

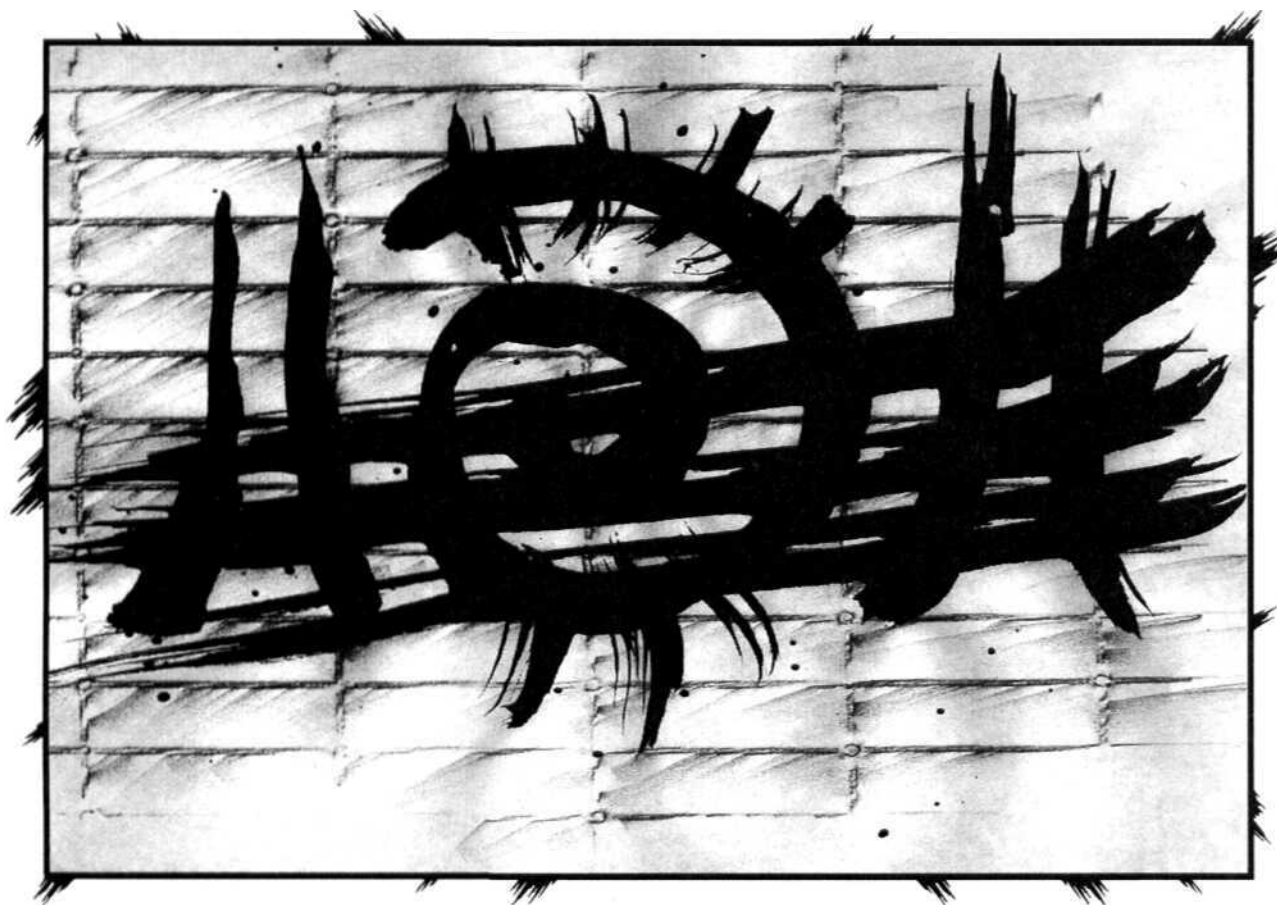
RAGE ACROSS New York



*A Regional Sourcebook
for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™*

RAGE ACROSS New York

By Daniel Greenberg







Aurak's Tale: The Pure Land

*Brother wolf, great teacher,
Teach us well your ways.
That we may come to honor
Our Mother Earth in beauty all our days.
Show us the path that you know so well,
And together we'll set forth
On the ancient way of honor,
To follow you into the North.*

—Magpie, "Ameroc"

Hear me, O my cubs, I sing of another time. Another place.
Another Apocalypse,

Many ages ago, long before the rise of the cities of man, there was a wild age. It was a time of great war, for the forces of the Wyrms ran rampant, corrupting much of the living flesh of the Mother. Monsters tore their way in from the Umbra, still dripping with the birth-fluids of their passage. Banes and Wyrmlings ripped great holes in the flesh of Gaia and burrowed deep beneath her skin.

The enemy also emerged through the homids, who were a rich source of power and purity to consume and corrupt. We thought the homids were too weak and too easily corrupted to be valuable. But the Mother told us they were important and had to be protected. So we defended them. In this task we were assisted by the spirits of nature and even the Wyldlings of Arcadia.

But it was not enough.

Gaia wracked her own body with a fever of ice storms in an attempt to purge the Wyrms disease before it could put down deep

roots. Great glaciers scraped across her body, rooting out the enemies from their lairs and exposing them to our claws and teeth. Men and animals and Garou died in great numbers fighting them.

But it was not enough.

So the Mother called to us, appearing before us through the blessed Lunes. She spoke to the tribe of the Uktena, the tribe of the Croatan, and my tribe, the Wendigo, and gave us wise and quiet council. "Bundle up a large group of homids," she said, "and such animals as have joined in pacts of cooperation. Gather them, and take them where I lead."

"Must we flee the fight, O Mother?" the Uktena chieftain asked. "Even now they fall to our claws!" The warlord of the Croatan spoke, saying, "O Great Womb of Life, we are proud warriors! We do not turn tail and run like whipped curs!" And the Wendigo shaman said, "Blessed Gaia, there is no place on Earth where we can hide from the Wyrms."

But the Lunes did not argue. They simply said "Your fears are great, but the love of the Mother is greater. You must change if you are to become good herdsman for the homids. You must purify yourself of your fears. The foe you must conquer is not the Wyrmling, but your own vanity,"

We herded the homids and went with them ever eastward, across the tundra toward the morning sun. Ever behind us were the Wyrmlings, snarling and spitting as they tracked us down. Ever before us were the Lunes, singing to us of the paradise to come. And when we reached the edge of the world, where the great, placid sea rose before us as far as the horizon where it joined the sky, the Mother spoke again. "Now go you north, where I have turned the waters into earth."

The homids feared for their lives as the warm, green land faded to the south, and the cold, white, brittle land stretched ahead. Many died. But the rest prayed and communed with the goddess every moment. Those who made every step a meditation survived the arduous journey. Here in the land of little, we discovered what we had lacked in the lands of plenty. Homids and Garou alike were purified and prepared for a life free from the temptations and predations of the Wyrmling.

The Lunes were true to their bond and showed us how to find food in the lands of frozen death. The shrieks of the Wyrmlings grew fainter by the day, until we could scarcely distinguish their keening from the wailing of the freezing winds.

And lo, we reached the top of the world, where nothing grows, and where no man had ever ventured. There were many moons when the sun itself could not make the harsh journey to the frozen wastes, and stayed beneath the horizon. But when Helios, the Sun, found us, he stayed with us for many moons without setting. Even the sea was shrunken and wan from the bitter cold and blight. The waters had receded, and churned their angry froth perilously far below their old channels.

Trapped at the farthest corner of the world, we prayed to the Mother for deliverance, and as our howls sent shivers through the homids, the mists parted and we saw a massive glacial bridge of ice and tundra rising from the shallow sea. The narrow passage was bitterly cold. It was dangerously rocky. It was treacherously steep.

But it was enough.

As we crossed the ice bridge in the shadow of the great glacier, we heard the frenzied yowling of the Wyrmling-spawn, anguished over our escape. They redoubled their efforts and pressed their unclean steeds to the point of death in order to catch us. As we hastened to the other end of the bridge, we saw before us a shining new land, where great trees thrust through the snow in the wide valley below us. But behind us the forces of the Wyrmling threatened to turn our sweet triumph to ashes in our mouths.

The Wyrmlings reached the bridge and thundered across it, pounding a cadence of death beneath their murderous hooves. As the homids ran on ahead, we turned and steeled ourselves for our final battle with the overwhelming foe. We knew if we met them on the bridge, our sure-footedness would give us the advantage, and we could take more of them with us before we perished.

But the Lunes exhorted us to stand our ground and venture not back onto the bridge of ice. Some disobeyed, charging ahead to gain a stronger position of attack. But the rest of us held back, trusting the moon and our Mother.

As we watched, the bleak night sky shimmered with light. Where once darkness reigned, a blaze of brilliant color shot across the heavens. A thousand lights danced across the horizon in a thousand colors. It was as if the whole of creation were smiling upon us, reassuring the children of Gaia that they were not forgotten. Our Mother remembered us, held us dear in her heart, and sealed a sacred covenant to deliver us from all harm.

The Wyrmlings halted in terror at the sight of warm color painting the frozen sky. We heard a fearful grinding of huge glaciers, and the ground shook as if the world was tearing itself apart. The massive glacial wall that loomed high above us cracked, buckled and burst open. The waters broke free of their icy shackles and coursed violently across the thirsty land as the great glacial wall crumbled away to huge boulders of ice.

The angry wall of water swept past us and crashed into the Wyrmling-spawn, toppling them and driving them back. The ground shook harder, and the ice bridge groaned, cracked and broke open at a thousand places. Deep fissures swallowed the dread legions and ground them to spurting pulp. The great wave washed over the pieces of the broken bridge and toppled the remaining hordes of Wyrmling-spawn into the frigid waters. The bridge shattered and fell away completely, and the raging current carried off every vestige of the Wyrmling-spawn.

The homids fell to the ground and wept, and we cried our everlasting thanks to Gaia. We pledged on the Lights of the North that we would be ever faithful, we would ever listen, and we would ever be willing to change.

With great energy and zeal, we built a sacred mound at the place where the ice bridge had been. This warded our shores and sealed the new land from the influence of the Wyrmling. We were now safe from new horrors emitted from the mouth of the Wyrmling in the Old World. Cut off from the source of evil, this new land could now be purified.

From the frozen north we ambled south and east, seeding the land with the homids and their animal companions. A few Garou stayed with each tribe to shepherd them and serve as direct links to Gaia. The wolves of this green and growing land greeted us with joy, and the spirits of nature provided us with food and game in an abundance we had never before known. We made pacts with the buffalo, the deer and the rabbit to hunt them for food. The homids pledged to be careful stewards of their people, culling the weak and old and controlling overbreeding, just as we were to cull the homids. We promised that their deaths would have dignity and a purpose in the service of life, and that none would ever die slowly: alone, afraid of suffering. The animals agreed, and we sealed the pact with a great festival to She Who Is the Mother of All.

Our ordeal on the bridge of ice had purified us and made us whole again. Our journey had forced us to listen to the earth in order to survive, and our ears were now wise and heard very well indeed. This great journey is held dear in our hearts. To this day,

Wendigo cubs duplicate the ancient journey for their rites of passage, trekking back to this land from frozen northern wastes.

We were not the only ones who had found wisdom from our ordeal. The homids had become wise as well. Our totems became their totems. Our reverence for the Mother became their reverence for the Mother. Though they often did foolish things, they always attended to Gaia's soft voice. They squabbled among themselves over petty matters, tribes fought, men and women argued, children rebelled, and many homids made selfish choices. But always they heeded the will of Gaia, the shamans and their own inner voices, which counseled them to look directly upon their foibles, understand the hurt they caused others, and find the strength to change. And so they lived free of the corruption of the Wyrms. Even when the Wyrms swirled all around them, it could not find entrance to their hearts.

We traveled this glorious land from ocean to ocean, finding greater and greater abundance everywhere we went. But the Wyrms were there in great abundance as well. It had grown like an unchecked tumor for millennia, tainting the entire land. The forces of Gaia had arrayed against it, but there had been no Garou in the fight. Now that we were there, we would finish the job.

Gaia had cleansed this land of much Wyrms energy during this great age of ice, digging up corrupted pools with slow-moving glaciers, and exposing the newly furrowed ground to the healing light of day. We ferreted out the exposed Wyrms beasts and slew them. The battles were vicious and bloody. Many Garou and homids perished. But many more Wyrms minions perished. They tried to invoke more power from the master corrupter in the Old World, but our wards held true. They were isolated.

We ground them beneath stones and bound them to rocks. We buried those stones deep within the earth, marked the sites, and set up homid tribes to protect them from defilement. Soon the Wyrms were driven from the land. Every last vestige of its corruption was washed away, and all the wounds to the land were healed. The land was now pure.

On the rare occasions that Wyrms beasts fought their way past the wards and entered the Pure Land, our shamans tore their throats out and bound them far beneath the earth.

We remained true to the Mother who is our life, and she rewarded us with riches beyond our wishes. We showed our gratitude by heeding her voice, by respecting all her children. We kept faith with our earth and plant and animal and spirit brethren, and honored the life that flowed through all.

Over the centuries, we reached every corner of the Pure Land, breeding, playing, and relishing our lives, our neighbors, and our world. We worshipped the ground beneath our feet, the sky above our heads, and the rivers of air and water that ran through our bodies and connected us to the goddess.

My Fostern went far east, ever east, in the direction of hope and new growth, toward the dawn, in honor of the eastward trek that once saved us from the enemy. We continued until we reached the great eastern ocean, settling in the territory around the Great Lakes and the lands named for the buffalo, in the region that is now called New York.

For millennia we lived in paradise, growing our families, exploring our world, squabbling among ourselves, building our caerns, seeking our muses, journeying through the spirit world, fighting vampires and wicked spirits, and seeking the sweet voice of Gaia in all things. So it was for thousands of generations. So we thought it would be for all time.

And then the Wyrms returned.

The homids we brought to the Pure Land lived in many different climates and led widely varying lives. Some built great cities in jungles and cliff faces. Some ranged across the prairies, living as their food lived. Some lived on the rivers, rowing great bark boats. Some dwelt in the frozen wastes, making their very lives an enduring tribute to the Mother who guided our survival across the ice. Except for a few ancient pockets of Wyrms infestation which were gradually purified, the homids all lived free of the Wyrms. And gradually they forgot the horror that festered across the sea and seethed in rage over the great trick of our escape. We slowly grew apart from our charges, and lived secluded lives, watching them grow from afar. We spoke to them only through their shamans, and then only rarely.

Our hearts swelled with pride, for we had done our work so well that the homids no longer needed us to make their lives safe and whole. We still weeded out the excess population, and the homids came to fear us, just as the homids did in the Old World. Still, we did not treat them as mercilessly as our brethren treated their charges, and the fear of Garou in the Pure Ones was not as severe as the fear of Garou among the men who lived in the Wyrms lands.

Most of the Pure Ones ranged across the land, but some settled and built great cities with towering pyramids. These Pure Ones became very learned, and studied the miracle of man just as we studied the miracle of Gaia. These wizards learned things we did not know. They said that the Wyrms would return, hiding in the skins of tall men with bleached faces; men who did not walk, but traveled astride thundering beasts. They said the Wyrms would conquer and destroy all that lay in its path, laying waste to the Mother as the men traveled.

We scoffed at their prognostications, for they were mere men. And so we were unprepared for the ships. We had dealt with ships before. We had seen lone ships arrive from the Wyrms world — some with red-bearded men, some with colored sails and men in robes, some with dark-skinned men in boats of reed. But the Wyrms were weak in them, and we had easily driven them off with weather magic, invited them to live among our people, or killed them.

One day, a ship arrived bearing men in whom the Wyrms were strong. The Wyrms guided them to tiny islands where no Garou tended the people. The homids greeted the Wyrms-men joyfully, as brethren, in the same manner they greeted all life. But the pale men of the Wyrms met the greeting with treachery, and made slaves of the homids. The Garou attacked, but were beaten by the agents of the Wyrms. The invaders sent for more ships, and by the time we realized the threat, they were flooding every part of our eastern coast.

The attack of the Wyrms-men was as clever as it was wicked. First they gave trinkets and gifts to our Pure-men to secure their



cooperation, not knowing that the Pure Ones would share all they had with the Wyrmling-men without such petty bribes. Because the Wyrmling had squeezed all the charity and compassion and grace from their blighted hearts, they could not conceive of other men sharing such riches as land and food and sky with them.

Then their stowaways, the Wyrmling spirits, invaded the land, attacking our caerns in force. In the bloodiest of all fighting, a Wyrmling beast called Eater-of-Souls hunted down Garou and warred with the Croatan tribe. This abomination tore through the spiritual body of Gaia and rent a bloody wound in the Umbra,

When the Wyrmling beasts obliterated the Garou defenders in an area, their mortal surrogates ceased any pretense of friendship with the homids of the Pure Land. They attacked in force, enslaving, murdering and raping. They destroyed our sacred places and looted the bones of our ancestors by the thousands in order to break the network of holy wards. On the southern continent they plundered gold, an eternal symbol of great purity, knowing that robbing it from our shores and sending it to the tainted world symbolized their drive to corrupt the purity of our home. They tore down the great cities and scattered the people.

They killed the shamans who heard the voice of Gaia and forbade the ceremonies that invoked the great spirits. They punished all children who tried to learn the ancient Ways of Power and the wisdom of Gaia.

The Wyrmling-men drove the weakened people from their green villages back into the lands of ice. Feigning compassion, they sent blankets to the freezing Pure Ones. But the blankets were filled with disease, and spread pestilence and death, Wyrmling-bred

spirits of sickness ravaged their weakened bodies and destroyed them in uncountable numbers.

They raped Gaia just as they ravaged the people. They destroyed forests, drained wetlands, rechanneled lakes, and filled the rivers with filth. Just as we had moved eastward, toward the newborn sun of eternal beginnings, they pushed westward, toward the dying sun of eternal endings. We fought back, but we were overwhelmed. The Wyrmling had waxed huge and bloated in the Old World, and now ran over us like a juggernaut.

Then came a great battle on the eastern shore, where the Wyrmling won his greatest victory. The Wyrmling-legions, following the commands of Eater-of-Souls, waged a bloody conflict against the last vestiges of the Croatan tribe. In the physical realm and the haunted paths of the Umbra the battle raged, and the warriors of the Croatan fought like heroes. But all their glory and prowess could not prevail against Eater-of-Souls. A supreme sacrifice was needed. The Croatan burnt their very souls in mystic rage, searing the Wyrmling beast and driving it forever from Gaia's realm. The whole tribe was destroyed that hated day, and the homids they tended were crushed forever. An entire tribe was no more.

The tragedy was heartbreaking. Many Garou perished in wave after wave of disorganized fighting, and the ones that did not die succumbed to the crippling Harano, the despair of the spirit that weakens and destroys our kind whenever it takes root.

We feared for all our kind.

Before all was lost, Garou from the Old World arrived on the sailing ships — Black Furies, Fianna, Get of Fenris and more. They were familiar with the ways of these new Wyrmling beasts, and helped us plan our battle. But even they acknowledged their utter failure in the Old World.

To our shame, we spent much time squabbling with the newcomer Garou over territory and the best way to fight the Wyrmling. Some of our Garou blamed them for letting the Wyrmling grow out of control in the Old World. Some of them blamed us for not being prepared for the inevitable return of the Wyrmling. Much Garou blood was spilt in those early days without any action on the part of the Wyrmling.

But great leaders like Sturm Hawksblood, Cries-Like-the-Wind and Orro pulled us together, forbade infighting, and channeled us against the foe. We led the homids in great battles against the dupes of the Wyrmling as they rolled their canvas-and-wood homes into our western lands. But we lost more ground and more lives than we gained.

Then we began to harken to the words of the great teacher Walks Alone. He demanded that we change our strategy and accept the invaders instead of resisting them. He said we could never wipe out the foe now that they had found our land, and they would continue to come no matter how many we killed. Instead, he taught us to corrupt the corrupters and subvert the agents of subversion with love.

In our homid skins we infiltrated the invader and appealed to the greater angels of his conscience. From Alaska to New York City, we taught the rough man tolerance and channeled his energy into cooperating with his fellows and welcoming the stranger.

This proved diabolically successful against the Wyrms, who found it hard to take root in spirits so filled with light. Only among men who rejected their fellows could the Wyrms find sufficient darkness to sustain himself.

And alas, we must admit to fighting a losing battle. We have watched the noblest inventions of the homids corrupted and exploited to poison the land.

We have heard the cries of the animals and the trees. We have felt the silent shudder of a child's loss of innocence as he succumbs to the most horrific of predations: the violation of the most sacred trust.

Now we prepare for the End Time. The Apocalypse is upon us.

Let us Rage!

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Wes "Co-ed" Harris for pursuing higher education.

Mark "Whine like an Egyptian" Rein*Hagen for winning anyway.

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Travis "Online" Williams for reaching out and touching the panther lady.

Josh "Froggy got back" Timbrook for his return to four-square.

Chris "I'll be back" McDonough for obsessing on the phone number.

Richard "Shirt of the Wyrn" Thomas for his negative image.

Lyndi "Halloween Cheer" Hathaway for the treats and Amish humor on Fang Day.

While the characters and adventures in this book are fictional, the problem of child abuse is not, unfortunately. White Wolf wants to encourage anyone who has been hurt in this way to get help. There are many resources and toll-free numbers available to connect you to those who can help. We understand that this is not an easy thing to do, but silence only serves the enemy.

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Introduction: Welcome To New York

"They talk very loud, very fast, and altogether. If they ask you a question, before you can utter three words of your answer, they break out upon you again, and talk away."

—John Adams, 1774, on the people of the colony of New York

Visions of New York

The name "New York" conjures images of soaring heights: big business, high finance, high fashion, and skyscrapers towering above the mundane ground. However, there is another New York: a wild, earthy place which lies just outside the steel-and-glass canyons of the city, and indeed surrounds them. It is a low place: a world of forests, tunnels, caerns, caverns and creatures that prowl close to the ground. Close to the Mother. Close to Gaia.

This is the world of the wolves.

Everyone knows the New York City stereotype, reinforced by thousands of books, films and TV shows — the noisy, ugly, turbulent, aggressive, exciting, uncaring, polluted cesspool where people must fight to be heard above the continual roar. But the other New York, which comprises 99 percent of the state's area, is virtually unknown to most of the world — indeed, to most New

Yorkers. This is a quiet, fresh, green world which surrounds the gray, noxious city.

The din of the city is maddening to most Garou; however, they willingly brave the concrete wasteland because it houses their greatest enemies.

New York City is the world of the Wyrn.

Theme: *Blight in the Family Tree*

"What was once your salvation is now your damnation."

—Virginia Klein, Ph.D., *How To Get Free*

This chronicle takes the defenders of the Wyld into the belly of the Wyrn. To triumph, the werewolves must leave the safety of their green and growing earth far below, and ascend the dizzying skyscrapers of the greatest, most oppressive city in the world to confront a horror as aid as mankind.

In the Wyrms-infested world of humans, the Garou discover a terrible secret suspected by only a few, but suppressed by a great many. They learn of a method of Wyrms corruption so subtle and insidious that it has gone virtually undetected for millennia, despite a terribly powerful chokehold on the human soul. This horror has been passed down from one generation to the next; innocent children bear the seeds which taint the generation after them.

New York is a nexus for the forces that profit from this defilement, and chronicles set in New York center around it. The Garou in the New York area do not know it yet, but they are about to tear the scab off an ancient wound in the soul of man. Will they destroy the wounded soul or heal the great wound?

This is a story of monsters lurking in the guises of good people, and goodness lurking in the skins of monsters. It is the story of the connection, and the contrast, between the inside and the outside.

The Shadow

There are many kinds of monsters. Sometimes the monsters that look the most ferocious and evil on the outside are really tender and pure on the inside. On the other hand, sometimes the (seemingly) nicest people harbor the most villainous of demons.

The Garou are used to being considered wretched monsters, even though they do the work of Gaia. Many Garou wonder if their entire race is tainted with a curse that no amount of good works can expiate. This longing for goodness drives many a werewolf. There are times, however, when a homid may become a monster as well.

Faced with difficult times and impossible situations, a person sometimes finds that her normal reactions won't get her through the bad times. Rather than collapse in despair, she chooses to fight back in ways she would never consider under normal circumstances. She creates an internal monster to help her through tough times. She may not like or accept this shadow beast, but she needs it.

When painful, impossible situations surround her, she unleashes the beast. She allows it to emerge and control her in order to protect her. The monster destroys the person's enemies and saves her from greater pain and suffering. But with the monster's triumph comes the person's downfall. When the enemies are beaten and the painful times are gone, the monster remains.

These internal monsters are unacceptable to society at large, and so there is no support for acknowledging, let alone exorcising, them. Thus, many people reject their monsters. The monster is pushed into the shadows, where it remains unseen and forgotten. But remain it does, ready to emerge whenever it feels the person is in a dangerous situation. Under the sway of the monster, the person may lash out at innocent people at inappropriate moments. The person may feel out of control, and regret her actions later, but is helpless to stop.

To stop her monster from dominating her actions, a person must venture into the shadows of her own heart to face the beast, accept it and let it go. She must heal her monster in order to destroy it.

If the person's monster goes unhealed, the monster can become fodder for the Wyrms. Destructive supernatural creatures from the Umbra can insinuate themselves into the souls of people with such great inner wounds. If a person has developed a negative way of relating to others in order to protect himself from abuse, neglect or emotional trauma, a real Wyrms monster can scuttle into his spirit. If the wound is ignored for a long time, the Wyrms creature will fester inside, and eventually take over the person. Soon it's hard to tell where the natural, self-created monster ends and the alien Wyrms monster begins. Once a person is possessed, she invariably spreads her own venomous hate to those with whom she associates, and more Wyrms monsters are spawned.

These malevolent creatures inevitably destroy their hosts. Because their origins are organic and their manifestations are so subtle, these cases of Wyrms possession are difficult for the forces of Gaia to decipher and counteract. Their impact can be enormous.

Unexorcised monsters, both self-created and Wyrms-created, are passed down from generation to generation, like blight in the family tree.

The challenge before the Garou is to figure out how the monsters were made, and find a means to purge them before all of mankind is lost. Some Garou think it's already too late. However, Gaia eternally returns hope to her followers just as she returns spring.

Mood: *The Possibility of Healing*

Digging in the dirt

Find the places we got hurt.

—Peter Gabriel, "Digging in the Dirt"

This chronicle is pervaded with the heart-rending savagery of the monsters that lurk in untreated wounds, and the damage they do to everyone and everything around them. But there is another side to the misery of wounds that breed the Wyrms. Those wounds can be healed through compassionate and vigorous intervention. Even creatures of rage like werewolves can learn the ancient arts of tending Wyrms-ridden wounds and healing anguished hearts, tormented lands, and the whole suffering world. The theme of this chronicle is the choice between sacrificing the profits of misery and embracing the profound path of healing.

In the first and most crucial step on the path of healing, Gaia calls upon all her children to listen, and listen well. She asks humans and werewolves alike to listen to the earth, to their fellow creatures, and, most importantly, to themselves. Ignoring the voice of the planet withers gardens into poisoned deserts. Ignoring the voices of other people turns friends into enemies and celebrations into wars. But ignoring the still voice within turns a man into a monster, and turns a monster into the Beast of the Apocalypse.

The voice of Gaia is neither quiet nor subtle. In order to resist this call, a person must actively work to shut it out. Shutting out self-understanding creates sterile minds and false hearts in both

men and supernatural creatures, A person devoid of self-awareness is unable to empathize with other living people or the living environment. Those that cut themselves off from their own hearts cut themselves off from the world. The inner horror taints everything outside. The wasteland within becomes a wasteland without. The poison within becomes poison without. The death within becomes the Apocalypse without.

This horror is passed from parents to children in the form of emotional, physical and sexual abuse. The abuse destroys trust and results in the child's spiritual disconnection. Violence done to children scalds their wide-open hearts, and thus they seal those hearts to protect themselves from further harm. But the heart is the organ the child uses to hear his own voice, and the voice of his world. With his heart boxed up and locked off, the child no longer hears his own heart's song, and no longer knows his own will. He becomes spiritually blind, wandering sightless through the landscape of his soul.

Without reliable access to his own heart and emotions, he loses his connection to the outer world as well. He can hurt others, lay waste to the land and even kill without feeling a thing. The most extreme cases of people with no capacity for empathy are sociopathic serial killers (who always seem to have been victims of severe abuse and molestation).

The Garou are charged with cleaning up a planet laid waste by men and women suffering from these great wounds that perpetuate themselves through time. One way to fight is by destroying those who wreak havoc on the planet and on innocents. But there is another way — a way sanctioned by Gaia, a path that has a

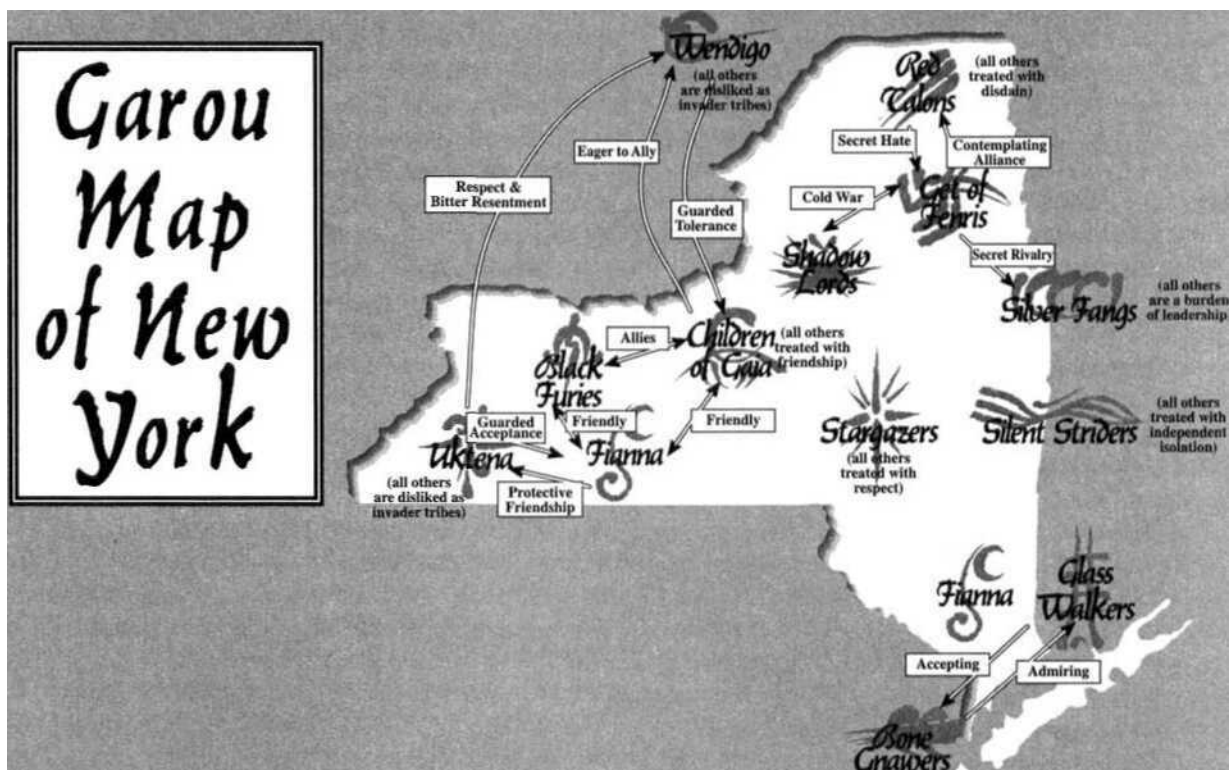
chance of striking at the very heart of evil, instead of lopping off the hydra's head only to see two take its place.

This is at the heart of *Rage Across New York*. The wisdom of Gaia calls upon all living creatures to explore the vast uncharted territories of their hearts, listen to the lore they find within, and live in accord with themselves and the truth they have found. This is the path of the spiritual warrior, and all Garou can aspire to it.

Gothic-Punk New York

If you are a New York native, or have lived there or traveled there extensively and know a lot about the city and state, this is a great setting for you. However, if you have never been to New York, and know nothing about it, don't worry about it. You'll run a fine campaign. Even if you know nothing more about New York than what you've seen on TV cop shows, don't sweat it, You'll do fine. In the Gothic-Punk universe, your interpretation of what New York is like is more important than the reality of New York,

If any player tries to contradict you about some facet of life in New York City, feel free to disregard it and overrule him. Your interpretation of what New York ought to be like is more important. This is not the real New York, but a distorted version seen through a funhouse mirror that makes it look far darker and more malevolent than it really is. And ultimately, perhaps, brighter and filled with more potential for healing and renewed life.





Chapter One: History

*Come on love, we'll dance across the moon,
Turn midnight into noon, pour perfume on the breezes.
Where nothing ever grows, where no one ever goes
In lands of storms and snows, we'll plant one burning rose,
love.*

—Jacques Brel, "You're Not Alone"

In the wild days of prehistory, the powerful forces of the Wyrms rampaged through man's proto-civilizations in Africa, Asia and Europe, sowing destruction, desolation and despair. Gaia moved to purge herself of the Wyrms' blight one continent at a time. The Wyrms' most direct point of entry from the Umbra to the physical world was (and still is) through humans; thus, the Wyrms' only real point of entry from the Umbra to the physical world was in the Eastern Hemisphere. Because the Wyrms had no direct access to the Western Hemisphere, Gaia set out to seal off the Western Hemisphere and purge it of the Wyrms. (This time is described by the Wendigo shaman Aurak Moondancer at the beginning of this book.)

The Garou in the New World

The first people of the Americas trekked over a land bridge across the Bering Strait from Asia at the end of the last Ice Age. A prodigious amount of ocean water was locked in glaciers, and the ocean level was considerably lower. Earth elementals and Garou learned of this land and formulated a plan to shepherd several strains of the human population to the New World.

The Wyrms had decimated much of the human population in the Old World, and had visited great horrors on their souls. Gaia communed with human holy men in Asia. She told them to purify their people of the Wyrms' taint, and assured them that she would take them to a land where no harm could come to them.

The forces of Gaia chose a large contingent of strong-willed Garou and homids from Pleistocene Asia, and removed them from the fight against the Wyrms. Gaia sent them on an arduous trek to the northeastern edge of Asia. Wyrms creatures and other frightening beasts harried them all the way.

Gaia's people crossed the Bering Strait in three waves. After the first wave safely crossed the land bridge over the Bering Strait, the great glaciers melted and the land bridge flooded. Great spells destroyed many of the agents of the Wyrms,

Gradually the waters refroze and reformed the bridge for the next two waves of Asian immigrants. The second and third waves did not descend into the fertile interior, but remained in the frozen wastes. They positioned themselves in the far north and the far northwest, where they could maintain the wards that kept the Wyrms from crossing.

The powerful warding spells along the northern border kept the Wyrms creatures from reaching the new land. This angered and shamed the spawn of destruction, who swore revenge.

Healing the Land

The Garou and the humans bred and ranged far over the land, traveling to the far south and far east of the Americas. The new natives of this world they called the Pure Land honored and revered Gaia, and lived by her spirit of compassion. Men and women lived in harmony as equals, and recognized their insoluble connection to the earth, the animals and all life. They called their land the "middle heart place" and felt a strong sense of belonging in a land where every place was holy. Their connection to Gaia gave them a unique perspective on the world. They saw all houses, plants and people as temporary containers and channels through which the Great Spirit flows. This vision drove them to treat their world with the utmost respect, and gave them a great sense of contentment, balance and well-being.

To be sure, life was not perfect in the Pure Land. The natives sometimes had to fight evil spirits and enigmatic faeries native to the land, as well as the occasional vampire that found its way to the New World. Furthermore, there were some areas in the Pure Land that were still tainted by the Wyrms. The Pure Ones and the Garou spent millennia rooting out and purifying these sites. Once this job was finished, the land was free of the corrosive influence of the Wyrms for thousands of years. During this time the immigrants established a paradise on Earth. Though the homid tribes still fought among themselves, their arguments were honest and not inflamed by the Wyrms. The tribes also respected each other enough to get together and work out their differences.

Gaia in New York

*In the mists of the morning the water's like glass.
No signs of the future or hard tales of the past.
Canoes by the water in the silence of dawn,
And oh, nothing moves, still the rivers roll on...
Hills rise like dream sites as farms roll in view,
The fog starts to lift and then the sun it shines through,
Waters from Canada through Mohawk lands.
Carried to my home by so many hands.*

—Cathy Winter, "Canoer's Lullaby"

In the blissful days after the Garou and the homids healed the New World of the Wyrms' presence, the Pure Land was a bountiful paradise. Homids and Garou raised their children, created rich cultures and civilizations, and worshipped the connections which bind all life. Without the overwhelming threat of the Wyrms to bind them, the two races pursued separate goals and slowly grew apart.

The Garou still culled the humans, to control the population, but the Delirium never rooted as deeply in the homids of the New World as it did in their Old World brethren. Although the Impergium had begun before the great migration, and the homids who crossed over with the Garou were still somewhat afraid of their patrons, the

Delirium was weak in them. The leadership of the Garou during the trek, plus their obvious gifts from Gaia, acted to lessen the Impergium's effect.

The Pure Ones went about the task of civilization. They ranged across the expansive territories, establishing many families, clans and tribes in every inhabitable area. They were drawn to the regions specially blessed by Gaia, to worship and draw new life from them. One of the greatest of these holy lands is the territory around the border between New York and Canada,

The ancient legends of the Pure Ones say that the Great Spirit held this land in special favor. She blessed it with a living network of lakes, streams and rivers that reached all parts of the land. This gave the Pure Ones of the New York area easy and rapid access to any other part of the land. These interconnecting waters carried Gaia's lifeblood to all her children, and gave the homids a communication and travel network second to none.

To consecrate this land, Gaia long ago placed her hand upon a wide expanse and left the imprint of her hand indelibly etched upon rock and soil. The rivulets filled with water, and are now known as the Finger Lakes; they are geographically unique.

This great glacial handprint shows where Gaia rooted out deep corruption and left the area blessed and purified. Shamans say that people who are in pain and anger, and who come to the land between these rivers, are calmed by the holiness of the place. Those who come here to purify



themselves are filled with sacred energy, peace and balance. And those who come to quietly listen can see Gaia. The Garou built a great caern by the Tree of Peace, near the Finger Lakes, and kept faith with Gaia there.

In pre-Colonial days, tribes from all over the East Coast met in the area of New York for tribal meetings, sitting down at the Tree of Peace. They conducted their business and settled their disagreements with compassion and respect. This august and statesmanlike body served at the behest of the men and women whose voice it represented. It acted as a democratic government long before the days of the First Continental Congress, and was the first experiment in democracy on American soil.

This joyful time was uninterrupted for many hundreds of generations. Great tribes flourished and grew, and the people were very happy.

The Beginning of the End

In the late 15th century, however, sailors from the Old World broke through the wards and invaded the New World. The Garou were partly to blame for this. By executing the Impergium with such ruthless efficiency, they drove men from their care and into fearful alliances with the Wyrms. The less-intense Impergium practiced in the New World drove some of the Pure Ones toward the Weaver, and not to the Wyrms,

The Pure Ones came to America seeking freedom from persecution by the Wyrms, and they left the Wyrms far behind them. The Puritan pilgrims came to America seeking freedom from persecution by other men, and they brought the Wyrms with them.

The Wyrms In the New World

The Wyrms' strategy in the Old World was simple. Its minions used every cultural weapon at their disposal to foment ignorance among the populace. They exploited racial and religious fears to deride the wisdom of the great civilizations of the East and the lore of the nature worshippers of the West.

They struck on four fronts; spreading disease, destroying crops, inciting war, and stirring up fear of the medical advances and birth-control innovations common in the Eastern lands. These four horsemen of the Wyrms conspired to wildly increase population density, and caused the fearful Europeans to recklessly overbreed. This in turn caused still more disease, famine, war and fear of birth control.

The Wyrms' strategy in the New World was more complex. When the whole reeking cauldron of Europe reached the boiling point, the Wyrms disgorged the swollen, surplus population into the Pure Land, where the sheer weight of numbers overwhelmed the magical wards and the

Garou defenders. The Wyrms' minions knew that the European men and women, scarred inside and out by Wyrms-ridden scarcity and bitter violence, would permanently taint the land, destroy the Pure Ones, and exploit the rich resources of the land. This would strain the world beyond its capacity to sustain the fragile envelope of life on the earth's crust, and the Wyrms could then drag all the natural world into a stinking chasm of filth, blight and oblivion.

The people of the Old World unknowingly did the Wyrms' bidding. When they arrived, the Pure Ones saw the colonists through innocent eyes, and accepted them as brothers and fellow living creatures. The Europeans saw the Pure Ones through eyes tainted with greed and fear, and regarded them only as savages.

When explorer Henry Hudson sailed his ship, the *Half Moon*, into New York Harbor, the Algonquin natives greeted him festively. They brought gifts of berries, bread, furs and tobacco for the strangers. Despite all evidence, the crew's chief mate summarized the sailors' feelings in his log, writing, "We durst not trust them." It was not long before the colonists attacked the natives and incited the Indian Wars.

Much of the fighting between the werewolves and the Wyrms was hidden, moving in and out of the Umbra as it raged across the landscape. Though colonists did not see the fiercest fighting, they heard the eerie cries of war in the night, and would not often venture out after dark.

The war came to a head when Wyrms' minions unleashed their greatest weapon on the New World, A colony unwittingly brought a direct manifestation of the Wyrms into the Pure Land. This monstrous creature, called Eater-of-Souls, unleashed waves of palpable decay and despair over the landscape. This great Umbra beast grew more bloated with each area it defiled.

Fearing that the Pure Land would fall to it, the entire Croatan tribe gathered for an unprecedented ritual. The Croatan sacrificed the very stuff of their souls on the fires of rage in order to gain the sheer power necessary to stop the defiler. As their spirits were consumed in fiery explosions, they carried Eater-of-Souls across the gulfs of the spirit world and cast it out of the world, taking the entire human colony with it. The remorseless battle had a very high price: the entire Croatan tribe was destroyed root and branch. All that was left was the name of the tribe defiantly etched on a Glade Child tree.

Despite this setback, the Wyrms' plan proved a dizzying success. The colonists believed that the natives hated them, and attacked the Pure Ones at every opportunity. They also bred recklessly, as they had done in Europe. The Wyrms looked ahead to the day when it would win a crushing victory over all the forces of life.



Gaia's Plan

But the Wyrms did not win all the battles in America. In 1570, the great Onandaga shaman Hiawatha made a pilgrimage to the Finger Lakes. There, in a living dream, he saw a world in which all people lived together in brotherhood and peace. This vision of the unity of mankind is deeply rooted in the Pure Land, and will always bubble up from the ground into everyone who lives on American soil. It takes active antagonism or deep wounds to resist this compelling dream.

Hiawatha's words deeply touched the other Pure Ones. The leaders of the Mohawk, Seneca, Cayuga, Onandaga and Oneida peoples sat beneath the Tree of Peace with him, overcame their petty rivalries, and formed the League of Five Nations. He asked his people to avoid the warpath and instead work peacefully with the invaders. His unifying words forged the Pure Ones into a powerful whole, and they coordinated their actions with great skill. Their strength was so great that they held the balance of power between the English, French and other European settlers in their hands.

Some Garou found this path of peace distasteful and strange, and tried to stir up war between the Pure Ones and the invaders. But the Five Nations held together, and had a powerful and curious impact on the new immigrants to New York.

Once the Europeans were out of their Wyrms-tainted homelands and in this serene, sanctified land, many of them underwent a transformation. Like sickly flowers transplanted into healthy soil, they grew strong, kind and generous. The new immigrants learned potent lessons in respect and trust from the natives, who would sometimes even give their lives to teach that trust can be more powerful than life itself. This life of compassion was a new way for the colonists, and many took to it as if it were their first breaths of air.

In panic, the Wyrms' agents tried to stop the influence of the Pure Ones. They sent a message to Europe asking for powerful help, and the lords of an ancient secret society of Wyrms followers answered. This society, known as the Seventh Generation, arrived in the New World shortly thereafter. The Seventh Generation quickly formulated a plan to destroy the Five Nations coalition.

The Seventh Generation targeted the leaders of the Five Nations for extermination by placing a cash bounty on native scalps. This launched one of the bleakest, most inhuman markets in the New World. Mutilated human flesh became the currency of a booming trade.

To reopen the old wounds, the Seventh Generation lords stirred up rampant xenophobia in the colonies. They turned generous, open communities into segregated compounds filled with narrow-minded zealots who were suspicious and hateful of people from other lands or people with different customs. The Seventh Generation lords arranged

for the colonies to shun the natives who helped them survive the harsh winters. Because the Seventh Generation nurtured a special hatred for women, the Seventh Generation lords also made sure the colonies accused women of witchcraft and murdered them.

In areas where the Wyrms could not segregate men of different lands, however, the immigrants resisted the crude temptation such hatred affords. The influx of immigrants from all over the world created cosmopolitan communities in which men found cooperation and respect to be stronger survival skills than competition and intolerance. In the rarefied air of the New World, many homids forged bonds of partnership across the ethnic and cultural chasms that the Wyrms had exploited for centuries in Europe. They were not receptive to plans to kill the natives.

Under very wise leadership, some Garou crafted a clever strategy. By day they visited invader camps in homid form and helped the natives spread their doctrine of tolerance and brotherhood. By night, the Garou attacked the agents of the Wyrms who spread bigotry and hate. This plan was a great success.

Tolerance in New York

Even in its earliest days as New Amsterdam, New York City stood as a shining testament to this newfound community spirit. It was built on a holy site that was strong with the energy of Gaia. Warring Dutch, English and French powers met there and found areas of agreement and accord.

The work of Gaia made a crucial difference in New York during the period when English settlers flocked to the Dutch colonies in the area. The governor of nearby Connecticut instructed the English who flooded into New Amsterdam to settle "without hostility or any act of violence." Once the English outnumbered the Dutch, the Duke of York instructed them to treat the minority with "humanity and gentleness." The new colonists responded, and New York became one of the few places where the victors did not forcibly convert the minority to their religion, language and culture.

In this spirit, New York assimilated new immigrants from all corners of the Old World, and measured men on the basis of their contributions rather than their nationality or religion. Passing Jesuit scholars remarked on the tremendous variety of nationalities in New York, and the many languages spoken in the city. Even Jews were welcome, which earned New York the enmity of visitors from the more insular settlements to the south, where the Wyrms found fertile breeding ground.

The city became a rich trading port. Eighteen distinct languages were spoken in its boundaries, and all men were welcome. To the xenophobic Europeans, Manhattan had the "arrogance of Babel." To the New Yorkers, however, it was a breath of fresh air after the stuffy courts of the Old World.

The people who settled here were a hard-drinking, adventurous lot, both greedy and generous, religious and blasphemous. Unlike the more totalitarian, provincial settlements in the New World, they opened themselves to the whole gamut of the human experience. They were fiercely protective of their rights, and resisted most tyrants. Their love of truth was so strong that they used their courts to establish freedom of the press, in a landmark pre-Revolutionary libel case. This tradition of honoring truth would stay with the city, and would serve as its strongest source of immunity from the Wyrms.

This openness made New Amsterdam, and later New York, an ideal location for the Garou to scout and mix with homids. Other cities were openly distrustful of strangers, which made visiting difficult. Packs settled in the city, and some remain there to this day.

Over time, the Garou adapted themselves to their new home. They formed alliances with supernatural creatures and like-minded homids in the area, and tried to build coalitions against the minions of the Wyrms.

As the centuries passed, waves of immigrants fled the collapsing kingdoms of Europe and found a fresh start in New York. Vampires found the city intriguing as well, and waves of anarchs arrived, fleeing the newly constituted Camarilla. The Sabbat set up shop and made New York its home base in the New World.

Other secret groups from Europe landed here, and New York became a nexus for magic and conspiracy. All this activity turned New York into a major trade hub and filled the city with a unique vitality. It was not the sort of life that the Garou favored, but it did serve to keep the Wyrms at bay. And if there was one lesson the Garou had learned, it was that anything that kept the Wyrms away was to be embraced. They knew they would have to change to live: adaptation meant survival.

Wyrms Hatred

But what Gaia brought together, the Wyrms tore apart. Though New York stood out as a land strong in the spirit of Gaia, the minions of the Wyrms stamped out that spirit in most of the rest of the New World. They fanned the flames of war, political factionalizing, intolerance, hatred of women, and religious conflicts. The Wyrms appealed to men to persecute people of other races, nations and religions. Its minions were spectacularly successful in some colonies, like the ones where they succeeded in getting wise women condemned as witches and hanged. The Wyrms' minions especially despised the Native Americans' respect for Gaia. They targeted the Iroquois of New York for extermination, since the tribe respected the ancient ways and revered women.

The Wyrms provoked hatred between the settlers and the natives. The Wyrms' minions encouraged the fear and mistrust that most colonists felt, and manipulated them to instigate attacks on the native homelands. The Wyrms also



fought to keep the settlers from spending time with the natives, because the colonists invariably came away filled with respect for the Pure Ones. So the Wurm minions spread rumors of native savagery, and instilled fear in the hearts of the settlers.

The greatest barrier to the Wurm's conquest of the Pure Land was the network of caerns, burial sites and holy mounds that warded and protected the land from the powers of the Wurm. The Wurm could not approach these places directly without risking imminent annihilation, so it used its mortal minions to do its dirty work.

Desecration

The Wurm's agents slyly proposed to the mortal world that native burial mounds be opened and examined for "scientific purposes." Even Thomas Jefferson, whom the Wurm's agents despised, fell for this plan and initiated the first excavation. The Wurm agents, who could not approach the holy sites, demanded that all skulls and skeletons be taken and placed in museums, universities and warehouses around the nation.

The ancient bones of shamans were charged with holy energies. The energy in the temples of science often counteracts the earth energy coursing through the bones. The lack of magic in places of science diminished the power of the bones. Defiling the holy sites in this manner broke the

warding spells that protected the land from harm, and allowed the Wurm to pass. As each holy place was defiled, the Wurm was able to move further inland. Soon the Wurm secured use of the army in gutting the sacred burial mounds, and began assembly-line grave robbery on a massive scale.

Tens of thousands of native skulls and skeletons were stolen. Most were warehoused and never displayed. To justify their theft, the agents of the Wurm crafted rationales devised to appeal to highbrows and lowbrows alike. They told educated people that each excavation was of preeminent value to understanding "societies long gone," and many people believed them. They told the uneducated that performing craniobiology on the skulls would prove that natives had inferior brains and thus were not equally human; many people believed that, too.

It is a testimony to the power of the Wurm over the colonists and their descendants that no scientists or legislators ever questioned the need for so many native skulls, or ever demanded a plausible explanation for so widespread and total a desecration.

Other holy shrines were defiled as well. Early archaeologists and fortune hunters tore open sites where the Garou and homids had defeated and bound Wurm monsters, again unleashing the beasts into the world. Ancient horrors long buried were free to roam the land and seek revenge on their ancient captors.

Demon Rum

These tactics gave the Wyrms a toehold on the East Coast, which became polluted and swollen with the surplus European population. The inner land, however, still stood sacrosanct, guarded by a strong alliance between the Garou and the Pure Ones. The Wyrms thus struck back with a secret weapon.

As the Wyrms agents defeated the Pure Ones, they killed the shamans, sent wise old people into prisons, outlawed the native religion, and taught the young natives that their old ways were wrong. They insisted that medicine did not mean following a trail of painful symptoms to the source of illness and healing the inner wound. Medicine now meant numbing painful symptoms with powerful drugs.

Alcohol is a potent mind-altering chemical and, in high doses, a powerful toxin. The Pure Ones had never experienced it, and were very susceptible to its effects. The Wyrms agents who were in charge of keeping European technology out of the hands of the Pure Ones made sure that the natives got plenty of alcohol.

The murder of the natives, the desecration of their holy sites, the obliteration of their religion, and the defilement of Gaia had inflicted deep wounds upon them. Without their shamans and wise elders to guide them, they had no way to exorcise the wounds.

But the Wyrms agents taught the natives to medicate their psychic wounds with alcohol, and drink to excess every time the pain became too great to endure. They became addicts. When confronted with the pain that could stir them to action, they chose the easier road of blocking the pain. And their inner wounds opened wider.

The Wyrms coils and grows within unhealed inner wounds. As the natives' wounds grew greater, the Pure Ones fell deeper under the influence of the Wyrms. They stopped resisting and ceased to focus their anger upon their enemies. The Wyrms taught them to focus their anger within, upon themselves. Wyrms demons from the Umbra transferred to the Earth plane through these wounds, and attacked the unsuspecting Garou on their home territory.

Many natives became possessed by these demons, and tore the tribes apart with inner strife. They became renegades and sought to numb their sorrow by becoming recklessly violent. The gashes upon the natives' souls were so deep that they helped destroy their own people.

Disease Spirits

Even this was not enough to stop some Pure One tribes. They took vows against the "demon rum" and swore to fight the hordes that invaded their home and stole their lands. The two remaining native Garou tribes forged pacts with their hated European kin to present a unified front to the aggressor. They taught the natives great secrets and helped them fight running battles against the invaders. The Pure Ones returned to the ancient ways and revived their

ancient mystical rites that granted them wholeness in combat.

Their Ghost Shirts let them partially phase into the Umbra, where they rode around enemy bullets. They learned to use the Umbra to their benefit, cloaking them until they were ready to attack their larger foe, and then vanishing again after the enemy recovered from the shock and rallied. These hit-and-run guerrilla tactics worked beautifully, and Gaia's worshippers were poised to stop the expansion.

After some spectacular defeats, and the destruction of some powerful Wyrms entities at the hands of the Gaia worshippers, the Wyrms agents avoided the battlefield and left their settler pawns to take the brunt of the native wrath. Though the news was kept from the settlers, the natives were readying to halt the expansion and create vast tracts of land under Gaia's protection.

The Wyrms was further distracted by the eruption of the Civil War. The war was the culmination of centuries of Wyrms plotting, and the Wyrms relished the agony it produced, but the Civil War also diverted the attention of the Wyrms's agents and pawns. While the Wyrms's minions attended to matters like draft riots in New York, the Pure Ones had more time to solidify their holdings, which were mostly in the northern territories.

To stop the reassertion of Gaia's power, the Wyrms concocted another betrayal. Wyrms agents within the U.S. government launched the first germ warfare assault in American history. They knew that smallpox was deadly to many natives, and arranged for smallpox-infested blankets to be sent from disease-ridden Civil War hospitals to the natives setting up their defenses in the cold northern regions.

The effects were immediate and devastating. The Pure Ones died in droves as the Garou howled in their helplessness and rage. Wyrms demons of disease circled their homelands, and blighted everything they touched. Many Garou perished fighting these malevolent spirits. Far more Pure Ones died.

Dissolution

Slowly the Pure Ones realized they were doomed. They fell into a deep state of perpetual mourning as they watched their civilizations fall apart under the crushing onslaught. Organized governmental regiments systematically hunted down and killed entire tribes, and force-marched unresisting survivors to barren stretches of useless land. These desolate areas were selected by the Seventh Generation, and were devoid of natural resources, Gaian energy or sacred sites. The exiled Pure Ones were forbidden to leave the wastelands and return to their homelands, and they were also forbidden to visit their sacred sites.

The Wyrms's minions built forts and war monuments on some of the sites, in order to poison the well of Gaian energy and reverse the flow of geomantic magic. This gave the Wyrms greater power and sickened the environment.

The tattered bands of Pure Ones are now scattered across the once-Pure Land, forbidden to teach the ancient ways of healing to their young. Many think their culture is doomed to extinction. The hour of Apocalypse is at hand,

Colonial Resistance to the Wyrms in New York

The Wyrms launched a two-pronged assault on the New World. While its supernatural minions assaulted the Garou and the spirits that served Gaia, its mortal minions and pawns strove to keep the human population wounded, fearful and rife with corruption. But that proved a very difficult task. Free from Europe's stifling restrictions, and heady with the spiritually and physically clear environment of the New World, many colonists turned their backs on the old ways. The Age of Enlightenment, begun in Europe, questioned many fundamental assumptions that provided steady power to the Wyrms.

The philosophers of the Enlightenment questioned the ability of anyone to wield absolute power and not be corrupted by it. They questioned the wisdom of allowing an elite few to control the tremendous resources of the land. They promoted the somewhat heretical notion that all men were created equal.

In the stifling, Wyrms-ridden courts of Europe, these ideas seldom got past the stage of impassioned discussions. In the rarefied air of the New World, however, anything seemed possible — including a new way of life, in which men wielded power only with the consent of those over whom they presided, and could be held accountable if their exercise of power transgressed the inviolable rights of anyone.

These were radical ideas, and they frightened the Wyrms' minions as much as they excited the men who proposed them.

The Wyrms infiltrated the hearts of powerful men in the colonies, many of whom sold their loyalty cheaply indeed. In many colonies they kept the people in lock-step, fearful of strangers, hateful to the natives, and willing to submerge their interests, rights and wills to powerful tyrants.

New York was not one of these places. Its cosmopolitan heritage bestowed upon the city a tolerance and level of cooperation unknown in many other colonies.

In 1683, New Yorkers solidified their belief in a Bill of Rights, which made freedom of religion and trial by jury the laws of the land. King James II lashed back and revoked the charter, but when he was toppled in 1688, the New Yorkers resumed their rights. A few clever Black Furies and their human allies launched a popular rebellion calling for a fully representative government. This revolution was cruelly put down, but it sowed seeds of the greater rebellion to come.



As Gaia's ideals flourished in New York, the members of the League of Five Nations pressed their case. They insisted that all men treat each other like brothers, and people of Old and New Worlds learn to live as equals and partners. The Wyrms' minions were furious at this assertion, and rejected it. But the free-thinking New Yorkers, heavily influenced by transplanted European Garou, agreed. In 1687, they forced King James II to grant the tribesmen equal status and protection under law as full subjects of the realm. It was an unprecedented move that would benefit New Yorkers in many ways,

The natives were free to concentrate their attacks on Wym-dominated French settlements that housed Wym creatures. The French military governor of Canada lashed back by slaughtering the entire English town of Schenectady. Cooperation between the New Yorkers and the natives was instrumental in beating back Wym aggression during the French and Indian Wars. This alliance would later help build the American Revolution.

Free Communication

"Ill-Minded and Dissaffected Persons have lately dispersed in the city of New-York, and divers other Places, several Scandalous and Seditious Libels, but more particularly two Printed Scandalous Songs or Ballads... tending greatly to inflame the Minds of His Majesty's good Subjects, and to disturb the Publick Peace."

— William Cosby, ruling governor of New York, 1734

The Wym met staunch resistance from many disparate sources in New York, and was unable to take control. The Garou, the Pure Ones, and Gaia's spirit followers had a strong, quiet impact on the thinking of the New Yorkers.

The rule of the English kings was tainted with Wym corruption, and many New Yorkers shared the Gaian vision of a unified people in control of their own destinies. They banded together to criticize and resist their monarch's improper exercise of absolute power.

When these men of conscience printed their complaints in the four-page *New-York Weekly Journal*, the Wym did nothing. When they publicized their complaints in song, however, the Wym lashed back. Powerful Wym minions in the Seventh Generation secret society used their high connections in the ruling governor's office to persecute the offenders. The Wym's minions knew that newspapers have limited circulation, but that songs can rouse a nation.

Using a rigged trial, the Seventh Generation prepared to sentence John Zenger, a printer, for "seditious libel," a very serious offense in colonial America. Furthermore, the cult used powerful spells to incline the jury toward the prosecution, and sent thugs to harass all those who backed the publisher. But two very different forces of Gaia came to Zenger's rescue.

The Garou of the Glass Walker tribe had been acclimating themselves to the city of New York for some time, and saw the trial as a great opportunity to hurt the Wym. Though they did not know of the Seventh Generation's powers, they did know that forces of the Wym were mobilizing. They used earth magic to free the minds of the jury, and tore into the thugs with tooth and nail. Regrettably, they lacked the sophistication to further affect the trial.

But former attorney general Andrew Hamilton came to New York to speak on behalf of the radical notions of freedom of expression and freedom of the press. These notions of openness and freedom of thought touched the human core of each jury member. It took them 10 minutes to find Zenger innocent. This simple act sent off a pulse throughout the colonies that would erupt in the Shockwave of the American Revolution. Governor Morris would later recall it as "the germ of American freedom, the morning star of liberty which subsequently revolutionized America."

When the Revolution came, a third of its battles were fought in New York, and New Yorkers won many of the most decisive victories. This holy ground consecrated the new democracy in America. New York City served as the first U.S. capital, before the seat of government was moved to Philadelphia.

The openness and tolerance that characterized New York served as a beacon to the people of Europe, and they flocked to New York. By 1825, New York was first in the new nation, in population, trade and agriculture.

The Garou vs. the Wym

The Garou lost all ability to control the size of the human population, and then lost the desire to do so. Only the Red Talons desired a return to the Impergium; indeed, they wished to tear into the city on a massive scale. Because of their distrust of men, however, they were the last Garou to arrive in the New World, and had the least influence,

The Wym repeatedly tried to taint the people, and its minions concentrated on dragging down the happy and prosperous city. When they failed through governmental means, they tried to divide the city along class lines, pitting rich against poor.

Agents of the Wym stirred up hatred among the many groups crowding into the city, and sparked the draft riots of the Civil War. After the war, the Wym tore the city apart along racial lines, and used the old-boy network in city business and politics to stop the rise of women's suffrage.

Despite this, New York did not collapse into chaos. Men and Garou of good conscience worked together to keep the city alive and healthy. Hiawatha's distinctly American dream would again blossom.



Chapter Two: Geography

*From Ottawa to Albany the story is the same,
The governments continue four hundred years of shame,
Though they call it progress, genocide's the name,
In the land of the Cree people.
Grandfather, hear my cry,
From the Earth, our Mother to the Sky
How many of my family will have to die,
Before they're satisfied?*

— Magpie, "Land of the Cree People"

The Garou do not accept the conventional boundaries drawn by homid governments and Cainite manipulators. Instead, their view of the world is based on their tribal protectorates and holy sites. If a territory is dominated by another power group, the Garou see it only as a blight on their protectorate. This includes human cities, Wyrmtainted pollution sites, faerie compounds, haunted chambers, and vampire havens.

The Garou seldom have the patience to make fine distinctions, like those between American government areas and Canadian government sites, or Camarilla havens and Sabbatrefuges. Unless there is a clear functional difference (like two sides actively warring on one another) the Garou find it irritating to have to keep up with such fine points.

They see the areas of the state of New York (and all lands) as a series of protectorates. These areas are not established like homid territories, which tend to surround cities. Rather, these areas tend to extend around open spaces, with cities along the borders. Since the Garou often dislike water travel, rivers and lakes also form boundaries. They are usually named for natural formations, like moun-

tains, valleys, rivers, lakes and plains. The only exception is New York City itself, which has no major natural formations (and is not considered a protectorate by many Garou).

There are five Garou protectorates in New York: the North Country, the Catskill Mountains, Niagara, the Finger Lakes and New York City (which includes Long Island and part of Jersey City, New Jersey). A large part of southwestern New York is part of a Pennsylvania protectorate.

The North Country Protectorate

Most of upstate New York is dominated by the huge Adirondack Park, the biggest park in the continental U.S. The North Country is bordered by Canada to the north, Vermont to the east, and Lake Ontario to the west. The St. Lawrence River divides the land from Canada, and is the setting for the spectacular Thousand Islands.

Most of this stunningly beautiful land is filled with breathtaking forests, sparkling rivers, vast wilderness, and the tallest mountains in New York. These mountains house the great Caern of the Sentinel.

The North Country area was torn with bloodshed during the Revolutionary War, and Garou tribes continue that bloody tradition today, as Get of Fenris, Shadow Lords and Uktena skirmish over the Caern of the Sentinel, Angry Wendigos and Red Talons stalk the northern border, adding instability to a dangerous region. (The Wendigo tribe, which makes its home in Canada, calls this region the Adirondack Protectorate rather than the North Country Protectorate. To them, the real North Country is Newfoundland.)

In addition to the tribal packs, multitribal packs, such as the Black Axe Pack and the Saranac Stranglers, range over the Adirondacks and parts of southern Canada. The Black Axes have a base in the Black River and the Saranac Stranglers can be found near the Saranac River, though the Get of Fenris claims this site and contests the Stranglers' use of it.

There are other supernatural entities here as well. Wyrms spirits scream through deep gorges, and Black Spiral Dancers lurk far beneath the mountains in a network of secret caverns and tunnels. The Garou seldom organize their tribes to fight their mutual enemies.

Deep in the waters of Lake Champlain, a monster dwells, Similar to the Loch Ness Monster, "Champy," as the locals

call it, is only sighted occasionally, and proof of its existence is still wanting. It is in fact one of the Great Beasts. It sometimes swims from its Umbral Glen into the physical lake, where it can be seen by humans. Bull Roarer, the chieftain of the Uktena, can summon it through the Umbral passageways to the Niagara River with his Gift.

One hundred years ago, at the end of the 19th century, a group of Garou Kinfolk fought to stop the destructive exploitation and rampant development of the North Country, which had killed all the natural wolves. They created legislation called the "Forever Wild" statute, which prescribed measures for preserving the natural character and beauty of the place. Lumber and mining have since dried up, leaving the place wild and free for tourists and Garou alike. Many nearly extinct species are on the road to recovery because of Forever Wild. Whitetail deer, moose, black bear and salmon are all staging a comeback here, though the wolves and big cats have been utterly eliminated. The Garou tribes put aside their infighting and are of one mind on this: the remaining species must be preserved.

The city of Utica is on the southern fringe of the North Country Protectorate, and Schenectady, Albany and Troy are in the extreme southeast part of the area. The Garou tribes of the North Country sometimes send packs to these human cities to clean up Wyrms sites, but they do not maintain any real ongoing presence in these cities. The multitribal packs regularly visit the cities in homid form, and keep up on the latest news from the humans.

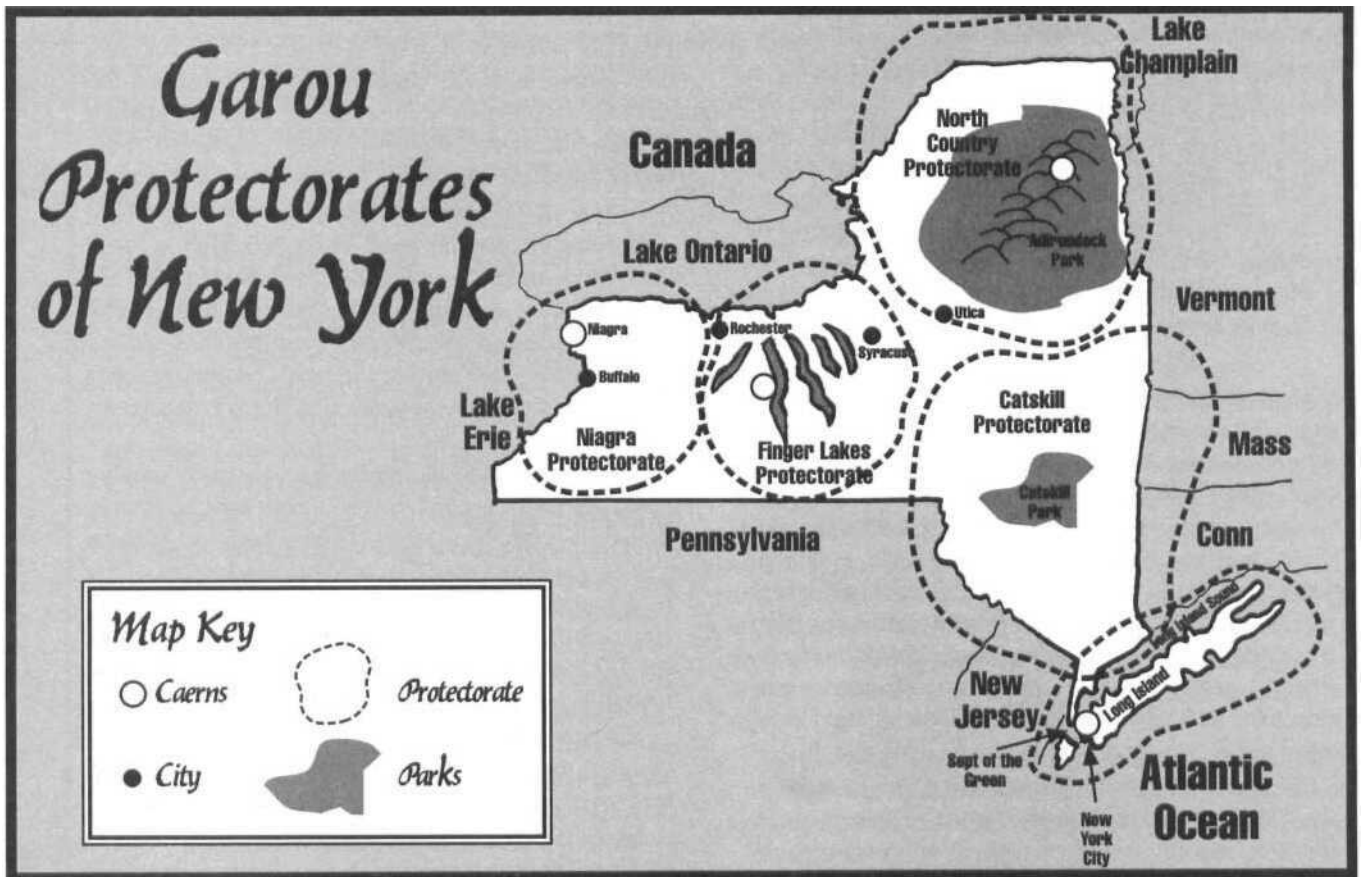
The Catskill Mountains Protectorate

The Catskill Protectorate stretches from the Hudson River Valley to Syracuse, and is dominated by the Catskill Mountains, Catskill Park, and the lush Hudson River Valley. New England is to the east and New Jersey is to the southwest. New York City lies to the south.

Homids view the Catskills primarily as a resort and hunting area. The Garou know the Catskills to be a place of power dominated by an enclave of faeries. The faeries do not usually menace Garou as long as the Garou stay far from their territory, which is near Woodstock. The Garou covet the faerie land, since it is a power site that could be a caern, but they have never mounted a full-scale assault to take it.

Few Garou live in the Catskills. A strange Stargazer operates an observatory on the highest peaks, and once in a rare while hosts a Stargazer revel. The mysterious Silent Striders maintain a meeting site down in the Hudson River Valley. No one can say why the two most reclusive Garou tribes are drawn to the area, but it may have to do with the abundant faerie magics there. The multitribal Blood Rover pack ranges freely through the territory, sometimes heading into New York City. The pack is rumored to have





connections to the faeries. There are Fianna in the lower Hudson area, away from the domain of the faeries.

The cities of Troy, Albany and Schenectady are on the northern border of this area. The Erie Canal reaches the Hudson River near Troy and Albany, connecting New York City to Lake Ontario, Lake Erie, and the rest of the western United States.

The Niagara Protectorate

The Niagara area is dominated by the spectacular U.S.-Canadian waterfalls. This powerful spot is the site of a nearby caern, the Caern of the White Water. It is tended by a sept headed by Uktena and Fianna. Uktena Kinfolk natives from the nearby Tuscarora Reservation help the Uktena tend the sept. Though new packs often spring up around this sept, there are currently no multitribal packs based in the Niagara Protectorate.

The agents of the Wyrms have repeatedly tried to stifle the Falls' power over the human imagination. Despite multiple attempts to restrict homids' view of the Falls and take over the caern, the Wyrms have never been successful. The breathtaking beauty of the Falls remains an enduring symbol of Gaia's power to inspire love and courage. Daredevils hurtle themselves over the edge, and lovers take a much more courageous plunge by marrying here.

This protectorate is bordered by Lake Ontario to the north, Canada to the east, and Pennsylvania to the south,

and includes the city of Buffalo. The Erie Canal, which connects Buffalo and Lake Erie to New York City and the Atlantic Ocean, terminates here. The Fianna tribe maintains an ongoing presence in the city of Buffalo.

The Finger Lakes Protectorate

The Finger Lakes area is one of the most mysterious places on the East Coast, and is the holiest place in New York. This beautiful region is blessed by five deep, blue lakes that form the shape of a delicate handprint, and five lesser lakes near them. These incredibly deep glacial lakes are unique geological structures, and their waters are so pure the homids of the Finger Lakes region use them for drinking water without filtering or treatment. The Garou say that the lakes are areas where Gaia reached down and scooped the Wyrms out of the land. Since then, the area has had a mystical nature, and has always attracted spiritual people. Some just came for power, but many stayed to do Gaia's work.

The great Hiawatha had a vision here. This vision led to the creation of the Council of Five Nations, which Hiawatha dedicated to a democratic form of government that respected women's rights and the equality of all men. Frederick Douglass was drawn to the Finger Lakes to publish his newspaper, the *North Star*, and advocate equality. Harriet

Heaven

*I think I'll go to heaven,
There I will lay me down.
Leave all the pain behind me,
Bury it in the ground.
Oh, maybe I am too simple.
Maybe I am too wise.
Maybe I'll go to Heaven,
Heaven is in your eyes.*

- Julie Gold, "Heaven"

Heaven is not a real geographical place, but a code name for an underground railroad which transports children escaping abuse. It comprises a roving chain of safe houses across the U.S., Mexico, and Canada. Heaven also exists on the road, in cars, trucks, mobile homes and campers. Heaven is organized by Loba Carcassone, the Silver Fang protectress, and her Heaven pack. It is staffed by a few of her homid Kinfolk, as well as hundreds of former victims of severe child abuse and others sympathetic to the cause. They volunteer to put their lives and safety on the line to defend children's rights and safety.

They offer refuge to parents and children fleeing abusive spouses and mothers forced to kidnap their children from abusive husbands who win custody vic-

tories from corrupt or antiquated judges. Their main function, however, is to provide safe havens for children pulled from the clutches of the Wyrms and the Seventh Generation torturers, and begin a lifelong healing process that requires physical, emotional, spiritual and magical support. Children who lack this healing will grow up to become as corrupt as their tormentors.

The hosts of Heaven have strong defenders to battle the Wyrms, magical charms to throw hunters off the scent, spells to ease the psychic pain of children who have experienced the Wyrms' tortures, and skilled counselors who can nurture children's resilient psyches and enable them to grow again after the Wyrms' depredations,

Heaven's main headquarters is a constantly moving camp that roves around the New York area and sometimes strays into New Jersey, Connecticut and Canada. The Silver Fang Loba Carcassone spends most of her time making the rounds of the organization's North American safe sites to coordinate their activities, but she always returns to the Finger Lakes base camp to restore her energies,

Her associates are all prepared to die to defend the children, and many have. Only through the very highest level of sacrifice can they keep the children safe.

Heaven is also a power group, and is listed in Chapter Three.

Tubman made her home here, and used the area as an important part of the Underground Railroad. Hundreds of slaves passed through this region on their way to freedom. Susan B. Anthony came here to lead the fight for women's suffrage and hold the first Women's Rights Convention. Seneca Falls, site of the Seneca Women's Lodge and birthplace of the women's rights movement, is now the site of the National Women's Hall of Fame. The Oneida started their peaceful community here, near the Oneida River. Joseph Smith had a mystical vision at this spot, a vision that he used as the basis for his Mormon Church. Mark Twain called the place "the garden of Eden," and spent many happy years near the Finger Lakes. Here he wrote some of his greatest stories.

The secret behind this recurring pattern of inspiration is a great caern, the Caern of the Hand of Gaia. When the Garou first came to the New World, the Wendigo, Uktena and Croatan shamans celebrated the sanctity of the Finger Lakes region by building a great caern and worshipping the spirits of the land. Unfortunately, the shrine came under heavy assault by invader Wyrms' minions and Black Spiral Dancers,

The Garou temporarily lost control of the shrine, but a multitribal force headed by the Children of Gaia reclaimed it, and has protected the caern ever since. The New York

Children of Gaia packs now make their home in the Finger Lakes region, living among the pastoral peaks and valleys that separate the spectacular lakes. The Black Furies proved invaluable in deciphering and interpreting the spirit of the caern, and have also made their home here. The multitribal pack Wood Riot dwells here as well, and the nomadic multitribal pack Heaven returns here more often than anywhere else.

The natural power of this land displays itself in many ways, from the spectacular local flowers and wine, to the modern Underground Railroad called Heaven, to the groundbreaking way the city of Rochester (a large city on Lake Ontario, just north of the Finger Lakes, and within the sphere of influence of the caern) guarantees the health of all its citizens.

Under the gentle guidance of caern spirits and Children of Gaia Kinfolk, the people of Rochester worked out an extraordinary health plan for every citizen. They control costs, insure every person, and make sure the system can pay for itself. Despite Wyrms-backed interference, the twin philosophies of equality and healing remain uppermost in the public mind.

Their Gaia-inspired work is now the envy of other communities, who used to insist that not everyone could get health care, and that many people inevitably had to be left

behind, unhealed and unhealthy. The Rochester plan now serves as a model for the rest of the homid nation. The members of the Sept of the Hand of Gaia point to this accomplishment with pride. The sept maintains a small group of Garou in both Rochester and Syracuse, and has built a rapport with both local citizen's groups and city government.

New York City

To most homid inhabitants, New York City is a powerful, dramatic, exciting place to live. To most Garou it is a toxic waste dump long overdue for destruction and renovation. Garou know that the city is a testimony to the vanity and arrogance of the homids, but do not realize it is also a monument to their ingenuity and craft.

Most Garou do not recognize the valuable, life-affirming properties of the city. The werewolves (with the exception of the Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers) see New York City as a Wyrms abomination: the largest and most dangerous Hellhole in the world. Most Garou believe open space creates freedom, while confinement creates hell on earth. The state's Garou refer to New York City as "The City," and they say the words as distastefully as they can.

New York City still stands as the Weaver's greatest achievement on Earth. It embodies the most diverse pattern woven into the smallest area. It is ironic, then, that part of the city's strength was forged by the forces of the Wyld. Even today, vast, green, growing areas burst impudently through the concrete and glass. Many of these areas, like Central Park in Manhattan, are powerful spells woven from the essences of plants and trees; these areas refreshen, purify and recycle New York City's spiritual energy. Just as a wetland purifies both air and groundwater in the physical environment, the parks and gardens purify the domain of the soul. They keep the city from completely falling to corruption, mayhem and decay, despite the constant assault of the Wyrms on both the physical body of the city and the spiritual bodies of its inhabitants.

New York City is a world of extremes. It soars to perilous heights with offices and apartments that scrape the sky, and plunges to impossible depths with a multilayered subterranean maze of subways and utility caverns winding through the bedrock far beneath the city streets. Pentex officials plotting in towering penthouses to Black Spiral Dancers infesting the deepest maintenance tunnels: all are aspects of the Wyrms cancer that slithers throughout the city. To combat so resourceful a foe, the Garou must adapt to the times.

The first thing infiltrating Garou must master is the task of speaking like natives. Garou of lupus stock often have difficulty communicating with homids, and sometimes sound like rustic country bumpkins. Even Garou of homid stock have trouble communicating with humans. Since they are plucked from mortal society during their early teens and sent to live in the wild, their speech is often

stunted and their reading skills underdeveloped. Silence and body language are emphasized in the wild, and basic speech suffers for it. The Glass Walker tribe alone stays in close proximity with homids, and keeps abreast of changes in the language, whereas a Get of Fenris trying to obtain maps of secret Pentex drilling sites may be completely stymied by an informant's offer to fax him the documents. The Bone Gnawers spend enough time among homids to decipher new changes in speech, but they don't speak with humans enough to develop strong speech skills.

Manhattan

Manhattan Island is the nexus for all activity in the city. Though their residents might not agree, the other boroughs are mere satellites of the exhilarating power and majesty of the main island. New York City is the heart of New York, Manhattan is the heart of New York City, and to the Garou, Central Park is the heart of Manhattan. From their verdant nest, the Garou of the Sept of the Green field all challenges to Garou supremacy. Outside this oasis of sanity and peace, the city is a loud, dirty and punishing place to live. The Wyrms is winning here, as people coarsen their hearts to survive.

But the battle is not completely one-sided. The Statue of Liberty, towering from its island off the southern tip of Manhattan, stands as a testimony to the power of tolerance and cooperation. In the United Nations Building, on the east side of Manhattan just below Central Park, diplomats from all over the world try to live that spirit and create consensus with their fellow humans. Other soaring achievements, such as New York's staggering array of well-stocked museums, its great universities, and its architectural marvels like the Empire State Building and Brooklyn Bridge, all pay tribute to the triumph of the human spirit.

Still, the power of the Wyrms is considerable. Agents of the Wyrms have turned whole pockets of the World Trade Center into Wyrms strongholds, and no Garou dares venture in them. The tunnels that intersect the subways and run below the utility corridors are infested with Black Spiral Dancers, who only come out on raids.

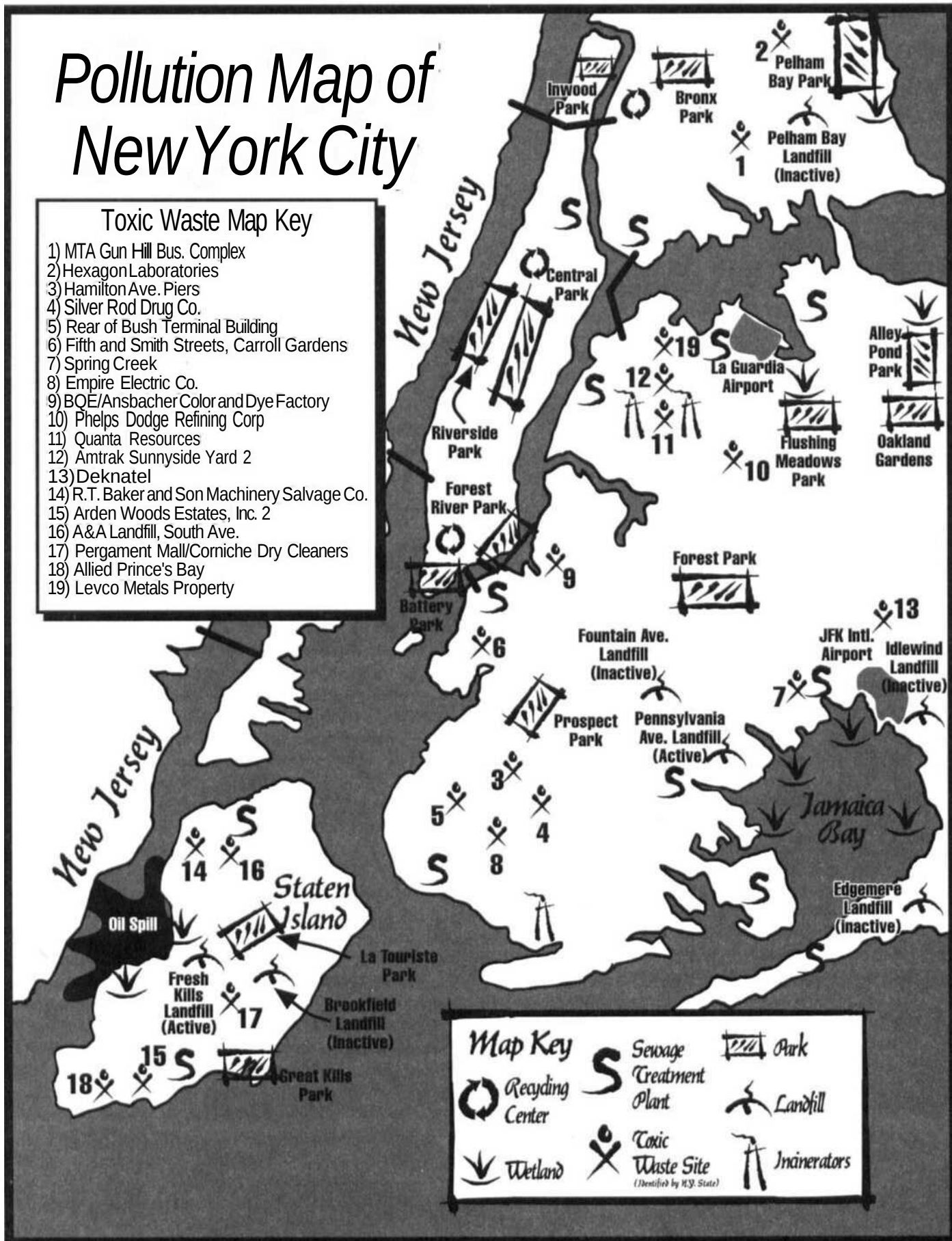
Much of the city is a stark contrast between crushing poverty and gilded opulence. Tensions over wealth and survival rock the financial capital of the world to its core. The very poor and the very rich both struggle for pennies: one fights to gain some, and the other fights to keep from losing any. There is no resolution in sight.

The Wyrms seeks to subvert the noblest works of man. The art world is filled with glorious expressions of the full range of human emotion, but it is also rotten with vampires and Wyrms beasts out to subvert and destroy the very artists who struggle to hold a mirror to the soul of their species. The music scene and theatre world are similarly afflicted, as the Wyrms attempts to annihilate the noblest expressions of humanity. The New York club scene, where homids go to revel in their humanity and celebrate their community, is

Pollution Map of New York City

Toxic Waste Map Key

- 1) MTA Gun Hill Bus. Complex
- 2) Hexagon Laboratories
- 3) Hamilton Ave. Piers
- 4) Silver Rod Drug Co.
- 5) Rear of Bush Terminal Building
- 6) Fifth and Smith Streets, Carroll Gardens
- 7) Spring Creek
- 8) Empire Electric Co.
- 9) BQE/Ansbacher Color and Dye Factory
- 10) Phelps Dodge Refining Corp
- 11) Quanta Resources
- 12) Amtrak Sunnyside Yard 2
- 13) Deknatel
- 14) R.T. Baker and Son Machinery Salvage Co.
- 15) Arden Woods Estates, Inc. 2
- 16) A&A Landfill, South Ave.
- 17) Pergament Mall/Corniche Dry Cleaners
- 18) Allied Prince's Bay
- 19) Levco Metals Property



Map Key

Recycling Center

Wetland

Sewage Treatment Plant

Toxic Waste Site (Identified by N.Y. State)

Park

Landfill

Incinerators

likewise infiltrated by minions of the Wyrms, who seek to transform joy into depravity and misery.

New York City Pollution

Oh, tell me again, I need to know.

The forest had trees, the meadows were green

The oceans were blue, and birds really flew,

And you swear that was true?

—Tom Paxton, "Whose Garden Was This?"

After the Garou Kinfolk plotted to create the first Earth Day in 1970, the *New York Times* crowned New York City the "pollution capital of the world." Since that time, New Yorkers have rallied to clean up their rotting city, and have succeeded in great measure. New York Harbor is reviving from PCB contamination. Drinking water is again fresh. There are more birds and safer beaches. Even the air is improving. But though New Yorkers have won some crucial skirmishes, they are losing the war — and they know it.

Here are some specific sites where the Wyrms lurks and pollution thrives. See the Pollution Map of New York City.

Garbage

New York has a nightmarish problem with garbage. Every day New York City alone regurgitates a staggering 54 million pounds of garbage. A total of 34 million tons has been dumped on one site — the Fresh Kills landfill on the western shore of Staten Island. This problem was highlighted by the garbage scow that had to float for weeks before it could find a dump site that would take its load. A recycling law was passed despite powerful opposition by industry officials and Wyrms agents, but will not go into effect until 1994. The Wyrms' minions are already planning to sabotage it. So trash is still dumped or incinerated. The incinerators create a second hazard: air pollution.

These dump sites are noxious, disease-infested mountains of garbage. They are filthy with rats, carrion birds and Wyrms creatures. The incinerators produce huge, billowing clouds of noxious black ash that settle over the buildings like dark shrouds, smearing everything in their vicinity with black, chalky grit or gray, greasy oil.

Trash Skrags

The dumps are haunted by vicious Trash Skrags. They are humans possessed by Wyrms beings that enter Earth's plane through the landfill, which is a wound on Gaia's body. They look like hideously deformed street people, but are composed of rotting meat and covered with tiny maggots that burrow in and out of their lesion-encrusted flesh. They lurk around dump sites and attack passersby. Like all such creatures, they serve the Wyrms, and are sent out as killers on special missions.

Rage: 10, Willpower: 6, Gnosis: 4, Power: 40

Charms: Possession, Incite Frenzy, Infest. (Trash Skrag leaders also have the Gifts of Quicksand and Avalanche,

usable only in garbage dumps.) Power Cost is 2 for each "gift"

Special: Every time a Garou **succeeds** in a bite attack on a Trash Skrag, she gets a mouthful of poison, which causes a Disquiet Gift effect on the Garou. (Roll five dice vs. the Garou's Willpower each time she succeeds with a bite.)

Quote: "Come! Come taste my rotting flesh, dog-breath. Your kind likes to eat putrid old bones and maggots meat! Come taste this ripe and tender thigh meat! Eat your stinking fill!"

Ash Skrags

When garbage is burned, Trash Skrags transmute themselves into Ash Skrags.

Rage: 10, Willpower: 6, Gnosis: 4, Power: 40

Charms: Possession, Incite Frenzy, Venom Blood, Body Wrack, Fog of Ash (like the Curse of Aeolus, but this gift creates a thick cloud of ash and black dust through which Garou cannot see. Adaptation negates the effects of this gift.). Power Cost is 2 for each "gift."

Quote: "We're really Trash Skrags, nice, clean wolf! We just burns off two little letters to becomes Ash Skrags. Ain't that a kick in the head? Let me shows you!"

Sewage

New York's sewers are actually a brilliant engineering triumph. They properly separate and treat the raw sewage before the final waste water is dumped. Unfortunately, the





system is now being overworked by the escalating population. The system works during dry weather. When it rains, however, tons of rainwater flood into the system and overload the sewers. The floodgates open and the untreated sewage spews into the local waterways. Because of the high concentrations of toxic metals from factories and chemical plants, the sewage cannot be recycled into compost.

Water Pollution

For many years, two General Electric plants near Albany dumped huge amounts of highly carcinogenic PCBs into the Hudson.

The PCBs mostly stayed near the dump sites until minions of the Wyrms arranged for the removal of the Fort Edward Dam, which spilled the PCBs directly into the lower Hudson. The area was so deadly that mariners deliberately brought their boats here so the toxins in the water would kill the marine borers destroying the hulls of their boats. Under great pressure from Garou Kinfolk and their homid allies, New York finally stopped the plants from dumping.

Since then, the river has improved, but a massive cleanup is still ahead. Fish have become highly contaminated, greatly decreasing New York's fishing industry and putting unknown amounts of potent carcinogens in the mouths

of countless New Yorkers. The Hudson is further polluted by raw sewage and toxic waste dumps.

There are rumors of many foul things lurking in the New York City waterways and sewers, including piranha-fomori and huge, Bane-ridden alligators. These things have found their way into local homid folklore, and there may actually be a truth behind the urban legends.

Drinking Water

Although some lakes in the state are so clean the city pipes water directly from them into homes, New York City's drinking water has been reviled around the world for its foulness. Now, however, the city's water is among the purest in the nation, superior in taste to many name-brand bottled waters. It comes directly from the Catskill and Delaware water reservoirs. Unfortunately, this situation may not last, for as the areas around the reservoirs are developed, contaminants spill into the water.

The biggest threat to the water supply, however, is the swollen population of New York. As more people fill the city and resist conserving water, it becomes increasingly likely that New York will have to use the polluted Hudson for drinking water. The Wyrms' minions love the prospect of that, since they could easily subvert the costly disinfecting system, destroy the fragile ecological balance of the river, and pour vast amounts of tainted water down the throats of trapped New Yorkers.

Oil Spills

A major oil spill in Arthur Kill, Staten Island devastated the local waterway. The oxygen levels in the water became too low to support life, and an eleven-mile stretch of river became a desolate, lifeless wasteland. The area between Staten Island and New Jersey became a major breeding area for Wyrms creatures like Oil Banes.

Several Pentex refineries in Brooklyn and New York have been bleeding toxic oils under the streets of the city. This slow seepage has taken its toll, and now Brooklyn and Queens are floating on a sea of slime. This slime occasionally bubbles to the surface, and unfortunate humans who contact it are turned into fomori. The slime is slowly gaining sentience as an undiluted manifestation of the Wyrms on Earth, and is now a nexus crawler with a Power of 80. The area is in direct connection to a portion of the Umbra controlled by the Wyrms.

Oil Bane

These Banes float in the Umbra near oil spill sites or refineries. They must possess someone to operate in the physical realm; they usually choose refinery workers or even oil-drenched animals. When possession is complete, oil from the Umbra entirely covers the possessed person. If the Bane leaves (or is chased away), the possessed person returns to normal, but may become deranged when witnessing oil-spill disasters.

Rage: 7, Willpower: 5, Gnosis: 4, Power: 40

Charms: Possession, Venom Blood, Body Wrack, Open Wounds. Power Cost is 2 for each "Gift."

Image: A short humanoid or animal covered in brackish oil and dripping sludge.

Toxic Sites

There are two dozen officially identified toxic waste sites in New York City alone, and many more are still undiscovered. These toxins taint an area, causing it to be more receptive to the Wyrms. Many Wyrms creatures cannot live outside these desolate areas, but inside they breed and grow strong.

There are countless varieties of poisons here, from leachate (a fluid leaked by garbage dumps) to paint solvent to radium. Infant mortality and child leukemia are higher near these areas, though the government denies the connection. Parasite and tumor fomori lurk near these sites, killing and maiming.

"New York City looms high above us, a towering indictment of our monumental failure. The failure called the Impergium. Eight million people stacked upon one another higher and higher like dry-rot wormfood cordwood, scuttling over one another like a nest of roaches, clawing and ripping the weak apart over crumbs and less than crumbs."

"We watch rampant overbreeding befoul streets, contaminate rivers, pollute minds and defile souls. The alleys are awash in tainted blood, filling up the choked gutters, flooding over onto the grime-encrusted, traffic-choked boulevards, leaving the streets dirtier than before. We created suspicion, fear, hate and madness in the minds of men. And I weep for them."

"In their overzealous pursuit of the Impergium, our ancestors created a world they could never have foreseen. Those grizzled wolves that spat with rage at the sight of an extra baby in a homid tribe would be struck blind to see the paralyzing eruption of population."

"Mankind is a ticking time bomb of a race, and the real explosion has not yet occurred. But it shall erupt very soon, and rock this poor, suffering world to the core. I weep for us. Unless our young are more clever than their forebears, the City shows us we are food for the Wyrms."

—Kydo Mirror-Lake, Uktena

Air Pollution

Since Congress passed the Clean Air Act in 1970, New York's air has improved dramatically. Nonetheless, it still has a long way to go to be considered truly clean. Lead is out of the air, but carbon monoxide, sulfur dioxide, nitrogen dioxide, ozone and soot abound. The worst problem is ozone, one of the major components of smog. As long as gas and diesel vehicles clog the streets, the air over the city will be choked with pollution.

A new form of air pollution has cropped up in sealed office buildings, as toxins in carpets, insulation and building materials coagulate in the air and cause "sick building syndrome."

Wildlife Destruction

Every year the Garou howl in mourning for the loss of more species of animals and plants. As New York City's few wilderness areas vanish, and migrating birds try to land in the Arthur Kill oil spill, animals die horrible deaths that feed the Wyrms' love of anguish. The only animal that prospers in these conditions is the rat. There is one rat for every person in New York City, and the rat population is growing faster than that of the people.



Chapter Three: Power Groups and Characters

The Garou

The Hole in the Soul

The two remaining native Garou tribes bear deep spiritual wounds from their experiences in the New World. The Wendigo and Uktena tribes hold themselves responsible for the loss of the entire Croatan tribe, and feel as if a third of their spirit body is dead.

The three tribes that came to the New World on Gaia's land bridge formed bonds stronger than life itself during their passage. They purified themselves as the homids did, and became bound to one another. Despite their differences, they became one people, far closer than any other tribes of Garou. Just like the homid Pure Ones with whom they traveled, they became one in many ways — physical as well as spiritual. For example, their jaw and fang arrangements contain striking similarities unknown among the Old World tribes. The Pure Ones also have a unique tooth structure among men. The Garou of the Uktena and Wendigo tribes always have Type O blood, regardless of the lines of homid or wolf with which they breed. Similarly, all Pure Ones have Type O blood. These features are results of their journey to the New World: a journey that had a reality-altering effect on them all, and bound the three tribes together.

But when the Croatan tribe was wiped out, the Uktena and Wendigo suffered a wound that stretches to the Umbra and back. They are in constant psychic pain from the loss. The Garou from the New World are oblivious to this inner wound, and see the two native tribes as sullen, self-pitying, ineffectual isolationists who are too prone to the frightening despair of Harano.

Cruelty to Children

The Garou can be cruel to their young as well as to the homids, and sometimes unknowingly perpetuate the very horrors against which they fight. Some rites of passage are horrible experiences that violate the pups' trust and leave them scarred. Not all rites of passage betray the children. Originally they were all designed to be performed with love and respect for the pups. However, fear and selfishness caused many of the sacred coming-of-age rituals to be corrupted into dangerous, soul-scarring ordeals.

The same Wyrn-ridden fears that drive humans to commit atrocities upon their own children also lurk in the half-man/half-wolf souls of the Garou. The Wyrn cannot be driven from the Earth until it is purged from the hearts of Garou as well as the hearts of homids.

Black Furies

*No one's gonna hurt you,
No one's gonna dare,
Others can desert you —
Not to worry —
Whistle, I'll be there.
Demons are prowling
Everywhere,
Nowadays.
I'll send 'em howling,
I don't care —
I got ways.*

—Stephen Sondheim, "Not While I'm Around"

The Black Furies have long been drawn to the mystical energy of the Finger Lakes. They sought out the Caern of the Hand of Gaia, which the Uktena had just lost to the Wyrms. There are very few Black Furies in the world, but they hold the caern with a force beyond their numbers. From their sacred spot in the Finger Lakes, they work through their Kinfolk to spark a revolution in rights for women.

In the late 19th and early 20th centuries, the Furies defended great homid leaders of the women's movement and protected the early suffragettes from attack. Their Kinfolk told the leaders of this fledgling movement that they would be safe at the Finger Lakes, and the human women responded by holding their first meetings there, under the watchful eyes of the Black Furies, as the males of some other tribes grumbled under their breath.

The Furies have tirelessly guarded the Caern of the Hand of Gaia for 400 years, and many Furies have given their lives in its defense. It is a source of great joy and greater frustration to them that they feel the call of the Caern of the Hand of Gaia, but cannot understand its message. Priestesses of the Furies have deciphered bits of it, but all they know is that the Apocalypse is entering the world through homid children. This message terrifies them, and has made

them secretive and possessive about the shrine, for fear that the Get of Fenris or the Red Talons will launch an attack on mortal society. Because the repercussions of such an attack would be disastrous for Garou society, they risk closing the caern that they promised to keep open to all.

Some militant Furies are now openly agitating for closure of the shrine to all outsiders until the message can be deciphered. Moderates insist that the best shamans and Theurges from all tribes be invited to plumb the depths of the spirit's voice. The Children of Gaia are aware of the growing struggle, and counsel for the shrine's continued operation.

From what little the Black Furies have been able to decipher of the message from Life of the Nation, they realize that the homid medical community is helping to provoke the Apocalypse. They do not know the extent of the horror perpetrated by the Medical Caste of the Seventh Generation, but are on its trail. The Furies are eager for more information about the Seventh Generation, and will reward informants handsomely.

When the Furies begin to get a picture of the scope of the Seventh Generation, they will have a special stake in the fight against it. Their plan will revolve around subverting it from within. They will plan a propaganda war in homid form, to flush out the enemy, and an all-out attack in Crinos form.

There are only 17 Black Furies in the New York area. All but two are in the Sept of the Hand of Gaia. The other two are adjunct pack members of the Children of Gaia packs that are based in Rochester and Syracuse. The tribe is run by the old Alani Astarte. Her position is envied by Kula Wiseblood. Other important New York Black Furies include the Theurge veteran Nadya Zenobia, the very young Ragabash Oriel Paloma, and the ancient, enigmatic Philodox Flintnail Great-heart, who is suspected to be the oldest Garou in the New York area.

Alani Astarte

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Galliard

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5, Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 5, Empathy 5, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 2, Leadership 5, Stealth 3, Survival 4, Enigmas 4, Medicine 3, Occult 2, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 4, Kinfolk 3, Pure Breed 1

Gifts: Persuasion, Stare-down, Disquiet, Assimilation, Reduce Delirium, Call of the Wyld, Dream-speak, Assimilation, Shadows by the Firelight, Sense Wyrms, Curse of Aeolus, Coup De Grace, Body Wrack, The Thousand Forms

Rage 4, Gnosis 7, Willpower 8

Rank: 5

Renown: Glory 118,000; Honor 59,000; Wisdom 118,000

Rites: Rite of Contrition, Rite of the Opened Caern, Moot Rite, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of the Opened Bridge,



The Badger's Burrow, Rite of the Shrouded Glen, Gaia's Vengeful Teeth

Fetishes: Phoebe's Veil, Luna's Gossamer Thread (Level: 3, Gnosis; 5. A small spool of silver thread which can be tied as a tripwire before the entrance to a caern. The thread will split when any omen of danger threatens the caern or sept. It is then up to the Theurges to divine just what the danger is and send out a pack to divert it.)

Image: Alani is an old, tough-as-boots governess, with a gentle face that can become stern and stormy in an instant. Her glossy black fur has become somewhat faded with age, and the metallic silver highlights in her fur have faded to gray. In human form she is a gentle old African-American grandmother with a shock of white hair. She wears old-fashioned black dresses.

Roleplaying Notes: Alani is tired with years of care, but like a pup she swells with excitement and purpose at any hint of a part of her world garden that needs tending.

Background: Alani was born early in the 20th century, and has seen the New York Black Furies through a lot of changes. She helped the group moderate the wrath it held toward homid women, whom the tribe regarded as hopelessly docile and soft.

Under her attentive rule, the Black Furies have helped protect the women's rights movement as women moved into the American workforce. She also uncovered signs of the Defiler Wyrms' predations on children, and the complicity of people in the medical community. This is her most critical concern, and she feels the need to pass the mantle of leadership to a follower who understands the need to fight the Wyrms' creature menacing the homid children. Most of the contenders for rule are far more concerned with attacking the Wyrms than defending and healing the children.

The other Furies think she is most concerned with learning more about the Defiler Wyrms, but her true passion is finding a suitable successor who understands the world's desperate need for healing.

Kula Wiseblood

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4, Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2, Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 4, Athletics 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 4, Animal Ken 2, Melee 3, Leadership 2, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Enigmas 1, Occult 4, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Kinfolk 2

Gifts: Smell of Man, Razor Claws, Sense Wyrms, Inspiration, Visceral Agony, True Fear, Coup De Grace, Silver Claws, Wasp Talons, Clenched Jaw

Rage 8, Gnosis 5, Willpower 6

Rank: 4



Image: Strong, fast, terrifying jet-black wolf without a single light color in her pelt. In human form she is a tall, striking white woman with short, spiky, raven-black hair and a muscular body. She is 33 years old.

Roleplaying Notes: Kula is a bitter, rancorous warrior who constantly thirsts to bring the battle to the Wyrms. She has no qualms against pointing out Wyrms influence in anyone, even allies.

Background: Kula is one of the most successful Wyrms-fighters on the East Coast. She is a legend among all the other tribes. Her ability to sense even the faintest manifestations of the Wyrms has made her diabolically effective at sniffing out and killing vampires, Garou who are influenced by or have gone over to the Wyrms, and homids who are unwittingly bringing the Wyrms into the world.

Her solution to all these situations is to kill the offenders. She rejects the notion that some of these can be used as potential allies, or even healed. She maintains that if the Life of the Nation spirit in the Hand of Gaia caern felt strongly about healing the vessels of the enemy, it would say so directly.

Kula feels she is next in line to succeed Alani as the governess of the remnants of the Black Fury tribe. She knows Alani does not favor her, and hopes Alani cannot find a more worthy successor before she undergoes the ritual of abdication.

Renown: Glory 50,300; Honor 30,000; Wisdom 20,300

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Ostracism

Fetishes: Wyld Bag (Level: 4, Gnosis: 9. This is a cloth sack containing a Lesser Wyldling who is deep in slumber. When the bag is untied, it awakens and rages out of the bag, attacking anyone toward whom the bag is opened). Baneskin, Wyrms Scale

Bone Gnawers

*Gone now the days when you lived where your parents
And their parents before them were bred and were born
Must go where the work is to live any life, boys
Bend like a willow to weather the storm
Now the boom's gone to bust and we're down on the dole boys
No treasure laid up but family and friends
It's pull up stakes now or pull up stakes later
For a laborin' man the road never ends,*

—James Keelaghan, "Boom Gone to Bust"

The Bone Gnawers have flocked to New York City in droves, seeking a tolerant environment with surpluses they could cache. They are allowed to live freely in New York, and have found peace and allies among the Glass Walkers under the rule of the Glass Walker chieftain Kleon Winston. Certain Bone Gnawers have even made alliances with

the very potent New York society of Nosferatu, serving the outcast Kindred like faithful dogs.

Because they manage the Sept of the Green in Central Park, the local Bone Gnawers have gained a measure of self-respect and self-assurance. They are the envy of visiting Bone Gnawers, and the objects of ridicule by other



Garou visitors, who often do not feel that Bone Gnawers should be allowed unrestricted access to a caern, let alone stewardship.

There are 60 Bone Gnawers in the state. Forty-nine dwell in New York City. The rest are scattered between the other cities. A few are nomadic, hitchhiking through the state and spending very little time in the cities.

The Sept of the Green in Central Park is run by a Bone Gnawer, Mother Larissa (see the Werewolf rulebook for stats). She is assisted by Hundo Chunder. Other prominent Bone Gnawers include the anarchist Raff, the boisterous Ragabash Bernice Goldman, and Rufus March, who pioneered the growing Bone Gnawer tradition of hitchhiking.

Hundo Chunder

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ragabash

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4, Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Empathy 4, Expression 2, Primal-Urge 2, Streetwise 4, Drive 2, Leadership 2, Repair 2, Stealth 4, Survival 3, Investigation 2, Law 1, Politics 2, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Kinfolk 1, Mentor (Mother Larissa) 4

Gifts: Persuasion, Blur of the Milky Eye, Cooking, Blissful Ignorance, Jam Technology, Gremlins, Reshape Object

Rage 3, Gnosis 4, Willpower 6

Rank: 3

Renown: Glory 9,000, Honor 21,000, Wisdom 28,000

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Contrition

Fetishes: Monkey Puzzle

Image: Hundo is a mottled brown wolf of indeterminate shade. He is very thin and angular, and has large, floppy ears. In homid form he looks skinny and gangly. He is an olive-skinned Italian-American with large, searching eyes, and badly cut, shaggy black hair. He is 26.

Roleplaying Notes: Eager to please, excited by anyone who takes an interest in him, like a big, friendly house pet. But he has a very serious side, which shows up when he discusses the caern.

Background: Hundo is an able assistant to Mother Larissa. He is an amiable Bone Gnawer, and is eager to help out the less fortunate. He helps administer the revels that take place around the shrine, and makes sure that none abuse the site.

He was born Hector Condorni, but he changed his name after his first transformation, to signal the death of his old life. He has no guile, no reckless ambition to control the caern, and no knowledge that Mother Larissa considers him the next in line.

Bone Juice

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4, Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1, Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Primal-Urge 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2, Stealth 3, Survival 4, Investigation 2, Medicine 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 2

Gifts: Cooking, Smell of Man, The Falling Touch, Razor Claws

Rage 7, Gnosis 2, Willpower 4



Rank: 1

Renown: Glory 6,000, Honor 3,000, Wisdom 2,000

Rites: none

Fetishes: Images of the Lost (Level: 1, Gnosis: 6, This is an old, battered milk carton with pictures of missing children on it. When activated, the canon shows the location of the person the fetish holder is thinking of. It will simply show the image; the fetish holder has to recognize the place himself. Bone Juice hides this fetish from others, as he is planning to use it to find his meals.)

Image: Bone Juice looks like a great red hyena. In homid form he is a tall, surly white man with reddish-brown hair

and prominent facial scars. He dresses in grubby sports attire. He is 20 years old.

Roleplaying Notes: Bone Juice has a bad attitude through and through. He hates everyone.

Background: When Bone Juice was a starving pup, he came to a great realization. Why should he starve in the midst of eight million succulent, fat, domesticated animals that are just waiting for him to scarf down their tender flesh? His fellow Bone Gnawers are horrified at his plan to eat homids, and have sworn to take a hard line with him to make him stop. He has backed off lately, but is gathering adherents to his beliefs. Unfortunately, he is a poor leader, and alienates many of those who agree with him. But he is learning.

Children of Gaia

Have you ever heard a river talk ?

The voices in the stream ?

Hear the laughter and the joy,

And the terror in the scream?

There's something there, I know there is

If we listen to the Earth once more

—Bill Stanes, "Listen to Earth"

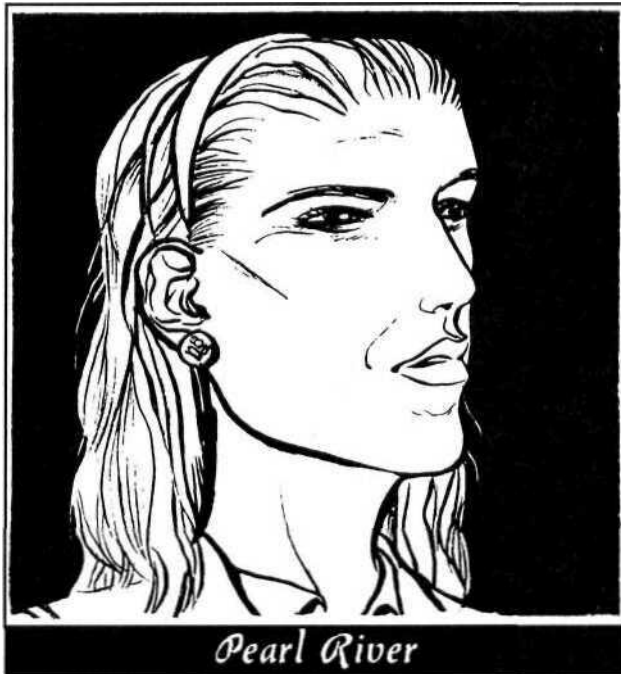
The Children of Gaia have a rich history in New York. They settled in the Finger Lakes area, and communed with Gaia at the Black Furies' caern. Under the guidance of the local spirits, they set up a community based on a renewed commitment to Gaia's principles. They mixed with the human population and helped build settlements. They strongly advocated Gaian beliefs, and lived those principles to set an instructive example for the homids.

Their homid friends and Kinfolk built inclusive communities all around New York, communities founded on the principles of Gaia. These colonies thrived despite additional pressure from the minions of the Wyrms to subvert them. They were living examples of ancient Gaian tenets and practices. Some rules they advocated aloud, while other rules remained unspoken but were followed with gusto. They advocated democratic, anti-authoritarian politics; a love of innovation; spontaneity and playfulness in adults as well as children; freedom and high status for

women; emphasis on the well-being of all citizens; and a hedonistic, permissive attitude toward sex and pleasure.

In the fresh new world, the homids were free of old restrictions, and open to a newer, happier way of life. Male and female Garou and Kinfolk lived these principles and had a grand old time doing it. It was exciting to follow their lead. They took a lot of flak from other homids, but they laughed off criticism.

Their work paid off handsomely. Their settlements had better relations with the natives than most, and soon became a refuge for destiny's children. People who were working for democratic principles flocked to the Finger Lakes to set up shop. Susan B. Anthony, Frederick Douglass and Harriet Tubman all made this area their headquarters in their struggles to free people from the oppressive domination of the Wyrms. The Garou and Children of Gaia Kinfolk provided them with constant protection and a cadre of followers.



There are 33 Children of Gaia in New York; most are based in the Sept of the Hand of Gaia. Seven are in multiracial packs around the state. They are organized around democratic, egalitarian principles, and have a tribal structure equivalent to that of early natives: a female is in the central legislative position, while a male is in the central executive position.

Pearl River is the female to whom the tribe looks for wise and judicious policy, and True Silverheels is the male on whom the tribe relies to carry out that policy. Other prominent Children of Gaia include the old Lore Keeper Theurge One-Song, the Ahroun war hero Judith Justus, and the Galliard healer Garlen Way-of-the-Sunrise-Gaia. The leaders of the Rochester pack are the very young female Theurge named Sky-Sips-the-Spring-Waters, and the young male Philodox William Collier,

Pearl River

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 5, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Abilities: Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 5, Expression 3, Primal-Urge 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2, Animal Ken 2, Leadership 5, Survival 3, Enigmas 3, Occult 4, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 2, Kinfolk 4, Past Life 3

Gifts: Persuasion, Spirit Speech, Mother's Touch, Calm, Sight From Beyond, Pulse of the Invisible, Dazzle, Spirit Friend, Spirit Ward, Ultimate Argument of Logic, Serenity, The Living Wood

Rage 3, Gnosis 8, Willpower 6

Rank: 5

Renown: Glory 40,000, Honor 100,000, Wisdom 140,000

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Binding, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of the Opened Bridge, Rite of Caern Building

Fetishes: Spirit Tracer, Sanctuary Chimes, Sacred Soil (Talen; Gnosis: 4. This is spirit earth which was carefully tended and purified before it was removed from its Umbral Glen. When carefully placed into a plot on the ground, it will instantly sprout any seed, causing the plant or tree to experience one year's growth for each success on the Soil's Gnosis roll (difficulty 8)).

Image: Pearl is a white-gold wolf with a gentle muzzle and a graceful walk. In homid form, she is a middle-aged, mixed-race woman with long, lightly curled, pale brown hair, and sensible clothes. She has a serene, youthful face that shows care, but is not yet creased with it.

Roleplaying Notes: Smile and listen patiently. Sigh occasionally.

Background: The ruler of the Children of Gaia is the wise shaman Pearl of the River. She carefully listens to the council of her followers, and institutes the policies that True Silverheels executes. Because of this unique co-leadership arrangement, emissaries from other tribes often believe that True is the real leader, while Pearl is an advisor.

Pearl is faced with the challenge of trying to unify 12 tribes that often want to tear one another to bits, focusing their energies in one direction, and making that direction the path of helping and healing each other, mankind, and the living world. At times she fears she will be unable to accomplish even the first step of this plan, and despairs for the tremendous power squandered by reckless infighting and short-sighted vanity. Nonetheless, she perseveres and searches for a clear purpose to unify her people.

She has taken several Kinfolk as lovers, and has continued her line of Kinfolk in several litters,

True Silverheels

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 5, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Primal-Urge 4, Animal Ken 2, Leadership 4, Melee 3, Stealth 2, Survival 3, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 4, Kinfolk 3, Pure Breed 1

Gifts: Persuasion, Inspiration, Resist Pain, Staredown, Luna's Armor, Silver Claws, Reshape Object, Serenity, Stoking Fury's Furnace, Cocoon

Rage 5, Gnosis 6, Willpower 7

Rank: 4

Renown: Glory 70,000, Honor 40,000, Wisdom 30,000

Rites: Talisman Dedication, Rite of Contrition, Rite of Cleansing, Rite of the Totem



Fetishes: Silver Sword, Clay Pact (Level: 5, Gnosis: 7). This is a small ceramic plate with the paw imprints of all the members of True Silverheels' old pack. By activating it, True can create a Mindspeak (the Galliard Gift) with any of

his pack, no matter how far away they are — even if they are in the Deep Umbra).

Image: True is a shaggy brown wolf with collie markings. He looks like a friendly dog. In homid form, he is a white man in his early 40s with dark hair and chiseled good looks,

Roleplaying Notes: Eager, assertive interest in everyone. He genuinely likes everyone, even the most annoying and unpleasant.

Background: True Silverheels is a vigorous man with boundless reserves of energy. He is ruggedly handsome and vigorously pursues hedonistic pleasures. He has many connections in the local towns, and helped Rochester institute its ground-breaking health care plan. He helps Loba Carcassone find safe places for the homid children in the Heaven network.

In daily practice, True confers with Pearl River and then carries out the tribal policies she institutes. Because he is the most visible symbol of tribal power, many Garou of other tribes think he is in charge, just as white settlers thought that native tribes had all-male chiefs because they saw only men carrying out policy.

Fianna

*I'm standing on shaky ground.
Filling the air with sound.
Don't let the singer down.
If life is like the music,
Then be careful, you could lose it
And beware the singer.*

—Ronnie Gilbert, "The Mountain Came
Tumbling Down"

The Fianna tribe of New York has a rich history. Most of its members came over with the Irish, Scottish and Welsh immigrants who settled in New York and made New York City their home. The lush lakes of upstate New York reminded the Garou of their native lands, and they spiritually bonded with their new land very quickly.

Because they were so connected to the land, they were able to hear the pain of the White Water Caem as the Wyrms began to devour it in the middle of the 19th century. They came to its rescue, and now share the duty of tending it with Uktena.

Some Fianna feel comfortable in the city, and have taken to the local nightclubs and bars. They have formed bonds with many homids in the New York music scene, and some young city Fianna have even entered into productive alliances with vampires of the Toreador clan.

There are 30 Fianna in New York. Twenty are organized around the Sept of the White Water, while the rest are either in the southern Catskill Protectorate and New York City, or are ranging freely with multitribal packs. The lively Riordan Cliffgrazer leads the pack, and is ably served by the powerful Ahroun Sean McBride and the enigmatic Theurge Wyrdbwg. The young Gwyn Creiddylad is the leader of a New York City contingent of Fianna; this group is secretly in league with Toreador vampires and hopes to reshape the New York art scene.

Riordan Cliffgrazer

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Galliard

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4, Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 4, Athletics 5, Brawl 5, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 4, Subterfuge 2, Animal Ken 2, Melee 3, Leadership 4, Performance 4, Survival 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 3, Kinfolk 5

Gifts: Call of the Wyld, Persuasion, Resist Toxin, Staredown, Glib Tongue, Disquiet, Faerie Kin, Phantasm, Bridge Walker, Assimilation

Rage 6, Gnosis 6, Willpower 9

Rank: 4

Renown: Glory 60,000, Honor 30,000, Wisdom 60,000

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Wounding, Stone of Scorn, Satire Rite, Rite of the Shrouded Glen

Fetishes: Oberon's Brew (Talen, good for three drinks. Gnosis: 8. This is potent Faerie ale, rumored to be the special brew of the King of the Seelie Court. Drinking it automatically activates it, forcing the imbibor to make a Willpower roll versus the Brew's Gnosis to avoid becoming totally plastered. If he loses, he will party unexhausted into the night with a +3 to all his Social Dice Pools. Once morning comes, however, he will crash hard, and no one will be able to awaken him for a week. When he does awaken, he will have a splitting headache for the rest of the day and be at -2 to all his Dice Pools), Titania's Wine (Talen, good for two drinks. Gnosis: 6. This is the cure for Oberon's Ale. If forced down the throat of the sleeping imbibor, the sleeper must make a Stamina +2 roll versus the Wine's Gnosis. If he loses, he awakens with no headache. If he wins, the Wine has no effect), various talents.

Image: Huge, hulking, red dire wolf with piercing green eyes. In homid form he is a looming Irish-American with a shock of red hair, a thick red beard, and piercing green eyes. He is in his late 40s.



Roleplaying Notes: A hearty laugh at most of life, and a quick temper.

Background: The Fianna of New York are ruled by Riordan Cliffgrazer, a chieftain of enormous appetites and great passions. He is a bounteously mirthful Garou who writes the most mournful songs. He is a gifted musician and a very violent combatant. He will turn on anyone who disobeys him, or who menaces the tribe or those the tribe protects. He shows little mercy to his foes until he is sure the threat they pose is nullified, whereupon he treats them with the kindness and forgiveness usually reserved for a wayward child who has come home. He has even forgiven his tribesmen who served as pawns for the Wyrms, but only after they repented and begged forgiveness.

His policies have been to take a hard line with the Uktena when they try to take more control of the Caern of the White Water, and to forgive and forget their grasping as soon as they back off. This decisive nature characterizes all his doings.

His connections with Kinfolk in various New York police departments have painted a picture that disturbs him. Besides standard corruption and graft (often vampire-based), he has seen a new strain of corruption emerge from several city governments at once. There seems to be a greater willingness to overlook the most virulent of child abuse crimes, and to release well-connected people accused of violent molestations. The government officials in question all seem to have connections to political pundit Arnold F. Arbulent.

Riordan is looking into the matter, and would be very grateful to anyone who can provide information about, or recount an experience with, these shadowy people. He does not know about the Government Caste of the Seventh Generation, but is on its trail.

Get of Fenris

*My bitter tears have changed,
I no longer feel the pain
Only vengeance rules my life.
Soon I'll be nineteen in this world so mean,
I have no choice, I am the child of war.*

—Conamara, "Child of War"

The Get of Fenris came to the New World in several waves. A particularly strong strain arrived with a fierce band of Hessian troops during the American Revolution,

The Get earned the wrath of many other Garou when they usurped the Caern of the Sentinel and laid claim to the entire Adirondack Range as their domain. During the late 17th century, Valka Great-thorn, a warrior woman of the Get of Fenris, simultaneously attacked Wyrms and Uktena forces, who were fighting over the Caern of the Sentinel. Weakened from their bloody battle, both the Uktena and the Wyrms forces lost. The Get took over the caern, and earned the undying hate of the Uktena. During the early 18th century the Uktena briefly recaptured the shrine with the help of the Shadow Lords. Unfortunately, they fell to squabbling with the Lords over the specifics of the caern's use. While the two tribes were consumed with infighting, the Get reattacked, and won.

No other Garou accept the Get's claim, but many prefer not to challenge it. The Wendigo tribe finds the Get's greed particularly insufferable; its members lope down from Canada on a regular basis to harass the Get with lightning strikes. The Uktena shun the Get of Fenris during intertribal gatherings, and have long demanded that the Get surrender the Caern of the Sentinel to them.

The Uktena are too weak and divided to retake the caern, and the Shadow Lords refuse to forge another alliance with them. However, the Shadow Lords have made their home near the Sentinel Range in the Adirondacks, and refuse to be budged. They protect their territory with a zealous fury, in direct challenge to the Get. It is no secret that the Lords are planning a second challenge to the caern. The Get claim they have no fear of the Shadow Lords, and will defeat all comers. Nevertheless, they have softened their policy on

exclusive use of the caern, and have allowed small groups to gain access to it.

A splinter group of young Fenris Garou have split from the main tribe to reside in and around New York City. In homid form they are neo-Nazi skinheads, and often pick bloody fights with smaller, weaker groups of Garou. The other tribes have complained to Arn Guth Stormbright, but the Fenris leader insists he has no control over the renegade pack. However, the Silver Fangs have scolded the Get for losing control and have demanded they chastise their wayward young.



There are 34 Get of Fenris in New York, but only 22 are in the Adirondack Sept of the Sentinel. Seven are "skinheads in New York," and the rest are in multitribal packs or alone.

The leader of the Sept of the Sentinel is Arn Guth Stormbright, and his war council is made up of Gregor Steinhardt, Trask, and Jarl Rader. Stormbright's illicit union with the courageous warrior Bladetooth secretly produced the twins Aeschylus and Antigone. Aeschylus now leads the New York Get of Fenris skinhead pack "Bastards of Fenris." He prefers to be called "Pink Tom." No one knows where Antigone has gone.

Arn Guth Stormbright

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5, Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 4, Athletics 5, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urge 4, Leadership 4, Melee 4, Survival 3, Law 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 4

Gifts: Razor Claws, Smell of Man, Resist Pain, Snarl of the Predator, True Fear, Stare-down, Might of Thor, Clenched Jaw, Scream of Gaia, Hero's Stand, Horde of Valhalla

Rage 10, Gnosis 5, Willpower 8

Rank: 5

Renown: Glory 140,000, Honor 80,000, Wisdom 50,000

Rites: Rite of Wounding, Rite of Ostracism, Rite of the Hunt

Fetishes: Runes of Doom (Level: 5, Gnosis: 6. When this sack is flung into a stormy sky, the wood-carved Runes will spill out and float in the air. All on the battlefield who view the Runes will see dark omens of their futures. Roll the Runes' Gnosis versus each viewer's Wits + Enigmas. If a viewer loses, he becomes demoralized, obsessed with this future event (the event is up to the Storyteller). The viewer's combat Dice Pools are reduced by one and the effect is semi-permanent; the victim must try to alter his fate or wait until it passes before his Dice Pools return. The Runes can only be activated once per cycle of the moon).

Image: Pure gray wolf, with no spotting or marks except a great scar over his face through his dead left eye. In homid form he is a beefy, broad-nosed Norwegian-American with gray hair and beard, and a huge jaw. He is in his late 40s.

Roleplaying Notes: Jut your chin in a tense, stoic, "I speak to no one for fear of what they might learn" position. Purse your lips as if trying to hold back the confession of shame. Scowl with suspicion, doubt, a tiny morsel of fear, and anger, anger, anger.

Background: Arn Guth Stormbright is a heroic wolf who claims to be the reincarnation of the great Stormbright of Norway, who crushed an invading Wyrms sea serpent in the days of Eric the Red.

He leads his wild, berserker wolves in sweeping, remorseless guerrilla raids on Pentex's northern operations. He has lost a lot of his tribe in these raids, but refuses to relent. Some in his tribe say he has become suicidal over the defection of his former lieutenant, Bladetooth, to the Sept of the Hand of Gaia.

Unknown to the rest of his tribe, Bladetooth was his lover, and she fled to secretly give birth to metis twins. The male metis, Aeschylus, now leads the wild skinhead pack "The Bastards of Fenris" in New York City.

Stormbright is afraid to take action against the group because he saw their teenage leader once and was so struck by the resemblance that he is now sure it is his son. He rejected his councilors' suggestions that they secretly manipulate the Bastards for their own ends, and also refused to grant his pack's demands that he challenge and destroy the impudent youths. Crippled by his the ugly secrets of his past, Stormbright is becoming an ineffective leader. But he clings to power with a frenzy born of desperation, and refuses to concede a bit for fear that the truth will come out if he loses control of the tribe.

To keep his lieutenants from toppling him, he keeps them very busy chasing the Wyrms' tail, attacking both Wyrms areas and untainted construction sites,

His vacillating, fearful rule has made the Get very weak. A concerted attack from the Shadow Lords would find the Get a very disorganized foe. To retain a measure of power, Stormbright is seriously contemplating an alliance with the Red Talons, followed by an all-out stealth assault on human cities, killing the homid leaders who are tainted with the Wyrms,

Bladetooth

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Theurge

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4, Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 4, Melee 3, Survival 3, Occult 3, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: none

Gifts: Heightened Senses, Sense Wyrms, Resist Pain, Scent of Sight, Catfeet, Venom Blood

Rage 7, Gnosis 6, Willpower 5

Rank: 3

Renown: Glory 15,000, Honor 10,000, Wisdom 30,000

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Binding

Fetishes: Fang Dagger, various talens

Image: Bladetooth is a great gray wolf with tawny stripes down her head and back. Her jaws are huge and can snap entire Garou heads in a single bite. Her face is filled with sadness. In homid form she is a stout, middle-aged blond woman. She wears plain, gray, unadorned clothes.



Roleplaying Notes: Sorrow, regret and shame tempered with a newfound devotion to protecting homid and Garou young from rough treatment.

Background: Bladetooth served the Get of Fenris with courage and distinction until she fell in love with Arn Guth Stormbright, the tribal leader. He resisted their love, but she pursued him until she won him. When their union produced metis cubs, she was overcome with horror and fled. The Black Furies harbored her and raised her pups, Aeschylus and Antigone. Bladetooth considers herself an outcast from her own people, and has sworn never to return. Because the Get do not know that she had metis pups with

their leader, they see her defection as a self-serving betrayal.

Aeschylus fled the Black Furies, and rebels against his parents by leading a savage pack of New York Garou skinheads. Antigone also fled and has not been seen since. The broken-hearted Bladetooth is now a devoted guardian of the Caern of the Hand of Gaia, and is considered an enemy by the Get.

Aeschylus

Breed: Metis

Auspice: Philodox

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2, Leadership 3, Melee 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 3

Gifts: Create Element, Resist Pain, Razor Claws, Sense Wyrms

Rage 9, Gnosis 3, Willpower 5

Rank: 1

Renown: Glory 7,250, Honor 5,800, Wisdom 1,450

Rites: none

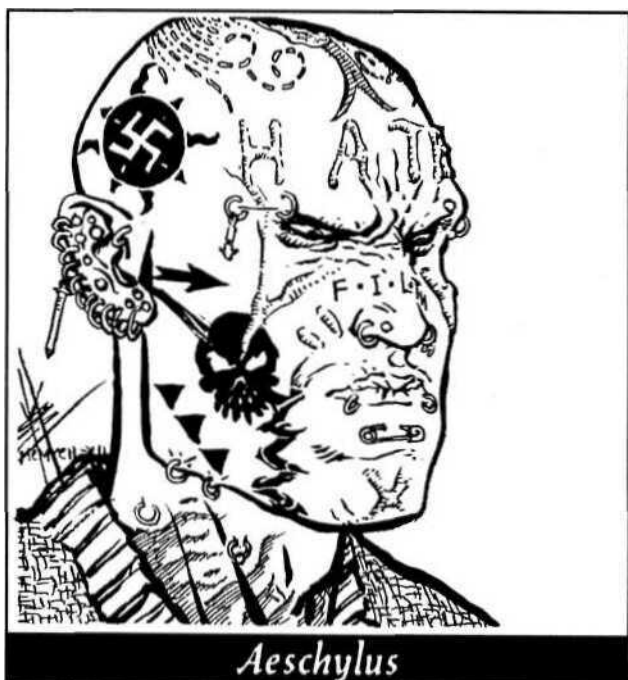
Fetishes: none

Image: Aeschylus is a scrawny, teenaged, hairless metis with pink-gray skin and a surly, bitter face. He has covered his hairless body with hate-slogan tattoos, ritual scarring, and body rings. In homid form he is a beefy, broadnosed, Norwegian-American teenager with a bald head and a huge jaw. He dresses in studded black leather.

Roleplaying Notes: Angry, energetic, insulting young man. Juts his jaw, purses his lips and scowls *exactly* like Stormbright.

Background: Aeschylus is an angry, defiant metis who despises homids, elder Garou, and women. Most of all, however, he despises the Get of Fenris. He doesn't know who his father is, but suspects he is an important leader.

He is not very strong, but he is fast and cunning, and fights dirty. He makes all the members of his skinhead pack, Bastards of Fenris, ritually shave their fur and tattoo their skin to look like him. They are a frightening sight, and Get of Fenris members who have made special trips to New York to spy on them consider them a fearsome group. They attack any who get in their way, and have sparked a lot of racial violence in the city. He has shunned the name Aeschylus, and now goes by the name "Pink Tom."



Glass Walkers

*Foreign father, American son,
Father, see what your son has done,
He's torn up the mountains and reshaped the plains
The dreams you dreamed aren't the same.
But with fallen lungs you may still be asking,
Who'd take time to stir these ashes?
And who'd hear the tines as the ghost and the music rekindle
America's pride?*

—Freida and the Attaboys, "The Soul of America's Pride"

The Glass Walkers of New York set the standard for Glass Walkers everywhere. Walkers from all over the world visit, and go home marveling at how gracefully and completely the Glass Walkers have integrated themselves into the largest and most complex city in the world.

The tribe's secret is that it was in New York from the beginning. Because of its members' close connections with men, they were on the early vessels of exploration that sailed from Europe and helped settle the New World. As the first Garou tribe to visit, they received the brunt of the native tribes' anger over the invader homids. Though they helped the Wendigo, Garou and Croatan tribes fortify against the Wyrms, the native tribes never truly forgave the Glass Walkers for allowing the invader homids to settle the Pure Land. This short-sighted view contributed directly to the loss of the entire Croatan tribe, and still keeps the native tribes from being truly effective in dealing with the invaders.

The New York Glass Walkers have a long history of active cooperation with the forces of the Weaver that built the cities. They infiltrated local governments and demanded that Gaian ideals be followed. They demanded that open spaces and animals be preserved, that greedy bosses be driven from power, and that the rights of all homids be respected. These ideals caused New York to become an open, cosmopolitan city. It is an accomplishment of which

they are justly proud. When the other Garou accuse them of cooperating with the enemy, they smile and say they infiltrated the enemy, and subverted the Wyrms.

Similarly, the Walkers have formed an uneasy peace with the Sabbat, which keeps both groups from utterly destroying one another. Both sides realize that the other is not the greatest enemy, and that getting bogged down in organized wars would devastate both groups and aid the real foes. Nonetheless, Kleon has no fear of siccing his pack on a blood-crazed vampire who has snapped and gone on a killing rampage. He is not afraid to risk the pact to preserve the sanctity of his protectorate.

The Glass Walkers in New York are on the cutting edge of relations with the spirits of a new age. They have made bargains with spirits other Garou (and even other Glass Walkers) do not understand, like spirits of electricity. They have discovered the Seventh Generation Business Caste, but think of it as an extension of Pentex, and do not yet know the extent of the Defiler Wyrms' power and corruption.

There are 52 Glass Walkers in New York. Forty are in New York City and the rest are spread out in other cities and multiracial packs. The leader of the New York City Glass Walkers is Kleon Winston. He is assisted by Lupita Consuela Corazon and Tony Chu. His chief rival is Harold Hunt, who is assisted by Curtis Chase and Jawbreaker,



Kleon Winston

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Primal-Urge 2, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3, Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Leadership 4, Melee 2, Performance 1, Repair 3, Stealth 2, Computer 4, Enigmas 2, Investigation 3, Law 1, Politics 3, Rituals 2, Science 2

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 4, Resources 2

Gifts: Persuasion, Spirit Speech, Control Simple Machine, Cybersenses, Staredown

Rage 3, Gnosis 5, Willpower 6

Rank: 2

Renown: Glory 5,430, Honor 12,670, Wisdom 18,100

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Awakening, Moot Rite, Rite of Passage

Fetishes: Watcher in the Watch (Level: 3, Gnosis: 6. This is a spirit of paranoia bound into a sports wristwatch. Whenever something endangers the wearer, the watch is allowed to make a Gnosis roll versus a Storyteller-chosen difficulty; if successful, the alarm will go off), Attuning Stick (Level: 5, Gnosis: 5. This is a metal pipe from a construction site built over an old, shut-down caern. It allows the activator to use the Gift: Attunement).

Image: A medium-sized, dark-brown/black wolf with a cunning face. He wears vests, hip packs, backpacks, and carries a mix of high-tech and magic fetishes. In homid form, he is a tall, handsome young black man with a round

"baby face" and a short haircut. He dresses in casual sportswear and always wears a vest. He is in his early 20s,

Roleplaying Notes: Smile and laugh lightheartedly, but turn serious very quickly when the subject of the Wyrms or trouble in the city is mentioned.

Background: Kleon is the official leader of the New York City Glass Walkers, and the youngest leader the Walkers have yet had. He owes a lot but he takes the advice of the Ragabash Lupita Consuela Corazon very seriously.

He grew up a member of a Kinfolk gang in Harlem. By the time he realized his heritage, he was a skilled fighter and natural leader. He finished his rite of passage and was welcomed to the tribe by the legendary old Glass Walker chieftain, Pride of the Pack. That ceremony was one of the last before the revered old leader succumbed to Harano and disappeared from New York City.

In the power vacuum that ensued, the Walkers fought for control, with the organized crime members dominating for many years. But the youthful Kleon, carefully following Lupita's advice, rallied the rest of the dispirited tribe and zoomed to the top of the Glass Walker hierarchy. Though he has made enemies among the better-connected Garou, his stewardship has benefited the tribe. During the three years he has been in power, he forged ties to the city's legions of disenfranchised and disheartened homids, and became an official protector of many down-and-out homids and Bone Gnawers. This gives him access to a network of information greater than any the tribe had previously possessed, and keeps him a step ahead of his enemies in and out of the tribe.

The real secret of his success is the fiery Ragabash Lupita, who gives him eerily prescient council. Lupita is a free-spirited gypsy, capricious and unpredictable. Her advice, however, is dead-on accurate. The more wild and spontaneous she becomes, the greater her direct connection to spirits of Gaia. Some of the more hard-line Glass Walkers find her disruptive, but Kleon has taken her under his wing, and follows her advice with great devotion. She is fascinated with the spirits of electricity, and has become adept at weird science and computer hacking. She gleefully shares her knowledge with any Garou or Kinfolk who will listen, and is a great source of news.

Kleon is hot on a trail of dirty money that is leading straight to the Seventh Generation Business Caste leader Chester R. Van Gelding. He will reward any Garou who can bring him any reliable information about Van Gelding or his group. (He does not yet know about the Seventh Generation.)

Kleon remembers Pride of the Pack with great fondness, and hopes to do justice to his memory.



Harold Hunt

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3, Perception 2, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 1, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4, Drive 3, Etiquette 4, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Leadership 3, Computer 2, Enigmas 2, Investigation 3, Law 2, Politics 3, Rituals 1, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 5, Resources 4

Gifts: Persuasion, Truth of Gaia, Control Simple Machine, Scent of the True Form, Strength of Purpose, Control Complex Machine

Rage 6, **Gnosis** 4, **Willpower** 7

Rank: 3

Renown: Glory 14,000, Honor 28,000, Wisdom 10,000

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: Roving Fortress (Level: 5, Gnosis: 8, This limousine is Hunt's sanctuary. There are four elementals bound into it: Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. By activating the fetish (one roll for each) he can use the following: flame throwers (fire), oil slicks (earth + water), and hairpin maneuvers (air). It also has a Rite of the Shrouded Glen active upon it, so that no spirits may spy on it). Harold also has a clip of silver bullets for his 9mm pistol.

Image: Harold is a small, brown-and-black wolf with a mottled coat. In lupus form he has one green eye and one blue eye. In human form he is a short, good-looking Latino male who dresses in impeccable suits and wears gold jewelry. He is in his 30s.

Roleplaying Notes: Grim, cold-hearted frown. Hissing, raspy voice.

Background: Hunt is one of the Glass Walkers who works closely with organized crime in New York, and has strong ties to world-wide crime families. He uses the power of these groups to combat the Wyrms, who is also strong in the New York underground. He is from the old school of Glass Walkers, and does not understand that electrical spirits are forces of Gaia.

Hunt secretly hated the beloved Pride of the Pack, and resisted his rule. When Pride of the Pack began suffering symptoms of Harano, Hunt rapidly moved to take power and depose the old king. But Pride of the Pack disappeared first. Though loyalists suspected some betrayal, there was no proof that Hunt had done anything disloyal. During the difficult transition years, Hunt worked to install himself as chieftain. Unfortunately for Hunt, Kleon rocketed past him and took over the pack.

Harold seethes with hate over his young rival's success, and plans to bring him down. His ambition has corrupted him, and the Wyrms grow strong in him. He is the greatest internal threat to the Glass Walkers, and is coming under the influence of the Defiler Wyrms. If Kleon gets close to the Business Caste, the Seventh Generation plans to use Hunt against him.

Red Talons

*It's a planet of resistance,
In a world in flames of choice
You're my comrades in persistence
I swear they'll know us by our voice.
Though we lay down in dusty caverns,
We are ragged as a scar,
And when we rest our eyes stay open,
We are always off to war.
It makes me think of this my friend,
Where can the quiet be ?*

—Perron, "Misty Mountain"

The Red Talons of New York stay in the far north, coming down from the mountains only rarely and with great trepidation. They only venture into New York City under the most extreme circumstances. They dislike most of the other tribes, but feel a kinship for the Uktena, whom they pity, and the Wendigo, whom they fear.

They spend most of their time fighting the Wyrms agents who have infiltrated the Canadian Mounties and who protect the secret Pentex sites in New York and Canada.

Though the Red Talons know little of the Seventh Generation, they are aware that children can become deeply

corrupted by abuse. They are in the forefront of the movement to kill all children who have been tainted by the Wyrms. They feel this reasoning should sway all their fellows, even those who do not agree with exterminating the human population as a whole,

There is only one pack, comprising 11 Red Talons, in New York, but it can call on Canadian packs for assistance. The pack is led by the black dire wolf Slashes-the-Heart-of-the-Wyrm. He is assisted by the Theurge Five Paws and the Ragabash Heckler-of-the-Fates.



Slashes-the-Heart-of-the-Wyrm

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4, Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 4, Leadership 3, Stealth 3, Survival 4, Enigmas 1, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 3

Gifts: Heightened Senses, Inspiration, Beast Speech, Leap of the Kangaroo, Sense the Unnatural, Sense of the Prey, Catfeet, Heart of Fury, Avalanche, Beast Life

Rage 8, Gnosis 6, Willpower 7

Rank: 4

Renown: Glory 80,000, Honor 30,000, Wisdom 20,000

Rites: Moot Rite, Rite of Wounding, Stone of Scorn, Rite of Ostracism, Rite of Migration (Level Two. This is a rite performed only by the Red Talons. It is done before a great migration of a sept, and prevents the sept from becoming separated during the trek. During the journey, every sept member is considered to have the Gift: Attunement for the purpose of finding fellow sept members. Roll Perception + Survival).

Fetishes: Ache Tooth (Level: 3, Gnosis: 7. This is an old tooth from a diseased lupus Ragabash. The user may cause enemies to suffer from annoying pain, subtracting one from their combat Dice Pools. Roll the fetish's Gnosis vs. the Stamina + 3 of the target. The effect lasts for a number of scenes equal to the number of activation successes).

Image: A great black dire wolf with a rust-colored chest and paws. The right half of his head and neck is rust-colored as well. His face is in a perpetual snarl. When he must take



the loathed homid form, he appears as a short, wildly hairy man with a bristly red beard. He is in his late 30s.

Roleplaying Notes: Growl, slaver and spew spittle as you talk. Snarl aggressively and give quarter to none. No pity, no mercy, no backing down.

Background: Slashes-the-Heart-of-the-Wyrm is the leader of the Slasher wolf pack, and is the most respected of all the New York Red Talons. He is the most vocal proponent of the policy of killing Wyrm-tainted homid children.

He despises most of the other tribes, and even finds the Wendigo tribe weak and too ready to appease the enemy. He is drawing his tribe further and further from connections to the other tribes, and is isolating them against the Wyrm. He believes that in the near future he will have to lead his people against the other tribes, and the weaker they are, the greater his tribe's chances for victory. Thus, he uses his power to sow enmity and discord among the other tribes; he instigates false rumors, tricks and judicious attacks on travelers from other packs. He hopes to see the other tribes weaken themselves with infighting.

Shadow Lords

"This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, was once thought honest."

—Shakespeare, *Macbeth*

The Shadow Lords of New York have taken the Adirondack Mountains as their homeland. This has put them in direct conflict with the Get of Fenris, who claim sole ownership of the Caern of the Sentinel. The Lords once allied with the Uktena and took the caern from the Get. Unfortunately, their failure to come to an agreement with the native tribe over the caern's use allowed the Get to once again wrest control of the caern. Now the Shadow Lords are determined to retake the caern by themselves. They hate the Get because of the Get's reputation as the fiercest tribe. The Shadow Lords feel that if they can take the caern without another tribe's help, they can claim to be the greatest tribe, dominate the intertribal moots, and wrest control from the Silver Fangs.

Their leader, Sylvan-Ivanovich-Sylvan, rules her people with an iron hand. She maintains strict discipline in the ranks, and keeps her people focused on the task of taking the Caern of the Sentinel and plumbing its mystical depths. The few times the Get of Fenris have allowed them to worship at the shrine, they have seen great mysteries unfold. They know the Get do not appreciate the mystery of the caern and are just hoarding a valuable resource.

The Lords make their home in a spectacular cavern that used to be a popular tourist attraction. The Lords created a series of deadly cave-ins and got the humans to mark the place as off-limits. The deep grotto is a well-fortified cavern, and the Lords plan to keep it as a home base even if they take the caern.

There are 23 Shadow Lords in New York. The tribe is run by the aggressive Sylvan-Ivanovich-Sylvan, with help from Bela Sable and Spinecracker, two powerful Ahroun. Shadow Lord operations in New York City are headed by

Carleson Ruah, a capable trickster who moves easily among homids. He has helped the Lords gain valuable homid resources and information. Due to his efforts, the Shadow Lords maintain a strong presence in New York business and crime.

Sylvan-Ivanovich-Sylvan

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4, Charisma 2, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 2, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urge 4, Animal Ken 2, Drive 2, Firearms 2, Leadership 4, Melee 5, Survival 2, Enigmas 3, Law 2, Politics 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 5, Past Life 2, Pure Breed 1, Resources 2

Gifts: Aura of Confidence, Fatal Flaw, Sense Wyrm, Clap of Thunder, Command Spirit, Disquiet, Icy Chill of Despair, Strength of the Dominator, Assimilation

Rage 4, Gnosis 5, Willpower 9

Rank: 4

Renown: Glory 40,000, Honor 30,000, Wisdom 60,000

Rites: Rite of the Opened Caern, Voice of the Jackal

Fetishes: Klaive, Silver Scimitar (as the Sword), various talens

Image: Sylvan is a small, stocky, black wolf with a luxurious, thick, soft, glossy coat. She has a superior grin on her muzzle. In homid form she is a short white woman with black hair, exotic features and a commanding air. She

wears black jumpsuits with well-stocked weapon belts and ammo packs. She is in her early 40s.

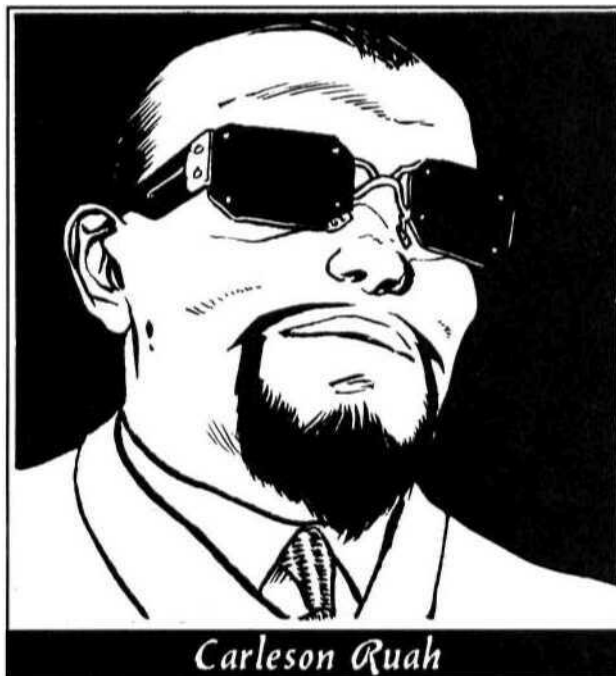
Roleplaying Notes: Wear an arrogant sneer and talk in an aggressive, commanding voice. Brook no foolishness, and speak of the glory to come. Stay focused on regaining the caern, and return to that theme often. "Well said. But how will that help us regain the caern?"

Background: Sylvan-Ivanovich-Sylvan's full name is Sylvan-Ivanovich-Sylvan-Black-Daughter-of-Ivan-Ironclaw-the-Great. She used to be named simply Sylvan-Sylvan. She is a powerful, ferocious and single-minded leader. Though she is tiny, she is solid muscle, and a savage, smart fighter. She crushed Ivan Ironclaw, a foe twice her size, to win control of the Adirondack packs, and is therefore known as his daughter.

Under her leadership, the Lords have become highly motivated and disciplined. Their numbers are increasing, organization is strong, and morale is very high. Though they are still outnumbered by the Get of Fenris, she believes she will soon be able to oust them from the Caern of the Sentinel.

She first gazed into the great pit of the Sentinel when she was a pup, and in it she saw a great future, in which her destiny guided her into battle against the Defiler Wyrms as head of her people. She has found that as she moves her destiny in line with that of her childhood vision, she accomplishes great things.

She would like to unify her people, defeat the Silver Fangs, and place the Shadow Lords above all tribes, but has not yet had a vision of that. Consequently, she places little emphasis on challenging the ancient Garou leaders, even though delegations from other domains have urged her to. The New York Silver Fangs appreciate her cooperative spirit.



Carleson Ruah

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ragabash

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 5, Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Leadership 2, Melee 4, Stealth 3, Computer 1, Enigmas 2, Investigation 3, Law 1, Occult 1, Politics 2, Rituals 1

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Resources 4

Gifts: Persuasion, Fatal Flaw, Open Seal, Blissful Ignorance, Taking the Forgotten, Luna's Armor, Paralyzing Stare, Disquiet

Rage 4, Gnosis 3, Willpower 6

Rank: 3

Renown: Glory 15,000, Honor 20,000, Wisdom 20,000

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: Helios Bauble (Level: 5, Gnosis: 6. This small ball (fits in the pocket) can be hurled at someone (such as a vampire). If it hits (Dexterity + Athletics), it will burst into a blazing ball of fire. Roll the Ball's Gnosis vs. the target's Gnosis (or Humanity). The number of successes is the amount of flame damage taken *plus* the number of rounds it continues to burn (one less Health Level per round). Various talents.

Image: Ruah is a charcoal-gray wolf with a white underbelly and white flecks on the crest of his forehead. In homid form he is a short, stout, pug-nosed white man with balding black hair and a black mustache and beard worn in a Satanic goatee. He wears charcoal-gray suits of the exact same hue as his Garou fur. He is in his late 30s,

Roleplaying Notes: Smile slyly, press your forefingers together, and listen, listen, listen. Listen for the flaw, the hesitation, the momentary weakness, the betrayal of inner doubt. Then pounce on it and tear it apart. Then snort gruffly.

Background: Ruah is a clever Garou who works with the New York City business community and underworld to fight the Wyrms from within.

He has created a large set of business contacts and has tricked many of his mortal enemies into backing him. He has even successfully infiltrated Empire Oil, a local Pentex

front, and keeps the Shadow Lords one step ahead of them; this enables Sylvan-Ivanovich-Sylvan to lead devastating raids and lightning strikes against Pentex operations in New York.

He has also met and formed alliances with Sabbat vampires in New York City. He has not told the rest of the pack of the scope of his alliance, preferring to hold that as a trump card in case he feels the need to challenge the current leadership. He has helped the Giovanni vampires exterminate some of their Sabbat and Camarilla foes, and cling to their eroding control of crime rackets in New York City.

Silent Striders

*Walk down that lonesome road all by yourself.
Don't turn your head back over your shoulder.
And only stop to rest yourself when the silver moon
Is shining high above the trees.*

—Lonesome Road, "The Mother Folkers"

The few Silent Striders in the area have taken New York's vast waterways as their domain. They command ships up and down the Hudson, in the harbor, and along the great network of lakes that flow through New York and Canada.

During their travels they have come across the pervasive influence of the Defiler Wyrms through Seventh Generation kidnappers and serial killers, and are beginning to understand the scope of the problem. They have made it a high priority to investigate these well-connected cultists.

The Striders approach no other Garou tribe with malice, and stay on cordial, if distant terms with them all. They have spent time in the Stargazer compound in the Catskill Mountains, and have discussed their findings about the Defiler Wyrms with the Children of Gaia, but have not disclosed their discoveries to the Silver Fangs or any other tribes.

The five Silent Striders in New York meet as a tribe very rarely, and when they do, they gather on islands like the tiny island with the abandoned 17th-century armory off Storm King in the Hudson River. The leader is the Galliard Nephthys. Other prominent members are Sekhmet and Mother Bast. They belong to a much larger protectorate that ranges up the East Coast. Because there are so few

Striders in the area, they have chosen larger regions to cover. Striders from all over wander through the area on their way to other protectorates.

Nephthys Muat

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Galliard

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4, Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2, Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 5, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Primal-Urge 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2, Animal Ken 2, Drive 2, Leadership 4, Repair 2, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Enigmas 4, Medicine 2, Occult 2, Politics 1, Rituals 4

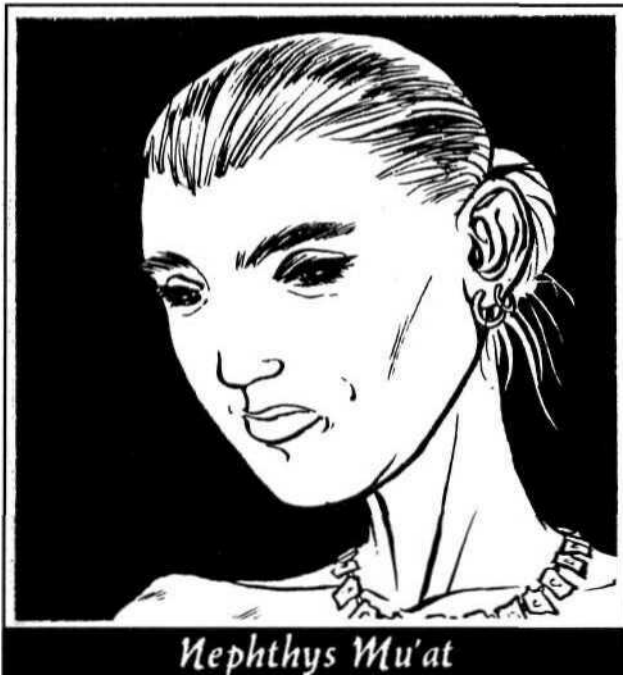
Backgrounds: Contacts 4, Pure Breed 2

Gifts: Persuasion, Speed of Thought, Beast Speech, Blissful Ignorance, DreamSpeak, Reshape Object, Distractions, Eye of the Cobra, Adaptation, Attunement, Bridge Walker

Rage 4, Gnosis 7, Willpower 7

Rank: 4

Renown: Glory 45,000, Honor 45,000, Wisdom 60,000



Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Opened Caern, Ritual of the Questing Stone, Rite of Binding, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of the Opened Bridge, The Rending of the Veil

Fetishes: Spirit Tracer, Phoebe's Veil, various talens

Image: Long, lean, blue-black wolf with sleek fur. Long, angular jaw with a strange rainbow of peacock reds and violets at the base of her ears. In homid form she looks like a slender, graceful Egyptian woman. She has very dark skin and short black hair. She is in her 40s.



Roleplaying Notes: Quiet, stately and slow. She thinks a long time before speaking, and often says nothing. When she speaks, it is often in questions. "Why do you ask?"

Background: Nephthys is the unofficial leader of the Silent Striders who dwell in the northeastern U.S. and Canada. She is wise and strong, and organizes the independent, itinerant Striders to make sure they regularly meet to pool vital information. She has lately become very disturbed by reports of parents selling their children to unsavory Wyrms-tainted kidnappers. She does not know the full extent of the Seventh Generation plot, but is well on the cult's trail.

She seeks any available information about the people who act as Snatchers for the Seventh Generation.

Sekhmet

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Philodox

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4, Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Primal-Urge 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2, Animal Ken 1, Performance 2, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Enigmas 1

Backgrounds: Allies 1, Contacts 3, Resources 1

Gifts: Leap of the Kangaroo, Truth of Gaia, Speed of Thought, Heightened Senses, Scent of Sight

Rage 3, Gnosis 6, Willpower 5

Rank: 2

Renown: Glory 9,000, Honor 8,300, Wisdom 10,500

Rites: none

Fetishes: none

Image: Light brown fur with black, leopard-like spots. Long, angular face and limbs. He wears large earrings. In homid form he is a light-skinned Semitic man with long black hair pulled into a ponytail and worn in an ornate clasp. He is in his early 20s.

Roleplaying Notes: Smile an energetic and jovial smile — well, jovial for a Strider. He likes good times and fun, and likes to revel with the Fianna.

Background: Sekhmet is a young Strider who eschews the conventional Strider attitude of mysterious depth. He is bright, friendly, and enjoys making a fool of himself to have a good time and put others at ease.

Though he wanders all over the area, he always returns to New York City and his friends among the young Garou and New York counterculture art scene. He has a special connection with the Fianna, and attends their revels regularly. Despite his outward manner, he is dedicated, and follows Nephthys' instructions to the letter. He has discovered more of the Seventh Generation Snatcher Caste than most other Garou. What he has seen has frightened him, and has made him fear for his adopted city.

*The days grow longer for smaller prizes
 I feel a stranger to all surprises.
 You can have them, I don't want them.
 I wear a different kind of garment.
 In my rehearsal for retirement.
 The lights are cold again, they dance below me,
 I turn to old friends, they do not know me....
 Where are the armies who killed a country?
 And turned a strong man into a baby?
 Now comes the revel, they are welcome.
 I wait in anger and amusement,
 In my rehearsal for retirement.*

—Phil Ochs, "Rehearsal for Retirement"

The Silver Fangs of the New York area are a fragmented lot, caught up in old traditions and glories of days past. They were vital to the defense of New York in the early colonial days, and led glorious charges against the Wyrms. They unified the tribes, forcing even the most divided, fractious tribes to work together. Since those days, however, they have settled into a comfortable rut, afraid to make new changes to confront a dramatically changed foe. The Wyrms have completely remade itself in a new and powerful and subtle incarnation. To remain effective combatants against the Wyrms, the Silver Fangs must develop new ways and new traditions. Jacob Morningkill, the current tribal leader, suspects this, but fears becoming obsolete and being replaced by a new kind of ruler. He has gone partially mad, and has systematically diverted or ruined any potential successors to his position. Thus, even as the other tribes look to the tribe for help and unity, the Silver Fangs are in no position to offer any real leadership.

There are 18 Silver Fangs in the area. Most of them are in Morningkill's tribe, which is located in the North Country Protectorate, just over the New York border in Vermont. Three are members of multitribal packs. There are few notable Silver Fangs because Morningkill has undercut anyone who might be a rival. The most willful and effective Silver Fang in New York is Loba Carcassone, who leads the Heaven pack, (See Heaven.) She once spoke out against Morningkill's power, but left when he started to retaliate. She has not been back in five years.

Jacob Morningkill

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5, Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4, Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 5, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Empathy 3, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urge 3, Animal Ken 2, Melee 4, Leadership 4, Survival 3, Enigmas 3, Rituals 5, Politics 1

Backgrounds: Kinfolk 3, Past Life 3, Pure Breed 5

Gifts: Sense Wyrms, Persuasion, Lament Flame, Awe, Stare-down, Luna's Armor, Wrath of Gaia, Ultimate Argument of Logic, Spirit Drain, Mastery, Mindblock, Luna's Avenger, Paws of the Newborn Cub, Feral Lobotomy, Reduce Delirium

Rage 5, Gnosis 6, Willpower 8

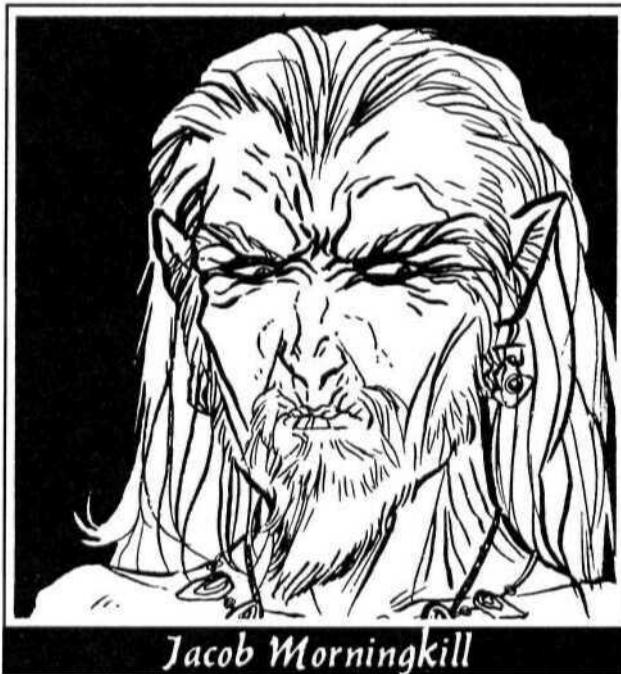
Rank: 5

Renown: Glory 70,000, Honor 65,000, Wisdom 135,000

Rites: Rite of Contrition, Rite of Cleansing, Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of Summoning, Moot Rite, Baptism of Fire, Rite of Passage, Rite of Ostracism, Rite of the Totem, Rite of the Winter Wolf, The Badger's Burrow, Gaia's Vengeful Teeth

Fetishes: Silver Sword

Image: The old king looks like a great, sad, wise old wolf with a sumptuous silver-white coat of downy fur. In



homid form he looks like a wise old man with a radiant albino face.

Roleplaying Notes: In behavior, the king is two men. In his day-to-day roles of rule maker and arbiter of fates, he is a magnanimous, authoritative and kindly ruler. In the

presence of anyone with real leadership qualities, he flies into a rage, and becomes a wrathful tyrant.

Background: Jacob Morningkill was appointed by the previous tribal leader in a great ritual that invested him not only with chieftainship over his people in the immediate area of the state, but with guardianship over all the tribes in the area as well.

Morningkill ruled well for many years, but slowly began to lose his grip on reality. As he felt his grip slipping, he feared being replaced, and reacted by taking more power and undercutting loyal followers who would have made good replacements. In his madness, he sent many of them on impossible quests into Wyrms traps. He has exiled others on foolish charges, forbidding them to return to the area. He has even sent pups with great potential into deadly rites of passage.

The end result of his manipulation and deceit is that no one among the New York Silver Fangs is qualified to succeed him. Worst of all, no one wants to. In quiet moments, the madness lifts from him and he realizes the terrible mistake he has made.

But too many years of pride prevent him from speaking up and ending this horrible situation. When a potential rival emerges, the madness returns full force, his visage changes utterly, and he crushes his competitor without mercy or remorse.

The dying king is taking his people down with him.



Stargazers

*I just don't know what else to do,
I need to come back home to you again
To ease my pain...
We're lost and so alone here in this throng,
We've lost the sight of right and wrong,
It's been so long
To smell the air, to hear a loon
To touch the stars, to feel the moon,
It sets my soul to singing once again.*
—Sally Rogers, "Quetico"

The Stargazers are a small and dwindling sect. They have no large presence in New York. A few of them make the rounds from caern to caern, but are just as likely to be out of state as in.

Only two are ever in the area on a regular basis; these two are Accolon and Antonine Teardrop. Accolon lives in a New York penthouse (his stats are given in "Rite of Passage"), while Antonine lives in the Catskills, where he has a small observatory decked out with telescopes and other scientific arcana. He is available for consultation, and receives Garou and Kinfolk on a regular basis.

Antonine Teardrop

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3, Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Empathy 3, Primal-Urge 3, Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 2, Leadership 3, Melee 4, Stealth 4, Survival 3, Enigmas 5, Investigation 4, Medicine 3, Occult 5, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Past Life 3, Pure Breed 3, Resources 2

Gifts: Persuasion, Resist Pain, Truth of Gaia, Scent of the True Form, Surface Attunement, Inner Strength, Merciful Blow, Sight from Beyond, Preternatural Awareness, Assimilation, Wisdom of the Seer, Circular Attack

Rage 3, Gnosis 8, Willpower 10

Rank: 5

Renown: Glory 45,000, Honor 125,000, Wisdom 80,000

Rites: Rite of Contrition, Rite of Cleansing, Ritual of the Questing Stone, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Gathering for the Departed, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Passage, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of the Totem, Rite of the Opened Bridge, The Badger's Burrow, Rite of the Shrouded Glen, Rending of the Veil

Fetishes: Klaive with a paradox spirit bound into it (provides the Gift: Distractions).

Image: Antonine has mid-length golden fur with a white-gold underbelly. In homid form he looks like a tanned, middle-aged outdoorsman, with leathery skin and blond-flecked brown hair. He is 47 years old.

Roleplaying Notes: Remain supremely calm no matter what. Smile at odd times, as if you are in on a joke nobody else understands or has even noticed.

Background: Antonine is a wise Stargazer who has recently been reading some frightening portents. He has

seen the Wyrms as a great hydra uncoiling a horrible new head: a head studded with the face of screaming children. He does not know the meaning of the omen, but he knows the nature of the beast.

He has insisted at several revels that the destruction of this new beast cannot be accomplished by tooth and claw, but instead requires all Garou to purify themselves and rededicate themselves to Gaia's true way.

He calls for all Garou to heal their own inner wounds, the wounds of homids, and the wounds of mortal society. He calls for a great revel in which the Garou tribes present their grievances against one another, acknowledge the grievances of others, ask for forgiveness, forgive offenses committed, and accept the forgiveness of the other tribes. Anything less will doom the tribes to tear at each other's throats while the enemy gloats.

His calls for tribal healing have made even the Children of Gaia uncomfortable, and Antonine has received very few visitors since he announced his plan.



Uktena

*All I see around me
Sings to me of the past,
My generations loved this land.
Never thought I'd be the last
All that toiling, all that dreaming,
Birth and death and joy and pain,
It was all for nothing, all in vain.
Leaving the Land.
Leaving all I've ever been, and everything I am,
Leaving the Land.*

—Mary Black, "Leaving the Land"

The Uktena in New York have a special hatred for the other Garou who arrived with the European colonists. These Garou, whom the Uktena call the Wyrmscomers, took over important caerns and left the Uktena with the least powerful caern in the state. Many Uktena believe that the other Garou stand in the way of purifying the world, and must be eliminated and the caerns rededicated to Uktena

before the land may be reclaimed. Moderate Uktena think they need to eliminate the Wyrms first, but will be forced to destroy the impure Wyrmscomers to finish the purification process.

Though these attitudes are supposed to remain secret, many other tribes know about them, and distrust all native



Garou. Even when the other tribes don't know the Uktena's attitudes toward them, they still find the native tribe difficult to work with and unpleasant. They insist that they did not steal the sites from the Uktena, but rather rescued them from Wyrms conquest.

Despite the local Uktena distaste for Wyrmscomer Garou, Bull Roarer (the local Uktena leader) is one of the most moderate members of his tribe. He is very willing to share his caern with other Garou, especially the Fianna. This is because his people lost the caern to the Wyrms during the middle of the 19th century, but got it back through the courtesy of the Fianna. A Fianna Kinfolk named Frederick Law Olmstead used great civic muscle to wrest the site from the Wyrms-backed developers, while the Fianna themselves fought the Wyrms. Instead of claiming the site for their own, however, Olmstead and the Fianna met with the Uktena and returned it to them, saying that they believed the Uktena could manage it best. Since then, the Uktena have had to soften their anti-Wyrmscomer edge somewhat.

There are 36 Uktena in New York. Most of them are in the Sept of the White Water and stay near the caern, but the Spirit Song pack ranges over the state. Bull Roarer faces his main opposition from two factions: the Total War contingent led by Clubfoot Razorneck, and the Uktena forces that urge cooperation with the other tribes, led by Robert Kinsolver. Razorneck is backed by the Philodox Snake Howler and the Ahroun Chadra Two Heads, Kinsolver has less support, but the powerful Theurge Kydo Mirror-Lake has been spending a lot of time with the young man, as has the popular Galliard Ram Horn.

Bull Roarer

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Philodox

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2, Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Expression 4, Primal-Urge 4, Animal Ken 4, Leadership 3, Stealth 3, Survival 4, Enigmas 4, Medicine 3, Occult 5, Politics 1, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 2, Kinfolk 2

Gifts: Heightened Senses, Sense the Unnatural, Beast Life, Song of the Great Beast, Truth of Gaia, Call to Duty, King of the Beasts, Wisdom of the Ancient Ways, Sense Magic, Spirit of the Fish, Call Elemental

Rage 3, Gnosis 10, Willpower 7

Rank: 5

Renown: Glory 50,000, Honor 120,000, Wisdom 70,000

Rites: Rite of the Opened Caern, Moot Rite, Rite of Binding, Rite of Passage, Rite of the Hunt, Rite of the Winter Wolf, Rite of the Opened Bridge, The Badger's Burrow

Fetishes: Croatan Song (Level: 5, Gnosis: 10. This is one of the last surviving fetishes of the Croatan tribe. It is very dear to Bull Roarer; he keeps it secret from most of the tribe. Only in a hopeless situation will he remove it from hiding. It is a flute (must be in homid form to play) which, when blown, will play a song sung by Croatan Galliards long ago. Any Wyrms creatures hearing it will flee in terror — no roll required. This includes Black Spiral Dancers, who will additionally suffer Harano).

Image: A great gray wolf with white spots. His wrinkled skin has big pouches and rolls of flesh. His fur is well-



scarred, and he is bald in patches. In homid form he is a gruff Amerindian who wears old tribal robes. He keeps his eyes nearly closed most of the time. He is in his 50s,

Roleplaying Notes: Gruff, surly, cranky old wolf. His low voice cracks and he growls before he speaks, as if clearing his throat.

Background: Bull Roarer is the keeper of the Caern of the White Water on Goat Island at the foot of Niagara Falls. He is an old shaman and warrior who comes from a long line of natives that regularly produce powerful Garou. He grew up with a great hate of other Garou tribes, and was a powerful critic of any attempt to cooperate with them. However, when he was a young man, he worshipped at the caern, and received a vision from the spirit Uktena. In his vision he inhabited the body of the Uktena shaman who lost the caern and regained it from the Fianna. This vision humbled him, and made him eager to share power with the Fianna, but not the other Wyrmscomers.

Since he spent his early years opposing the Wyrmscomers, he was trusted by hard-line Uktena. When he relented, they relented.

Bull Roarer now tends the caern and presides over Uktena council meetings. The biggest challenges to his rule come from Clubfoot Razorneck and Robert Kinsolver. Ironically, Bull Roarer most fears Kinsolver, even though he admires the young Garou, and Razorneck has mounted the real challenge to his authority. This is because he feels he can control the brute force of Razorneck, but can't rein in Kinsolver's calls for change. Though he agrees with Kinsolver, he feels the young man is pushing for too much change too rapidly. He prays he can keep the New York Uktena from splitting and warring on themselves.

Clubfoot Razorneck

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4, Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 3, Survival 4, Occult 3, Rituals 1

Backgrounds: Past Life 2

Gifts: Heightened Senses, Sense Magic, Razor Claws, Sense the Unnatural, True Fear, Clenched Jaw

Rage 8, **Gnosis** 7, **Willpower** 5

Rank: 3

Renown: Glory 60,000, Honor 14,000, Wisdom 7,000

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Binding

Fetishes: Baneskin

Image: A hulking orange-brown wolf with a great, broad chest, a small head, and twisted, mangled legs. She walks slowly and stomps as she goes, but can move deceptively fast. Her upper body, her grip and her bite are formidable. In homid form she is a large Amerind woman



with a broad face; long, black hair; a powerful upper body; and badly deformed legs. She wears buckskin clothes. She is in her late 20s.

Roleplaying Notes: Mean and cranky. Not a good word for anyone. "What do you want?"

Background: Clubfoot is a deformed Garou who walks with a pronounced limp. She has massive upper body strength, and is a formidable fighter who towers over many of the other Uktena,

She is the leader of the hard-liners who want total war with the other tribes. She refuses to accept appeasement, and is constantly looking for ways to start a war with the Fianna and annul their claim on the caern. If that succeeds, she wants to forbid any Garou except the Uktena and selected Wendigo from visiting the caern.

She trafficks with spirits from the Deep Umbra, and is coming more and more under their sway. She is not controlled by them, but finds their plans and advice very helpful. She hates Robert Kinsolver and plots to kill him.

Robert Kinsolver

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2, Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Expression 3, Primal-Urge 2, Leadership 2, Survival 2, Enigmas 3, Occult 4, Rituals 1

Backgrounds: Past Life 3, Resources 1

Gifts: Sense Magic, Spirit Speech, Persuasion, Sight From Beyond

Rage 3, **Gnosis** 8, **Willpower** 6

Rank: 1

Renown: Glory 250, Honor 300, Wisdom 1,000

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Binding

Fetishes: none

Image: A sleek young wolf with a short, glossy brown coat and tufts of red fur down his neck and back. He is trim and lean, more like a coyote than a wolf. In homid form he is a smiling, young Amerindian man. He has shoulder-length hair and wears a leather jacket. He is in his early 20s.

Roleplaying Notes: Robert is an energetic, frenzied young man who speaks in rapid bursts. He talks to any Garou who will listen, and tirelessly seeks out Garou of all tribes to build bridges and form alliances.

Background: Robert Kinsolver is a young Uktena who was born on the Tuscarora Indian Reservation. As a boy he proved to be a gifted scholar and a deeply troubled child. At 10 years of age he mastered all high school course work, and went on to study at Niagara University as part of an experimental program for gifted teenagers. But he had severe emotional problems, and became a hard-core alcoholic before his 13th birthday. The Change was particularly traumatic for him, and he fell into a catatonic state during which he

shuttled back and forth between forms for weeks, screaming in agony the whole time. The Uktena gave up on him, and were ready to kill him, but their allied spirits leaped from their fetishes to protect the insensate boy.

Three days later the mysterious Alaskan Uktena shaman Three-Scary-Women took him away from the New York Uktena and spirited him to Alaska. When he returned, he had the eyes of a shaman: eyes that were very far away. He now spends his time trying to link the tribe to the Native American population of New York. He has repeatedly told the Garou of New York that they must concentrate on helping the natives heal, and that the Garou themselves must acknowledge their own wounds and flaws. He maintains that the Garou are actually contributing to the power of the Wyrms, and all need fundamental changes in their innermost beings, starting with a closer alignment with the other Garou tribes.

Some Uktena Garou hate him for his open-handed ideas, and want to silence him. Clubfoot Razorneck is prominent among those who grumble that he should be made to feel the tribe's wrath.

Wendigo

*And now I stand beneath these garden walls,
The moon above me wheels,
The stars are cast through the field of night,
And the wind like a drunkard reels...
For those lost ones still before me stand,
And they're all present as a whole
In the tangled skein of passing years
They shine like threads of gold,
It was on nights like this we'd gather here,
Brave crowded hours to fill,
In kinship and good harmony,
In my dreams I can see it still...
And in a chance-met street or crowded bar,
We few now left behind,
Would raise not a glass but a rueful brow,
At the passing of our kind.*

—Garnett Rogers, "The Lost Ones"

There are very few Wendigo Garou in New York. The few who venture here are messengers or avengers from Canada, though the tribe does descend on holy sites for special rituals. Every winter the tribe sends a large delegation into the Adirondacks for a mountain howl.

A small group also visits the Finger Lakes in spring to pay homage to the holy rivers and quest for the long-lost Tree of Peace. This group appears to have reached an accord with the Black Furies over its incursion of the Finger Lakes area.

These great old timber wolves have little use for many other packs, whom they consider blighted by the Wyrms. This hatred has intensified as young Wendigos have ventured into Canadian cities and even the place their elders call the blackest pit of hell: New York City.

The Wendigos have given up on saving New York, and concentrate almost totally on Canada, where many Wendigos are agitating for Total War against the homids. They even dislike the Red Talons, whom they disdain as unintelligent beasts trying to act like Garou from homid stock. Nevertheless, they cooperate with other tribes during important rituals and hunts, and receive regular visits from the Children of Gaia, who soothe the old wolves' anger while advocating unity with the rest of the tribes.

But the fabled Wendigo temper is reserved for those that should be their greatest right hand; the Uktena. They believe the Uktena have betrayed the Great Spirit that led them to the Pure Land by having any relations with the new homids. The Total War fringe of the Wendigo tribe is the strongest presence in the New York area, and presents a very extreme picture of the Wendigo attitude toward the New York Garou.

There are 36 Ottawa Wendigos. Only one pack of Wendigos ventures into the state regularly, but it keeps the Get of Fenris and the Black Furies on their toes. The Ottawa Wendigos are led by the old Ahroun, Cries-In-the-Wind. The Philodox Kreeyaah advocates more cooperation with the other tribes, but she is often shouted down by Total War wolves like the Ragabash Hole-In-the-Sky. The old lorekeeper Aurak Moondancer has taken no side, and seems to want less and less to do with tribal policy every day; his tribal orations are limited to calls for decisive strikes against the Wyrms.



Cries-In-the-Wind

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Expression 5, Primal-Urge 4, Animal Ken 4, Leadership 5, Melee 4, Survival 4, Enigmas 3, Occult 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 4, Kinfolk 2

Gifts: Leap of the Kangaroo, Inspiration, Call The Breeze, Scent of Sight, Speak with the Wind Spirits, Chill of Early Frost, Sky Running, Attunement, Call the Cannibal Spirit, Sense Silver, Silver Claws, Beast Life, Gnaw, Song of the Great Beast, Strength of Will

Rage 7, Gnosis 5, Willpower 8

Rank: 6

Renown: Glory 200,000, Honor 110,000, Wisdom 90,000

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Moot Rite, Gathering for the Departed, Rite of Passage, Rite of Ostracism, The Hunt, Rite of the Totem, Rite of the Winter Wolf, The Badger's Burrow

Fetishes: Wind Cutter (Level: 5, Gnosis: 5. This is a preternaturally smooth stone blade. It holds a wind elemental of immense power which allows the blade to cut through





nearly anything. The number of activation successes negates that amount of soak or armor dice)

Image: Huge, grizzled old wolf with coarse, bristling light gray fur. His fur is matted and has a very strong smell. His weary old eyes still flash with anger and rage. In homid form he is a tough old Amerindian man with a stern face.

Roleplaying Notes: Labored breathing and narrow, squinty eyes. A slow deliberation about him as he talks, with sudden bursts of savagery and anger. No time for foolishness or fun. During revels he beats his chest in fury.

Background: Cries-In-The-Wind is a tough, grizzled old shaman who has survived hundreds of battles with Wyrms minions in his 60 long years. He hates the invader homids, has little patience with native homids who are not warlike, and finds the rest of the Garou tribes to be weak, Wyrms-ridden pups with no constancy or sure direction. He even despises the Wendigo pragmatists who do not favor Total War with the rest of the world.

In his homid form he has been working with the Native Rights movement in Canada. He has succeeded in mobilizing a powerful coalition of natives, and has led successful strikes on Pentex and the government. They have been so successful that the Canadian government is negotiating with them over returning rights and land to them.

He is in a righteous frenzy over the other tribes' unwillingness to embrace his approach as the best. He feels that if all the tribes encourage the Pure Ones to take a hard line, they can win back land, rights and power. From that power base they can take on the Wyrms.

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3, Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Primal-Urge 2, Animal Ken 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2, Enigmas 1, Investigation 1, Occult 1, Rituals 1

Backgrounds: Allies 2

Gifts: Persuasion, Camouflage, Scent of the True Form, Cutting Wind, Strength of Purpose

Rage 3, Gnosis 5, Willpower 5

Rank: 2

Renown: Glory 5,000, Honor 12,000, Wisdom 5,500

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: Bane Arrows (Bow skill: roll Dexterity + Athletics)

Image: Kreeyaah is a youthful medium-gray wolf with piercing blue eyes and a lyrical voice. She has black markings on her shoulders and haunches, and a black V on her forehead. In homid form she is a young Amerindian female who dresses in fairly casual and modern attire.

Roleplaying Notes: She is excited about most things the other person talks about, and converses eagerly on a range of subjects.

Background: Among the moderate voices in the Wendigo tribe, Kreeyaah is the most vocal. She triumphed over a great Wyrms infestation during her rite of passage, and earned the respect of the entire tribe. Every winter she descends to New York City to visit friends among the Glass Walkers and other Garou. This has caused a lot of grumbling among the Wendigo elders, but they have not chastised her, hoping she will see the error of her ways before she changes the minds of the younger wolves.

She uses all the political capital gained in her conquests to advocate cooperation with the other tribes. She has brought emissaries from other Garou tribes to the closed Wendigo moots to partake of their rituals, and some of her friends from other tribes have earned the grudging acceptance of her people.

She has had several skirmishes with the Royal Canadian Mountie, Jeffrey Maudlin, who is secretly the leader of the Seventh Generation Warrior Caste in the New York area. The two are now bitter enemies, and Kreeyaah wants to mobilize a Wendigo pack to crush him. She does not yet know about the Seventh Generation or the extent of his connections and power.

Caerns

There are four caerns in New York. The smallest is located near Niagara Falls. Another is in Central Park in New York City. One is in the Sentinel Range of the Adirondack Mountains. The most powerful is nestled in the Finger Lakes region, near Rochester, New York. Two other holy sites that could be made into caerns are nestled in the Catskills and protected by faeries. Still other areas have been corrupted by the Wyrms and can no longer be used as caerns.

The Sept of the White Water

Caern: Goat Island at Niagara Falls

Level: 1

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Gnosis

Tribal Structure: Open, with power shared by Fianna and Uktena

Totems: Uktena

This tiny caern is located on Goat Island, and commands a spectacular view of the falls. The sept is headed by Bull Roarer, an Uktena of the nearby Tuscarora Indian Reserva-

tion. Agents of the Wyrms nearly claimed this caern in the 19th century, when they succeeded in boarding Niagara Falls from the sight of all viewers and charging money for a look. This plan was beaten by Frederick Law Olmstead, a Kinfolk who worked with Fianna Garou to protect the natural areas around the Falls. Olmstead and his allies freed these sacred lands for public viewing, and established the first state park in the nation here. Olmstead also fought off a second Wyrms attack designed to tear out the natural life and build a sculptured garden. Olmstead was the architect of Central Park in Manhattan, and a powerful environmental leader. Not surprisingly, his name means "homeland."

Though the Uktena are loath to share their ancient sites with other tribes, they acknowledge the great service the Fianna performed in wresting the site back from the Wyrms. As a result, the Fianna have sealed close ties with the local Uktena, and opened what was once an Uktena sept. The Fianna are content to let the Uktena rule as long as the caern is open to all. The only time the Fianna tore down an Uktena leader and installed a Fianna was 60 years ago, when the Uktena tried to seal the caern from "invader" tribes.



The Sept of the Sentinel

Caern: Peak of the Sentinel Mountain Range, Adirondack Mountains

Level: 3

Gauntlet: 3

Type: Strength

Tribal Structure: Get of Fenris

Totems: Tijus-keha, the Sentinel of the Mountain.

This caern sits atop one of the tallest mountains in the Adirondacks. Just reaching it on foot is a great challenge. The Sept of the Sentinel is completely dominated by Get of Fenris Garou. They allow others to use the caern, but demand great prices in return. The Shadow Lords resent this monopoly and have tried unsuccessfully to wrest it from the Get.

Tijus-keha, the spirit of the mountain, is a mysterious entity that speaks in riddles. His domain is areas that grow food for humans.

Every year in the dead of winter, the Fenris wolves hold a great moot and howl for their long-lost brothers: the wolves who used to roam freely across the Adirondacks but were wiped out by bounty hunters.

The Sept of the Green

Caern: Central Park, Manhattan, New York City

Level: 3

Gauntlet: 3

Type: Survival

Tribal Structure: Open, dominated by Bone Gnawers

Totems: Water-spirit Mera and the Great White Mouse

This sept is dominated by the Bone Gnawers, and is described in the Werewolf rulebook.

The Sept of the Hand of Gaia

Caern: Near Seneca Lake, in the Finger Lakes Region

Level: 5

Gauntlet: 2

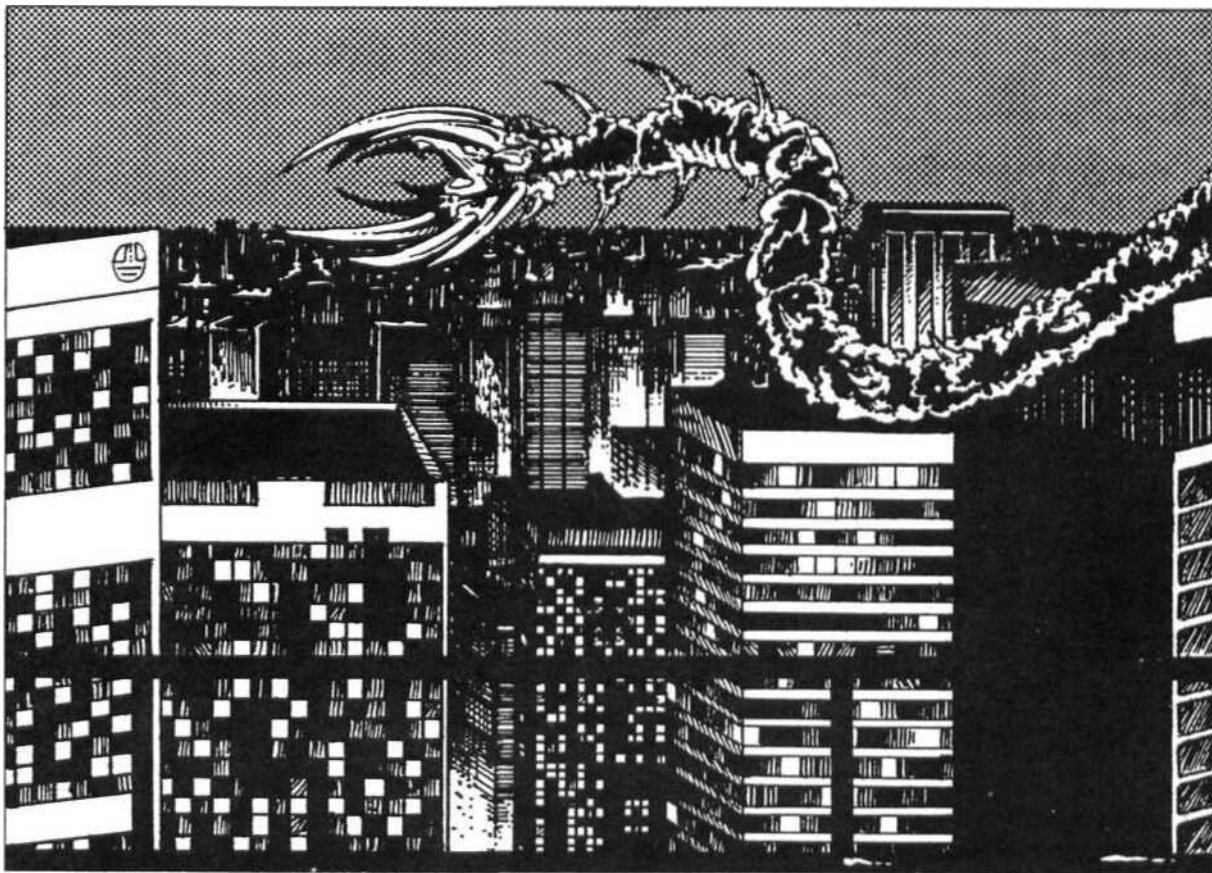
Type: Enigmas & Healing

Tribal Structure: Open, dominated by Black Furies

Totems: Life of the Nation, a potent but distant spirit.

The sept has yet to determine the extent of the power and domain of Life of the Nation,

This caern is the most powerful site in New York, and has long been a sacred spot to the Pure Ones. It is nestled between huge, beautiful, 600-foot-deep glacial lakes; the geological structure of these lakes is not duplicated anywhere else in the world. Garou legends say that the left hand of Gaia reached down and scooped out the most corrupt



Wyrms beasts. As she cast out the wicked, she blessed the ground she touched. Whatever the explanation, the area is potent with the presence of Gaia, and causes homids and Garou alike to have deeply personal visions.

The caern contains a major spirit whose ways are nearly unfathomable to the Garou. They have been communing for a long time, but cannot understand the language. The Black Furies' policies toward caern use by other Garou have been becoming more and more restrictive in recent years.

The Defiler Wyrms

*I am the latest apparition
Cutting slices in the night.
I come through without permission,
Moving in and out of human sight...
I'm the gypsy in your pocket,
I'm the horseman in your dreams.
I'm the reason dogs are barking,
I'm the hand that stops the screams.
Like the ghost of a traveling salesman,
My foot will be there in your door.
Though I can walk through walls and windows,
I will knock just like before.*

—John Gorka, "Raven in the Storm"

The Tellurian entity called the Wyrms manifests in the Umbra and the physical plane in many ways. Some are personalized forms and some are abstract presences. Among the Wyrms' personalized aspects are bestial spirit personifications of specific forms of destruction and hate. One is Beast-of-War, a driving spirit that incites men to hate and kill one another in open warfare. Another is Eater-of-Souls, a primordial presence that is personified consumption. It devours all life in its path and excretes putrefied corruption. The Croatan tribe exiled Eater-of-Souls to the Umbra in a ritual that destroyed every member of the tribe and their patron spirit as well.

But there are other, more subtle manifestations of the Wyrms. One grows from an ancient form of hate — a hate reserved for women only. It's a fear that springs from men's primal awe and fear of childbirth, and is as old as mankind's earliest days. The name of this fear is seldom spoken, but it drives otherwise rational men to brutalize innocent women and children.

In ancient times it manifested as socially sanctioned infanticide, genital mutilation, witch-burning, and legally permissible rape. Though these horrors are still rampant in many parts of the world, today's more advanced civilizations reject such irrational policies and have criminalized them.

Despite these measures, however, the primordial fear still exists, and bubbles up as far subtler sexual terrorism. It appears as generational warfare, covert sexism, sexual



abuse of children, and legally unenforceable rape laws. The generational warfare it creates ranges from blatant emotional and physical abuse of children to the complex and subtle cruelty inherent in destroying the children's legacy.

On a personal level, parents infected with this fear destroy their children's legacies by recklessly squandering all the financial resources and spending all the money that the previous generation earned and passed along to them. On a national level, this fear makes people destroy the pristine environment they inherited, and run up crippling national debts that they then pass on to future generations.

The power of this fear is palpable, and manifests on Earth as the subtle, highly intelligent, highly malevolent presence called the Defiler Wyrms.

The origins of the Defiler Wyrms are a great secret. Its followers know it has a unique personality, intelligence and a strong sense of self-preservation, but don't know its nature. It may be of the Incarna, broken away from the main body of the Wyrms, or a Celestine, growing in power to the point where it can rival the Celestine Gaia. They also do not know whether fear and hate created the beast, or if the beast instilled fear and hate in the hearts of mortals. All they know is that this fear and hate is more important than any other force in their lives. While some Defiler Wyrms acolytes think the Defiler Wyrms is just one aspect of the Wyrms, other followers suspect that the Defiler Wyrms has swollen to such a ponderous size that it has a distinct and almost separate identity from the main body of the Wyrms. What all

Defiler Wyrms agree on is the nature of the beast. It is the supernatural embodiment of the most fundamental violations of trust in the family of man. When the bonds of trust between man, woman and child are severed, the Defiler Wyrms is heard, laughing.

The largest and most devoted sect of earthly followers of the Defiler Wyrms is the powerful secret society called the Seventh Generation. The sect fulfills the Wyrms's mandate to dominate, defile and destroy the body of Gaia by focusing on the domination, defilement and destruction of women and children. Like the Wyrms, the Seventh Generation agents of the Defiler Wyrms are anti-life, and women and children represent life. In the microcosm, a man's control over a woman's body is like mankind's control over the body of Gaia — not partnership, not trusted companionship, but suspicion, disdain and endless strife.

Some high-ranking Seventh Generation occultists suspect that Beast-of-War is the actual recipient of the Seventh Generation's worship, and that the Defiler Wyrms is really just its pawn. If this is true, it is a secret to the rank-and-file members of the Seventh Generation, who see the Defiler Wyrms as the most direct channel to the awesome entity that is the Wyrms.

The Seventh Generation

The sins of the father shall be visited upon the sons unto the third and fourth generation.

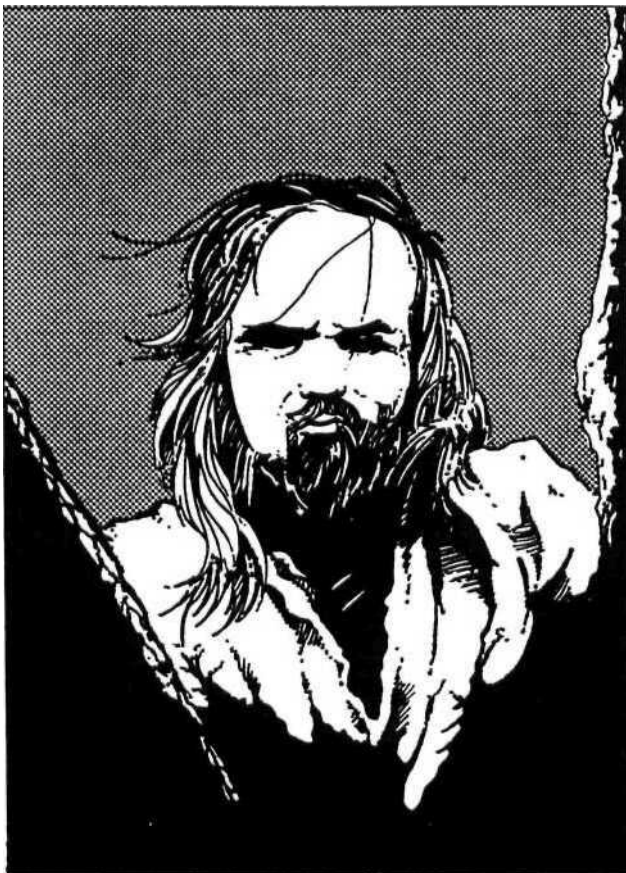
— Old Testament

Of all the mortal manifestations of the Wyrms, none are more secretive, insidious, invisible, all-pervasive and well-protected than the members of the Defiler Wyrms cult called the Seventh Generation. Its concealment is so complete that though it reaches into the very highest levels of power in government and business, it remains completely unknown to the world's intelligence community and to the Wyrms-sensitive Garou. Only the highest Seventh Generation leaders know how far the cult's corrosive touch extends.

On the surface, the Seventh Generation is an interlocking network of thoroughly corrupted businessmen, politicians, military leaders, religious figures, wealthy heirs and serial killers. These figures are all willing servitors of the Wyrms, and their chief goal is spreading the Wyrms's influence across the world and corrupting the bonds of harmony that unite mankind and all living things. Beneath the surface they are a squabbling, backbiting mob of bitter, miserable creatures with stunted spirits and no love for each other or themselves.

The cult's world headquarters used to be in Europe, but since world power has shifted to the New World, its largest cells are now in the U.S. The largest groups operate out of New York City.

Like other groups that serve at the behest of the Wyrms, the Seventh Generation is fundamentally concerned with the destruction of Gaia in form and spirit. It wishes to inculcate the Wyrms into everything, matter and spirit. Its



final goal is the corruption of everything in Gaia, and the ultimate destruction of everything in the universe.

Unlike the cult's Wyrms-fed brethren, the Seventh Generation rejects direct assaults on the global environment and overt contamination of the biological world. It sees these tactics as too crude, too obvious, and all too easily opposed by the powerful spirits of Gaia, to whom a known enemy is often a defeated enemy.

It does not destroy its targets in outright, explosive confrontations. Instead, its assault on Gaia is secretive, indirect and very personal. The Seventh Generation seeks to hollow out the living world with a creeping, spreading cancer that remains hidden below the surface of Gaia's consciousness, unseen and unfelt until it runs its course. It wants the world to remain blissfully unaware of its work until its minions have eaten through the healthy flesh of the world-body and replaced it with rank, tumorous tissue breeding out of control.

Its target; children. Its weapon: defilement.

The First Violation Assaults on the Innocent

The cult of the Seventh Generation amasses great power and invokes the Wyrms on the material plane through the weapons of sexual brutality, rape and murder of innocents. These atrocities, rampant as they are, are only the beginning of the cult's work. If its work ended there, mankind as a whole would rise up and destroy the offender. Molestation is just the spark which ignites the inferno that is the Defiler Wyrms.

The Second Violation The Strangulation of Trust

Human beings are remarkably resilient, and can endure tremendous physical and emotional pain with minimal damage. The betrayal that accompanies such acts, however, is far more damaging.

To create real suffering, the Seventh Generation compounds the initial assault by ensuring that the innocent who is harmed feels a deep sense of betrayal. This betrayal is usually evoked by victimization at the hands of a loved one or a subsequent victimization by society. Arranging for society at large to further violate the victim is a difficult task that requires a coordinated effort on several fronts.

The political wing of the Seventh Generation starts by ensuring that children have no rights and women have difficulty exerting control over their reproductive systems. This keeps women overly dependent on men and sometimes resentful of their children, who have little legal protection from secretive abusers.

The medical branch of the Seventh Generation maneuvers behind the scenes to make sure that the children of abuse have no recourse, no sympathetic ear, and no one whom they can trust to take their stories seriously.

Arranging this societal violation, a violation which runs against the deepest human sentiments, has been a tremendously difficult task for the minions of the Defiler Wyrms. In order to subvert the deep natural instincts of humans to respect, trust and protect abused children and raped women, the Wyrms' agents appeal to deep-seated insecurities. They play on fears of loss of status, of children eclipsing parents, of men becoming subordinate to women. The Seventh Generation began this work in prehistory, when men and women lived as equals and Gaia was revered by all. The agents of the Wyrms can claim credit for toppling the ideal of sexual equality and installing the male as the dominant sex. Men and women suffer equally under the cruel heel of this unbalanced directive, but have been subtly conditioned to accept it as the natural order.

This unnatural division in the holy bond between men and women has spawned a far more wrenching separation. Men and women whose relationships are built on fear, distrust and disunity cannot form truly spiritual unions with their children. This results in parents who are alienated from the very children they brought into the world. And in a frightening number of cases it results in something far worse: emotional, physical and sexual abuse. This original violation is compounded by a cover-up of the abuse. The unity of family trust is destroyed, shattered into a thousand guilty family secrets.

The Defiler Wyrms' minions have succeeded so completely that few victims of rape, sexual harassment or pedophilia dare to come forward, and those who do are thoroughly discredited. The larger community is exhorted to circle the wagons around any prominent figure accused of these horrific crimes, and insulate him from his accusers. His status is used as a defense, as if prominent and powerful people are incapable of committing despicable acts. The violator is painted as a victim, and the victim is made to suffer another round of violations by the social order.

This is the genius and the horror of the Seventh Generation.

The Third Violation: Secrets

But the Seventh Generation's greatest accomplishment is not that it succeeded in establishing a monstrous culture of abuse, but that it was actually able to cover it up, and keep it a crippling powerful secret. Neither the abusers nor the abused can break the cycle, get help, or report the truth without suffering the scorn and rejection of the larger community: a community grappling with exactly the same issues.

The children who survive such predations grow up with hateful secrets festering deep inside them. Their trust has been violated in a way that kills all innocence and beats down their essential humanity.

This creates a painful inner wound that never stops bleeding. This wound, shrouded in shadows and secrecy, is like a black hole in the spirit. And in that dark place, the Wyrms grow.

The Fourth Violation: The Victim as Victimizer

Like an unholy egg, the Wyrms grow in the heart of the victim. If he does not acknowledge, embrace and heal this deep spiritual wound, he risks becoming a perpetual victim or victimizer. He will either seek to be abused and tolerate the abuse of his own children, or he will become an abuser himself.

The original violation always compounds itself in the dark. When the child grows up, he treats his children the same way he was treated. Without healing, it is nearly impossible to do otherwise.

If the abused child grows up without ever exorcising the horrors of the past, his mind locks out the damaging memory, and he gradually forgets the past terrors. The pain resurfaces every time he tries to remember it, so he refuses to think about that time. Some children are aware of this as a black hole in their memories: they can recall before and after that time, but not during.

The Wyrms take root in this dark place, and grow. It makes the victim resent his own children and often pass along the abuse he suffered. Those who refuse to examine their wounds, and experience the pain of them, cannot heal. They are doomed to let the Wyrms grow unchecked inside them, and are very likely to offer up their own children to their tormentors.

This dark heritage is passed from parent to child, generation after generation. And so the Wyrms turn full circle, as tainted parents offer their children up for the violations they suffered.

The Fifth Violation: The Death of Hope

Because of the ingenuity of this self-perpetuating cycle, the Seventh Generation does not need to use magical means to control a spiritually wounded person. Instead, they can count on him to act in the interests of the Wyrms, hurting anyone who becomes close to him and passing on his wound to his children. The Wyrms virtually control him, but spells cannot detect the Wyrms' magical presence within him.

The Defiler Wyrms call on his unwitting hosts to further his work on earth, and their accomplishments are legion. They have enshrined greed above compassion. They have committed genocide. They have instituted slavery secretly and legally. They have crushed women's rights. They have destroyed rightful governments in coups, and covered up the coups. And they continue to defile children the world over. These endless violations of trust take their toll on each new generation. They create a pervasive atmosphere of hopelessness that has extended over most of the world.

The Council of the Pentarch: The Five Branches of the Seventh Generation

"I think incest can be handled as a family matter within the family... I don't think it's rape because of the awareness of it within the family."

—Jay Dickey, Senate Candidate, 1992

The Seventh Generation comprises five distinct branches that have virtually no direct communication with one another. These five branches, collectively known as the Council of the Pentarch, are the Government Caste, Business Caste, Medical Caste, Snatchers Caste, and Warrior Caste. They all know their jobs and do their work with a minimum of coordination from the top. Because of this extreme autonomy, they are able to elude the eyes of even hardcore conspiracy seekers.

Organization and Communication

The whole organization is run by the five heads of each branch. These ancient dictators usually make decisions on their own, but occasionally take orders from Wyrms creatures deep within the Umbra. When direct communication through the Umbra becomes necessary, the leader usually disappears and is replaced by a subordinate.

The Council of the Pentarch moderates the cult and regulates its functioning. The leaders only meet during crises, and even then they prefer to communicate in coded messages sent through the Umbra. If they met often, mortals could expose their conspiracy, so they avoid any direct contact. This has allowed them to preserve their secrecy not only from the mortal world, but from the forces of Gaia.

To conduct day-to-day business, they learn the decisions of the other heads through very mundane, conventional information sources. Since they know one another's codes, they can read a great deal of meaning in otherwise innocuous public statements made in the conventional media by their spokesmen. This protects them from their magical enemies, and allows their communication to remain undetectable by magical means. It also protects them from their human enemies, since it keeps them free of conspiracy charges.

Rituals

The heart of the Seventh Generation's magic power is an ancient system of precisely timed rituals. By performing its rituals in tandem, the cult creates a pool of rich, magical energy, which is fed to Seventh Generation cells throughout the world.

This clockwork timing is a great strength, but it also leaves the cult vulnerable to attack. If just one cult group is disrupted during the ritual, the entire ritual will fail and the participants may suffer tremendous psychic backlash. For this reason, security around Seventh Generation rituals is very tight.



Followers

The minions of the Defiler Wurm pay a heavy price for their power. Unlike their victims, who unknowingly allow the Wurm to grow in their souls, the members of the Seventh Generation willingly invite the Wurm into their hearts. This leaks corruption into every cell in their bodies. The greater the minions' power, the greater the psychic pollution. Their growing disconnection from the natural world makes them grow ill. They have an aura of unhealthiness and sadness about them. As the Wurm subverts their natural systems, they slowly become immune to real healing, and can only rely on drugs to mask the pain and anesthetize them from the symptoms of their increasingly terrible ills. To survive the horrors within them, they must disassociate themselves from their feelings.

As they approach death they often feel a growing sense of hollowness. They often become terrified at the prospect of dying, even though the Wurm has promised them a glorious afterlife. This, combined with the horrid infirmities of age, makes them fanatically pursue life extension. They battle and betray one another with ruthless abandon to gain the Wurm's favor and a few more artificially extended years. The older they live, the greater their inner pain and dislocation, and the greater their fear of death. When they finally die, they die in agony.

Power Flow

In the Seventh Generation, power begins with the Snatchers. These psychotic molesters are responsible for acquiring the children that are vital to Seventh Generation magical energy. Contrary to popular hysteria, very few of their victims are kidnapped off the streets by strangers. Those that are snatched by strangers are taken to keep the public frightened and off balance, and to maintain the pretense that the greatest danger to children comes from lone lunatics who are strangers to the family. The secret scandal is that most of the Snatchers' victims are taken with the parents' consent.

Many children are sold to the Snatchers for cash, swapped for power, given as payment for blackmail, or simply abandoned. Strangely enough, most children the Snatchers acquire are actually given willingly by their parents with no real reward. These parents, usually unhealed victims with huge abuse wounds of their own, offer their children into the cycle of abuse for reasons few sane people can truly comprehend. Because such behavior is utterly irrational to the population, the Seventh Generation has little difficulty denying all such revelations. This behavior sounds clearly impossible.

Once the Snatchers have taken children, they perform the basic ritual sacrifices that provide the Seventh Generation with their power. They then funnel this magical energy to the Wurm and to other Castes. They also deliver living children to members of the other four branches of the group for their private rituals. The only times members of differ-

ent branches get together is for these highly secretive ritual sacrifices.

The Government Caste then covers the tracks of the Snatchers and foments hysteria over non-Wyrm kidnappings to obscure the real abductions. The Snatchers are paid well by the Business Caste, and given all the cars, houses and equipment they need.

The Medical Caste makes sure the Snatchers receive unquestioned access to conventional medicine, without messy complications like police reports of bullet wounds. The Medical Caste can also use Wyrm magic to patch up severe wounds. This repair makes the Snatchers more internally corrupted and weakens their free will. Too much reliance on the Medical Caste causes a Snatcher to be completely taken over by a supernatural Wyrm creature.

The Warrior Caste makes sure that the Snatchers are not really caught, and that evidence of the severity of the problem is destroyed. They also serve as the last line of defense against powerful forces of Gaia, like the Garou.

The most complex task falls to the Medical Caste. They must cover up the ongoing tragedy of generational abuse,

Politics of the Seventh Generation

The minions of the Defiler Wyrm tear at each other over petty matters and cause their patron deep wounds that never heal. Like most groups allied to the Wyrm, the Seventh Generation suffers from a painful, systemic schizophrenia. They demand total loyalty, but only really reward cold, cruel treachery. Because the most powerful members can prolong their lives and become functionally immortal, there is no real path for upward mobility within the ranks. Merit, youth and new ideas have little place in a status quo so entrenched and so hidebound.

Those aspirants who become the submissive followers of a strong leader can gain a measure of power, but they must always serve at the behest of their patron, and live in fear of a fall from favor. If they gain too much power, their paranoid mentors often quickly move to crush them. This keeps power in the Seventh Generation firmly locked away from all newcomers. Unlike vampires, who endure similar conditions of immortality, the agents of the Defiler Wyrm quickly crush any attempt at organization by their progeny.

Therefore, all power plays must be rapid, decisive, self-contained, and leave no room for error. This usually requires treachery. The only way a member of the Seventh Generation can take over a rival's position is to crush him by force and consume his power. This rewards betrayal and internecine strife, and leaves the group vulnerable in many places.

Power-hungry rivals will readily use outside agents against each other. Once the Garou are aware of the Seventh Generation's plots, they can tear deep rents in the Seventh Generation by exploiting these rifts.

Cracking the Code: Seventh Generation Ciphers Exposed

The Seventh Generation's agents speak to each other through public sources in order to avoid being seen conspiring. They communicate by using specific code words with meanings that often directly oppose the actual phrases.

Children's Rights: This idea is to be scorned, ridiculed and rejected. Any attempts to assert that children should gain the ability to free themselves from abusive parents should be derided: "allowing children to sue their parents over being made to take out the trash."

Environmentalism: This is a force of Gaia and a direct threat to our power. Heap ridicule on it, and make it seem foolish and "out of touch." Likewise, feminism, racial unity and peace can pose a threat. Scorn them as well, but subtly.

Law and Order: Use these as threats to any who challenge the power of the Wyrm. Youth, minorities and women are to be locked out of power by our invisible rules. Any attempt to gain power through unconventional means must be challenged as a threat to law and order. Crime is always to be associated with the young and with ethnic minorities. It is never to be associated with authority figures, and if it is, it must be softened by calling it "white-collar crime." The word "crime" is far too potent to be associated with our kind. Such unvarnished language would lead to a clamor for white-collar criminals to be punished.

States' Rights: When forces of change in the federal government try to end oppression at a state level, insist on states' rights, even when our side is clearly in the wrong. We will thus rally our supporters against "unwarranted intrusion." In this manner, even when the tide of history is against us, we can still create pockets where change is unwelcome and the Wyrm can flourish.

Religious War: This is a new phrase we are field-testing. As forces of healing surround us, our dominance is threatened. To counter this, we shall have our mortal subjects crown themselves as "good and moral people," and brand anyone trying to present a healthy sexual attitude as immoral and launching a religious war against us. As Gaia's sexual energies reassert themselves in the world, we need to rally our subjects with a cry of Religious War.

Traditional Values: Guilty secrets within the family must always be protected. Loyalty to abusers within the family is the cornerstone of our power. This insulation is the tradition that we value. The continuity of the sacred becomes the continuity of secrets. To purify this message in these turbulent times, and preserve our ability to corrupt generations, we shall distill this phrase to "family values."

The Five Castes of the Pentarch

The Seventh Generation's five branches, called castes, are all indispensable for the operation of the group. Each caste has autonomy, and the five work together, spinning a web of oppressive power. However, like most Wyrms followers, the members of each caste do not trust or respect the other castes or one another.

The Governmental Caste: Protection and Policy

This is the strongest single branch of the Seventh Generation. Its members wield the most clout, and shape the policies that the others follow. They are rarely actual government officials, but are the advisors and powers behind the throne. Elected officials are their puppets. Thus the members of the Government Caste are not subject to being voted out of office, and can try to influence each successive elected leader.

These Wyrms followers invariably are disdainful, dour patricians with insincere smiles. They are rich, and often look vaguely unhealthy and uncomfortable. They are disconnected from their fellow men and their own emotions. They thus re-create themselves with affectations and mannerisms designed to enforce a position of superiority. They cultivate a distinguished facade, and invariably speak with false accents. In the northern regions of the U.S., the members of the Government Caste speak with exaggerated upper-crust inflections patterned after British accents. In the southern U.S., they use slangy Southern drawls patterned after the accents of the common people, but greatly exaggerated for effect.

In the U.S., Canada and Europe, the members are mostly male and mostly white. In order to co-opt the women's movement, they have recently allowed women to join, but they only let in very mannish women — women who have crucified their femininity on the altar of power and have no real concern for women's issues. Likewise they now admit ethnic minorities, but only those who have no connections to or sympathies for minorities.

The Government Caste has extended itself into all of the governments of the world at all levels but the most local. A small handful of well-placed government officials are actual members who take part in rituals. Other officials are puppets of the group who know nothing of the Defiler Wyrms and its goals. What they do understand is the money and the political power that the Mephistophelian tempters of the Seventh Generation offer in return for unquestioning loyalty.

Most Seventh Generation allies, however, gain nothing from the group at all. They simply respond to undisguised appeals to ego, and relish the feeling of raw power and cruel dominance they get from their alliance with the Wyrms. They get to join the confident, self-assured, elite members of the Seventh Generation old-boy's network, which al-

lows and encourages the ritual humiliation of women, the domination of children, the destruction of enemies and the conquest of the natural world. This is a seductive lure to insecure politicians, many of whom eagerly lap it up.

These Defiler Wyrms agents mastermind the cover-up of all evidence of the Seventh Generation. Thus the real Wyrms agents are not always the ones who squelch children's rights, women's rights, civil rights and other challenges to the Wyrms' power. This makes it difficult to pinpoint who is an actual member of the Seventh Generation and who is not.

Seventh Generation agents have infiltrated all branches of government, including the courts. Their mastery of the political process is so complete that they are able to convince otherwise rational juries to accept that rape victims are to blame for the crimes against them, and that rich sex offenders must be innocent if they are important members of the community.

Agents of the Wyrms in warring nations cooperate to complete their agenda, despite the toll on their fellow countrymen. This single-minded focus on the business of the Wyrms has allowed like-minded hard-liners to conspire even in times of war.

The Government Caste in the U.S. is run from Washington D.C., but takes guidance from pundits, power brokers and think tanks in New York City.



Challenges to the Government Caste: The Government Caste constantly exercises its power, ruthlessly removing untrustworthy members of other castes.

The Old Guard, the ruling elite of the Government Caste, has extraordinary power over the rest of the group, but is the most accountable to the public: a public that includes forces of healing like the Garou.

Despite centuries of growth and power consolidation, these Wyrms agents have been unable to stop women's entry into politics, the rise of the environmental movement, and a growing understanding of the need for spiritual and psychic healing in society. The most powerful Government Caste rulers know that this trinity grows directly from Gaia, and is therefore deadly to the continuing power of the Seventh Generation.

Though they carefully watch these developments, and try to undermine them whenever possible, the Old Guard is convinced that such movements are cyclical at best, and will burn themselves out in due time, leaving the Seventh Generation more powerful than ever.

The Young Turks of the Government Caste do not think such matters are cyclical. They believe the very life of the Defiler Wyrms is at risk, and a planet of people concerned with healing will eradicate Seventh Generation corruption. They advocate direct intervention through violent attacks, magical assaults and assassination.

The Old Guard counters that this is just a feeble attempt by the Young Turks to rock the boat and gain power. They also contend that to use such draconian measures so soon after the last time would provoke a real backlash. As a result, the Government Caste is in a form of paralysis, and doing very little.

This provides golden opportunities for Garou packs to exploit. If they assist the Young Turks in any plan to consolidate power, the Old Guard will lash back at the Young Turks,

Attitude Toward Other Seventh Generation Castes:

Business Caste: Worthy allies. Middle-brow, declassé, and a bit grasping, perhaps, but that is all necessary. And their campaign contributions can't be beat.

Medical Caste: Very helpful in lending us the proper touch of authority, and they know how to keep their noses clean. But we sometimes wonder if they aren't collecting a touch more power than they ought.

Snatchers Caste: Dangerous, violent, unpredictable, and sadly very necessary. Let us hope the Defiler Wyrms moves them to greater caution, since our urgings are wasted on them.

Warrior Caste: Thank the Wyrms for faithful, unquestioning legions of warriors. They are our backbone, loyal to us over all the other castes, and will be our rod if we have to move against the Snatchers — or any other branch.

Arnold F. Arbulent

"I believe in women, wine, whiskey, and war."

— Senator James Alexander McDougall,
1866, U.S. Senate Floor

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4, Charisma 1, Manipulation 5, Appearance 1, Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 5, Etiquette 5, Leadership 4, Enigmas 5, Law 5, Occult 5, Politics 5, Science 3

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Resources 5

Gifts: Smell of Man, Assimilation, Stare, Pulse of the Invisible, Ultimate Argument of Logic, Spirit Drain, The Malleable Spirit, Scent of the True Form, Head Games, Glib Tongue, Paralyzing Stare, Obedience, Mindblock

Rage 5, Gnosis 9, Willpower 9

Rites: Rite of the Pentarch (Level 5. This is the ritual whereby the Pentarch's magical energies are raised and distributed. It requires blood sacrifice, preferably that of children, and channels Gnosis and Power into a pool from which all castes then draw)

Image: Aging white man of medium stature with short, slightly oily, unkempt, sandy hair going gray. Weak, watery eyes and strange, asymmetrical wrinkles in his face make one side of his face appear smiling, the other side stern. In the Umbra, the split in his face is more pronounced, and he looks like a completely fragmented, divided personality.

Roleplaying Notes: Speaks slowly, his every word dripping with disdain. He weaves gentle, polite insults into his conversation. At the end of each sentence, he raises the corner of his mouth in a slow rictus of a grin. His grin is more like a leer. He drops the insincere smile to listen, or make his next point. He does not smile when talking.





Background: Arbulent comes from a wealthy, conservative family that has been dominated by the Wyrms for generations. They have great power in New York politics, and exert great control over national policy as well. Arbulent has inherited the family money and power through difficult and damaging power struggles with his brothers. He controls the Government Caste in New York, and does all his dirty work through his ideologue flunkies. He appears to be in his early 60s, but is actually almost 100 years old.

He spends a lot of time doing the talk show circuit, in which he defends such policies as having the government do nothing to help women attain executive positions in business ("It's a matter of quality. When qualified women appear, they will easily arrive at the top. It's foolish to think otherwise. Pity no really qualified women have appeared. Give them time. Perhaps in another decade we'll see women appear who are as competent as men. But I doubt it.").

The Business Caste: Liquid Assets and Legitimacy

The Business Caste is crucial to obtaining the money and legitimacy that the Seventh Generation members crave. Its members run powerful businesses and worship greed as the highest virtue. They aggressively use public relations to purvey the notion of the sanctity of corporations: according to their dogma, corporations have no responsibility to

anything other than the bottom line. They gleefully sacrifice the environment, the lives of their workers, and the health of their customers.

The allure of this branch is unmistakable, and its philosophy is the clearest of all the castes: profit without conscience. Its members need precious few code words and little arm-twisting to convert others. They don't need to work hard to get people to sell out, because so many people are eager to buy in. It's a buyer's market in souls.

As a result, the Business Caste always has lots of money to funnel to the other castes, and plenty of legitimacy to cloak any Seventh Generation members who get caught molesting children.

The Seventh Generation regards religion as another business to corrupt, and ranks the clergy as Business Caste members. The cult's tentacles reach deeply into some churches.

The international headquarters of the Business Caste is in New York City, though in recent decades other cities have stolen much of New York's thunder.

Challenges to the Business Caste: Of all the Seventh Generation, the Business Caste has the least trouble in its dealings with the mortal world. Members at all levels are eager to accept their leaders' prescriptions for business success, and rally behind members caught committing horrendous crimes. Their Old Guard and Young Turk members are fairly unified, since they gauge success in raw

dollar terms, and the Business Caste has enough money and power to keep even its young satisfied.

However, the Business Caste does not understand the strength of the growing environmental movement, and greatly underestimates the burgeoning power of the Garou and the forces of Gaia.

Attitude Toward Other Seventh Generation Castes:

Government Caste: Snobs with way too much time on their hands and way too much power over us. Still, they throw great parties and introduce us to all the right people. But they think they run us, and one day soon we'll have to remind them just who pay their salaries and who really run things.

Medical Caste: They do their job. Thank the Wyrms someone wants a thankless job like that, with no money or power. What suckers,

Snatchers Caste: The less said about them the better. The less we have to do with them the better. The less they associate with us the better. The fewer there are the better. The less... why are we still talking about them? Didn't you hear me say the less said about them the better?

Warrior Caste: Wyrms bless our boys in blue! We know we can count on them to protect our ways, even against our own wayward Government Caste...should it ever come down to that — which it won't.

Chester R. Van Gelding

I don't love the mountains

And I don't love the sea

And I don't love Jesus

He never done a thing for me...

Used to worry about the poor

But I don't worry anymore...

You know what I say now about the starving children of India?

— Randy Newman, "It's Money That I Love"

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5, Charisma 1, Manipulation 5, Appearance 1, Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 5, Etiquette 5, Leadership 4, Melee 4, Enigmas 5, Finance 5, Law 2, Occult 5, Politics 2, Science 3

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Resources 5

Gifts: Smell of Man, Assimilation, Staredown, Pulse of the Invisible, Ultimate Argument of Logic, Spirit Drain, The Malleable Spirit, Scent of the True Form, Head Games, Glib Tongue, Paralyzing Stare, Obedience, Mindblock

Rage 5, Gnosis 9, Willpower 10

Rites: Rite of the Pentarch, Mold Clay (Level 5. Shapes another's image into any likeness desired)

Image: Van Gelding is a roly-poly tycoon, with short, thinning white hair. In the Umbra he appears as a mad Dutchman, with wild eyes, a lunatic grin, and long white



hair. In this mode he dresses in severe, black clothes cut in the old puritanical style of the early days of New York.

Roleplaying Notes: Squint one eye and scrutinize the person to whom Van Gelding speaks.

Background: Van Gelding is ancient. He was born during the age of Dutch sovereignty over New York. He has created an ongoing dynasty by pretending to be his own son. He marries a young woman, adopts a son or buys one from Seventh Generation Snatchers (since he is infertile), and uses Wyrms magic to sculpt the child's face to look like Ms. When the son grows up, he kills the boy and takes his place.

He has a mansion on Long Island, where he conducts power dinners and Seventh Generation sacrifices. He is one of the oldest of the Seventh Generation leaders in New York, and the only one from the original contingent still alive, but he is not the most powerful.

He took an active part in defiling sites sacred to Gaia, and became rich selling the artifacts. He laughingly tells his friends he is "doing well by doing evil."

The Medical Caste: Anguish and Authority

The medical branch of the Seventh Generation is directly concerned with nurturing the pain inflicted by the other branches, and seeing to it that the anguish blossoms into corruption and madness. Its members are the most directly involved with the work of the Defiler Wyrms, and not just the Wyrms in general. They use their staggering influence in the medical, psychiatric and religious community to head off any real attempts to heal the damage caused by the Wyrms.

Throughout Earth's history, the forces of life have always replenished themselves and worked to heal old

wounds. The world seeks to restore a wholeness with all life on Earth. This natural tendency toward reinvigoration and revitalization is the eternal enemy of the Medical Caste, since it can wash away corruption and purify tainted hearts.

The ancient progenitors of the Medical Caste fought losing battles against shamans who were armed with the potent forces of Gaia. Each time a shaman was destroyed, the people produced a new one. To stop this, the Wyrms' minions had to destroy the shamans and replace them with entities of their own. These false shamans had to convince the people that they were capable of healing, and had to perform rudimentary bone setting and other simple medical practices. Over a very long period, the true shamans could not maintain the support of their own people, and they perished.

Thus the Medical Caste was bom, and its members took the roles of real healers. They split the shaman's role into two parts, thus wrenching apart the indivisible physical and spiritual nature of mankind. They created doctors to minister to the body and priests to minister to the soul, and fought all attempts at unity.

The Medical Caste replaced holistic and integrated healing with a plan to suppress symptoms of illness. Spiritual wounds of the sort inflicted by the Wyrms manifest in the physical world as illness and alienation. The sickness and misery are early warning signs of a deep problem, and can only truly be healed by recognizing, confronting and embracing the darkness, and then fostering new life. The Medical Caste prescribes drugs to hide the symptoms of illness, so the wounds will grow. Its members teach people to suffer their emotional wounds in silence or use drugs to mask them.

Throughout history, the members of the Medical Caste used their power to increase human suffering under the pretense of curing the sick, and delighted in prescribing leeches, arsenic, bloodletting, electroshock, unnecessary surgery and amputations without anesthesia.

But the Defiler Wyrms were not always successful. The forces of healing continued to resurface and challenge the Medical Caste's monopoly on medicine. One such challenge came during the Age of Enlightenment. Some intellectuals grew dissatisfied with the failed nostrums of the past, and launched a quest to understand the very nature of the mind and human will.

Attempts to discredit the vanguard of the growing psychiatric movement failed, and by the 19th century, it had made major discoveries about human behavior. It recommended that all people take charge of their own emotional health. The Seventh Generation recognized the dangers of people taking responsibility for their own internal lives, and struck back. It worked to subvert the new science of psychology just as it had once subverted the healing power of the shamans.

Sigmund Freud stumbled upon the Seventh Generation's great secret early in his career. He learned that an extraor-

dinarily pervasive underground culture of child abuse flourished just out of sight of most people. When he made his findings known to the emerging psychiatric community of the day, he ran into powerful opposition. Influential members of the Seventh Generation, working through Freud's friends and colleagues, informed the young doctor that his conclusions were gravely erroneous. They let him know that if he proceeded with his work, they would disown him and cast him out of their community.

Shocked by this backlash, Freud agreed to reevaluate his findings. He changed them slightly, deciding that the staggering numbers of cases of child sexual abuse he discovered as he worked with traumatized adult survivors were really nothing more than products of active childish imaginations. He turned his theory about the damage of sexual abuse into the theory of infantile sexuality.

The Seventh Generation embraced Freud's reversed explanation and elevated the man to godlike heights. In one decisive move the cult subverted a great tool for healing, and turned modern psychoanalysis into a willing tool of the Defiler Wyrms.

Following this dizzying success, the Medical Caste was comfortable to withdraw from direct intervention. It left well-intentioned psychiatrists to do its dirty work, convincing multitudes of sad and wounded children that they were never abused.

The Medical Caste is now comfortable to do little more than make sure that women's health issues go underfunded and close ranks around psychiatrists caught abusing their power and sexually exploiting their clients. They protect the offending psychiatrists with money and high-powered legal aid, and destroy the careers of psychiatrists who break ranks to try to bring cases against the offenders. Due to the Seventh Generation's great influence and power, most psychiatrists caught sexually exploiting vulnerable patients are still practicing. Likewise, they make sure that priests who commit pedophilia are simply reassigned to other dioceses, even when caught in the act. The Defiler Wyrms take care of its own.

Since the Medical Caste has been so wildly successful in the past, it believes it doesn't have to work as hard as the other castes during day-to-day operations, even though its job, preventing real healing, is far more difficult.

Challenges of the Medical Caste: New evidence of the pervasiveness of child sexual abuse is again coming to light, as it did in Freud's day. The Old Guard of the Medical Caste, still heady with its success in the 19th century, feels little need to reconsider its tactics. It feels that it laid the question to rest once and for all, and conventional psychiatry will continue to convince abuse victims they imagined their traumas, successfully suppress all future revelations about the extent of the problem, and crush any attempts at real healing.

However, the Young Turks do not accept this at all. They understand that former victims are bypassing conventional psychiatry. More and more people seek healing through the

ancient ways of the shamans and the futuristic ways of the New Age movement, both of which are beyond the control of the Seventh Generation. The Old Guard derides these unorthodox approaches as being too far outside the mainstream to ever mount a serious challenge. But it has overlooked one powerful and utterly unpredictable source of healing: the public confessional of television.

The unknown and the famous alike have come forward to break the cycle of secrecy on which the Defiler Wyrms thrive, spilling out their horrendous stories to the entire nation on network-television talk shows. This information whirls around the world in mere days, spurred on by tabloids and gossip, and leaves the confessor purged, lightened and on the path of healing.

The Old Guard's reaction is to send conventional psychiatrists to do the chat show circuit as well, to challenge the victims, convince them they are publicity-seeking liars, and browbeat them into submission.

This inelegant, brutal solution has been backfiring, as it seems to instill anger in the public at the arrogance and malignancy of the experts, and build sympathy for the victims. Nonetheless, the Old Guard, wedded to its old solutions, sees nothing wrong with its approach, and refuses to change.

The Young Turks, the members of which were all born in the 20th century, are far more media-savvy than their life-extended elders, and know that the Medical Caste is losing its grip on the public mind. The Young Turks are now doing more than grousing about their elders. They are actively plotting rebellion. They want to take control of the Medical Caste, and wage an all-out war on the survivors of abuse. They want to use magic to seal the minds of victims and prevent any access to the memories. They feel that any solution short of this will cause the entire Seventh Generation to be exposed. War is about to erupt in the Medical Caste, and the rest of the Seventh Generation knows nothing about it.

Attitude Toward Other Seventh Generation Castes:

Government Caste: Because they must concern themselves with the pathetic minutiae of day-to-day temporal matters, they lose sight of the big picture. We are far better suited to run Seventh Generation operations than they are, and one day we just might assert our control, and make the members of the Government Caste our servants. After all, we are the most direct progeny of the Defiler Wyrms, and do the most to crush trust in children.

Business Caste: Petty, simple-minded, self-important fools. Because they are lost in peripheral issues of money, they have lost sight of the purity and clarity of the Defiler Wyrms. They have never been threats to us and never will be.

Snatchers Caste: Our most loyal followers. With these true believers by our side, we could conquer the three castes that are more consumed with influence over man than tasting the sweetness of a child's misery.



Warrior Caste: They think we are their servile and unimaginative lackeys. It is to our benefit that they continue to think this. We are the true sons of the Defiler Wyrms, and we gain more control over them with each passing day. The Snatchers that are so closely allied to us will help us against them.

Dr. Gunther Draggerunter

*Sometimes I need you naked,
Sometimes I need you wild,
I need you to carry my children in,
And I need you to kill a child.*

—Leonard Cohen, "You Know Who I Am"

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5, Charisma 1, Manipulation 5, Appearance 1, Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 5, Subterfuge 5, Etiquette 2, Leadership 2, Melee 4, Enigmas 5, Medicine 5, Law 2, Occult 5, Politics 2, Science 4

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Resources 5

Gifts: Smell of Man, Persuasion, Curse of Hatred, Madness, Violation, Pulse of the Invisible, Resist Pain, Ultimate Argument of Logic, Body Wrack, Obedience, Scent of the True Form, Head Games, Icy Chill of Despair

Age 6, **Gnosis** 8, **Willpower** 9

Rites: Rite of the Pentarch, Rite of Summoning

Image: Draggerunter is a very large, broad-shouldered, heavysset white man in his late 60s. He is very severe and imposing in size and demeanor. He is bald, with wispy white hair on the sides of his head and a wide white beard that is turning an unsightly nicotine-yellow. His skin is slightly mottled and his teeth are bad. He has a sour expression and a cold, clammy handshake. He looks down disdainfully and disapprovingly over narrow, slitted eyes.

He has very fat fingers and two wide gold rings. He wears well-tailored, dark, conservative, European suits, and carries a heavy wooden cane. He looks very "Old World," and very aristocratic.

On the Umbra and in his rituals he looks like a mad priest. He wears ornate black robes with an elaborate necklace and rings. His normally calm demeanor gives way to frenzied, wide-eyed ranting. His cane becomes a huge, metal-tipped shepherd's crook.

Roleplaying Notes: He oozes with contempt. He speaks with a deep voice and a contrived aristocratic accent. He says "Balderdash!" whenever someone else makes a good point. He smiles a forced smile, and laughs a false laugh. He twists the whole of his punishing, severe countenance into a forced, insincere smile. He believes that this gets the children to trust him.

Background: Doctor Gunther Draggerunter is the point man for the Medical Caste of the Pentarch. He is not the leader of the Medical Caste, but he runs the Medical Caste SWAT team and has done crucial work for the group. He is one of the most important members of the Medical Caste, and is a powerful presence in the Seventh Generation.

Dr. Draggerunter is a psychologist who works in the trenches of psychiatry to ensure that no Seventh Generation secrets leak out from former victims, and that leaks are thoroughly discredited. He has been wildly successful at this for over 100 years, starting with his successful suppression of Sigmund Freud's groundbreaking Seduction Theory.

In the modern world, Draggerunter continues this work by heading the Society for Undermining Fraudulent and Fallacious Recollections (SUFFR). This gives him a powerful pulpit to disparage and ridicule the victims of sexual abuse and protect the Seventh Generation. In his day-to-day work he prevents information on the Seventh Generation's secret child abuse from coming to light, by creating a climate in which such charges are not tolerated.

When former victims try to go public with their memories of ritual abuse, he performs damage control by discrediting and debunking their claims.

Finally, if victims find the sympathetic ear of someone in power, Dr. Draggerunter arrives with his SWAT team to place extreme sanctions on both patients and helper. If the sanctions do not immediately work, he sends in squads for magical assault and assassination.

In the past his job was relatively easy and he was able to keep a low profile. Claims of this sort of extreme abuse seldom traveled far beyond the psychiatric community. When they did, Dr. Draggerunter was always there to gruffly, authoritatively and covertly exert pressure to suppress evidence and lead the insular psychiatric community in heaping scorn on those who dared pursue the information.

In recent years, however, celebrities began to bypass traditional medical authorities and the unspoken taboos to go public with their stories. The horrors they recounted



resonated among millions of people. The legions of the spiritually wounded understood, and their old, long-ignored wounds cried out for solace and healing.

To combat this new menace to his power, Dr. Draggerunter had to enter this new and very public arena. Under the harsh glare of TV and radio, his rough, pitiless and scornful demeanor does not project well at all. He appears heartless and completely lacking in compassion, and alienates more people than he persuades.

Despite Draggerunter's former effectiveness, the younger members of the medical wing of the Seventh Generation want a more telegenic, comforting media pit bull. They say that the doctor is unable to change to meet the needs of the media age, and looks terribly dated on TV, where the most crucial fights will be waged. But Draggerunter fights all attempts to replace him, and violently resists the notion that he is not the best man for the job any more.

His SWAT team has had to become more aggressive lately, trying to be everywhere when a claim is made — every talk show, every news program, every symposium on child abuse. The doctor is becoming overworked and overstressed. He knows that if the memories return on a large scale, the hand of the Wyrms could be exposed. As a result he is demanding larger and larger amounts of magical energy from the Pentarch. His rivals say he is using the surplus energy against them, and not in the execution of his job.



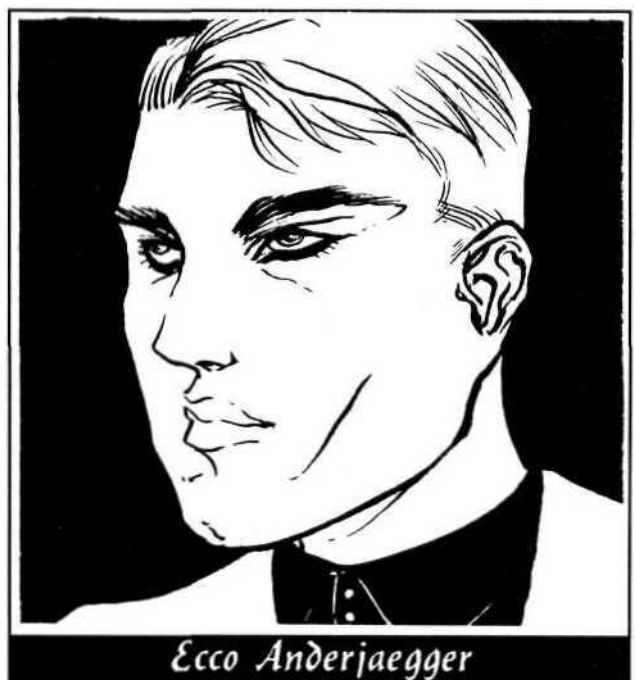
Draggerunter is a man very much on the edge. He grows more irritable by the day, and his work is suffering. People whom he is charged with reassuring come away from meetings more doubtful than before. His rivals regularly take tiny swipes at him. His fate is watched closely by the rest of the group. For a group unaccustomed to such internal dissension, the outcome of this rivalry will be seen as a referendum on the future direction of the Seventh Generation.

Draggerunter has two "sons," Jabez Holloman and Tynan Sumner. Holloman is Draggerunter's favorite disciple, and the old man showers his protegee with position and power. Holloman, however, is waiting until his mentor is too old to command. He plans to audaciously sacrifice Draggerunter to the Wyrms, and consume his power. For now he is content to do Draggerunter's dirty work for him, including fighting the Garou. Part of this work involves causing children great harm and pain, a task he greatly enjoys.

Tynan is considered a failure by the old man. Even though Tynan passed all the tests, he still failed in the old man's eyes. The unattractive, uncharismatic Tynan reminds Draggerunter of his own painful youth, which he wishes to forget.

Tynan is jealous of his handsome older brother, and plots to kill him. He has too little confidence to carry out the plan, but could be goaded into it with careful prodding. He wants to take over Draggerunter's operations, but knows it is unlikely. The irony is that he is completely loyal to his mentor, and would never hurt the old man. Like his brother, he enjoys hurting children.

In the Umbra, Holloman appears as a jack-booted stormtrooper, while Tynan appears as an executioner.



Ecco Anderjaegger

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4, Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 5, Firearms 2, Leadership 4, Enigmas 2, Investigation 3, Law 1, Medicine 4, Occult 3, Politics 2, Science 2

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Resources 3

Gifts: Persuasion, Resist Pain, Sense Wyrms, Staredown Rage 2, Gnosis 5, Willpower 7

Image: Blond and blue-eyed with a stocky frame,

Roleplaying Notes: Piercing gaze and no-nonsense dialogue. Ecco doesn't beat around the bush unless he is plotting behind another's back (which he hides well).

Background: Ecco is Draggerunter's chief rival for control of the Seventh Generation medical SWAT team. He is one of a new breed of Defiler Wyrms minion which has come of age in the 20th century instead of the 19th. Ecco is far more media-savvy, and understands the need to appear sympathetic to victims on TV shows. He winces when he sees Draggerunter callously savage the spirits of suffering people, and knows that even when Draggerunter wins he builds sympathy for his opponents.

As a result, Ecco has decided to challenge Draggerunter for the medical SWAT team position. He knows that only one of them will come out of such a contest alive, and wants to play his cards carefully and conservatively. Thus, he will try to hide in the shadows and wound Draggerunter with a death by a thousand cuts. Then, in grand style, he will step in and mercifully destroy his weakened opponent.

Until he is ready for a fight, he will secretly aid the Garou in bringing down the big man.

The Snatchers Caste: Resources and Rituals

Of all the members of the Seventh Generation, these are the most volatile and unstable, and the rest of the Defiler Wyrms' subjects try to stay as far away from them as possible. They are all former victims of horrendous abuse who never received any help or comfort. Their psychic traumas turned into gaping wounds, for they refused to acknowledge or embrace their suffering. These unhealed wounds made them easy prey for the Defiler Wyrms, who helped mold them into heartless butchers devoid of any trace of empathy.

The hunt is what appeals to the Snatchers. They love to victimize and control, to feel absolute power over someone. The Snatchers are people who have been dominated and manipulated. They displace their anger over this onto innocents whom they can dominate and manipulate. They get to decide who lives and who dies. They are hypersensitive to criticism, and feel great inadequacy. They are uncomfortable in the presence of others, even each other.

Because their wounds are so extreme and their corruption so total, they are erratic and unreliable servitors. They often do not deliver their victims properly, and put the "respectable" members of the Seventh Generation at great risk of discovery. Snatchers often find themselves at odds with the Warrior Caste of the Seventh Generation, who ruthlessly weed out Snatchers whom they deem too impulsive, untrustworthy or downright dangerous.

Many Snatchers hate the Warriors, and feel that they should have both jobs. This is the greatest animosity between two Seventh Generation castes, and the friction it causes has led to explosive battles. When these battles occur, the other branches must subsequently expend great resources covering up the trail.

Challengers to the Snatchers: As the enemies of the Seventh Generation become more powerful, more Snatchers are destroyed. Still, Snatchers are being created at a greater rate than ever, and more are ever ready to replace their fallen comrades. But their great numbers allow the rest of the Seventh Generation to treat them as expendable resources to be cut back when they get out of hand.

Because they are unruly, paranoid and sociopathic, they do not organize to protect themselves.

Attitude Toward Other Seventh Generation Castes:

Government Caste: Pompous windbags who are fawned over and cherished while they wallow in our power. We are terror, and do not need the vaunted protection they think they provide. The day of reckoning will come,

Business Caste: Almost as bad as the Government drones. At least they provide us with cash, cars and crash pads. But they could do more. Any one of us could run their jobs better. They leech on our power. We could eat them alive,

Medical Caste: They are some cool, scary, bad dudes. They understand us and work well with us. They even give us jobs in their psych wards and orphanages. If we sucked all the others dry, we would keep some of these,

Warrior Caste: We hate them forever! They rot! They always come around to leech us, or to blast us up. Cliff 'em all, we say!

Lord Akbright

A little girl has lost her way

With hair of gold and eyes of gray

Reflected in his glasses

As he watches her...

We lie beneath the autumn sky

My little golden girl and I

And she lies very still,

— Randy Newman, "In Germany before the War"

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 1, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2, Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Banes: Foul Spirits Descending

*Take this as a warning,
Stay away from me.
Because the man you used to know,
Is not the man that you're gonna see.
This sudden loneliness has made me dangerous
Please don't watch me while I fall apart
Cause I'm sad and I'm angry,
And armed with a broken heart.*

—John Gorka, "Armed with a Broken Heart"

Not all Snatchers are irredeemably evil. Many Snatchers are simply former abuse victims who have found no healing, and have huge internal wounds that become infested by Banes. The Banes are psychic parasites. When a Bane enters a person, it must often fight an ongoing battle to control him. Here are the five results of that fight:

MINDLESS SERVITOR

When the struggle for possession between Bane and host lasts for a very long time, or if the Bane is very strong and the person is weak, the Bane possesses the person completely, without the bother of forming a parasitic link. These Snatchers are not very clever or efficient, but they are completely devoid of empathy or human compassion. Their hollow souls make them vicious killers.

WILLING SERVITOR

Some people turn themselves over to their Banes when the spirits first invade. These are people eager to be vile, people who want to revel in the Banes' power. These are often the strongest, smartest, most efficient killers and Snatchers. Willing Servitors are nearly as devoid of empathy as Mindless Servitors, but they retain their human cleverness. This combination makes them the most dangerous of the lot. (Lord Akbright is a Willing Servitor.)

AMBIVALENT SERVITOR

Some people are not entirely willing, but relish the chance to lash out. The more they succumb to pressure from their Banes, the more the Banes take over. These hosts often commit their horrors when the Banes have

risen high in their consciousness, and then later regret their acts when the Banes have retreated into the lower reaches of their consciousness. (The Dirt Man [see the Encounters section] is an Ambivalent Servitor, but the extent of his wounds makes him reliable to the Bane controlling him.)

UNWILLING SERVITOR

A few people fight their Banes outright, and refuse to submit to possession. The Banes must constantly struggle with these unwitting victims. Usually the Banes can only compel the people to commit horrible acts when they are under great stress from an external source. The longer the fight goes on, the greater a toll it takes on the victims' functional sanity. Some Unwilling Servitors retreat into catatonia or commit suicide so they won't have to kill anyone else.

When a Bane realizes a given host is too difficult to take over and too strong to crush outright, the Bane often exerts all its power in one fell swoop, forcing the human host to commit some easily traceable atrocity. After the host is caught and arrested, the Bane wickedly abandons the person, leaving him to face the angry authorities alone.

TRIUMPHANT SERVITOR

In a few rare cases, a victim puts up a struggle so powerful that an invading Bane finds it difficult to remain, and willingly leaves. Some people gain assistance from real healers, who range from priests to acupuncturists to New Age healers to shamans to compassionate Garou. Some people have even tapped into inner wells of strength and blasted their Banes out of their bodies like a slippery bar of soap from a clenched fist.

Ironically, this rejection of the Wyrms often becomes the victim's first step in the healing process. People who live in a state of inner decay strong enough to attract Banes have truly hit bottom in their lives. To challenge and defeat a possessing Bane is a task that calls for great inner strength. When that strength is activated, it is like a paraplegic discovering the use of a paralyzed limb. If he keeps exercising that limb, he can gain full use of it. Similarly, if a person rejects a Bane by crystallizing her inner strength, she can continue to summon that strength and heal her own wounds.

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 5, Subterfuge 5, Etiquette 3, Leadership 2, Melee 3, Enigmas 5, Law 2, Occult 5

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 3, Resources 5

Gifts: Smell of Man, Disquiet, Violation, Scent of the True Form, Icy Chill of Despair, Attunement

Rage 8, Gnosis 5, Willpower 6

Rites: Rite of the Pentarch

Image: Lord Akbright looks like a very stiff, thin, formal, cold, snobbish Southern businessman in a crisp, ice-cream-white suit, with white hair, white gloves, white cane, white-tinted sunglasses, and very pale skin. He speaks with a refined Southern accent. In the Umbra, he is painfully thin and angular. His white suit is barely able to contain brackish, oily filth that oozes from his cuffs, beltline, collar and shoes.



Roleplaying Notes: Put on a pair of dark glasses when playing Lord Akbright, and survey the world with a baleful, hateful stare. Never smile, or show any large emotion. Compulsively pick invisible lint and brush invisible smudges from your impeccable clothes. Straighten your tie. Look at everything as if it is infested with horrible filth.

Background: Lord Akbright is the most powerful member of the Snatchers Caste in New York. He organizes the biggest snatches, and keeps the machinery working, delivering children to the Seventh Generation in greater and greater numbers. The Warrior Caste originally backed his ascension, since he appears reliable, but now he is rapidly and quietly accumulating status among the disorganized Snatchers.

His real name is Cary Durvall, and he is a native New Yorker who pretends to be a Southerner in order to distinguish himself from the other Snatchers. Because of the particularly loathsome form his own abuse took, he is horribly afraid of getting dirty. He compulsively cleans himself, and will wear nothing but white cotton clothing. He becomes enraged if his clothes are soiled.

Warriors: Intimidation and Destruction

The Warrior Caste is a broadly based coalition of homids pledged to the forces of destruction, and is the only Seventh Generation caste to completely exclude women. Its mission is to destroy all the enemies of the Wyrms and to stop the forces of healing. Its members have infiltrated the upper ranks of the military, special forces and police in every nation, and have set the context for behavior and attitude for the rank and file.

They abuse their positions of trust to wage a covert war against the forces of Gaia, such as earth elementals and the Garou. They arm themselves with both conventional weapons and Wyrms magic, and shroud themselves in a protective

mantle of national security and Wyrms spells. Their numbers are small, but they command vast legions of innocent humans, and so their influence is tremendous.

Using intimidation, fraud and assassination, they have altered the course of history around the world. They have rigged elections and kept dictators in power. Unlike the Government Caste, which debates policy constantly, the Warrior Caste has a clear and simple set of objectives and almost never alters its policies. This gives its members a single-minded focus that is the envy of the other castes.

The only overt internecine power struggle in which the members of the Warrior Caste indulge themselves is a war with the Snatchers. They do not want the Snatchers' job, but know that the Snatchers covet the position of the Warriors. They work hard to ensure that the disorganized Snatchers cannot rise up and try to take over their domain. They systematically destroy any Snatcher that threatens to become an effective leader. When a Snatcher goes out of control, they transmit secret Wyrms information about the Snatcher to the appropriate police and national security forces. When the Snatcher is caught, the Warrior Caste member who provided the information gains power among the mortal police. When the betrayed Snatcher tries to reveal the conspiracy and point out the Wyrms agents within the police force, the Medical Caste mobilizes to discredit and incapacitate the Snatcher.

Challenges of the Warrior Caste: The Warrior Caste is increasingly concerned with covering up its members' lengthy history of sexual harassment, as their predations come to light. Since they lost the battle to keep women out of the U.S. armed forces, and since women are becoming police in greater numbers, their secrets are exposed.

This diffuses their energy, and keeps them from being a truly powerful caste. They see their way passing, and don't quite know what to do about it. The Old Guard wants to start more foreign wars, to serve as a distraction from internal issues, but the Young Turks want to start race riots, seeing them as opportunities for warfare at home.

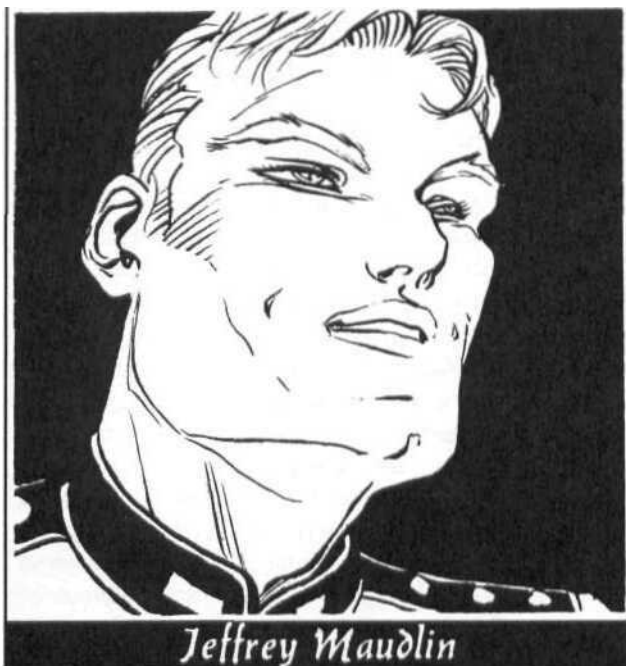
Attitude Toward Other Seventh Generation Castes:

Government Caste: They are spineless policymakers who lack a clear compass. We are the ones who properly follow the Defiler Wyrms, but we are pledged to accept their decisions. Therefore we follow their dictates without question.

Business Caste: It is our duty to protect them and their interests. They lack our backbone and pride.

Medical Caste: A necessary, helpful ally that is wise enough to stay out of our way.

Snatchers Caste: Greedy, untrustworthy, and out of control. They claim their erratic behavior stems from a direct link to the blessed Defiler Wyrms, but it really comes from their weak, permissive human side. We clip their ears whenever possible.



Jeffrey Maudlin

*When it all comes down to dust,
I will help you if I must.
I will kill you if I can.*

- Leonard Cohen, "Story of Isaac"

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5, Charisma 1, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4, Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Intimidation 5, Firearms 3, Leadership 4, Melee 5, Enigmas 5, Law 2, Occult 5

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Resources 5

Gifts: Smell of Man, Pulse of the Invisible, Resist Pain, Body Wrack, Obedience, Scent of the True Form, Stare-down, Spirit of the Fray, Coup de Grace, Might of Thor, Fatal Flaw, Open Wounds, Weak Arm

Rage 6, Gnosis 6, Willpower 9

Rites: Rite of the Pentarch

Image: Tall, handsome, jut-jawed, blond Canadian Mountie with an overbearing swagger. He looks striking and dominant when he sits tall in the saddle, but when he speaks his demeanor is disdainful and cruel. On the Umbra he looks like a caricature of a Mountie, astride a wild, fire-breathing steed.

Roleplaying Notes: You are the most handsome man in Canada and the U.S., and you know it. You are rugged and strong, and women adore you for it, even in spite of their better judgment. You were born to command, and no one may resist. Men must envy you, women must long for you, and you must hurt and betray them all.

Background: Jeffrey Maudlin is young for a Seventh Generation regional leader. He was a young man in World War II, when he fought in the Canadian army. He was shell-

shocked in battle, deserted his unit, and returned home with severe Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. His domineering father, who had pushed him into the service and combat, prevented him from getting the treatment he needed. He grew isolated and increasingly paranoid. Monstrous nightmares kept him from sleeping for months on end. He finally snapped completely, and the Wyrms took over.

The Defiler Wyrms infused him with a towering arrogance, and used that to mask his inner horrors and hurts. Whenever he begins to feel trauma or guilt over deserting his friends, he compensates by covering it over with arrogance so extreme it borders on caricature.

He created a new identity and joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He worked his way up the ranks, and now commands Wyrms forces in the U.S. and Canada. He ranges the wilderness, making sure the Wyrms destruction sites remain safe, and attacking the stray Garou he finds.

The Order of the Rose: Sacrifice and Survival

*Just how we fall it's hard to know
When what we feel we seldom show.
So we show the parts we feel are best
And squirm around the edges trying to cover up the rest...*

*For all the bruises, all the blows,
I'd rather feel the thorn than to never see the rose.
So when you pick the handsomest flower,
Don't forget the thorn upon the rose.
Its cut is deep and its scar lasts forever.
It follows love wherever love goes.*

—Mary Black. "The Thorn Upon the Rose"

The Order of the Rose is a band of mutilated, violated, and very angry humans who hunt the Seventh Generation. Its members are all former victims of direct or indirect abuse by the Seventh Generation, and they battle their abusers in an attempt to purge their systems of the horrors they experienced. In a world that refuses to take their claims seriously or offer them healing, they had to choose between succumbing to the monster inside, or fighting it. They chose to fight it, using any means at their disposal. They have shadowy cells all over the world, and elaborate secret society rituals to keep infiltrators out.

The Order is predicated on the belief that fighting the enemy keeps the members pure, and so its members often refuse to seek any further healing. Some think that binding their inner wounds will weaken them. They feel that they draw white-hot strength from their anger and pain, and this anger is an effective weapon. True or not, the hunters spend their entire lives in pain, obsessed with bleak, ugly thoughts of cold revenge.

Members of the order often do not have children, out of fear of passing on the Wyrms taint. However, the members

do nor keep their monastic vows of celibacy very well, and often simply refuse to acknowledge the children they do have. Many Order of the Rose progeny have indeed become powerful servitors of the Wyrn.

Nevertheless, some of the greatest and most successful heroes of the Order of the Rose have been the unacknowledged bastards of Rose members. These tormented youths put their lives and sanity on the line in order to win the approval, respect and acknowledgment of their absent parents.

The Rose Becomes the Wyrn

These survivors-turned-avengers have all paid a price for their obsession. They have all sacrificed normal lives and conventional happiness for the cold comfort of a deadly game pursuing their shadowy, powerful enemy. Many of them become like their enemy, growing so obsessed with vengeance that they become vulnerable to the very Banes they hate.

Sister Grace

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2, Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Firearms 2, Melee 3, Survival 2, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Occult 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2

Gifts: Survivor

Rage 1, Gnosis 6, Willpower 6

Image: Sister Grace is a very squat, heavysset, middle-aged nun with a very manly nature. She is physically very powerful, but her face is like a sad, angry child. She has one wooden leg.





Roleplaying Notes: Talk in a deep, husky voice. Sigh wistfully and sadly. When angry, shriek.

Background: Sister Grace became a nun and joined a convent after suffering years of abuse in her local church. She learned of the Order of the Rose when a Rose member killed the priest who had victimized her. She joined them, and learned hand-to-hand combat and powerful spells to fight the Defiler Wyrms within her church.

Adam O'Bedlam

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1, Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 2, Melee 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3, Occult 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2

Gifts: Sense of the Unnatural, Open Seal, Blissful Ignorance

Rage 1, Gnosis 3, Willpower 5

Image: Adam is a tall, gangly young Hispanic man with unruly black hair and a missing right eye. He wears a black eye patch and a black leather jacket over an unstrung straitjacket. He usually wears a long scarf to hide his nose and mouth, and a large black hat.

Roleplaying Notes: Cackle maniacally, shout angrily, think quietly, pause and cackle again.

Background: Adam is a resourceful Wym hunter. He spent most of his young life in an Arizona mental hospital as a ward of the state. He had been sold to the Seventh Generation as a child, and suffered unspeakable horrors in rituals. The health care workers refused to believe his account of the molestation, and decided that Adam was a danger to other children. Instead of giving him expensive therapy, Seventh Generation members in the institution

devised additional tortures designed to please the budget-conscious administrators. They initiated experiments designed to punish the boy's natural sexual responses with electric shocks, ammonia treatments and other forms of "aversion therapy."

This second cycle of abuse and betrayal drove Adam mad and shattered his personality into very different parts. He escaped the institution and fled. He spent a lot of time on the streets, but was always drawn back to psychiatric institutions, seeking to destroy the wicked people who hurt him. He became a very effective guerrilla operative, and stopped some horrendous treatments. The Order of the Rose contacted him, and he gladly joined them. Now he operates out of New York.

One of his fragmented personas is a very effective guerrilla operative, but others are fearful and catatonic. His greatest fear is that his strong personalities will abandon him at a crucial point in a mission, and he will revert to a helpless child and die.

Heaven

*People in Heaven never look back,
Higher and higher the past fades to black.
If I can be someone who never needs a disguise,
Then I will be in Heaven, Heaven is in your eyes.*
— Julie Gold, "Heaven"

Heaven is a Garou Underground Railroad where abused children find refuge from the horrors of molestation, kidnapping, the Seventh Generation and the Defiler Wym.

In the days before Heaven was formed, the Garou periodically ran across children when they flushed out Wym ritual sites. They usually released the children back into the world, but soon learned that the children often had no homes and were placed in the custody of the state. In addition, they were often marked by the Wym, who had invested too much time and energy into the children to let them go. The Wym wanted them back, and could track them down in institutions to reclaim them. The Silver Fang Loba Carcassone started collecting the children, taking them to other states and placing them in homes with Kinfolk.

When Loba learned that Wym-abused children often grew up to become Wym-ridden abusers, she built her Underground Railroad, and Heaven was born.

Heaven is both a place and a group. As a place it has no fixed location, and as a group it has a constantly changing membership. It exists solely to protect children from abuse and Wym infestation, and to try to heal them.

When children are kidnapped for Seventh Generation ritual molestation and murder, the Defiler Wym grows more powerful. To stop this, the agents of Heaven intervene and move the children from one Kinfolk safehouse to another, usually with Wym minions on their trail. They

place the children in an underground network of foster homes and reunite the kids with their loving parents.

They also find children snatched by abusers, and protect and shelter women who snatch their children from abusive husbands (and sometimes wives).

Though they know about ritual Defiler Wyrms abuse, they remain unaware of the Seventh Generation itself. But they are learning.

Loba Carcassone

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Tribe: Silver Fang

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 5, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Empathy 5, Expression 5, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 3, Streetwise 4, Animal Ken 2, Leadership 3, Melee 2, Stealth 3, Survival 4, Enigmas 2, Law 1, Medicine 3, Occult 2, Politics 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Kinfolk 5, Pure Breed 3, Resources 1

Gifts: Persuasion, Sense Wyrms, Spirit Speech, Mother's Touch, Exorcism, Pulse of the Invisible, Spirit Drain, Awe, Wrath of Gaia, Scent of Running Water

Rage 5, Gnosis 7, Willpower 9

Rank: 3

Renown: Glory 30,000, Honor 20,000, Wisdom 25,000

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of Summoning, Baptism of Fire, Rite of the Fetish

Fetishes: Images of Hope (Level: 1, Gnosis: 3. These are photographs of beautiful natural places, places full of Gaia's energy. Spirits of harmony have been bound into the photos. Loba gives these to children, calling them pictures of the child's "special place," "Whenever you are sad or lonely, look at the picture, and you will know that there is a place for you somewhere." Gazing on the picture will raise the spirits of the viewer and negate the Gift: Disquiet), Sanctuary Chimes, various talents.

Image: Loba is a beautiful wolf with shimmering, delicate silver fur. In human form she is a stocky, 30ish white woman with long black hair shot through with silver. She looks unearthly even in homid form, and often wears wigs and disguises when in public. Loba is 36 years old.

Roleplaying Notes: Loba speaks only in a whisper. Her voice is elegant, slow and ever so sad.

Background: The modern Underground Railroad called Heaven is run by the Silver Fang, Loba Carcassone, who rules with a fanaticism born of singular purpose. She is slightly mad herself, and sometimes seems to be nursing an inner wound as deep as any of the young charges she rescues.

She has never told anyone what drives her to her work, but she pursues it with zeal. She spends her life on the road,

relentlessly seeking new safehouses, shuttling children from one to another, and battling the Wyrms. Her most difficult triumph still eludes her: she still does not know how to heal the children. Her eyes calm children, and help them forget the horrors that are driving them mad, but she cannot take the pain away and make them whole again. This is her tragedy, and she knows it.

Loba works without Renown, and has deliberately told very few Garou about her work. She is keeping it a secret from the leaders, especially the Silver Fang ruler, Jacob Morningkill. If any Garou blows her cover, she will earn great Renown for her work, but she will be very angry over losing her privacy.

Quote: "These poor children. It seems so very easy to get things wrong, and so very hard to set them right again.

"I understand all about the terrible power of lurking demons, I suspect that many of the ghastly visions that surface to haunt us in ghost stories are actually resurfacing, returning memories of large, threatening presences hovering above us. Sometimes we know they want to hurt us."

Healing in Heaven

The people of Heaven pluck children from abusive situations and soothe their fears. Gradually the children's memories of the pain and horror fade until they gain sufficient emotional maturity to deal with them. Forgetfulness settles over them like a holy balm. Those who do not



find some way to deal with these memories often become abusers themselves. They become bullies, juvenile sex offenders, and even youthful killers.

In a sense, forgetfulness is a mercy. It gives the tiny, defenseless children time to build emotional bodies of sufficient strength to grapple with the enemy. Occasionally, however, the forgetfulness can hinder growth as well.

Loba says: "I wish I knew the way through this maze. For though the children's minds blissfully cover their wounds with scars of forgetfulness, the inner wounds are not healed. For the wounds to truly heal, these children must face their tormentors again. And their tormentors will return. The children's minds will be invaded once again, this time by the shades of these wicked ones.

"The children will face a second battle later in life. But this time they will be more equipped to deal with the fight. They will be on equal footing with their inner demons. If they look into the black pit of memory and grapple with the demons that lurk there, they can win, and be free. And *their* children shall be free.

"But if they shrink from the task, and look away from the black pit of despair, the Wyrms will get them. The Wyrms will color all their actions, and especially their dealings with their own children. They will violate their own children. They will become abusers or ones who seek to be abused or ones who let their children be abused. And the Wyrms will have won.

"Many exorcise it. Many do not. That I have learned. But I cannot make any child face his pain, I can only watch and see how he comes out."

Faeries: Arcadia in the Adirondacks

*Come with me to the North Country,
Where the Devil and the cold winds wail.
Where the drink is strong and the nights are long.
And I'll tell an Adirondack tale.*

— Christopher Shaw, "The Mad Fiddler of the North Country"

Not all faeries fled Earth's plane when magic disappeared. Some faeries stayed behind to take advantage of a world with few rivals. For the most part these faeries are playful, mischievous sprites, but they can be deadly in a fight.

Faeries inhabit New York's mountain ranges, where the primal magic is still the strongest. They range freely up and down the Adirondack and Catskill Mountains. They make their home in a great well of magic in the upper Catskills. The Garou would love to wrest this spot from them and make it into a caern (Level 4), but the faeries have held it for as long as the Garou can remember.



The faeries call their shrine the Amphitheater, and they amuse themselves there by playing ninepins with great magical rocks called Thunder Stones. When rolled, these stones make a tremendous noise like a peal of thunder. They can be used as weapons, exploding on impact for seven Health Levels of damage and Body Wrack (as the Gift).

Faerie society in New York has one major conflict: the war between the Smooths and the Mottleds. Smooth Faeries look like slender humans and are considered very beautiful. The Mottleds are ugly, squat and sometimes repulsive creatures. The Smooths have isolated themselves and seldom descend from their mountain homes. The Mottleds are more adventurous, especially the two friends Gibber and Crepper. Gibber and Crepper are pranksters who love playing tricks on their human and Garou neighbors.

Gibber and Crepper

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5, Charisma 1, Manipulation 3, Appearance 0, Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 4, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 5, Subterfuge 4, Animal Ken 4, Melee 3, Performance 3, Stealth 5, Survival 5, Computer 1, Enigmas 2, Occult 2

Backgrounds: Kinfolk 3

Gifts: Blissful Ignorance, Scent of the True Form, Doppelganger. (Gibber: The Thousand Forms, Glib Tongue, Phantasm, Gift of the Spriggan; Crepper: Cybersenses, Gremlins, Power Surge)

Rage 0, Gnosis 7, Willpower 5

Image: Gibber is a short, stout faerie with an ugly face and a sour expression. He often takes a Garou form. Crepper is a short, dumpy faerie with a nasty, ear-to-ear grin.

Roleplaying Notes: Gibber: Bug your eyes out and bulge your cheeks. Talk in a low, slow voice.

Crepper: Exaggerate your every expression to the point of absurdity. Cackle maniacally and talk in a high-pitched giggle.

Background: Gibber loves to play pranks on humans and Garou. His favorite trick is to take the form of a young Garou, be sent on a rite of passage, and rally all the young, fearful Garou against their elders. He has played this game on six of the tribes so far, and won't be content until he collects all 13.

He likes to waylay men and Garou who find their way into the mountains, and trick them into drinking faerie wine that puts them in magical stasis for decades. He has one Garou and two humans sleeping in the faerie stronghold. The Garou is of the Children of Gaia, and the Children would be very grateful to anyone who retrieved her.

Crepper has discovered the world of machines and electronics, and he loves it. He enjoys communicating with elementals of electricity, and wants to learn more. He likes playing tricks on humans and fouling up their technical devices.

He would love to learn the Gift: Control Complex Machines. He would give a lot for that spell, including a Harmony Flute fetish. He would even teach the Doppelganger Gift, or grant a favor, to be called due at any time.

Black Spiral Dancers

Red lips lifted, and dark eyes dreamed,

Bats came wheeling on stealthy wings;

But the moon rose gold and the far stars gleamed.

And the king still sate on the throne of kings.

—Robert E. Howard, "A Song of the Race"

The Black Spiral Dancers crawl in dark tunnels which range under the entire state. The Dank Well Sept is hidden in caverns under the Adirondack Mountains. The Pit, as Black Spirals call their caern, is Level 3. There are 17 Dancers in this sept, as well as three Wyrmtainted Garou from other tribes. The ruler is Keener Hrushta, an utterly insane Ragabash who is trying to use her kin-relations with Unseelie faeries to usurp the lands of the faeries in the Catskills.

A large pack called the Abyss Leapers lurks in the sewers of New York City. Its members are allied with Pentex, and act as bodyguards and combat forces for their security-conscious operations. The pack also performs dread spirit-rites to further Pentex's Umbral power in the city. The Abyss Leapers have an alliance with those among the New York Sabbat who are also allied with Pentex (one of the Board of Directors is a Malkavian *antitribu*).

The pack consists of nine Dancers and one Wyrmtainted Fianna. The leader is Gamush the Hell Roarer. He is backed by his loyal lackeys, the Ahroun Horlaq and the Theurge Phorx. His chief rival is Kabula, a warriorress heady with Renown from her services to Pentex.

Black Spiral Dancers

Str 4, Dex 4, Sta 3, Cha 1, Man 2, App 0, Per 3, Int 2, Wts 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 4, Stealth 4 (Gamush the Hell Roarer has 5s in all Physical Attributes and a Brawl score of 5)

Gifts: Create Element, Ears of the Bat, Curse of Hatred, and Resist Pain or Razor Claws (Gamush the Hell Roarer has Patagia and Foaming Fury)

Rage 8, Gnosis 4, Willpower 5



Vampires

*You live by death, your word is violence
Hatred and evil are your alliance
Murderous blasphemy, arrogance and greed
Will lead to you downfall surely indeed.*

—Dead Aim, "Clenched Fist"

Relations between New York's Garou and Kindred communities are tenuous at best. The Garou hold the real power and control in most parts of upstate New York, but in New York City it is the vampires who rule. This puts more pressure on the Glass Walkers of New York, who have enough of a challenge from the Wyrn forces arrayed throughout the city.

The Garou are generally unaware that vampires are divided into three main groups: the Camarilla, the Sabbat, and the Inconnu. The werewolf leaders have a vague understanding that the vampiric community is arrayed against itself and seems to be in a perpetual state of internecine war: fops against brutes. They see the vampires through Garou eyes, and therefore they usually think of all vampires as a unified race that has some Garouesque tribal spats. They do not realize the divisions within vampiric society are so extreme that the Camarilla and Sabbat hate each other far more than they do the Garou.

As a result, some vampires are eager to forge alliances with the werewolf community in order to gain allies against their vampiric rivals. Generally the Garou reject such overtures, finding vampires to be too Wyrn-ridden to be worth an alliance. Indeed, Kindred peace delegations usually find themselves in pieces. In rare cases, however, a strategic alliance with the Kindred fits nicely into a Garou scheme, and a deal is struck. Generally the two sides do not come to one another's aid, but do supply valuable information and mark off territory to avoid paralyzing and pointless battles that deplete the ranks of both peoples.

The Garou have spent the past 300 years in bloody and costly wars with the vampires, only to see the Licks multiply. Now they generally turn away from vampiric assaults, and avoid challenging any Sabbat caught feeding. Some werewolves say the Garou ought to encourage the vampires, since the Kindred are carrying out an Impergium of their own. Thus far, however, all werewolf leaders have rejected that argument.

Strategic Alliances

The vampires that have done the best at convincing the Garou to ally have been the ones with a high Humanity (those with a Humanity of 7 or better are not of the Wyrn). If the Garou cannot smell the stink of the Wyrn about them, they are more willing to ally.

Some of the younger Fianna who prowl New York City have discovered the powerful Toreador stranglehold on the art world there, and have formed nonaggression pacts with the Toreador. They work together to further the cause of art in the city, but also make careful note of their allies' havens in order to ward against treachery.

The Shadow Lords in New York City have a special alliance with the Giovanni; this "understanding" is not completely sanctioned by the Shadow Lord leadership, but serves the tribe's underworld interests.

Some Bone Gnawers secretly exchange information and rumors with the Nosferatu. They appreciate the food the Nosferatu serve them, and the Nosferatu appreciate the extension of their senses.

The New York City Glass Walkers and the Sept of the Green have a shaky nonaggression pact with the Sabbat. The Garou recognize the need to avoid pointless warfare between the two groups, both of which have greater enemies elsewhere. Part of the Sabbat-Sept of the Green agreement ensures that Sabbat members do not feed in Central Park. This has been violated in a few spectacular instances, but the Sabbat has for the most part honored its end of the bargain, and this has largely prevented open warfare.

(Note that the Kindred power of Obfuscate gives the vampire a roll against a Garou's ability to Sense Wyrms or use the Philodox gift Scent of the True Form.)

Sabbat: Princes of the City

The Sabbat controls New York City, though its control has been extensively undermined by the Camarilla — much more so than the Sabbat knows. The Giovanni clan also holds the real levers of power more firmly than the Sabbat knows.

The Sabbat passions for frenzy and bloodlust have brought the sect into pointed confrontations with the Glass Walkers, who choose their fights carefully. In general, the members of the Sabbat are happy they don't have to look over their shoulders every time they hear a dog growl. If they had a strong hold on their own ranks they might be more aggressive. Fortunately for the Garou, the Sabbat is torn by internal conflicts with its own anarchs. Ironically, the more power the Sabbat gains, the more the sect's own young resist their leaders. The Sabbat is risking an Anarch Revolt of its own, just as it capitalized on the Anarch Revolt that left the Camarilla behind.

Though the Sabbat leaders would very much like to breed an army and wipe out the Garou, they are afraid to overbreed for fear of losing control of their anarch progeny. This is the problem of any rebel group that gains power. If it wins, it becomes the status quo.

The Brujah *antitribu* Shawnda Dorrit is the Sabbat priscus of Manhattan. She has overseen the unwritten pact with the Glass Walkers. The pact is opposed by the Tzimisce

bishop Violet Tremain, who wants nothing less than the wholesale obliteration of the "dogs."

Shawnda Dorrit

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4, Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2, Perception 3
Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Leadership 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 4, Drive 3, Firearms 4, Melee 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3, Investigation 3, Law 2, Occult 2, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 3, Resources 2

Gifts: Shroud (Obtenebration), Might of Thor (Potence), Awe (Presence), Luna's Armor (Fortitude)

Rage 6 (note: she can spend Rage for extra actions), Gnosis 4, Willpower 6

Image: Shawnda is a big, muscular African-American woman with very short hair and blue-black tattoos. She wears black leather and a surly expression.

Roleplaying Hints: Gruff and verbally violent on the outside, but very friendly and chummy with allies.

Background: Shawnda is a 12th Generation Brujah *antitribu* vampire. She was born in 1945 and embraced when she was 23.

Shawnda fought her way to the top of the Sabbat ranks, and became a priscus five years ago. She inherited maintenance of the pact with the Glass Walkers and the Sept of the Green from the last priscus, who was killed by the Camarilla. She genuinely likes some Garou, but would turn on them if she had to. Her haven is in the Lower East Side.

The Camarilla: The Distinguished Opposition

Though the Camarilla presence in New York is weaker than that of the Sabbat, it tends to give less quarter to the Garou. Its members have longer memories, and remember with outrage the widespread vampire hunts the Garou launched hundreds of years ago.

The Ventrue Theodore Al' Azif is in charge of keeping tabs on Garou activity in New York, and he reports directly to the Camarilla heads of the city. Theodore is of mixed Arab and European stock, and has an exotic cast to his features. He is urbane and reserved. Theodore is a 10th generation vampire.

Theodore fears the Garou, and would like to eliminate them from New York City. He is in charge of uncovering their meeting places, homes and hiding holes, and the more he learns about them, the less he likes them. He has seen the Glass Walkers tear into Trash Skrags with a mad vengeance, and is sure they feel the same way about vampires. He favors a preemptive strike on the Garou, but has been unable to convince his superiors, who want to concentrate on dislodging the Sabbat from New York.



Chapter Four: Encounters

Legend of the Glass Walkers: The Search for Pride of the Pack

*I was dancing through the broken glass last night and
thought of you*

*And I wondered where your restless dreams had brought
you to*

*Did you go out to the woods where the silver poplars
sing?*

Did the quiet rustling take away the city's sting?

Hope your lonely anger hasn't turned you inside out

That you found a place that some of us still dream about.

—Anne Tabor, "Broken Glass"

The Glass Walker Philodox called Pride of the Pack was considered by many to be the greatest of all the Garou of the New York area. Indeed, many among the Glass Walkers consider him the greatest of their tribe. He helped to bring the Glass Walkers into the modern age, and his embrace of technology paved the way for the success the tribe has had since then. Of all his kind, he was most able to assimilate into human society, and showed the way to so many others. Alas, he disappeared one day, and has been the subject of legends since then.

The last of his Fostern who saw him said he was suffering from Harano, the gloom induced by contemplation of Gaia's suffering.

The rivals of the Glass Walkers, like the Get of Fenris and the Red Talons, use this as evidence that living among homids in choked cities only leads to horror and sorrow. "If the greatest of the Glass Walkers could not stomach the reeking city, how can anyone?"

Some Glass Walkers, however, say he is not dead, but is still somewhere in the world, on a great mission. They still harbor the hope that he will return to lead them as a mighty king.

Pride of the Pack is indeed suffering from Harano, but one that has been induced by the Wyrms. He lives in homid form on a little fishing area near Staten Island's Great Kills Harbor. He fears changing into any other form lest he lose control and become cowardly or wrathful. What he needs is to leave the city entirely, and clean out his system in a pure area.

He is still active in the environmental movement, where he is known as "the old man with the boat" or "Lou." He has been fighting City Hall to get stronger laws passed, and has been photographing illegal dumping.

The Garou find him while investigating Wyrms activity near Staten Island's toxic dump sites. They hear an old man being beaten by Pentex's corporate goons. If they rescue him, they discover that he is more than he seems. This sets up a good roleplaying encounter, during which the players can try to convince him to return and battle the curse.



The Little People: Trouble in the Adirondacks

Gibber and Crepper are looking for a little fun. They want to provoke a war between the local Get of Fenris and Shadow Lords by impersonating members of each tribe, and making unprovoked hit-and-run attacks on the other tribe. The player pack must mediate and investigate to avert a war.

The faeries will gladly stop their deception for more information about electronic elementals. If they get it, they will go on a destructive rampage in New York City, causing blackouts, computer glitches and traffic accidents. They will also try to cause a plane crash. If they are killed, stronger faeries will come to avenge them. Their destructiveness can be turned to helpful ends if their attention is turned to Wyrms minions.

Deep Ecology

Aaron Hastings is a wealthy heir to a great Pentex dynasty. He learned about the corporation's poisonous dealings when his father asked him to take over a major portion of the company. However, the job involved illegal toxic dumping, and he turned it down,

When his own father told him that refusing employment meant death, Aaron fled into the night. He is looking for a safe place to hide from the Black Spiral Dancers who are on his trail. He has great secrets about locations of Pentex

sites, but the Garou must first get him out of Manhattan to any safe area upstate.

Contaminate the Statue of Liberty

The pack learns (from a spirit) that a pack of fomori is planning to poison the Statue of Liberty by dumping carcinogenic chemicals around the island and in the crown. The characters have to stop the plot or the Statue of Liberty will cause cancer in thousands of visitors before it is sealed off, and a long cleanup begun. This will energize some people to fight against dumping, but most homids in the nation will become further demoralized and resigned to life on an increasingly filthy planet.

Sins of the Fathers Discovering the Seventh Generation

Echoes of Defilement

Many of the Garou tribal elders have pieces of the puzzle of the Seventh Generation, but none have solid clues, and none have pieced their suspicions into a cohesive whole.





The players will meet bits and pieces of the Seventh Generation before they know of it as a whole. As the players learn about the Seventh Generation, they can get assistance from the Garou leaders investigating individual castes of the Seventh Generation. Sooner or later, they will realize that all the unconnected parts fit together.

This chronicle gives the players the chance to expose something that has gone undetected for a long time. But even as they present proof of the secret society to their tribes, many will refuse to believe them. Wyrmtainted Garou will try to stop them.

Heaven: The Rescue

The Silver Fang Loba Carcassone calls for help in saving homid children from the Wyrms. She wants volunteers to go into New York City and help get children out of Manhattan. The children, whom she claims to have rescued from Wyrms minions, are in a Heaven safehouse in the Upper West Side near Central Park. Most tribes consider Loba to be more insane than most Silver Fangs, and refuse to help her,

If the players assist her, they get drawn into a desperate chase. The children were being watched by one of Heaven's Kinfolk operatives when Skrags, led by Lord Akbriht, burst into their apartment and tried to nab them. The children fled while the Skrags tore the operative to pieces. They slipped into a sewer pipe, mistakenly believing the Skrags wouldn't think to search there (they think the Skrags are just "bad men"; they don't realize the supernatu-

ral nature of their enemies or protectors). The pack comes upon the dying operative, who is able to tell them of the sewer chase before she dies. They must then rescue the children before the Skrags get them.

The pack runs through the sewers, finding clues to the children's trail along the way. The chase ends at a nexus of sewer pathways. There the battle ensues. Use the Rescue Battle Map to play out this combat.

The Antagonists: The Skrags will abandon their bodies (possessed street people) at the first sign of Garou, and attempt to possess the children. The pack will have to enter the Umbra to attack them. However, the physical danger is not over. One of the branching sewer paths leads off to an old, long-dark tunnel — a burrow to the lair of the Abyss Leapers. Three turns after the combat begins, Black Spiral Dancers will flood from the tunnel to join the melee. To top all this off, the combat will awaken a Wyrms creature that lives in the waters. It will rise within six turns and attack anything that moves — even battling the Black Spirals if nothing else presents itself.

Lord Akbriht did not personally enter the sewers — they are too filthy — but he could be awaiting the children's exit. If you think the pack had it easy down there, have them crawl into the light of day and into Lord Akbriht's hands. He will have more Skrags with him. The manhole opens near the Hudson River, in Upper West Side Manhattan.



Skrags: These are not ordinary Skrags, for they are empowered with a Charm which allows them to possess a body within seconds.

Rage 10, Willpower 6, Gnosis 4, Power 40, Charms; Quick Possession (Power Cost 5; treat three successes as a 6+ on the normal possession table, and one or two as 4 and 5 respectively), Incite Frenzy

Black Spirals: Match the number of Black Spirals to the number of players who do not enter the Umbra. Some of the Dancers may also shift into the Umbra in order to aid the Skrags. See (he Black Spiral Dancers section in Chapter Three for (heir Traits.

Sewer Serpent: A blind survivor from an older age, this Wyrm creature lives in the lowest and darkest sewers, swimming in the sludge and eating whatever filth comes its way. It prefers fresh kill, however, and will attack anything that moves.

Str 3, Dex 4, Sta4, Per 3, Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Stealth 5

Gifts: Visceral Agony, Venom Blood, Burrow (through concrete!)

Rage 7, Gnosis 1, Willpower 3, Health Levels: 0/ 0/ -1/-1/-2/-2/-5/dead

The Children: There are three children (Tony, Linda and Charlie). They will be afraid of everyone, but will quickly come to trust the Garou when they see that they are protecting them. Their earlier tortures at the hands of Seventh Generation ritualists have torn the Veil from them, so the Delirium no longer affects them. If they remain alive, they will think the Garou are neat and won't want them to leave,

The Possessed Street People: Once the Skrags have left their bodies, the street people will come to their senses, see what is going on, and run away in Delirium, remembering nothing later. The fight will soon become part of the annals of urban legend.

The Sewer Nexus: The Rescue Battle Map depicts the detailed combat information necessary to run a fight here. Follow the key for the Dice Pool modifiers for obstacles listed. The shiny spots necessary for travel to the Umbra are marked on the map. In the Umbra, the sewer looks very similar, but much more sinister. The tunnel leading to the Black Spiral burrow glows with a faint balefire radiance.

Starting the Combat: The children and the Skrags are in the center of the sewer nexus, and the pack enters through one of the sewer tunnels. The Garou must then run forward to engage in battle. Use the map key for running this combat.

The Uncovering: Letters from the Umbra

A totem or caern spirit reveals she has learned of important messages from the Defiler Wyrm to his minions on earth. She can lead the wolves into the Umbra, to ambush the messenger Banes and steal the letters.

These are two handouts (at the end of the book) designed to look like "goatskin." To make them look right, cut off the corners and wrinkle them up. You can soak them in water, crumple them up, and let them dry wrinkled.

The letters reveal the schism in the Seventh Generation, and introduce Draggerunter. If the characters have met Draggerunter, they further link him to the Seventh Generation.

The Shaman's Bones

The Garou learn that an ancient holy site near the Finger Lakes can be revitalized if the bones of a Pure Man shaman are returned to the mound. The bones are in the Brooklyn Museum, on Eastern Parkway and Washington Avenue. The skeleton is part of the American Indian Art collection.

It seems like a simple midnight mission, but it quickly gets complicated. There are several traps around the skeleton, as well as fomori guards. The skeleton was originally raided by the Seventh Generation Business Caste leader, Chester R. Van Gelding. He takes a personal stake in keeping the skeleton, and will personally appear to fight the intruders,

He will try to change the venue of the fight to the Umbra, where he is very powerful, and appears as a lunatic Dutchman.

When the bones are restored to the holy site, the area is infused with Gaian energy, and a new spirit is formed there — perhaps a totem spirit with whom the pack can ally.

The Snatcher

The number of people killed in America is skyrocketing each year. The solution rate is dropping dramatically. Seldom can the police find a motive or a suspect. This manic murder rate is fueling the Apocalypse,

The Garou can track down the Snatcher called the Dirt Man by following his method of operation near Schenectady. When he kills, he sprays graffiti on walls near the scenes of the killings, writing "Dirt Is Everywhere" in red spray paint. He displays the bodies in a ritual manner, or tosses them in the Mohawk River.

He hunts nightly, and on nights when he cannot find a child to snatch or a woman to kill, he goes back to his old kill area to psychically "roll in the dirt" and revel in his past kills. This is where the Garou can find him — at the site where previous bodies were found. If the players survey his dump site, they will find him.

Helman is a short, pale, ineffectual-looking white man of 40 or so, with thinning white hair and large glasses. He wears shabby clothes and smells bad. In the Umbra he looks dirtier than in real life; filth coughs out from a blackish wound within his heart.

Helman was a severely abused child who has become a horrific victimizer. He travels around Albany, New York, looking for children to buy and women to kill. He is trying to rally his fellow Snatchers to resist the Warrior Caste,





who pick up a few Snatchers every time public outcry becomes too great.

Helman Burnett, The Dirt Man

Str 4, Dex 4, Sta 4, Cha 1, Man 2, App 1, Per 4, Int 2, Wts 2, Alert. 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intim. 3, Subt. 2, Streetwise 5, Melee 4, Occult 2

Gifts: Icy Chill of Despair, Disquiet

Rage 6, Gnosis 4, Willpower 5

The Seventh Generation Strikes Back

Once the Seventh Generation realizes that the same Garou are fighting many of its different castes, it targets the Garou for subtle extermination, using pawns.

The Order of the Rose vs. the Garou

Use this adventure to introduce the players to the Order of the Rose. This adventure can be inserted in an ongoing campaign whenever the players take part in a rite of passage kidnapping. Otherwise, just create a child who is nearing the Change and must be kidnapped for his own sake.

An Order of the Rose investigator pursues the characters after they snatch a child who is about to become a werewolf. The members of the Order of the Rose mistakenly believe that any snatched children are connected to the Seventh Generation, and when they see any signs of supernatural action, they are sure.

The players must prove they are not snatching the kids for immoral purposes; otherwise, they will be forced to fight the Order of the Rose, even as they simultaneously attempt to battle the true Snatchers of the Seventh Generation,

To prove the snatched child is a werewolf and not a homid child, the pack may have him transform in front of the Order of the Rose hunters. If they see the child transform into a wolf, they will be horrified. "You beasts! You've turned that innocent child into a monster! Turn him back or we'll kill you!"

If the pack manages to convince the hunters, they will be gracious. "Oh, I see. You're right. The child was really a wolf all along." They will commend them on the wisdom and patience involved in taking the time to show them such things instead of fighting. "I offer you all our resources in tracking down the real foe, who is our mutual enemy."

The Order of the Rose vs. the Vampires

As the Order of the Rose comes closer and closer to locating and understanding the Seventh Generation, the Wyrms secret society prepares to deflect them. It arranges for operatives deep within the Church to feed false information to the Order.

The Seventh Generation seeks to pit the Order against foes who are not always as respectful and charitable to the Wyrms as the Seventh Generation feels they ought to be: the

vampires. The Seventh Generation wants to divide and conquer its hated mortal enemies by tricking them into attacking "innocent" vampires.

This will instigate all-out war between the Order of the Rose and the vampires of New York, and make the dormant Camarilla-Sabbat war flare up. The Rose members attack vampires with a vengeance, which sparks open warfare and pitched street fighting during the hottest months of a New York summer. The Garou can ignore the chaos and let their foes battle it out without concern for who dies, or they can take the high ground and attempt to break up the battle. If they share information about the Seventh Generation, they can focus the Order's attention on the real threat, ending the war and earning favors from the Rose and the Kindred.

Order of the Rose Internal Memo:

"Our friends in the Catholic Church have made a breakthrough on the faceless cult described as the "Seventh Generation." The Church's exorcists suspect this "Seventh Generation" is really a front for undead vampires, spawn of Satan, who fancy themselves to be the actual descendants of Cain. These "Cainites," as they blasphemously call themselves, are immortals of ancient lineage who rank themselves according to distance from their supposed ancestor. Those who are older are accorded more status. Thus, the "seventh generation" of Cain's progeny are old indeed, and very powerful,

"This is the discovery for which we have prayed. We must launch an all-out assault upon these Cainites that infest New York."

Seventh Generation vs. Seventh Generation

Defending the Enemy

Once the Garou know of Draggerunter and learn of his troubles with younger rivals, they can work to manipulate Seventh Generation policy. The Black Fury Kula Wiseblood proposes an intriguing plan, and enlists the pack to carry it out.

She realizes that Draggerunter is a hindrance to his group by making its cause look bad publicly. She sees his fall as inevitable. However, the longer he stays in power, the more damage he'll do to the Seventh Generation. She wants the pack to fight Draggerunter's rivals and prop up the Garou's hated enemy. Any time the doctor comes under attack, Wiseblood says, the Garou should secretly aid him:

"As we well know, when an animal in the wild that is too sick to fend for himself is kept alive by unnatural means, he drags down his people. When he is reintroduced to real predators, he is easily destroyed.

"If we keep Draggerunter in power past the point where he can sustain himself, and then abruptly take away our invisible support when he has ebbed to his weakest point, his destruction will immediately follow. If we plan this well,

we can get him to self-destruct on nationwide television, thus discrediting his position and his entire movement!"

This sets up a chance for some high drama if the players question the wisdom of this course of action, or dispute it outright.

If the players accept the challenge, they will have to protect Draggerunter from fomori attacks. If they reject the challenge, the Black Furies will send their own to defend him. So if the players find they have to attack Draggerunter, or are attacked by the doctor's forces, they will also have to face the Black Furies.

The Warriors vs. the Snatchers

Maudlin of the RCMP is engaged in an ongoing battle with the Snatchers Caste serial killer Lord Akbriht. Akbriht is organizing a small cabal of Snatchers in the New York area, while Maudlin is determined to stop him at all costs and eradicate the Snatchers who want to unite.

If the Garou discover this, they can attack the weakened winner or help the Snatchers organize and thereby weaken the Seventh Generation.

The Defector

An aging Government Caste member is dying, and feels a gaping hole in his soul. He fears dying corrupt and full of Wyrms toxins. He seeks healing, absolution and forgiveness. Is he sincere? Or is it a trap? And if he is sincere, should he receive any assistance at all, or should he be left



to rot in his own corruption? Can he be used to betray his former comrades, or will he betray the Garou?

Taking the Fight to the Seventh Generation

The Wyrms in the Child

In order to invade the Seventh Generation lair, the Garou must find an adult or child who has been abused by the Seventh Generation (and has not exorcised it) and step sideways into that person's reality and mind: his individual spirit world, a Chimare. Loba Carcassone learns this, and tells the pack of it.

"These abused children constitute a network of influence for the Defiler Wyrms. Its tentacles grip these children and adults. It can manifest itself through any of them, which makes it the most dangerous of foes. But its greatest strength is also its weakness. For if any spirit warrior can stomach the journey, he can reach the realm of the Defiler Wyrms through them."

The Candidate

The Garou learn that aggressive Wyrms agents are putting a completely corrupt politician into high office, where he will have tremendous influence. Will this give the Seventh Generation powerful control over their enemies? Or is this a plot to flush the Garou into a trap?

Draggerunter in the TV Studio

Draggerunter's arsenal of vicious weapons includes the powerful, insidious force of television. He has learned to manipulate this powerful medium and thereby communicate with all people crippled by the Defiler Wyrms. He browbeats the abused into keeping their secrets under wraps, and reassures abusers that their secrets are safe. This reinforces the horrific cycle of submission and domination so crucial to the Defiler Wyrms's circle of conquest.

Draggerunter has contacts in TV networks and independent TV and radio stations. He bills himself as an authority capable of debunking both information about occult activity and the resurfacing memories of abused children. To any objective observer, the link between the two is inescapable. But Draggerunter prevents program producers from noticing the connection by applying a vise-like grip on their minds. Otherwise, they would begin to question why anyone so passionately convinced that all memories of child sex abuse are false is also so strongly determined to squelch all reports of occult sacrifices. And if they questioned this link they might investigate him. And if they investigated him...

Whenever a TV show schedules a show in which a victim or a defender of victims takes the risk of coming forward with a painful tale of horror, the producers contact Draggerunter to present "the other side of the issue."

In the studio, Draggerunter heaps scorn on the victim, and tries to play on the lurking fears buried deep within by her tormentors. He tries to trigger these fears by repeating the domination the victim's abuser once asserted over her. If the victim is still deeply wounded and spiritually scarred, Draggerunter can easily make her flustered, thus destroying her credibility with the viewing audience. If she has healed herself, however, she is immune to his manipulation.

That's when he pulls out his powerful weapons. He bombards the victim with a vicious magical assault which causes her to present her case very badly, mix up facts, or break down completely. If he utterly overwhelms the victim's defenses, he can make her say anything he wants, including repudiating everything she said at the beginning of the show. *"You're right. I think I did imagine it all. I must have, because I got it all wrong."*

This attack requires Draggerunter to use a Wyrms spell that lets his spirit slip out of his body while his body continues talking. This split renders him vulnerable in both the Umbra and the physical world. And that's where the adventure begins. The pack can take the fight right to Draggerunter's turf: the TV studio.

Launching the Adventure

There are two ways to begin this storyline:

If the players are very self-motivated (and cocky) they may decide to attack Draggerunter on TV after seeing his tactics. To start this adventure, arrange for the pack to see Draggerunter on a TV talk show as he psychically destroys a few victims. If the pack uses homid connections, they can get into the studio audience on Draggerunter's next TV appearance. If they have strong connections, or arrange to create some, they can get scheduled opposite him on a panel. Barring that, they could simply enter the studio and attack. Such an open assault is not as strong, since they can't fight a verbal war as well. If they are in the studio audience they can join in the verbal war,

If all else fails, you can have Draggerunter issue a direct challenge to the pack to meet him on TV: *"I challenge you to a battle to the finish! In the television studio — let us take our case before the world!"*

If the characters decide to go, the Children of Gaia give them a fetish of Umbral Sight.

If the pack does not accept, Loba Carcassone will appear in the characters' place. She will be psychically destroyed in the ensuing brawl.

The Two-Tier Fight

The battle takes place on two levels—a very "tangible," violent battle in the Umbra, and a very intangible, verbal battle on the physical realm.

When the battle begins, Draggerunter releases his spirit self to enter spirit combat with the Garou to whom he talks. He has the ability to remain in the physical world and fight in the Umbra at the same time. Every time Draggerunter

lashes out and scores a hit in the Umbra, he makes a great point in the verbal war, and wins the audience's sympathy. Whenever the pack scores a hit in the Umbra, Draggerunter falters, and makes a weak argument that loses the audience.

In the Umbra, Draggerunter wears robes and his cane becomes a huge shepherd's crook. In the physical world, he continues to speak normally. He excels at discounting evidence and terrorizing victims into silence.

If the Garou step sideways and enter the Umbra to defend the person being assaulted, they do not need to pass through the Gauntlet. Draggerunter has partly opened the way with his spiritual assault. The Garou see the studio turn into a hyper-real, hyper-exciting version of itself, with crisp electricity elemental zipping around the cables and rich colors flashing everywhere. Because the TV show is live, the Garou can sense the audience's reaction right through the (usually) one-way TV camera. They know when the audience is siding with them, and when it is not.

The Garou will have to decide which pack members stay in the physical world and which go into the Umbra.

During the battle, when Draggerunter makes an attack in the Umbra, his physical being rakes the air with his fist, as if to emphasize a point.

Public Tactics

Draggerunter wants to debunk the existence of ritual cult abuse. He uses the following arguments:

"These claims, claims of ritual cults involved in ritually abusing children, are utter hogwash!"

"Any reports of important, powerful, responsible members of the community being involved are balderdash!"

When the audience starts to side with the victims:

"The best decision for any reasonable, logical, rational, sensible person to make is to see these claims as perfidious, perverted fantasies of twisted, diseased, sensationalistic imaginations,"

When victims report recovering their memories of childhood abuse:

"To recover memories somehow repressed? To have flashbacks to times and incidents never before remembered? I say never! Indubitably, unquestionably it is a fallacious recollection, and such incidents never occurred!"

When asked how he can be so sure:

"The current furor over this ritual cult activity is balderdash for one very simple reason: No corroborating evidence of any sort has ever been found. No legitimate authorities will back up any of these claims. If these claims had any ring of credence to them, the police would know, the government would know, and we in the medical profession

would know. And, of course, we would tell the public. And then we wouldn't have to listen to these whiners and crybabies complaining about their sick imaginations!"

When asked where these memories come from:

"They come from contaminated therapy! Power of suggestion! Those fallacious recollections are implanted by so-called compassionate people in the so-called helping professions!"

But aren't you in the "helping profession"?

"My help is different from their help! I tolerate no such foolishness, and make them take back any such lies and slander!"

Don't you have any sympathy for them?

"Not one drop while they are victims of their own twisted fantasies! The first step in their cure is to come back to reality where such things never happen! Then and only then is sympathy an option. Elsewise one only encourages such dangerous imaginings."

But what if they are right?

"What? Right? They can't be right! They can't be! If they are right... then logic doesn't matter! Because it's not reasonable! These people may not want to behave reasonably, but they won't contaminate the rest of us with their refusal to be reasonable! And they'd better get back in line!"

Draggerunter is sensitive to claims that he is so bent on debunking memories that he refuses to look at evidence. He sputters and rages when confronted with the simple question: "Good scientists are not afraid of looking at new evidence. Why won't you look at the new studies? What are you afraid of?"

"These snarling whelps want to scare every parent in the country with terror tactics. There is not one shred of proof to any of their fevered delusions, never has been, and never will be!"

When he starts to lose, Draggerunter grows pale and begins to stammer,

"Well, I just don't... know about that. I'm not so sure..."

"I... you can't prove it..."

"No one has ever seen it, therefore... it couldn't have happened."

If he starts losing badly in the Umbra, he will return to his body quickly, breaking off the fight. Audience sympathy sways to the Garou. He quickly slinks away from the studio.

If he wins in the Umbra, he wins over more of the TV audience, and leaves gloating.

To the Imprimatur of the Seventh Generation

Master of Hosts:

For the first time I must break silence and use the ancient channels in the Umbra to send this. I deplore that this situation has pushed me to do so.

I thank you for the audience, I shall not be brief. I shall be direct. We are poison. We are pestilence. We are the gift that keeps on giving.

We are the blight } Our plague is not enough to kill the delicate
in the family tree } young branches, but is sufficient to weaken,
deform and eclipse the promise of their young lives. Not
enough to destroy the tree, even though we can make the
weakest limbs prune themselves.

Those branches that survive their youth } little bits of dead wood
carry our pestilence within them, } choking in their own
and pass it on to their twigs in turn, } blighted sap! The power
who shall once again blight their own } unleashed by a self-death
set with it. } is ever sweetest to us,
(and ever furges our power.)

The poisons with which we infect our prey are threefold. We assault and lay waste to the three most precious chambers of a mortal's triune being: The outer temple of the Physical Body, the inner most of the Emotional Body, and the throne of the Sexual Body. These triple abuses cohere and conjoin to form a far richer corruption: the death of trust. When the child can no longer trust the parent, when the spouse loses faith in the mate, when the generations and the sexes regard each other with suspicion, fear and hate, then we have done our work. We have undermined the most powerful forms of unity among mortals, and the eternal Well from which springs the one great Weapon that can lay us to waste.

Thus do mortals do our work for us, passing on the living, coiling Heron from one generation of mewling babes to another,

unto the seventh generation. We need do little but reap the
benefits of the seeds of despair we sowed so long ago.
Human secrecy, ego and vanity take care of the rest. We need
never fear exposure to the scorching light of day.

Now, however, there are those among who would have us take an
active hand in tainting spirits. This faction would see us ruined.
Here is something these scuttling parvenus do not realize:

Our passive role invites only passive responses from
our Enemy, and that is far from adequate to stop us.

An active role on our part would provoke an active response,
and that could crush us utterly. I fear that the very presence of
these epistles in the flux shall
produce echoes impossible to
retrieve.

I urge your lordship to cast down these upstarts who would
lead us into open warfare and ruin. Like all good diseases,
we thrive when we may do our work quietly, silently, in the
dark, while all around are oblivious to us. By the time the
Host realizes the extent of the damage, it is too late.
He is ours!

Lead us not into open warfare.

It is not our way.

We would invite a damning response
from the very host on which we thrive.

Yours in obedience,

Quater Raggerunterz

Sejérach of the Medical Cate

To the Imprimatur of the Seventh Generation
Master of Hosts:

We need to fight to keep the mortals in line. Recent revelations have brought our workings to the foreground, and exposed much of our workings to the harsh light of day. Though most mortals can be counted on to turn their faces from the unpleasantness and pretend we are not there, many do not. For the first time in many years we risk exposure.

Remember that we needed to take an active hand to thwart great teachers, including the tutor of Plato, who faced no opposition from the Attic community until we forced its hand. His revelation to the youth of Athens of our corruption put us all into peril. And I need not remind you of the crisis a mere century ago, when the great Doctor Draggerunter ended the threat posed by Doctor Freud. That was a strong level of intervention. We need that same strength now, and Draggerunter is not the man to do it. I am.

I shall not belabor you with the same windiness as Draggerunter, and close by demanding that we not put our heads in the sand in the face of the greatest onslaught against our power in ten thousand years, and perhaps all time.

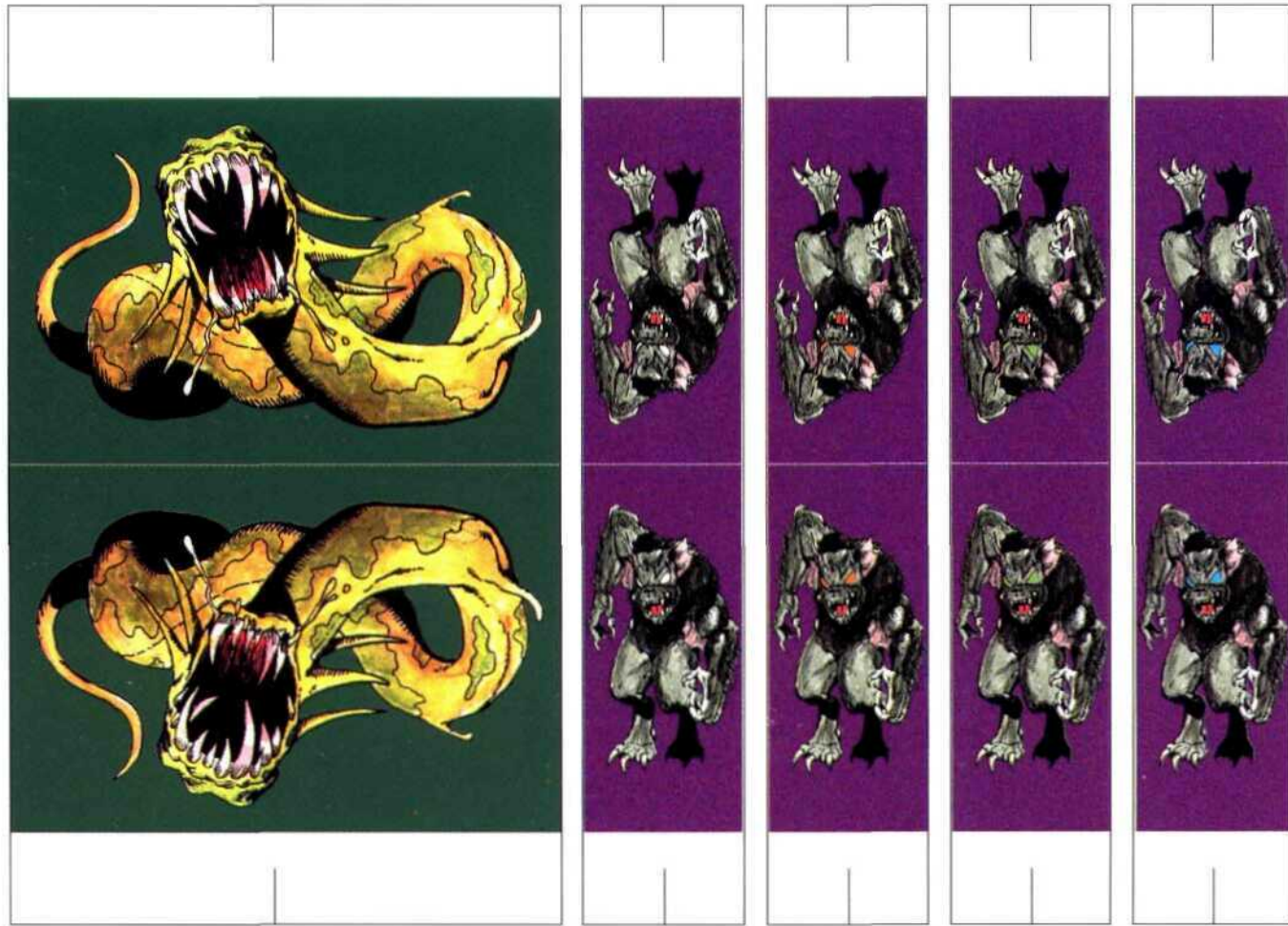
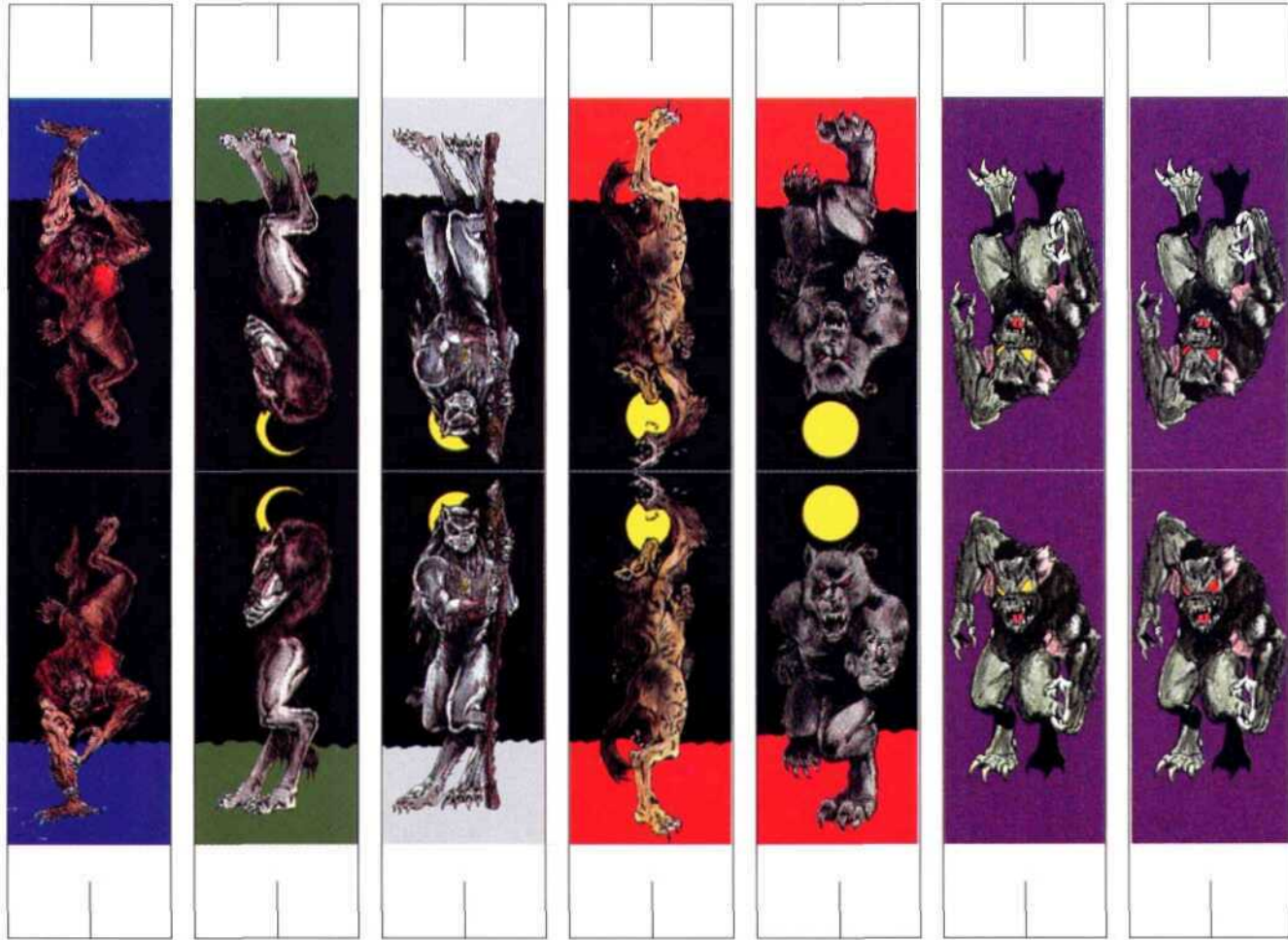
We risk destroying the free on which we live.

Yours in total
Obedience,
Ecco Anderson
Sergeant of the Medical Caste

PAGE ACROSS
NEW YORK

WEREWOLF
The Apocalypse

Black Spiral Dancers enter here.
The opening is 9ft in



Mount this page on thin cardboard.
Cut along black lines and fold figures together.

