hold the keys to mysteries is a bonus, for Corax perform this action with a grim seriousness at odds with their usual light-hearted, jokey demeanor.

While some see the Corax strictly as tricksters, that's only a part of the wereravens' repertoire. Yes, there are many Corax trickster legends, but there are also ones of battle-ravens and of Raven the creator. The Corax exist juggling all of these aspects while trying to find their own paths, and others don't always see the complexity of the demands heritage places on the wereravens.

Organization

To say that the Corax have an organization is to be guilty of crass overstatement. Corax are deeply solitary creatures at heart. Although they enjoy socializing and gossiping with other wereravens and indulge in these habits whenever opportunity arises, Corax usually find that they can't stand long-term working relationships with others of their kind. Young wereravens often form gangs (erroneously called "murders"; a group of ravens is actually known as an "unkindness"), but such groupings rarely last more than a year or two.

Corax gatherings, called Parliaments, are formal but raucous affairs. Great regard is accorded the amount of knowledge (and Wisdom Renown) possessed by the senior wereravens present. Conflicts are settled by acclamation, not combat — Corax know they're not built for battle and have no interest in beating up each other (there are too many outsiders who'd be happy to do so). Moreover, Corax pride themselves on always having accurate information, so there are rarely arguments between Breed members that can't be solved by calling an eyewitness who knows what *really* happened.

There are a very few permanent Corax organizations. Such fellowships endure even though their memberships have higher turnover rates than pancakes at a Waffle House. The most prominent ones are:

- **The Morrigan:** The Battle Ravens, three of the most respected female members of the Breed, have as their duty the oversight of battles between the Changing Breeds. When the Morrigan (as they are usually called) appear over a battlefield, the conflict below is sure to be bloody.

- **Murder's Daughters:** These young Corax, all female, flock together to vie for one of the three places among the Morrigan. While waiting for one of the posts to open, they behave in a manner that they consider fitting for the heirs of the three-faced Mistress of Battles.

- **The Sun-Lost:** Not so much an organization as a label, this name applies to the many Corax who have abandoned the real world in search of the mysteries of the Umbra. Occasionally, such Corax return to the Near Umbra — but not often.

- **Hermetic Order of Swift Light:** A messenger service traditionally run by and employing a single Corax, this courier outfit has recently expanded into information transfer and other arenas. A Corax in need can always count on the Hermetic Order for a job, a hot meal and a place to crash — but at the cost of running one of the company's "errands."

- **Chasers:** These Corax take a bit too personally the mandate to seek out mysteries — they pursue the supernatural and fly anywhere to check out a rumor of a Gurahl's waking, a new haunting or anything else that might prove interesting (and just a touch frightening).

Traits

The Corax are creatures of the Sun, not the Moon, and as such they have no auspices. The wereravens' ranks, like their arguments, are determined by acclamation. A Corax who's ready for a rise in rank simply finds a place closer to the center cleared for him at the next Parliament.

That is not to say that Corax take rank lightly, merely that they're not into pomp and circum-



stance surrounding it. Wisdom is, by far, the most important form of Renown to Corax, and their normal rate for gaining it is scary. For Corax, "Wisdom" is sometimes seen as interchangeable with "Knowledge," but the Corax not smart enough to know when to take the goods and get out isn't wise enough to be rewarded for his knowledge. Darwin usually takes care of such controversies anyway.

Corax award Renown Traits at Parliaments by the voice of the assembled. However, Corax can also earn Renown from other Bête. The wereravens are more or less unique among the Changing Breeds by being welcomed at the moots and gatherings of any of the other werereatures. After all, everyone knows that the Corax don't take sides, and everyone needs information. And, should a Corax provide a particularly timely bit of information or immortalize a member of another Breed by passing word of his deeds along the Corax grapevine, then said Corax may well be in line for a Renown reward from those shapechangers he has benefitted.

Essentially, all Corax can fly though corvid breed wereravens start out with an advantage in this regard (use either the Corax Ability Flight or Athletics). Pure Breed and Mentor are not available for Corax characters — the former the Corax regard as elitist snobbery, and the latter is rendered worthless by the fact that every Corax does his level best to tutor at least one fledgling for a time.

Breeds

There are but two breeds of Corax: homid and corvid. A Corax is created, not born — the bird or human child destined for existence as a wereraven is bound to an Umbral Spirit Egg. Corax cannot breed with one another, for such unions are inevitably sterile. On the other hand, the Spirit Egg can be tied to any mortal or raven — one need not be Kinfolk to become Corax. Custom dictates that new Corax generally ought to come from the ranks of Kin, but such is not always the case.

Regardless of breed, all Corax start with 1 Rage, 6 Gnosis and 3 Willpower. How tightly the twin breeds interact is evident in the fact that a corvid Corax can create only homid children and *vice versa*.

Corax take their spiritual lineage as seriously as they do their genetic heritage. A Corax treats the Corax who hatched his spirit egg like a parent, which, in a sense, that wereraven is. Both male and female Corax can produce spirit eggs, but it is rare for a Corax to hatch more than one or two in a lifetime. Such an egg takes a great deal out of the Corax who creates it, so breeding never occurs casually.

Forms

Corax have three forms, one of which they try as much as possible to avoid assuming. While wereravens are equally at home with skin or feathers, it's when the two get mixed that things get embarrassing. As such, most Bête literally have no idea what a Corax in Crinos actually looks like, and many deny that such a form exists. For their own part, the Corax try to encourage that rumor. Unfortunately, this policy has backfired: Ill-informed Garou, upon seeing a Crinos Corax for the first

Form Statistics

| Crinos | Corvid |
|---------|---------|
| Str: +1 | Str: -1 |
| Dex: +1 | Dex: +1 |
| Sta: +1 | Sta: +0 |
| App: -1 | App: +0 |
| Man: -2 | Man: -3 |
| Per: +3 | Per: +4 |
| Diff: 6 | Diff: 6 |

time; have been known to mistake the Rara Avis for a new and particularly ugly breed of fomor.

- **Homid:** A Corax's human form looks like a normal human, though most Corax tend to be thin and sharp-boned people. Most also have jet-black hair and dark eyes. Among European Corax, pale skin is very common, and the occasional albino Corax is not unknown. Among Corax of Native American ancestry, thin and willowy figures are still the norm. Black eyes are universal among Corax, and many have ring fingers as long as their middle fingers.

- **Crinos, also called Rara Avis as a Corax in-joke:** An unwieldy combination of man and bird, the Corax Crinos form is nothing to write home about unless you have a really depressing home. The wereraven's form is vaguely recognizable as humanoid (if not human), but vaguely is the key word in the description. A Crinos Corax's face bristles with feathers, and its nose and jaw elongate to form a powerful beak; arms sprout wings covered in oily black feathers, and fingers, which are nearly absorbed into the wings, become gnarled and clawlike. In this form, a Corax's digits become wicked talons, which explains why some wereravens resort to Crinos for defensive purposes. Indeed, defense and intimidation are the only things for which Corax use this form.

While in Crinos, Corax do Strength +1 aggravated damage with their hands and feet. Furthermore, Corax in Crinos are capable of flight despite the fact that they maintain their Homid body mass. This sort of flight looks so awkward that most Corax disdain it entirely, but it can startle an opponent who doesn't expect it. Furthermore, Corax in Rara Avis can use all sorts of unpleasant Gifts designed expressly for combat, which means that the wereravens are not quite as helpless in battle as the other Changing Breeds suppose. Numerous overconfident fomori have gotten their eyes pierced by a Razor Feather after attacking a Corax a little too cavalierly.

Crinos Corax look ungainly when walking, their peculiar rolling stride making them appear to be constantly off-balance. To gain stability, a Corax spreads his wings while he advances. This posture has the side effect of making the wereraven appear larger and more menacing than he actually is, and it also positions the Corax for a Wing Swipe.

- **Corvid (Raven):** A raven with a wingspan of four-and-a-half feet, Corvid form is the one Corax prefer for flight. Of course, in this form Corax also prefer flight to combat, for obvious reasons. Corax in Corvid form attack with their beaks (Strength +1 aggravated damage).

Special Combat Maneuver: *Eye Pluck*

Corax have a combat maneuver that entails targeting an opponent's eye in an attempt to spear it and pluck it out. The difficulty is 9, but the maneuver does Strength +2 damage; if five successes are scored to hit and at least two damage successes get past the soak, the victim's eye is torn out. This damage is aggravated. If a Garou does not get a Battle Scar effect from this maneuver, she can grow back her eye.

Gifts

Corax are sneaky buggers and, as such, have managed to winnow out the secrets of many Gifts belonging to the Garou and other Breeds. Thus, you can pretty much justify a Corax character having almost any Gifts — within reason. (As always, the Storyteller is the final arbiter of what can and can't be allowed.) If you're really stuck, use Shadow Lord and Ragabash Gifts as a starting point, but be creative. Corax are hard to pin down.

Then again, just because the Corax excel at stealing others' secrets doesn't mean that they don't have a few of their own. The Gifts below, for example, are ones taught to them by the Sun. Raven has also sweetened the pot for his children, with the result that the Corax have a broad choice of Gifts.

- **Enemy Ways (Level One)** — This Gift confers a danger sense. Taught by one of Grandfather Thunder's Stormcrows, Enemy Ways is more than just a heightened (and reasonably accurate) sense of paranoia. Instead, it provides solid information on what immediate peril a Corax faces.

System: The Corax, by rolling Perception + Stealth, can pick up hints as to the nature of enemies in the area. Usually, a Corax who uses this Gift successfully can pick out the number and type of his opponents; sometimes, with outstanding successes, more can be learned.

- **Open Seal (Level One)** — As the Ragabash Gift.
- **Scent of the True Form (Level One)** — As the Philodox Gift.
- **Truth of Gaia (Level One)** — As the Philodox Gift.
- **Omens and Signs (Level Two)** — Corax can find symbolic portents in their surroundings without even trying —

Breeds and Auspices

Because of their long-ago entanglement with Helios, Corax don't actually have auspices. They're creatures of the sun, after all, not the moon, and as such, this state is proper. Naturally, it means that Corax don't have Auspice Gifts. Furthermore, seeing as Corax don't have tribes the way that Garou or Bastet do, the wereravens don't have tribe Gifts either. Throw in the fact that Corax gossip too much for there to be breed Gifts, and what you end up with is a grab bag of Gifts that are just Corax Gifts, with no further designation necessary.

but this Gift helps. The world is full of omens, after all, but a Corax with this Gift knows where to look for them. This Gift is taught by a Stormcrow.

System: To find an omen in her surroundings, the Corax rolls Wits + Occult (difficulty 6). However, Corax have to be careful not to abuse this Gift. Otherwise, they start to mistake false omens for true — proof positive that the Universe doesn't like to give away all of its secrets.

- **Voice of the Mimic (Level One)** — This Gift allows the Corax to imitate any sound or voice she has heard. Voices and accents are all covered by the scope of the Gift, as are machine noises, crashes, gunfire and any other noise you can imagine. Voice of the Mimic is taught by a Mynah-spirit.

System: The Gift requires a Perception + Expression (or Mimicry) roll, with the difficulty based on the complexity of the sound. When combined with the Merit: Eidetic Memory, the Corax can replay whole conversations with eerie verisimilitude.

- **Razor Feathers (Level Two)** — One of the Corax's few combat-related Gifts, Razor Feathers operates only when the Corax is in Rara Avis form. Most predators aware of the Corax think, wrongly, that the wereravens are easy prey. If a Corax knows this Gift, suddenly the odds creep a whole lot closer to even.

The primary effect of Razor Feathers is to make the pinions along the edge of the raven's wing hard and sharp as steel. The hardened feathers are strong enough to parry knives or claws, and they are sharp enough to slice through unprotected flesh (or even stronger materials) easily. Razor Feathers is taught by a Steel-spirit.

System: To access this Gift, the Corax spends a point of Gnosis and rolls Stamina (difficulty 6). The number of successes indicates the number of turns that the effect lasts. Feathers affected by the Gift take on a metallic sheen, and some say they even glow softly with an eerie white light.

Special Combat Maneuver: *Wing Swipe*

Corax who know Razor Feathers have at their disposal a unique combat maneuver that takes full advantage of the possibilities the Gift offers. Once the Gift is in effect, the Corax simply drops his shoulder and brings the wing around in a vicious slash, which hopefully drags the cutting edge of the Razor Feathers across the wereraven's target. With any luck, even if the attack doesn't connect, the target is so busy spinning out of the way that he's off-balance for his next attack.

A Wing Swipe requires a Dexterity + Brawl roll (difficulty 7), but it does Strength +3 levels of aggravated damage. Furthermore, even if the attack misses, the Corax's opponent must roll Dexterity (difficulty 5) or be knocked off-balance by the assault. Off-balance opponents are at +1 difficulty to all rolls the next round.

Successful Wing Swipes cause lengthy slashes that, while not deep, do bleed profusely. The force behind a Wing Swipe is also more than sufficient to cut ropes, break windows, slash tires, and so on.

- **Taking the Forgotten (Level Two)** — As the Ragabash Gift.
- **Tongues (Level Two)** — As the Homid Gift.
- **Dead Talk (Level Three)** — There are secrets you just can't get from some dead eyeball. Sometimes you need more than just a stiff's last sight. At times like that, being able to hold a conversation with (or at least get a few straight answers from the spirit of) the deceased increases the Corax's information gathering opportunities exponentially. A Vulture-spirit teaches this Gift, though, supposedly, some wraiths can teach it as well.

System: The Corax, by spending a Gnosis point and rolling Perception + Occult (difficulty 8), can hear and speak to a recently dead body (no more than 24 hours dead). The corpse's willingness to talk is determined by the number of successes, but no matter how many successes the Corax achieves, all he can get is the body's mechanistic response to his questions. Odds are, the corpse's ghost is long gone.

- **Hummingbird Dart (Level Three)** — This Gift is most often utilized in conjunction with *Razor Feathers*, which can make for a devastating weapon. Hummingbird Dart permits a Corax to pluck one of her own feathers and throw it like (as one might guess) a dart. The feather flies straight and true, unencumbered by anything so petty as the laws of physics and the strictures of aerodynamics. A Hummingbird spirit (perhaps overcompensating for stature) teaches this Gift.

System: The Hummingbird Dart requires the Corax to spend a point of Rage and then roll Dexterity + Melee (difficulty 5). If a Corax chooses to use this Gift after invoking *Razor Feathers*, the results can be vicious. A *Razored Hummingbird Dart* is, in essence, a throwing shiv that does aggravated damage and should be treated accordingly.

The thrown feather does Dexterity +3 dice of damage.

- **Airt Sense (Level Four)** — This Gift is the same as the spirit charm and can be taught by any type of spirit possessing that particular charm.

System: Corax using *Airt Sense* must spend one Gnosis point and roll Perception + Occult (difficulty 7) to utilize it. The understanding of the ways of the Umbra granted by this Gift halves travel time through the spirit world.

- **Gauntlet Runner (Level Four)** — With all the time the Corax spend popping in and out of the Umbra, it's no surprise that they've acquired a trick for lowering the Gauntlet and making the trip back and forth immeasurably easier. After all, when you need to get into the Umbra fast, lowering the Gauntlet before you go makes life a lot easier. Any Wyld-spirit can teach this Gift.

System: A roll of Wits + Enigmas (difficulty 8) reduces the Gauntlet by 1 for every two successes. The area affected can be up to twenty feet on a side, but no matter how successful the Corax is on her roll, she must still use a reflective surface to enter the Umbra.

- **Moments of Eclipse (Level Five)** — There are times when a Corax must make a near-supreme sacrifice by voluntarily severing his connection to the sun. The reasons for doing so are few, but always drastic. Perhaps the Corax has been chained with gold and needs a few minutes in which to effect an escape, or maybe he needs to prove his "worth" to a gang of vampires he's trying to infiltrate. Regardless, this action is not one that any



Corax should ever take lightly, and Helios himself notices if a wereraven abuses this Gift. After all, he's the one who teaches it.

System: Given by Helios reluctantly (and, some say, at the last minute) to his new acquisitions, this Gift allows a Corax to sever his connection to the sun temporarily — 10 minutes for every success on a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) after the expenditure of 2 points of Gnosis. If the roll is a success, the Corax is suddenly cut off from Helios. This act has both positive and negative effects. On the plus side, the Corax is no longer vulnerable to the pernicious effects of gold for the duration of the Gift's effects. On the other hand, as long as the Corax is cut off from Helios, she cannot use Rage.

- **Thieving Talons of the Magpie (Level Five)** — As the Ragabash Gift. Thieving Talons was taught to the Garou by the Corax. Of course, you don't find too many Garou admitting that these days.

Rites

The Corax use the Rite of Talisman Dedication and the Rite of Becoming fairly commonly, plus a few other Garou rites less frequently. However, they have a few tricks of their own, too.

Rite of the Sun's Bright Ray

Level Two

Corax are special children of the Sun and, as such, can occasionally channel Helios' brilliance. When the Rite is

performed properly, it illuminates the Corax's vicinity with true sunlight — which generally makes any vampires in the area unhappy.

System: This rite has no cost, as it is a symbol of Helios' special favor toward his adopted children. All that is required is the proper steps and chants, then a Gnosis roll (difficulty 7). The borrowed sunlight fills an area approximately 20 feet on a side and lasts one hour for each success on the Gnosis roll. The glow remains behind even after the Corax leaves the area, which can lead to all sorts of awkward situations.

Rite of the Fetish Egg

Level Two

Corax reproduce by taking some of their own Gnosis and binding it into a "spirit egg" that then gets tied to a human infant or an unhatched raven child. Eventually, the fetish egg hatches, suffusing the target with spiritual energy and triggering her First Change. Spirit eggs are kept hidden in the Umbra, as many predators (mages, Black Spiral Dancers) covet them and the spiritual energy they contain.

System: The Rite of the Fetish Egg is never undertaken lightly. For one thing, it costs three permanent Gnosis from the parent Corax, and that price is paid regardless of whether the rite succeeds or fails.

The Rite of the Fetish Egg can be performed only in the Umbra, and it requires one witness of the breed opposite that of the Corax performing the rite. Creating a fetish egg takes three hours; binding it to the soul for which it is intended takes another hour. If the rite is interrupted at any point during this time, the Gnosis is lost and the rite fails.

This rite requires a roll of the parent Corax's permanent Gnosis versus a difficulty of 6.

Rite of Battle Blessing

Level Four

The Rite of Battle Blessing is known only to the three ravens of the Morrigan. One of the most potent rites known to the Corax, this battle song drains the will and strength of targets who hear it — generally one side of a battle the three Morrigan are overflying.

System: All three of the Morrigan must be present to perform this rite. To enact the rite, each member of the Morrigan can spend Gnosis up to her Occult rating. For each point of Gnosis spent, the victims of the rite lose one die from their Dice Pools as long as they remain on the field of battle. Targets can literally be reduced to zero dice by this rite.

Rite of Memory Theft

Level Four

Corax use this rite to siphon the memories from a wereraven who has done something particularly stupid. If the rite succeeds, the target Corax loses any and all memories back to the time of his First Change. The memories are taken up by another Corax who, it's hoped, can use the knowledge to rectify whatever screwup has been made.

System: This rite requires a small, empty wooden box, preferably one painted with scenes from the target's life. At least three

Corax, including the one performing the rite, must surround the target (who, ideally, has been subdued or at least restrained). The box is then opened and a litany of the victim's deeds is chanted. As each event is named, the memories of that moment fly from the Corax and into the box. Associated memories flee as well, until such time as the Corax's mind is emptied of everything post-First Change. Note that the rite is an all-or-nothing proposition; one cannot use this ritual to excise only certain memories.

The Corax performing the rite must then seal and crush the box, at which point all of the memories contained enter the ritemaster's mind. This burden is not one to be undertaken lightly — the Rite of Memory Theft is performed only when a Corax has done something truly horrendous, and no Corax carries around the memories of a fellow's failure or crime lightly. It's one thing to know of another raven's missteps and another thing entirely to make them your own.

This rite costs a point each of Gnosis, Willpower and Rage and lasts as long as it takes to sing all of the deeds of the victim. The rite also calls for a contested Willpower roll between the Corax casting the rite and the target, though each additional Corax present lowers the ritemaster's difficulty by 1.

This rite can be used only on other Corax.

Quote

I don't care if my evidence won't hold up in a court of law. I got it from a dead man's eye, and that's good enough for me — so keep watching the skies, pal. I'll be up there watching and waiting for you to screw up again. And when you do....

Stereotypes

• **Garou** — They run the gamut, from respectful and noble to homicidal and arrogant — and that's just any given individual. Take what knowledge from them you can, give them what they need to fight the Wyrms and always remember the War of Rage.

• **Bastet** — The cats guard their secrets well, even from themselves. They're also more noble than you'd expect but less so than they themselves think. Just don't remind them of that fact, and you'll do fine.

• **Gurahl** — The bears are sleeping, not dead — only an idiot would buy that lie. Hopefully, the rest of the Breed will awaken soon. They know things that even we don't and we need that info.

• **Mokolé** — "Gaia's Memory" keep to themselves these days. The Garou didn't respect the past and therefore repeated it. The irony is that unless the Mokolé do teach us what they know, the past will be repeated again.

• **Nuwisha** — They are their own best joke, and there's nothing wrong with that. If there's anyone out there who actually understands us at all, it's the coyotes. They just don't understand us completely.

• **Ratkin** — The secrets we can't pluck from the Bone Gnawers we get from the Ratkin, but that's no big deal. What is a big deal is that the rats think that because they're underground, we're not watching. They are, of course, wrong.

Gurahl

Legendry

Searches-the-Hidden-Lands steps into the firelight, her voice carrying to the farthest shadows beyond the trees:

One night, in the middle of the First Winter, Great Mother stirred restlessly in her long sleep. Beside her, Great Mother's Cub awoke. "My mother groans with hunger, and I am not at all sleepy," the cub murmured. "I will find her some food so that she may eat and return to her peaceful sleep."

The Cub arose and left the safety of his den for the harshness of the winter world. All around him, the ground wore a mantle of crisp, white snow. Bare black trees lined the frozen river. No matter how hard and how long he searched, Cub could find no food.

Saddened, Great Mother's Cub sat upon the hard, cold ground. He looked up at the deep ebony sky, which arched above the earth like a vast black river. Something twinkled far away, looking so much like a shimmering salmon that Cub had an idea. Stretching up on his hind legs, he gave a mighty leap, which carried him high into the sky.

Within her Den, Great Mother Bear stirred to wakefulness and realized that her Cub was gone. She followed his tracks outside the Den and through the barren winter landscape until she found the spot where he left the world for the heavens. Turning her eyes upward, Great Mother Bear saw Bear Cub chasing the stars. "He will chase them forever," she thought to herself. "I will have to join him so that he will have someone to care for him and guard him from danger." And she did.

This primal act of devotion and love became the seed of loyalty and nurturing that forever marks the Gurahl as caretakers and providers for the young and the helpless. To this day, the Gurahl recognize the inseparable bond between mother and cub and honor the Great and Little Bears that forever pursue the star-salmon through the skies. Like Mother and Cub, the Gurahl provide for one another and for those placed in their care.

Description

Just as the Garou serve as Gaia's warriors, the Gurahl embody Gaia's wisdom and healing protection. Peerless as nurturers, the werebears, oldest of the Changing Breeds, seek to purify the land they call their own. Their innate sagacity and their knowledge of the rhythms of life, the seasons and the passage of time, mirror their intimate closeness to their Great Mother. Gaia showered her first-born with a multitude of gifts. To them, she entrusted the secrets of life and death, of how to restore life to those who died that others might live.

Although noted primarily as healers and purifiers, Gurahl are fierce and powerful when driven to anger. While not noted for their quickness, the great werebears are pillars of strength in the ongoing battle for Gaia's wild lands.

According to their legends, the Gurahl stand as the first and best-beloved of Gaia's children. They were once formidable guardians of the natural world, and their compassionate hearts allowed them to form strong bonds with the first human

tribes that inhabited the lands the Gurahl protected. Native American legends tell of bears who willingly gave their lives to provide necessary food and clothing for their weak, furless and clawless brothers and sisters. Bear cults among the early people of the far north gave honor and respect to the Gurahl through rituals and offerings and through calling upon the protective ferocity of the Great Bear spirit to aid them in battle.

Like the humans and bears who form their natural Kinfolk populations, the Gurahl now dwell primarily in the arctic, subarctic and cooler temperate climates, although they once existed throughout most of the world. Gurahl drew their earliest human breeding groups from the primitive tribes of Siberia, Scandinavia, India and Central Asia. Tribes of North and South America later served the same purpose after the Gurahl crossed the bridge between Siberia and the Pure Lands. Today, though some human Kinfolk may remain in other territories, few Gurahl exist outside North America, where most of their ursine Kinfolk still survive.

The Gurahl breed with the surviving bear populations and the few Gurahl Kinfolk in some of the most isolated regions of the northern hemisphere. Here, the werebears are making a comeback of sorts and beginning to appear with some regularity again. In most other areas, they are quickly vanishing.

Almost exclusively concerned with preserving the wilderness where their bear-kin live and dwell, the Gurahl don't involve themselves with human endeavors nearly as much as the Garou do. This narrowed focus is changing, as the werebears seek to become a force in the world once again in a last-ditch effort to preserve themselves and Gaia's wilderness lands. In many areas, they find it necessary to seek out new humans with whom to breed; it has been so long since they turned to their human Kinfolk that many branches of those once-great families have died out.

Many Gurahl now support or, in some cases, spearhead international efforts to protect and encourage the proliferation of bears and the propagation of endangered bear-species. Gurahl sometimes join wildlife activist and wilderness preservation groups or serve as teachers of long-lost secrets of herbal healing and preservers of ancient traditions.

Organization

Most Gurahl are solitary creatures. Their small family units remain together until the children (or cubs) are old enough to fend for themselves. One Gurahl may have an extremely large region as her protectorate and consider herself responsible for all the bears and bear-honoring humans within that region.

Gurahl make their homes in sacred places (called "Dens"), usually in isolated caves or along great rivers. While they do not consider these sites "caerns" as do the Garou, they do honor these sites and protect the Gnosis that gathers there. Most Gurahl retire to their Dens for the duration of the cold season.

Although Gurahl have little formal organization, they occasionally meet in councils similar to the moots of the Garou. The

most important of these meetings, the Great Council, takes place on the night of the autumnal equinox, just before the onset of winter. Representatives to the Great Council share information about the state of the lands and creatures under their protection.

The Gurahl communicate by using an elaborate system of claw marks scratched on trees or boulders to leave information for one another. They speak their own language as well as the "language" of bears. Spirit messengers keep the Gurahl in touch with one another between council meetings.

Traits

Gurahl do not spend Rage for extra actions; their relative lack of speed precludes this advantage. Instead, they may use Rage to increase their Strength up to the limit of their Strength in Homid form (i.e., if the character's Strength in Homid form is 3, she may gain up to 3 more dots in Strength through Rage). Alternatively, Gurahl may increase their Stamina up to twice that of their current form (i.e., if the Gurahl's Stamina in Arthren form is 5, she may increase her Stamina to a total of 10 while in that form). It is possible to spend some Rage for

Strength while reserving other points of Rage to increase Stamina. These gains last for a single turn.

Additionally, Gurahl can convert points of Rage into extra Health Levels on a one-for-one basis. These extra levels do not erase damage already taken. For example, a Gurahl who is Injured (-1 to her Dice Pool) may spend Rage to gain another Injured Health Level, which must be lost before she drops to Wounded. If a Gurahl spends Rage to add Health Levels before she takes damage, they come before Bruised on her Health chart. In this manner, it is possible for some Gurahl to shrug off damage for a time (due to extra levels of OK) or to take massive amounts of Mauled or Crippling damage before becoming Incapacitated.

While this advantage makes them quite versatile and potentially very tough, Gurahl are limited by how slowly they gain Rage and by how difficult it is to rouse them to fury. Gurahl do not gain Rage as easily as Garou. Only direct threats to the werebears' lands, to the people they protect or to the young and helpless can engender within the Breed an increase in Rage. Whenever a Gurahl has spent her Rage in battle, she usually withdraws for a time and meditates to reestablish her equilibrium. Unless another overwhelming threat looms immediately, it may be some time before the Gurahl recovers spent Rage. As her primary goal is nurturing, she has better things to do than brood and spoil for another fight.



Unlike the Garou, Gurahl do not possess fixed auspices. In her lifetime, a Gurahl passes through all five phases of the moon. Cubs mimic the traits associated with the New Moon; their playfulness and inquisitiveness last until the werebears reach adulthood or until they experience their first serious battle. Adults reflect the Full Moon; although less aggressive and belligerent than Garou Ahroun, Full Moon Gurahl stand ready to do battle in response to hostility directed at them and their protectorates. As they acquire years and experience, the Gurahl pass from Full Moon to Gibbous Moon; under this auspice they learn the ancient lore and act as keepers of the songs and stories of their kind. By the time they qualify as "elders," most Gurahl have developed the traits associated with the Crescent Moon; these Gurahl manifest their mystical bent and spend much of their time involved with the performance of rites and rituals. The final stage of a Gurahl's life places her in the company of followers of the Half Moon; these most revered elders of the Gurahl serve as judges and peacemakers.

While each stage corresponds with a Gurahl's chronological age, years alone do not determine a werebear's experience of the progression of auspices. Relatively young Gurahl can move from their Ragabash stage directly into Ahroun following a particularly nasty battle or shock. Ahroun may give way to Galliard whenever the Gurahl feels a longing to know more of her heritage, even if she has never had to battle for her protectorate at all. Conversely, some Gurahl may seem to remain stuck in a favored auspice no matter what their age. Very old bear-folk embrace wisdom by becoming quite playful and young at heart again, and they may even indulge in harmless pranks as they realize laughter is sometimes the best cleansing agent available.

As Gurahl pass from one auspice to another, they are able to learn the Gifts and rites associated with that phase of their lives. Further, once they have passed beyond a particular stage, they may choose to learn either Gifts of that previous auspice or ones suited to the phase the bears are just entering. Thus, it is possible for a very old Gurahl to learn Gifts usually associated with Galliards, though he is now considered a Philodox.

Gurahl Renown focuses on three categories: Honor, Succor and Wisdom. Werebears gain Honor through their treatment of others and by adhering to the Code of Ursa, which delineates their responsibilities as Gaia's caretakers. Succor increases through the performance of acts of healing, nurturing and cleansing. Wisdom reflects both personal insight and knowledge of the Gurahl's place in the world, as well as the understanding of spirits and other creatures who inhabit the world alongside the bear-folk.

All Gurahl begin play with 6 Willpower. They cannot purchase Resources at character creation.

Breeds

Homid: Gurahl born of human stock are relatively rare but recently began making a bit of a comeback. Because most Gurahl withdrew from frequent contact after the War of Rage, few opportunities for breeding with their human Kinfolk existed. Many homid Gurahl are holdovers from more primitive societies, ancients who live in remote areas. Such beings often coexist peacefully with their wild neighbors while having little or no contact with human society. More recent homid Gurahl

tend to come from selected breeding with people who enjoy outdoor occupations or relaxation (park rangers, fish and game wardens, avid campers, hikers and naturalists).

Beginning Rage: 3

Beginning Gnosis: 4

Ursine: Both the oldest and most numerous of the Gurahl, ursines only rarely depart from their bearlike birth forms. When they do assume one of their other forms, it is usually in response to an obvious threat from poachers, trappers or land-clearance crews. A very few ursine Gurahl choose to remain in Homid or Arthren form, in which they often pose as solitary wilderness dwellers or eccentric wildlife researchers.

Beginning Rage: 4

Beginning Gnosis: 5

Gurahl choose their mates carefully, according to rituals given them long ago by Gaia herself. For this reason, metis Gurahl do not exist.

Forms

• **Homid:** In human form, Gurahl tend toward the large and muscular, though many appear no different from average humans. Although popular belief describes them as dark and hairy, in actuality Gurahl physiotype favors that of the human tribes from whom they spring. Some may look Norse, while others look Native American or even Chinese. Gurahl voices usually possess a richness of timbre, and their speech is often thoughtful rather than rushed.

• **Arthren (Glabro):** Gurahl in Arthren form resemble the stereotypical "hairy brute" most people associate with werebears. Their voices deepen and they tend to growl their words. Arthren Gurahl grow larger in both size and mass. While they rarely exceed normal human height, they push the upper limits of human height and weight.

• **Crinos:** The full man-bear form stands 10 to 12 feet tall and can reach upwards of 16 feet in some of the elders. Mass increases proportionally to the Gurahl's height gain, with the largest individuals weighing more than a ton. The face elongates into a muzzle while both fore and hind paws grow nonretractable claws up to nine inches in length. Thick, wiry hair covers the entire body and affords extra protection against damage. In Crinos form, a Gurahl can uproot entire trees (should he so desire) and hurl huge boulders, even pickup trucks, at enemies. Crinos Gurahl can form only guttural monosyllables (usually words like "Leave" or "Die!").

• **Bjornen (Hispo):** Gurahl in near-bear form resemble the gigantic cave bears of the prehistoric era. Larger and longer than normal bears, these immense creatures have elongated fangs and claws. They become more bearlike in their thinking and tend to act more from instinct than from conscious thought or planning. Although they can still communicate in the Gurahl tongue (and in the language of bears), human speech lies beyond their capacity in this form.

• **Ursus (Bear):** Ursus Gurahl appear as normal bears in all respects. Their specific appearance depends on their tribe and place of origin. In bear-form, Gurahl must limit their communications to the language of bears and a truncated form of the Gurahl tongue.

Form Statistics

| Arthren | Crinos | Bjornen | Ursus |
|----------|---------|----------|----------|
| Str: +3 | Str: +5 | Str: +4 | Str: +3 |
| | Dex: -1 | Dex: -2 | |
| Sta: +3 | Sta: +5 | Sta: +4 | Sta: +3 |
| App: -2 | App: 0 | | |
| Man: -2 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 |
| Per: +1* | Per: -1 | Per: +2* | Per: +2* |
| Diff: 7 | Diff: 6 | Diff: 7 | Diff: 6 |

* Bears have generally poor eyesight, but their other senses (particularly smell) function in place of their visual limitations. The plusses to Perception rolls refer primarily to the Gurahl's enhanced sense of smell and are subject to factors such as wind-direction and the presence or lack of distinctive competing odors in the vicinity.

Tribes

Gurahl recognize several tribes, though only a few currently exist in significant numbers. A tribal name reflects the primary geographic preferences of its members. The four most populous (and familiar) tribes are described below:

- **River Keepers:** These Gurahl spring from Alaskan brown bear ancestry. They inhabit the Pacific Northwest and the southwestern coast of Alaska, usually claiming the wildest, least accessible areas for their homes. Like the brown bears themselves, many older River Keepers shun humans when possible and move away from hikers and others who come too close. Gurahl more recently born are making efforts to meet with and educate humans who enjoy the wilderness. Even homid Keepers depend on the annual migrations of salmon for much of their dietary requirements and, thus, have developed superb techniques as fishers. They are, therefore, obsessed with keeping pollution away from the great rivers that run through their lands.

Much like the Native American tribes who proliferate in the areas claimed by the River Keepers, these Gurahl have a tradition that resembles the potlatch, though it's not quite so calculating in nature. Whenever they meet with one another, it is customary to engage in an elaborate show of sharing and gifting. No River Keeper would ever consider eating when in the company of another without offering the finest portions to the guest. The same holds true for offering a night's lodging, shelter from hunters, protection for endangered cubs or other form of gisting. In like manner, Gurahl expect to offer each other gifts.

- **Mountain Guardians:** Physically imposing, the Guardians claim grizzly bears as their Kinfolk. Once found throughout the western United States, Canada and Northern Mexico, these proud Gurahl now inhabit only the central Rockies, western Canada and Alaska. Targeted as perpetrators of attacks on humans, grizzlies suffered the brunt of the craze for hunting "the great bear," a pastime that decimated the ranks of the Mountain Guardians (due to the consequent lack of breeding opportunities and Gurahl deaths that occurred during efforts to protect their kin). Even today, many Guardian Kinfolk remain

within national parks. Guardians protect remote, unspoiled areas and the bear populations that inhabit them.

Mountain Guardians are fond of challenges, particularly physical ones such as wrestling, weightlifting and races, but any kind of contest attracts their attention. Often, they use such contests to test someone's mettle, as the Guardians admire physical prowess and personal bravery. It is almost impossible for these competitive Gurahl to back down from a challenge, even when they know they are overmatched. There's more shame in refusing the challenge than in losing. While winning a contest (particularly one in which someone else issues the challenge) gains the Gurahl Renown, ones who put up a spirited fight but lose also gain Honor. Many Mountain Guardian tales center on Gurahl heroes who fight bravely against overwhelming odds.

- **Forest Walkers:** Black bears provide breeding stock for the Forest Walkers. As the smallest of Gurahl, they display a greater versatility in habitat than the other werebear tribes. Forest Walkers inhabit large parts of the western, northwestern and northeastern regions of North America; their extended environs include portions of southeastern North America, the American southwest and much of Mexico. Only a few places consider black bears endangered; nevertheless, the Forest Walkers ensure that their ursine Kinfolk remain protected. The tribe labors to increase the number of bears in areas where the creatures are in danger of extinction (such as the American southeast). More sociable than many other Gurahl tribes, Forest Walkers do not shun contact with humans. The Walkers' affinity for forests makes them supreme protectors of woodlands.

Forest Walkers love storytelling. Many spend a good part of their time traveling to storytelling festivals throughout the country, where they delight in both telling tales and learning new ones to add to their repertoires. Tall tales and stories with obvious morals please them the most. Whenever these Gurahl have occasion to gather, one of the highlights of their meetings is the "olio," or story-sharing fest. Each Forest Walker present tells at least one story; the best stories gain Renown for their tellers. Forest Walkers use stories as teaching aids as well as for entertainment. Their love for new stories also makes them easy to distract. Young Forest Walkers often escape censure from their elders by playing on the tribe's tendency to drift into a tale, even in the middle of a stern lecture.

- **Ice Stalkers:** Occupying the circumpolar regions of the Arctic alongside their polar bear Kinfolk, the Ice Stalkers display a hardiness remarkable even for Gurahl. As the largest of Gurahl, they count a few humans (primarily members of the Inuit tribes) among their Kinfolk, but most Ice Stalkers come from ursine stock. Besides being consummate ice fishers, they are also fierce hunters of walrus and seals. Unlike other Gurahl Tribes, Ice Stalkers often travel (at least for short periods of time) in groups consisting of several adults and cubs. They frequently share their kills with one another and are known for their inquisitive natures and their occasionally "testy" behavior.

Both ursine and homid Stalkers evince an innate curiosity, which borders on nosiness. When they meet new people (Gurahl or not), they greet them with a barrage of questions (some of which verge on the personal). They enjoy learning

new information, making new finds, hearing gossip and passing along rumors. Unlike the secretive Ukena, Stalkers believe in sharing knowledge. Sometimes, their prying leads them into trouble, particularly if they inadvertently give away their true natures to individuals who shouldn't know about them (such as assuming bear form so they can dig up interesting things even though *there may be human witnesses nearby*). Despite the license granted by the Delirium, they tend to forget that it covers only the Crinos form. Further, some things are better left buried, but try to convince the Stalkers of that!

Most other Gurahl know the Ice Stalkers as artisans. Because they abhor waste, whenever Ice Stalkers kill and eat walrus, they use the tusks and bones to make beautiful and elaborately carved jewelry and small items such as statuettes, bowls and weapons. Stalkers delight in displaying their artistry and in trading it for delicacies from more hospitable lands.

Dens

Dens serve the same purpose for Gurahl as caerns do for Garou. In addition, these secluded places provide privacy and protection for hibernating Gurahl. Most Dens open onto an Umbral Glade. Some Gurahl choose to winter within these Glades rather than within their Dens' physical space. A werewolf can pass freely between her own Den and its corresponding Glade.

Gifts

From Gaia herself the Gurahl learned Gifts involving healing, purification and mysticism. The werewolves served as teachers and mentors for the Garou and others of the Changing Breeds until the War of Rage, when they withdrew their counsel and tutelage in retaliation for the Garou's treachery. Such Gifts as *Mother's Touch*, *Sense Wyrn* and *Scent of the True Form* were originally given to the Gurahl under other names. Today, though they know many of the same Gifts as the Garou, Gurahl focus on the ones they need rather than on accumulating Gifts for which they feel no affinity. All Gurahl begin play with a Breed Gift (ursine Gurahl may choose either *Lupus* or *Metis* Gifts), an *Auspice* Gift (see *Werewolf*, pp. 116-124) and a Gurahl Gift (see below).

• **Fiddlefish (Level One)** — The Gurahl who invokes this Gift needs only to scoop her hand (or paw) through water where fish can be found to catch her dinner. Any stream, lake or sea where fish are present will yield a good-sized, nutritious fish. Repeatedly using this Gift in the same spot draws Gaia's ire, however, due to the Gurahl's gluttony. While two Gurahl could each scoop a fish in this manner, a single Gurahl can gain no more than one fish until she moves at least half a mile away. This Gift is taught by a *Salmon-spirit*.

System: The Gurahl does not need to make a roll, nor does he need to spend Gnosis as long as he wants only one fish per day. If he seeks additional fish and is willing to move to another spot to acquire them, he may then roll *Dexterity + Athletics* to see if Gaia will honor him with more. Success on the roll rewards the Gurahl with one fish. Failure brings no fish and the attempt may not be made again that day. A botch on the roll indicates that the Gurahl has offended Gaia and must make some sort of restitution before again attempting to use this Gift.

• **Sentinel's Warning (Level One)** — This Gift enables the Gurahl to become aware of the presence of hostile or threatening elements in her protectorate. The Gurahl experiences a feeling of distinct uneasiness when this Gift is in operation. (Unlike the *Danger Sense Merit*, this Gift must be consciously activated to function.) The exact nature of the threat cannot be ascertained; natural and supernatural threats serve as equal triggers for this power. This Gift is taught by a *Beaver-spirit*.

System: The Gurahl rolls *Perception + Alertness* and spends a point of Gnosis to invoke the Gift. Each success activates the Gift for a scene. A failure means that the Gurahl's attempt is unsuccessful, whereas a botch results in false warnings.

• **Nature's Plenty (Level One)** — Through enacting this Gift, a Gurahl may always find enough food, healing herbs or other needed plants to feed or heal an individual creature under her care. Even during the dead of winter, useful twigs or hidden grasses preserved under snow can be located and used. A *Hare-spirit* teaches this Gift.

System: The Gurahl rolls *Perception + Primal-Urge* (difficulty 7). Only one success is needed to find foodstuff. If seeking healing plants as well, the Gurahl needs one success for each class of plant (i.e., one success to find food, two to find both food and herbal remedies). Failure indicates that there are no such plants in the vicinity. A botch finds non-nutritious plants or may (at the Storyteller's discretion) locate dangerous plants.

• **Grisly Aspect (Level Two)** — The Gurahl may use this Gift to create a truly fearsome aura around herself, making her look taller, broader and more formidable even in full *Ursus* form. Gurahl employ this Gift to strike fear in the hearts of opponents (frequently causing them to flee without a fight). In addition to its visual aspect, the Gift also allows the Gurahl to exude a subtle scent that engenders panic among noncarnivores and invokes a feeling of dread in even fierce predators. In this manner, Gurahl can often avoid battle by causing their enemies to run away in terror. This Gift is taught by a *Fear-spirit* or *Bear-spirit*.

System: The Gurahl rolls *Charisma + Intimidation* (difficulty of the target's Willpower). A single success is enough to cause the victim to hesitate or reconsider taking hostile action against the Gurahl, whereas three or more successes put the target to flight. Failure simply means the attempt does not succeed, while a botch incites the target to immediate attack. This Gift, when coupled with *Ursus* form, has occasionally caused the victim to drop dead on the spot from sheer fright.

• **Ease the Fevered Mind (Level Three)** — This gift allows the Gurahl to soothe raw emotions, smooth over terrifying memories and calm the fears of others. The Gurahl becomes a living balm of healing and can begin the process of repairing shattered minds, knitting separate personalities back into a single person and helping schizophrenics back to reality. Whether the mind's illness is due to physical trauma or emotional stress, the Gurahl may use this Gift to temporarily (or sometimes permanently, through the reapplication of this Gift over time) remove or lessen the effects of Derangements. A *Bear-spirit* teaches this Gift.

System: The Gurahl rolls Perception + Medicine (difficulty 7). For each success, she is able to suppress another's madness or Derangement for a scene. If she accumulates 20 successes over time (with no intervening failures or botches), she may permanently remove the madness itself. Note that if the underlying cause is not dealt with, the madness may return. Failing to receive any successes means that the Gurahl does not soothe her patient. A Gurahl cannot use this Gift on herself.

• **Masking the Hunted (Level Four)** — This Gift allows the Gurahl to use available terrain to provide a safe hiding place for anyone being hunted. Bushes knit together and grasses spring back to hide tracks, while a false trail or scent leads would-be pursuers in a different direction. Although the Gift lasts only briefly, it usually endures long enough for the hunted to lose their trackers. A Fox-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The Gurahl must roll Manipulation + Stealth and spend a point of Gnosis to enact this Gift. Difficulty is equal to the Perception + Alertness of the hunter. Only one success is needed, but more provide a longer, more convincing false trail. Failure means the ruse is unsuccessful, while a botch leads the hunter directly to the Gurahl and anyone she seeks to hide.

• **Gaia's Breath (Level Five)** — This powerful and secret Gift is taught only to the wisest of the Gurahl, and they do not share it with the other Changing Breeds. Utilizing this Gift, a Gurahl can bring a dead werecreature back to life. In the past, the Gurahl usually reserved this power for werebears who nobly sacrificed themselves for others. There are no recorded instances of the Gurahl using this Gift on non-Gurahl, nor have they ever been known to attempt it on those dead for more than a few hours. This Gift is taught by an Avatar of Gaia Herself.

System: Through spending a point each of permanent Gnosis and Willpower and rolling Charisma + Occult (difficulty 6 plus the number of hours elapsed since death, not to exceed a total of 10), the Gurahl may entice the spirit back into the recently slain body. Although only one success is needed to call back the spirit, the creature will be Incapacitated (as if with aggravated damage) without further healing. Extra successes restore missing Health Levels on a one-for-one basis. If the corpse is missing any body parts, they must be replaced using another Gift (such as Mother's Touch) or else naturally regenerated. Failure means the spirit does not return to the body, while a botch calls a malevolent spirit instead. Only one attempt may be made on a single creature. Ever.

Rites

Ceremony and ritual play a major part in the life of a Gurahl. They originated many rites claimed by the Garou, particularly those regarding purification and healing. As Gurahl age, they become more concerned with rituals, sometimes spending most of their later lives performing rites. Storytellers may modify any of the Garou rites for use with Gurahl charac-

ters, though the most typical rites resemble Rites of Accord, Death, Mystic and Seasonal Rites. The following rite is indicative of other rites unique to the Gurahl.

Rite of the Pure Land

Level Three

This rite cleanses a specified area of Wurm-taint, pollution, sickness or natural trauma and reopens the channels between Gaia and the wounded or corrupted land. The Gurahl performing the rite mixes her blood with a portion of the soil from the designated area and uses the bloody paste to paint a line along the perimeter of the area to be purified. The Gurahl may circumscribe as large an area as she is willing to provide blood for, taking damage from blood loss in the process. (One square mile may be cleansed for each Health Level sacrificed.) Several Gurahl may enact this rite to increase the size of the area cleansed. Healing prayers to Gaia in the Gurahl tongue accompany the performance of this Rite.

Quote

We remember well the betrayal you call the War of Rage. Though we forgive your short-sightedness, we do not forget. We hope to save the world, but our healing touch can transform into the killing claw with great swiftness. Do not think to take us unaware a second time.

Stereotypes

• **Garou** — Our little brothers contain so much anger that it is difficult to remain in their vicinity for long. Some of them, particularly the ones who call themselves Gaia's Children, show signs that they wish to repair the harm they caused us during the War of Rage. We respect the children of Uktena and Wendigo, who accompanied us to the Pure Lands. The others have much to learn from their wiser kin.

• **Bastet** — Aloof, mysterious and far too curious for their own good. We admire their beauty and their grace but regret that they do not take seriously their responsibility for others.

• **Corax** — They are excellent sources of information and gossip, but they tend to confuse fact and rumor. Their greed and acquisitiveness make their company annoying after only a short time.

• **Nuwisha** — Like us, they know many secrets and mysteries. Unlike us, they place too great an emphasis on ridicule and jesting. Tricksters have their place, so long as they keep their distance and choose other targets for their jests.

Mokolé

Legendry

Peter Ward, a slight man with the tattoo of a severed arm on his chest, rises to speak:

Many of you won't want to hear about the Mokolé. Oh, I hear you muttering, "What's there to say?" you ask. "Aren't they all fossilized?" Very funny; I'm sure you're the pride of Ragabash everywhere.

But the Mokolé are no laughing matter. And they aren't a ghost story, either. The Mother made them before She did us — no, not the Wyrms. No matter what others might have said, they aren't its children, by birth or fall — more than you can say for one of our own tribes.

The Mokolé fought the Wyrms long before there were Garou. The Mother made them not to fight, though, but to be Her memory. There are Mokolé who remember the dinosaurs. She made them from alligators, from crocodiles, giant lizards. She turned their faces not to Luna but to the Sun. Her past lives in them. When they Rage, it comes alive. They become dinosaurs, dragons, sea serpents. Long ago, they were our friends.

But the Garou weren't content to defend Gaia while the Gurahl healed and the Nuwisha laughed. They wanted everything. Now we have nothing.

The Mokolé remember it all. Treachery, raids to smash their eggs, burning jungles, ambushing them from the Umbra. Atrocities that Black Spirals would blanch at. We never knew what we destroyed.

They carried the past of Gaia. All of it. The lore, the Gifts. Rites of the Bunyip, the Croatan, the lost Gifts of the First Times. A long time ago, a Mokolé who was dying told the Garou who'd killed her that when we stood on the battleground of the Apocalypse, we would regret that the Dragon Breed didn't stand beside us. She was right.

What was that? How is it that I know all this? I....

I, uh, remember. But how, now that's another story....

Description

Many tales concern the Mokolé. Created by Gaia to fill the role of Her memory, they have always claimed to be the Firstborn of the Changing Breeds, and they cherish their descent from dinosaurs and from the Dragon Kings. They are dwellers in the tropics, where they live in family groups. Mokolé tell tales of the glory and fall of the Dinosaur Kings, of the Bird Kings and Predator Kings, of the Time of the Great Freeze and the coming of the humans. The Garou and the Mokolé were allies in the First Times, but the Wars of Rage made them bitter enemies. The Mokolé, because they remember the War, fear and hate the Garou. They have never considered the War to be over, nor the Impergium, and they continue to cull humans. The Garou were merciless toward the Mokolé during the Wars of Rage and considered them the "very image of the Wyrms" because of their reptilian bodies. Other shapeshifters are more friendly with them: The Bastet have long been their allies, while the Mokolé consider the Nagah and Corax to be Mokolé with different shapes.

The forefather of the Mokolé is Mokolé-Mbembe, Dinosaur King of the Congo. His sons and daughters dwelled in Africa for eons, but during the Wars of Rage some clutches swam the seas in their Archid form to America. Other Mokolé dwelled in the rainforests of Indonesia and Australia; the most prestigious clutch in the East inhabits Towers-Above-The-Kings (the island of Komodo). The Mokolé of ancient Egypt were worshipped, and a few Hindu temples to this day house sacred crocodiles. When the Uktena and Croatan came across the Bering Strait, they found the Mokolé already in the Americas. As wolves cared little for swampland, the Mokolé were usually left alone. Even today, they haunt Bayou Teche and the Great Dismal Swamp.

The Wyrmbringers changed things. The Mokolé's human Kinfolk in Africa came to the New World as slaves. They found allies in the giant reptiles: The Mokolé helped Nat Turner and the Seminoles resist the U. S. government, and legend has it that a Mokolé started the Civil War. Their mage Kin, the Bata'a, sometimes asked the Mokolé's help for combat or to tap the dragons' memories. In South America, Mokolé helped slaves flee to the jungle. Because of history and geography, there are few European-descended Mokolé. As European Garou spread throughout the Americas, they found hints of the Mokolé's reclusive existence. Most, however, think the Dragon Breed extinct and use the Mokolé as a threat to make pups behave.

The struggle to save the tropical rainforests has brought Mokolé and Garou into contact once more. A few packs in the Amazon, notably the rogue Ghost Raptors, have managed to parley with them and form truces of sorts. These werewolves have learned some things about their erstwhile foes. The Mokolé could be powerful allies; it is certain that they are dangerous enemies.

Organization

Mokolé live in clutches — family groups of Mokolé and Kin. These enclaves are set up as wallows for suchid Mokolé and villages or compounds for homids. Save for the authority of the Crowned, Mokolé have little in the way of government.

Mokolé are sun creatures. Each Mokolé has a place in society determined by the Sun's position at the moment of her birth. For example, those born under a noonday sun are police and judges, while rulers are born during eclipses. Elder Mokolé are always heard, because a Mokolé's life is dangerous. Few live long enough to be old and wise.

Mokolé have no "tribes." More important are a Mokolé's place of residence and his Suchid form: Alligator Mokolé and monitor Mokolé don't live in the same place. All Mokolé know themselves to be members of one family, the scions of the Kings. Mokolé culture, shared through Mnesis, is much the same worldwide, and all Mokolé speak the Dragon's Tongue. Mokolé from anywhere will recognize a Crowned and defer to him.

The modern age has not been kind to the Mokolé. Often, as their swamp homelands shrink, they find shelter at "alligator farms" run by homids or Kinfolk. Mokolé are not comfortable in cities, although a few quietly dwell in the sewers. Despite their immersion in the past, Mokolé are aware that Gaia is in trouble. Mokolé all over the world are moving from thought to action.

Traits

The Mokolé revere the Sun as the giver of life and source of heat for their bodies. The Mokolé recognize seven solar auspices. Each attitude provides sun dice to individuals born under it. Acting outside one's auspice is considered inappropriate.

- **The Rising Sun ("Striking"):** These Mokolé are born between the reddening of the eastern sky and noon. Striking Mokolé are the soldiers, hunters, explorers, seekers and doers of the new in Mokolé society. Often, they are the only Mokolé who interest themselves in the present. They joke that the sky reddens with the blood of their foes. Throughout their lives, they gain one die when taking the initiative.

Beginning Willpower: 3

- **The Noonday Sun ("Unshading"):** These Mokolé come into the world while the Sun is high in the sky. The shadowless are the police, judges and enforcers of the Duties. They apply the laws of Sun, and enforce the will of the Crowned. These Mokolé may subtract one die from the Dice Pool of one foe who draws power from the dark; this category includes vampires, fomori, Black Spirals, Nephandi and Banes. Of all Mokolé, the Unshading have the smallest chance of falling to the Wyrms.

Beginning Willpower: 5

- **The Setting Sun ("Warding"):** These Mokolé are born while the Sun descends, before the sky darkens. Warding are the guards, nurses, healers and caretakers of children. Wards add an extra die to their Dice Pools when they defend, retreat or follow. They say that the Sun reddens the sky with the blood that they shed in defense of their people.

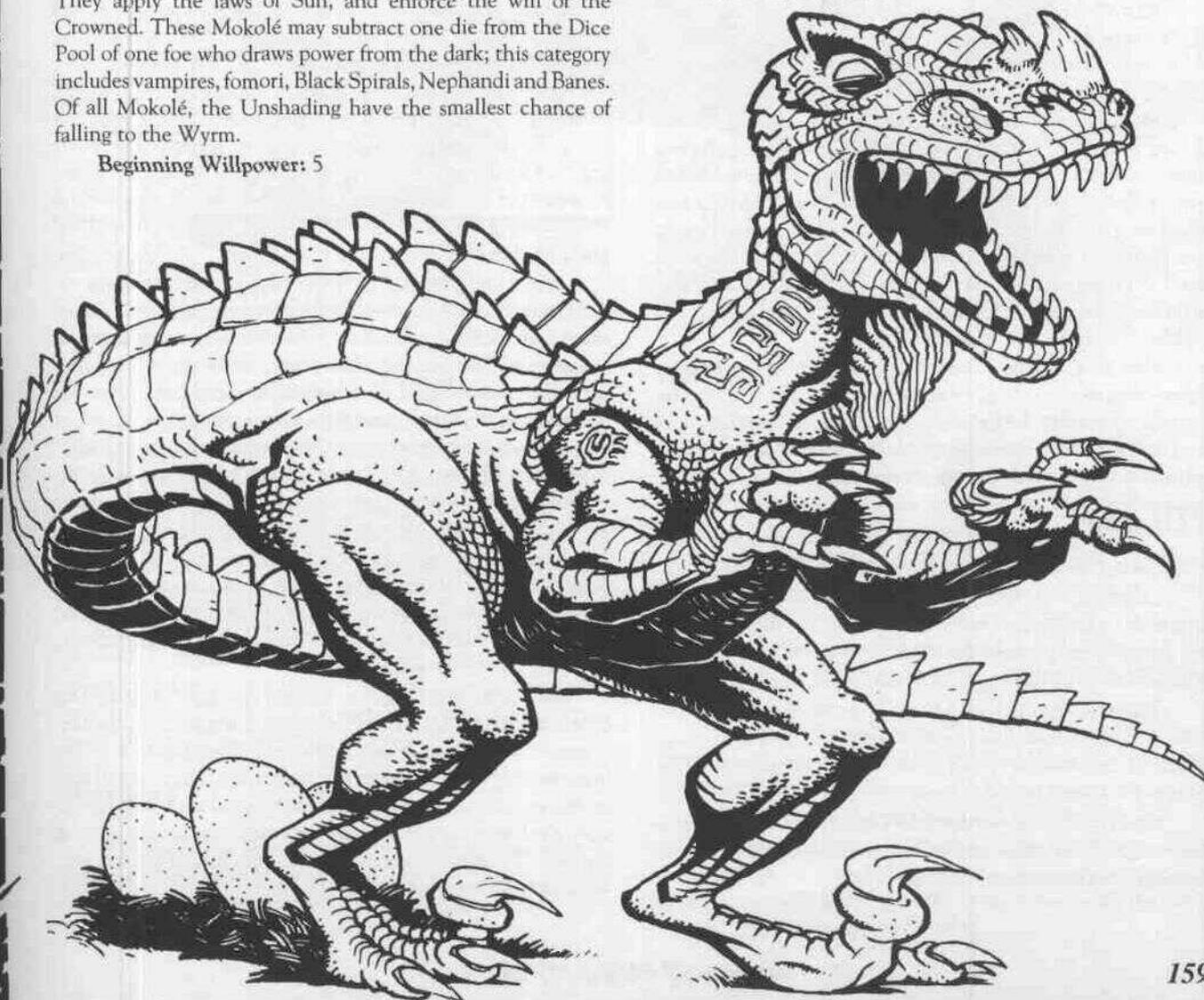
Beginning Willpower: 3

- **The Shrouded Sun ("Concealing"):** Concealing Mokolé are born while the Sun is clouded. The Concealing gain an extra die on their Stealth and when they camouflage anything. These Mokolé are the mystics, teachers of spirit lore and knowers of secrets in their society. They are most skilled at magic or Gifts and are subtle hunters.

Beginning Willpower: 4

- **The Midnight Sun ("Shining"):** Mokolé born while the sky is dark are called the Shining. Lovers of contradiction, paradox and riddle, they see humor in a Sun Aspect without the Sun. Some Shining joke about lunar auspices, or seek Gifts of the Moon because they say that she is the Sun of the night. Of course, they have difficulty finding a moon creature to teach them such Gifts. They can draw on an extra die when they are faced with hopeless odds. They are the arbiters of the afterlife, tricksters, poets, storytellers and mythmakers. The few Mokolé who are artists are often Shining.

Beginning Willpower: 4



• **The Decorated Sun ("Gathering"):** A special blessing follows the Mokolé who are born while the Sun is accompanied by "sundogs," the rings, rays or flares of light surrounding his face. The Gathering are the matchmakers, organizers, and coordinators of the Mokolé. The Crowning may reign, but the Gathering get things done, as Mokolé say. They are workers, listmakers and busybodies. They receive an extra die when they act in collective effort to benefit the Mokolé.

Beginning Willpower: 5

• **The Eclipsed Sun ("Crowning"):** The Crowning, the ruler-priests of Mokolé society, are born when Sun or Moon is in eclipse. Mokolé mothers often use the Rite of the Nesting Mound to bring their eggs to term while an eclipse is in progress. The Crowning are rare creatures; all other Mokolé defer to them. However, they usually look to the Concealing for advice and the Gathering for know-how: Tyrants among the Mokolé end up without followers. The Crowning get one extra die to apply anywhere they want when the sun shines.

Beginning Willpower: 5

The Mokolé do not automatically have the ability to step sideways; they need the Gift: Walking Between the Worlds to enter the Umbra. Of the Suns, the Shrouded Sun, Eclipsed Sun and Decorated Sun love Umbral travel the most. The Garou's power in the Umbra makes Mokolé reluctant to go there.

Mokolé are vulnerable to gold as well as silver, because of their ties to the Sun. Gold has the same detrimental effects on Mokolé as silver does on the other Bête. Few hunters, even among the Garou, have any idea of this weakness.

Mokolé Renown works much as Garou Renown does. The Rising Sun and Setting Sun need to have at least half their Renown in Glory. The Shrouded Sun and the Eclipsed Sun need to have half in Wisdom. The Noon Sun, Midnight Sun and Decorated Sun need to have half their Renown in Honor. For each level of Rank, a Mokolé must have at least one point each of Glory, Honor, and Wisdom. Therefore, a Rising Sun who wanted to get from Rank Two to Rank Three would need at least 3 Honor, 6 Glory and 3 Wisdom.

Most Mokolé follow Dragon, a powerful Totem of Respect. Some Mokolé choose other totems for their clutches. Examples include Anaconda, Turtle (the totem of the lost Croatan tribe) and the Rainbow Serpent. Note that Mokolé who share a totem with Garou might have some basis for communication.

Dragon

Background Cost: 5

Dragon is powerful and fierce, and he burns all who oppose him with his poisonous breath. He asks that his children succor his progeny and preserve the memory of the Dinosaur Kings. Dragon has never yet accepted Garou as his children.

Traits: To individuals whom Dragon favors he gives the Gift: *Dragon's Breath*. He may also teach some Mokolé the Gift of Dream Semblance, which allows them to appear as a true dragon for a short period of time.

Ban: No Mokolé may dishonor Dragon. Definitions of this ban vary, but violations of the Duties, betrayal of the Mokolé heritage or other crimes would qualify.

Mokolé may not have Past Life, mammalian totems or Corporate Ties. They may buy Pure Breed; it represents the lineage of the Dinosaur Kings. Mokolé may not regain Gnosis when cut off from Sun. (This restriction does not apply to Mokolé who sleep the Sleep of the Dragon). The less Sun is visible, the more time Mokolé must spend meditating in his light. This requirement means that Mokolé are usually uncomfortable in cities (except ones in the tropics).

New Background: Mnesis

Mnesis, a uniquely Mokolé talent, is the racial memory that graces the titan reptiles. It awakens during the rite of passage. Through Mnesis, the Mokolé keep alive the memory of the Kings and of the Breed's links to Gaia and each other. Mnesis embraces the ancestors of animals, humans and Bête. Lore, Gifts and rites can all be found in the sea of time and memory.

Mnesis reaches back to the Dinosaur Kings. No Mokolé with older memories survived the Wars of Rage. Mokolé elders spend much time deep in the past, dreaming of the glories of the Kings. Mnesis connects the Mokolé: Congo Mokolé and Amazon Mokolé recall the same forebears and rites. Its hereditary nature makes the ability fragile, however. When a Mokolé lineage dies out, some Mnesis is lost. It is ironic that the Garou who slay Mokolé are unaware that "lost" Garou rites and Gifts survive through Mnesis. The Mokolé remark that Garou will regret their folly when those Gifts, and the Mokolé who preserved them, are not present to combat the Wurm.

Mnesis is the exercise of the Mokolé's function as the memory of Gaia and should be controlled carefully by the Storyteller. Mokolé are not omniscient. When "remembering," a Mokolé goes into a dream state and dredges up direct memories of his ancestors from a racial memory pool. When remembering, a Mokolé sees events his ancestors witnessed and glimpses thoughts about those events.

When using Mnesis, the player should roll Intelligence + Rituals, difficulty 8. When searching for particular ancestors or events, the difficulty rises to 9 (or 10 in cases of extreme antiquity). The number of successes determines how well events are remembered. The further back, the less cogent the memory can be; the ancient days were a time when the Wyld was ascendant. However, some dinosaur ancestors were highly intelligent. When remembering events before the Ice Age, Mokolé often cannot communicate the memories to non-Mokolé, as they are too alien to human experience.

The Mokolé have kept to themselves since the War of Rage, and do not remember much that concerned other shapechangers since that time. They also do not remember the First Changer; this memory is lost. Mokolé have long sought it, but none have been successful.

Gifts and Rites can be learned through Mnesis. The character must go into a Mnesis trance. She spends an amount of time in the trance as long as it would take to learn the Gift from another Mokolé. Then she must make a Mnesis roll and score a number of successes equal to the level of the Gift. If she does, she learns the gift (experience point costs are the same as normal). To learn Mokolé Gifts, the difficulty of the roll is 8. With non-Mokolé Gifts, it is 9 or 10.

- You can remember events up to a century or so ago.
- You can remember events up to 1,000 years ago.
- You can recall events that took place up to 12,000 years ago.
- Ancient history even for your race; you can remember the time when the Great Beasts roamed free over the earth and the first races of the Changing Breed arose (up to 60 million years ago).
- You can remember when the first dinosaurs walked the earth (up to 240 million years ago).

Special Combat Maneuvers

• **Head Butt:** This action requires a charge forward, head lowered. This maneuver works like Body Slam (*Werewolf*, p. 232) save that the Mokolé doesn't suffer damage, and the target may attack unless knocked down. Suchids cannot perform this attack, since it requires bipedal running or at least longer legs.

Usable by: Homid and Archid

Roll: Dexterity + Brawl

Difficulty: Opponent's Strength +2

Damage: Special **Actions:** 1

• **Tail Lash:** Pure and simple, this move smashes the enemy with a powerful swipe of the tail. It can be used in Archid form (and in Suchid form if the enemy is behind the Mokolé). Mokolé with spikes on their tails deliver an even more dangerous Tail Lash.

Usable by: Archid and Suchid

Roll: Dexterity + Brawl **Difficulty:** 7

Damage: Strength +1 **Actions:** 1

Breeds

Only homid and suchid Mokolé exist; they have no metis children. Mokolé unions do produce offspring, but since these children's natural form is Archid, they are stillborn without dreaming their forms. There are taboos against interbreeding, as the dead metis are known to haunt the living and corrupt the Archid shapes of other Mokolé during their Rites of Passage.

• **Archid:** The intermediary form of the Mokolé is a shape taken from the dreaming, which comes at the Rite of Passage. In this mystical experience, the Mokolé relives the lives of her ancestors, and her Archid form creates itself from the body shapes of the Dinosaur Kings and other forebears. The Archid form usually resembles a dinosaur or dragon, although there are pterosaur and sea-serpent Mokolé. The Archid form causes the Delirium at full strength, save in other Awakened beings.

Archid Trait adjustments are as follows:

Str: +4, Dex: -1, Sta: +4, App: 0, Man: -3; Diff: 6

• **Suchid:** The reptilian breed form of the Mokolé is usually a crocodilian such as an alligator. Rarer are the Mokolé whose Suchid form is a large lizard such as a monitor or Komodo dragon. The Rage of these forms differs because of their variant body shapes: Mokolé say that the Rage of Gila monsters is what makes their poison so strong.

Alligator (common American, 6 to 12 feet long)

Str: +2, Dex: -1, Sta: +3, App: 0, Man: -2, Diff: 6; Rage 4

Running speed is halved in this form, and swimming speed equals the Homid form's land speed.

Monitor Lizard (4 to 12 feet long)

Str: +0, Dex: +0, Sta: +2, App: 1, Man: -4, Diff: 6; Rage 5

Running speed is equal to Homid in this form, and sprints at higher speeds are possible.

Saltwater Crocodile (up to 20 feet long)

Str: +3, Dex: -2, Sta: +3, App: 0, Man: -4, Diff: 6; Rage 2

Running speed in this form is halved (no Long Running), but swimming speed equals the Homid form's land speed.

Gifts

The Sun and other spirits bestow many presents upon the Dragon Folk. A beginning Mokolé starts with two Gifts, one for her solar auspice and one from the basic list below, rather than with three as do the Garou. A few suggestions are given for the auspice Gifts; Storytellers may fill out the lists as they see fit.

Common Gifts

- **Shed (Level One)** — As the Metis Gift.
- **Sense Wurm (Level One)** — As the Metis Gift.

Archid Form Characteristics

When designing a Mokolé character's Archid form, use Gnosis as "points" with which to buy characteristics for the form. For example, a Mokolé who begins the game with Gnosis 4 can have four "Gnosis points" worth of characteristics from the chart below. (Some characteristics "cost" two Gnosis, as noted.)

All Mokolé have Archid form bite and claw attacks, which do the standard amount of damage unless the Mokolé has dreamt of the more vicious Long Teeth and Terrible Claws. In the case of Mokolé with beaks, flippers and the like, bite or claw attacks may be impossible.

- **Armor** (Ankylosaurus): +2 soak (+3 for 2 Gnosis)
- **Back Sail** (Dimetrodon): +1 soak to rear attacks only
- **Binocular Vision** (Troödon): the Mokolé has +2 Perception
- **Color Change** (Chameleon): difficulty to spot the Mokolé (when hidden) rises by 1; this characteristic can be taken more than once
- **Constricting Coils** (Boa): +3 dice to immobilize an opponent
- **Deep Lung** (Mosasaurus): allows submersion in water for up to an hour
- **Feathers** (Longisquama): Appearance 3 in this form
- **Fins** (Mosasaurus): doubles swimming speed
- **Fur** (Sordes): protects the Mokolé in cold weather
- **Grasping Hands** (Troödon): has normal manual Dexterity in Archid form
- **Hollow Bones** (Pteranodon): +3 to speed; the Mokolé can fly effortlessly for hours if she has wings; -1 soak
- **Horn** (Triceratops): Strength +3 Head Butt
- **Huge Size** (Apatosaurus): Stamina +1, Strength +2 damage Body Slam or Overbear; this characteristic can be taken more than once; thus, some Mokolé are up to 100 feet long in Archid form; Huge Size also grants one additional Health Level each time it is taken
- **Long Teeth** (Tyrannosaurus): Strength +3 Bite
- **Poison Sacs** (Snake): if bite does damage, victim suffers an additional four dice of aggravated damage
- **Royal Crest** (Parasaurolophus): +2 to any Social rolls involving Mokolé or Nagah
- **Spikes on tail** (Stegosaurus): Strength +2 Tail Lash
- **Spitter** (Dilophosaurus): the Mokolé can spit venom 1 yard per point of Rage; must be purchased with Poison Sacs
- **Terrible Claws** (Deinocheirus): Strength +3 Claw
- **Throat Sac and Wattles** (Chuckwalla): +1 Expression, +1 to Bellow; this characteristic can also take the form of a hollow crest with resonators inside
- **Upright Walking** (Goanna): bipedal Archid form
- **Water Snorkel** (Brachiosaurus): the Mokolé has breathing vents situated atop its skull; +2 to Stamina when swimming or crossing any body of water
- **Webbed Feet** (Hadrosaurus): allows a Mokolé to swim fast and to walk more easily on soft mud; -1 penalty to Dexterity when in Archid form
- **Wings** (Pteranodon): flight (costs 2 Gnosis); the Mokolé can fly at speeds up to 20 miles per hour; Mokolé with Hollow Bones can soar for hours; others can fly for 1 hour per point of Stamina, then must rest for the night

- **Silver Claws (Level Two)** — As the Ahroun Gift.
- **Dragonfear (Level Three)** — This Gift, when invoked, makes the Mokolé's Archid form capable of inducing the Delirium in other Awakened creatures. This Gift is taught by Dragon.

System: The player must spend two Gnosis points to activate this Gift.

- **Dragon's Breath (Level Three)** — This Gift allows the Mokolé to spit fire as do the Dragon Kings. Dragon teaches this Gift.

System: This Gift costs one point of Rage per fireburst. The player rolls Dexterity + Athletics (difficulty 8) to hit. The breath does three dice of aggravated damage (which can be soaked). For each extra Rage point spent, one extra die of damage is done. Thus, a Mokolé could spend four Rage and do six dice of aggravated damage.

- **Walking Between the Worlds (Level Three)** — As the Bastet Gift.

- **Attunement (Level Four)** — As the Bone Gnawer Gift.
- **Serenity (Level Four)** — As the Children of Gaia Gift.
- **Song of the Great Beast (Level Five)** — As the Lupus Gift. Usually, the Dinosaur Kings teach this Gift to suchid Mokolé only, who can use it to summon solely the dinosaur Great Beasts.

Rising Sun

Ahroun and other combat-related Gifts work well for the Rising Sun.

- **Bellow (Level One)** — The Mokolé can shake the swamps with his powerful voice, terrifying all who hear his roar. A Crocodile-spirit or Alligator-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends a Rage point and may roll either Rage or Willpower to activate the bellow. The difficulty is the target's Willpower; if the roll is successful, then the listener responds according to the Delirium Reaction Chart. Each one of the player's successes after the first subtracts one from the listener's effective Willpower.

- **Hot Ichor (Level Three)** — This Gift provides the Mokolé with a pool of heat energy usable in hunting or battle. A spirit of a hunting dinosaur teaches this Gift.

System: The Mokolé gains a "heat energy pool" with a maximum limit of the Mokolé's Homid-form Stamina + 5. The player may spend Rage points at any time to fill the pool at a one-to-one ratio. He may later withdraw these points to add to the Mokolé's Physical Attributes for a turn. The player cannot, however, spend Rage directly to his Attributes; the Rage must be converted for at least one turn in the "heat pool."

Noonday Sun

Use Philodox Gifts to approximate the Gifts of the Noonday Sun.

- **Truth of Olodumare:** As the Philodox Gift: Truth of Gaia. This gift is taught by a Sun-spirit.
- **Clear Mind (Level Three)** — This Gift allows fair judgment regardless of the circumstances. A Crow-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The Mokolé may spend Willpower points to increase a Mental Dice Pool; the effects last for the duration of the scene.

Setting Sun

Use Children of Gaia Gifts for the Setting Sun.

- **Resist Pain (Level One)** — As the Philodox Gift.
- **Armor of the Tortoise (Level Three)** — This Gift enables the Mokolé to form a hard shell around his skin in Archid or Suchid form.

System: The player rolls Stamina + Primal-Urge, difficulty 6. The number of successes equals the number of dice added to the Dice Pool for soak rolls. This Gift works in addition to any armor already possessed and can be activated only once per scene.

Shrouded Sun

The Gifts of the Shrouded Sun can be approximated with Theurge and Uktena Gifts.

- **Shroud (Level One)** — As the Uktena Gift. Just as Sun brings light, his servants can teach the Mokolé how to bring darkness when necessary.
- **Become Log (Level Two)** — Like the Ragabash Gift: Blissful Ignorance, save that the Mokolé must be on a forest floor, in a stream or lake, or in another appropriate setting. This Gift is taught by an Alligator-spirit.
- **Walking Between the Worlds (Level Two)** — As the Bastet Gift.

Midnight Sun

To simulate the Gifts of the Midnight Sun, use Ragabash and Galliard Gifts.

- **Lambent Flame (Level One)** — As the Silver Fangs Gift. This is taught by a Fire-spirit or by a Sun-spirit.
- **Sleep of the Dragon (Level Five)** — This Gift allows the Mokolé to enter a state of estivation. She sleeps for a time chosen by duration ("three moons") or condition ("when the lake fills with water"). While asleep, the Mokolé does not age, though she may dream. Some Mokolé who possess this Gift are ancient indeed. Usually, the Mokolé buries herself in mud as she sleeps. The sleeping Mokolé is awakened by being moved or touched, but not by ordinary noises.

System: The Mokolé can enter this sleep at will. She regains spent Gnosis while sleeping and doesn't age a day. She must sleep for longer than the duration of one story; this Gift cannot be used to regain spent Gnosis between game sessions.

Decorated Sun

To simulate Gifts of the Decorated Sun, use the Gifts of the Silver Fangs or Shadow Lords.

- **Persuasion (Level One)** — As the Homid Gift. This Gift is taught by a Snake-spirit.
- **Talk (Level One)** — This Gift allows the Mokolé to speak human languages perfectly even in Archid or Suchid form. Of course, she must know the particular language to begin with. This Gift is taught by a Bird-spirit.

System: No roll is needed; the Mokolé becomes automatically capable of human speech in all forms. With a successful

Mnesis roll (difficulty 8), the Mokolé can also speak any of the languages of the other Bête for the duration of a scene.

Eclipsed Sun

Use the Gifts of the Silver Fangs, Philodox and Shadow Lords to approximate the regal Gifts of the Crowned.

- **Aura of Confidence (Level One)** — As the Garou Gift. This Gift is taught by a Dinosaur King or some other royalty.
- **Dream Semblance (Level Five)** — This Gift may be exercised once in a Mokolé's lifetime. It allows the Mokolé to become a true dragon for the duration of one scene. This Gift is taught by Dragon.

System: The Mokolé prays to Dragon and makes a Gnosis roll, difficulty 7. The actual abilities of the Dream Semblance are up to the Storyteller but should be highly impressive. Once the confrontation is over, the dream-form departs.

Rites

Mokolé rites are ancient, some dating to the First Times. Common rites that the Garou and Mokolé share are the Rite of Accomplishment, hunting prayers, greetings to the Sun and (in the case of Shining) the Moon. Also common are the Rite of Talisman Dedication, the Baptism of Fire, the Rite of Spirit Awakening, the Rite of Summoning, and the Rites of the Fetish and Totem. Other rites may also occur at certain wallows. The Mokolé have few or no rites connected with Umbral travel, as they seldom enter the Umbra. They also have few rites of judgment or punishment. They do have seasonal rites, which differ from the Garou's.

Most Mokolé-specific rites have to do with their powerful parental instincts. For instance, the Rite of the Nesting Mound helps a mother create an ideal place for her eggs; the Rite of the Hatchling allows a parent to monitor her children spiritually; Gator's Burrow acts like The Badger's Burrow and enables Mokolé to protect their wallows; and Feed the Wallow can increase a small ration of food into a healthy meal for the clutch.

Quote

After rainy season comes dry season. After dry season comes rainy season. We are patient. Our time will come again.

Stereotypes

- **Garou** — They slaughtered us and crushed our eggs. Now they beg for help in their "wars." Let the Wyrms have them.
- **Bastet** — Not all of Luna's children are our foes. Honor to the Bastet!
- **Corax** — They are chosen by Sun, too. Their ways are not our own, but the bond of Sun tells us to respect them.
- **Nagah** — Who says that they are not Mokolé? They are our brothers and sisters. Treat them as clutchmates.

Nagah

Legendry

Gere-Hunts-the-Hunters speaks:

When Gaia was young and the humans still hadn't begun to eat the world as their meal, the Changing Breeds were given their tasks. Each of us had a mission to accomplish that was assigned by the Triat. Sometimes those duties crossed over each other, and the strongest destroyed the weaker rivals. That was the way of the Triat and of Gaia. We are what we were created to be. Perhaps the War of Rage was unnecessary, but we did what was required of us. I feel no remorse for what occurred in the past. Instead, I look to what we can mend. That's my way and the way of all Get of Fenris.

Still, we made our share of mistakes. Whole Breeds annihilated because they crossed our paths...a waste that no one can ignore. The worst part is that we can't always fill the duties of those we killed. We don't always know what task the Triat assigned them.

The Nagah are a perfect example. We know they came from India originally. We know they were wereserpents. We know they were proud, noble warriors who fought to the end and that many Garou fell before them during the War of Rage.

What was their purpose? Whom did they serve? I said before that I feel no remorse for what we did. I guess that's a lie. I regret the death of the Nagah. Mostly, I mourn for them. I mourn because somebody must and so few remember they ever existed.

Description

It's true that every one of the Changing Breeds was granted a purpose. Each one in existence served a task that had to be handled. Over the centuries, those positions were sometimes perverted for one reason or another. The human aspects of their nature often lead the shapeshifters to extremes as a result of overconfidence and even arrogance. A "holier-than-thou" outlook becomes the norm and the entire structure created by the Triat and Gaia threatens to crumble.

In their wisdom, the Triat and Gaia provided an answer to that problem before it ever came about. Unbound by loyalties to any faction of the Triat or even Gaia, the Nagah are the dark watchers who make sure the cogs set in motion by the powers that be continue turning smoothly. Moving in shadows and watching silently, the Nagah carefully measure the importance of the Changing Breeds and judge their actions with cold-blooded efficiency.

For lack of a better title, the wereserpents are Gaia's executioners, though they owe her no special allegiance. There is a sacred, thankless duty, to which they dedicate their entire existence. They are the elite, the finest natural assassins ever created.

But there's a rub. They must, of necessity, move in secret. The other Changing Breeds, if they knew the Nagah's hidden purpose, would surely destroy them as the Garou tried once before.

The War of Rage was the result of that failed attempt. The actions of the Nagah are never direct. Their talents in subterfuge and skullduggery put the Ratkin and Shadow Lords to shame. The ever-quiet and civil Nagah of the past are mourned as one of the greatest tragedies of the War of Rage. No single song exists that tells of them as anything but peaceful. There are no written passages that mention their murderous skills or the duplicitous machinations that kept their reputations so remarkably clean.

In the time before the War of Rage, the Nagah dwelled openly among the ranks of humans. It was a sign of great prestige to have Nagah ancestors in India for many generations. One of the greatest of the wereserpents, Silappadikaram, encouraged this practice of mating with royalty and started the migration of the Nagah to other lands, where the Breed was often called by different names. In Arabian myth they were called the Yamilka; in Celtic myth they became the Nemontana, and on and on.

The carefully orchestrated actions of these wereserpents worked all too well for a very long time. The problem came when they underestimated the ire of the Silver Fangs. A Machiavellian chain of events exploded when the Silver Fangs took offense at the death of one of their own and began looking to the other Changing Breeds for explanations of the loss. Certainly, the War of Rage did not ignite over the death of one Silver Fang, but that death stoked the fires from a smoking stack of kindling into a conflagration. Like an apocalyptic house of cards, the entire situation collapsed into a bloody fray that ended in the ruin of most of the shapeshifters. The Nagah blame their own ancestors for the crime, and they still seek a way to redeem themselves.

In time, the Nagah pieced together exactly what happened and found that the fault lay with one of their own, the first ever to look to a particular member of the Triat as being more important than the other two. While they judged and punished the guilty among other Breeds, one of their own turned to the Wurm and nearly destroyed all that the Triat and Gaia had created.

The traitor's name, Vinata, is reviled, and her suffering is legendary among the Nagah.

Most believe the Nagah are dead, another species that wasn't quite up to par on the evolutionary scale. The wereserpents prefer it that way; in fact, revealing one's presence is a great crime among them. The Nagah now

move about the world with little or no fear of being recognized for what they are, and though their numbers are small, they manage to judge the Changing Breeds and handle the tasks set before them when Gaia was young.

Organization

The Nagah always work in groups of two or three. This practice has nothing to do with ability and everything to do with ensuring no one ever again falls down the same pit that Vinata did so long ago. These groups, called "nests," seldom stay in any one place for more than a few months. Although shapeshifters are relatively rare, most Breeds outnumber the Nagah and might question just what was going on if they heard multiple reports of snake-folk in their vicinity. Questions might well lead to investigation that would require the Nagah kill a few innocents. They'd rather avoid that.

While the Nagah usually prefer to mate with their original Kinfolk, they've long since adapted to mating outside of India. Such is true of the cobra-born Nagah as well as the human-born. The only solid rule regarding the snakes they mate with is that they must be venomous in nature. A wereserpent born in North America is just as likely part rattlesnake or water moccasin as she is cobra. The Nagah exist throughout the world and seldom travel back to their homelands unless there is a summons from the Sessa, the ruling party of the Breed. Most make reports once or twice a

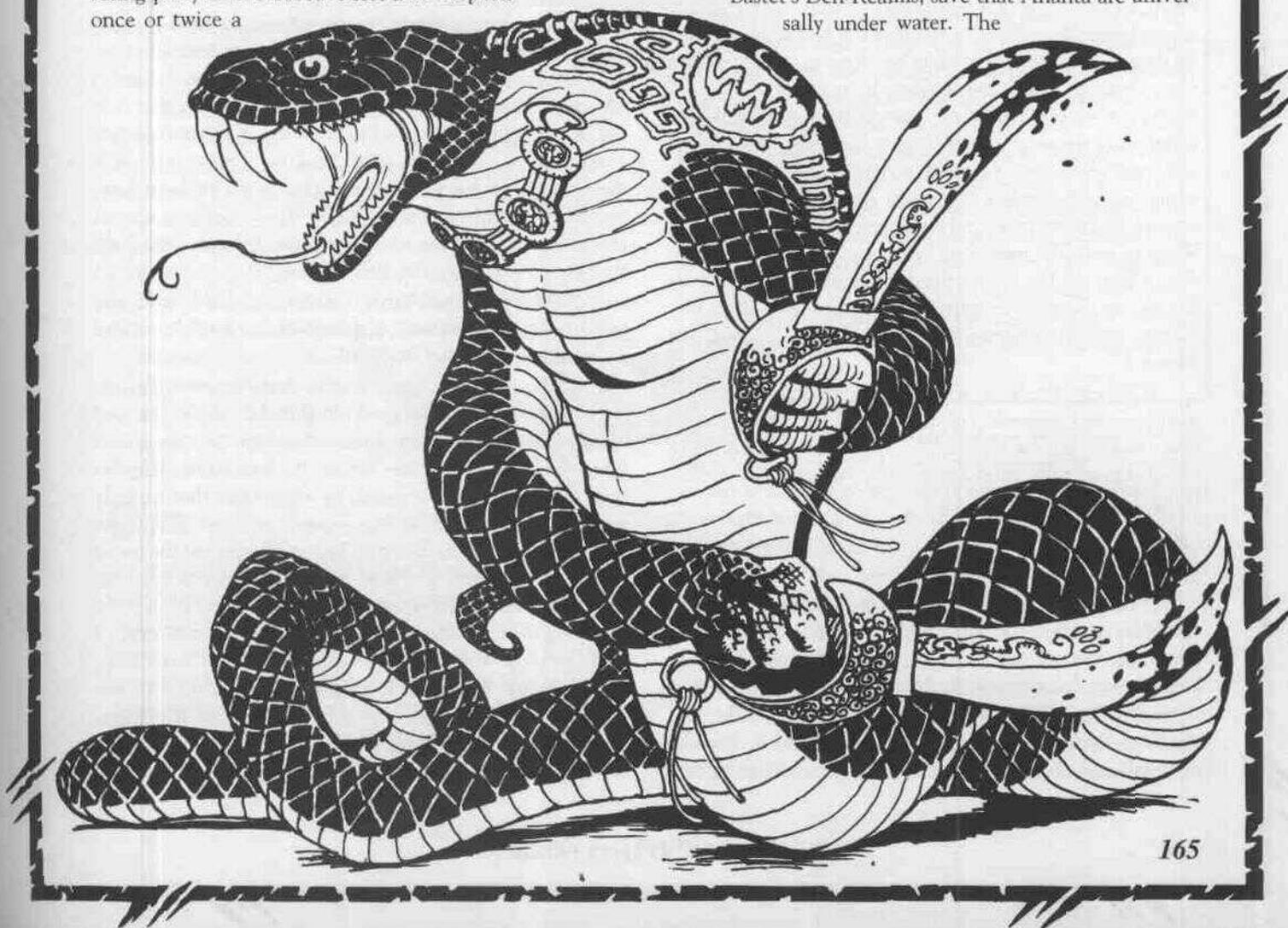
year, only adding other trips when there is some question of how they should approach a sticky situation and then only if the nest can't agree on a course of action.

The massive and ongoing changes to the earth's environment recently led the Nagah to take on another task: that of battling the Wyrn. They bear the Wyrn no ill will, but they have come to realize that the destructive course many people now walk is a result of the Corrupter's influences. Although they see the Wyrn as being out of line, the Nagah don't seek to destroy it; they'd prefer simply to restore the proper balance. The wereserpents have their suspicions about what caused the shift in power, but they remain uncertain and move cautiously in their attacks.

Traits

The Nagah have four auspices: Kali (Winter), Kamakshi (Spring), Kartikeya (Summer) and Kamsa (Autumn). Kali and Kartikeya each start with 4 Rage; Kamakshi and Kamsa each start with 3. Unlike the Garou, there is no special task assigned to a Nagah as a result of when he was born. All are equal in their duties. The same is true of the Nagah breeds.

The Nagah don't use caerns. They have no need of them. Instead, they have special locations that they create for themselves, pockets between the Umbra and the Gaia Realm called "Ananta." These lairs are much like the Bastet's Den-Realms, save that Ananta are universally under water. The



Ananta are always well warded (see below) and only the Nagah can enter them safely. Because the Nagah often move to new locations, the Ananta are temporary dwellings. When a wereserpent moves on, she literally absorbs the Ananta into herself and regurgitates it later. When on the move, a Nagah can use the power of the Ananta to step sideways into the Umbra but otherwise may enter the Umbra only through the Ananta itself.

The greatest of the Ananta is maintained by the Sesha. Each Ananta is connected to the Ananta of the Sesha, but the only way to get to the Sesha is if the Sesha decide it's time for a nest to report to it. This contact normally occurs once or twice a year, more often if the nest is handling business that is urgent to the Sesha. Its own powerful pocket realm is connected to Xi Wang Chi, the home of the Wani (also referred to as "The Dragon Kings," and "Long Lu"), the great spirits that are the mentors and source of the Nagah's Gifts.

Because the Nagah don't follow the members of the Triat, few spirits affiliate themselves with the wereserpents. Their powers are slightly different than the Gifts of other Changing Breeds for this reason. The Nagah learn all their Gifts from the Wani or their minions.

The Nagah don't have a formal system of Renown or rank. Their belief is that such demarcations breed discontent. Each wereserpent is evaluated and granted new Gifts as the Sesha sees fit. When the time comes for the nest to return to the Sesha and report on its deeds, each member comes before the collective rulers of the Nagah to be asked for details about what the group has done since its previous visit. Once an individual finishes, he is asked to evaluate each member of his nest and then is dismissed. When all members of the nest have spoken in turn, they are granted one week to relax and visit with other Nagah in the Ananta while the Sesha makes judgment. As the decisions come around, each nestmate is taken separately to the Hall of the Wani to learn the new Gifts he's earned. (Translated into simple English: The Storyteller decides when and if a Nagah has earned the right to learn Rank Three Gifts. Naturally, Nagah shouldn't progress any faster than other Changing Breeds.)

Who exactly leads a nest is decided by the nest's members, and leadership often changes depending on the task they've set for themselves. While this is normally handled peacefully, there are occasions when ritual combat is the deciding factor.

Breeds

Although there are three different breeds — Balam (homid), Ahi (metis), and Vasuki (cobra) — they are all considered equals, because each has special abilities that balance the scales of power. The Sesha always consists of three members of each breed working together, reflecting the three aspects of the Triat working in harmony. There is no mysticism at work, and none of the breeds reflects a

singular aspect of the Triat. It's simply a long-standing tradition.

The Ahi don't suffer the same disabilities as Garou metis. They are able to conceive children and carry them to full term. However, there is no guarantee that the children of the Ahi will breed true; as with the other breeds, only one in 10 will be a true Nagah. Ones who are Kinfolk rather than true Nagah experience their one Change in life when their parents decide whether the offspring is to be cobra or homid. Using a rite taught by the Wani, the parents make the decision not long into the mother's pregnancy. The mother then spends the remainder of the pregnancy in the chosen form, and the Kinfolk children are born as if normal humans or cobras.

The Nagah's breed determines their Gnosis in exactly the same way as with the Garou.

Forms

The Nagah have five basic forms, though there are rumors that truly powerful wereserpents can alter their bodies in more extreme ways. Four of the forms allow the Nagah to inject venom into their enemies. The venom is extremely powerful (bite damage + 7 Health Levels of aggravated damage, soaked separately; if the bite fails to wound the victim, the Nagah cannot inject the venom). In some cases, the Nagah use their venom to blind opponents as well (they have always preferred mating with spitting cobras). When venom is spit onto a target instead of injected through the fangs, the target takes the 7 Health Levels of damage as usual, but there is a delay of one turn before the toxins enter the blood stream. If the venom gets into the eyes, the pain it causes and the damage it deals to the optic nerves leave an opponent blinded for at least three turns. Thankfully, the Gift: Resist Toxin defends against this poison — although the Nagah are said to possess Gifts that can counteract even this defense.

- **Balam:** The Nagah is indistinguishable from any other human in this form, although very few of them have noticeable amounts of body fat.

- **Silkaram:** This large, brutish shape is mostly human in appearance, though even at this point it's changed enough that there's little chance of recognizing the person who stood there a moment before. All hair on the Nagah's body disappears, to be replaced by bony ridges that strongly resemble scales. The jawline extends substantially, often making the Nagah look as if he's been dabbling in the use of steroids for too long. The nose recedes and widens until the face seems almost flat. Heavier scales cover the skin, often changing the coloration enough to make any guess at race a waste of time. The scaled lips of the Silkaram form make certain words harder to form and lend sibilance to the Nagah's speech. When exposed, the teeth of the transformed wereserpent seem fused together, except for the canines, which extend almost three inches beyond the other

teeth. These fangs fold back when not in use. Lastly, the eyes change radically, growing darker and losing any human coloration they had. While the Silkaram still has arms and legs, they grow thicker and slightly shorter. The fingers and toes become webbed. In this form, the Nagah are excellent swimmers.

- **Azhi Dahaka:** The combat-form of the Nagah varies greatly from one individual to another. Few look enough alike for anyone to realize they're from the same breed. The one certain giveaway is the massive "hood" that most wear extended while in battle. The faces of Nagah in this form are almost completely ophidian. The hood of the Azhi Dahaka is present even in Nagah from other parts of the world, long removed from any cobra parentage. Azhi Dahaka are able to unhinge their jaws, which allows them a better bite for the injection of venom into an opponent. Their tongues lengthen and usually become forked. The Azhi Dahaka also have gills and are fully amphibious. The limbs of a Nagah in this form more resemble the spine of a snake: Vertebrae replace joints and the limbs are amazingly fluid. Most Nagah lose their legs completely and instead balance on a trunk and tail that often extends to a length between 16 and 20 feet. The hands of the Nagah grow much thicker and their fingernails are replaced by vicious talons. Heavy scales cover the body and add protection from many attacks. The upper chest and arms grow far heavier in the Azhi Dahaka shape, allowing the Nagah to use a strength that rivals the werewolves' Crinos form. Most Nagah scar their bodies in a manner similar to some Garou, and the scars become livid patterns in this form.

- **Kali Dahaka:** This form resembles a king cobra, save for two differences. The first is that in Kali Dahaka the Nagah normally maintains a slender, yet strong, set of arms; the second is that the king cobra is nowhere near as large. Once again, the ritual scars of the Nagah are present in this form, but they are muted and nowhere near as colorful as on the battle-form. The Nagah can opt to take the Kali Dahaka shape without the benefit of arms if they so desire (a Stamina + Primal-Urge roll, difficulty 7). The Kali Dahaka form also comes complete with working gills, allowing the Nagah to breathe under water.

- **Vasuki:** The Vasuki form is that of a cobra. There is no noticeable difference between a normal cobra and a Nagah in this form.

Gifts

These Gifts reflect only the Nagah's tribal abilities. Storytellers and players can easily adapt many of the other Gifts from *Werewolf* to reflect the wereserpents' Auspice Gifts: Silver Fangs for Kali, Children of Gaia for Kamakshi, Fianna for Kartikeya and Shadow Lords for Kamsa. Homid, Metis and Lupus Gifts can be used as the models for Balaram, Ahi and Vasuki Gifts. All Gifts of the Nagah are taught by the Wani.

Form Statistics

| Silkaram | Azhi Dahaka | Kali Dahaka | Vasuki |
|----------|------------------|---------------|---------|
| Str: +2 | Str: +3 | Str: +2 | Str: -1 |
| Dex: +0 | Dex: +2 | Dex: +2 | Dex: +2 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +2 | Sta: +1 |
| App: -2 | App: -2 | App: 0 | App: 0 |
| Man: -2 | Man: -3 | Man: 0 | Man: 0 |
| Diff: 7 | Diff: 6 | Diff: 7 | Diff: 6 |
| Bite +1 | Bite +2 | Bite +1 | Bite +2 |
| Venom† | Venom† | Venom† | Venom† |
| Claw +1 | Claw +2 | Claw +1 | |
| | Constriction* | Constriction* | |
| | Incites Delirium | | |

* In this form a Nagah can use his body to grapple and squeeze one opponent with his Strength while fighting another with his arms. The Nagah must first make a standard Dexterity + Brawl roll to hit; to keep the opponent constricted, he must roll a Strength + Brawl roll with a difficulty of the opponent's (Strength + Brawl) -2.

†Nagah venom isn't quite the same as cobra venom, though the similarities are remarkable. In addition to the natural toxins, the venom moves through the body at supernatural speed. While a cobra's bite might take a few moments to work, the wereserpent's poisons may as well have been injected into the bloodstream by an intravenous feed. Nagah venom even works on vampires, though the damage is halved as the vampires don't have fully functioning nervous systems. A vampire may remove the venom from her body by forcibly expelling blood (one Blood Point per Health Level of damage). Ananasi don't have the same option, as they are very much alive. However, werespiders can return the favor. Nagah and Ananasi are immune to their own poisonous bites but not to each other's. A Nagah can inject venom three times before depleting the venom sacs behind her fangs; however, spitting the venom expends two "doses," due to the amount necessary for proper coverage.

- **Snake's Skin (Level One)** — With this Gift, the Nagah can shed a layer of skin and regenerate the lost flesh instantly in order to slip free of extremely tight bonds and even handcuffs. This Gift may help a Nagah avoid being thrown by an opponent.

System: The character spends one Gnosis point and rolls Dexterity + Athletics to remove the outer layer of her skin and allow her to slip free of any bonds. An additional Dexterity + Athletics roll may be required to slip free of extremely complicated bonds at the Storyteller's discretion.

- **Eyes of the Dragon Kings (Level One)** — This Gift allows the Nagah to see through any obstacle shy of a solid wall. Murky waters seem clear, hazy fields enshrouded in fog

or smoke pose no obstacle. *Eyes of the Dragon Kings* also allows perfect night vision. The Nagah's eyes glow when this Gift is employed.

System: The player makes a Gnosis roll, difficulty 6, and must still use *Perception + Alertness* to spot an approaching enemy. Gifts such as *Blur of the Milky Eye* still work against the *Eyes of the Dragon Kings*, though the Nagah's penalties to see the character are reduced by 1.

• **Night Whispers (Level Two)** — This Gift allows the Nagah to communicate silently with anyone he wishes (usually other members of the nest). No one else can hear the conversation, though the wereserpent's movements or other noises are not silenced.

System: The character must spend one Gnosis. This Gift lasts for the duration of the scene.

• **Veil of the Wani (Level Two)** — The Nagah may, if she so chooses, erase the memory of her existence from the minds of any surviving witnesses or opponents. Anyone who saw the wereserpent is likely to remember that an encounter took place but is unable to recall the nature of the encounter or "remembers" it as something else entirely. A Garou who battled a Nagah might remember fighting and losing to a Mokolé or Setite vampire, but would still deny fighting a Nagah and claim that the wereserpents are long extinct.

System: The player spends two Gnosis and rolls *Manipulation + Subterfuge* against a difficulty equal to the target's *Perception*. While only one success is needed, with three or more successes the target forgets ever even having an encounter and suffers complete amnesia regarding the incident. This memory isn't blurred or faded — it is completely removed from the target's mind.

• **Blessings of Kali (Level Three)** — With the Gifts of Kali, the Nagah develops natural weapons and body armor. A series of heavy, bonelike plates forms over the wereserpent's scaly hide, giving her a natural defense against most attacks and adding damage to her hand-to-hand combat at the same time.

System: The character spends one Gnosis and one Rage, then rolls *Stamina + Primal-Urge* to make the armor. The plates of bone form over the entire hood of the Nagah and over the torso, the arms and the underbelly, adding +3 to his soak pools. The plates on the arms, elbows and shoulders are all barbed and very sharp, giving the wereserpent a damage rating of Strength +3. As with Garou claws, this damage is aggravated. This armor doesn't affect the Nagah's mobility as it does not actually allow extra protection over the entire body. Nagah hoods run from the crown of the head down to the middle of the back, so when armored in this manner wereserpents' vital organs are granted the protection bonus from front and back, but not from the sides.

adjusts to heat, cold, radiation, disease and pressure. Lightning and fire still cause damage if they are intense enough.

System: The character expends one Gnosis point and rolls *Stamina + Survival* against a difficulty of 7. The effects last for one scene.

• **Darting Fangs (Level Four)** — The Nagah grows long, sharp barbs on her arms. These barbs bear the same venom as the Nagah's fangs and can be launched from her body. Only two of these barbs grow, and they may be thrown together or separately at opponents.

System: The character spends one Gnosis point to generate the deadly barbs. Each poisoned dart has a vicious hook at the end, making it almost impossible to remove without causing additional aggravated damage. Each dart causes Strength damage upon impact and, if an opponent is wounded by such an attack, injects enough venom to cause 7 dice of aggravated damage. This Gift is normally reserved for any member of the Changing Breeds that the wereserpents feel has earned the right to a quick, painful death.

• **Gaze of the Serpent (Level Four)** — The Nagah can lock gazes with an opponent and petrify his enemy with the intensity of his glare. An enemy under the influence of this Gift is unable to take any actions save to regenerate.

System: The Nagah rolls *Manipulation + Intimidation* against the target's *Willpower*. Even one success freezes the target with fear. The target could well spend hours or days frozen in this way, experiencing the equivalent of a *petit mal* epileptic seizure. However, the effects of this Gift last only until the target is distracted (by, say, an attack). Once the target is disturbed physically, he is freed from *Gaze of the Serpent*. This Gift works against only one opponent at a time. Once a target is struck by the Gift's power, he can't be affected by it again until the next scene. Nagah often use this Gift to aid in escaping from powerful foes; few use it as a means of gaining advantage in combat.

• **Destroyer's Blessing (Level Five)** — When using this Gift, the Nagah sacrifices the use of her arms to combat multiple opponents. The arms of the wereserpent each split into three, each section becoming the body and head of a king cobra. Each head is autonomous and can attack of its own accord, though all are under the will of the Nagah at all times.

System: The Nagah expends three Gnosis to make this shift. Each head comes complete with enough venom to inject one target, and each cobra must make a separate attack roll in combat. Cutting away even one of these serpents leaves a very serious wound on the Nagah when the Gift wears off. This Gift lasts for two turns.

• **Breath of the Dragon Lords (Level Five)** — The Nagah using this Gift exhales huge goutts of scalding gases. The gases often resemble flames and cause aggravated damage.

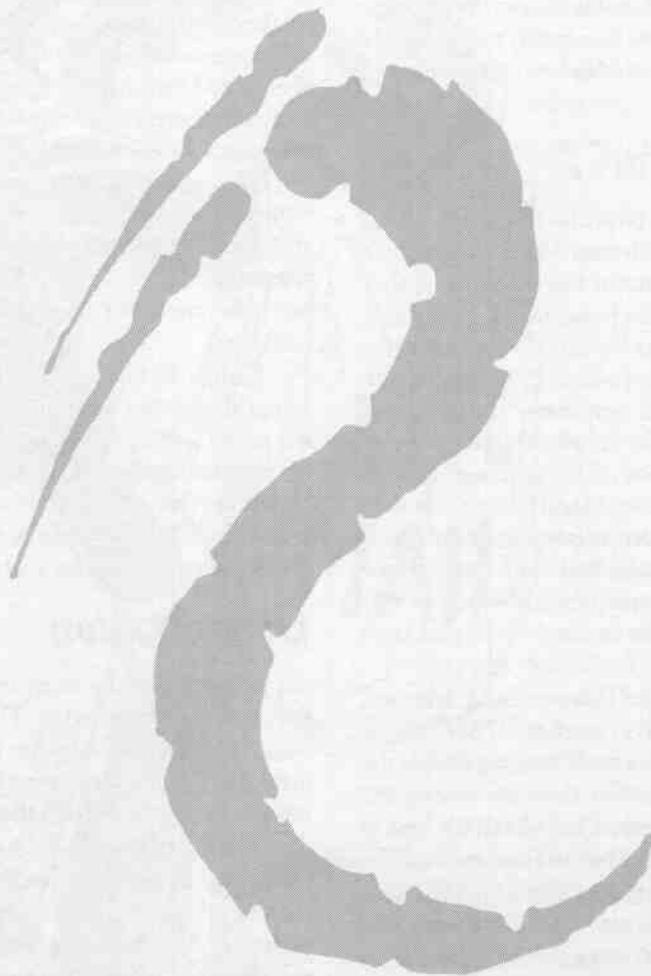
System: The Nagah must make a successful Dexterity + Firearms roll to strike an opponent. The number of damage dice rolled is equal to the wereserpent's Gnosis. This damage is aggravated and has an effective range of 20 feet.

Quote

What are we? We are for you what you are for the world. As you judge, so must we.

Stereotypes

- **Garou** — There is no other breed that so desperately needs judging. Of all the Changing Breeds, it is the arrogant werewolf who has caused the most harm and broken the most rules.
- **Ananasi** — They are cold and efficient killing machines. We know what their plans entail, but their plans of wrongdoing aren't punishable, only the actual acts. When the time comes, we will strike and they will fade from the memories of all races.
- **Bastet** — We accord them some respect, for they manage to keep the knowledge of the old ways intact. If they obeyed the wisdom they learn, rather than selfishly storing it away, they would be worthy companions.
- **Corax** — They feel they know so very much, but they too are limited in their ability to see.
- **Mokolé** — They sometimes resemble the Wani. That fact won't save them if they break the laws which bind us all. Their memory is long and that is a good thing. Some may even remember us well enough to avoid doing something very, very stupid.
- **Nuwisha** — Despite their lack of anything resembling discipline, they manage to maintain their purpose and save us a great deal of trouble. If not for the Nuwisha, we'd have destroyed the Garou a long time ago.
- **Ratkin** — Few have suffered as much as the Ratkin. We seldom need to correct them in their actions. Still, they are tasty enough when the time for punishment comes.
- **Rokea** — We all have our roles, no matter how unsubtle. The Rokea we leave in peace.



Nuwisha

Legendry

Owl-Eyes speaks:

How many of you have actually met a werecoyote? None? Are you so certain? They use our caerns, you know. They hide themselves among us and we never know until it's too late. The Nuwisha are the very best tricksters around and make most Ragabash seem like second-grade delinquents. We Uktena have a saying: If there's a Nuwisha in the area, check your shadow twice. The first time you check to see if he's hiding there, waiting for the right time to trick you. The second time you check to make sure he hasn't stolen it.

The War of Rage was a bloody affair, no two ways about it. But the only ones who came out of it unharmed were the Nuwisha. They just disappeared, and no one knows what became of them. They hid their caerns from us and they walked away, probably laughing the entire time.

But the thing is, I think they come back from time to time just to see if we've killed ourselves yet. For all I know, any one of you could be Nuwisha. Any one of you might just be checking on the rest of us, seeing what we've managed to do with the places we conquered and listening to our tales of regret. If so, then I hope you're not laughing too hard. Those of us here are seeking ways to make amends....

Description

A very long time ago, the Nuwisha taught the Garou how to step sideways into the Umbra. Many among them still haven't decided whether it was the wisest thing they ever did or the worst mistake they ever made. In the long run, it makes no difference. The Nuwisha always look to the future and the present. They have little time for the past. The Nuwisha were, perhaps, the very first of the Changing Breeds to travel to other lands. Long before humans discovered there were places beyond the ocean's edge, the werecoyotes were exploring the world and finding new ways to amuse themselves. The werecoyotes are insatiably curious about everything and normally find humor in even the grimmest situations. Most Changing Breeds are universally of the opinion that the Nuwisha were a mistake on Gaia's part.

That's how the Nuwisha like them to think. In truth, the Nuwisha consider themselves teachers. They believe their sacred duty is to show the other Changing Breeds the errors of their ways. Realizing that they are among the weaker shapeshifters, they also tend to believe it's best to teach the others through a sort of hit-and-run method.

When the War of Rage began, the Nuwisha were unknown to most of the Garou save for the Uktena, the Wendigo and the long-gone Croatan. The werecoyotes

remained unaffected by the bloody combat. When the second War of Rage came to the Pure Lands, the Nuwisha made themselves scarce. They packed what they needed and disappeared into the Umbra, where most remain even today. The werecoyotes hid their most powerful caerns and gladly left the lesser ones for the invading Garou. Their reasoning was simple enough: Why not let the Garou handle the task of maintaining the caerns and simply make use of them as the need arose? These days, the Nuwisha return to their own abandoned caerns when they have need of them. The Nuwisha are adept at subterfuge, and few of the Garou even know when a werecoyote has been in the sept and taken advantage of the werewolves' "hospitality."

Only a small number of werecoyotes exist in the Gaia Realm at any given time. They have rules about when and where they may appear in the physical realm, but only the Nuwisha themselves understand those rules.

First and foremost, the Nuwisha are instructors. Their methods of teaching range from practical jokes to violent, and sometimes fatal, pranks, but they are instructors nonetheless. In Lloyd Alexander's *The Black Cauldron*, one of the main characters says that there are three principles of learning: "See much, study much, and suffer much." To the Nuwisha's way of thinking, the last method is the best way to teach as well. Most important of all to the Nuwisha is that they never let the people they educate know they're being taught a thing. It's a part of the Nuwisha mindset that they not take credit for their actions...at least not in mixed company.

Unlike the Garou, the Nuwisha have followed only one totem always: the Trickster. Whether the Trickster is calling itself Coyote, the Shape Changer, Ti Malice, Ratosok or any of a hundred other names, all are the same to the Nuwisha. The difference comes from *how* they choose to follow their Totem. Some Nuwisha are very subtle in their tricks, whereas others are slightly less subtle than a tornado.

Organization

It's been said by many who've met the Nuwisha that they have no organization. That's fairly true. While two or more Nuwisha might gather from time to time to share a meal, they seldom stay together for more than a few days unless one is working as a mentor to the other.

The First Change is seldom traumatic for the Nuwisha, but even they need a little coaching before they embark on their new lives. When a newly transformed Nuwisha awakens to her true nature, Coyote sends a message to another of the Breed to find and nurture his child. In the case of the

werecoyotes, that normally means anywhere between a day and a week of instructions and warnings. The instructions involve the art of changing shapes and a few pointers on how to survive in a world that is often hostile; the warnings involve the other Changing Breeds and how best to deal with them when they're encountered. After that, the fate of the new Nuwisha is "in Coyote's paws and teeth." The new werecoyote is left to discover his own best path in the world. Most of those paths are very long and convoluted.

For the most part, the werecoyotes travel alone, meeting only for the annual



Festival, when all Nuwisha gather and celebrate their existence. The Festival is a special event in the Nuwisha's year, and its location is one of their greatest secrets. During the time of the Festival, all werecoyotes are present and perfectly willing to kill anyone who considers interfering.

Most of the Nuwisha belong to the Umbral Dansers, especially individuals who dwell full-time in the spirit world. The Umbral Dansers are dedicated to protecting the Umbra from foolish invaders and serving as a defense against the Wyrms, which has, in their opinion, consumed quite enough of the Umbra already. Most know places in the Umbra that remain unknown even to the Wagnerians — those Garou who spend their time searching the Umbra for a legendary mirror image of Gaia to make her stronger — and they sometimes aid the Wagnerians in exchange for anonymity. The Umbral Dansers have no desire to teach the Garou anything else about the Umbra, for these werecoyotes remain convinced that the foolish werewolves already know too much. As it stands, you just about can't go anywhere without one or two Garou stumbling past and snarling at anything that moves.

The Umbral Dansers learn certain Gifts that are held as secrets even from the other Nuwisha. Until a werecoyote proves worthy of learning these Gifts, they are left in their ignorance about its existence. Gifts of the Umbral Dance may be used only by those Nuwisha who are members of the Umbral Dansers.

Traits

The Nuwisha admit that there was once a falling out between themselves and Luna, though none is willing to say exactly what caused the break in relations. Most outsiders are certain it was a practical joke that went horribly wrong. That, the werecoyotes explain to any who are willing to listen, is why all Nuwisha follow the sign of the New Moon. All Nuwisha are Ragabash. Perhaps it's for this reason that the werecoyotes have no Rage. They still heal from wounds at supernatural levels, but they can't frenzy, they take no damage from silver, and they get no extra actions in combat. The Nuwisha consider these things blessings, as they prevent the werecoyotes from making asses of themselves as regularly as their cousins the Garou — at least in their own eyes.

Renown for the Nuwisha is similar to Renown for the Garou. The difference comes from the coyotes' particular mindset and what they consider significant. The Nuwisha believe that Glory, Humor and Wisdom are far more important than Glory, Wisdom

and Honor. In truth, Honor is an entirely different thing to the Nuwisha. Honor isn't measurable in their eyes; it simply is. Humor, on the other hand, is ever so important. Humor is the measure of originality in tricking a foe or a friend. In teaching and combat alike, humor must always be present.

Breeds

There are only two starting breeds for the Nuwisha: homid (born of humans) and latrani (born of coyotes). If there has ever been a metis Nuwisha, no tales exist of what happened to it. Most Nuwisha claim their kind aren't capable of producing werecoyote metis. Most others who have pondered the lack of metis have concluded that no two Nuwisha could possibly stand each other long enough to mate. There's a bit of truth to that accusation: The Nuwisha are solitary by nature. Unless she's imitating one of the other Changing Breeds, there's little chance of finding one staying with any group for too long. Most prefer to explore the world and solve every puzzle they come across. Comrades and commitments slow down their ability to enjoy life to its fullest.

The Nuwisha don't really have Kinfolk. They consider all humans and coyotes to be their kin and are content with that. In accord with the legends of Coyote himself, the Nuwisha are exceedingly amorous. If there's a new and interesting variation on the old theme, they'll give it a try at least once. Despite this fact, and the numerous other shapechangers they've shared romantic encounters with, there's no evidence of half-breed shapechangers running around either — none, at least, who are part Nuwisha.

The homid Nuwisha starts with Gnosis 1, the Gift: Spirit Speech, one Homid Gift and one Ragabash Gift. Latrani begin with Gnosis 5, the Gift: Rabbit Run, One Lupus Gift and one Ragabash Gift. All Nuwisha begin with 4 Willpower.

Forms

- **Homid:** Like the human aspects of most other shapeshifters, the Nuwisha's Homid form can't be distinguished from an average human.

- **Tsitsu:** This form is similar to the Glabro form but more human. The Nuwisha doubles his bulk in this form but is still human in the eyes of most observers. Speech is never a problem in this shape, and some Nuwisha prefer to enter strange territories as Tsitsu simply for the intimidation factor.

- **Manabozho:** As with the Garou's Crinos form, the Manabozho is a brute. The average increase in mass is a full 250 percent of the Homid norm, while the height of a Nuwisha in Manabozho is between seven-and-a-half feet and eight feet. A few get even larger. A Nuwisha can speak without trouble in this form, but his voice is very deep.

- **Sendeh:** The Sendeh form strongly resembles a wolf. They are often mistaken for red wolves by individuals who

Form Statistics

| Tsitsu | Manabozho | Sendeh | Latrani |
|---------|-----------|---------|---------|
| Str: +1 | Str: +2 | Str: +2 | Str: +0 |
| Dex: +1 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +3 | Dex: +3 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +3 |
| | App: 0 | | |
| Man: -1 | Man: -2 | Man: -3 | Man: -3 |
| Diff: 7 | Diff: 6 | Diff: 7 | Diff: 6 |

don't know any better, and many even hide among packs of regular wolves while in this form. While human speech is impossible in Sendeh, the Nuwisha are still capable of mimicking the sounds of human laughter, crying and screams. They're loads of fun on camping trips.

- **Latrani:** The Latrani form is indistinguishable from a regular coyote.

Gifts

The Nuwisha are all Ragabash for the purpose of choosing Gifts. They can select Homid Gifts or Lupus Gifts, depending on their breed. Most of their Gifts deal with the best ways to escape from sticky situations or the best ways to humiliate a foe. In comparison to the Garou, the Nuwisha have very few offensively powerful Gifts.

During Festivals, the elders of the tribe decide who, if anyone, deserves to learn new Gifts as rewards for their deeds. Sometimes, Coyote sends a spirit to teach a Nuwisha new Gifts because it suits the totem's needs.

- **Rabbit Run (Level One)** — As the Silent Strider Gift: Speed of Thought.

- **Spirit Speech (Level One)** — As the Theurge Gift.

- **Sheep's Clothing (Level Two)** — Nuwisha employing this Gift take on the shape and scent of another shapeshifter (Corax, Ananasi, Garou, whatever). The coyote appears even to other members of the Changing Breed she's impersonating as a member of the same race (or in cases of mixed parties, as the one most common Breed, usually Garou). Sheep's Clothing affects all senses, even ones enhanced by other Gifts. By this means, the Nuwisha manage to make use of the caerns they surrendered to the Garou and even the places of power belonging to other shapeshifters. This Gift is taught by a Cuckoo-spirit.

System: The player rolls Wits + Primal-Urge, difficulty 6, and spends one Gnosis point. The Gift bestows the appearance and scent of another Changing Breed but not the abilities. While the Nuwisha can take on the appearance of a werespider's Crawlerling form, she doesn't actually break into thousands of smaller creatures. Nor can a Nuwisha taking on the shape of a Corax suddenly sprout wings and fly, unless he has an appropriate Gift such as Sky Running. The duration of this Gift is one full day per Gnosis spent.

• **Odious Aroma (Level Two)** — As the Bone Gnawer Gift.

• **Blisters (Level Three)** — With this Gift, the Nuwisha causes an opponent to suffer from hideous blisters and loss of fur. The blisters form immediately, and over the course of a few hours the target begins losing fur (or feathers or scales) as if suffering from the mange. This Gift is used to humiliate an opponent, and is especially effective against the overly arrogant Silver Fangs. This Gift is taught by a Coyote-spirit.

System: The character must first touch a target; the player rolls Manipulation + Medicine against a difficulty equal to the target's Rage (or 4 for individuals without Rage). For every two successes, the target loses one dot of Appearance and suffers -1 on all Social rolls. This Gift lasts for two weeks minus the target's Gnosis (if any) in days.

• **Bridge Walker (Level Three)** — As the Galliard Gift.

• **Umbral Sight (Level Three, Umbral Dance)** — As the Theurge/Uktena Gift.

• **Umbral Howl (Level Three, Umbral Dance)** — The Nuwisha can call to other Nuwisha both in the Gaia Realm and in the Umbra. Normally, this Gift serves to communicate news of potential importance to all the Nuwisha who care to listen, though a few have used this Gift to continue debates which have lasted for years. Theoretically, this Gift is also useful for summoning aid, but Nuwisha prefer to fight their own battles and die in the process if necessary. Also, they'd rather trick the other Changing Breeds into helping them first. This Gift is taught by an avatar of Coyote.

System: The Nuwisha must make a Gnosis roll, difficulty 7. All Nuwisha hear the call, in the Umbra and in the Gaia Realm alike, though whether or not they respond is up to the individual werecoyotes. If it's a call for assistance, there better be good reason, or the others will always remember who wasted their precious time.

• **Happy Thoughts (Level Four)** — Sometimes the Nuwisha feel it necessary to spread their good feelings to others around them, especially if things look as if people around them are giving thought to the idea of a good frenzy. This Gift temporarily removes the target's ability to Rage, which leaves him in the same position as the Nuwisha. On the bright side, the target is temporarily immune to the effects of silver. This Gift is taught by a Coyote avatar.

System: The Nuwisha must first touch his target, then he must spend one Gnosis point to suppress his target's ability to Rage. This Gift lasts for one scene. Note that this Gift does not remove the target's ability to change shapes. The target hasn't "lost the beast" but is simply unable to make full use of the Rage inside.

• **Trickster's Skin (Level Four)** — This Gift has two simultaneous effects. First, the target of this Gift takes on the appearance and scent of the Nuwisha. Second, the Nuwisha takes on the appearance and scent of the target. The Nuwisha normally use this Gift for hasty getaways when

they are being chased by angry packs of Garou, humans or other strange creatures without a proper sense of humor. The pack invariably finds itself chasing the "Nuwisha," who, of course, is actually a packmate. Meanwhile the "packmate" is busy finding another place to be before his ruse is discovered.

System: The character spends one Gnosis point and rolls Wits + Subterfuge against a difficulty equal to the target's Primal-Urge +3. This Gift may be used at range and lasts for the duration of the scene.

• **Hidey Hole (Level Four)** — This Gift allows the Nuwisha to make a perfectly concealed and very useful Umbral safe haven, much like the home of a trapdoor spider. These small forts can be placed anywhere — in the sides of buildings, even in a busy intersection — though, as the average Nuwisha isn't overly fond of cities, they're normally placed in the wilderness. This Gift is taught by an avatar of Ti Malice, one of Coyote's many forms.

System: Once the werecoyote has decided where the Hidey Hole's going to be, he must spend one permanent Gnosis to create the spot and must also make a Wits + Subterfuge roll, difficulty 7, to properly camouflage the fort. These havens are often used as a shelter or to hide prized items. Some Nuwisha use them as a hiding place between practical jokes on particularly persistent enemies.

• **Teasing Mate (Level Five)** — Teasing Mate is a Gift with devastating potential. The target affected by this Gift immediately releases extremely powerful, concentrated pheromones into the air. These pheromones make all creatures of the same race and the same gender as the target immediately desire copulation with the unfortunate affected by the Nuwisha's sense of humor. This Gift is taught by an avatar of Coyote.

System: The effects are instantaneous and cause all creatures of the same race to respond, provided they are within range of the pheromones. All who are affected may resist the effect with a Willpower roll, difficulty 9. Anyone failing the roll is in for an embarrassing memory or two. The Nuwisha must first make a successful attack and then roll Wits + Empathy, difficulty 6. The effects of Teasing Mate last for a full scene.

• **Ghost Dance (Level Five, Umbral Dance)** — This Gift allows the Nuwisha to exist both in the Gaia Realm and in the Umbra simultaneously. It permits the Nuwisha to attack on either side of the Gauntlet without being attacked in return. The Ghost Dance can be countered only by another Nuwisha using the Ghost Dance or by the Gift: Sideways Attack.

System: The Ghost Dance requires one Gnosis per turn while it is in use.

• **Wyld Throw (Level Five, Umbral Dance)** — The Nuwisha can hurl an opponent into the Far Umbra or back out into the Gaia Realm. This Gift is a favorite of Umbral Dansers for removing unwanted rubbish from the Umbra (Weaver-mages and the like). There is no predetermined

location where the target arrives once thrown in this way. The distance is often several hundred miles from the target's original location, but victims suffer no damage. This Gift is taught by an Avatar of Coyote.

System: This Gift requires a successful attack roll and the expenditure of a Gnosis point. The damage successes of the attack do not harm the target, but rather increase the target's difficulty in returning to the Umbra or Gaia Realm by +1 per success. A Nuwisha who scores 4 successes against a target throws him into the Umbra. The Gauntlet is increased by +4 difficulty for the target affected by this Gift. This effect lasts for one scene.

Rites

The Nuwisha use many of the same rites as the Garou. (Most would even gladly claim they taught the werewolves everything they know, but they only do that to see the stupid look on the werewolves' faces.) Nuwisha and Garou share the following rites:

Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Opened Caern (Level One), Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Becoming, Ritual of Summoning, Voice of the Jackal (Level Two), Rite of the Fetish, Satire Rite, and Rite of the Totem (Level Three). Note that the Rite of the Totem is used by the Nuwisha only to bind themselves to Coyote for all time.

In addition, there are certain rites known only to the Nuwisha.

Rite of Dancing

Level Two

This Rite is the first step on the path of the Umbral Danser. The Nuwisha must fast for three full days after devouring peyote. During this time, the Nuwisha must recite all past experiences in battling the Wurm, travelling the Umbra and teaching other Changing Breeds the error of their ways.

System: One Gnosis is spent per day; at the end of the three days, the Nuwisha rolls Enigmas + Manipulation, difficulty 7. A success indicates the Nuwisha has been accepted by the Trickster and can purchase the Umbral Danser Gifts. Failure means the Nuwisha has not suitably impressed the Trickster yet and must wait another year.

Rite of the Dream Dance

Level Four

This powerful rite allows the Nuwisha to know where all of the other Dream Dansers are in the Umbra and to communicate with them. This rite is a formal and solemn one for the Nuwisha and is used only when absolutely necessary.

Rite of Caern Concealment

Level Four

This rite requires no fewer than 10 Nuwisha working in conjunction. In earlier times, when the Europeans first came to the Pure Lands, the Nuwisha used the rite to hide all of the Breed's most powerful caerns. Once enacted, the Rite of Caern Concealment makes Nuwisha places of power invisible to all but the werecoyotes. While the Nuwisha haven't used the rite in over 70 years, their eldest still understand how the rite works.

System: This rite requires that 30 Gnosis points be spent. The ritemaster must achieve at least 15 successes on her Wits + Rituals roll before the caern is properly hidden.

Sing Back the Dead

Level Five

Only one Nuwisha in existence at any time knows the rite to sing back the dead. According to Nuwisha legends, Coyote was the creator of the earth. He created the world with a song; he brought life with the same song. This music is his legacy to his children, and only Coyote knows the words needed to teach the song. This rite is among the greatest honors a Nuwisha can receive from the Trickster, and is used only when Coyote demands it.

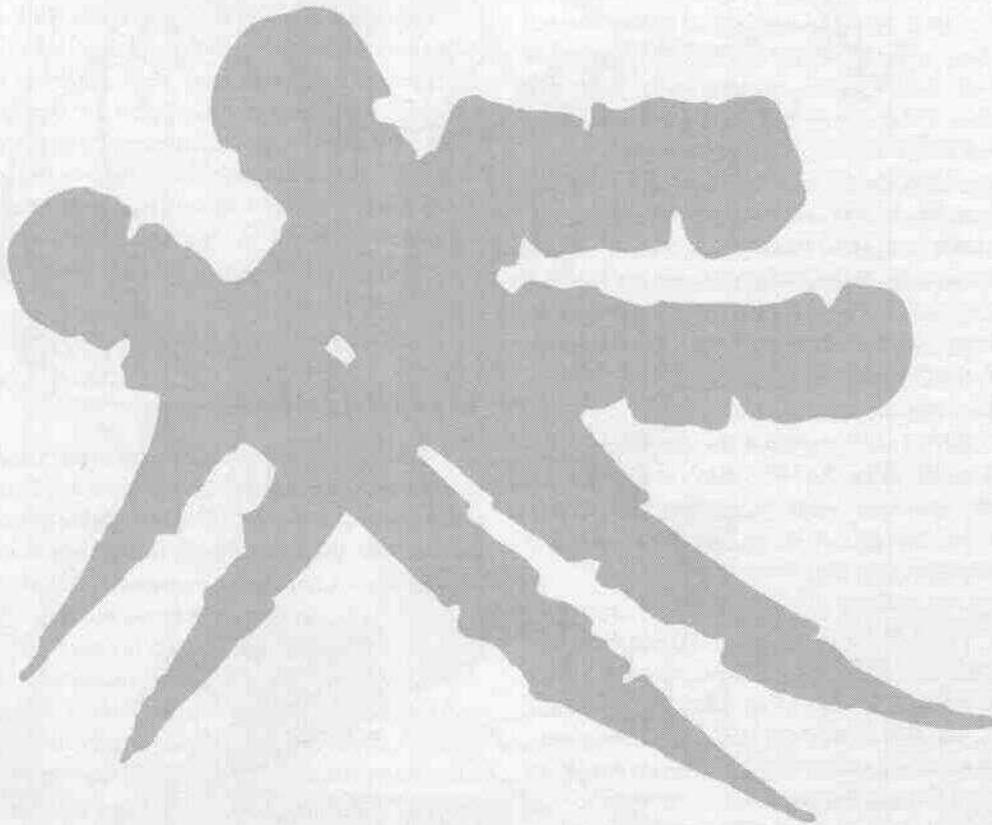
System: The Nuwisha performing the rite must spend one permanent Gnosis for each corpse he wishes to resurrect. He must also spend an additional permanent Gnosis for each Health Level of damage beyond death done to the deceased. For example, a Nuwisha who is one Health Level from death receives four Health Levels of damage. The werecoyote singing him back would have to spend 4 permanent Gnosis.

Quote

You've no business laughing at others if you can't laugh at yourself. Now put that klaive away before I spank you with it.

Stereotypes

- **Garou** — There's little in the world more fun than sending a pack of Garou chasing after their own tails. I love our cousins, I really do, but you have to admit they normally lack in the social graces. They snarl, they spit, they rip into their enemies and feed on their entrails. They lack originality. What they really need is a collective enema.
- **Ananasi** — I've never seen any group more determined to build their own webs and destroy their neighbors. Never attack a werespider. They tend to stick together against anyone who's not one of them. It's okay if they kill each other, but it's obviously a family thing, and interlopers aren't welcome.
- **Bastet** — What I love is when one of the Bastet manages to do something like fall off a tree and land on her ass. Sure as kittens are playful, that werecat will get up with chin held high and an "I meant to do that" look on her face.
- **Corax** — Want to drive a Corax crazy? Tin foil. It's shiny and it catches their eyes from just about anywhere. Or you can simply tell them juicy tidbits of gossip and then forget small details. They'll squawk and squawk for hours, trying to see who knows the part you forgot to tell them.
- **Gurahl** — Gurahl are just the cutest things! They've got an overwhelming need to fix everything the Garou've messed up. They may be slow to anger, but you've got to move fast once you get 'em riled. It's best to head toward the local werewolf pack if they decide it's time to smash something. The Gurahl can use the exercise, and the Garou need the reminder that they aren't quite as tough as they like to think.
- **Mokolé** — They know secrets we can only hope to learn. We know how to keep them amused. They need amusement, for their memories are often very great burdens filled with countless sorrows.
- **Ratkin** — The Ratkin work hard to make sure they slow the humans and piss off the Garou. Who can't respect that? But I have respect for human weapons, too, and that doesn't mean I'd like to have them around as friends. You can't trust ratlings to do anything but deceive you. It's in their nature almost as much as it's in ours. Only the motivations differ.



Ratkin

Legendry

Tick-Biter speaks:

Now I heard that not too long after Gaia gave birth to the humans, the youngest of Her children, She wiped the sweat from Her brow and took a long look at the little tykes. Humanity wasn't more than a couple of years old before Gaia caught on that those young'uns were troublesome little monkeys. Well, She did what most busy-type parents would do: She decided to pick out one of Her older kids to watch over them for a while.

Problem was, the prouder and angrier young pups weren't real talented babysitters. Wolf got mad and started bullying the human kids for a while; Bear fell asleep and gave 'em the run of the place. Cat got bored with 'em fast, and Gaia didn't even bother asking Coyote. Finally, She took Mama Rat to one side.

"Rat," She said, "I need someone to watch over these humans. They're too bright for their own good, and if we're not careful, they might start bullying their brothers and sisters. I love them, but I know they have to be kept in line. Think you and your children could watch over them for me?"

"Of course, Mother," chittered Mama Rat, and she went off to look after the humans. Being the skulking, sneaky sort she is, though, she didn't so much sit in the sun and watch the humans. Instead, she and her young'uns kept to the shadows and nipped at them here and there. When the humans had too much grain, Rat's children ate their fill, the better to keep the humans from spreading too far. When they had too many babies of their own — well, Rat's brood took care of that, too. They were tough babysitters, but they were fair.

I suppose you all can guess what happened next. You see, Wolf's children took offense at Mama Rat and her kind. Diseased, they called 'em. Unfit to shepherd humanity. Sickness-spreaders, babykillers and Wymbait. Whether that's true or not (and my money, if I had any, would be on not), it's hard to say these days.

They even held somethin' of a moot, where Wolf's children called forth Rat's babies so they could stand trial. Yeah. Right. I wouldn't go to some kangaroo court where everybody was all set to give me a fair trial first and a proper hangin' afterwards. Rat's children weren't dumb, either. And they didn't show.

That was it. War was called, and war it was. Wolf's children tore into the secret tunnels, dragged down the Ratkin and throated every one they could find.

The survivors slunk back into the dark places, squeakin' oaths of revenge. They hid where no Garou could find them, and I guess they're still around to this day. But I understand they don't have time to babysit any more; we told 'em they were unwelcome in the worst way, and they listened up. Which is a damn shame and a half, but that's the way of it, and we Gnawers have been trying to apologize to Mama Rat ever since.

What? Have I ever seen a Ratkin? That's none of your damn business.

Description

Beneath the cities of humankind, in darkened, twisting tunnels, the lowliest of the Changing Breeds hangs on tightly to survival. They no longer care for their duty as humanity's caretakers; since the events of the Impergium and the War of Rage, the Ratkin are no longer interested in fighting the Garou to reclaim their old role. A few still act to cull the herd every now and again — popular Garou legend has it that the Black Plague was a singular example of the Ratkin taking a brief, dark interest in their original duties — but for the most part, the Ratkin can't be bothered with anything having to do with Gaia, the Changing Breeds or, really, anything other than getting by. As far as they're concerned, getting through the Apocalypse is priority one.

The Ratkin have never been tied to any geographic area — wherever cities grew up, the Ratkin followed. Their culture often borrows from the human civilizations they live under, although the heart of their society remains frighteningly alien to most mortals. The Children of Rat are a motley, mismatched lot — they've never been able to be too selective about their Kinfolk, and the blood of the outcasts of a thousand cultures runs through their collective veins.

A wave of tension is sweeping the Ratkin nation, and more and more paranoid moots are called under the cities each year. The Ratkin have been watching the signs very carefully, and many of their elders are convinced that the Final Battles are beginning to erupt. Privy to the hellish wars that rage quietly beneath the surface of the average urban environment, the rat-folk see a new portent of doom behind each new upheaval in vampiric society and every battle waged between the mysticks of the cities. The time is here, they chitter to one another.

And they make plans to survive. However they must.

Organization

The Ratkin hold on to a precious few tightly knit clans, really more of an extended family than anything else. A clan is distributed across the cities of a sizable geographical area; for example, there is only one Ratkin clan for all of Europe, and its Great-Grandmere oversees the clan from the sewers of Paris. Each clan is on close terms with the others; from the Ratkin perspective, all wererats belong to the same family. A Singapore Ratkin considers a London wererat his brother and treats his "sibling" with filial respect. Interclan communication is far from perfect but is usually tight enough to pose a few nasty surprises for travelling supernaturals.

According to old Bone Gnawer Galliards, there are a few more rural clans of Ratkin, composed of wererats who have given up completely on their duties and left the cities

entirely. Rumor has it that these often inbred communities live in decaying ghost towns or the deeps of thick swamps, fiercely defending their territories against intruders. Such tales, to date, remain completely without proof.

Traits

Ratkin are gifted with incredible spatial sense, excellent night vision and impressive hearing. What's more, they have an uncanny "tunnel sense," a combination of absolute directional sense and spatial awareness that functions only underground. A Ratkin can be blindfolded, bound and dragged to the center of an unfamiliar sewer system, but odds are that she would still be able to find her way home.

A Ratkin's regenerative abilities are similar to the Garou's. The wererats also have a remarkable immunity to disease, though they can still act as carriers. In

fact, this immunity stems from the Birthing Plague, which always runs through a wererat's blood. If someone ever managed to cure a Ratkin supernaturally of all the diseases in her blood, she would lose the spirit half of her identity and revert to a normal human or rat — or, if metis, she would die.

Ratkin begin play with 3 Willpower, and may not purchase the Backgrounds of Allies, Past Life or Pure Breed. In addition, they cannot purchase more than 2 dots of Resources. Most answer to Rat as their totem, although a few have slipped into Grandfather Thunder's graces.

The Ratkin have a number of Aspects that shape their roles within Ratkin society. Unlike auspices, these Aspects are not determined by the phase of the moon; rather, after undergoing the Birthing Plague, a wererat chooses his Aspect based on the hallucinations and dreams the Plague gave him. He then usually takes on an apprenticeship of sorts with another wererat of his Aspect. Once he has learned his Way, he is ready for his Rite of Passage and usually learns the rite associated with his new position.



The Ratkin Aspect duties share much in common with Garou auspice roles. The only role absent is that of the bard — the Galliardlike lorekeepers were the first to die in the War of Rage. Now, the Tunnel Runners try to maintain Ratkin cultural tradition in the lost ones' stead, but every year more lore slips through the cracks forever.

- **Tunnel Runner:** The Runners are messengers, scouts, and spies. They keep the Rite of the Bolthole and know many secret methods of traveling from city to city. The Tunnel Runners also have the most contact with Bone Gnawers and Nosferatu vampires and may strike up pacts of friendship with either (although usually not both).

Beginning Rage: 1

- **Shadow Seer:** The Seers are the Ratkin shamans. They are charged with preserving spirit lore and communication with the various spirits of the urban environment. As a

group, they keep the knowledge of most rites alive, including the Rite of Summoning, the Rite of Binding and the Rite of the Fetish. All Seers know the Rite of the Purified Body.

Beginning Rage: 2

- **Knife Skulker:** These judges are entrusted with a double duty; they must keep Rat's laws alive, ensuring the continuation of Ratkin society, and they must also "adjudicate" Ratkin affairs. They gather information from all sources (particularly the Tunnel Runners) and serve as arbitrators and punishers in both internal and external matters — thus enhancing the Ratkin reputation as a race of assassins. They keep the Rite of the Questing Stone and the Rite of the Birthing Plague, as well as many punishment rites.

Beginning Rage: 3

- **Warrior:** Warriors protect the rest of their kind and are well versed in personal combat and guerrilla warfare. It would be hard to find shapeshifters more talented at hunting and fighting underground. Warriors know the Rite of the Pain-Dagger and do not accept a new Ratkin into their ranks until an initiate has crafted his own such dagger.

Beginning Rage: 5

The Aspects measure Renown in much the same way as do the Garou tribes, although their analog to Wisdom is (appropriately) Cunning, they measure a warrior's mettle by Ferocity rather than Glory, and their concepts of Honor are almost alien to outsiders. They gain Rank as would their respective auspice: Warriors need 5 Ferocity, 3 Honor and 1 Cunning to reach the second Rank, Tunnel Runners require 7 permanent Renown in any combination to advance to Rank Two, and so on.

Breeds

The Ratkin can't easily pass on their shapechanger nature to their offspring. Only those children who are subjected to the Rite of the Birthing Plague stand any chance of becoming wererats; offspring who don't undergo the rite are forever Kinfolk. Since children born to two Ratkin parents are infertile, the Ratkin subject all their metis to the rite. Unfortunately, metis are less likely to survive the Birthing Plague. Only the fact that the Ratkin have no taboos about breeding with one another ensures that there are metis wererats at all.

Homid Ratkin begin play with 1 Gnosis; rodens (the rat-born) start with 3 Gnosis. Wererat metis pure enough of spirit to survive the Birthing Plague begin play with 5 Gnosis.

Forms

The Ratkin, hardly the most warlike of the Changing Breeds, possess only three forms: Homid, Crinos and Rodens. The difficulty to shift into any of these forms is 6.

- **Homid:** Most Ratkin seem normal enough in their human form. However, few of them could be called pretty

Form Statistics

| | |
|---------|---------|
| Crinos | Rodens |
| Str: +1 | Str: -1 |
| Dex: +4 | Dex: +2 |
| Sta: +1 | Sta: +2 |
| Cha: -2 | Cha: -3 |
| Man: +0 | Man: -2 |
| App: 0 | |

without a heavy dose of charity. The majority are short and homely, with compact, sleek frames. Beautiful or hulking Ratkin aren't unknown, just rare.

- **Crinos:** A Ratkin's Crinos body is nowhere near the towering battle-form of the Garou. The wererat gains maybe 15 percent in muscle bulk, but his height doesn't increase by more than a few inches. However, he becomes exceptionally lithe and can traverse any hole he can put his head through. A wererat in Crinos may attack with his claws, but only his bite causes aggravated wounds. His tail is totally prehensile in this form, and may even wield weapons at +2 difficulty. The Ratkin may use no more than half his Strength with his tail, but moderately complex manipulations (like untying knots) aren't beyond him. Perception difficulties are at -1 in this form.

- **Rodens:** In rat form, the Ratkin seems to be nothing more than a largish wharf rat. The bite of the Rodens form causes aggravated damage (as Strength). The Rodens also subtracts 3 from all Perception difficulties.

Gifts

Ratkin begin play with one Breed Gift, one Aspect Gift and one Ratkin Gift. Their Breed Gifts are much like the Garou's, with the greatest variation being between lupus and rodens. Similarly, their Aspect Gifts can be more or less approximated by modifying Gifts of the appropriate auspice (Razor Claws might become Razor Bite and so on). A few Ratkin Gifts follow.

- **Cloak of Shadows (Level One)** — The Ratkin can cloak himself, and anything he touches, in shadow. This Gift is taught by a Night-spirit.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Manipulation + Stealth versus any viewer's Perception + Alertness (in case of multiple viewers, use the highest difficulty). The success of the cloaking depends on the number of successes generated by the roll, as below:

| Successes | Area Cloaked |
|-----------|---|
| 1 | the Ratkin himself |
| 2 | one other human-sized person or object |
| 3 | three other human-sized people; a small car |
| 4 | eight or more humans; a large van |
| 5 | 12 or more humans; a tractor-trailer truck |

• **Darksight (Level One)** — The Ratkin can see in the dark as if it were light. This Gift draws on both ambient light and the dim light of the Umbra to aid vision. This Gift is taught by a Raccoon-spirit.

System: The player spends a Willpower point; the effects last for one scene. The Ratkin is able to see without penalty in all darkness save the complete absence of light, and even then he can discern the vague outlines of his surroundings.

• **Resist Toxin (Level One)** — As the Fianna Gift.

• **Shadow Throw (Level One)** — By calling on his birthright of hate, the Ratkin can wrap a shadowy field of power around his dagger. When the Ratkin hurls the night-cloaked blade at a foe, it is propelled by the darkness around it and strikes with supernatural force. This Gift is taught by a Night-spirit.

System: The Ratkin must spend a Rage point and target a single person; the player rolls Perception + Athletics to attack. The dagger flies with more force than the Ratkin could muster alone and does Strength +3 aggravated damage.

• **Smell Poison (Level One)** — Among the various tricks for survival that the Ratkin have learned is the ability to sniff out poisons. When a Ratkin discovers that someone is trying to poison her or her Kin, the would-be poisoner usually winds up receiving a taste of his own "medicine." This Gift is taught by a Rat-spirit.

System: By spending a point of Gnosis, the wererat can sense any kind of poisonous or toxic material in the area. A successful Perception + Medicine roll may give clues to the nature of the poison involved.

• **Attunement (Level Two)** — As the Bone Gnawer Gift.

• **Fly Feet (Level Two)** — As the Ragabash Gift.

• **Backbite (Level Three)** — The wererat can disappear into the Umbra and instantly reappear behind an opponent. Naturally, Ratkin use this Gift to take open shots at their opponents' backs. This Gift is taught by a Rat-spirit.

System: The player must spend a point of Gnosis and a point of Rage to use this Gift; however, no roll is necessary. The Ratkin can reappear anywhere within 50 feet as long as the destination is along his line-of-sight.

• **Squeeze (Level Three)** — The Ratkin can wriggle through solid walls, doors or other obstacles by squeezing through the Umbra. This Gift is taught by a Rat-spirit.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Dexterity + Enigmas. Three or more successes allow the Ratkin to pull another person along with him.

• **Gnaw (Level Four)** — As the Lupus Gift.

• **Mind of the Tunnels (Level Four)** — This Gift allows a Ratkin to open a mental rapport with any other wererat he knows. Considering how far an average Ratkin's support network extends, this effect allows access to numer-

ous other wererats. The mindsharing is complete: Emotional, mental and physical information can be shared. It is possible for one Ratkin to borrow another Ratkin's senses — even at a great distance.

System: The player spends a Willpower point and rolls Intelligence + Empathy, difficulty 7. With every success beyond the first, another Ratkin may be brought into the rapport. The wererat who initiates the contact serves as the central point for all information flowing through the network and can control what each wererat receives from the others. The information shared by each Ratkin is up to the initiating Ratkin — no information can be gained by force.

• **Plague Bite (Level Five)** — Many Ratkin are quite dedicated to pursuing their role as spreaders of sickness. As the ultimate expression of this duty, the wererat elders have learned the secrets of one of the most virulent plagues ever seen. With just a bite, the Ratkin can transmit a disease that instantly attacks the target's central nervous system. The disease is hideous in effect; the victim cannot stop shaking, his mucous membranes ooze and he drools continuously. Unless taken immediately to a hospital, he is likely to die; even with treatment, his chances are questionable. Worse, *if ordinary rats eat the flesh of a Plague Bite victim, they become carriers of the disease themselves.* Luckily for the Ratkin, they and their Kinfolk are immune to this plague. This Gift is taught by an avatar of Rat.

System: By spending a Gnosis point, the wererat causes his incisors to transmit contagion. He must successfully bite his opponent, but once he does so, the victim is infected. An afflicted person takes a Health Level of aggravated damage per hour and cannot stop shaking; all his difficulties are at +3 during this time.

The Garou Gift: Resist Toxin (and similar powers) can heal this plague. Otherwise, a Garou takes aggravated damage until she is Incapacitated. At this point, she must make a Stamina roll, difficulty 8. If she fails, she perishes. If she succeeds, she remains ill for another day or so, but the plague does not kill her. Her supernatural healing ability eventually destroys the disease. Needless to say, Ratkin are often killed on sight by Garou familiar with tales of ancestors who fell prey to this plague.

• **Perfect Poison (Level Five)** — The Ratkin is able to convert his spittle into odorless, colorless, fast-acting and nearly undetectable poison. Sometimes, a Ratkin with this Gift licks a blade to coat it with the poison. This toxin can last for up to three hours while exposed to air. This Gift is taught by a Snake-spirit or Spider-spirit.

System: The Ratkin must spend three Gnosis points to poison her saliva. If she manages to introduce the poison into her victim's bloodstream or to somehow have him ingest it, the toxin takes instant effect. Victims take two Health Levels of aggravated damage per turn once infected and may soak only with a Stamina (+ Primal-Urge, if any) roll — for each success the victim gets, he resists a Health Level of damage.

If the victim can continue to resist damage for 10 turns, the poison is effectively jettisoned from his body. A Garou can spend Rage to resist; each point spent grants an automatic success to the resistance roll, but the Garou must instantly check for frenzy. The Gift: Resist Toxin is proof against this poison, but Mother's Touch is not.

Rites

The wererats are a very ritualistic group and treat their rites with perhaps even more reverent mysticism than do the other Changing Breeds. They find it very important that the "proper" Ratkin be the one to know certain rites and that their ritemasters always earn the right to perform their rituals. With no real allies in the physical world, the Ratkin don't dare take the chance of alienating their spirit allies.

Rite of the Birthing Plague

Level One

This rite involves summoning an avatar of Rat to bite a prospective Ratkin and determine whether a new wererat can be created. The subject must be the offspring of a Ratkin and a human or a Ratkin and a rat. Once bitten, the subject falls victim to the disease, which ravages her spirit as well as her body. If the victim survives the plague — which is hardly guaranteed — her body and spirit are changed forever into that of a Ratkin. Individuals who survive and become Ratkin remember hallucinations from the course of the plague, during which Rat and other spirits appeared and offered revelations of the new wererat's life to come.

System: The ritemaster must roll Wits + Rituals. Traditionally, the victim had about a one-in-ten chance of survival; however, the odds seem to be worsening of late. Fewer and fewer Ratkin survive the Birthing Plague each generation.

Rite of the Pain-Dagger

Level One

This rite involves preparing a specially constructed dagger analogous to the Garou klaive. The Ratkin may fashion the dagger out of any material he likes, but the finished weapon must have some spiritual significance to him.

System: In addition to the Wits + Rituals roll, the rite requires that two points of Gnosis be spent: one to prepare the dagger and the other to bond the dagger to the Ratkin performing the rite. After being treated in this way, the dagger continually oozes minute amounts of a poison and causes aggravated wounds in whomever it cuts. The Pain-Dagger inflicts Strength +3 damage, although the poison is not harmful to the Ratkin who created the dagger. In order to fuel itself, the dagger draws a point of Gnosis from its wielder each time it is unsheathed.

Rite of the Bolthole

Level Two

This rite opens one of the many hundreds of tiny rat-tunnels that honeycomb the Gauntlet and enables a group of Ratkin to travel through. The tunnels are a relatively safe form of Umbral travel, as only the smallest or most perceptive creatures can find them.

System: The Rite costs a point of Gnosis to enact. The ritemaster must roll Perception + Rituals to determine whether or not the proper destination is reached.

| Successes | Result |
|-----------|---|
| Botch | lost in the Gauntlet; you have to find your way out |
| 1 | 25 percent accurate |
| 2 | 50 percent accurate |
| 3 | 75 percent accurate |
| 4 | 100 percent accurate |

Anyone who holds hands with the ritualist also enters the bolthole, which closes behind them.

Rite of the Purified Body

Level Two

This rite enables a Ratkin to cleanse another's body of all poisons, whether magical or natural.

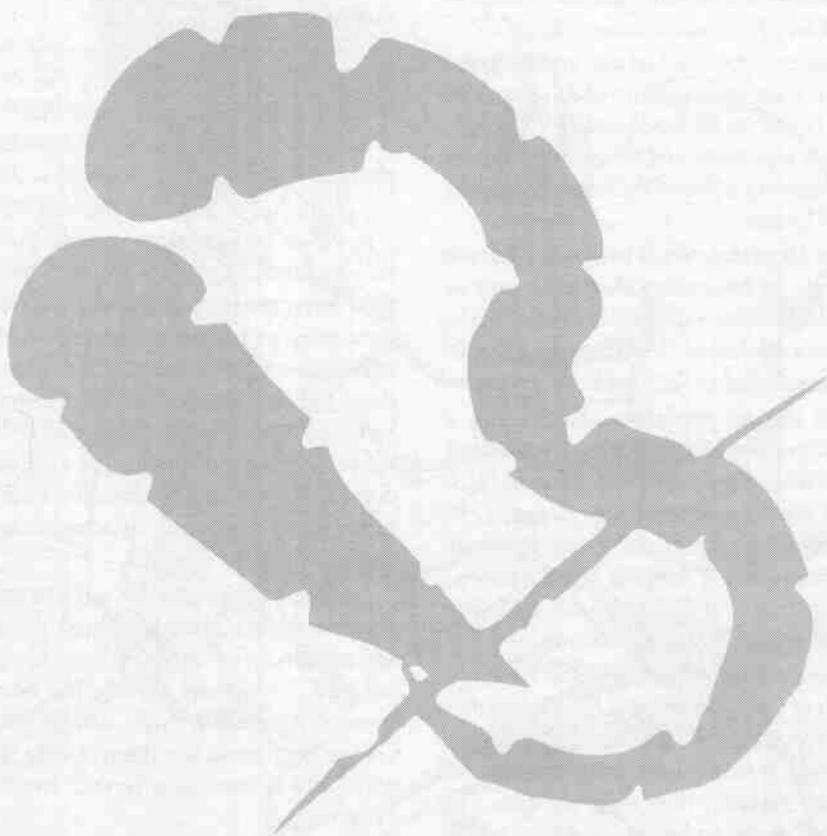
System: This Rite of Accord must be enacted by a totally healthy Ratkin, who spends a point of Gnosis in the process.

Quote

I don't care what rules you're used to topside. Down here everything's different. Ain't no sun or moon or friends to watch your back — fella, the only things with eyes on your back are us.

Stereotypes

- **Garou** — [furious, rapid-fire stream of obscenities]
- **Ananasi** — Creepy, creepy. I ain't kiddin'. Not bein' on anybody's side but your own, I can understand, but the Ananasi are on *someone's* side, and I dunno whose. Ya can't second-guess 'em, and that's a little scary.
- **Bastet** — Y'ever see those old Tom 'n' Jerry cartoons, or better yet, Itchy 'n' Scratchy from the Simpsons? Heh. Inspirin' stuff.
- **Corax** — Yeah, sometimes they come down here and try to talk to you all nice, but you know they can't wait to get back topside and stretch their wings once they've got their info. Hell with 'em.
- **Mokolé** — Yeah, yeah, you hear stories of sewer gators, but the werecrocs stay the hell in their swamps and the hell outta the city. Good thing, too. [shudder]
- **Nagah** — Don't listen to that crazy ol' rat in the corner. The snakes died out a long time ago, and good riddance to their baby-eatin' hides.



Rokea

Legendry

Seeks-the-Truth, roving Zephyr, speaks:

Wolf's offspring have never truly known the shark-folk. I am able, now, to tell you, as one of their kind told me, that they are stranger than we ever imagined. A Rokea whose life I saved shared this tale with me as we made our way through the Umbra to safety.

When all that was was Sea, my new friend said, Sea felt its waters to be still and empty and dark. Sea decided to make something besides water, so it pressed together its deepest darkness to form Unsea. At that time, though, all Unsea hid within Sea's depths — there was no Oversea — so Unsea was still Undersea.

Sea felt less empty then, but all remained still. So it was that Sea shaped three daughters from the muck of Undersea: Kun, Qyrl and C'et. In the effort of making, some of Sea's essence thinned to become the near-nothingness of Oversea. And all of these new things pleased Sea, for it was no longer alone.

The Three fought always, for they had nothing else to do. Sea did not mind, for their constant struggle stirred the waters that had known only stillness before. So vigorously did the Three fight one another that they made great peaks and troughs in the stuff of Undersea. They pushed some of it free of the waters eventually and created the first true Unsea.

Kun became curious about these places where she could not swim, so she asked Sea to let her explore them. Sea gave its blessing, and Kun stretched her fins and saved her breath so she could go between Oversea's depths and Unsea's crests. But Kun found it too dry and soon returned to Sea's embrace.

Qyrl also wished to visit the new places, but she was a wayward daughter and did not ask Sea's permission. She stretched her many limbs into the Oversea and pulled herself into its black heights. The firmament could not support her, though. Qyrl closed her massive jaws on the black stuff of Oversea, but it tore and then spilled the burning blood of darkness into the waters, which began to boil. Kun and C'et fled to Unsea, while Sea labored to heal Oversea's wounds. Qyrl, knowing she had transgressed, hid in the seething depths, which changed her.

The smaller wounds of Oversea left scars, but the hole that Qyrl had made with her jaws bled fire ever after. Even now, Oversea's daily ache is great. It burns away night and rouses the world from slumber, then subsides, then rages yet again. So unhappy was Sea with Qyrl that it cast her into the deepest trench to dwell always. When Kun and C'et returned to the waters, they met many tiny creatures that claimed to be Qyrl's spawn. Sea's two beloved daughters wondered if such a thing could be so. Sea told them yes but also said it had not bestowed this fecundity to Qyrl. Kun and C'et begged for the same boon, which Sea tried mightily to grant them, but could not.

Finally, Unsea and Oversea agreed to help the two daughters spawn, but only if some of Kun and C'et's offspring would dwell on the land and in the air. And so came to be all the creatures of the world. But in the union of elements that was the Great Making, Sea and Unsea and Oversea also presaged the Unmaking. Each prepared for the End-Time in different ways, but only Sea, Maker of Makers, shaped a race to survive the Unmaking, to people the new world that would arise at the end of the old one.

That race was the Rokea.

Description

Nia Two-Foots, a Fianna Fostern, says, "Seeks-rhya, you told us you saved a Rokea's life. I always heard they were very fierce fighters. What did you save your friend from?"

"From the only things in the world the shark-folk fear: other Rokea."

Weresharks are the most long-lived of the Changing Breeds. While they certainly can be destroyed or killed, their lives do not naturally end. All Rokea believe they are the stewards of life on Earth, which is ironic considering that they are so awesomely endowed as predators.

A further irony is that the weresharks' "Impergium" was a footnote compared to that of the Garou. The aquatic Breed's emphasis was always on its own preservation, rather than on repressing human progress. Given the way that that same progress has recently diminished the Rokea's oceanic habitats worldwide, the weresharks could be accused of short-sightedness, but remember that these creatures live to be thousands of years old: After millennia during which humanity could do little that had serious impact on the oceans (except to add different forms of nutrition to the mix), along came industrialized fishing, atomic weapons testing and giant oil spills.

Caught unawares by what were, for Rokea, world-altering events, they hardened their tendency toward a Darwinian conservatism. Whereas, in previous ages, Rokean "society" had always allowed the occasional wereshark to wander ashore and dwell among humanity, this practice became anathema for them during the 20th century's tumult; it was seen as a further threat to the weresharks' existence.

Some Rokea, unused to any law more complex than that of self-preservation, reacted strongly. They announced their intention to enter the mortal world and to thrive there. Further, they promised to slay any wereshark who dared pursue or hinder them. Naturally, a fight ensued in which many Rokea died. Only a few who had broadcast their defiance reached the land, but these survivors nursed bitter-

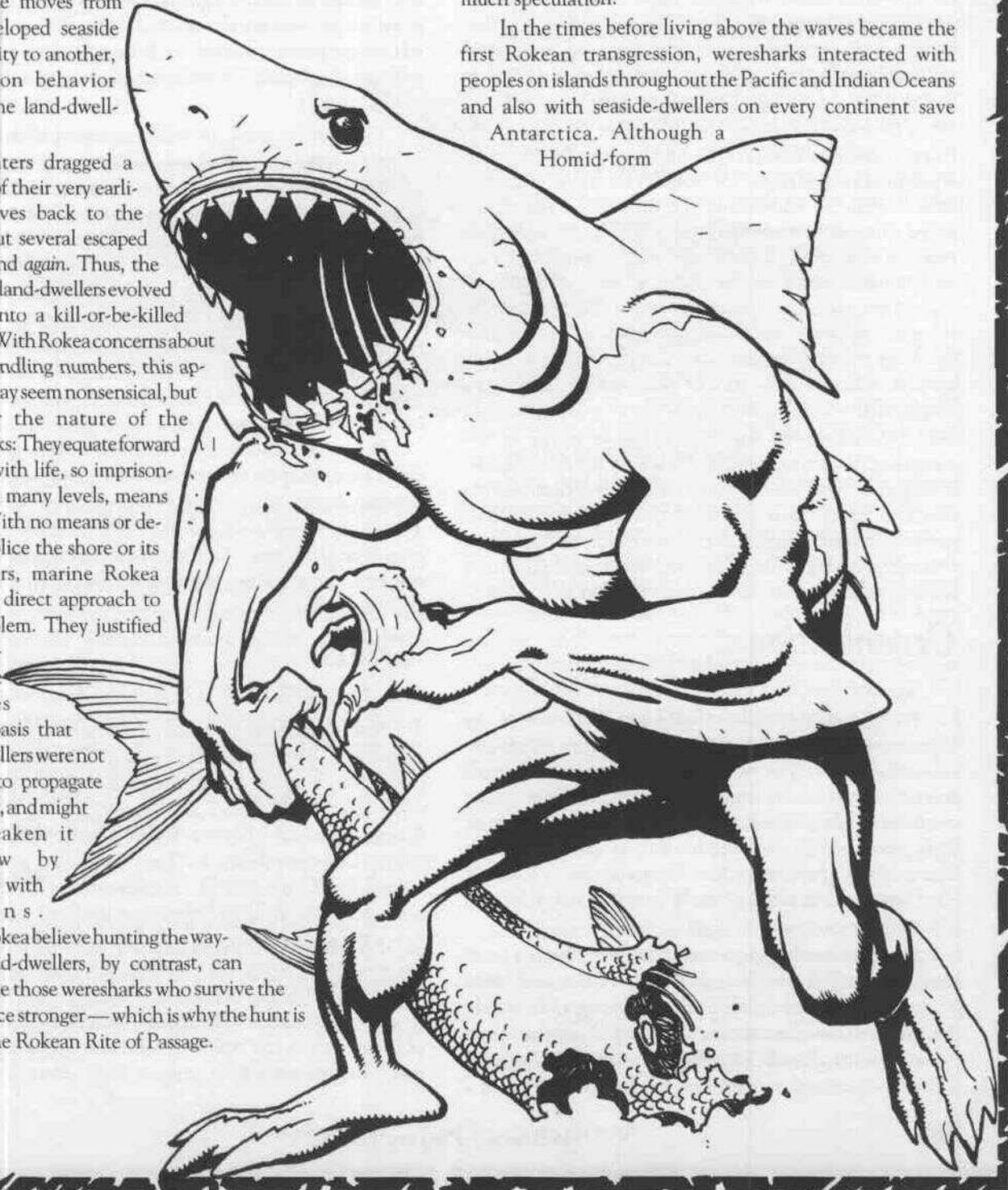
ness into determination. As well as they were able, they communicated to other land-dwelling weresharks news of what had occurred beneath the waves. They urged caution to all, for Rokean single-mindedness meant the ocean-dwellers would surely come to enforce the law.

They did. Defections to the land by early hunters acting alone led to the formation of another rule: Land-dwellers could be stalked only by groups. After a trio of "lone sharks"—territorial Rokea who typically lead solitary lives—went missing during a hunt, a further restriction barred hunting parties of a single auspice. The fate of the three was long uncertain (some thought their quarry might have killed them), but their trail has surfaced recently. Hunters now believe this threesome moves from one developed seaside community to another, a common behavior among the land-dwellers.

Hunters dragged a handful of their very earliest captives back to the ocean, but several escaped to the land again. Thus, the pursuit of land-dwellers evolved quickly into a kill-or-be-killed activity. With Rokea concerns about their dwindling numbers, this approach may seem nonsensical, but consider the nature of the weresharks: They equate forward motion with life, so imprisonment, on many levels, means death. With no means or desire to police the shore or its trespassers, marine Rokea took the direct approach to this problem. They justified such extreme measures on the basis that land-dwellers were not helping to propagate the breed, and might well weaken it somehow by mingling with humans. These Rokea believe hunting the wayward land-dwellers, by contrast, can only make those weresharks who survive the experience stronger—which is why the hunt is part of the Rokean Rite of Passage.

An advantage the hunters have is that Rokea regain Gnosis only in the ocean, so the hunted gravitate, almost invariably, to coasts or islands. What ocean-dwelling Rokea do not know is that weresharks who go a year without assuming Squamus form in some natural body of salt water lose their shapeshifting abilities and must keep whichever bipedal form the calendar catches them in. Presumably, a Rokea who suffered this fate is behind the legends of a "gilled man" said to dwell in an upper-Amazon lagoon. Another wereshark is rumored, by land-dwellers, to have preserved his freedom and his shapeshifting powers at the cost of his Gnosis—and his sanity—by living in Utah's Great Salt Lake. What that unfortunate creature might prey upon fuels much speculation.

In the times before living above the waves became the first Rokean transgression, weresharks interacted with peoples on islands throughout the Pacific and Indian Oceans and also with seaside-dwellers on every continent save Antarctica. Although a Homid-form



Rokea's rough features (see below) attract attention sometimes, there is a sort of camouflage that usually helps to integrate a wereshark into human society: Mysteriously, a Rokea's human shape resembles whatever people predominates along an area's coast at the time of the shapeshifter's First Change. No one knows whether this phenomenon derives from the types of humans a Rokea sees, or the ones it eats, or whether there is some other explanation. Of course, humanity's propensity for "relocating" itself has created some noteworthy dilemmas for the long-lived weresharks, but none was more confusing to the Breed than the racial politics in South Africa.

The Rokea indigenous to the waters at the southern tip of Africa breed with the large great white shark population there, as they have for thousands of years. Whenever weresharks ventured onto land here, they resembled aboriginal Africans, and older local Rokea still do in Homid form. Things changed during the last two centuries, following the arrival of Europeans, as Rokea began to conform to new physical paradigms. Apartheid caused no end of troubles for the Rokea, who took a while to understand the divisions humans imposed on one another. Typical of these collisions between weresharks and politics was a hunting party that violated the Group Areas Acts unknowingly and attracted the attention of security forces. The subsequent slaughter (of the police, naturally) led to harsh crackdowns by the Afrikaners and to a generally lower profile for Rokea enacting the Rite of the Hunt (see below) in South Africa. Eventually, the marine shapeshifters were able to comprehend the distinction at work; in the meantime, land-dwellers also dealt with the mixed blessing of apartheid — the policy restricted their movements as much as it curtailed the activities of their pursuers. South Africa is an extreme example, but events there show both more and less subtle ways that humanity's foibles can influence the lives of the Rokea.

Organization

Totems

Kun, Mother of Fishes, is the central totem of the Rokea, a fact emphasized by another name they give themselves: Kunspawn. The weresharks look to her for strength and stamina as they stalk food. C'et, whose children are the crustaceans, plays an unknown role in Rokea mythology. Qyrl, who begat all mollusks, has a bad reputation among Garou, many of whom believe her to be the weresharks' chief totem and an avatar of the Wyrms, a set of beliefs with predictable consequences.

Misunderstanding, however, has always been a common currency between the Garou and the Rokea. Werewolves' limited ability to visit the shark-folks' watery domain even now contributes to the confusion that exists between the two Breeds: Some Rokea "acquainted" with the Garou are surprised to learn that the Crinos form is not a

separate species unto itself, for example. Similarly, the majority of Rokea that the Garou encounter are land-dwellers, disproportionate numbers of whom do take Qyrl (or Kraken, to some weresharks) as their totem, for they believe her to be a creature of ambition and cunning. Kunspawn who abandon the sea need these qualities to avoid death at the hands of their fellows.

Terrestrial weresharks' devotion to Qyrl taints her for some ocean-dwellers. These intolerant Rokea abandon the tentacled daughter and the numerous baby squid with which she rewards her worshippers. However, if the ocean-dwellers add insult to their apostasy and take C'et or Kun as their new totem, Qyrl exacts a devious vengeance: Such weresharks, when alone, constantly encounter adult squid that detail the marvels of life between Oversea and Unsea. The many-limbed tormentors prattle on until the Rokea attacks (not long, in other words), but these squid always elude capture.

Society

The slew, a group of Rokea comprising three to 10 members, is the basic social unit. Slews often include normal sharks as well. Some territorial Rokea swim alone, however, and come together with their own kind only during Gatherings, when dozens of slews communicate, compete and determine important matters. The Rokea who catches the most food gets to decide which slews hunt betweeners, which loners are worthy of their chosen territories, and so on. Although such leaders earn no formal title, they are *de facto* makers of Rokea law. Any other wereshark may challenge such an individual at any time.

Sacred Places

Rokea lack caerns. Nevertheless, in very special circumstances, they are able to enter the Umbra — a place they consider the soul of the ocean — through deep-sea trenches. This journey is one undertaken only in the direst of circumstances and only under Kun's guidance; without it, even the sturdiest wereshark would be crushed by the water pressure at such depths.

Traits

Auspices

Rokean auspices are based on the relative illumination of the ocean depths where they're born. The actual distance of the birth from the surface varies due to water clarity and other factors. All Rokea are warriors, so the conditions during a wereshark's birth are less influential on his "choice" of what to become during his "long swim" than, say, the new moon is for a Garou. Still, the auspices often indicate certain predispositions within a Rokea's usually fixed role.

- **Brightwater** is the name given to weresharks born in the well-lit shallows. They are thought to be imbued with the fire of the Wound (a Rokean name for the sun), and they tend to be the fiercest of their kind. However, the proximity of their birth to the realms of land and sky is believed to make Brightwaters more curious than other weresharks

about existence outside the ocean — thus, many are viewed suspiciously for their first three or four decades of life.

Initial Rage: 5

• **Dimwater** Rokea are born in the pelagic murk and supposedly feel the pull of both the surface and the seabed. They wander as they please from ocean to ocean. Dimwaters are bearers of news and messages; often, they are also hunters of the “landed” ones. Most Rokea are Dimwaters.

Initial Rage: 4

• **Darkwater** Kunspawn exit the blackness of the womb into the ocean’s opaque depths. They are the clever Rokea, the “lone sharks” who ponder their place in the food chain of existence as they stake out a territory of their own. When they elect to be social among their own kind, they often do so to share some innovation — a Darkwater conceived of the Rite of the Black Shark (see below), for example. Some weresharks consider Darkwaters “the mad ones.”

Initial Rage: 3

Rokea require only two successes on a Rage roll to frenzy, and they must have four successes to enter the thrall of the Wyrn. They suffer the common shapeshifter weakness to silver.

Rank

In many cases, age determines rank among the Rokea. Each decade of life confers an additional level of rank upon a wereshark. They use this system to control the instruction of Gifts. However, there have been a few incidences of Rokea being treated with respect beyond their years. The events precipitating such exceptions must have been singular indeed.

Backgrounds

Rokea can begin with Allies, Contacts, Mentor, Resources or Rites Backgrounds, with the following restrictions: Allies can never be related to the character; Contacts are easier for Rokea to make, but harder to maintain due to weresharks’ transient nature (difficulty 8 to reach out and touch someone); Resources can be accumulated only by land-dwellers.

True Rokea Kinfolk, that is human/Rokea offspring, are sought after and must be found in the course of roleplaying. Of course, other weresharks are on the prowl for them, too, and may not want to share if they find one — assuming that a competitor intends the Kin to be mate, rather than bait....

Beginning Willpower: 4

Breeds

All known Rokea are of the squamus breed, equivalent to lupus among Garou. It was long thought that no other breed was possible, but a tiny number of “landed” Rokea now know (as their aquatic counterparts had long suspected) that it is possible — though difficult — to produce homid-breed weresharks.

In the oceans, Rokea mate with normal sharks of their appropriate “tribe” — Karkha with great whites, Sphyrnha with hammerheads, Ixya with makos, and so on — to produce more Rokea. The spawn of such unions are invariably shapeshifters, so there are no shark-Kin. Because of the weresharks’ longevity, however, they mate infrequently in the ocean, perhaps only twice per century.

On land, other dictates prevail. Among Rokea who “swim between Unsea and Oversea,” the urge to reproduce is, for some reason, ever-present. The products of wereshark intercourse with normal humans, though, are *always* Kinfolk, *never* shapeshifters. But in conjunction with a squamus Rokea (in Homid form, obviously), such a Kin can become a parent to homid breed Rokea. None of the handful of homid Rokea born is known to have survived beyond one year, however, due to the savage efficiency of the Rokea hunters. Pairings of Rokea and Kin are rare, understandably, given the nomadic (some say “fugitive”) existences the betweeners must maintain to stay alive. The two groups are small enough that chance unions are unlikely in the extreme, and, until recently, few Rokea were concerned about the humans they mated with or about the fate of their human descendants.

Beginning Gnosis: 3

Forms

Ocean-dwelling Rokea have four forms, while weresharks who swim between can assume (almost instantly, difficulty 9) a fifth, equivalent to Glabro. The land-dwellers perfected the near-human form to protect themselves more readily from surprise attacks by their own kind.

Note that the Latinate terms applied to the various Rokea forms were coined — and anonymously popularized — by a Glass Walker Philodox with too much education, too much time on his hands and some sharp-toothed colleagues who “work the docks.” Rokea themselves are largely unacquainted with Latin. They communicate subtleties such as the different forms that their Breed can assume through mental pictures (see below). Linguistic equivalents of such Rokea “pictograms” follow the Latinate terms.

• **Homid (“Long Fins”)**: In human form, Rokea tend to be primitive, hulking and unattractive to many people. Typical facial features for this form include wide mouths, weak chins and bridgeless noses. Brows tend to recede sharply, except among members of the Sphyrnha, or hammerhead, tribe, who are walleyed and have blocky foreheads. With no human blood to temper their appearance, Homid Rokea are rarely pleasing to the human eye.

• **Glabrus (“Round Back”)**: This form typically has twice the mass of the human aspect and is distinct because of its darkened and enlarged irises. The Glabrus’ teeth are also sharklike. Body hair vanishes, while scalp and facial hair shortens. Digits become vestigially webbed, and the ring finger and little finger shrink. The skin, though thicker

Form Statistics

| Gladius | Gladius | Chasmus | Squamus |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------|
| Str: +2 | Str: +4 | Str: +3 | Str: +2 |
| Dex: -2 (+1)* | Dex: -2 (+1)* | Dex: -1 (+1)* | Dex: +2 |
| Sta: +2 | Sta: +3 | Sta: +2 | Sta: +3 |
| Man: -2 | Man: -4 | Man: -4 | Man: -4 |
| App: -2 | App: 0 | | |
| Diff: 9 | Diff: 6 | Diff: 7 | Diff: 6 |

*Numbers in parentheses apply when the Rokea is swimming; naturally, they are much more dextrous in the water than on land.

and rougher, is not the dented hide of the three more sharklike aspects. The incipient dorsal fin causes the back to swell as if hunched. Speech is difficult in this form and the voice becomes a rasp. Gladius' strong resemblance to a common type of fomer furthers misapprehension and strife between Rokea and Garou.

- **Gladius ("Standing Jaws"):** Equivalent to Crinos, the amphibious battle form stands up to 10 feet in height. It is bipedal and has three webbed digits (with talons) on each extremity. In aquatic environs, Gladius-form weresharks communicate via electrical impulses over distances of a mile or more (as can individuals in Squamus or Chasmus forms); on land, however, the maximum range is 50 feet. In Gladius, Rokea lack vocal cords and are mute. The full shagreen of this form (also present on the Chasmus and Squamus forms) does damage to anyone bodily striking a wereshark.

- **Chasmus ("Fighting Jaws"):** Parallel to Hispo, Chasmus is a larger, seagoing battle-form with more powerful jaws, greater speed and reduced maneuverability. Its length and mass are typically half again that of the Squamus form.

- **Squamus ("Swimming Jaws"):** This form is indistinguishable from that of a common shark of the coordinate Rokea "tribe."

Gifts

Parallels exist between Rokea Gifts and many of the ones used by lupus breeds, Ahroun, the Red Talons and the Get of Fenris. Weresharks receive no Auspice Gifts, but they all begin play with one Gift from the aforementioned Garou categories and one Rokea Gift listed below. (The following Gifts have no Rokea analogs: Catfeet, Curse of Dionysus, Elemental Gift, The Falling Touch, Hero's Stand, Primal Howl, Scream of Gaia, Sense Silver, Silver Claws, Snarl of the Predator and Strength of the Einherjar.)

- **Qyrl's Blood (Level One)** — As the Uktena Gift: Shroud.

- **Sea's Voice (Level One)** — As the Red Talon Gift: Beast Speech.

- **Teeth of the Skin (Level One)** — Like metis' Gift of the Porcupine, but note that a Rokea's hide normally does damage similar to what the Garou Gift inflicts on anyone making an unprotected contact assault on the user. Unlike the Garou Gift, Rokea can use Teeth of the Skin while in any form.

- **Strange Waters (Level Two)** — Like the Red Talon Gift: Trackless Waste, but Strange Waters affects its target's sense of direction at sea or under water.

- **Poisoned Flesh (Level Two)** — Like the Level Three Get of Fenris Gift: Venom Blood, but easier for weresharks. Poisoned Flesh affects only opponents making successful bite attacks against the user.

- **Shark's Bones (Level Three)** — When in Homid form, the user can make her skeleton extremely pliable, like the cartilaginous substructure of a shark, but more so. The user can then squeeze through passages as small as eight inches square.

System: The Rokea spends one Gnosis point; the effect lasts for one scene. Also Shark's Bones lends protection from blunt strikes. Reduce by one-half the damage Dice Pool of any opponent who makes a fist or club attack against users of this Gift, which is usable only in Homid form.

- **Inundate (Level Four)** — Like the Red Talon Gift: Avalanche, but Inundate concentrates moisture from the air to surround a target. This Gift is taught by an air elemental and is usable only on land.

System: As Avalanche, difficulty to be determined by the Storyteller based on the proximity of a natural body of water (creek or larger).

- **Kun's Maw (Level Four)** — As the Level Five Get of Fenris Gift: Fenris' Bite.

- **Blood of Darkness (Level Five)** — To Rokea, the blood of darkness is light. This Gift is equivalent to the Children of Gaia Gift: Halo of the Sun.

- **Qyrl's Shell (Level Five)** — As the Red Talon Gift: Shield of Gaia.

Land-dwellers tend to be the innovators of Gifts (and of fetishes, which are unknown in the ocean) among the weresharks. One of the betweeners' ongoing efforts involves their attempts to duplicate the structures and functions of rays' fins for use in the Oversea. Thus far, a few scattered Rokea have mastered the shape (in Gladius, a membrane connects the extremities to give the user an outline like a butterfly's), but none has managed flight, though some fall rather gracefully.

Rites

The Rite of Rokea Blood

Level One

Land-dwellers use this rite to track down first-generation human Kin, who are the only humans capable of parenting homid-breed Rokea with a wereshark. Obviously, the target

group is tiny, and appropriate individuals may relocate themselves "out of range" for the ocean-yoked betweeners' purposes, so this rite was conceived to alleviate a needle-in-a-haystack situation.

Of course, finding such scarce individuals is only half the battle. It's entirely possible that a human suitable for the purposes of Rokean reproduction might have other plans, and Rokea in Homid form are often far from the standard of beauty in many societies. The overpowering urge to mate that terrestrial weresharks know constantly — almost like some cosmic imperative to merge humankind and Kunspawn — doesn't endear them to people in more progressive societies. To suggest that romanticism is the last thing to enter the mind of a horny Rokea would be misleading; it is too alien a concept for most Rokean minds to entertain at all.

The Rite of the Hunt

Level One

As one part of a larger rite of passage, a young Rokea accompanies a group of elders onto the land. The more experienced weresharks instruct their junior in the arts of stalking prey in this more dangerous environment. As eligible betweeners are not always available, other shapeshifters and even the occasional vampire are sometimes targets. Once prey is cornered, the young wereshark must make the kill alone. Aspirants who fail are always avenged by their instructors.

Rite of the Black Shark

Level Four

This rite, invoked only once since its conception, requires at least one Rank Four wereshark, two of Rank Three, three of Rank Two and four of Rank One. Together, the rite-workers transform themselves into a night-black, fire-eyed monster resembling the prehistoric shark megalodon, but larger (120 to 180 feet in length).

The Black Shark was first invoked after a few Pacific atolls were atomically annihilated in the post-WWII era. Over subsequent years, the French and U.S. navies lost over a dozen monitoring vessels, including a destroyer and two submarines. Military records of the losses remain top-secret, but a handful of (now mostly cancer-ridden) survivors from the '40s still insist it was a giant shark that scuttled their ships. Government officials even today remain skeptical, but it wasn't *just* environmental concerns that led to the 1985 restrictions on nuclear weapons testing in the area. France, however (never a party to the ban), revived its program recently, so another dark one may break the waves soon.

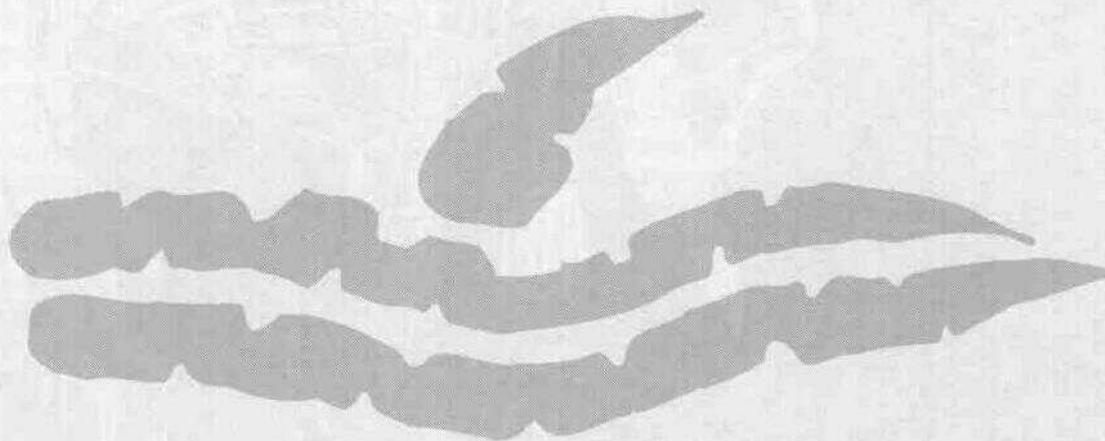
What became of the Rokea who pioneered this rite is uncertain. There is no known method of reversing the communion that forms the Black Shark, yet no such creature currently swims the Earth's oceans. Some weresharks believe these warriors perished in battle, but others think they ventured through the cracks in Undersea and into Sea's soul, where they abide even now.

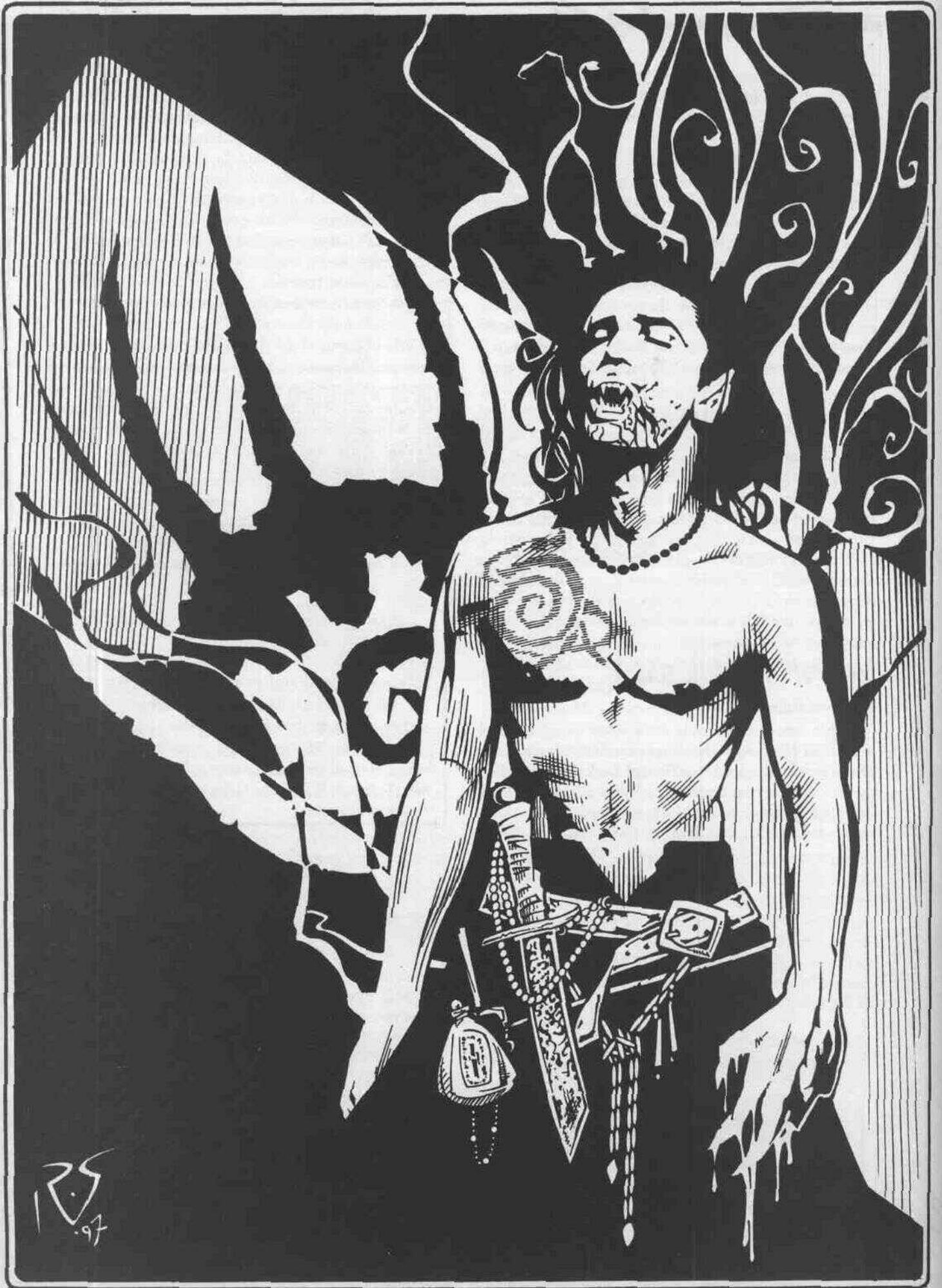
Quote

To swim is to live; to live is to eat; to eat is to swim.

Stereotypes

- **Garou:** The large furry ones that bite hard and smell bad are still good to eat.
- **Mokolé:** The scaly ones are old in ways that we understand, but we still do not seek their company.
- **Nagah:** The hidden ones do not like us. As long as they remain in their riverbeds, we do not care.
- **Ratkin:** The small furry ones that bite not so hard and smell *very* bad sometimes help the ones who swim between. If they do aid the betweeners, they can die with them, too.





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Chapter Six: Systems

Crossovers

Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

— John Emerich Edward Dalberg Acton, Lord Acton

It seems odd to some people that with all the power at a werewolf's fingertips, players might want to add even further to their characters' abilities by looking outside the Garou's given sphere. Garou can tear apart trucks with their bare paws, run through the spirit world, track wild animals by scent and call on forces greater than themselves to smite their foes — and their duty keeps them plenty busy doing all of the above.

However, the World of Darkness is a big place and sooner or later, some vampire may well try to Embrace a werewolf, or an ambitious Uktena might see if he could learn the tricks of True Magick. There's also the question of a dead packmate watching out for you from beyond the grave — and what about all that alleged Fianna/fae crossbreeding, anyway? After all, there's nothing wrong with enjoying two or more World of Darkness games, and the obvious next step for many groups is to bleed them together.

However, Garou don't always work well as characters when a player tries to add the abilities and traits of another supernatural entity to the werewolf repertoire. The following rules are basically guidelines to keep in mind when the subject of "crossover characters" comes up. The Storyteller has a perfect right to alter these rules to suit her chronicle, of course, but what's printed here attempts to answer some of the common questions that result when one game meets another head-on.

Trade Secrets

The Changing Breeds have many tales about how one Breed taught another this Gift or that rite, or how this group of shapeshifters stole that trick from its neighbors. It is indeed theoretically possible for a Garou to learn an exclusively Rokea Gift or rite, for example — but only under a few conditions.

First, the Gift in question cannot rely on the unique capabilities of its parent Changing Breed. A Garou could no more learn the Ananasi Gift of Spinnerets (which requires literal spinnerets) than could an Ananasi learn Song of the Dire (which requires a Hispo form capable of howling). Common sense is the first guideline.

Second, if the Gift is something that both species (or tribes) can use at varying ranks, the student can learn it only at the level he could normally acquire it. A werewolf must learn Catfeet at Level Three, whether he has a Bastet teacher or not. The varying levels of some commonly shared Gifts represent a Changing Breed's innate knack for some tricks — and this knack can't be taught. Nuwisha will always be better than Bastet or Mokolé at Umbral travel, and that is that.

Third, the Gift in question must be no higher than Level Three. Level Four and Five Gifts are the exclusive property of their Changing Breed. Similarly, any rites that strike the Storyteller as completely exclusive to one type of shapeshifter — such as the Rite of the Birthing Plague — are off-limits.

Finally, the Storyteller can forbid players to learn any Gift or rite outside their Changing Breed. It's up to the Storyteller to determine which tricks can be shared and which can't — and her word goes.

Hybrids

Because all the Changing Breeds can take human form, it begs the question that, as they're certainly capable of having sex, can two different Bête produce shapeshifter offspring? Are there any Ratkin/Corax metis in the World of Darkness? What about half-Nuwisha/half-Garou? And don't the Bastet have a reputation for being kind of...*promiscuous*?

As has been stressed before, there's more to being a shapeshifter than genetics. A werecreature is half flesh-and-blood and half spirit — whether the spirit half comes from heritage, a fetish egg or the Birthing Plague is irrelevant. The spirit nature of a shapeshifter is unquestionable — and not easily diluted.

Generally speaking, if two shapeshifters of different Breeds conceive a child, the child has a 10 percent chance to be a shapeshifter of the father's kind, a 10 percent chance to be a shapeshifter of the mother's kind, and an 80 percent chance to be a normal Kin to either. If the mother is lupus, feline or whatever, however, any children will be normal Kin to her Changing Breed or shapeshifters like herself — a lupus cannot give birth to a Khan or to tiger cubs.

In no cases can a shapeshifter be of two separate Changing Breeds; a Garou with Bastet blood is simply Kin to the Bastet and nothing more. There isn't room for two shapeshifter souls in one body. It also follows that the Ratkin Birthing Plague can't work on other shapeshifters; nor can the Rite of the Fetish Egg. Gaia requires only one duty from each of Her children.

Vampiric Wolves

Eternal enemies though vampires and werewolves may be, occasionally some foolish Leech tries to make a pet of a Garou, usually by means of the Embrace. Because almost all werewolves are violently allergic to vitae, they are accordingly hard to ghoul. By the grace of Gaia, they are just as difficult to Embrace: Most werewolves die upon the attempt. Sadly, the Embrace works in a few rare, rare instances — and the miserable results are the rightly named Abominations.

Vampiric werewolves are literally things that should not be. Shapeshifters are the purest form of primal life on the face of the planet — vampirism is living death. The Embrace disconnects Garou from the world's soul, their very reason for existing. As a result, the leading cause of Final Death among the dozen or so Abominations that exist at any given time is suicide. An Embraced Garou has lost far, far more than the average once-mortal child.





Abominations are created in mostly the same manner as all vampires, save that even the most depraved Black Spiral Dancer isn't inclined to sacrifice willingly his higher spiritual being for the power of the grave. Virtually all Abominations were taken prisoner as living beings, then Embraced to enslave them to sires.

Gaia grants Her favored children one final chance to escape the living death. A Garou can make a Gnosis roll, difficulty 6, to die quietly. If the roll succeeds, he dies without pain and his spirit travels to its destined place. If the roll fails, he dies in torturous agony, but his spirit is free. If the roll botches, the Garou becomes an Abomination and cannot hope ever to see his Tribal Homeland. No Discipline, Gift, magick or any other sort of power short of direct intervention by a Celestine can affect this roll, save one — the werewolf can spend a Willpower point to gain an automatic success as usual (and is almost certain to do so).

A newly Embraced Abomination takes on the clan of his sire, learns three dots of clan Disciplines and gains the clan weakness as does any other neonate. He may spend Blood Points to increase his attributes or heal himself like any other vampire.

The advantages of the Embrace end there.

Becoming an Abomination results in the immediate loss of two permanent points of Glory, three permanent Honor and three permanent Wisdom. The Embrace usually causes even mighty Garou elders to fall at least two places in rank; indeed, a newly-turned Abomination can even fall below Rank One. Unless the werewolf was previously a Black Spiral Dancer, he cannot gain Renown or rise in rank again. Only the depraved Dancers acknowledge their undead relatives, and even then the Dancer gains only one-quarter of the standard Renown awards for her deeds. Abominations also cannot spend experience to raise their Gnosis Trait.

Upon death, the Garou's connection with the spiritual whole of Gaia is irreparably severed. This loss means that Abominations cannot regenerate their wounds as do Garou; Abominations may heal themselves only by spending Blood Points.

This severing from the wellspring of life also has severe repercussions on the Abomination's relationship with the spirit world. Although Abominations retain knowledge of the Gifts and rites they possessed before their Embrace, they cannot make any rites other than Wyrms-rites work; only the most corrupt spirits ever answer a call made by a dead thing. Abominations also cannot learn new Gifts from any spirits other than Banes, and these spirits are spiteful, devious teachers. At the time of the Embrace (or, more precisely, of death), any dedicated items or attuned fetishes lose their connection to the once-Garou. Gaian spirits, even those bound in fetishes, chafe at the presence of the undead. To attune himself to a Gaian fetish after the Embrace, the Abomination may still roll Gnosis as usual — but at difficulty 10, and a botch results in the Abomination losing a permanent Gnosis point.

Abominations may not spend Blood Points for any purpose in the same turn that they spend Gnosis, make Gnosis rolls, spend Rage or make Rage rolls. Rage, Gnosis and the Blood all interfere with one another's use, and an undead Garou can draw on only one of the three at any given time. Abominations have Blood Pools according to their Generation, as usual — their doubly potent Garou blood was drained during the Embrace, and they must make do with normal vitae.

Abominations exist in a state of perpetual Harano (see p. 207 for details). They cannot escape this state with Willpower rolls, however, and cannot lift the curse while they "live." In effect, an Abomination must spend a Willpower point to spend a scene with his Dice Pool at full. What's more, the spiritless Abominations may not spend Willpower points to gain automatic successes on any dice rolls.

Having been something other than human, Abominations don't use Humanity as a system of morality. They have a far greater stake at risk — their Gnosis. It is the only thing keeping them from acting on the vile impulses that grow within them after undeath: not natural urges, but seeds planted by the Wyrms during their Embrace. An Abomination's Gnosis Trait determines how soundly he sleeps during the day and in most cases acts as Humanity would. (Of course, the Abomination still checks for frenzy by rolling Rage.)

Whenever an Abomination transgresses against the ways of the Gaian Garou, whether deliberately or unconsciously (such as in a frenzy), he risks degeneration. The higher the Abomination's Gnosis, the more likely that even a minor transgression can tear more of his spirit from him. The chart at the right is a rough guide for what actions force an Abomination to check for Gnosis loss. If the vampiric Garou takes an action that requires a check, he rolls his Gnosis, difficulty 7 (with modifiers at the Storyteller's discretion — particularly callous deeds might make degeneration much easier). Failure means that he loses a point of Gnosis irrevocably. A botch grants the hapless creature a Derangement. When all the Abomination's Gnosis is gone, he can no longer step sideways nor use any Gifts or fetishes.

There is only one way to prevent this degeneration — the Abomination can fully offer what's left of his soul to the Wyrms. After making this black pact, the Abomination becomes a Storyteller-controlled character. His Gnosis is no longer at risk; the Wyrms see to fueling his spiritual energy. However, the Abomination no longer has any free will whatsoever and cannot so much as tie his shoe of his own accord.

Other Changing Breeds are, if anything, even less suited to vampiric life. A Bastet, for example, begins losing permanent Gnosis upon the Embrace and can never recover her loss. Eventually, the undead cat is cut off from the spirit world entirely, unable to do so much as activate Gifts. Nuwisha, by comparison, cannot undergo the Embrace —

Hierarchy of Wyrms Taint

| Gnosis | Minimum Wrongdoing for Gnosis Check |
|--------|---|
| 10 | Accidentally breaking a Litany law |
| 9 | Purposefully breaking a Litany law; refusing a rightful challenge; cannibalism (drinking the blood of humans or wolves) |
| 8 | Refusing to acknowledge loss of a challenge (lack of instinct); teaching Garou lore to Wyrms minions (including vampires) |
| 7 | Unjustly killing a Garou; using vampiric mind-control powers (Dominate, Presence) against a Garou; betraying a Garou to Wyrms minions |
| 6 | Trafficking with or binding spirits to evil purposes |
| 5 | Destroying a natural place (harming Gaia); causing a Blight to grow or fester |
| 4 | Allying with Wyrms minions (including vampires) |
| 3 | Cannibalism (drinking Garou blood); sadism and perversion (Black Spiral virtues) |
| 2 | Warring against any of the tribes |
| 1 | Destroying or helping destroy a caern |

individuals who try to force vampirism on the coyotes find that the Nuwisha die quietly, one and all. Mokolé and Corax have it even worse, with their ties to the sun — both die the Final Death within one day of the Embrace, their loss of connection with Helios killing them irrevocably by the next sunset. Unfortunately for everyone around him (including the vampire parent), a Mokolé Abomination spends the rest of his existence in a brutal, mindless frenzy, which almost always results in the would-be sire ending up as so much reddish goo spread across the ground. Although it's hard to say exactly how the Embrace affects the other Changing Breeds (it's unlikely that a single vampire has even seen a Gurahl for the past 2,000 years), it's certain that undeath is just as debilitating to all other shapeshifters. Thankfully, all shapeshifters at least receive the standard Gnosis roll to avoid the Embrace and die quietly.

Skinchangers and Magick

The Changing Breeds are, one and all, incapable of using True Magick as mages know it. Since shapechangers are all born with shapechanger spirits, their half-spirit nature, even before the First Change, makes them Awakened beings from birth. They don't possess individual avatars as mages know them. Instead, they tap into the wellspring of Gaia's blessings to work their own miracles — "static magic," as mages define it. Sphere magick is the province of humans alone; the Changing Breeds are given gifts of a different nature. East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.

Some rare shapeshifters are able to learn certain paths of Hedge Magic, Sphere magick's poor cousin. Among them are a few Uktena, some Bastet and the occasional Nagah. However, it is hardly common practice; when all's said and done, the shapeshifters' Gifts and rites are at least as potent, if not more so. Only the most curious or completist of the Changing Breeds feel the need to learn such human wizardry.

Death and the Dark Umbra

The Dark Umbra is a place that most shapechangers find unsettling, and with good reason. Their duties link them to life, the living spirit world and the fullness of the Middle Umbra. Upon death, a shapechanger's spirit half usually travels to the appropriate Umbral homeland, there to become one with Gaia. Even individuals who return to aid their friends and descendants (usually through riding someone with Past Life) do so as Ancestor-spirits, not as wraiths.

However, there are a few exceptions. Rarely, when a shapeshifter dies with just a touch of Wyrn-taint on his soul — just enough of an entropic touch to break him away from the natural way of things — and a powerful desire to complete some business unfinished in life, he awakens in the Shadowlands as a wraith.

However, the wraith of a former shapechanger gains no special abilities from her former life. She is considered a wraith like any other; even so simple a thing as shapeshifting is impossible without the aid of Moliate. Her Corpus takes the form of her self-image, whether that be humanlike, a wolf, or even Crinos. However, her Attributes are not altered by whatever shape she finds herself in — her form is a matter of self-perception, nothing more. The character becomes a wraith in all aspects, with her base Homid Attributes, her usual collection of Abilities (although some, like Primal-Urge, are now useless to her) and nothing more. She no longer possesses Rage or Gnosis. Her Gifts no longer work; nor do her rites or any other ability outside the ken of wraiths. In essence, she is nothing more than a wraith. However, the new possibilities of wraithly existence allow her to explore areas rarely seen by any other shapeshifter. The fight against the Wyrn, as personified by Spectres (to a wraithly Garou's perception, anyway), continues even in the Shadowlands.

The worst fight of all, of course, comes from the tiny seed of Wyrn-taint that lay within the Garou's soul at the time of her death — from which soon blossoms her Shadow. Pardoners are often taken aback by the ferocity and almost alien nature of an erstwhile shapeshifter's Shadow, as any Bête's darker half is more bestial by far than that of most humans.



The Fae

It's no secret that werewolves and the fae have mingled their blood in the past, and to this day the two groups maintain some connection. However, even in the days of Fionn MacCumhail, hero to both fae and Fianna, there was never a babe born with the powers of both changeling and werecreature.

Changelings are fae souls born into human bodies; the Changing Breeds are shapechanger souls born into shapechanger bodies. A newborn is one, the other or simply human. Although it's possible to have changelings who are technically Kinfolk or werewolves with a touch of the fae blood in them, no creature can be fully both.

A Note on Intent

Some players may find these rules a bit...well, strict. As we've described them, Abominations are painfully hobbled, and the remaining possibilities to mix and match the best of two game systems are rather limited.

To this we say: Yeah, they are.

If you want a magick-using, cantrip-throwing, Risen Mokolé Abomination antitribu in your game, all you have to do is talk the Storyteller into it. However, we don't recommend it. There's more to being a unique and interesting character than having a grab-bag of superpowers that nobody else has. And frankly, if we wanted to allow things such as Garou mages, we'd have to rewrite both **Werewolf** and **Mage** to figure out a reason why it was possible. Our guidelines are here to answer the all-too-frequent questions about mixed character types and how they work in the published World of Darkness — and that's it. Nothing personal, okay?

Weapons

Shapeshifters are a diverse and multicultural lot, and not all of them favor the fripperies of 20th-century weapons. Many shapeshifters still employ the ancestral weapons of their human Kin, and most martial spirits prefer to reside in exotic fetishes, if any. The following weapons are offered to add a little more variety to your **Werewolf** chronicle.

- **Cat's claws** can be found in several variations, but most are strap-on blades or spikes set in a bar strapped under or over the knuckles. The shorter varieties allow the wearer to get a grip on walls and include a pair of counterparts to be worn on the feet. The longer blades, which stretch across the back of the hand, don't confer any bonus to climbing attempts.

- Although a **blowgun's** dart itself is almost useless for anything other than annoying the target, most blowgun users poison the dart tip. Obviously, high winds, rain and low visibility render a blowgun all but useless.



- **Bolas** are nearly useless in an enclosed space, but these linked, weighted balls can be thrown a fair distance in open areas. Once a target gets entangled in the cords or chains that bind the weights together, he must take a few turns to free himself. Assume at least one turn for each of the thrower's successes, minus the target's Dexterity if he's got opposable thumbs or usable cutting surfaces (claws and barbs — not knives) and can work the binding loose.

- The **dragon trident** represents a variety of Oriental bladed pole arms, from the *chai-do*, *ghi* or *naginata* to the bizarre nine-dragon trident.

- A **hunga-munga (hakarr)** is one of the most intimidating hand weapons ever devised. Thick cutting blades project from the handle in almost every direction, balancing the weapon's heft and providing every side with a cutting edge. A strong combatant can throw a hunga-munga some distance, and woe to whomever's on the receiving end! An African weapon favored during the late colonial period, this vicious piece of work was valued as currency by some tribes of those times. The Simba, Swara and some Bagheera call the weapon "hakarr" and revere it with an awe approaching the respect Garou grant a *klaive*. Many silver hakarr exist for dueling purposes.

- The stats for the **katana** also apply to other high-quality swords such as the Chinese *darn-do* and *gim*; those for the **wakizashi** can reflect a variety of Eastern knives, including the *qama*, *jambiya* and *katâr* "punch knife."

- The **kris**, best known for its wavy blade, has a long history with cultures from India to the Philippines. Some varieties, which inflict an extra die of damage, are longer and thicker, if harder to conceal.

- The infamous **kukri**, used by Gurkha warriors, comes in several different sizes, from a brutal curved knife to a four-and-a-half-pound monstrosity used to decapitate Cape buffalo.

- Aztec warriors favored the obsidian-edged **macauitl**, and many Balam continue their tradition. A long, paddle-shaped wooden club, the macauitl tapers down into grooves on either edge; these grooves are inset with razor-sharp obsidian blades. Although the glass-like rock quickly cracks with use, the bits can be cleaned out and replaced. A strong fighter could decapitate a horse with a good swing of a macauitl, and a two-handed variation increases that cutting power. Too big and fragile to sheath, a macauitl must be slung across the back, carried over the shoulder, or simply held.

- Essentially, a **no-daichi** is a Japanese greatsword, a massive katana with a deeply curved blade and deadly cutting power.

- **Wind-fire wheels** resemble handheld circles or semi-circles, often ringed with blades. A skilled fighter can trap her opponent's own weapon with a successful Dexterity + Brawl roll (difficulty 8, three successes or more) and possibly rip it from his grasp.

Melee Weapons

| Weapon | Difficulty | Damage | Conceal | Notes |
|--------------------|------------|-------------------|---------|---|
| Blowgun | 7 | 2 | J | Often poisoned; worthless during windy conditions (Range: 10 yards) |
| Bolas | 8 | 3/5 | J | Can be thrown (Range: Strength x 3 yards); tangles opponent's feet with three successes or more |
| Cat Claws | 4 | Strength +1 to +2 | P/J | Short variety adds +2 dice to climbing |
| Dragon Trident | 7 | Strength +4 | N | Pole arm (Approximately 8 feet long) |
| Hunga-Munga/Hakarr | 5 | Strength +5 | T | Can be thrown (Range: Strength x 3 yards) |
| Katana | 6 | Strength +5 | T | |
| Kris | 5 | Strength +3 | J | |
| Kukri, small | 5 | Strength +3 | J | |
| Kukri, large | 6 | Strength +5 | N | |
| Macauitl, small | 6 | Strength +4 | J | Fragile and sharp |
| Macauitl, large | 7 | Strength +5 | N | Two-handed; fragile, sharp |
| No-daichi | 7 | Strength +6 | N | Two-handed |
| Rapier | 5 | Strength +3 | T | |
| Tomahawk | 5 | Strength +3 | J | Can be thrown (Range: Strength x 3 yards) |
| Wakizashi | 5 | Strength +3 | J | |
| War Spear | 6 | Strength +3 | N | Can be thrown (Range: Strength x 5 yards) |
| Wind-Fire Wheels | 6 | Strength +3 | T | Can disarm |

N Not concealable

J Jacket

T Trenchcoat

P Pocket

Dueling

The wind changed as Corin Eye-of-Stone entered the clearing. He could smell Heart-of-Thunder sweating, along with a whiff of egg salad. Who the hell eats egg salad before a duel? Corin thought, before reproving himself for not concentrating. Corin slid his klaive from its sheath as he began to circle.

The night was hot and the breeze dry. Birds hopped in the branches overhead, and Corin had to admit he was impressed by the way 'Thunder handled his blade. The silent crowd began to stir in anticipation.

Heart-of-Thunder started to shift, and Corin found himself facing night made flesh and wielding a knife. With an arc of metal reflecting the torchlight, the first pass happened and the first blow landed.

Then the screaming began.

Duels are a ritualistic, often formal, form of combat, particularly among the Garou. Duels are serious affairs, usually held to settle a grievance between individuals or to contest leadership, but they're sometimes held as friendly competitions. Above all else, duels are a storytelling device. Even in a game largely concerned with combat, duels should be reasonably rare occurrences used to build tension, create memorable scenes and serve as an opportunity to dispatch notable and established adversaries.

Players and Storytellers should take every opportunity to increase the scene's tension at the beginning of a duel. Describe the minute details that stand out as the duelists concentrate on each other and the surroundings. Descrip-

tions of the creaking, rusty gate, of water dripping into a puddle or of a bead of sweat running down an opponent's face can lend weight to the scene. Mentioning a gunshot or wolf howl in the distance, the smell of the character's own sweat, a fly buzzing near his opponent's ear or a twitch in his rival's eye or hand might also help to establish atmosphere. Players should feel that time has slowed and that nothing exists outside the duel for their characters.

Dueling among Garou

Duels have always been the final arbiter of personal disputes among the Garou. A werewolf may challenge anyone for any reason (except leaders in times of war); however, the one being challenged has the right to appeal to the sept leaders for a Master of the Challenge. The duty of a Master of the Challenge is to ensure that the participants fight honorably during a duel. There is no loss of Renown in requesting a Master of the Challenge, and doing so is often meant as an insult (implying the challenger cannot be trusted to fight honorably). Duels officiated by a Master of the Challenge are always public spectacles, held at an appointed place and a predetermined time.

Duels pose an interesting dilemma for sept leaders. While their culture clearly embraces physical confrontations, it is the duty of the elders to provide for the future of the sept. If the enthusiastic young Garou go around killing each other over every perceived offense, the sept can have no future. While sept leaders cannot forbid a duel, when a dispute comes to their attention they do have authority to assign the Master of the Challenge and set the conditions under which the duel is fought. Most elders rule that only the direst grievances warrant a *duel to the death*. Other duels generally end at first blood, when a Garou yields or when the Master of the Challenge steps in and makes a decision. The outcome of the duel determines judgment in the grievance; the winner is right, the loser wrong.

Conditions

In cases where Garou fight among themselves and the conditions for a duel are not met, the fight is treated as normal combat. Unless the brawl is considered a duel, the participants gain no Renown unless one of the combatants is "of the Wurm."

First, an actual grievance must exist before a challenge may be issued. When one Garou has clearly been wronged, some sept leaders make every attempt to resolve the matter before one of their septmates dies at another's hand. However, when it's clear that a challenger is just looking for some cheap Glory, the sept leader may take weeks to determine the complaint's validity, in hopes that the brash Garou may lose interest and turn his attention back to fighting the Wurm rather than his septmates.

Second, the Garou must extend a formal challenge. It can take any number of forms, from calling an opponent out



to furiously glaring at her. The important thing is that the opponent must understand that a challenge is being made and why.

Third, the challenge must be accepted. Garou may refuse a challenge without loss of Renown, as long as they can prove before the sept leaders that there is no basis for the challenge. Garou who issue a challenge that is proven to have no merit may suffer loss of Renown.

Fourth, both parties must agree to the location and conditions of the duel. Generally, these conditions are set by the Master of the Challenge in an attempt to make the duel as fair as possible.

If the combatants skip any of the above conditions, their fight isn't considered a duel for the purposes below — it's a straight-out combat.

Frenzy

Duels among werewolves often result in one combatant's death, usually because one participant frenzies and either kills his opponent or forces his opponent to kill him. During duels not to the death, others may step in and end the contest if it becomes apparent that one fighter has frenzied. A werewolf must check for frenzy after receiving his first wound in a duel.

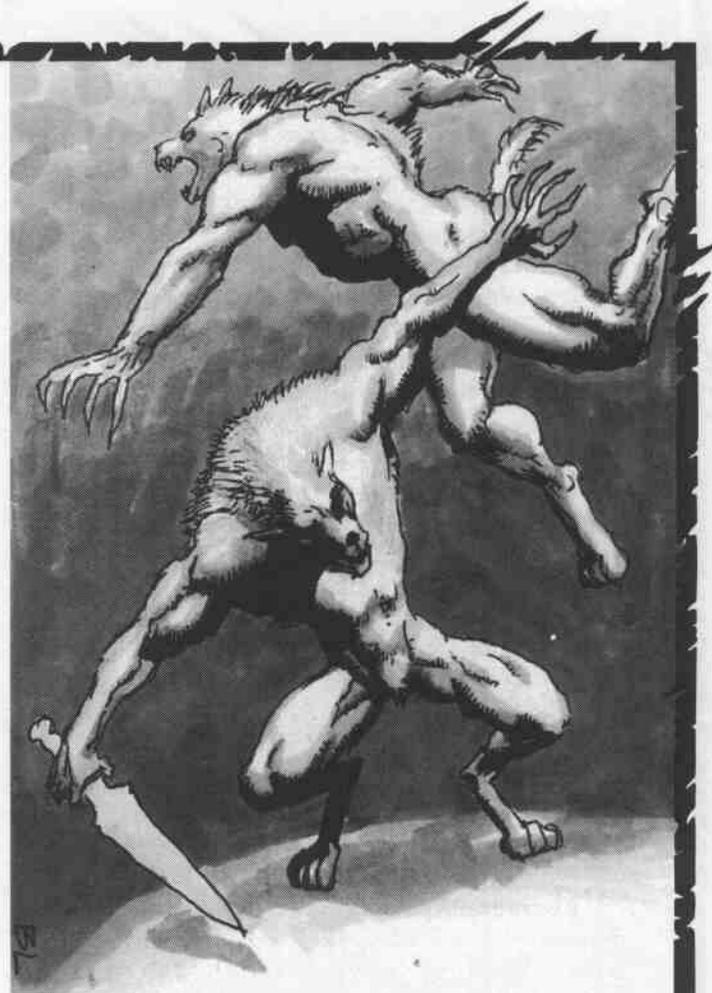
Ending a Duel

A Garou may surrender without loss of Renown at any time during a duel. A character who does not accept her opponent's surrender does not gain Renown from the duel, and she loses Honor to boot. If it becomes apparent that one of the participants is clearly losing the duel, but her pride doesn't allow her to surrender, the Master of the Challenge steps in and ends the contest by declaring a winner.

Outcome

A formal duel usually results in the participants gaining Renown. It happens only if an actual grievance exists at the heart of the duel, of course. Characters who constantly try to pick fights in hopes of gaining Renown succeed only in developing reputations as bullies. As usual, Storytellers award Renown based on a character's conduct during a duel. Generally, Garou gain Glory for winning a duel or Wisdom for settling a duel without bloodshed. Honor comes only with exceptional performance and behavior during the duel. It is not uncommon for a Garou who loses a duel to receive Honor for acquitting herself well, particularly if she was the one challenged.

If the Garou who was challenged is victorious, she receives greater Renown than the challenger would if he were to win the duel. There are two reasons for this rule: First, to issue a challenge means that the Garou is unwilling to find a nonviolent means of resolving the dispute. Second, only a fool would start a fight he expected to lose, while it is often a matter of honor for the Garou being challenged to



accept even if she is not confident of victory. A Garou who frenzies during a duel never gains Renown as a result and often loses Renown from his actions during the frenzy. A Garou who fails to accept the honorable surrender of his opponent also loses Renown.

Duels also have a lasting social impact upon characters because they are highly notable events in a character's history. Many Garou, when formally introduced, include a list of victorious duels along with notable battles and other significant deeds. It should not be surprising if, in a chronicle, a Rank Four Garou knows nothing about a Rank One character other than the fact that the junior werewolf beat someone in a duel a while ago. Does that mean that the Rank Four Garou fears or even respects the character? No, but in the mind of that werewolf the character has set himself above others in his low-ranking peer group. Ultimately, the Storyteller determines what immediate and long-term social implications a duel has in his chronicle.

Klaives and Klaive Dueling

The most distinguished form of combat among Garou is klaive dueling, or *klaivaskar*. Many see *klaivaskar* as the preeminent expression of the Garou's true nature. It is a complex, and potentially deadly, ritual played out on many levels that culminates in moments of brutal violence. For

thousands of years, *klaives* have been the weapon of choice among the Garou. A silver weapon that is both physical and spiritual in nature, a *klaive* in skilled hands is capable of inflicting formidable damage. However, a *klaive* is much more than a weapon — it is the traditional symbol of status and leadership in Garou society. *Klaives* are not tools for psychopaths to carve their way to the top along a path strewn with their septmates' bodies, but sacred items entrusted to werewolves who might one day bear the burden of leadership.

When the first *klaives* were created, thousands of years ago, they were little more than symbolic in nature: Silver is ill-suited as a component for weapons. Those *klaives* proclaimed that their owners were strong and dedicated enough to carry a weapon that constantly caused them pain. While early *klaives* were poor weapons by modern standards, the silver blades were enough to dissuade all but the most serious of challengers. Through time, Garou who sought to lead accepted the burden and constant pain of the silver *klaives*. Eventually, Garou learned special tricks for improving their *klaives'* strength and lethality. However, the cost to create *klaives* made them available only to individuals with position and wealth, further establishing the blades as symbols of status and authority.

Klaive dueling is the means by which the most serious disputes are settled. *Klavaskar* is the modern manifestation of the ancient Rite of Grievance, a structured ritual in which disagreements between Garou are settled through combat.

Tribal Attitudes Toward Klaives

While most tribes view *klaives* as symbols of respect and authority and as a deterrent to capricious challenges for leadership, many Children of Gaia see *klaives* as a symbol of the strife and bloodshed among septmates and between the tribes. Red Talons own fewer *klaives* as a tribe, as they lack Kinfolk capable of smithing *klaives* for them. Stargazers look on *klaives* as spiritual tools, as well as weapons, and grant them an almost metaphorical importance.

Klaives are most prevalent among the Fianna, Silver Fangs and Shadow Lords. Both the Silver Fang and Shadow Lord tribes covet *klaives* because of the prestige associated with owning them and because the blades are traditional symbols of authority. The Fianna, however, cherish *klaives* because they are a tangible link to the legendary past. It is largely due to the efforts of the Fianna that *klaive* lore is as complete and detailed as it is. Fianna occasionally exchange *klaives* with members of their own tribe for the purpose of researching and recording the history of a particular weapon.

The remaining tribes all strongly value these traditional weapons, doubly so since the fall of the White Howlers. Now that the Wyrms has an entire tribe of Garou to serve it, it seems only logical to purify the corrupt Dancers with Luna's chosen metal.

The Legend of the First Klaive

The Fianna claim that one of their own named Wyrmslayer created the first *klaive* during the late Bronze Age as a symbol of the suffering the Wyrms had caused his sept and of the burden of leadership. According to legend, the forces of the Wyrms attacked Wyrmslayer's caern before he had experienced his First Change. His father, seeing in vision that his son would breed true, sacrificed his life spiriting the boy away from the oncoming hordes. The caern fell, and those not killed were scattered before the servants of the Wyrms. As the young Garou watched the destruction of his home and the slaughter of his friends and kin, his dying father gave him the name Wyrmslayer, along with the sacred charge to gather all that remained of their sept and reclaim their caern.

As time passed, Wyrmslayer grew strong with the passion of his purpose, his scattered people found homes among other septs and the Wyrms fortified its hold over the defiled caern. On the night he set out to gather his sept, Wyrmslayer received a vision: that if he always remembered the pain of the loss of his sept and caern, he would have the strength to achieve his goal. To this end, Wyrmslayer fashioned a weapon that caused him pain simply to hold it. He forged a knife from silver and bound to it a War-spirit, so that his enemies might share his pain. Wyrmslayer called his creation a *klaive*, meaning "burden" in the Garou tongue.

Although the caern and sept are forgotten, and Wyrmslayer passed on to join his ancestors, the weapon that was the symbol of his motivation and leadership, as well as his obligation, lives on in the hands of the hundreds of Garou who have taken up similar "burdens" over the centuries.

Obtaining a Klaive

Klaives are rare. Fewer than 10 percent of all Garou in any given sept own *klaives*, while fewer than one percent own a Grand *Klaive*. When a character obtains a *klaive*, the player should, with the cooperation of her Storyteller, come up with a history for the fetish. Who was the previous owner, and what happened to him? How old is the *klaive*? Has it always been passed down through the same family, sept or tribe? Has anyone famous ever owned the *klaive*? What battles was it used in? Was it ever used to kill a famous enemy or Garou? Was the *klaive* ever used for a dishonorable purpose? *Klaives*, especially Grand *Klaives*, might have long and diverse histories as dueling blades, executioners' swords and battle weapons all at once.

• **Inheritance:** Characters with a sufficient number of points in the Background: Fetish may, with the Storyteller's approval, begin the game with a *klaive*. The player should provide the details of how she received the *klaive*; if she

Creating Klaives

Each tribe now has the knowledge and means available to it to create klaives, but such was not always the case. Although the secrets of metalworking spread quickly throughout Garou society, not all Garou taught their Kin the methods of silversmithing. The Silver Fangs have been the unrivaled masters of creating klaives for nearly 3,000 years. Incomparable quality and attention to every possible detail make klaives from the Silver Fang's forging houses highly coveted by members of every tribe.

Kinfolk of each tribe craft nearly every klaive because they do not suffer the same ill effects from silver as their true-bred kin. Skilled klaive forgers are as highly regarded as any nonwerewolf can be in Garou society. Because each klaive is a living thing, the smith must take great care to awaken the spirit within the silver while the blade is being shaped and prepared for the binding of other spirits. For this reason, all klaives must be completely handcrafted, though even that precaution does not guarantee success. Most of the blades forged in the attempt to create a klaive are unsuitable for binding other spirits, or the resident Silver-spirit was weakened or harmed during the forging process.

Once the blade itself has been created, a War-spirit, along with any other desired spirits, must be bound to the klaive. The process is long and difficult because few spirits are willing to be bound permanently to an object, and War-spirits are notoriously difficult in such negotiations. Before a klaive may be used, the spirits within must Slumber to recharge the fetish's Gnosis.

doesn't have a good reason, the Storyteller may well not allow it. Most characters beginning with a klaive have inherited it from a Garou relative — such an inheritance usually comes attached to a great responsibility or task, which is also handed down.

- **Gift From the Elders:** The elders of a sept occasionally bestow a klaive upon a Garou who has performed the sept an outstanding service. Due to the scarcity of klaives, this accomplishment would have to be something tantamount to saving the caern.

- **Theft:** Stealing a klaive from another Garou is *never* acceptable. A character who steals a klaive loses Renown for his actions and suffers a severe punishment when caught (generally a public beating by the Garou who was robbed). Black Spiral Dancers are the only ones who stalk and murder another Garou to acquire a klaive.

- **Challenge for Ownership:** Occasionally, one Garou challenges another for his right to ownership of a klaive. This duel is always a formal one and must be officiated by the Master of the Challenge. A Garou who owns a klaive may

not challenge another Garou for ownership of her klaive. This duel is never to the death.

- **Retrieval:** Since Garou rarely die in convenient or public places, several klaives, and even a few notable Grand Klaives, have been lost over the past 3,000 years. Many quests are begun to retrieve these weapons. Characters who successfully complete a quest to find a lost klaive and return it to the leaders of their sept gain Renown as if they owned it (*Werewolf*, p. 191), in addition to the elders' gratitude. Garou also gain Honor for returning a fallen packmate's klaive to the sept leaders rather than keeping it for themselves.

Death of a Klaive

Through the care taken to awaken the spirits within a klaive at the time of its creation and the subsequent binding of additional spirits to the blade, a klaive is actually alive — in its own right. Klaives are therefore fragile in certain ways. When a Garou attunes a klaive, she links her own spirit to ones within the fetish. When a character with an attuned klaive dies, the player rolls a number of dice equal to the klaive's Gnosis (difficulty equals 10 - the Gnosis or Honor of the deceased, whichever is lower, minimum difficulty 2). Failure indicates that the spirits bound to the klaive are freed. A botch indicates something nasty happens, at the Storyteller's discretion. The klaive may explode, hurling silver shrapnel in all directions. The klaive may become tainted, reducing the difficulty on all frenzy rolls for the next owner. The spirits within may be freed but painfully corrupted in the processes.

When the spirits bound to it leave, a klaive is effectively inert. The blade itself remains, but with the Silver-spirit gone, Garou are able to soak damage from this weapon at a difficulty of 8. These ruined klaives are almost always buried with or used as a memorial marker for the deceased Garou.

Klaive Lore

Klaives are more than glorious weapons, they are the traditional symbol of leadership among the Garou. Additionally, a single klaive may have a history dating back hundreds or thousands of years, as it passed from one legendary hero to the next.

Garou who study Klaive Dueling also learn the history and legends concerning these notable weapons. A successful Intelligence + Klaive Dueling roll (difficulty 9 for klaives, 7 for Grand Klaives) indicates the character recognizes a specific klaive or knows facts concerning its history. A

Melee and Klaive Dueling

With the Storyteller's permission, players may take Klaive Dueling as a specialty for the Melee Ability. A character who learns the skill in this fashion may perform any action as if she had the Klaive Dueling ability.



player may also roll to determine whether her character is familiar with certain points of *klaive* dueling etiquette or has information about notable *klaivasar* champions.

Learning and Improving *Klaive* Dueling

Learning *klaivaskar* can provide excellent roleplaying opportunities. To learn the skill *Klaive* Dueling, characters need to find a Garou who is willing to teach them. Masters of *Klaive* Dueling often guard the secrets of their techniques jealously. Therefore, training usually takes place in a secluded locale within the bawn.

Players and Storytellers are encouraged to make any *Klaive* Dueling lessons a roleplaying opportunity rather than just an exercise in game mechanics. The Storyteller should fully detail the teacher and any other students or rivals he may have.

Rules and Structure of a *Klaive* Duel

Klaive duels strictly follow the conditions of a formal duel (see p. 196) but are considerably more elaborate. Any breach of the dueling etiquette may be punished by a loss of Honor. The challenger always informs the sept leaders that a duel is to take place. The elders always assign a Master of the Challenge to choose a duel site that gives no advantage to either participant. Participants in a *klaive* duel often spend days practicing and preparing for the event. When the time arrives for the duel, both participants must introduce themselves and state their purpose for being there to the assembled crowd. Then the duel may begin.

The opening moments of a *klaive* duel reveal a lot about the true nature of a Garou. For this reason, these duels are particularly important to any assembled werewolves when it is a challenge for leadership. Some duelists insult their opponents in hopes of making them frenzy. Some Garou press any advantage immediately, while others bide their time and wait for the right opening.

Frenzy

The Master of the Challenge always attempts to stop a *klaive* duel in which one of the participants frenzies, unless the duel is to be fought to the death. Therefore, it is an acceptable, if somewhat dangerous, strategy in a *klaive* duel to goad one's opponent into a frenzy and have him immediately declared the loser. To do so, a player rolls Manipulation + Expression at a difficulty of the opponent's Willpower. If the taunting character scores a single success, her opponent must check for frenzy. For every two successes the taunting character receives after the first, the difficulty for her opponent's Rage roll is reduced by one.

Klaive Dueling Maneuvers

Klaivaskar is the only style of armed combat developed for and by Garou. Klaive duelers learn to anticipate and respond to attacks with blinding speed. During combat, after all participants have declared their actions but before any are resolved, a Garou who is using the Klaive Dueling Ability may spend Rage points to respond to an attack with a dodge, parry or riposte. Characters may not spend more Rage points in a turn than their Dexterity score.

For example, Corin Eye-of-Stone is klaive dueling with Thunder's-Pride. Thunder's-Pride wins the initiative. Corin elects to spend 2 Rage points: striking twice and parrying once (two actions for Rage plus his normal action). Thunder's-Pride decides to spend 3 Rage points: parrying twice and striking twice. Because he is using his Klaive Dueling Ability, Corin may now declare that he wishes to spend an additional Rage point to parry again. Thunder's-Pride cannot declare another strike because only dodging and parrying are possible at this point, and he is not facing an attack that he is not already parrying.

A Quick Recap

| Weapon | Difficulty | Damage | Conceal |
|--------------|------------|--------------|---------|
| Klaive | 6 | Strength +2* | J |
| Grand Klaive | 7 | Strength +4* | T |

*Aggravated damage; shapeshifters cannot soak

J Jacket

T Trenchcoat

Combat Maneuvers

The following maneuvers are common practice in *klaivaskar*, and anyone with Klaive Dueling can use them when armed with a klaive. The difficulty and damage for each maneuver represent a dagger-sized klaive; the number, if any, in parentheses represents the difficulty and damage of using the maneuver with a Grand Klaive. Naturally, klaives and Grand Klaives can be used only in Homid, Glabro or Crinos form.

- **Caught Steel:** The fighter locks klaives with her opponent. Roll Dexterity + Klaive Dueling at a difficulty of the target's Dexterity + Klaive Dueling. For each success after the first, the fighter prevents her opponent from taking one additional action during this turn. The opponent loses any Rage spent to gain the prevented attacks. The fighter can take no other actions during the turn he attempted this maneuver, other than speech. ("You think you can best me, charach? Think again!")

Roll: Dexterity + Klaive Dueling

Difficulty: Opponent's Dexterity + Klaive Dueling

Damage: None **Actions:** Special

- **Disarm:** The fighter attempts to force her opponent to drop his klaive by twisting or knocking it from his hand.

The attacker's roll is contested against the target's Strength (difficulty 6). If the attacker wins, the target's klaive flies one yard for each of the attacker's net successes. If not, the target does not lose his weapon. If the attacker botches, she drops her klaive.

Roll: Strength + Klaive Dueling **Difficulty:** 6

Damage: None **Actions:** 1

- **Feint:** This move is the classic bluff: lead in one direction, strike in another. The attacker may add one die per success to her Dice Pool for her next attack against this opponent. The feint's bonus dice are lost if not used in the same or following turn.

Roll: Manipulation + Klaive Dueling **Difficulty:** 8

Damage: None **Actions:** 1

- **Great Blow:** The fighter puts everything into one powerful swing, in hopes of severely injuring her opponent, but she leaves herself open in the process. The difficulty of any other actions taken this turn is increased by 2.

Roll: Dexterity + Klaive Dueling **Difficulty:** 6 (7)

Damage: Strength +6 (+8) **Actions:** 2

- **Head Wound:** Garou wounded by a klaive bleed profusely because of their "allergy" to silver. Thus, the fighter slashes the forehead of his opponent, whose vision becomes obstructed by the flow of blood. The difficulty of the opponent's strikes increases by 1 on the following turn. The difficulty increase lasts for a number of turns equal to the number of Health Levels of damage received.

Roll: Dexterity + Klaive Dueling **Difficulty:** 8 (9)

Damage: Strength +0 (+2) **Actions:** 1

- **Jab:** This quick strike serves to test an opponent's defenses.

Roll: Dexterity + Klaive Dueling **Difficulty:** 5 (6)

Damage: Strength +0 (+2) **Actions:** 1

- **Parry:** The fighter uses her weapon to block her opponent's attack. The fighter rolls Dexterity + Klaive Dueling (difficulty 6); each success subtracts one success from the opponent's attack. If the Klaive user parries an unarmed opponent, the opponent rolls damage against himself.

Roll: Dexterity + Klaive Dueling **Difficulty:** 6

Damage: None **Actions:** 1

- **Riposte:** The fighter makes a rapid strike following a parry. This strike may be used only immediately following a parry.

Roll: Dexterity + Klaive Dueling **Difficulty:** 4 (5)

Damage: Strength +0 (+2) **Actions:** 1

- **Silver Wall:** The fighter swings his weapon in a defensive pattern in front of himself. For each success, he may add one die to each parrying maneuver he attempts during the same turn as this maneuver. The fighter may attempt only parries in the same turn that he creates the "silver wall."

Roll: Dexterity + Klaive Dueling **Difficulty:** 7

Damage: None **Actions:** 1

- **Thrust:** The standard strike.

Roll: Dexterity + Klaive Dueling **Difficulty:** 6 (7)

Damage: Strength +2 (+4) **Actions:** 1

- **Throw:** A truly desperate fighter may throw her klaive, though it was not designed to be used in that fashion.

Roll: Dexterity + Klaive Dueling **Difficulty:** 8 (9)

Damage: Strength +1 (+3) **Actions:** 1

Kailindo

Kailindo is a martial art created by the Zephyr Stargazers to take advantage of the Garou's ability to shapeshift. It began as an attempt to develop a form of nonlethal ritual combat to stem savage and often fatal infighting among septmates. In this respect, Kailindo failed — there are few Garou who possess the temperament necessary to learn the skill effectively. Kailindo is based upon the controlled use of Rage and therefore requires great patience and discipline to master. As these traits are not inherent in most Garou, there are few *Kailindorani* (practitioners of Kailindo) outside the Stargazer tribe.

Wind was the inspiration for many Kailindo techniques and is therefore a prevalent symbol in the discipline. Many *Kailindorani* adopt Wind Incarnas as their personal totems in their attempts to gain greater power and insight into this discipline. *Kailindorani* often summon Wind-spirits during training exercises to teach, harass and challenge students.

Beginning the Game with Kailindo

If your character begins the game with the Skill: Kailindo, you should specify how she learned the martial art. Because Kailindo is a rare skill, you should purchase the Background: Mentor at a level equal to, or higher, than the number of dots you purchase in Kailindo. This mentor is the Garou who instructed you in the martial art. A mentor purchased to teach Kailindo does not have any obligation to the character other than passing on the skill. You must justify any other favors this mentor grants through roleplaying.

Learning Kailindo

Learning Kailindo provides an excellent opportunity for roleplaying. Established characters wishing to learn the skill, or characters whose mentor has died or become estranged, must find a Garou who is able to teach the art. It is a difficult task, but certainly not impossible. *Kailindorani* are rare and generally reclusive, because mastering this skill requires dedication and an environment free from distraction. Due to their distinctive techniques, *Kailindorani* stand out in a fight, and tales of their skill tend to remain in an area

Kailindo Gifts

The Wind-spirits teach the following Gifts only to *Kailindorani*, and only to individuals who prove themselves worthy.

- **Harrying Wind (Level Two)** — This Gift summons a Wind-spirit to harass and bewilder an opponent during combat.

System: The player rolls Manipulation + Leadership. For one turn per success, the *Kailindorani*'s opponent has the difficulty of all his actions increased by 1. The effects of Harrying Wind are not cumulative; using the Gift multiple times against the same opponent provides no additional advantage.

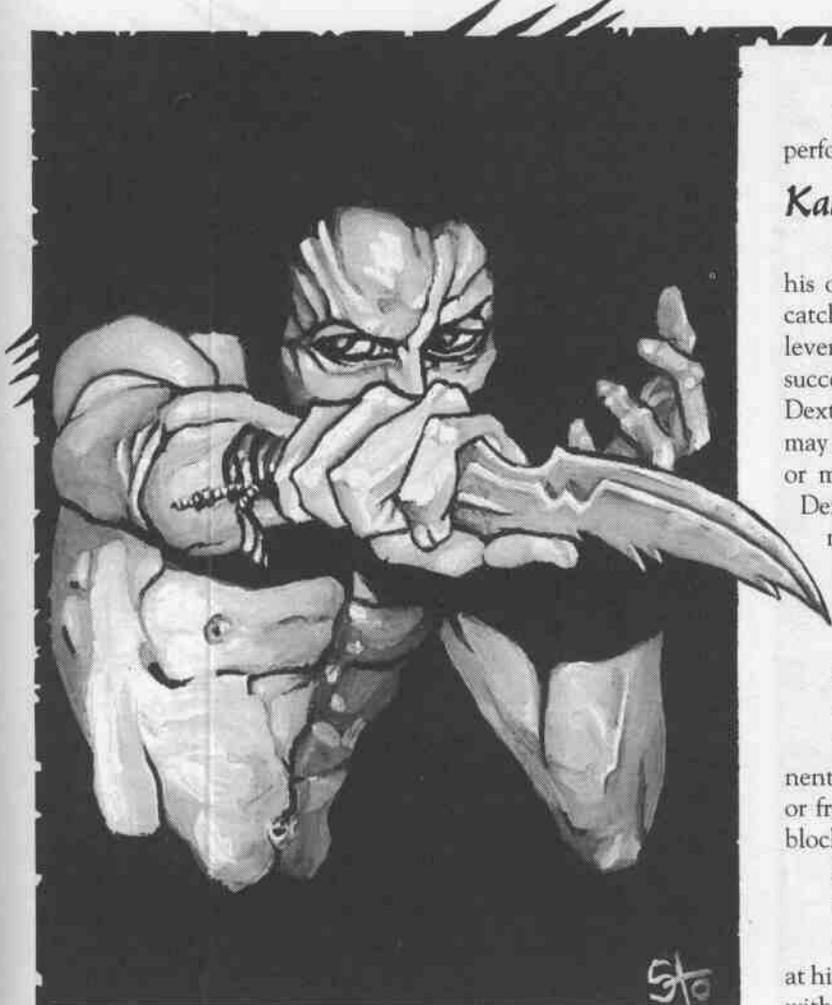
- **Gathering Storm (Level Three)** — This Gift summons a group of Wind-spirits that engulf one opponent in a cyclone, buffeting her with debris and hurling her aside.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Manipulation + Primal-Urge. The opponent is thrown two yards for each success scored and also loses one Health Level per success. The opponent may soak this damage normally.

long after they have passed. You may have to travel considerable distances to find a teacher, but following the stories may eventually lead you to the one you seek.

The second obstacle facing characters who wish to learn Kailindo is convincing a *Kailindorani* to teach them. Kailindo masters are often said to guard the secrets of their techniques jealously. While such rumors are true of some, most are simply selective of the Garou they teach because they have no desire to waste time on students lacking the temperament and dedication necessary to progress. As a test of patience, some *Kailindorani* make a character wait days, or weeks, before giving an answer. Others immediately refuse to give the character lessons in order to evaluate how easily the prospective pupil becomes discouraged. The first lessons a character must learn while studying Kailindo are patience and discipline, traits that do not come naturally to most Garou.

Keep in mind that learning a martial art is a time-consuming and often painful undertaking, and make a point of including portions of your character's training period in the chronicle. Players and Storytellers should work together to make improving Kailindo a roleplaying opportunity rather than just an exercise in spending experience and filling in the next little dot on the character sheet. What is the teacher like? Does he have any other students? Might one of those students become a rival? How do members of the character's pack and sept feel about him learning this exotic skill? Kailindo training should have an exotic feel when compared to the rest of a Garou's daily activities.



Kailindo Maneuvers

The principal advantage of Kailindo is that, through intensive training, *Kailindorani* have mastered the technique of shapechanging while in combat. When performing a Kailindo maneuver that calls for the character to change forms while striking, the player does not split his Dice Pool. Instead, the player uses the full Dice Pool for shapechanging as if he'd spent a Rage point to gain an extra action. However, the character does *not* need to spend Rage unless the complexity of the maneuver requires it or the player wishes to forgo the roll to shapechange. Failing the shapechanging roll means the character does not change forms, probably fails the maneuver and cannot take any further actions that turn. Any Rage points spent to gain additional actions that turn are lost.

Always use the Dice Pool for the form *being* assumed when rolling to hit and inflict damage while shapechanging during a Kailindo maneuver, unless the maneuver description states otherwise.

The following is the *Kailindorani's* basic arsenal. Because Kailindo was originally designed to avoid permanently maiming one's septmates, it's assumed that the character does *not* inflict aggravated damage unless the player specifically states, before the maneuver is performed, that the character is using her claws.

Most nonshapeshifting Kailindo maneuvers must be performed in Homid, Glabro or Crinos form.

Kailindo Maneuvers

- **Binding Wind:** If a *Kailindorani* wishes to immobilize his opponent without inflicting serious damage, he may catch his opponent by the wrist and use momentum and leverage to immobilize her. If the *Kailindorani* scores more successes on his roll to hit than the opponent has dots in Dexterity, the opponent is held motionless. Held opponents may spend a point of Willpower to attack with another limb or may free themselves by winning a contested roll of Dexterity versus Dexterity (difficulty 6). Damage from this maneuver is based on the *Kailindorani's* skill rather than strength. Opponents do not take damage for subsequent turns they are held past the first.

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 6

Damage: Kailindo first turn; none subsequent

Actions: 1

- **Deceptive Wind:** The *Kailindorani* leaps at her opponent and, feinting a kick from the front, strikes from the side or from behind as she passes. The maneuver may not be blocked, only dodged.

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 5

Damage: Strength +1 **Actions:** 1

- **Falling Tempest:** The *Kailindorani* launches himself at his opponent and, airborne, catches her about the throat with either his legs or arms. If the *Kailindorani* scores more successes on his roll to hit than the opponent has dots in Strength, the opponent is knocked to the ground and held in a chokehold. Opponents in a chokehold lose one Health Level each turn. Damage from the chokehold cannot be soaked but does heal after an hour of rest. Opponents may escape from the chokehold by winning a contested roll of Strength versus Strength (difficulty 6).

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 8

Damage: Strength -1; subsequently, one Health Level per turn while the hold lasts **Actions:** 1

- **Forceful Wind:** The *Kailindorani* makes a running leap and delivers a powerful kick to her opponent's head or upper torso. If the *Kailindorani* inflicts more Health Levels of damage than the opponent has dots in Strength, the opponent is knocked off his feet.

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 8

Damage: Strength +2 **Actions:** 2

- **Little Cyclone:** The *Kailindorani* crouches while spinning around with his leg extended, knocking his opponent from her feet. The Garou rolls Dexterity + Kailindo, resisted by his opponent's Dexterity + Dodge (both difficulty 6). If the *Kailindorani* has any net successes, the opponent falls.

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo (resisted by foe's Dexterity + Dodge) **Difficulty:** 6

Damage: 1 die + 1 per extra success **Actions:** 1



• **Storm Dance:** This maneuver is not a combative one but a display of skill. The *Kailindorani* performs an intricate series of Kailindo maneuvers in an attempt to impress or intimidate her opponent. The player rolls Manipulation + Kailindo, resisted by her opponent's Wits + Brawl (or Kailindo), both difficulty 7. The *Kailindorani* reduces the difficulty of her attacks by 1 for a number of turns equal to her total remaining successes. This maneuver is often performed in an attempt to dissuade an opponent and thereby avoid combat altogether. The *Kailindorani* may attempt no other actions during the same turn as Storm Dance. This maneuver may be done only once per opponent per combat.

Roll: Manipulation + Kailindo (resisted by foe's Wits + Brawl) **Difficulty:** 7

Damage: None **Actions:** Special

• **Tornado Kick:** The *Kailindorani* spins around once with incredible speed, her momentum adding bone-jarring force to her kick.

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 7

Damage: Strength +3 **Actions:** 1

• **Whirlwind:** The *Kailindorani* weaves her arms in a complex and rapid defensive pattern before her. For each success, she may add one die to each blocking maneuver she attempts during the same turn as this maneuver. The *Kailindorani* may attempt only blocks in the same turn that she uses Whirlwind.

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 7

Damage: None **Actions:** 1

Kailindo Shapeshifting Maneuvers

Each of these maneuvers requires the standard roll or the expenditure of a Rage point to shapeshift into the appropriate form.

• **Changing Breeze:** The *Kailindorani* presents a large target to her opponent then changes to a smaller form, dodging the incoming attack. Each success scored by the *Kailindorani* on her shapechanging roll adds 1 to the difficulty of her opponent's next attack (maximum difficulty 10).

Usable by: All except Homid or Lupus

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 7

Damage: None **Actions:** 1

• **Fading Breeze:** The *Kailindorani* steps back, changing into a larger form (with a longer reach) while punching, kicking or slashing with claws. The difficulties of one foe's attacks for the turn increase by 1.

Usable by: All except Hispo or Crinos

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 7

Damage: As punch, claw or kick **Actions:** 1

• **Growing Tempest:** The *Kailindorani* grabs her opponent and shifts to a larger, stronger form while crushing him or twisting his limbs. The opponent is grappled and must win a contested Strength versus Strength roll to free himself. This action costs 1 Rage to perform.

Usable by: All except Hispo or Crinos

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 7

Damage: Strength +2 **Actions:** 1

• **Melting Wind:** The *Kailindorani* changes to a smaller form to slip out of a hold. Any successes on the Dexterity + Kailindo roll are then added to her Strength pool for escaping the hold. If she botches the roll, she suffers additional damage from the hold, as well as a +1 increase to the difficulty of all future escape attempts.

Usable by: All except Homid or Lupus

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 6

Damage: None **Actions:** 1

• **Moving Breeze:** The *Kailindorani* changes to a smaller form (ideally Lupus) while dodging. Each success on her shapechanging roll adds one die to her Dice Pool for dodging the next attack.

Usable by: All except Homid or Lupus

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo + successes on shapeshift roll
Difficulty: 6

Damage: None **Actions:** 1

• **Rising Storm:** This maneuver was developed to fell the strongest opponents. The *Kailindorani* changes to a larger, stronger form while punching, kicking or clawing an opponent.

Usable by: All but Crinos

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 5

Damage: Strength +2 **Actions:** 1

• **Striking the Wind:** The *Kailindorani* allows his opponent to hit him, thus bringing her close as he changes to a larger form, then strikes. The *Kailindorani* is automatically hit, but the difficulty of his roll to soak is reduced by 2. This maneuver requires the expenditure of a Rage point.

Usable by: All but Crinos

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 5

Damage: As punch, kick or claw **Actions:** 1

• **Subtle Draft:** The *Kailindorani* charges into an opponent while in Lupus form, getting underfoot and tripping her. He then shifts to a larger form to take advantage of the situation. The difficulties of all other attacks made against his opponent this turn are reduced by 1. This maneuver is particularly useful when several individuals are attacking a single opponent.

Usable by: Lupus

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 6

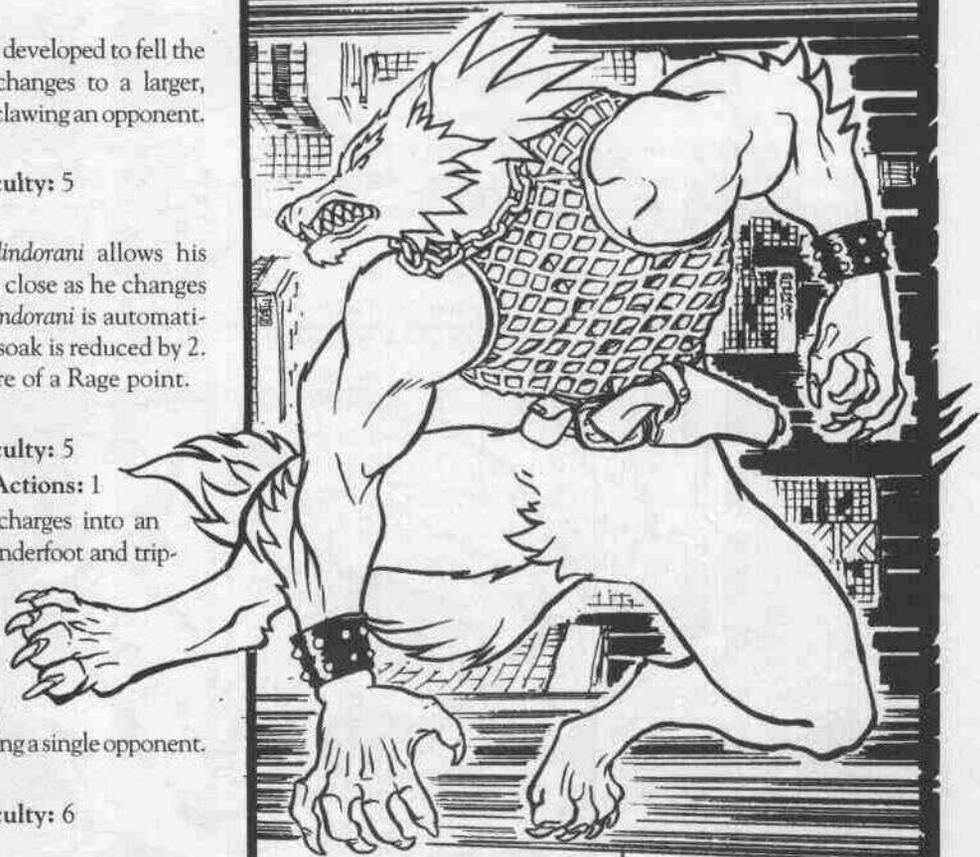
Damage: None **Actions:** 1

• **Sudden Flurry:** A *Kailindorani* uses this technique after being grappled or when she wishes to keep her opponent close but off balance. She shifts to a smaller form and uses the momentum to throw her opponent (usually straight down). Opponents are thrown a maximum of one foot per success + the *Kailindorani's* Strength in feet. Also, if the throw is successful, the difficulty for her next attack against this opponent is reduced by 2.

Usable by: All except Homid or Lupus

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 6

Damage: Number of successes **Actions:** 1



• **The Hurricane:** The *Kailindorani* assumes a larger, stronger form while throwing her opponent, thus gaining the added momentum and change in leverage of the shapeshift. Opponents are thrown two meters per success + the *Kailindorani's* Strength in yards. The damage for this maneuver is usually Strength + the number of successes, but may vary depending on what the Garou's foe hits. This maneuver costs 1 Rage.

Usable by: All except Crinos

Roll: Dexterity + Kailindo **Difficulty:** 7

Damage: See above **Actions:** 1

Aging

Gaia's omnipresent rhythm guides all creatures, whether they realize it or not. Garou despise vampires, in part, because the undead defy this natural order; their unives mock the sacred wheel of mortality. Werewolves understand that death belongs in the world. This acceptance lets them struggle against impossible odds and throw themselves at the Wurm with little concern for their own well-being. They know that their spirits will continue to exist, guiding their descendants as their ancestors have led them. They may even return to fight the Wurm and continue the cycle anew.

Most Garou die violent and dramatic deaths, but a few do succumb to old age. Garou's inherent regenerative powers help fight the ravages of time, but even werewolves

cannot survive forever. The manner in which other Garou treat the elderly varies greatly from location to location and tribe to tribe. In some septs, venerable wolves are treated with respect; their wisdom is a valuable resource. Other septs enforce the Litany a little more strictly and offer Garou who have grown feeble an honorable death. For the most part, however, septs interpret the Litany however it serves them best to do so currently.

Once a Garou reaches 70 or so, her body gradually, but inevitably, begins to betray her. Once each year, at the winter solstice, characters above the age of 70 (or 90 if they possess the Merit: Longevity) must make an aging roll on the following table. All modifiers are cumulative. Roll one die, adding 1 to the result for each Battle Scar the character possesses (although the Storyteller may rule that not all Battle Scars affect aging). Add an additional 1 to the roll for every five years over 70, rounding up. A 77-year-old character adds 2 to his aging roll, for instance.

If the result of the roll is "No Effect," then there is no immediate impact, and the character rolls again next year. If the die roll indicates a Trait, the character must make a roll on a single die (difficulty 7). Failure results in the loss of one point in that characteristic. A botch indicates two points are lost. A character may spend a permanent Gnosis point to add another die to this roll. Once a character loses an Attribute point to aging, he may never again recover the point or improve that particular Attribute by any means, including spending experience points. Characters who reach





Aging Chart

| Roll | Effect |
|------|--------------|
| 1 | No Effect |
| 2 | No Effect |
| 3 | No Effect |
| 4 | No Effect |
| 5 | Perception |
| 6 | Strength |
| 7 | Stamina |
| 8 | Dexterity |
| 9 | Appearance |
| 10 | Rage |
| 11 | Health Level |
| 12 | Wits |
| 13 | Intelligence |
| 14 | Harano |
| 15 | Death |

zero in any category have lost the ability to use that Trait for the remainder of their lives. For example, if a Garou loses her final Rage point, she loses touch with the wolf and must live out her life in breed form, forever unable to change.

A character rolling "Harano" must make a Gnosis roll (difficulty 9). Failure indicates that the character succumbs

to depression. If "Death" is the result, the character may roll Gnosis to resist (difficulty 10). If this roll fails, he dies during the coming winter. Garou can sense this coming death, for they hear the call of Gaia. They order their affairs and the sept performs the Rite of the Winter Wolf. If the character succeeds at the Gnosis roll, he survives, but gains a Battle Scar chosen by the Storyteller. The scar reflects the aging process; superficial scars related to aging could be anything from age spots to varicose veins. Deep scars might reflect arthritis or other joint problems. Moreover, while an elderly Garou might not physically lose a limb, a stroke's effects take away the ability to use it.

Harano

Garou are creatures of violent extremes, their attempts at focus and control constantly locked in a struggle with their primal passions. Most often, they are subject to anger and Rage to the point of frenzy. Profound joy and pride at their successes often inspire victory rites and celebrations. Occasionally, they fall to the opposite extreme: desperate feelings of apathy, gloom and dread. Garou refer to this condition as Harano.

The Garou themselves do not completely understand this dire depression. It strikes suddenly and leaves its victims paralyzed. Darkness fills their lives and drives all hope from their hearts. Garou in the thrall of Harano cannot express

the sorrow filling their souls. Rarely do individuals shake off the effects of this spiritual sickness. When they do, they return with a permanent sadness *from the affliction* that has touched them terribly — along with a deeper resolve.

There are many ways for Harano to strike a character. Some characters may begin play in Harano. Old age also has a tendency to bring on the malaise. Characters can develop Harano because of events in the chronicle's course, too. It is, of course, up to the Storyteller to determine whether any character has experienced events traumatic enough to provoke this depression. Some examples of such events include the loss of one's entire pack, being declared Ronin, catastrophic personal failure of far-reaching impact or having one's faith shaken. A character may make a Willpower roll (difficulty 10) to try to fight his way out before Harano fully takes hold.

A character suffering the torment of Harano must make a Willpower roll each scene (difficulty 7). Failure indicates that the Garou falls deep into his oppressive misery. All his Dice Pools are halved; he just doesn't have the spirit to make any real effort. A character may spend a single point of Willpower to overcome partially the effects of Harano for a scene.

Overcoming Harano is no easy task, but it can be done. After a character achieves a significant success of some sort, he can make a Willpower roll (difficulty 10). Failure indicates that the character does not break free from the affliction, and his life does not improve. A botch increases the difficulty of Harano rolls by 1 until the character gets significant rest — at least eight hours of sleep. Success indicates that the character pushes back the despair. The character gains one permanent point of Willpower from surviving the terrible ordeal. However, he faces the constant threat of regression. A character whose Harano has receded must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 5) each new moon, when Luna has withdrawn herself. Failure means the character falls back into the grip of Harano. A character who succumbs to Harano twice faces the prospect of a lifelong battle with this disease. He may recover and regress many times but never again earns a Willpower point for recovery.

Derangements

The struggle against the Wyrn is an arduous one, easily capable of breaking even the strongest mind. Some atrocities can scar the psyche permanently — and the Garou, charged as they are to battle against the vilest forces in the physical and spirit realms, often see more of these atrocities than anyone else. At the Storyteller's discretion, a Garou who "sees too much" or endures overpowering suffering may become temporarily (or even permanently) insane. What's





more, some werewolves — particularly metis — are born mad, as the pain of Gaia's suffering drives them insane even in the womb.

The following Derangements are a few suggested mental afflictions, representing some possible ways in which a Garou's mind might break. A werewolf with one of these Derangements must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 5) whenever he endures stress; failure means he succumbs to his madness. Players and Storytellers are encouraged to invent other psychoses as they like.

- **Delusions of Grandeur:** You believe you are "chosen" by some higher power. Only you can ensure that its cause will be triumphant. The fools around you refuse to recognize your importance, but that will change in time....

- **Ennui:** You bore easily and are often completely jaded. Not even the most intense emotions or events faze you. It's a struggle for your packmates to make you care about anything.

- **Hallucinations:** Your very senses lie to you. At unpredictable times, you see, hear and smell things that aren't really there.

- **Insecure:** You are never sure where you stand with your pack, hive, tribe or even yourself. You probably have very little Willpower or a serious penalty to any Willpower rolls.

- **Manic:** Everything you do, you do to the hilt and with obsessive energy. You're inclined to burn yourself out with exhaustion when performing even the most trivial tasks.

- **Moon-Mad:** When you succumb to your madness, you perceive yourself as playing a different role in Garou society. Once afflicted, you begin acting as if you were of another, randomly determined auspice. This Derangement can often affect your ability to earn Renown.

- **Multiple Personalities:** You have split personalities, many different "beings" inside you who seek expression. Your alternate personalities may behave as if they're of different auspices or tribes. The Garou are a little more forgiving of this affliction than are humans, as werewolves consider it a "lunar" thing.

- **Obsession:** You fixate on something that becomes the very focus of your existence. Every moment, it swims into your consciousness. You must pursue it until it ceases to haunt you....

- **Paranoia:** The enemy's allies are everywhere. You see the Wyrms' influence in everything and wonder why others can't see it too. Perhaps the Wyrms has corrupted them as well....

- **Phagomania:** You crave food even when you aren't hungry, and you may even hunger for freakish meals such as carrion or human flesh. Garou distrust anyone who suffers from this affliction, as they believe such an individual to be in the thrall of the Eater-of-Souls.





Appendix

Harano: The Pain of Loss

by Bill Bridges

Something like a shadow has fallen between present and past, an abyss wide as war that cannot be bridged by any tangible connection, so that memory is undermined and the image of our beginnings is betrayed, dissolved, rendered not mythical but illusory. We have connived in the murder of our own origins.

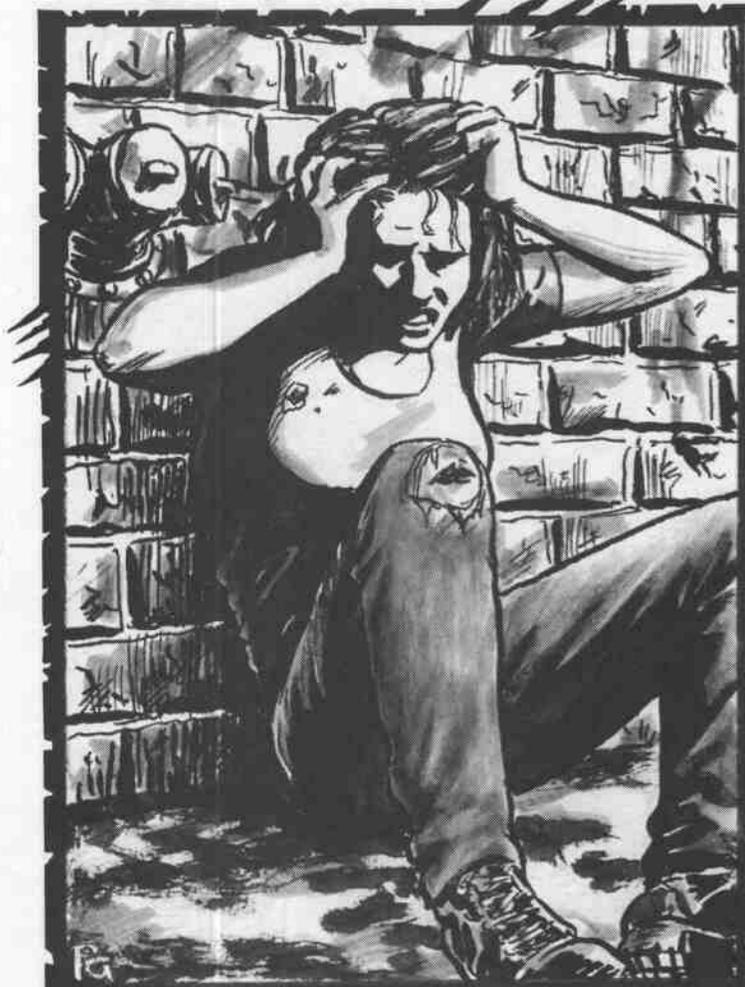
— Edward Abbey

In the quote above, Edward Abbey, famed wilderness advocate, curmudgeon and spiritual father of direct-action ecological protest, complains of the loss of primal beginnings: his childhood, when he roamed backwoods and fields, carefree and intensely in love with the landscape around him. Beyond being a cry against the loss of wilderness itself, it seems a cry against adulthood and the discerning mind that accompanies it — the mature mind, somehow separate and discreet from its upbringing in Eden. It is a cry of anger and of the loss of something that can never be regained.

Which is what *Werewolf* is really all about. Behind the deeds of high daring, the glory of gut-rending combat and the horror of monsters from the abyss is the heart of the Garou's plight: deep, aching loss and its inconsolable pain, pain expressible only in extreme, unthinking anger — in Rage.

While the life of a Garou may seem at first liberating upon realization of one's identity as a werewolf, it is in fact ultimately doomed. Along with the power to tear one's foes to pieces comes the unavoidable realization of the true state of the world, the full knowledge of a paradise lost: that progress and a brighter tomorrow is an illusion born of humankind's ignorance and that you have been born centuries too late, long after the light of the Dawn has faded. Your inheritance has been squandered by all who came before you, except for those few, valiant Garou who struggle in the shadows against the Enemy. Your mother is dying, and there is very little you can do about it. But hope is not snuffed entirely: Maybe, just maybe, your anger can turn things around.

This essay is not a recommendation to increase the hack-and-slash potential in your game; it is the opposite: a plea to recognize some of the deeper themes inherent in *Werewolf*. Their introduction into a story can greatly enhance the drama and, dare I say it, the art of the experience. I believe the pain of loss, of Harano, is the Grand Theme behind *Werewolf*, around which many stories can be told.



Many fantasy worlds (and ancient creation myths) posit a utopian beginning to the world, one that is marred and destroyed by evil with the aid of human ignorance and greed. J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth is the best example of this, for no author has captured the sorrow and loss of heaven on earth better than he in his account of the Elder Days: *The Silmarillion*. This book is a good source to get a feel for the sorrow of the Garou, who, like the Valar and the Elves, have lost much over the course of time but have gained little in recompense.

Recognition of this monumental loss provides a certain poignancy to the combats in *Werewolf* — these guys aren't just tearing enemies' eyes out for the fun of it; they're doing it out of some deep need, inexpressible in words but fully revealed in action. Not only does the bottled-up sorrow and inability to turn back the clock need an outlet, but somebody's gotta pay for the loss. Knowing the cause of the Garou's combative ways does not necessarily lead us to condone such actions, but it does help us to understand the Garou.

Playing up this emotional level can be cathartic in many ways. Sometimes, the pain of our own lives needs expression in fantasy form, as does the anger arising from that pain. Don't get carried away here, using it as an excuse to practice beating up tormentors and bullies thinly disguised as Wyrms creatures. If done well, with a careful eye to drama and plot, a *Werewolf* chronicle can serve as a

purgative for unspoken ills, in the same way that great works of literature can. While the content of a *Werewolf* game — big, hairy guys running around growling — may never rise to the accepted heights of literary quality, its level of interactivity provides something more visceral by far.

If there were no hope at all, however, what would be the use of such artistic musings? To show that we're all doomed? How fun and enlightening that would be.

Beyond the sorrow and misery and anger there is hope, a chance that things can be again as they once were, that the seeds of victory lie deep in the soil of Gaia, waiting through the desolate winter to sprout forth anew and usher in Spring. The Great Mystery is the frailty of existence (even for Garou) and the long-enduring bonds forged in the oh-so-brief time afforded a life. The feat is to survive sorrow and put aside mourning for what is not yet fully lost. To fail in this task is to invite Harano, winter unending.

This is the true fight of the Garou: to cling steadfast to the goal and not the losses. To honor the dead and cherish the children to come. To see the cycle of the seasons through and usher in a new year.

Mature Roleplaying

by Justin Achilli

You've seen the little banner and slogan on the back of White Wolf books — "Games For Mature Minds." You've read the books themselves and seen stuff that would turn TSR's Legal and Editing Departments pale as ghosts. You've even been considered "mature" yourself. But what the hell does it mean?

That's an important question.

Consider the Black Dog imprint for a moment. Is that stuff mature? The cover sure claims it is — even more so than other White Wolf game material. Is there anything in *Freak Legion* that wouldn't send Beavis into a convulsion of laughter? Is *Destiny's Price* "adult" material or simply prurient? Would you hesitate to show any of the *Giovanni Chronicles* to your mother? Is White Wolf anything other than a bunch of hacks, cobbling together pornography and juvenilia and peddling it to pretentious goth wannabes?

If you've even bothered to buy this book (and I don't give a damn about people who don't — call me whatever names you want, guys, but I think everyone will know the truth when you break out the old war stories about how your 50th-level paladin whupped the holy bejeezus out of an entire orc colony), you've probably got an opinion on the matter, but let's take a look at it, shall we?

(Author's Note: This whole essay is going to sound supremely pedantic, arrogant and self-righteous, but believe me, I've seen enough miserable games nominally run under the title of *Werewolf* and *Vampire* to know what I'm saying here. So sue me.)

Werewolf, at its core, deals with some pretty mature themes. The world is dying, assisted in the throes of its mortality by a humanity too dulled to care and an aspect of the cosmological Triat, the Wyrms, hell-bent on making that death come all the quicker. The “heroes” of the setting, if such can be said, are nigh-rabid monsters, trapped between two societies and products of a nightmare spirit world too vast to understand. The Garou are creatures of Rage, creatures often predisposed to kill first, let Gaia sort out the casualties and ask questions later. They are further divided along cultural lines that, as ancient and indelible as they are, would do any modern-day hate group proud.

As a werewolf, you’re damned if you do and damned if you don’t. You’re just a little bit less damned if you do.

And yet, many times, that complex personal tragedy is lost, buried under a miasma of splatterpunk bloodlust purveyed by an infantile “Storyteller” in a Metallica T-shirt and black Reeboks. The endemic horror of **Werewolf** vanishes under a thin veneer of slapstick “villains,” hurled headlong against a pack of slack-jawed social retards (and their characters) in a mind-numbing exercise of Gift-listing and die-rolling.

This is “For Mature Minds?” This is adult-oriented? No; this is *Advanced Dungeons & Dragons* in which the characters can attain Crinos form, each episode plotlessly segueing into the next with a new stream of fomori or Banes.

Werewolf can be so much more than this.

(Danger! I’m about to tell you about my character!)

I recently took part in a **Werewolf** game centered around the discovery and destruction of a local arm of Pentex that was responsible for the horrible disfigurement of several “missing” individuals. The group gathered to address the situation comprised two Shadow Lords (metis and homid), a Glass Walker street thug, an Uktena Ahroun, a Pumonca Bastet and a hormonally-imbalanced Mokolé. A motley crew indeed — admittedly bordering on the farcical — but the resolution of the story involved complex character interactions that left the story all the richer for their presence.

The Shadow Lord homid took a dislike to the Mokolé, whom the former insisted “bore the face of the Wyrms.” The Pumonca distrusted the whole group, as she still bore emotional scars from her ancestors’ participation in the War of Rage. The Glass Walker aroused suspicion at his open embrace of all things technological. The Uktena had no idea what was going on, having been removed from her Native American environment and entangled with the group’s unorthodox practices.

Pretty stock stuff, but the game was memorable because everyone played their characters to the hilt. Rather than creating lists of the “best” stuff we could come up with, we created three-dimensional (if somewhat stereotypical) *personalities*, each with its own motivations and misconceptions. The whole story evolved around the prejudices of the pack — some members of which acted out their bigotry and

paid the price, while others left, skins intact, with a new appreciation for the vast diversity of the World of Darkness’ denizens.

We dealt with intolerance and racism — that of our characters and, by extension, our own. Were we as prejudiced as our characters?

(The answer, of course, is no, being the hip and progressive people that we are, but nonetheless, it was the assumption of the persona that let us take a look at those issues.)

Mature gaming is not using the word “fuck” in a game context. It is not liberally sprinkling homosexuality, streetwalkers, ethnic minorities and alternative religions among the ranks of Storyteller characters. It is not vociferous use of slang, and it is not knowing the real-world names of the drugs your character deals. Mature gaming is elegantly simple: presenting a difficult situation and reacting to it as an adult.

Not that any of the above examples *couldn’t* be dealt with in a mature manner; quite the contrary! How does a character react to a drive-by shooting she witnesses? How does he react to “coming out of the closet?” Or to acknowledging his forbidden love for another Garou? How does she respond to regaining consciousness after a frenzy to find herself drenched in the blood of her beloved sister? How does she react to the creditor coming to collect on her past-due charge cards? How does he deal with the human hunter who just shot all of his Kinfolk for their pelts or bounties? In short, almost any situation can be addressed in a mature fashion, simply by rationally exploring *what the character in question would do*.

You see, mature roleplaying (and mature storytelling) is more than a simple smattering of R-rated movie standbys. It’s your motivation (why is this element here?), your intent (what does this have to do with the story?) and your end result (how do the players react?). Anything else is gratuitous.

Afterthoughts

by Ethan Skemp

So here we are at last. The second edition **Players Guide to Werewolf: The Apocalypse**. And between the time of **Werewolf 2nd**’s release and this book — arguably the first and most basic supplement for every new **Werewolf** player — the game’s seen a touch of change. Little things like the nonwerewolf Changing Breeds getting their own lines. Slightly bigger things like a change of line developer, and the slight shift in vision that change always brings.

But the game itself — **Werewolf: The Apocalypse** — is still going strong. Stronger than ever, I daresay. And as I’m typing this, I’m asking myself why that is — and I’m answering that it’s a good game, and I mean it. Those people who came before me did an incredible job, my writers constantly shower me with nuggets of creativity, and it all

adds up into one powerful setting. Oh, yeah; Werewolf will be around for a while yet to come. And why?

Because — and if you're reading this, I hope you agree — Werewolf works. It works some kind of weird emotional magic on you. It sucks you in with the promise of being "nine feet tall and made of Kryptonite," able to kick the asses of the people who irritate you — and then, if you're open to it, and you look in the right place — it hooks you with something more, a promise of something larger than life and impossibly grand. You find out that, despite the setting's dark aspect and grim prospects, the world is much, much larger than you'd expect. Like I said, it *works*.

But why? What works about Werewolf?

Well, let me show you the game as I (the line developer, in case you're wondering) see it. When I sit down at my Mac every day and start opening files, I begin sliding into the "game mindset"; that is, the "this is appropriate and this isn't" state of mind that allows me to pass judgment on any given addition to the Werewolf milieu and say "yea or nay." There isn't so much a big chart on the wall that I cross-reference; rather, I just look at what's been printed, interpret the meaning behind any words as best I can, and go from there. Yes, it makes my development a little instinctual. But the instincts are pretty basic to the game, and they cover a lot of where I'm going in the future.

So. Here they are, in no particular order: a few of the concepts that make the game, the hidden treasures that make learning all that gamespeak and cosmology worthwhile. At least as I see them, of course.

- **There are heroes in this game.** Yeah, let's start with this one. The concept of the antihero has been real popular in modern-day society. In fact, you pretty much can't escape it. But in Werewolf, it's socially acceptable to be a hero. Not like Captain America or some other caricature — but like a firefighter, an honest cop in a bad district or an underpaid social worker. A person who has problems and difficulties and still does whatever he or she can to make things better. No, you don't *have* to be one of the heroes. But you can.

- **There is a palpable evil in the universe.** The key word here is "palpable." It exists. Some people can touch it. However, its existence does not instantly imply that all moral issues are necessarily black and white. Nor do I say that it is the source of all evil; that would be a pretty naive viewpoint in light of human behavior. Suffice to say that this dark entity exists and that its presence has certain unsavory ramifications, not the least of which are driving home the point that Werewolf is a horror game and that bad things are about to happen. Important points to remember.

- **There don't have to be rules for everything.** The more rules you have, the more likely you are to contradict yourself. For crying out loud, do there have to be fifteen Gifts for every Silver Fang house or Bone Gnawer camp? Does anyone really need to know the exact Garou head-count for the World of Darkness? Probably not. The rules are there for clarification — that's it. Answer the question and get out,

because the Storyteller will probably rule something differently anyway, as she's entitled to.

- **Violence happens.** It isn't always the answer. Sometimes it gets good results. Sometimes it doesn't. But it's a fact of life in the World of Darkness, and like all other things, it tends to complicate issues.

- **Human nature is complicated.** I hate comic-book villains who call themselves dumbass things like the "Brotherhood of Evil." Almost nobody thinks of himself as evil, and those few who do aren't the ones you should worry about. Life is sort of a Jackson Pollock painting filled with various (and proverbial) shades of gray splattered across each other. Even given the existence of a vast spiritual embodiment of corruption, the most terrifying people are the ones who feed such a palpable entity of malevolence *without knowing or caring that they do so*. And they always have a reason. Oh, always.

- **Shapechanger nature is simpler — but not that much.** Or it would be, if so many of them didn't come from human stock. You've got a job to do. You should do it. Naturally, it doesn't always provide the most satisfying conclusion, and it isn't always right. And when mixed with the complicated human mind, you have quite a mess. In Werewolf, your instincts are good and valid — but you can't trust them always to give you the right answer.

- **Faith is good.** Yeah, I know I've gotten on the Angst Parade's shitlist by saying that, but it's a proven tenet nonetheless. Faith literally makes people stronger; it gives them confidence in their convictions and makes them feel worthwhile. It's a foundation of unity and cooperation. It's what keeps the Changing Breeds going when anybody else would have given up and slouched off into extinction centuries ago. *However...*

- **Blind faith is bad.** You heard me. Faith without questioning, without personal reflection, is nothing short of letting yourself be controlled. What a lot of people miss about Werewolf is that for all the bull-headed, furious rampages of the Garou, *each one* has been punished in some way or another. Not by some cosmic slap on the wrist — by the consequences. The extinction of the Bunyip, the War of Rage... the Garou didn't get off scot-free once. *Once.*

- **You can't sell what's important over the counter.** This is my catch-phrase for both the ecological and the spiritual themes in the game. No matter what the idiot box tells you, owning a big 4WD will not help you "commune with Mother Nature" — it'll just help you put some more tire tracks on her. If you want an in-game metaphor for this theme, I recommend the Umbral quest, wherein the characters have to *think* about what it is they're after and how best to attain it.

- **Don't forget the word "werewolf."** It has connotations of horror, anger, savagery and more. *Garou* describes the race of our particular brand of werewolves, but *werewolf* implies something that, at heart, isn't quite human and is far from tame. And the stars of this game are just that: not



humans who dress up in animal skins and use superpowers to smite their foes, but wild creatures that are only partly human and partly wolf — and something more than either.

- **Explanations are allowed to be simple.** When you get right down to asking “Why?” in *Werewolf*, you are allowed to go into as much scientific detail as possible — or none whatsoever. There’s poetry in simplicity, if you do it right.

- **Explanations are allowed to contradict one another.** Another beautiful thing about this damn game is that anybody could have the right of it; Creation could be benevolent, malevolent or just a big joke. The players are kept guessing (and, by the way, in a delicious suspense), and even the Storyteller needn’t know *all* the answers ahead of time. It’s kind of freeing that way.

- **Finally, The Wyrms is not responsible for the actions of humanity.** No way. It doesn’t hypnotize fathers into raping their daughters or kids into shooting their neighbors. Take a look at the headlines. It doesn’t *have* to. Those things are already going on. If a person has Wyrms-taint on him, that doesn’t indicate that the Devil made him do it. It just means that he *did* it...and that the Devil noticed. I can’t emphasize this point enough; there’s nothing more terrifying about a real-life atrocity than the fact that you can’t pass the buck. You can’t blame God, or Nature, or anybody but another human being.

Think about it.

Right. So what do all these highfalutin concepts mean to your game? As much or as little as you want them to. This collection isn’t even close to my complete list of “game design parameters,” and frankly, that list gets longer all the time. I learn something new from each supplement I wind up outlining, reading and redlining. Each supplement adds another level of texture to the world, offers another possible motif or tenet for your consideration. More than that — with nothing more than the rulebook in hand (and maybe this book, as long as you’re reading it anyway), you can just settle in and *think* about it. Turn over possibilities in your head; muse over the concepts behind the game and which ones are most likely to spawn the stories you and your friends would enjoy best. Figure out why *Werewolf* works for you and what would make you come back for another story with those flawed but ultimately noble Garou.

I daresay it’ll be worth it.

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BF=Black Furies Tribebook
BG=Bone Gnawers Tribebook
BW1=Book of the Wyrms First Edition
CG=Children of Gaia Tribebook
C:PP=Caerns: Places of Power
F=Fianna Tribebook
GF=Get of Fenris Tribebook
GW=Glasswalkers Tribebook
LT1=Litany of the Tribes Vol. 1
LT2=Litany of the Tribes Vol. 2
LT3=Litany of the Tribes Vol. 3
RAA=Rage Across Appalachia
RAW1=Rage Across the World Vol. 1
RT=Red Talons Tribebook
SF=Silver Fangs Tribebook
SG=Stargazers Tribebook
SL=Shadowlords Tribebook
SS=Silent Striders Tribebook
U:VS=Umbra the Velvet Shadow
WC2=Werewolf Chronicles Vol. 2
WPG1=Werewolf Players Guide 1st Edition
WPG2=Werewolf Players Guide 2nd Edition
WSH=Werewolf Storytellers Handbook
W:TA=Werewolf: The Apocalypse 2nd Edition
WoD:C=World of Darkness: Combat
WoW=Ways of the Wolf

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WEREWOLF PLAYERS GUIDE

Last of a Dying Race

"The humans can look at the state of the world and tell themselves that the Earth is not dying. We cannot claim such ignorance as an excuse. The spirit realms are choking; the sun fades behind a blanket of unclean air. Our mother has fallen gravely ill, and her poisoner waits in the darkness and laughs.

"Gaia! Our mother! We hear your cries of pain! Though we are few and our race is dying, we fight against your attackers! Let those who would torment you fear us — your avengers, your warriors, your will made flesh! Let them fear the Garou!"

— Howl-of-Purity, Red Talon Galliard

Last Hope of a Dying World

As the first fires of the Apocalypse begin to burn, the werewolves are in a desperate situation. The Garou need every trick, skill, ally and power they can muster in one last attempt to stave off the forces of corruption and decay. That's where the *Werewolf Players Guide* comes in. This book details the Garou's greatest strengths and weaknesses, and it offers you more options to flesh out your characters fully. Learn about the ways of the tribes, or walk the sacred ground of the septs. Listen to the whispers of the spirits, or learn the ways of Garou martial arts. Even track the footprints of the other elusive werereatures — if you dare. The *Werewolf Players Guide* lets you do it all.

Werewolf Players Guide includes:

- New options for character creation, including Merits and Flaws, new totems and new Gifts
- Expanded information on myriad facets of Garou life, such as life at the sept, caerns, werewolf-specific fighting arts and more
- The other shapeshifters of the world, from the ferocious Bastet catfolk to the enigmatic Nagah wereserpents



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