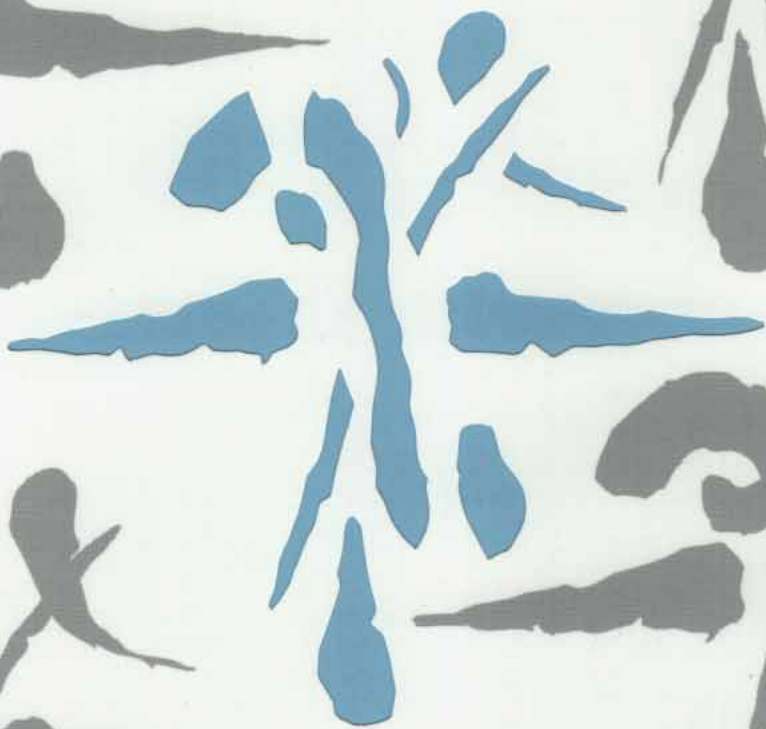
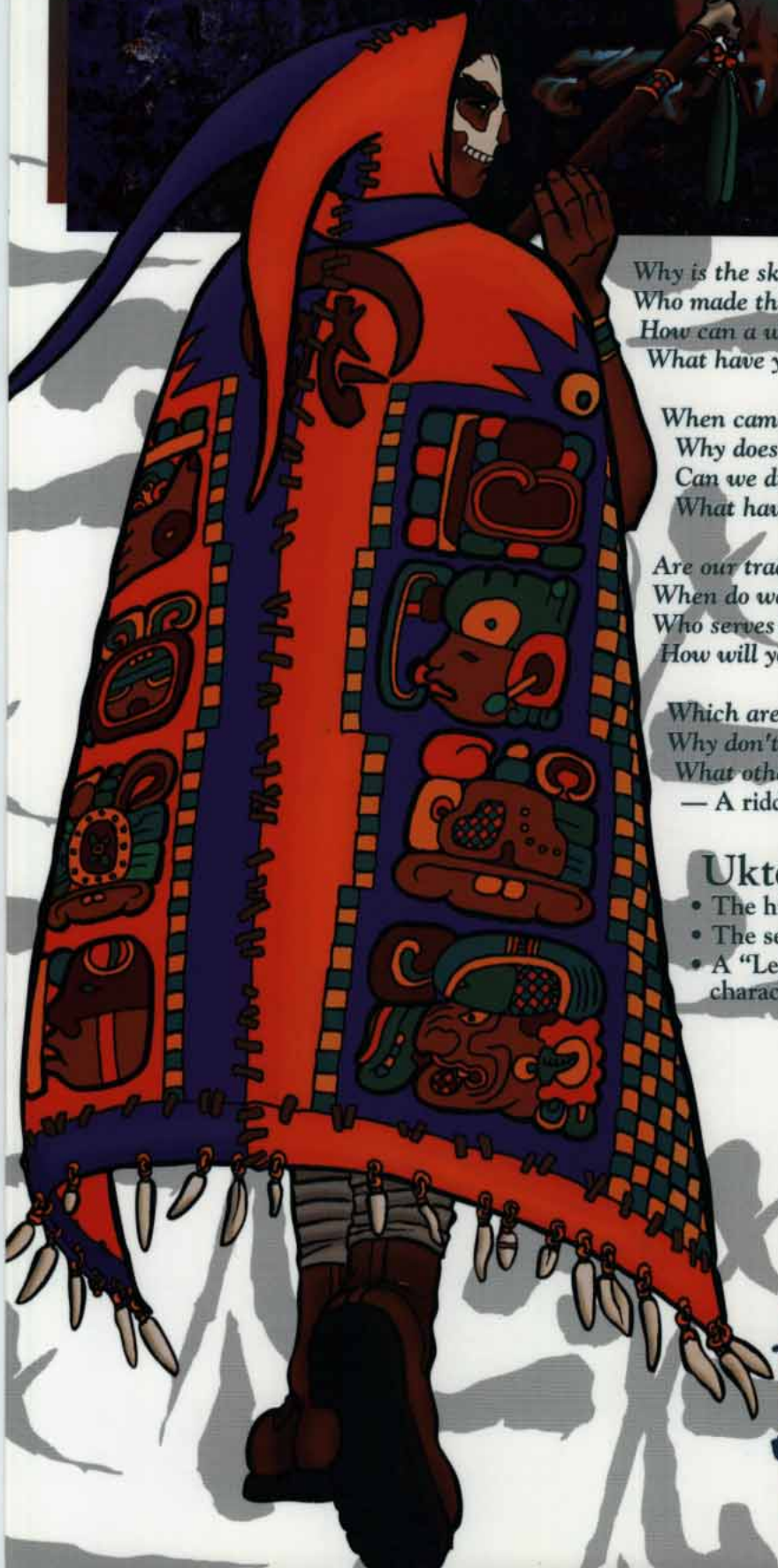


UKTENA

TRIBEBOOK



*A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™
Tribebook 12*



UKTENA TRIBEBOOK

Why is the sky?
Who made the Wyrn?
How can a whisper?
What have you learned?

When came the anger?
Why does the pain?
Can we discover?
What have you gained?

Are our traditions?
When do we know?
Who serves the Mother?
How will you grow?

Which are our secrets?
Why don't we share them?
What other tribe could possibly bear them?

— A riddle song asked of those who would learn Bane-tending

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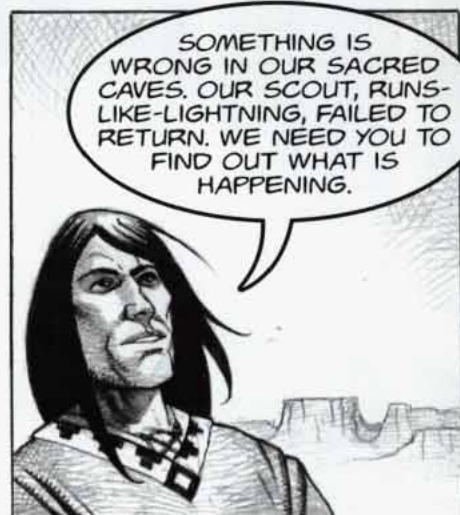
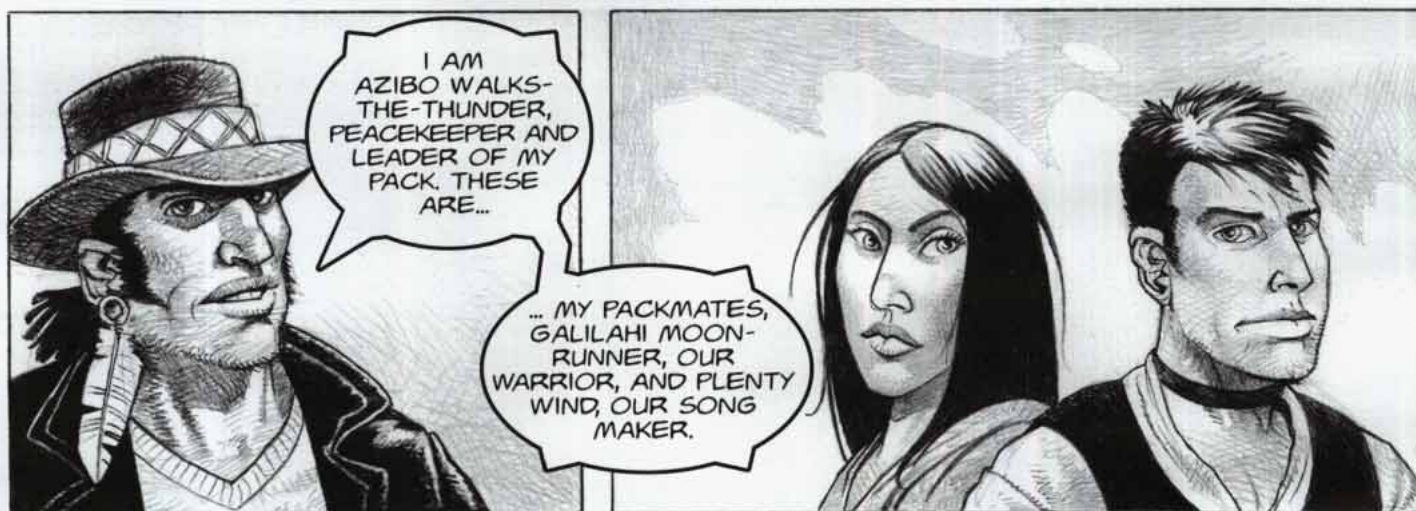
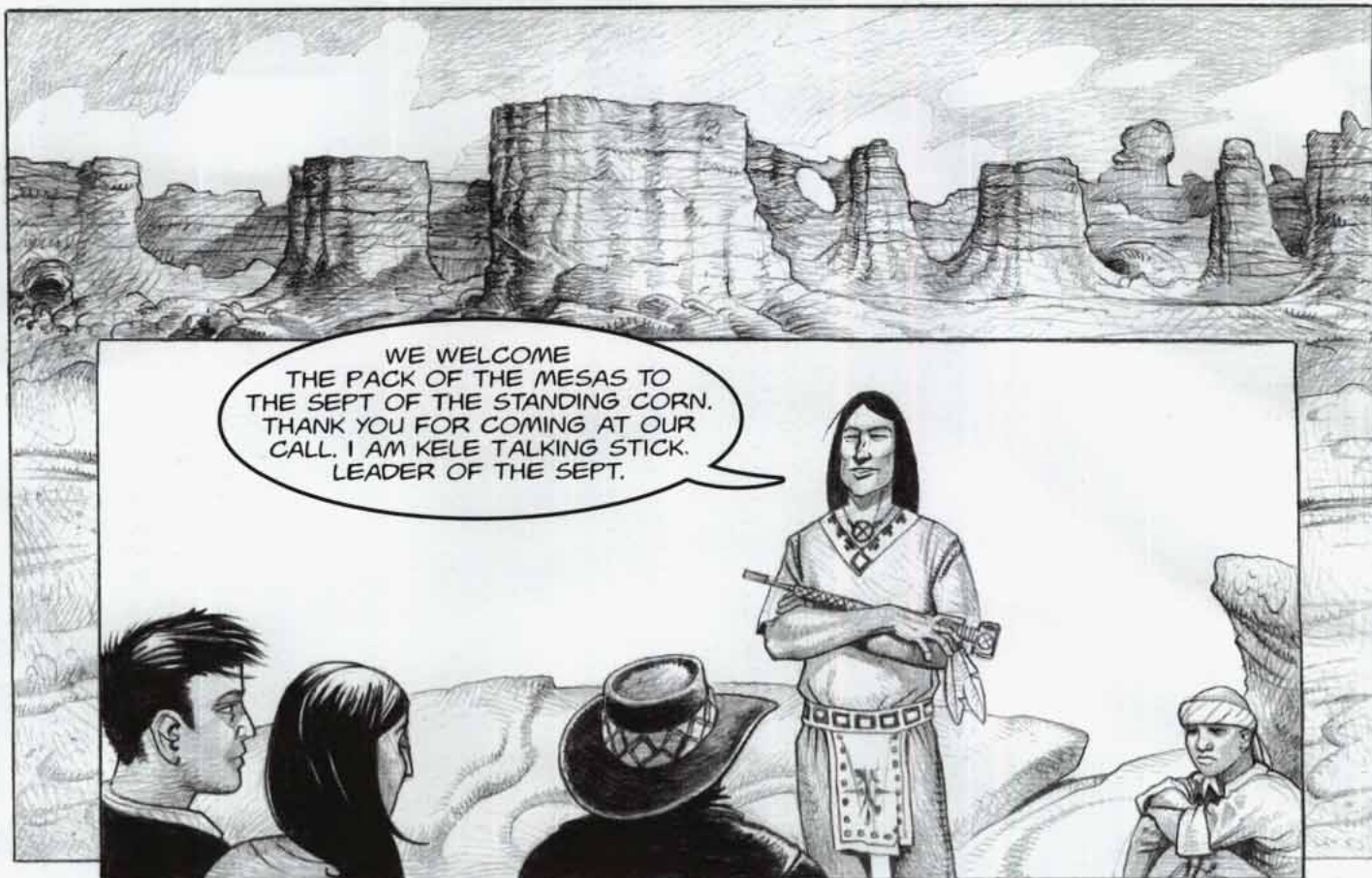
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R I G H T O F P A S S A G E

WHEN HE WAS YOUNG, THEY CALLED HIM JOY-IN-KNOWING. NOW HE IS BROKEN MEDICINE, ETERNAL GUARDIAN OF THE BANE CALLED RAVAGER-OF-CHILDREN, HE SEEKS AN END TO THE ENDLESS.

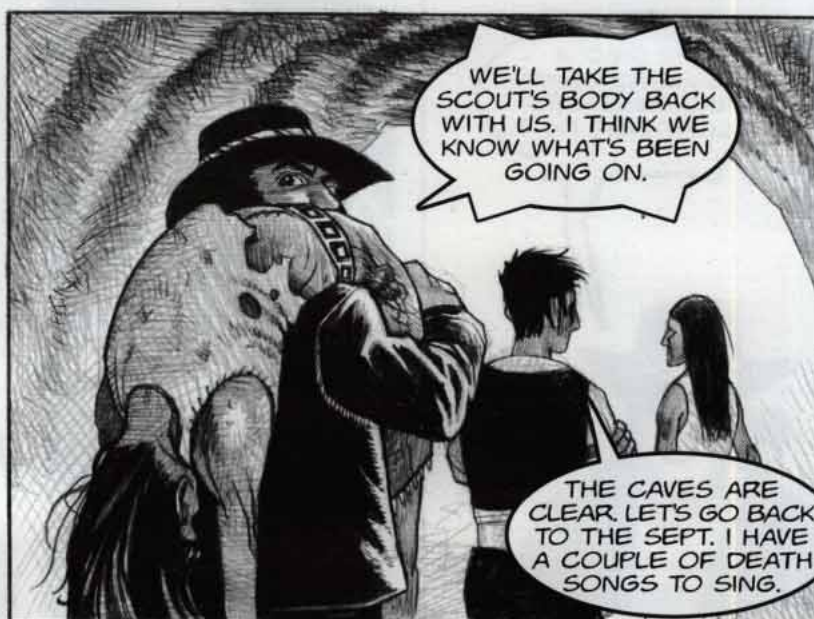
GAIA!

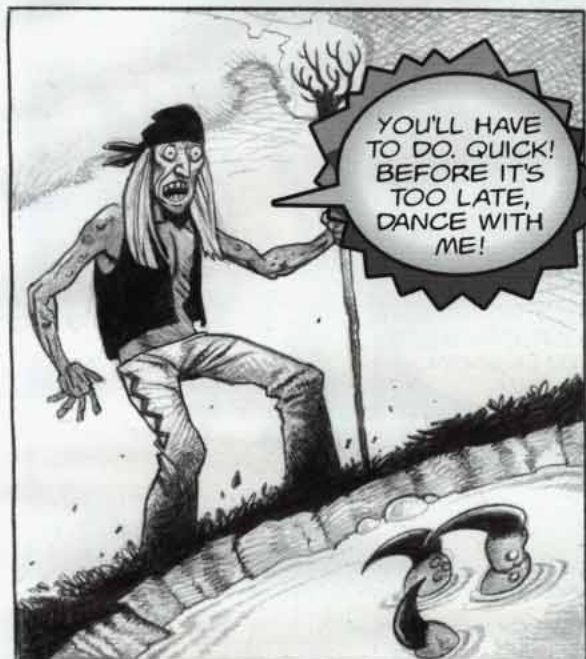
HELP ME!
I CAN NO LONGER HOLD
MY OLD ENEMY PRISONER.
YOUNGER, STRONGER MEDICINE
IS NEEDED. SEND SOMEONE
SOON SO I MAY REST!

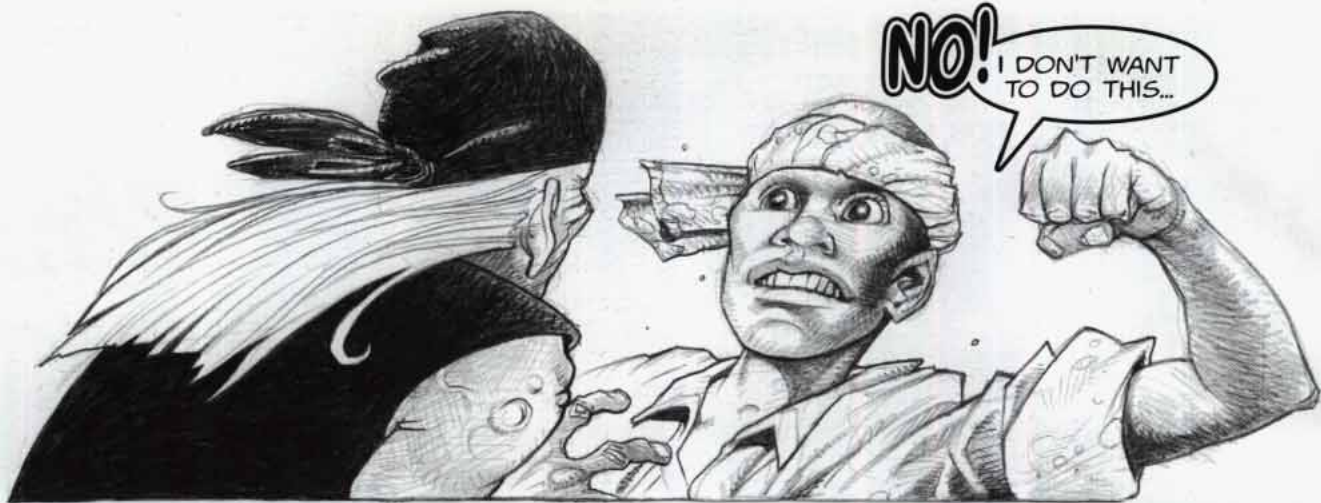












UKTENA™

C R J B E B O O K

Binders of Secrets

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Mike "Oh God, It's" Tinney, for making folks nervous by his very presence.

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Ian "He's Not Evil, He's Sweet" Lemke, for being taken in by the Devil's wiles.

Brian "I Just Came For the Food" Glass, for enjoying himself despite the unfamiliar surroundings.

Jeff "Penguinization" Holt, for dutifully assuming the robes of office.

Kathy "Her Mom Made It" Ryan, for faithfully doing the same.

Aileen "Screw Up And I Kill You" Miles, for maintaining control till the very end.

Ethan "Force of Chaos" Skemp, for impeccable timing with self-inflicted injuries. And all in the name of a half-ripe pear.



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Introduction: Invocation of the Spirit Within

My uncle has been telling that story about where we came from ever since I was a kid. Most of that story I can't tell you. My uncle said, "Keep it to yourself."

— Louis Numkena, Sr., Hopi

I am Speaks-with-the-Wind. Here beside me are my people. Hear us sing. We lift our voices in praise and supplication, asking the spirits' aid. Uktena! Bear, Chimera, Owl! Show us now the secrets we hold deepest within our hearts. Help us speak with tongues of fire so we may gift our tribe with the story of our existence, burning the knowledge of the old ways and the old days' glories into their minds.

I am Speaks-with-the-Wind. See me standing before you. Here I stand with my brothers and sisters upon the breast of our Mother. Here I stand beneath the gaze of Father Sky's distant, twinkling eyes. Here I am with offerings in my hands. Hear me. We who once ran as masters of the forests and the plains, we who once danced as chiefs across the sands, it is we, the Uktena, who ask for your gift of wisdom in the telling of our tale.

We have done as the Mother asked us. Our lives have been spent in seeking hidden lore. We have bound the evil ones, the destroyers, catching them among twisted strands of cleverness and wisdom, holding them fast within our snares. We have warred upon the Wyrmbearers, traitors and fools whose greed unleashed what we had once caged. Still we stand between the latecomers and the Wyrms' foulest corruptions — and they give us no thanks for it. The betrayers fear to be betrayed in turn.

Great totems of wisdom, war and respect, the children of Uktena have lost much in doing your bidding. We have bled out our life's blood. The lands we once held and nourished are given into others' hands. Our minds have been bent and blackened by

clasping the evil close to our own breasts that it not suckle at another's. We have lost our middle brothers, the Croatan. We live in daily danger, guarding that which no one else wants to see. Still, we do not regret the bargain. Help us now!

Hear me, my people. While our other brothers, the Wendigo, still battle against those who came after, we keep our rage close within our hearts. Soon will come a time of reckoning, when old betrayals shall be paid back tenfold, but that time is not yet. War is coming, and we must be ready. We must remember who we are. Our war is not fought with spear and klaive, but with dark secrets and bitter insights. Some say we may go down before the Wyrms, consumed by the venom of the hidden lore we learn. If that is our fate, then let us turn that venom upon its source, laying bindings of rage upon the Wyrms and poisoning it with our dearly bought, deadly secrets as we fall. May we be as worthy in this as Little Brother.

War is coming. We must be ready. Hear now the tale of where we came from and who we are. Let the old stories fill your hearts and strengthen you. I am Speaks-with-the-Wind, Songkeeper and medicine speaker. I am old, and we may not meet again, but my words and those of the others met in council here will lead you in battle and inspire you in times of darkness and death.

We stand before the spirits unafraid. We stand before the Garou nations unafraid, and for that, they will ever fear us. We are Uktena, and that is explanation enough.



KOCHAKUJI

Chapter One: Speakers of the Past

In the language of my people... there is a word for land: Eloheh. This same word also means history, culture and religion. We cannot separate our place on Earth from our lives on the earth nor from our vision nor our meaning as a people.

— Jimmie Durham, Cherokee

The Beginning Times

I'm not as old as Speaks-with-the-Wind, and I won't kid you — I'm not even a Songkeeper. My name's Laughing Deer, and that's the only hint you're getting. I got tapped to tell all of you about our beginning times because some of my Kinfolk kept this painted deerskin forever. They say it was started by their ancestors when they first awakened in this land, but it tells stories of a much older time. Each painting tells a different story. This one with the green trees, white sky, blue waters and brown earth is the first one. Now I can't swear this is the way it was, but here's the story they told me that goes with the painting.

So long ago that I can't even remember it through calling my ancestors, Gaia realized She needed children to help Her in Her work. Looking upward, Gaia asked Luna to make it bright for Her so she could see to work. Luna filled the sky with light. Gaia reached inside Herself and brought forth children — mud babies made up of Her earth and water. It took Her a long time because She wanted to get each one just right. When Gaia started, Luna was very round and full, and lots of light fell on Gaia's workplace. By the time Gaia was making Her very last children, though, Luna had grown weary. Her light faded ever more as Gaia worked, then ceased altogether. Then Gaia and Luna paused for a breath. With the coming of the new moon, Gaia made Her last child and

laughed to see that She was finished. Yeah, She made some other Changing Breeds too, but this is our story. Let them tell their own if they want to hear it.

Now the babies were naked and helpless and mute, but Gaia wanted strong and fearless children. Calling the fire from within Her own breast, She fashioned it into hearts that burn with love for their Mother and with rage for anyone who would hurt Her. She didn't want them to be so filled with fire that they were mere savages, however, and soothed them with snow, so the coolness of reason and honor would also be theirs.

Then Gaia caught the wind as it moaned through the trees and blew it into Her children's mouths. With the wind's tongue they could make beautiful howls or speak gentle words, just as the wind could change from bitter gale to gentle zephyr. Using their newfound speech, the children could tell tales of their bravery and glory.

Still, Her babies were naked. Gaia pulled up twigs and grass and stroked them onto their bodies. As She did so, the grass and twigs became lovely fur — soft as grass, rough as twigs, so they would always be protected. She pulled forth sharp stones and made them into teeth and claws so Her younglings could fight.

Because they were made of pure elements, the children's eyes were bright, their ears sharp and their noses keen.

Pleased with Her handiwork, Gaia told Her children to look at themselves in the mirrorlike waters of a lake. While they did, She and Luna gave them special newborn gifts. Gaia knew that Her children were needed on Earth, but that they would have to travel freely between their homes, the Earth and the Umbra. Since they so enjoyed looking at the water's reflection, Gaia gave them the ability to look into reflective surfaces to move from one world to another. Such travel would introduce them to many spirits with whom they could bargain for knowledge. Because Luna had provided the light by which they were born, she gave them gifts of insight, knowledge of special abilities they could pass down to their own children.

Now Gaia was very tired and didn't think She could make any more children for a while. She also thought that Her younglings, the Garou, could best serve by teaching Her ways to others. So She sent some of them to live with humans and some to live with wolves, that they might breed and make more children and leave Gaia to other work. So that they would fit in, She helped them learn how to change from one form to another. They used their changing forms to interbreed with wolves and people wherever they traveled — and four legs took them a long way.

The Impergium

Wherever they went, Gaia's younglings made sure that people didn't overbreed and hurt the land. The wolves already knew how to do that. But people are stupid sometimes, and the Garou had to enforce something called the Impergium. That meant that they kept the human population stable by culling the weak ones. Some of the earlier humans knew they should do that too, and cooperated with the Garou. Those were people that the Uktena, Wendigo and Croatan bred with. Some of the other Garou went a little too far on that score. The Red Talons and Get of Fenris were some of the worst offenders, taking the young, strong and firm along with the weak and sick and old. Some others — like the Children of Gaia — got a little sick of the whole thing, and called a lot of moots to discuss things, and eventually most of the Garou stopped enforcing the Impergium. By then, we Uktena were moving to the Pure Land and only had to deal with the Kinfolk and tribes who knew the right way to treat their Mother, but that was a lot later and someone else will probably talk about it who knows more than I do.

So, that was the beginning of the Garou. You may have heard other stories, but as any Trickster could tell you, lots of stories lie.

War and Dispersal

Brothers and sisters, for those of you who do not know me, my name is Daniel Bright Waters. Laughing Deer has told us of our beginnings. Though I do not want to dispute her final words, as a Songkeeper, I know that no story is ever a complete lie. It seems to be my part to remind you of both our greatest and most shameful moments. I am honored to be chosen as the singer of these tales, and hope to do them justice.

*Time beyond time the Mother sang summons,
Calling Her bravest, Her purest to see.
Howl upon howl Her wolfling-kin answered,*

Coming together, the packs from the West.

Leading their tribes, they came to Her summons,

Leaving their homeland the Brothers obeyed,

Wandering forth toward the Pure Land She promised,

Hearts lifted high in songs of glad praise.

When some tribes ceased enforcing the Impergium, humans became more numerous. Many humans turned from their natural place as hunters and gatherers, instead cutting into the Mother and forcing Her to grow plants they chose over the ones that She had first provided. As they spread the Weaver's influence across the land, the Wyld withdrew before them. Seeing that the future would bring only more encroachment, Gaia thought to keep the balance by sending some of Her children to a new land. There they would cleanse the Wym's foulness, utilize only as much of the Weaver's gifts as they needed to survive and keep the land pure so the Wyld might flourish. She hoped that if Her children brought the land into balance, the Wym might be cured of its madness.

We and our younger brothers, Croatan and Wendigo, were chosen by Gaia because of our purity of purpose and our success in training our humans to honor Her laws. As most of the tribes argued whether to end the Impergium, we left our homes behind and began a long trek to a new and better place. We came from lands far to the West — the lands that Europeans call the Far East in their self-centered way. But we walked into the rising sun to reach the Pure Lands, not out of it. Traveling with our tribes, we carried our tents on our backs. A few of our wolf kin, most of them mates to us, traveled along nearby paths. Slowly, we moved northward, following Gaia's instructions.

Cold the days and white the night

Tears of ice did rend our faces

Onward, ever north the traces

Of the wolf-kin's passing might.

Many among our Songkeepers who should know better tell the story of the crossing as though it happened all at once. That isn't so. In fact, some of us did not make the crossing in the same way as others did. I will tell you some of what has been passed down.

The first to cross the frozen bridge were Uktena and Croatan. Following our scouts, we braved the bitter cold and snow, the lack of game and the doubt within our hearts. Gaia provided enough for us that the strong survived and crossed through the gray place to come into a new land. As Elder and Middle Brothers, we knew we had a duty to prepare the way for Little Brother. If we ate all the game, our brothers would have none.

To make sure there would be enough left in each area, we divided ourselves into families and headed in different directions. Some went south and east, while many turned straight south hoping to reach lands where the sun would warm them. Ever we traveled, making camp, taking what we needed and moving on. We marveled at the vastness and beauty of the new home Gaia had given us. Though we crossed fields of barren ice in the north, as we moved southward we found green hills and trees, crystal lakes and plains full of game animals awaiting our hunters. The Wyld still held sway in the land everywhere we looked, unbound by the Weaver.

But the Wym was a different story. Great and terrible Banes corrupted the riches we saw. Our Medicine Folk bound and destroyed many of them as we moved through the new lands; others were so powerful, we knew we would need all our strength and cunning to

defeat them. We marked their lairs and waited for the rest of our brethren to join us. Now we knew what the Mother wanted of us.

Two more times we crossed over to our new home. Some Uktena returned across the frozen ways to lead our younger brothers. As many of our tribes traveled farther and farther south and east and established their territories, some of us waited through a thawing of the bridge. Many years later, the ice came again and re-established the crossing, but some had built boats of bone and animal hide and used them to move a few at a time in the interim. Little Brother Wendigo came on the second crossing, and spread into the lands we had left for him among the deep northern forests and into the plateaus and mountains of the west. Some spread down along the western seaboard.

Finally, Gaia called one last time, and the tribes who traveled the longest bade farewell to the few who stayed behind and arrived to make the crossing. But the seasons had changed; the ice had melted once again, and we had few boats. Seeing our kin stranded on the opposite shore, some among our Medicine Folk called out to Uktena, asking for aid. Today, many within our own tribe do not believe what happened next. A great and shining scaled coil rose from the sea like the arched stone walkways you sometimes see rise from the desert. Uktena spread his body across the gap, making a safe roadway for our kin to cross. When the final traveler set foot in the new land, Uktena sank beneath the waves, closing the passage.

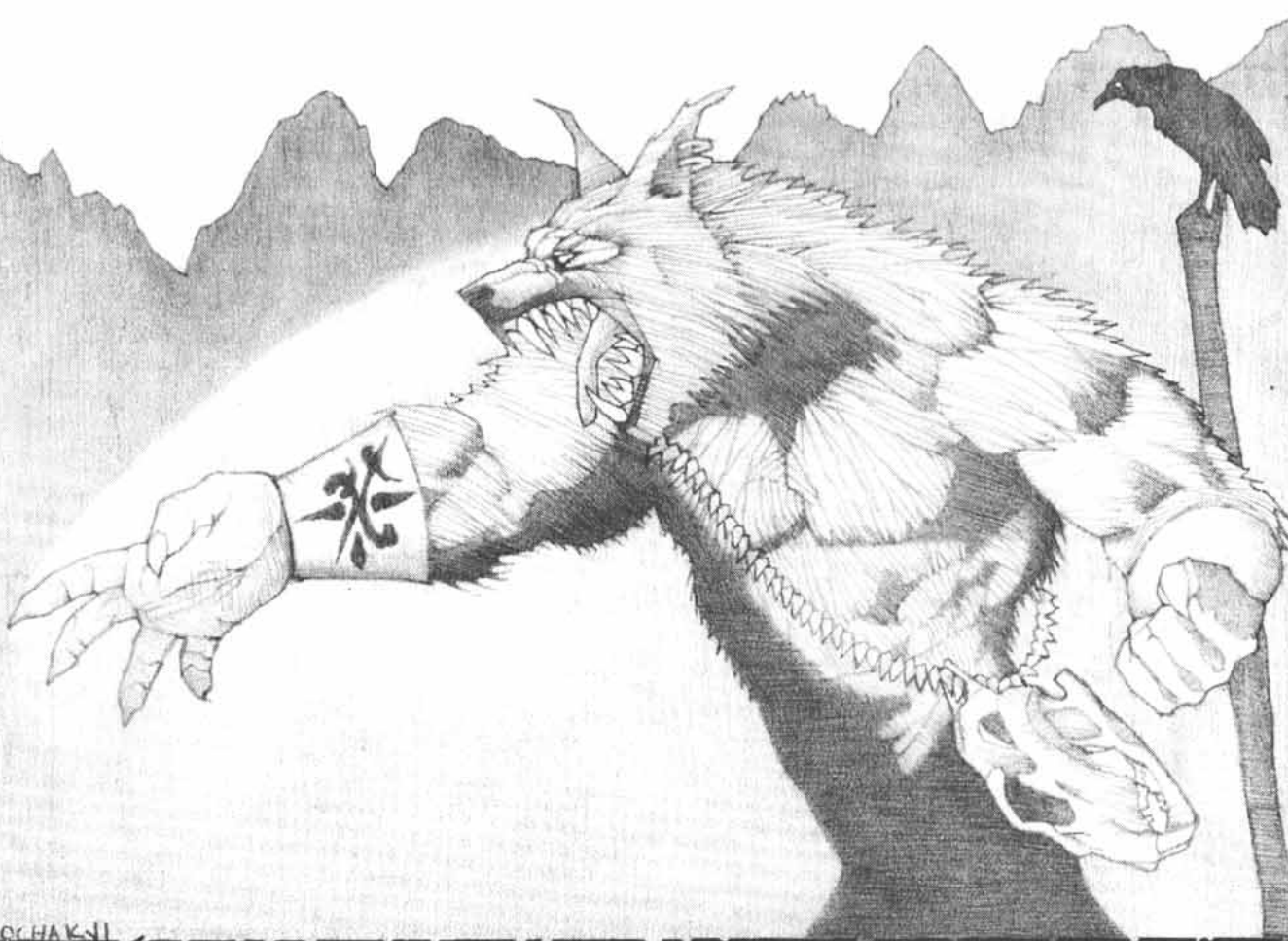
The final arrivals had waited a long time within the cold lands of Eurasia, however, and had grown used to life among the snow and ice. Rather than traveling onward to the warmer lands in the south, they took the chill northernmost region for themselves. We had no

need to enforce the Impergium upon our tribal folk, for they knew Nature's laws as well as we did. Some knew who and what we were. Others only knew that we came as counselors and protectors or as emissaries from the spirits of the land, but all respected and honored us. Our wolf kin settled into the wilds and grew strong.

Now some among us say they came by a different road altogether. They say that they sprang forth from the ground, traveling a long way under the earth until they emerged from a great hole in the desert. Some claim that the Mother fashioned them of mud. I do not know the truth of this tale, only that it is not the one I learned as a child. It is true that if we sprang forth in the Pure Lands rather than traveling to them, then they are truly the lands meant for us, not the invaders. As it is, the Wymcomers can claim that we were not native to these lands either, but took them in our turn and that they merely followed later. Perhaps both stories are true, and the Mother created some of us here and called for the rest to come and join them. Whatever the truth, Gaia intended for us to come here, and here we are. Diminished now, some of us gone, perhaps forever, but we are here still, and perhaps that is what is important — that Uktena, Croatan and Wendigo came into the lands they would make pure.

The War of Rage

One thing that we brought along with us we should have left behind. I am not proud to sing this part of our story, but it must never be forgotten. I sing of the War of Rage. Long since, we Garou had fought a war of words with others of the Changing Breeds. As we were Gaia's favored and best-loved children, so we believed, we should be given first place among all. To us should go the honor and glory of



being the best warriors and the best keepers of sacred places. All others should bow before us and make room so we might spread our numbers to better protect and serve the Mother. Our pride knew no bounds.

From words, we progressed to attacks and to stealing sites of power and fetishes from our near-kin. I do not claim that Uktena were not among those who participated in the war. I do believe that we had a lesser part in it. We learned many useful healing ways from Gurahl and honored Bear as a totem; thus we had fewer reasons to fight them. Some claim that we sought their rumored ability to survive their own deaths, but I do not know the truth of this. Certainly, we did too little to shield Bear's Chosen. The same can be said for our treatment of the Corax and Bastet. I have little doubt that both held secrets we dearly wished to know, and for that we turned upon them (viciously, so I have heard) or failed to help them escape from others who sought to harm them — at least, we did this at the beginning of the war.

Heya hey (tell me, brother)

Why does Raven fly away?

Heya ho (tell me, sister)

Where did all the Bear-kin go?

Heya hah (tell me, mother)

Why does Cougar show her claw?

Heya how (tell me, father)

What Coyote feels right now.

Heya hu, hey a hu

(Hush, my child, and I will tell)

The others are afraid of you.

As time moved on and we crossed to the Pure Land, the Uktena came to better understand our near-kin. Many of our human Kinfolk also honored the totems of Raven, Bear, Cougar and Coyote. We found that all of us had enough land and all could help protect our Kin, both human and animal, by cooperating. Much came too late to stop the decline and disappearance of the Gurahl, but by the time our tribes became prosperous and established, we had called a truce and renewed our unspoken treaty with the Corax, Nuwisha and Pumonca. Still, we lost much through our foolishness — secrets that will never be entrusted to us, allies we would need later to help turn back the Wyrmmcomers, and the chance that the other Changing Breeds would ever fully trust us again.

We would greatly regret our actions later when we became the victims of the same sort of pride and greed that sparked the War of Rage. Had we had the full cooperation of the other changers, we might have fought back. Some would say we only got what we deserved.

Still, we were not without our shining moments. All three of us — Uktena, Wendigo and Croatan — had a hand in binding the Great Banes and making the land pure, and of this we may be justly proud. Alas that our power was not great enough to heal the rifts that opened between our tribes when the Wyrmmcomers arrived. For it was ever said among us:

Mighty are they who hold within

Their thoughts

The secrets of the Wyrmm.

Mighty are they who hold within

Their hands

The sacred rattle,

Within their mouths

*The songs of power,
And within their hearts
Their brothers' trust.*

We could not do all of those things, and so lost the last one. But that is another story, and one that comes after our great bindings. I have no more to say. Listen now to another, for my song is done.

Making the Land Pure

Bethsheba Dark-Walker. That's what I call myself. It is not my name. I am an elder of the Uktena. I was born a wolf and knew the wild best when I was a pup. Now I know endless waiting. I am a Bane Tender. You draw away from me, I see. And well you might. I am not here to tell pretty stories. You and you and you, get up. Stand here and there and there. You will follow what I do. Our dance will tell the story of binding the Great Banes and the coming of the Wyrmmidden. You who are born of woman may forget; the wolves do not.

This is the dance of freedom. We lupus would call it new spaces, hidden dens, prey to hunt and room to breed. This is what Gaia gave us. To take it, we had to clean the land. You heard the singer say we could not do it alone. That is not true. We were strong then. We could have done it, but we did it faster with the help of Middle and Little Brothers. Still, it was Uktena noses that scented the corrupt ones. It was Uktena rites that bound them.

Now we move forward in a line, tracking the Banes. There, just ahead, we spot one. So big he blots out the sky, he drips with killing venom-fire. Lightning shoots from his eyes. His hands have claws as long as trees. Now we circle him. As we lay our traps, painting binding symbols with our own blood, our Warriors leap forward to keep him busy. They fight. One is caught and lifted into the carrion-maw of the Bane's mouth. Teeth like sharpened stone pierce our sister's body. Her howls of agony stop as he bites off her head. More die as his great thrashings crush them underfoot. Now the Tricksters move from behind him, catching the Bane's great feet in nets of woven grass, tying him in place so he trips and stumbles. Our Songkeepers taunt him, calling him coward and Wyrmm-eaten, forcing him to turn from one to another without leaving the circle we bind him in. Our Lawgivers speak. They tell him why we bind him to this place and call on the totems to witness that it is just. And we use our secret knowledge to seal the binding. He screams with rage at being trapped.

Now we turn to you and say, "Do not think this is a glorious thing. This is a dance of death. Do you think the Warriors and the Tricksters and the Songkeepers and Lawgivers escaped the circle? Then you are wrong. All died in horrible agony. Crushed, mangled, torn apart, their bodies twisted and corrupted. Venom spurting from their wounds. And we watched. We bound him. The cost was great. Do not speak to me of glory, for there was none in this. Only death and binding."

You sit down now. I will have others to dance the rest. Ones who are not afraid of dark stories.

The Wyrmmcomers

Now we form two circles, each dancing toward the other, then away. We are the Uktena and the Croatan. Sometimes we dance together. We trade gifts. Then one or the other wants a hunting place or a place for a village. Both of us want the same place, and we fight.

Do not let anyone tell you that there were no fights among the Brothers. We fought a lot. It kept us strong. We do not blame the Wyrncomers for bringing fighting to our shores. We hate them for taking without asking and releasing Wyrn-creatures here again.

Now the Uktena withdraw. We travel west to the mountains, leaving the Croatan along the coast. The Croatan dance in triumph. They have won!

And now we dance the part of the Wyrncomers. We sail to shore and land. We claim it as our new home and build a camp. Middle Brother welcomes us at first, bringing gifts and offerings. But we have brought something terrible with us. It rises above us like a thundercloud. It eats away at us, at the land. It corrupts whatever it touches. It is a Great Bane, and the newcomers are Wyrn-ridden.

Sacrifice of the Croatan

The Wyrn-ridden take Middle Brother's land. They hunt his prey and desire his caerns. The Croatan now see clearly what has come among their tribes. They know that they must fight or all will die. The Wyrncomers do not know how to battle the Great Bane. They believe Middle Brother is their enemy. Croatan asks the help of Uktena. Our secrets are needed to bind it fast. A few of us come; others do not. We are still angry with our brothers for winning over us. Many do not believe that such a Bane can be loose on the shores of the Pure Lands again. We have suffered so much to bind them. Our caerns are linked together to keep them in our snares. We of all the Brothers would feel it if one escaped. How can one be loose?

The land and people are falling to the Bane. It is not one we bound before, but one called Eater-of-Souls. Its rot spreads across the land. In and out of the Umbra the battle rages. If the Great Bane continues to grow, it will be too powerful to bind or slay. All our Middle Brothers gather. Some Uktena stand by their sides.

But not enough.

Now we all join together. There are not enough for some to do the ritual while others distract the Bane. All must dance the ritual, elders and new-discovered pups alike. All sacrifice themselves, exploding in a raging fire and dragging Eater-of-Souls out of the world, casting it out. Dragged along with it are all the humans who brought it to the Pure Lands. Every one who performed the ritual, every one of Middle Brother's children, give their spirits. And now there are none. All that is left is their name upon a tree and the lonely howls of the Uktena as we feel our brothers die.

I don't want to dance anymore. If you do, then you are fools. It is time I went back to tending the Banes. That is more honest business than this moot.

War for the Pure Lands

Whatever her opinion of us, we are honored to have seen the dances of Bethsheba Dark-Walker. I am afraid my presentation is not so active. I am Feng Hui Dancing-Leaves. Among the outsiders I would be called a Philodox. Our tribe knows me as a Peacemaker or Lawgiver.

Though I will make this as large as I can, some of you in the back may not be able to see. I will ask for your patience, for I will be making a sand painting. You may come forward and see it by moving to the other side so I am in the center of a circle.

Though the colors and patterns are beautiful, the tale they tell is a sad one. It is a tale of family reunited after centuries apart, brothers and sisters who did not embrace one another but fought, who did not build together but destroyed what they did not even know existed.

Here is the outline, created from the sands I pour upon the ground. The Pure Lands take shape. These, the copper figures, are the Hopi, the Diné and others of our Kin. The white manikins are the Europeans. This golden line is the clay from which the tribes made their pottery. The streams of green, a portrait of greed, lead from the white men to the clay. They thought it would be gold. See their red rage when they discover they've been fooled. They force our Kinfolk into slavery looking for what is not even there.

Here on the other coast, the Croatan have now fallen. This brown circle shows the void left by their passing. Here are the Uktena. I draw us in copper. Here, chasing us from our lands, killing our children and forcing us out of our caerns are the greed-green wolves and manikins. The blackness which lies atop them is the Wyrms-poison in their hearts. Green wolf meets copper. Red flows between us. Here along this line the green wolves steal the rich amber caerns just as the green manikins take the copper figures' lands.

These gray, wandering lines are the trails westward the tribes followed as their lands were overrun. Each crimson blot along the way is one of our kin who died. The blue figures here and here are the Kin-tribes of the Wendigo. As the copper figures move onward, they meet with the blue. Some mingle, but most, as you can see from the scattering of colors, clash. Each seeks land, each needs hunting space. Crawling behind them comes an unstoppable wave of green.

Now you see how green covers almost all the lands of the East. It creeps toward the mountains and slithers past them. Here and here and here, you see the amber of the caerns they stole has changed to a flat grayish cream. The lines you could not see, but which held one caern to another, have snapped as rituals go unperformed and seals are loosed and not renewed. See, along those lines that would have been — now there are traces of sparkling, colorless tears. They eat through the land, and out from these newly created blackened holes within the painting, as though emerging from the Umbra itself, Banes once bound by copper and blue vomit forth to stain the painting. The Pure Lands are pure no more.

In the West a great Bane arises, born from a meeting of Weaver and Wyrms. Loosed when green wolf takes our caerns and fails to keep up the rituals, the dark purple-black clouds and jagged yellow lightnings of the Storm Eater burst forth to cover the lands. The deep brown people enter the Pure Lands, brought to these lands by more green greed. Captured and collared, they are forced into slavery. The few copper wolves left in the East embrace their fellow downtrodden, and a few more copper wolves are born.

In the West, those who were my ancestors sailed to the new lands. See their brilliant yellow fade as they labor day by day laying the iron-charcoal tracks of the Weaver's conveyance. Again, the copper wolves made common cause and strengthened themselves with more diverse newborns.

The Storm Eater ravaged the lands, turning their healthy amber to dead ash-gray. Wolf after wolf lunged at the horror, their bodies leaving crimson scarlet stains on the sands as they perished. Then finally, green wolf and copper came together and gave their lives to lay the Storm Eater to rest again.

Look at the painting. We move forward in time. Almost all the lands are colored now in green. Only a few spots here and

there show copper and blue. Those lands should be thriving, but they are almost bare. They are the poorest regions in my painting. Even there the spiderweb white lines of the Weaver and the black spirals of the Wyrms intrude.

The copper wolves are faded, their rage and loss blurred by time. Some show signs of blackened taint. Gray despair and violet sorrow rest on their backs like addictions they cannot shake. The blue wolves howl with scarlet anger, feeding on their own rage and frustration. While we have met and sometimes joined with green wolf, we keep our silver secrets deep within our copper hearts. For this the green ones surround themselves with orange shields of distrust. Our blue wolf brothers do likewise.

This is the picture I have drawn for you. Learn from it if you will. It is what we all inherit as Uktena. We would cooperate with those who fight the Wyrms, but they do not fully trust us. If you hear no other lesson, know this one: Even in the presence of blue wolf, copper wolf will always stand alone.

The Modern Era

Well, now, they tell me I'm supposed to be talking about modern times and the future of the Uktena. Maybe they figure I'm qualified for that 'cause I'm black. We'll see. My name is Ajamu — which means "he who fights for what he wants" — Endures-the-Pain. My packmates mostly call me "Pain." I can guess where. I haven't got any fancy sand or pretty colored paint to show you. I haven't got any visual interest-holders for you at all, unless you want to look at my scars as I talk.

The formula here seems to be to thank and honor all the storytellers who've gone before me. So, thank you. You all sound like a bunch of outraged Wendigo on half-speed. What I've heard at this gathering is a bunch of sorrowful stories and a lot of whining about how we've been wronged.

Know what I think? I think we need to get over it. Nobody picked me up out of the neighborhood I lived in, and nobody's gonna pick us up out of our self-defeat — unless we do it for ourselves. Some of you may wonder who am I to be dissing my tribemates. Well, first, I'm not much of a storyteller, and I'm sure not much of a polite one. As a Warrior, I'm more the fighting type than most of you are probably comfortable with.

When most of the tribes think of Uktena, they don't think very often of the Warriors. They think of the Theurges and get spooked. Well, I'm here to tell you, they ought to be spooked by the Warriors. While the Theurges are sneaking around in the background messing our foes up with magic and bindings, we're sneaking around in the foreground to get position on whatever we're fighting to kick its ass. And we aren't above using a little magic ourselves.

Why am I saying all this? Because it's time we quit whining and started kicking ass again. You whimper on about "your people" being forced to move across the continent by whitey. Well, sister, mine got snatched and forced half way around the world. You moan about being penned up on reservations? We got chained up on plantations. At least you got to live alone. How many of you ever heard of a bunch of all-black towns scattered around the landscape? The government's talking about returning land to the Indians and paying restitution here and there. I haven't heard yet that they've offered to pay us back wages for slave labor. So shut up. I don't want to hear any more crap about

"our people's forced removal" and "green wolf snarling at copper wolf." That's over. Now's the time to fight our real enemies.

I don't mean just jumping in and swinging at whatever pisses us off, although we go in for a lot of that too. There's lots of ways to fight. Some of what I was just talking about — concessions from the government and stuff — that's happening because someone had the guts to stand up and fight for what's right. People are starting to realize they've got to stop paving over every square inch of the Wyld and that they've got to try to save the red wolf (which has almost disappeared from our breeding stock, I might add). That didn't just happen. We had to battle for it both in the halls of government and on the streets.

Pentex and their kind don't just turn the other cheek when we win one, you know. First we have to battle to be heard. Then we have to overcome whoever Big Business has bribed to kill our legislation, and finally, we usually have to fight off whoever they send around to assassinate the charismatic person who's pushing through the changes. We get plenty of action. We're making some progress, but not enough. And already a lot of good Garou have died to win us this much. Are you going to let them die for nothing?

A lot of our efforts have gone into educating outsiders. Along with some other folks like the Dreamspeakers, the Nunnehi and the eshu, we've helped make black and Native American culture and history fashionable. From there, some people have gone on to learn respect for nature and to help us battle to preserve what's left. Now there are so many little Save-the-Earth environmental groups you'd think the humans can actually understand those ideals without our prodding. Not that we win most of the confrontations. We'd need more help for that. Your help. Coming to fancy powwows just won't do it.

Let me tell you one of our projects we're dealing with right now. You know that our wolf Kin need a good deal of room to hunt in. Same thing goes for the grizzlies. Noticed how our strains are getting weaker? That's because theirs are too. They need to be able to travel long ways in search of mates as well as food, and that's almost impossible nowadays. Why? Well, it might just be all the superhighways and housing developments and lack of forests left along most of the routes they need to travel. Instead, they're penned up — yeah, kinda like on reservations; you're starting to get this, aren't you? — in tiny little plots of land, where the same genes get passed around generation after generation. Just look at our metis, and I think you get the picture of the future that's ahead for them — and consequently for us.

How do I know all this? I happen to be a conservation biologist, that's how. It's my job to know it. And don't you be

looking at me cross-eyed. If you think a black warrior-scientist is funny, you and me'll have a go-around when I finish talking.

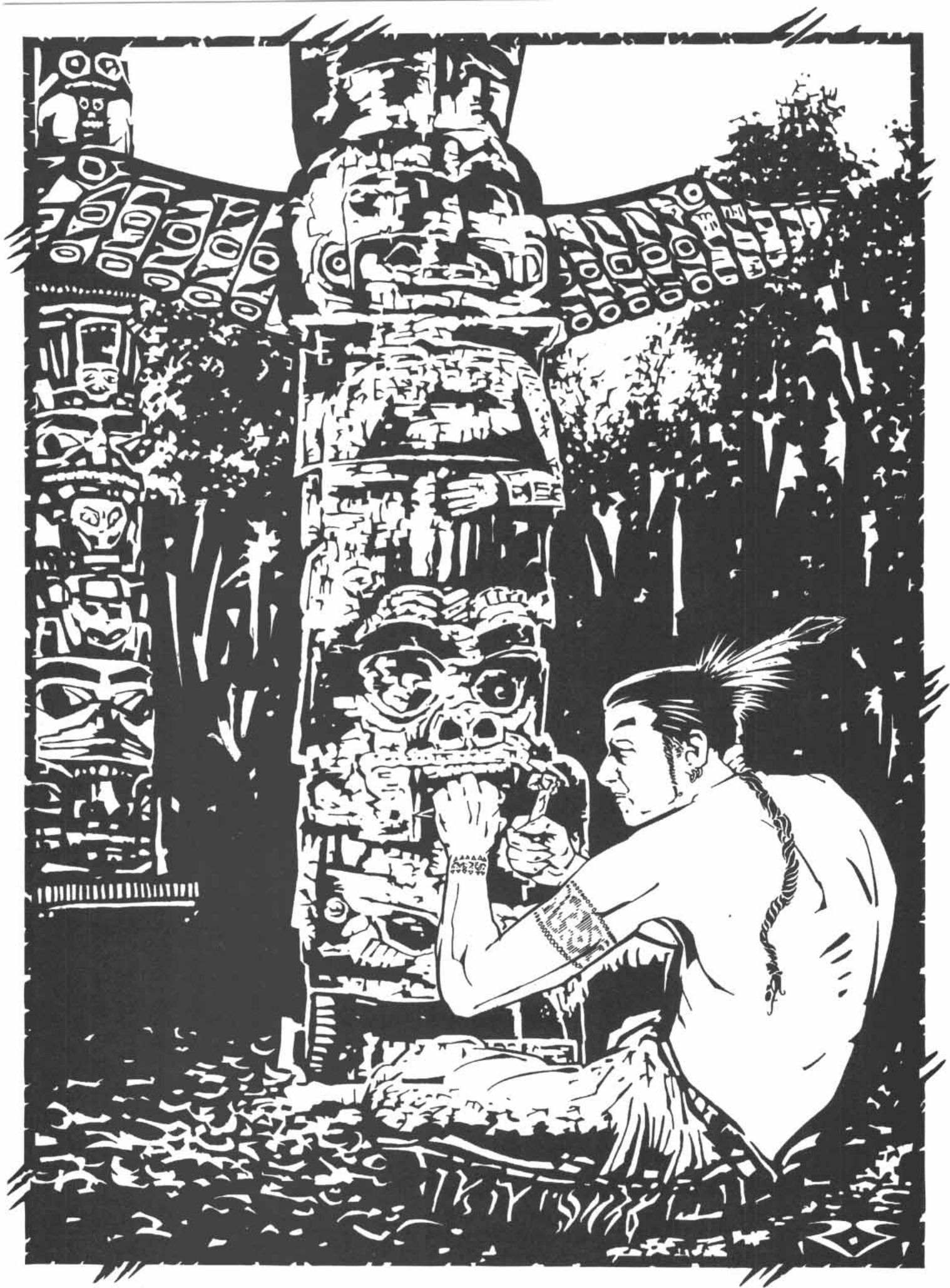
Now, we asked ourselves, what would happen if we could reopen those travel routes that have been lost? Just clear away the stuff that's blocking the wolves' and grizzlies' way? So we've proposed a wildlife corridor running 1800 miles from Yellowstone National Park to Canada's Yukon Territory. It's called Y2Y (for "Yellowstone to Yukon," or the other way around if you're Canadian), and it's being sponsored by a whole bunch of environmental groups. In Central America there's an even bigger plan underway that'll cross seven countries. But then, south of here, the Bastet actually get out of their dens and fight. Unlike us.

Why do I keep coming back to that when I'm supposed to be talking about our future? Because right now, we have no future. Too many of our elders are falling to the Wyrms because they're bitter and disillusioned. Gaia knows there are some days I'd like to join them. Too many of us let our curiosity rule us so we go poking in places we shouldn't — go ahead, ask the Bane Tenders sometime where all the Banes are. We're becoming like the latecomers in our greed for fetishes, and a lot of us don't care whether it's an item that's bound to corrupt us or not, so long as it's power. Even more of us think secret thoughts of payback against the European Garou tribes, thinking we'll hoard our knowledge of how to battle the Wyrms until we get enough concessions to put us back on top. Don't tell me you don't know Uktena who are like that. Don't tell me you haven't considered it yourselves. I have.

And it's suicide.

The Wyrms doesn't care that you've been wronged. It doesn't care that your Kin are the poorest people in the world. In fact, it would love to eat them up entirely. The Wyrms just loves to see us estranged from the European Garou. It revels even more in our secrecy. What can't be seen can be more easily corrupted. Isn't that what the other Garou argue? And they aren't far wrong. The Wyrms isn't killing us; we're destroying ourselves while it sits back and laughs.

We need to be fighting on all fronts, not sitting in the dark mumbling arcane rituals to screw up the Get of Fenris. We need to come out of our self-imposed isolation, share a few of our secrets — at least the ones other Garou need to know — and get off our butts and quit moaning about the past. Get up! Listen to me! If I've laid bare too many hidden agendas, if I've offended you, GOOD! Now have the guts to fight me for it, and maybe someday you'll grow enough courage to face the Wyrms.





Chapter Two: Society

*We are all the flowers of one garden
And the waves of one sea
And the leaves of one tree*

—Floating Eagle Feather, adaptation of Native American chant of unknown origin

Breathe deep, young ones. Let the sacred steam of the sweat lodge saturate your lungs and seep into your bloodstreams on the way to your spirits. In here, in the darkness and the heat and the moisture, you can almost feel your body turn into water — Uktena's element, your element. The sweat that pours off your bodies acts as a purge. The wetness you inhale purifies you from the inside, replacing the moisture you lose through your skin. Renewal — that's what this is all about. In the sweat lodge, you renew yourself, make yourself new. Outside, where the others gather for the moot, Uktena from the four corners of the Pure Land — as we still call this part of Gaia — and beyond come together to renew our ties with each other and remember who and what we are.

My name is Tate Springwater. Tate means "great talker", or "windy", depending on how you interpret it, and, yes, I'm a Lawgiver. I'm also your elder. Outside this sweat lodge, that makes a difference. Inside these walls, we're just a bunch of skins sitting around a pile of steaming rocks breathing in the herbal steam and letting all the accumulated toxins ooze out through our pores. That makes us more or less equal — except that I'm the one who's talking and you're here to listen.

Before you join your tribemates in the festivities and the rituals, you need to learn a few things about what it means to be Uktena, Eldest Brother of the Pure Land tribes. Know this, then. The sweat lodge is not merely a means to rid ourselves of grime and physical poisons. Its main function is to provide a way for us to expel the psychic poisons and destructive emotions we cultivate to battle the Wym before we accumulate so much that we fall prey to the Great Destroyer's lies and tricks.

To be Uktena is to walk willingly in shadow so the light does not blind us in our fight against darkness. That shadow clings and corrupts even as it lends us strength, however, and we must take care to wash its stains from our hearts whenever we are given the chance. Too many of our tribe fail to do so and now walk with shadowed faces. Make certain you use the time within the sweat lodge to cleanse your minds as well as your bodies. You have been warned; we will speak of other things.

You have already heard the tellings of our history in the pre-moot get-together. Now you need to learn something of our society. Most of you look like you've just come from your Rites of Passage. This is your first real moot, isn't it? I thought so. Let's start with how and when the Uktena meet together.

Meetings

We have two major kinds of get-togethers — moots and councils. Sometimes they happen at the same time; council meetings often take place during or just before a moot. The two gatherings serve different purposes. Unless you grow strong in the tribe and earn enough respect to call yourself an elder, you'll probably never sit in on a council. But all Uktena attend moots.

Moots

Every tribe's moots reflect their origins to a large extent. Ours usually resemble powwows, for obvious reasons. But if you look closely when you go outside, you'll find a lot of other influences coloring our moots — and I use the word "color" deliberately. Uktena, almost more than any other tribe, come in all colors these days. I'll talk about that more later.

If you listen, you can hear the sound of drums. Drums were the first instruments, along with flutes. Slap your hands on your thighs and chest — like this. That's the basis of the drum. Now, whistle. Good whistlers sound like flutes. So do good howlers. Both those instruments speak to the body, because they come directly from the body.

Music is important to our moots. Most Garou incorporate music and songs and dances into their celebrations of Gaia. Some tribes even understand the sacred connection between music and nature. But before I start sounding too much like a Songkeeper, let me just say that music brings together the head and the heart, the body and the spirit; it puts everything into balance. So, we have lots of music.

I hardly need to mention the food. You can smell the cookfires even in here, over the smell of the steam and our sweating bodies. Sharing food is more than just a social nicety. You don't eat with your enemies — at least wise Uktena don't. I have heard tales that some wily Uktena excel at "treating" food and drink with subtle herbs that make the consumer more agreeable or suggestible. I have also heard some Garou speak of Uktena poisoners. While too many of us attend to the cooking at our moots for someone to get away with such things here, I would not be surprised to discover that the rumors have some basis in fact. Let those who hear my words take what precautions they will.

You'll notice a lot of gift-giving, as Uktena from different septs exchange tokens with each other. Our Wendigo brethren call the custom potlatch. The pale-skins corrupted the word to potluck, which has another meaning entirely and has more to do with food. Don't accept a gift from anyone if you can't give something of equal or greater worth in return. You're too new to afford the loss of Honor that comes with failing to observe the traditions of gifting.

Besides music, eating and exchanging presents, we have storytelling sessions around the campfire. That's where

Uktena Terms

As the Pure Ones grew and developed separately from the European tribes, their terminology evolved as well. Many Uktena don't mix Garou terms such as "Ahroun" or "Crinos" into human speech; instead, they prefer using human language translations of the Garou words' meanings. The following terms for auspices are the most commonly used among the Uktena, at least in human speech.

Ragabash — Trickster

Theurge — Shaman, Medicine Worker, Medicine Folk

Philodox — Lawgiver, Peacemaker

Galliard — Songkeeper

Ahroun — Warrior

you hear the history and legends of the Uktena and the Garou told and retold until they become stamped in your memory. Afterward, anyone attending the moot may speak to the assembled about anything that concerns her. The important issues get discussed later by the council. I won't tell you that Rank has nothing to do with who is heard. While it is true that anyone may speak, youngsters are often shouted down so that an elder may voice her concerns. Again, when someone has an unpopular opinion to express, she may find that the others all leave the circle, having coincidentally all discovered at the same time that they must answer a call of nature.

A lot of rites take place during moots, like the one we're undergoing here in the sweat lodge. Others will be "going to water" or drinking the Black Drink.

Later on, in the wee hours of the morning, we get to the good part of the moot — the secrets of the tribe. Our Shamans and Medicine Workers call on the spirits of our ancestors, opening bridges into the Umbra so that our spirit brothers and sisters can step through — if they're so inclined — and share in our festivities.

Did I mention the howls? Those usually come near the end of the moot, just before the Revel that closes our celebration. That's when our Songkeepers lead the rest of us in commemorating fallen Uktena and praising the newest heroes of the tribe. The last howl is always the Death Song of the Croatan, our Middle Brother.

Our moots are closed to those who are not Uktena — with the exception of the Wendigo. Whenever they choose to attend, which isn't often, we welcome our Little Brothers to all but our most secret practices.

Councils

We hold council meetings to discuss matters of concern to the tribe as a whole — and that's the tricky part. We come from so many kinds of breeding stock that sometimes deciding between what pertains to all Uktena and what only

matters to Hopi or Cherokee or Seminole or Vietnamese Uktena becomes complicated.

Usually only elders speak in councils, although any Uktena may attend all except the Great Councils. Yes, that smacks of elitism, but then again wolf society never heard of democracy. At least we offer a kind of representational government. Each delegate has the responsibility of talking to his septmates before a council begins, so that he can make their opinions heard as well as his own.

Many councils use a talking stick to govern who speaks at any given time. Council members rarely interrupt one another or talk out of turn. Instead, the one who begins the council holds a carved stick or sometimes a peace pipe. So long as the stick is in his hands, he may speak without interruption.

When another attendee wishes to say something, she walks into the circle and puts her hand on the stick, signifying that she wishes a turn at speaking. The stickholder usually surrenders the stick to the new speaker within a few minutes, thus passing on the council's attention to the new possessor of the speaking stick.

If one of you cubs wanted to have a say in a council, you would have to have the temerity to march into the speaker's circle and claim your right to the speaking stick. Doing so would probably earn you the right to have your say, but you'd have to make your point quickly before one of the elders came to claim a turn.

Four times a year, at the equinoxes and the solstices, we hold Great Councils. Each Uktena protectorate sends a representative, who is always an elder, to these important meetings. Hey, who said "all chiefs and no Indians"? Very funny. Outside, that would earn you a good swat from anyone other than a Trickster, or maybe even a minor hex to teach you more respect. In here, I'll let it slide — once.

The Great Councils debate the most important tribal issues, such as bringing an end to our century-long feud against the other tribes who came to the Pure Lands and stole our caerns, or opening up our breeding stock to include non-Native Americans.

Usually, no overall decision results from the Great Councils, because our customs require a unanimous vote of agreement before adopting any policy as tribal law. Instead, each individual sept decides for itself how to resolve the topic under discussion based on everything said in the council.

So how do we get anything done as a tribe? I suppose we don't. Our lack of centralized government has served as both our strength and our weakness. On the one hand, we stand less chance of falling to corrupt leadership so long as we have no "king," like the Silver Fangs. On the other hand, we rarely act in concert on anything. Ancient feuds and long-standing grievances between protectorates, racial stock or individuals make it hard to achieve a consensus on most matters. So, the elders go back to their protectorates and say, "We said this in council, and the others said that, and we

decided nothing, but we all know where we stand." Then we do as we please.

I tell you this not to criticize the efficacy of our council system. We have, outside of the Silent Striders, one of the best communication systems of all the Garou. Our councils serve to disseminate information and air our thoughts so that we know who is thinking what in any given area. And that is the real importance of councils.

Camps

When we leave the sweat lodge and join the rest of the moot, you'll probably receive overtures from representatives of some of our camps. These groups reflect special interests within the tribe. Not everyone belongs to a camp, so don't feel that you have to commit yourself to any of these groups. Doing so will gain you a lot of cross-tribal friendships, but it will also slap you with a label that you might find hard to shake later on.

Earth Guides

Earth Guides keep us close to our human roots. Some say they represent the oldest Uktena camp and that they have been with us, in one form or another, since we came to the Pure Lands. These Uktena preserve the traditions of Native American — and now African and Asian — peoples. They learn the dances and stories, the crafts and arts, the rituals and beliefs of whatever human stock they come from. Some Earth Guides spend most of their time living on tribal reservations, using their close contact with Kinfolk to renew their own spirituality and to bolster the morale of their human flocks.

Some members of this camp act as "missionaries" to the children of the usurpers. The resurgence of interest in Native American customs and their increasing popularity among white people, particularly in the United States, are due at least a little bit to the work of the Earth Guides. Recently, Earth Guides from African, Hispanic and Asian cultures have gone back to their ancestral homelands to learn more about their native traditions and thus enrich our knowledge of the old ways. They're among the strongest supporters of cultural awareness movements in African-American and Asian-American communities.

Now, their critics feel that the Earth Guides spend so much time remembering the past that they blind themselves to the future and forget the coming Apocalypse. The Guides argue that reclaiming the secret knowledge of the past and winning over others are the best ways to prepare for the Apocalypse. A few voices (notably those of the Bane Tenders) have begun to whisper that the Earth Guides may not be so pure and conscientious as they appear to be. These critics question the wisdom of having those who may have become corrupted by their own success examine and pronounce judgment upon the Bane Tenders. After all, what better way for Banes to cripple our most staunch defenders

against the Great Banes than by having their corrupted minions claim that those who defy them are tainted?

An Earth Guide Exhorts:

Every sacred dance you commit to memory, every grain of colored sand you use to make a painting binds you closer to Gaia and strengthens Her against the coming war. Our work is twofold — to remember and to teach.

What part of Gaia is home to the Kinfolk blood that runs in your veins? How much do you know of your human ancestors and their ways? If you have forgotten where you came from, we will remember it for you and show you how important it is to know the old traditions.

Bane Tenders

You won't find many Bane Tenders at this moot; at least I hope they're not here in large numbers. If they are, something is terribly wrong. Most of them spend all their time focused on their charges, the Great Banes bound into Umbral prisons by the Uktena when we first came to the Pure Lands.

Bane Tenders rarely single out cubs — or even seasoned Garou — for membership in their grim society. They usually approach only the most powerful Medicine Workers, high-ranking Uktena who demonstrate a fanatic devotion to keeping what's left of the Pure Lands pure. Occasionally, these stern guardians choose a Warrior who demonstrates a mystical bent. I also heard of one Songkeeper, Monica Weeping Star, who joined the Bane Tenders and spends all her time singing her Bane to sleep. But she's the exception.

Most of us have mixed feelings about Bane Tenders. We appreciate the importance of the work they do, but it's easy to mistrust anyone who spends so much time in the presence of the Wyrms. The Earth Guides test the Bane Tenders from time to time to make certain that they haven't become infected with Wurm-taint. Because of this, most Tenders resent the Earth Guides for their perceived self-righteousness.

Once in a great while, a Bane Tender will leave her post to attend a council meeting. They are the only ones who can attend Great Councils without an invitation. The words spoken by a Bane Tender in council usually hold everyone's attention. Needless to say, Bane Tenders never hang around to socialize after meetings break up.

A Bane Tender Cautions:

The time is coming when you will kiss the ground at our feet for our thankless vigilance. While you dance and sing and beat your breasts over the oppression of your Kinfolk, we keep the Pure Lands safe for your petty concerns. But we can't hold the Wyrms at bay forever. Look no further than us for signs of the coming Apocalypse. We are your early warning system. When we howl our death songs, you will know the Final Battle is upon us all.





Skywalkers

Our tribe has a reputation among other Garou as delvers into the unknown. In large part, this comes from the work of the Skywalkers, who dedicate themselves to the exploration of the Deep Umbra. The tradition of the spirit or visionquest remains a strong one among many of our native Kinfolk; the Skywalkers see their travels across the Gauntlet as visionquests for understanding and for power to defeat the Wyrms.

Uktena Medicine Folk predominate among Skywalkers, but many Peacemakers and Songkeepers join this camp as well. Skywalkers comb the far reaches of the Umbra for spirit allies. Some say they also search for signs of the spirits of our lost Croatan brothers. They excel in finding and binding into fetishes powerful spirits of the Deep Umbra.

They aren't all goodness and light, however. Don't be surprised if someday you are called upon to banish some horror the Skywalkers brought back from the Deep Umbra to battle the Wyrms. They don't always pay as much attention to bindings and wardings as they might.

Skywalkers bear a special reverence for Dancing Star, one of our legendary heroes; you will hear her story told tonight around the campfire. During meteor showers, this camp holds special moots to celebrate her mythic journeys in the Deep Umbra. The recent extended appearance of Hale-Bopp served as the occasion for the Dancing Star Festival.

Although they spend much time in the Umbra, the Skywalkers also keep their paws fixed firmly to Gaia's earthly form. Because they see more clearly than most the damage the Pure Lands have suffered in the Umbral realms, they often support immediate and drastic action to remedy the situation.

Some Uktena believe that the Skywalkers spend too much time in the Umbra, time that would be better spent battling the Wyrms in the material world. These critics hint that the Skywalkers seek merely to avoid facing up to their greatest shame — their failure to adequately support the Croatan in their final battle. I try not to be around when anyone voices this charge in the presence of a Skywalker.

A Skywalker Regales:

Gaia's material beauty only hints at Her true splendor and glory. I have seen the far reaches of the Umbra, and my eyes have beheld paradises beyond imagining. I know what we fight for, for I have had glimpses of the world as it should be. I have also found realms of nightmare that remind me of what could happen here if the Wyrms triumph. If you think we shirk our duty to Gaia by traipsing around in the Deep Umbra, then you know nothing. The secrets of winning the battle against the Wyrms are out "there" — beyond the physical world. We intend to find them.

Scouts

Scouts have served the tribes as messengers and explorers since we came to the Pure Lands. As we spread out across this vast territory, Uktena Scouts roamed in the vanguard of the migrating people, measuring the lay of the land and noting potential dangers — both natural and within the Umbra. Our Scouts were the first to perceive the turbulence of the Umbra in the days of the Storm Eater and bring back warning of the trouble that lay ahead for us.

In the past, Scouts also functioned as messengers between the spirits in the Umbra and our Kinfolk; many Native American legends speak of the spirit messengers who traveled between the Upper and Middle Worlds in wolf form.

Today, members of this camp act as messengers between the scattered septs of our tribe. They also keep contact with Uktena who have joined mixed septs. Some Scouts regularly visit the solitary Bane Tenders, seeing to their needs and bringing back news of their vigils. Other Scouts have infiltrated the cities and act as our eyes and ears in the places most of us disdain.

This camp attracts many of our Tricksters and a few Warriors and Medicine Folk. Although most Uktena respect the Scouts as necessary to preserve the unity of our scattered septs, others criticize them for their "lone wolf" tendencies, considering them little better than Ronin. Some years back, the Scouts splintered off into two groups. Although they both nominally call themselves Scouts, the second group — known as Raiders — have formed a secret society within the Scout camp. I'll talk about them later.

A Scout Admonishes:

So long as our tribe remains scattered throughout these no-longer Pure Lands, you will need us. So long as our brother and sister Bane Tenders keep watch over their charges, you will need our news of their successes and failures. So long as you hold yourselves apart from the Weaver's cities, you will need the reports we bring. Don't tell me that we have grown obsolete. Times change; the land changes. We mark these changes and bring back word of them to you.

Ghost Dancers

This camp crosses tribal lines, consisting of both Wendigo and Uktena members. Like the Earth Guides, Ghost Dancers revere and preserve the native traditions of our human Kinfolk; like the Skywalkers, they search within the Umbra for the spirits of our Croatan brothers and sisters. But they do more as well. The Ghost Dancers dedicate themselves to the re-purification of the Pure Lands. They keep alive the spirit of the great Ghost Dance of 1889. While Wendigo Ghost Dancers see their work as a preparation for war, Uktena Ghost Dancers believe that purification of the spirit comes before all else. If you want to know more about

this camp, you should find one of the Wendigo and ask her to fill you in on the fine details.

A Ghost Dancer Rallies:

What others forget, we remember. We face our failure to save our Croatan brothers and sisters. We honor the courage of our Kinfolk who tried to call forth the spirits of the fallen to reclaim their stolen lands. Going backward in time is difficult, but this is exactly what we must do to save the future. The ways of the modern world hold little that can help us. Our hope lies in a spiritual return to the old traditions.

Secret Societies

Some Garou scoff at the idea of an Uktena "secret" society, calling it redundant. Nevertheless, we do have a few special groups that operate without official sanction from the elders. I don't pretend to know all of them — if I did, they wouldn't be secret — but I've heard a few things, and I'll share 'em with you.

Raiders

Along with the Bane Tenders, who are downright spooky to most other Garou, the Raiders keep alive our reputation as sinister, sneaky and altogether untrustworthy. A splinter faction of the Scouts, these Uktena specialize in conducting raids against the minions of the Wyrms and Weaver. They don't do this just for kicks or to count coup, or even to increase their body count of Wyrms-creatures. Raiders search out the stores of magic which have fallen into the possession of Leeches and witches. They recover lost scrolls and fetishes from dusty catacombs and museums.

Many elders of the tribe believe that the Raiders expose themselves unnecessarily to Wyrms-tainted objects and sources of bad medicine. The Raiders claim they destroy anything they find that smells of the Wyrms, but their critics accuse them of building great storehouses of forbidden lore and items. Only the Raiders themselves know the truth.

A Raider Protests:

Everything we take from the servants of the Wyrms weakens them. Every sacred item we rescue from a museum or the private gallery of some bloated Leech adds to our arsenal of weapons to use in the battles of the Apocalypse. By stealing from our enemies and nullifying their powers, we give the armies of Gaia an edge. When the time comes, you will be grateful to us for the risks we take and for the stolen knowledge we bring to you.

Wyld Children

Uktena who forsake their tribe and their packs to heed the call of the Wyld form a small society unto themselves. Called Wyld Children by the rest of the tribe, they generally wander far into the wilderness, into the most remote spots of the world. There they engage in private visionquests and inner



journeys in order to grow closer to Gaia in Her purest form. This self-imposed isolation and immersion in the Wyld makes these Uktena grow very strange. Some of them form bonds with Wyld-spirits, increasing their unpredictability. Although Wyld Children rarely emerge from their secret places, sometimes one or two will attend a Great Council to deliver some obscure message or warning. We listen carefully to their words, when we can decipher them.

While most of us do not pretend to understand these solitaires, the tradition of the sacred fool stills gamers great Honor among the Uktena. Don't look to join them, though. If you are to become a Wyld Child, you will know it when the time is right.

A Wyld Child Prophecies:

When Luna fails to shed her light for three nights, you will know that the time for the great uprising has come. When the spirits of the Lost Tribes sing their death songs over the howling of the icy wind, you will hear the drums of war signal the Apocalypse. Listen! They come closer. Hear them and prepare yourselves.

Society of the Bitter Frost

Founded by Arloa Red Claw, a Choctaw Medicine Worker noted for her knowledge and power, these guys have become so embittered and disillusioned that they're right on the Wyrms' doorstep. Some Bane Tenders go sour, their minds darkened by their constant vigil, their bodies twisted by the emanations of corruption, and wind up with the Bitter Frost. Other members are usually dark Medicine

Workers and angry Warriors. Some Songkeepers belong as well. Few Peacemakers or Tricksters agree with their aims.

The Bitter Frost has given up on peaceful and cooperative measures. They want it all — the recovery of stolen Uktena caerns, powerful fetishes, knowledge and power — even if that power comes from brushing too close to the Wyrms' servants or using the Wyrms' power to augment their own. Hell, they have the balls to claim that if Wyrms' fetishes are in their hands, they aren't being used by foes of the Uktena.

I heard several members of the society have contacts among Black Spiral Dancers and other Wyrmspawn. They claim that association with such contacts gives them knowledge of and insight into their foes they could gain no other way. It's no surprise that they never allow the Earth Guides to examine them; whether because they know that Wyrms' taint will show or because they trust no one but themselves, only they know. The most radical elements among the Bitter Frost aren't above slaying European Garou to reclaim Uktena items of power. A nasty piece of work, this bunch.

A Member of the Bitter Frost Speaks:

Stupid, arrogant pup! Do not think that the war will be won through peaceful means and Gifts given to you on sunny, summer days. Knowledge powerful enough to be effective must be won through harsh trials and honed to perfection through intense concentration and sacrifice. Winter's bitter frost is the only bite strong enough to tear out the throat of the Wyrmspawn we encounter daily. Do not presume to



tell me my business until you are as old — and scarred, and powerful — as I am, or I will teach you what true power means.

Path Dancers

Noted as practitioners of sorceries unknown to other Garou, the group known as Path Dancers are probably the most secretive and closed society of the Uktena. Few outside the Dancers know what it is they do or what their aims may be. I hear they kidnap their prospects, then subject them to lengthy testing to determine their "worthiness." Those who prove unworthy of the honor of membership wind up forgetting everything about the time spent in their testing; those who pass the test join. Now, I also hear the Path Dancers know rituals and Gifts never taught them and unfamiliar to other Uktena. These sorceries must be secrets hoarded by the society. Lots of our tribesmates would willingly surrender their most closely guarded lore to discover those hidden Gifts and what it is the Path Dancers do.

A Path Dancer Imparts:

Have no fear of us. Our ways are different, yet are we not Uktena too? Do you tell all your secrets simply because a child is curious? Then do not expect that we shall reveal all we know merely to satisfy you.

Breeds

I can see that you've been trying hard not to stare at my twisted knee. You're wondering whether it's a battle scar or if I came into the world with my feet facing in two directions. For your information, I'm metis. It took me a long time to earn the rank of elder, longer than it will probably take most of you — if you survive what I've been through. While you're checking out the knee, take a good hard look at the scars on my thigh and this slash across my abs. Those came from battles with Black Spirals and fomori and a few creatures of the Wyrn you've probably not heard of yet. Gaia doesn't waste Her children, even the ones born on the wrong side of the Litany.

So, let's talk about breeds.

Lupus

Wolves accompanied us to the Pure Lands, along with our human flocks. Until the coming of the Europeans, we bred with these wolves, and our lupus blood grew strong and hearty. With the invasion of the white colonists, all that changed. Fur trappers slaughtered wolves for their pelts. Colonists and pioneers saw them as savage predators who threatened their livestock and hunted them to near extinction. The European Garou fought over the few remaining wolf packs, with the Red Talons leading the battle to claim exclusive breeding rights.

We managed to hide a few packs, secreting them in wild places known only to us. Thus, we kept our lupus strain alive — barely. Some Uktena work with environmentalists and conservationists dedicated to reinserting gray and red wolf

populations into their natural habitats. Slowly, we are seeing the rebirth of our four-footed Kinfolk.

My advice to you cubs is to breed with a wolf when and if you get the opportunity. You will do a service to Gaia and to the Uktena if you do.

Metis

In the days before the Europeans came, there were few metis. We had ample human and wolf Kinfolk, and did not need to turn to one another in defiance of Gaia's law. Even now, metis births among the Uktena are rare. I am proof that they do exist, however. While I am not proud that my birth has left me sterile and twisted in body, I will never shirk my duty as one of Gaia's chosen.

Uktena do not immediately destroy metis pups — obviously. Instead, we give them the opportunity to prove themselves worthy. Metis Rites of Passage are often more arduous than those assigned to lupus or homid cubs. And the testing does not end with our acceptance into the tribe. Since we cannot breed, we must show in other ways that we deserve a place at the campfire. I do not boast when I say that some of our tribe's fiercest Warriors and most effective Shamans come from the ranks of metis.

Homid

Many homid members of our tribe grow up on reservations. Instead of feeling individually isolated, they share their Kinfolk's experience of separation from the great American mainstream. This is not necessarily a bad thing for an Uktena. For these fortunate ones, the transition from apparent human to Garou comes with slightly less trauma; many, in fact, know from early childhood who they are and what they will become.

Others are not so fortunate. Humans who carry Uktena blood within them have spread throughout society, and their homid children often suffer the same problems as other Garou; their families consider them strange or alienated or troublemakers. At least until the Change.

Not all Uktena come from Native American tribes. We now claim humans of African, Asian and Hispanic descent as our Kinfolk. Even a few particularly deserving and enlightened white folk have been chosen in recent years. Expanding our breeding stock to include these groups was probably one of the wisest decisions our tribe has made since coming to the Pure Lands.

That brings me to the matter of Kinfolk and of leaving this sweat lodge and taking a gander at the activities outside. Take this stone knife and scrape the sweat and dead skin off your body. We'll pick up this discussion again once you've changed into your fancy clothes. Hey, this is a party.

Kinfolk

Right now, our moot resembles a powwow in more ways than one. Most of the people here are not Uktena, they're Kinfolk. Later on, we'll move our festivities to another part of this campsite, where we can perform our rituals in private.

But for now, we join with our human brothers and sisters to celebrate our common bonds.

Unlike some European tribes, we have remained close to our Kinfolk. We do not keep them at a distance or patronize them. Since we had less need in the Pure Lands for the Impergium, our human flock had correspondingly less cause to fear us. Instead, they considered us as spirit brothers and sisters. I understand the Delirium doesn't run quite as strong among Native Americans than it does in most other humans.

Many Uktena keep up their human ties, living at least part-time with their Kinfolk families and even helping to raise their own children. We respect the traditions of our human cousins. In turn, many of our Kinfolk look to us for protection, healing and wisdom. We try not to disappoint them.

Which tribes do we claim as our own? That's hard to define. The displacement of so many Native Americans over the course of "American" history has resulted in the mixing of tribal lines. Take the Cherokee, for example. They traveled along the Ohio River down into the Tennessee Valley and over into the Appalachian Plateau and Mississippi Basin. Then the American government decided they needed Cherokee land for their own expansion. You've already heard about the Trail of Tears. That forced migration relocated the Cherokee to Oklahoma, where they displaced some other tribes, many of whom had also been "removed" from their homelands.

In the Southwest, most of the Pueblo tribes serve as Uktena breeding stock. So do some of the Apaches and Navaho. The Wendigo also breed with these latter tribes. We have Kinfolk among the Zuni and the Hopi, the Ute and the Miwok. For the most part, our Kinfolk come from the more settled tribes — village dwellers and farmers. The Wendigo choose nomadic people. Some tribes, such as the Kiowa, changed from settled tribes to mounted wanderers. They have both Uktena and Wendigo blood in their veins and serve as Kinfolk to both tribes.

It's probably fair to say that you'll find few Uktena from Athapaskan or Salish tribes. Likewise, it's a rare Wendigo who comes from the Seminoles or the Mayans. But that's as far as I'll go in drawing breeding boundaries between us and the Wendigo.

We also have Kinfolk with African, Asian and Hispanic blood. I've said that a few times before, I know, but it is an important factor in our tribe's survival. Many of our Kinfolk come from cultures that have been repressed and disenfranchised by mainstream American society. We see the power and beauty of these forgotten and ignored peoples. We welcome the strength and diversity they bring to our tribe, as well as the secret lore of their wise ones.

Later on in the evening you will see African dances performed alongside those of our Native American Kinfolk. You will also hear some Gullah folk tales. Right now that music you hear comes from Juan Rides-the-Storm, a virtuoso on the Andes pipes.

We even have a few Uktena who come from Caucasian stock. Usually they have at least a little Native American blood in them somewhere, but not always. Remember all those stories about white folks who were captured by Indians and raised as members of their captors' tribes? Well, some of them got a good dose of Kinfolk blood. Every now and then, we'll discover a blue-

eyed, red-haired member of our tribe. We forgive them their strange appearance and accept them into our ranks.

Adoption

Adoption is another tradition among most tribal people. Sometimes Garou of other tribes will find they have more in common with us than with their tribesmates. We scrutinize these candidates carefully, submitting them to a rigorous round of testing — almost as if they were metis — before we put them through the Rite of Adoption. We've had some defectors from the Fianna, Children of Gaia and even, in some cases, from the ranks of the Bone Gnawers. Adoption does not give us rights over the Kinfolk of these adoptees.

The Litany

Later tonight, just before the howls, you will hear the recitation of the Litany. These laws have governed the behavior of the Garou since the oldest times. A number of tribes claim authorship of these rules — among them the Silver Fangs and the Fianna — but the Litany comes from the time before we split into tribes. We brought it with us to the Pure Lands, and, while our interpretations of some of its tenets may differ, our obedience to its directives has never wavered. So make yourselves comfortable while I give you one Uktena's view of the Litany.

Garou Shall Not Mate With Garou

My presence here bears witness to the fact that we don't automatically destroy metis children like some tribes do. Neither do we kill those Uktena whose forbidden matings result in metis births. We do punish those who break this tenet. We recognize, however, that lapses do happen. We might be harsher if there were more of us, but any Garou — even imperfect specimens — can serve Gaia in some fashion.

Combat the Wyrms Wherever It Dwells and Whenever It Breeds

We take this one step farther. Not only do we fight the Wyrms, we also strive to learn as much as we can about it so that we can stack the odds in our favor. We don't rush in blindly attacking everything that smacks of Wyrms-taint, like some of the more hot-headed tribes. We prefer to pick our battlegrounds wherever possible.

Respect the Territory of Another

I wish that the European Garou had paid more attention to this portion of the Litany. Over the centuries, we have lost many of our caerns and our territorial claims to other tribes. The thought of how little respect other Garou have had for our territory still raises a lot of hackles and makes this part of the Litany particularly hard to swallow. We do tend to honor the boundaries of our Wendigo kin more than we do those of the European land-stealers.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

This principle goes through a lot of cultural filters in its interpretation. We no longer consider a warrior who surrenders in battle as one of the spoils of war, to be adopted into the tribe or else ritually killed as native customs warranted. Many of us still require some token from a surrendered enemy — a form of counting coup. Of course, this part of the Litany only applies if the enemy is either Garou or some other worthy opponent. Creatures of the Wyrms, witches and dishonorable foes can forget about surrender.

Submission to Those of Higher Station

The tradition of showing respect to elders comes naturally to most Uktena. Many of us learned from our Kinfolk parents to value age and wisdom. Problems occur, however, in dealing with Garou from European stock. Some of us still find it hard to show our throats to elders from tribes who stole our caerns and drove us out of our homelands. In the interests of unity, we try — and sometimes, we succeed.

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

We adhere pretty strictly to this principle. When bringing down animals for food, the ranking Warrior takes her choice of the carcass before turning it over to her companions. Divvying up the spoils from a successful raid on a Leech's haven or a Pentex executive's home presents a trickier problem. Usually the best items, provided they bear no Wyrms-taint, go to the ablest of our Medicine Folk; sometimes we turn our finds over to a Caern Warder or one of the Bane Tenders. For us, "greatest in station" sometimes means "most experienced."

Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

Cannibalism, whether of human or wolf-meat, has little attraction for us. It is true that some of our Aztec Kinfolk once practiced the ritual ingestion of human flesh, but we stopped that long ago. We have better things to eat. Little Brother's affinity for a cannibal spirit separates us from the Wendigo and makes it tougher for us to trust some of their practices. While I have heard that some Uktena break this prohibition, I haven't personally encountered any that have done so.

Respect for Those beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

We recognize that everyone has an honored place in Gaia's scheme. This is one reason why we get along so well with our Kinfolk. Within the tribe, we understand that elders teach the young so that they, in turn, can take our place. We have no reason to flaunt our rank, except maybe to some of the other tribes who lay great store in titles.

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

For the most part, we support this portion of the Litany as stated. We do make some exceptions for those Kinfolk who can accept us for what we are. We make no apologies for placing our trust in worthy humans.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

We recognize that great age often brings great wisdom, and treat our most ancient elders with the respect they deserve. Part of being wise, however, consists of knowing when it is time to quit the mortal world and return your spirit to Gaia. Some of our old ones choose to undergo a final visionquest into the Umbra to face their deaths alone with Gaia. Others seek to fall in battle, either at the hands of a foe they cannot hope to beat or else in ritual combat with their successors in the tribe.

The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time During Peace

We have a custom of speaking our thoughts in council. During peacetime, we feel free to question our leaders. The wise ones listen to advice, although they do not always take it. Challenges for leadership of a pack or a sept occur now and then; we have no problem with changing leaders when danger is far away (although that happens rarely in these times).

The Leader May Not Be Challenged during Wartime

Violating this principle leads to defeat. A pack can have only one war leader during a battle. Anything else is sheer folly.

Ye Shall Take No Action That Causes a Caern to Be Violated

I wish that this precept could be branded into the flesh of every descendant of those who stole our caerns in their greed for land and power. Our caerns suffered rampant violation by European Garou during the last century. In some cases, we refused to allow the usurpers to claim our sacred places. Instead, we sealed them away and refused to divulge their locations to their new "owners." For this, many tribes condemned us. We saw our actions as justified. The European Garou reintroduced the Wyrms into our Pure Lands. Could we peacefully hand over our caerns to the murderers of the Croatan? Would the totem spirits of these places accept such unworthy successors? In the apparent breaking of this part of the Litany, we actually upheld the principle at its heart.

Spirits

Let's change the subject before I get carried away by my anger. I'm here to teach you about the ways of the Uktena,

not indoctrinate you with my own private fury over those who have despoiled our sacred ground.

One of the highlights of any Uktena moot involves calling on the spirits and inviting them to participate in our festivities. In order to appreciate the importance of this portion of the moot, you need to learn a little about the spirits associated with our tribe.

Next to the Silent Striders, we have the closest relationship with the spirit world of any Garou. Our quest for knowledge has taken us down many strange paths in the Umbra, and we have learned many secrets about the spirits who dwell there.

Totems

If you haven't already found a totem spirit — and as cubs, you probably haven't — you will soon enough. In fact, chances are that you'll end up allying with several totems. First of all, you'll serve Uktena; that's more or less a given. Whatever pack you join will choose a totem spirit — or be chosen by one. Lastly, you may form an alliance with a personal totem spirit who reflects your particular outlook or appeals to some aspect of your personality. I'll tell you some things about Uktena, our tribe's totem, that you might not know. Then I'll give you a few of my personal favorites to consider. You could do worse than offering to serve one of these.

Uktena

According to legends, our tribe got its name and its totem spirit when one of our number wrestled Uktena to a standstill. That illustrious tribe founder won the right to call his descendants Uktena, but in return, accepted the responsibility for scouring the world — both Umbral and physical — in search of its secrets.

Uktena is one of the great water spirits of Native American legends. Part sea serpent (or gigantic water snake), part cougar and part deer, he embodies the hidden properties of water and the elusive nature of secret knowledge. In the middle of his forehead rests an enormous gemstone.

To my way of thinking, Uktena represents the best and worst aspects of our tribe. In some circles, his reputation suffers from his more sinister nature. Uktena is not what I would call a "friendly" spirit. He prefers wile and subterfuge over openness and gullibility. He knows far more than he is willing to tell — and expects those who honor him to discover things for themselves. Above all, Uktena is a totem of Wisdom — not Honor, not Glory. Wisdom and nobility of heart do not always make the best companions.

Some tribes contend that Uktena seems a little too close to the Wyrms in appearance and mien for comfort. Before you get cross-eyed with Rage and go haring off to defend your tribal totem, let me speak the truth — as I see it — on the matter.

Long, long ago, before the Wyrms grew mad and began its destructive rampage on the Weaver and the Wyld, Uktena did indeed serve the Wyrms. It was Uktena, the Grand Unlocker of Secrets, who uncovered the methods by which the Wyrms could unmake some of the Weaver's most complex creations.



When the Wyrn "turned," Uktena could no longer give his allegiance to what the Wyrn had become. He offered his services to the Wyld, and has served as its secret-gatherer ever since. This is why those of us who serve Uktena spend so much time trying to ferret out knowledge and steal lore from Wyrn-creatures; in many cases, we're just taking back things Uktena discovered in the first place. But don't let the other tribes know this. It would not only give them the ammunition they need to move against us, but it would also spoil their paranoid fun.

Frog

Frog appeals to many Uktena Tricksters because of her surprising movements and her lightning-fast tongue. Frog's nature allows her to claim both land and water as her home. In the legends of many North and South American tribes, Frog controls the weather, calling down the rain with her voice. Over the course of her lifetime, Frog undergoes a drastic transformation—from fishlike tadpole to her adult form. While Frog loses her mobile tail in the process, she also gains the ability to survive outside of her primary element. There are lessons aplenty that Frog can teach a young Uktena about change and adaptability.

Elephant

Some Uktena with African or Asian Kinfolk have taken Elephant as their totem. Besides his massive strength and awesome presence, Elephant has an important place in the legends of Africa, India and Southeast Asia. Associated with magic and prophecy, Elephant also controls the monsoons in India. El-

ephants have served humans as mounts for royalty and as war beasts; their formidable size and presence cowers enemies faced with a walking wall of death. You could find no stronger spirit ally than Elephant, especially if you are one of Uktena's Warriors.

Roadrunner

Roadrunner has a following among many Uktena in the American Southwest. Known for her astonishing quickness, Roadrunner symbolizes speed of thought and mental agility. While other birds take to the air to escape their foes, Roadrunner relies on her fast legs to carry her to safety. Roadrunner finds water in hidden places, using cacti as sources of moisture. If you believe that it is better to think your way out of trouble than to confront it head-on, Roadrunner would not be a bad totem for you to follow.

Ancestor Spirits

Many of our Kinfolk's tribes hold the spirits of their ancestors in great reverence. It's the same with us. Through our knowledge of our past lives, we can sometimes touch upon these wise teachers and mentors. Many Garou have this ability, but we use our connection with the heroes and legends of our past to give thanks to them as well as to seek their advice.

Tonight, you'll see a special rite performed in which our Shamans will call upon their ancestors to join us. If this happens, the ancestor's spirit enters the body of the Shaman enacting the rite. For the rest of the evening, that spirit speaks and acts

through her host, giving us the benefit of her presence and enjoying once again the pleasures of the material world. When the moot ends, before the final Revel, the ancestor-spirit departs her borrowed body and returns to the Umbra. Seeing this happen is both unnerving and exhilarating. Imagine sharing a howl with Old Red Eagle or Grimsowl Bisonbreath!

Sometimes, no one answers the caller. We do not pretend to control those who have given their spirits back to Gaia.

The Task of Knowledge: the Great Addiction

The search for knowledge and the uncovering of secrets lie at the heart of our tribe. We are the Delves into the Unknown, the Unlocks of Doors and the Solvers of Puzzles. Our desire for acquiring hitherto unknown lore strikes many as insatiable. They are right. For us, satisfying our curiosity is an addiction. We cannot stand the thought that there is something "out there" that we do not know.

Our search for knowledge has many parts. We look for new information, preserve the knowledge we possess and seek to regain what we once knew and, to our shame, forgot. Listen carefully now, and I will tell you of both our greatest asset and our greatest shame.

Things Remembered

Our Songkeepers and Shamans keep a vast storehouse of knowledge for our tribe. While we sometimes share what we know with other Garou (and occasionally some of the Changing Breeds), there are also some secrets we keep to ourselves.

I've already told you one of those secrets — the true nature of our tribe's totem. Other bits of exclusive lore include the locations of a number of caerns we closed down back during the days of the European "caern-jackers." The other tribes would dearly love to know where these places lie, but until we can reassert our inviolate claim to them — or until the eve of the Apocalypse, whichever comes first — we refuse to divulge any information that will enable anyone other than the Uktena to reopen those hidden caerns.

Things Forgotten

Now, this piece of information has got to remain absolutely secret. Some elders believe what I am about to say is too sensitive to entrust to mere cubs, but I disagree. I feel that knowing this will confirm your membership in our tribe and that once you hear my words, you will instinctively keep from spreading it around.

You have heard about how the Uktena, Wendigo and Croatan bound away the Great Banes that infested the Pure Lands. You also know about our Bane Tenders, who devote themselves to guarding the resting places of these bound Wyrmspawn. Unfortunately, we don't have enough Bane Tenders to go around. More than this, the high incidence of Uktena deaths during the last century's battles over territory led to the loss of some vital bits of information — such as the locations of some of the sites where these Bane creatures are bound.

This is not the sort of knowledge you want spread around. The other tribes already distrust us; even our Little Brother Wendigo blames us — unfairly — for the death of the Croatan. To add to that our shame at having "lost" a few Great Banes would cause more than mild consternation among the Garou Nation. Yeah. You begin to understand.

So, this is part of what our insatiable curiosity is all about. In addition to recovering stolen magic and learning new pieces of hidden lore, we Uktena are frantically searching the Pure Lands for clues to the locations of our misplaced Bane-prisons. In all your travels, both in and out of the Umbra, regardless of what else you seek, you should keep your senses alert to signs that might lead you to discover one of our missing Banes. The tribe — and Gaia — will thank you (in secret) for it.

But I've talked enough for now. If I don't stop, you'll miss out on the early evening's festivities. Go and mingle with your tribemates. Eat, drink and celebrate what it means to be Uktena. Don't overlook your Kinfolk, either. Remember, you're still low cubs on the totem pole, so to speak. Respect everyone you see, and you should get along just fine.

Later, when we break off from our human guests, I'll send Ayoluwa Sings-Beneath-the-Moon, one of our most skilled Songkeepers, to find you and continue your education. Look for the tall, imposing woman decked out in Nigerian finery. She's hard to miss.



Chapter Three: Around the World

The whites called our cradles "papoose carriers." Very primitive, they said. But now you see white mothers all over using a kind of "primitive papoose carrier." The whites are learning.

*— Ginger Hillis, Navajo mother quoted by Richard Erdoes, *Crying for a Dream**

So you are the cubs my friend and packmate Tate has abandoned to my tender mercies. I am Ayoluwa Sings-Beneath-the-Moon.

You seem a fine, well-mannered lot. Your greetings display the proper respect; your bearing tenders me the honor due my station and rank; and you are trying very hard not to stare and gawk.

Ah, I see that I have embarrassed you. Good. That shows that you have noticed that I am different from most Uktena. In the future, if we have one, I hope you will see more Uktena like me — and like Juan Rides-the-Storm, whose music you heard earlier, or Ai Hang Luna's-Shield, who will receive great Renown later tonight for her recent defense of her caern.

Tate has explained how the Uktena have opened their hearts to other Third World races. My Kinfolk came from Nigeria over 200 years ago. I grew up in rural Georgia, not realizing that my family had been chosen by the Uktena in my grandmother's generation. I survived the trauma of my First Change and managed to remain with my family, although it was difficult. I now hold a degree in Folklore and Cultural Studies from the University of Georgia. Among the Uktena, I am a Songkeeper. And now, as we begin the private part of our moot, I am here as your teacher.

One World

Despite our tribe's association with the native cultures of the Americas, we have spread out to other parts of the world. After all, other Garou tribes came to the Pure Lands. Now, we return the favor.

The American Southeast

Once the woodlands and river basins of the southeastern United States served as home to many Uktena and their Kinfolk. Among them were the Cherokee, the Chickasaw, the Choctaw, the Creek and the Seminoles. Today only remnants of those tribes remain; consequently, these lands hold only a few Uktena with Native American ancestry. The Cherokee reservation on the North Carolina/Tennessee border and the Seminole reservation in Florida both contain active Uktena caerns.

The large African-American population of the South and the Hispanic presence in Florida now provide Kinfolk for a small but steadily growing population of Uktena. We may differ outwardly from you, but our Garou blood marks us as Uktena's sons and daughters.

The American Southwest

The Southwest holds the greatest concentration of Native American Uktena. These lands were, and in some cases still are, home to the Pueblo Indians, the Apache, the Pima, the Yaqui, the Utes and the Dineh, or Navaho. The Western Band of the Cherokee Nation has a reservation in Oklahoma, as do other displaced Southeastern tribes. Many Uktena in this area still dwell among their Kinfolk, acting as wisdom keepers and shamans and encouraging the preservation of traditional ways. Here, too, the incidence of Hispanic Uktena is increasing.

The Rest of the United States and Canada

In the 19th century, the forced removal of many tribes from their homelands to reservations resulted in a great dispersal of Native Americans. Because of this, many of our Southwestern Kinfolk suddenly found themselves relocated to the Canadian border. Although Uktena still come from these tribes, more and more Wendigo claim them as Kinfolk.

Since the Wendigo breed exclusively with Native Americans, we have adopted the African-American and Asian populations of the Northeast and Midwest as Kinfolk. The Wendigo do not realize what a great storehouse of secrets and powerful magics they have rejected in confining their breeding habits to one group of people; we are only too happy to take advantage of their blindness.

South and Central America

Although a few Uktena still arise from the native peoples of Mexico, Central America and parts of South America, the other Changing Breeds have claimed most of the Amazon as their territory. We do not challenge them out of respect for their anger at our deeds during the War of Rage.

Africa and Asia

The only Uktena you will find in Africa and Asia are the ones who have decided to visit those countries to learn more about their origins or to explore the homelands of their newest Kinfolk. Though some Uktena were left behind long ago at the first crossing into the Pure Lands, lack of Kinfolk sympathetic to our ways and bowing to the claims of the Bastet led to our virtual extinction there for many years. I intend to travel to my ancestral home sometime next year, if Gaia permits. Africa has many secrets we have only begun to discover. I want to be one of the discoverers.

Australia

Since the extermination of the Bunyip, a few Uktena have found Kinfolk among the aboriginal tribes of the Outback. The Sept of the Waking Dream is the primary Uktena outpost in that distant continent.



The Rest of the World

That leaves Europe. Only a few of us have traveled to the homelands of the Fianna, the Black Furies and the Get of Fenris. We understand that Russia has become off-limits for casual travel. We believe that a few of our tribemates may exist in Mongolia and Siberia, descendants of Uktena who remained behind when the rest of us crossed into the Pure Lands. We may never know the truth of that belief, however.

The Umbra

Some of us spend a lot of time on the other side of the Gauntlet. The Skywalkers, in particular, often prefer the Umbra to the physical world, claiming that they would rather see the true face of Gaia than Her pale and wasted earthly visage. Most of us undertake visionquests in the Umbra, where we seek answers to questions many other Garou dare not ask.

One People

Long, long ago, we tried to isolate ourselves — along with the Croatan and the Wendigo — from our fractious, Wyrmm-ridden brothers and sisters. For a time, we succeeded. Then the world came to us, ending the possibility for declining to involve ourselves in the politics and quarrels of the other Garou.

Now, our numbers lessen. Even though we have increased our breeding stock, there are still too few of us to indulge in the luxury of remaining a tribe apart. Most of you will run with packs that include Garou who do not serve Uktena. So that you will know what to expect from them, I will give you my own opinions of the other tribes. You will form your own opinions as you learn more from first-hand experience.

Black Furies

The passion for the Wyld that drives this fierce tribe garners our respect. Their commitment to the protection of women and children demonstrates their regard for humans as part of Gaia's creation. Although they rank among the tribes of Garou invaders, they have not fallen prey to the same greed for land and breeding rights as others.

The Furies have worked with us in the past, particularly with female members of our tribe. They make excellent packmates, so long as you do not arouse their anger.

Bone Gnawers

Most of this tribe has sacrificed its honor and pride on the altar of survival. When they arrived in the Pure Lands, the Bone Gnawers possessed a hardiness that made them among the most clever and resourceful, if unscrupulous, of the Wyrmmcomer tribes. Now their affinity for the cities of the Weaver has crushed their spirits, turning them from the hardy Garou who once survived in an unfamiliar land to cowering dogs. Those who live

in the backwoods and hinterlands still retain some vestige of the Wyld, but most of them have degenerated into cringing bootlickers. Should you join a pack that includes a Bone Gnawer, appreciate her ability to scrounge up information from the dregs of human society, but do not expect her to come roaring to your defense in life-and-death situations.

Children of Gaia

Although they came to the Pure Lands with the other Wyrmmcomers, the Children of Gaia tried harder than the other tribes to understand our ways. Even today, many of them show a creditable willingness to live among our Kinfolk and learn our traditions in order to atone for the misdeeds of their ancestors. Their understanding of Gaia's healing ways and their compassionate insight have helped smooth relations between us and the European Garou. They are loyal packmates, although their guileless natures sometimes render them easy targets for the subtleties of the Wyrmm. Trust them, but do not confide in them.

Croatan

Although no Croatan walk the Earth today, we still count them as our brothers and sisters. Their sacrifice banished the Eater-of-Souls from our Pure Lands. Let their memory serve to remind you that one day you, too, may have to choose between your life and Gaia's survival. Some of us believe that they will return in the days before the Apocalypse. Perhaps that is only wishful thinking because we cannot bear to think that they have disappeared forever.

Fianna

These Garou were among the most eager to seize our caerns and claim our lands in the last century, seeing us as slow children in need of the lessons only they could impart. Even so, we could not help but admire their bravery in battle and their understanding of the ways of the warrior. It has taken us a long time to overcome our bitterness enough to appreciate what we have in common with them — a love of native traditions, folklore, song and dance. Their recklessness and lack of control make them dangerous and foolhardy at times. If you choose a Fianna as a packmate, remember that they value glory over wisdom and like nothing better than a good fight.

Get of Fenris

Along with the Fianna and the Silver Fangs, these Garou led the hordes of European invaders. Their ferocity in battle is legendary, but their innate sense of superiority makes them difficult to treat with as equals even today. They often refuse to see the wisdom in any culture other than that of their Kinfolk, or in any way that favors gentleness over strength. If you share a pack with one of the Get, be ready for accusations of weakness. They do not understand anything but fang and talon, and respect no one but the strong.



Glass Walkers

When they came to the Pure Lands, the Glass Walkers (who were not called by that name in those days) brought the force of the Weaver to bear upon our wild places. While we dislike many of the changes they imposed upon the world, we acknowledge their superiority in the secret ways of the Great Spider. Like the Bone Gnawers, they have lost most of their connection to the Wyld, but they have not abandoned their pride or spirit in the process. Their knowledge of the Weaver's portions of the Umbra will prove useful to us in the coming days. Cultivate their company if you wish to learn their secrets, but do not expect them to treat you as anything other than a slightly backward child.

Red Talons

Their intolerance of humans deprives them of an understanding of our true nature as both wolf and human. Although we admire their single-minded devotion to combating the Wyrms, we can only shake our heads at their total lack of understanding of all the skills needed to defeat our great enemy. We do not wish to fight them for the right to breed with the world's diminishing wolf population, but we cannot afford to allow them to claim all wolves as their Kinfolk. Some individual Red Talons have demonstrated an uncharacteristic tolerance of human ways; these are the most apt to join mixed packs. If you

have a Red Talon for a packmate, know that she will judge you by your adherence to the ways of the wolf and that the concepts of compromise and subterfuge mean nothing to her.

Shadow Lords

The European Garou accuse us of practicing guile and secrecy; they should look instead at their own tribe of insidious connivers hovering in the shadows from which they take their name. In their ambitious schemes for power among the Garou, the Shadow Lords seem to have forgotten that they battle the Wyrms first and foremost. Watch them carefully at all times, and be thankful that they did not lead the charge across the Pure Lands. As packmates, their devious methods can often turn defeat into victory, a skill much needed in these times when the Wyrms' minions have learned to subtly manipulate affairs from behind the scenes. Learn their art of manipulation without falling prey to their corrupt and cynical outlook.

Silent Striders

These Garou know the secrets of the Dark Umbra in addition to many other bits of ancient and forgotten lore. In some ways, they are as closemouthed with their knowledge as we are. If we could convince them to share their wealth of information with us, both our tribes would benefit. Unfortunately, they do not remain long in one place, and if you share a pack with one,

chances are it will only be for a short time. They had little part in the invasion of our lands, and, in fact, tried to act as mediators between us and the Wymcomers. Their explorations of the Umbra in the 19th century alerted them to the dangers caused by the carelessness of the European Garou. We credit them for trying to warn the other tribes of the Storm Eater's escape. We would do well to cultivate Strider allies when we meet with them, for their secrets often complement our own.

Silver Fangs

We do not acknowledge their claim to the leadership of the Garou. They were among the first wave of invaders from Europe. We hold them responsible, along with the Fianna, the Glass Walkers and the Get of Fenris, for loosing the Storm Eater and its minions in the last century. We have had to swallow our resentment of their presence in order to concentrate on our common enemy, but doing so has not been easy. We admire their courage and honor, but deplore the weakness of their wolf blood and their growing instability of character. Do not let their eccentricities cause you to underestimate them, however. If you share a pack with one of these self-styled "aristocrats," make certain they understand that your blood is as ancient and honorable as theirs. Do not back down from them, and they will respect you.

Stargazers

Their ways are as mysterious to us as ours are to the other Garou. We do not count them among the Wymcomers, for their Kinfolk came here as victims instead of conquerors. Their purposes in the modern world are unclear to us despite our attempts to bring them to light. They possess an inner harmony that we admire even as we find it difficult to obtain for ourselves. Their love for pure mysticism, however, often blinds them to the truths held by other tribes — including ours. Too often have we sought them out to share knowledge with them, only to discover that they want nothing we have to offer. If you are fortunate enough to meet one of these rare and solitary Garou, value her counsel if she chooses to give it, but do not expect to understand everything she has to say.

Wendigo

The loss of the Croatan weighs heavy upon the hearts of our Little Brothers. That they hold us partially responsible for that great tragedy only increases their suffering and sense of isolation. Their totem, the cannibalistic Wendigo, reminds us too much of the Eater-of-Souls; we fear that some vestigial taint has remained to infect Little Brother. They must temper their anger with wisdom and open their eyes to their own shortcomings, or else, they, too, will disappear from the world. A Wendigo packmate may criticize you for not being as true to the old ways as she is, but she will support you in any disputes with Garou from other tribes.

Others

You want to know about the others who must keep their existence a secret from the world of mortals? Of course you do. You would not be Uktena if you were not curious about the other Changing Breeds or the Leeches or the spirits of the dead.

I will tell you a little of what I know of them, and of the dream-folk, and the human shamans and witches as well. If you are not satisfied with what I say, go seek them out for yourselves and make your own determinations about them.

The Changing Breeds

Our relations with the other Changing Breeds suffer from our past misdeeds. Although we came late to the War of Rage and ceased our participation in it early, the blood of many of our near-kin stains our claws. While we cannot undo our shameful actions, we can — and do — seek to atone for them whenever the opportunity arises.

The human tribes of our Kinfolk revere not only Wolf, but Raven, Bear, Coyote, Cougar and other totem spirits. This gives us a common tie with other changers. Today, we seek out these other beloved of Gaia and attempt to forge alliances with them whenever we can.

In particular, we act to preserve the Kinfolk of the Gurahl. In many parts of the world, the great bears have vanished. In North America, bears still exist in numbers that give us hope for their survival. Our promotion of efforts to protect the bear population only begins to repay our debt to the bear-folk we persecuted so long ago.

The Pumonca and Qualmi do not easily forgive us, but we do what we can from the sidelines. We did not hunt the Qualmi as the Silver Fangs did so long ago — that is why they died in Europe, but survived here. We meet our cat-cousins sometimes during powwows where we have a common tribe. At such times, we dance carefully around each other.

The Nuwisha and Corax remind us of the value of tricksters. We let them laugh for us in these grim times. We do not try to infringe on their territory, either. If you should fall victim to a Nuwisha's prank or find your pockets emptied by a clever Corax, consider your experience as giving honor to Coyote or Raven. Do not let your Rage overcome your wisdom.

The children of Grandmother Spider hold many secrets which we would dearly love to know. The Ananasi, however, remain reluctant to show themselves, much less reveal their hidden lore. They spin their Weaver's webs perilously close to the Wyrms. Approach them with extreme caution, if at all. Do not do one of the spider-folk harm unless you have proof that she has fallen to the Wyrms.

Only a few of us have occasion to encounter the Mokolé and survive. Our tribemates who live in the Everglades and the bayous occasionally report that they have seen (from a distance) one of the Dragon's Children. They do not forgive

or forget, so allow them their territory and do not attempt to approach them. Perhaps one day, their anger will subside. Do not count on it.

Vampires

The walking dead are an affront to Gaia. Every Garou knows this. Still, the Wym has servants who present a greater threat to Gaia than these unliving mockeries. We rarely waste our time and energy pursuing Cadavers; we leave that to the Red Talons and the Get of Fenris. Neither do we attempt to coexist with them, as do some of the Silver Fangs and the Glass Walkers.

Some Leeches, the ones who call themselves Tremere, possess the secrets of magic and sit upon great stores of learning. These interest us. We have recovered many stolen fetishes from their havens, and have helped ourselves to the contents of their libraries. Yes, we destroy vampires when we can, but the gathering of their knowledge comes first.

Someday, your curiosity may lead you to strike up an acquaintance with one of the Leeches. You will not be the first Uktena to do so. Remember that they are subtle and deceitful. Do not trust them, and do not meet their gaze. Above all, do not drink the foul, clotted blood that powers their existence.

Wraiths

The spirits of the dead often remain close to the world they have left. Unlike the Silent Striders, we lack the means of exploring the part of the Umbra the dead inhabit, but sometimes we can see them when the barrier that divides the dead from the living becomes thin. The shamans among our Kinfolk know that the hungry ghosts can cause disease and destruction if they are not appeased. We have learned from them how to banish these angry spirits from the world as well as how to bind them into fetishes. Spirits are spirits, after all.

We also believe that the spirits of our ancestors — our human predecessors — watch over us. If we listen carefully, we can hear their voices in the wind and feel their presences in the night. Do not fear the dead. They, too, are part of Gaia.

Magi

Humans who practice the ways of power fall into two categories. The ones who use their gifts to help others we call shamans and medicine folk. Our native tribes have their Dreamspeakers, whose knowledge of the Umbra rivals ours. We welcome their company, for many of them understand and respect our dual natures. In the past, we have worked with these workers of good magic, and have shared some of our knowledge of healing and weather working with them.

We call those who seek power for personal gain witches or sorcerers. They corrupt the use of their abilities, twisting them to selfish ends. Though most mages do not actively serve the Wym, many of them act in concert with the Weaver. Whenever you encounter an unfamiliar mage, determine first whether she is a medicine worker or a sorcerer before you decide how to deal with her.





Remember, too, that witches and sorcerers seek out places of power to replenish their magical energies. Do not let them near your caern. Like the Tremere Leeches, they possess knowledge we can use.

The Fae

The Nunnehi came with us to the Pure Lands. The dreams of our human flocks gave birth to them, and they reveled in the natural beauty of our new home. Today, they hide within mortal bodies, and have lost much of their innocence to the corruption of the Wyld. They remind us of our own great dream — the healing of our damaged world. Although we share a love for the Wyld, they cannot always handle our Rage. We aid them when we can and keep our distance when we must.

Other faeries came from across the ocean. The eshu came with my ancestors from Africa. I have spent pleasurable hours listening to the tales spun by these collectors of stories and songs. The Fianna have a special rapport with many of the fae, particularly those who originated in the Celtic lands.

The magic of the dream-folk remains elusive and insubstantial, made from the same dreamstuff that forms their spirits. Do not get too close to them, for your anger may destroy them even as you admire their beauty.

Fomori

With the coming of the Europeans, the Wyrn found many willing bodies to act as hosts for its minions. Most Garou show these corrupted former humans no mercy — unless you consider granting them a swift death an act of compassion. Their power comes from the Banes who have bonded with their souls, eating them away from within. Some powerful Uktena have recently begun experimenting with fomori, attempting to bind the controlling Banes within their flesh to our wills. We hope that by doing so we can turn these horrors back on those who created them or use them to destroy what the Wyrn-minions hold dear. Imagine what spies they would make against Pentex and its ilk!

The Blessing of Uktena

I hope my words have aroused your curiosity about the world and your place in it. You are Uktena, the Seeker of Hidden Knowledge. What you have heard from me is but the beginning of what you will discover in your lifetime.

Your tribemates are waiting around the campfire. Go now and listen to the tales they have to tell. Someday, you will have knowledge of your own to share with the rest of us.

The drums call. The howls begin. Walk in beauty. Dance with danger. Wrestle with the secrets of the world. You are Uktena.



Appendix One: Secrets of the Tribe

*This was the way of it
Let the story fires be lighted
Let our circle be strong and full of medicine
Hear me
This is my dream song that I'm singing for you
This is my power song that is taking me to the edge
— Jim Wilson and Dave Carson, "Twisted Hair"*

Tribal Weakness

An optional rule was introduced in the first *Werewolf Tribebook*: tribal weaknesses. These are quirks each member of a particular tribe possesses, usually due to the social or even genetic nature of the tribe. Weaknesses should not always be enforced. There are some situations where a Bone Gnawer may not suffer a higher difficulty on Social rolls. These situations may be rare, but they can occur. For instance, a Fianna may suffer from lack of self-control, but in critical circumstances she may overcome her liability.

It is up to the Storyteller to enforce these rules when an appropriate situation occurs in the game. After all, a player may be unwilling to remind the Storyteller that her Silent Strider's botch of a roll to step sideways attracts a wraith to her side.

Uktena Weakness

Curiosity

Due to their tribal totem's thirst for knowledge, all Uktena suffer from an insatiable curiosity. Whenever an Uktena finds herself confronted with a puzzle, mystery or a piece of deliberately withheld information, she must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 8) to resist pursuing the solution or unearthing the knowledge to the exclusion of everything else. A character who fails this roll may spend a point of Willpower to set aside her obsession temporarily, but must continue to do so periodically (every turn or scene, at the Storyteller's discretion).

Note: While this weakness can provide ample roleplaying opportunities for the affected character, Storytellers should prevent players from using this Weakness to hog the game. Deciding which circumstances pique an Uktena's curiosity enough to warrant a Willpower roll should remain in the hands of the Storyteller, not the player.

Merits and Flaws

Human Tribal Status (2-4 point Merit)

You not only maintain an active part in the human community you came from, but you have attained a position of status within that society as a spokesperson, healer, medicine worker or council elder. The number of points you spend determines your relative authority: Two points might mean you act as a shamanic healer for your Kinfolk, while four points qualifies you for a seat on your tribal council or gains you acclaim as a noted wisdom keeper.

You must come from a Native American tribe or reside in a distinct ethnic community to purchase this Merit. Lupus and metis Garou may not take this Merit.

Anti-Wyrmbringer Bias (1 point Flaw)

You have an instinctive dislike for Garou whose ancestors came from Europe to invade the Pure Lands. Even though your reason may tell you that the time for old hatreds has passed, and that Gaia needs all her defenders to work together in these days before the Apocalypse, you still find it hard to tolerate the pretensions and arrogant assumptions of the Wyrmcomer tribes (and, yes, you call them that when you are around them). You have a +2 difficulty on all die rolls involving interaction with Garou other than Wendigo. With the Storyteller's permission, you may exempt up to three tribes — such as the Stargazers, Silent Striders and Children of Gaia — from your roster of "foreigners." The Anti-Wyrmbringer Bias should not cripple your ability to function in a pack with non-native Garou; rather, it should provide many opportunities for problematic interactions and interpack tensions. Through roleplaying, you may eventually acquire evidence from companions (i.e., other player characters) that enable you to buy off this Flaw.

Taint of Suspicion (3 pt. Supernatural Flaw)

Something indefinable arouses more distrust in you than in the average Uktena. Although you do not register as "Wyrm-tainted," your presence raises the hackles of most Garou, as if something sinister has worked its way into your spirit. Perhaps you have had one too many "close encounters" with fomori or Banes; maybe you spent more time than most Garou nosing about Hellholes and Leeches' lairs. You should work out with the Storyteller the reason why you invoke such strong feelings of discomfort and unease in other Garou. Many Bane Tenders eventually acquire this Flaw.

The Uktena-Tremere Connection

Although the Uktena, like most Garou, consider vampires as Wyrm-tainted mockeries of living creatures (at best) and outright servants of the Wyrm (at worst), the tribe's inherent curiosity often overcomes their instinctive aversion to some Leeches — particularly those who possess occult knowledge which the Uktena would like to acquire.

It is not unknown for an Uktena to cultivate the acquaintance of a member of Clan Tremere in the hopes of increasing her knowledge of the Leech's magical secrets without giving away any secrets of her own. (Undoubtedly, the Tremere associate operates under a similar assumption regarding her "Lupine" connection.)

Storytellers may require an Uktena character to purchase the *Vampire Companion* Merit, as well as the *Taint of Suspicion* Flaw, to qualify for such an alliance.

Although associations with the Tremere (or any other vampire) remain among an Uktena's most closely guarded secrets, rumors abound. Suspicions of Uktena-Tremere alliances only increase the tribe's overall reputation for dealing in Wyrm-tainted lore.

Abilities

Tribal Lore (Knowledge)

You grew up steeped in the history and customs of your native tribe or culture, whether Cherokee, Ute, Hopi or — more recently — Nigerian, Vietnamese or Hispanic. This skill often allows you to smooth the way for packmates who might otherwise inadvertently cause offense when dealing with your Kinfolk or other members of your human tribe. You have knowledge of the rituals, crafts and stories of one specific Native American tribe or other specific ethnic group.

- Student: You didn't pay attention to your grandmother's stories, but learned a few things anyway.
- College: You went to reservation schools or belonged to a cultural awareness group.
- Masters: You could educate others in the customs of your native background.
- Doctorate: You know enough to write a book about your human tribe; you might even have already done so.
- Scholar: Tribal elders consult you on obscure matters of history or customs.

Possessed by: Uktena, Wendigo, other Garou who come from appropriate ethnic backgrounds

Specialties: Pueblo cultures, Cherokee legends, Seminole history, Vietnamese folk-tales, Gullah stories

Nunnehi Lore (Knowledge)

You know the legends of the Nunnehi, or Native American faeries. Whether you know them as Little People, Invisible Ones or by some other name, their existence is no secret to you. You can usually identify individual Nunnehi races, and have some knowledge of how to — and how not to — approach or interact with them.

- Student: You think you remember stories from your childhood about the Nunnehi.
- College: You know some stories that you can verify.
- Masters: You possess a general knowledge of the various Nunnehi families and their ways.
- Doctorate: You are a repository of Nunnehi customs and idiosyncrasies.
- Scholar: You have a wealth of first-hand information about the Native American fae.

Possessed by: Uktena or Wendigo Galliards, folklore specialists, Dreamspeakers

Specialties: Individual Nunnehi Races, Nunnehi Stories, Breaking Nunnehi Curses

Gifts

• **Coils of the Serpent (Level Two)** — The Garou may summon serpentine ropes of darkness, mist or fog to grasp enemies and render them immobile. Each coil is four feet long and has the same Strength, Dexterity and Brawl ratings as the Garou who summons it. A Snake-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player rolls Dexterity + Occult (difficulty 7). Each success brings forth one coil from the prevailing element (darkness, shadow, mist, fog, dust). The Garou must direct the coils' attacks if she wishes them to target multiple opponents; otherwise, the coils focus on the person or creature closest to their manifestation. The coils may only grasp to immobilize; they aren't capable of greater manipulation.

• **Natural Camouflage (Level Two)** — By crouching down and remaining still in a natural environment (woods, desert, swamp), the Garou may appear as part of the landscape. Unless someone is actively searching for the Garou, she will be dismissed as a hummock, tree stump or some other natural feature. This Gift is taught by a Chameleon-spirit.

System: The Garou merely needs to hunker down and think of blending in. Unlike the Ragabash Gift Blissful Ignorance, the Garou does not actually become invisible, but becomes like an unnoticeable feature of the landscape. Someone searching for the Garou must roll Perception + Alertness (difficulty 9) to see through the camouflage. The Garou may spend a Gnosis point to negate being seen in this fashion. If mostly unobserved (i.e., the searcher may be scanning the area but has his back to the Garou, only occasionally turning in her direction), the Garou may remain camouflaged while moving slowly toward or away from the searcher, stopping whenever the searcher looks her way. Even slow movement while the searcher is looking in the Garou's direction will break the illusion, however.

• **Uktena's Freezing Stare (Level Two)** — Like a snake mesmerizing its prey, the Uktena can paralyze a foe merely by staring in its eyes. The Gift is taught by an avatar of Uktena.

System: The Garou must meet the eyes of whoever she wishes to paralyze, then her player rolls Manipulation + Intimidation (difficulty equal to the target's Willpower). The paralysis lasts one scene or until the foe is physically or magically attacked.

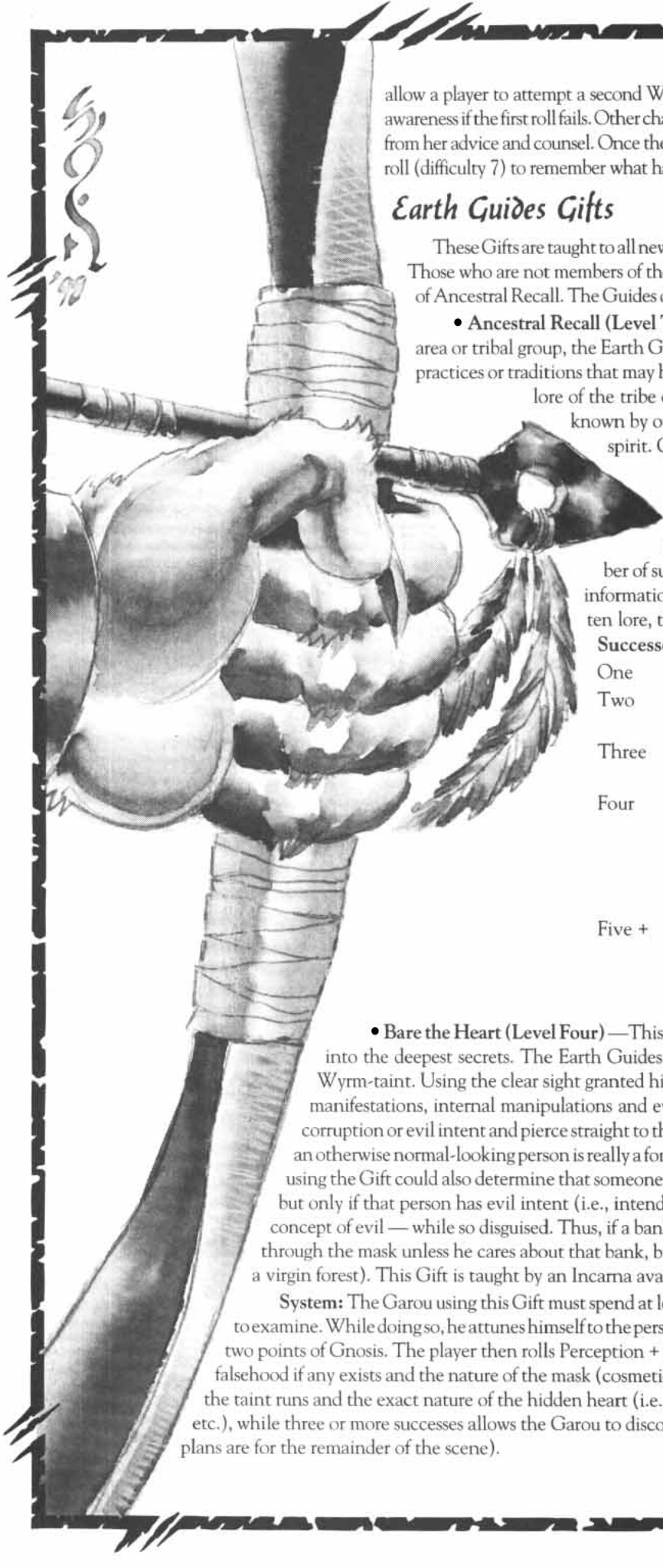
• **Sing Down the Rain (Level Three)** — By intoning a ritual chant, the Garou can call down rain for the purpose of cleansing or watering the ground or, adversely, to cause flooding or mudslides. This Gift is taught by a Frog-spirit.

System: The player spends a point of Gnosis and rolls Wits + Occult (difficulty 7). The number of successes indicates the amount of rainfall summoned. One success calls down a light drizzle; three successes results in a full rain shower. Four or more successes causes a torrential rain to fall. The effect lasts for one scene, although the Garou may extend the duration by continuing to spend Gnosis. Depending on the affected terrain and the Garou's intent, this Gift can cleanse a piece of ground ravaged by acid rain, return moisture to a parched field or cause rivers to overflow their banks.

• **Spirit's Horse (Level Four)** — This Gift allows a Garou to make her body a temporary vessel for an ancestral or legendary spirit for a finite length of time determined during the activation of the Gift. It differs from the manifestations of the Past Life Background in that the host does not merely gain the Attributes, Abilities and memories of the inhabiting spirit — she actually "becomes" the spirit for the Gift's duration. The Uktena usually combine this Gift with the Rite of Invitation to the Ancestors (see below), and rarely practice it outside of moots or council gatherings. Its intention is primarily to give honor to an ancestor by allowing her the ability to experience fleshly pleasures and meet her tribal descendants. This Gift is taught by an Ancestor-spirit.

System: The player rolls Charisma + Occult (difficulty 8) and spends a point of Gnosis while the Garou calls on a spirit to "ride" her body. The Storyteller may choose to lower the difficulty to 7 for Garou who come from cultures whose spiritual beliefs habitually incorporate the idea of being "ridden" by the spirits. One or two successes summons an Ancestor-spirit for a brief sojourn (one scene). Three or four successes enables the spirit to remain for a longer time (several scenes). Five successes allows such a complete rapport between spirit and host that the spirit remains until asked politely to return to the Umbra. No successes indicates that no ancestor heard the summons or else that the contacted spirit refused the invitation. A botch means either that the spirit refuses to leave its host voluntarily or else that an angry or hostile ancestor (perhaps from one of the Wyrncomer tribes!) enters the host and must be placated before she will depart. Note that a Garou need not possess the Past Life Background to use this Gift.

The Garou who uses this Gift must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) in order to remain aware of her surroundings while her body hosts the ancestor. A failure in this roll means that the host's consciousness becomes dormant. The Storyteller may



allow a player to attempt a second Willpower roll (difficulty 8) to reawaken the character's awareness if the first roll fails. Other characters may converse with the ancestor, thus benefiting from her advice and counsel. Once the spirit departs, the host Garou makes a final Willpower roll (difficulty 7) to remember what happened while her body served as the Spirit's Horse.

Earth Guides Gifts

These Gifts are taught to all new members of the Earth Guides who wish to learn them. Those who are not members of the camp may petition members to teach them the Gift of Ancestral Recall. The Guides do not teach Bare the Heart to any outside their camp.

- **Ancestral Recall (Level Three)** — By accustoming themselves to a particular area or tribal group, the Earth Guides can "recall" pertinent information about tribal practices or traditions that may have been lost over time. This might uncover hidden lore of the tribe or simply reveal everyday information not generally known by outsiders. The Gift is taught by an Uktena Ancestor-spirit. Garou using this Gift need not have Past Life.

System: The Garou must have spent at least 24 hours in the presence of those whose tribal memories she is attempting to access. The player then rolls Perception + Enigmas (difficulty 7). The number of successes determines the strength and obscurity of the information available. If the Garou can access hidden or forgotten lore, the player must spend a point of Gnosis to learn it.

Successes	Information
One	Common information
Two	Uncommon (When dancing their harvest rites, the tribe wore corn silk tied to their costumes)
Three	Obscure (known to some tribal elders; i.e., the tribe once served as guardians of a particular fetish)
Four	Hidden (known only to the greatest Medicine Worker, passed on only to a trusted successor; i.e., the tribe's dancing place lies atop the resting place of a powerful evil spirit and their dances keep it pacified)
Five +	Forgotten (known only to ancient ancestors; i.e. "Our people once knew this evil spirit's true name. Perform this service for my descendants, and I will tell it to you.")

- **Bare the Heart (Level Four)** — This Gift utilizes the Uktena's noted penchant for delving into the deepest secrets. The Earth Guides use this Gift to examine Bane Tenders for signs of Wyrmtaint. Using the clear sight granted him by this Gift, an Uktena can look beyond outward manifestations, internal manipulations and even magical disguises that might mask Wyrmtaint, corruption or evil intent and pierce straight to the heart of the truth. Thus, the Garou might note that an otherwise normal-looking person is really a fomor or a Black Spiral Dancer by use of this Gift. Garou using the Gift could also determine that someone is disguised (via cosmetic means or magical change), but only if that person has evil intent (i.e., intends to commit some evil — as defined by the Garou's concept of evil — while so disguised. Thus, if a bank-robbery was in the offing, the Garou might not see through the mask unless he cares about that bank, but he would unmask someone intending to clear-cut a virgin forest). This Gift is taught by an Incarna avatar.

System: The Garou using this Gift must spend at least one turn intently observing the person he wishes to examine. While doing so, he attunes himself to the person's innermost core, the truth of the heart, and spends two points of Gnosis. The player then rolls Perception + Empathy (difficulty 6). Even one success uncovers a falsehood if any exists and the nature of the mask (cosmetic, magical, etc.). Two successes pinpoint how deeply the taint runs and the exact nature of the hidden heart (i.e., if the target is Wyrmtainted, a Bane, a vampire, etc.), while three or more successes allows the Garou to discover such a creature's immediate intent (i.e., what its plans are for the remainder of the scene).

Bane Tenders Gifts

The Bane Tenders know how other Garou feel about them. They believe that they are unjustly suspected of taint when they sacrifice everything to keep horrors bound in sleep beneath the earth. Therefore, they hold their secrets clutched to them as tightly as a miser squeezes his coins. They teach these Gifts to no one outside their camp.

• **Strength of the Guardian (Level Three)** — This Gift provides Bane Tenders with extra power when attempting to bind or destroy a Bane (or other troublesome spirit) or keep it locked within its bindings. This is usually used against a Bane that the Garou is responsible for overseeing. Occasionally, another Bane Tender will be overcome, and the Garou must use this to regain control of the newly loosed Bane. Even more rare are those instances when the Garou is asked to locate and bind a particular Bane. This Gift is never used simply to overcome a Bane met by chance. It is too costly. The power gained lasts for the duration of the battle or scene. The Gift is taught by a Wolf-spirit.

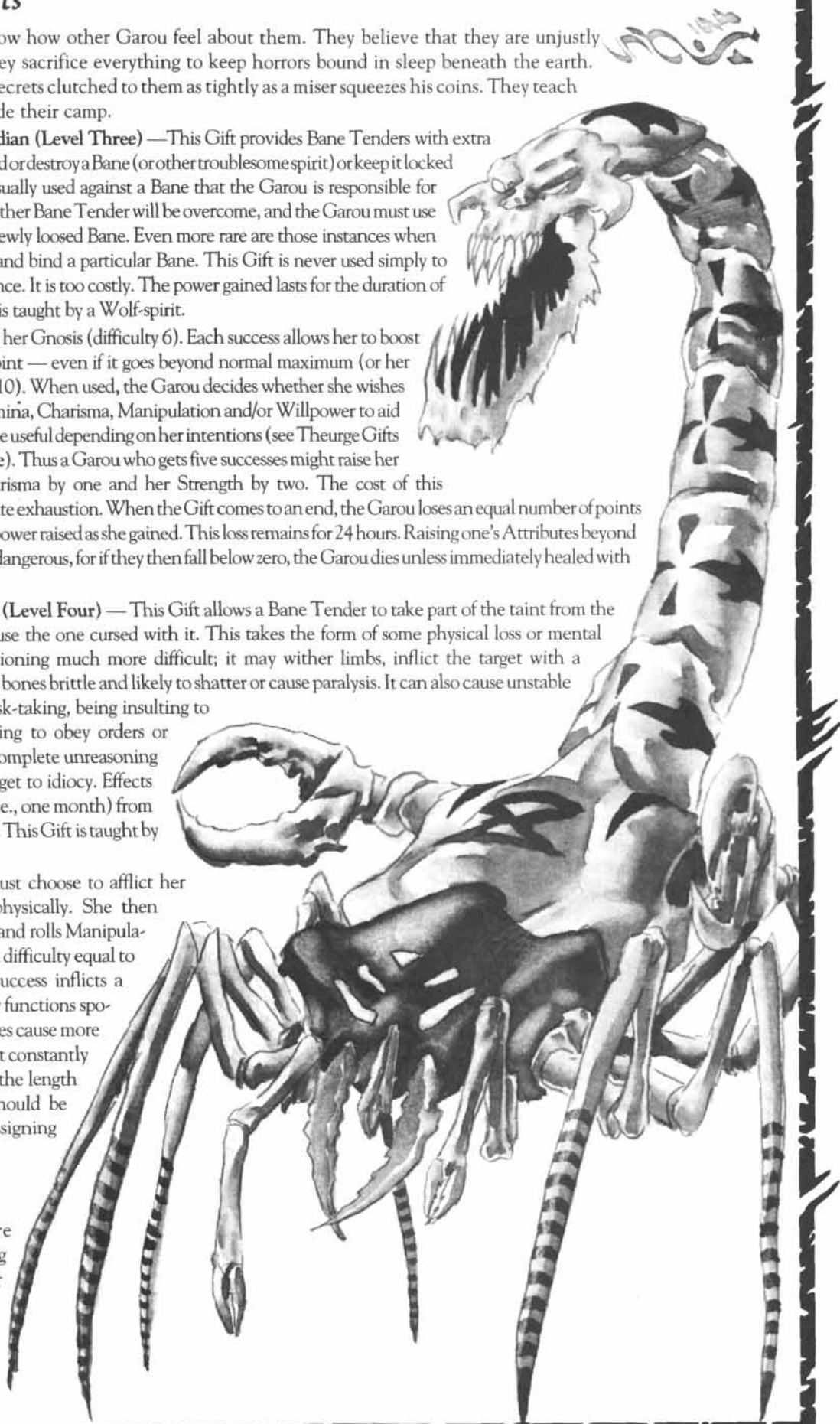
System: The player rolls her Gnosis (difficulty 6). Each success allows her to boost a chosen Attribute by one point — even if it goes beyond normal maximum (or her Willpower to a maximum of 10). When used, the Garou decides whether she wishes to increase her Strength, Stamina, Charisma, Manipulation and/or Willpower to aid her in her battle. Each might be useful depending on her intentions (see *Theurge Gifts in Werewolf: the Apocalypse*). Thus a Garou who gets five successes might raise her Willpower by two, her Charisma by one and her Strength by two. The cost of this overexertion is a commensurate exhaustion. When the Gift comes to an end, the Garou loses an equal number of points from the Attributes and Willpower raised as she gained. This loss remains for 24 hours. Raising one's Attributes beyond their normal doubling is very dangerous, for if they then fall below zero, the Garou dies unless immediately healed with Mother's Touch.

• **Curse of Corruption (Level Four)** — This Gift allows a Bane Tender to take part of the taint from the Bane he is guarding and infuse the one cursed with it. This takes the form of some physical loss or mental instability that makes functioning much more difficult; it may wither limbs, inflict the target with a permanent nausea, make her bones brittle and likely to shatter or cause paralysis. It can also cause unstable personality quirks (foolish risk-taking, being insulting to those of greater rank, refusing to obey orders or cooperate with one's pack, complete unreasoning cowardice) or reduce the target to idiocy. Effects last for one full lunar cycle (i.e., one month) from the time the curse is inflicted. This Gift is taught by an Incarna avatar.

System: The Garou must choose to afflict her target either mentally or physically. She then spends two points of Gnosis and rolls Manipulation + Intimidation (versus a difficulty equal to her target's Gnosis). One success inflicts a minor effect or one that only functions sporadically, while more successes cause more serious afflictions or ones that constantly affect the target throughout the length of the curse. Storytellers should be creative, but fair when assigning curses.

Skywalkers Gift

The Skywalkers are happy to teach the following Gift to any fellow Uktena or Wendigo.



• **Umbral Compass (Level Two)** — This Gift helps Garou cross the Gauntlet and traverse the Umbra more easily. Once in the Umbra, the Gift helps the Garou orient herself so she has less chance of becoming lost or confused as to where she is. Further, it seems to urge the Garou toward a direction she needs to travel. Thus, if something terrible is happening in the Umbra, use of this Gift will point the Garou right toward it. This could be a good thing or very inconvenient and potentially deadly, depending on the Garou's point of view and her ability to talk or fight her way out of difficult situations. This Gift is taught by a Bird-spirit.

System: The player rolls Perception + Survival (difficulty 7). A single success allows the Garou to lower the difficulty of crossing the Gauntlet by one and to find her way through the Umbra with little difficulty. If she then needs guidance while in the Umbra, she may roll her Gnosis (difficulty 6) to find her way. Should the Garou using Umbral Compass botch her roll to cross through the Gauntlet, she is allowed to make a single Gnosis roll (difficulty 8) to escape the effects of the botch. Failure on this roll means the botch takes effect as normal, while a botch makes the "caught" Garou difficult for others to find and free.

Scouts Gift

The Scouts keep this Gift to themselves.

• **Fast Track (Level One)** — This Gift strengthens the Garou's stamina and allows her to travel much more quickly than would normally be possible. Using the Gift allows the Garou to determine the path of least resistance, so she can move from one place to another with great speed and less interference. While not a replacement for a Moon Bridge, Fast Track lets the Garou continue traveling long past the time she would normally become exhausted. She can effectively make a forced march that covers three times the distance she would normally cover in the same amount of time and arrive no more tired than usual. This Gift is taught by a Bear-spirit.

System: The player must roll Stamina + Athletics (difficulty 7) and spend a point of Gnosis. A single success allows the Garou to make a forced quick-march by trotting at a ground-covering pace that does not exhaust her. This Gift is not meant to make the Garou a speed-demon, and cannot be used to escape pursuit or pursue fleeing foes by running faster. It can be used for those purposes if it is a matter of outlasting pursuers or pursued.

Wyld Children Gift

Wyld Children use this Gift with glee and teach it to anyone who asks who is not too tainted by Weaver or Wyrn energy.

• **Call Forth the Wyld (Level Four)** — Using this Gift, a Garou can summon the Wyld in its raw essence to disrupt the manifestations of the Weaver. This energy must be concentrated to interfere with the working of machinery or technological items to be effective. Unlike the Homid Gift of Jam Technology, Call Forth the Wyld permanently disrupts the devices it affects. Barring costly repairs and replacement of

fizzled parts, the item will never work properly again. Not that the items cease to function; they just work in an odd and unforeseen manner. Rather than merely creating a glitch, this Gift actually disrupts Weaver energy by overpowering it with the chaos of the Wyld. Devices may function in reverse of normal (clocks run backward, cars only drive in reverse, computers print out information upside down) or may function in some totally random manner (guns explode when used; missiles reprogram themselves to hit a random target after initiating their own countdown and firing sequence; cars only function underwater). Creative anarchy should reign. Obviously, this Gift can be highly dangerous.

System: The player must roll Manipulation + Repair (difficulty 6) and spend a Gnosis point to use the Gift. One success is sufficient to discombobulate most small technological devices. Storytellers may require more successes or higher difficulty levels to affect larger or more complex targets.

Rites

Rite of Adoption (Accord)

Level Two

This rite brings a Garou from another tribe into the Uktena fold. A candidate for the Rite of Adoption must first undergo a period of testing by a council of Uktena elders from the sept she wishes to join. Similar in nature to the rigors of the Rite of Passage, these tests allow the council to assess the sincerity of her decision and her commitment to her new tribe. The actual rite consists of a ceremony in which the petitioner renounces her old tribe and casts aside any outward symbols of her previous membership, including tribe-specific fetishes and talens. In the presence of all participants in the Rite of Adoption, the candidate changes into Crinos form, symbolic of her First Change. The witnesses then proclaim her a "new Uktena," choose a name for her and welcome her into the tribe as a cub.

System: A Garou who undergoes this rite begins again as Rank One, with appropriate adjustments in Renown. Although she may retain any Gifts she has learned previous to changing tribes, she must refrain from using any Gifts specific to her old tribe until she has learned an equivalent number of Uktena Gifts. Until she attains Rank Two, her actions are carefully monitored by her new tribemates, and any lapses meet with swift and harsh punishment. Too many regressions to the ways of her old tribe may result in banishing her from the tribe, thus making her an outcast (or Ronin).

Rite of Invitation to the Ancestors (Mystic)

Level Four

This rite, used in connection with the Spirit's Horse Gift, prepares a gathering of Uktena for the entry of an Ancestor-spirit into their midst. The performance of the Rite of Invitation to the Ancestors involves songs and dances honoring the tribe's ancestors and heroes as well as the offering of food and

drink to symbolize the actual physical pleasures the spirit will experience if she consents to make an appearance. If this is used by itself, without invoking the Spirit's Horse Gift, it becomes a simple thanksgiving rite.

System: No rolls are necessary for this rite, but some participants sacrifice Gnosis as an offering to the ancestors.

Rite of Bane Binding (Mystic)

Level Five

This powerful rite has served the Uktena over the centuries as a means for imprisoning Banes too powerful to destroy or banish entirely. Used only as a last resort, the rigors of performing this rite often result in death or permanent maiming of those who participate in it.

System: The ritemaster leads the participating Garou through a series of steps meant to surround and subdue the targeted Bane. Once this is accomplished, all the participants sacrifice Gnosis in order for the ritemaster to construct a netlike web of Gnosis which envelops the Bane and renders it dormant and immobile. Individuals who exhaust their Gnosis must spend Willpower and then Stamina until enough power has accumulated for the success of the rite. Some Garou have been known to dance themselves to death during the performance of the rite.

At the culmination of the binding, the ritemaster rolls Wits + Rituals (difficulty 9; for every 20 points of combined Gnosis, Willpower and Stamina contributed by the participants, the difficulty is lowered by one to a minimum of two). A single success successfully creates a Bane-prison, while additional successes add to the strength of the binding. A botch on this roll indicates the ritemaster's immediate and (occasionally explosive) death. All participating Garou must roll their current Stamina (difficulty 9). Only one success is necessary to survive this demanding rite. Any who fail this roll succumb to the rigors of the rite, their lives consumed as a sacrifice to their dedication.

Fetishes

Dragon Klaive

Level 5, Gnosis 5

This Asian klaive has its hilt shaped in the form of a dragon's maw (in honor of the Asian personification of Uktena). The wielder may use it as a normal klaive, and may also expend one of the Dragon Klaive's Gnosis to shoot fire from its hilt (five dice of aggravated damage). Once all the dragon's fire has been used, it can be replaced by bathing the klaive in clear water under Luna's light for two weeks. If even one night is missed, the whole process must be repeated.

The Dancing Path: Hedge Magic

Uktena are noted for their sorcerous ways and the group known as Path Dancers provides ample evidence of why they are. Because of their deep affinity for secrets and sorcery, Uktena who are willing to join the Path Dancers may choose to learn Hedge Magic along with their usual Gifts. Those who swear their allegiance to this group are taught magic by other practitioners within the group. Path Dancers surrender a small portion of themselves to the group, forming a close bond that supersedes all other bondings save that of the Uktena's bond to Gaia Herself and to her most treasured packmates. Secrets revealed to members of the group may never be revealed to any outsiders on pain of expulsion from their ranks (and often, worse penalties). It isn't wise to piss off other Garou who are also hedge wizards in their spare time.

One reason the Path Dancers are so secretive is the distrust and revulsion toward witchcraft shown by most of the Native American tribal societies they spring from. Though Uktena of African, Hispanic or Asian heritage do not labor under the same difficulty, they share their native counterparts' caution about revealing themselves too openly. Most magicians, with the exception of Dreamspeakers, are seen by Native Americans as witches, evil people who seek to harm others or who are more interested in gaining payment for their services than in helping those in need. A very few members of the Path Dancers have sold their souls in return for Dark Sorcery and demonic Investments. Their selfish and destructive actions have cast further suspicion on those who join the Path Dancers, but these witches are in a strict minority and weeded out when discovered. Still, many of the Paths that are part of Hedge Magic skirt the very edge of tumbling into Dark Sorcery (the Path of Cursing springs to mind), imbuing their practitioners with a sinister aura and shaky reputation.

In game terms, Path Dancers agree to forfeit one point of experience per game as their "bonding" cost. This allows them access to any of the Paths of Hedge Magic as detailed in the **Mage: the Ascension** supplements **World of Darkness: Sorcerer** and **Ascension's Right Hand**, and the **Wraith: the Oblivion** supplement **The Quick and the Dead**. Dark Sorcery and demonic Investments may be found in **Mage's The Book of Madness** and **Vampire's Storyteller's Handbook to the Sabbat**.

Though unable to use the Sphere magick of true mages, Path Dancers can adjust their already-Awakened selves to an affinity with this "static" sorcery. While not as adaptable as Sphere magick, hedge magic is still a potent tool. It does not invoke Paradox, but it is also not often a "quick-fix" to be pulled out when combat gets rough either.

Practitioners must learn specific spells and perform whatever rituals are required to bring those spells into being (usually dancing, chanting, the burning of special herbs, shaking rattles or beating a drum, though sometimes elaborate preparations such as drawing a circle of power or a warding box and blessing it with water, herb and candle are required). Those who wish to practice hedge magic must pay the normal costs minus one point (the experience sacrificed to the group) to do so.

Bane Lock

Level 5, Gnosis 8+

This fetish most often resembles a sand painting or a small clay sculpture. Some look more like medicine bags, while others appear to be nothing more than strangely shaped or painted small stones. Bane Locks are used to capture powerful friendly spirits. Applied to Bane-prisons, the locks then act to counteract the strength of the Bane within them. In essence, the fetish creates a balance between the two spirits, holding each in check. To be effective, however, the Bane Lock must be worn or carried by a Garou willing to act as the Bane's keeper. Few Garou know of these powerful fetishes; those who do know rarely consider them "savory," for the friendly spirits bound within them are not always willing participants.

Scarification

Level 1 or 2, Gnosis 5

These permanent fetishes are unlike most others. Taken from African practices, the patterns of scarification link a willing spirit to the Garou. The patterning is done by means of a silver needle and is quite painful. Scarification fetishes allow the Garou so marked to utilize any single Level One or Level Two Gift. There is no Gnosis cost to use any Gift bestowed upon the Garou in this fashion, though if the Gift usually calls for the expenditure of Rage or Willpower, the recipient must pay those costs normally. The pattern is representative of the spirit who usually teaches that Gift (for example, a pattern that allowed the Garou to learn the Level Two Metis Gift: Burrow would look like a mole, while one that gave her the Level One Ragabash Gift: Open Seal might resemble a raccoon). To gain more than one Gift, the Garou would have to have more scarification. Simply making the marks is not enough, even if made with silver; a willing spirit must power the fetish for it to be effective.

Totems

Totem of Wisdom

Frog

Background Cost: 4

Frog bridges the gap between water and land, between change and stability. She symbolizes transformation and adaptability, both great keys for survival. A

bringer of rain, to bless or curse, Frog holds within her tiny form great stores of power.

Traits: Frog grants her followers Swimming 1 or an additional dot in Swimming if the Skill is already possessed. In addition, Frog teaches her children the Gift: Sing Down the Rain. Frog's children also gain an additional dot in Dexterity rolls involving leaping or sudden movements.

Ban: Frog asks her children never to harm frogs or other amphibians and to seek to preserve the wetlands that are her earthly home.

Totem of Glory

Elephant

Background Cost: 4

Majestic and powerful, Elephant makes his enemies flee in terror, sometimes without even striking a blow. As one of the sacred animals of Africa and Asia, Elephant's presence among the Uktena symbolizes the tribe's expanded cultural underpinnings.

Traits: Elephant gives his children an additional dot in both Strength and Charisma. Elephant's followers also gain Leadership 1 and Intimidation 1. Because of his affinity for magic, Elephant's children make all Occult rolls at a -1 difficulty.

Ban: Elephant requires his children to prevent the destruction of his species and to hunt down known traffickers in the illegal ivory trade. Elephant forbids his children to wear or carry items made from elephants' tusks.

Totem of Cunning

Roadrunner

Background Cost: 3

Preternaturally quick, Roadrunner relies on her speed to carry her far from danger. Rapidity of movement implies an equal fleetness of mind, so Roadrunner embodies the ability to think quickly and to change course in midstream without a misstep.

Traits: Roadrunner grants her followers an additional dot in Intelligence. In addition she gives her children Enigmas 1 or an additional dot in that Knowledge if already possessed.

Ban: Roadrunner forbids her children to hunt roadrunners. She also asks her followers to protect desert habitats.

Appendix Two: Uktena's Children

Although most Uktena come from Native American stock, many other cultures give rise to Gaia's most curious tribe — African, Asian and other dispossessed people. Though all are seen by other tribes as untrustworthy sorcerers, there is actually great diversity among them. All, however, are insatiably curious.

One misconception prevalent among most other Garou is that the Uktena are all old-fashioned, that they somehow lack abilities which allow them to be effective in the modern world. Nothing could be further from the truth. With their overwhelming thirst for uncovering secrets and their penchant for turning the Wyrn's own tricks against its minions, the Uktena are some of the most innovative and deadly Garou around.

Professional Chief

Quote: Welcome, pale-face. May the Great Spirit bring you luck in all your endeavors. Slot machines are to your left as you enter. Bingo cards are five dollars each.

Prelude: You grew up on the reservation, where your family owned a small shop that sold "authentic Indian" trinkets to the tourists who came in droves to gawk at men in feathered headdresses and women in beaded buckskin skirts. You hated it when people stared at you as if you were some sort of living relic. Someday, you told yourself, you'd get even with them all.

When you were 12, they came for you — a group of proud young men and women from deep within the reservation where tourists didn't go. They took you from your family and led you through your First Change and your Rite of Passage. They taught you about the ways of your tribe, the Uktena, but the spirits of Raven and Coyote taught you how to get even with the white man.

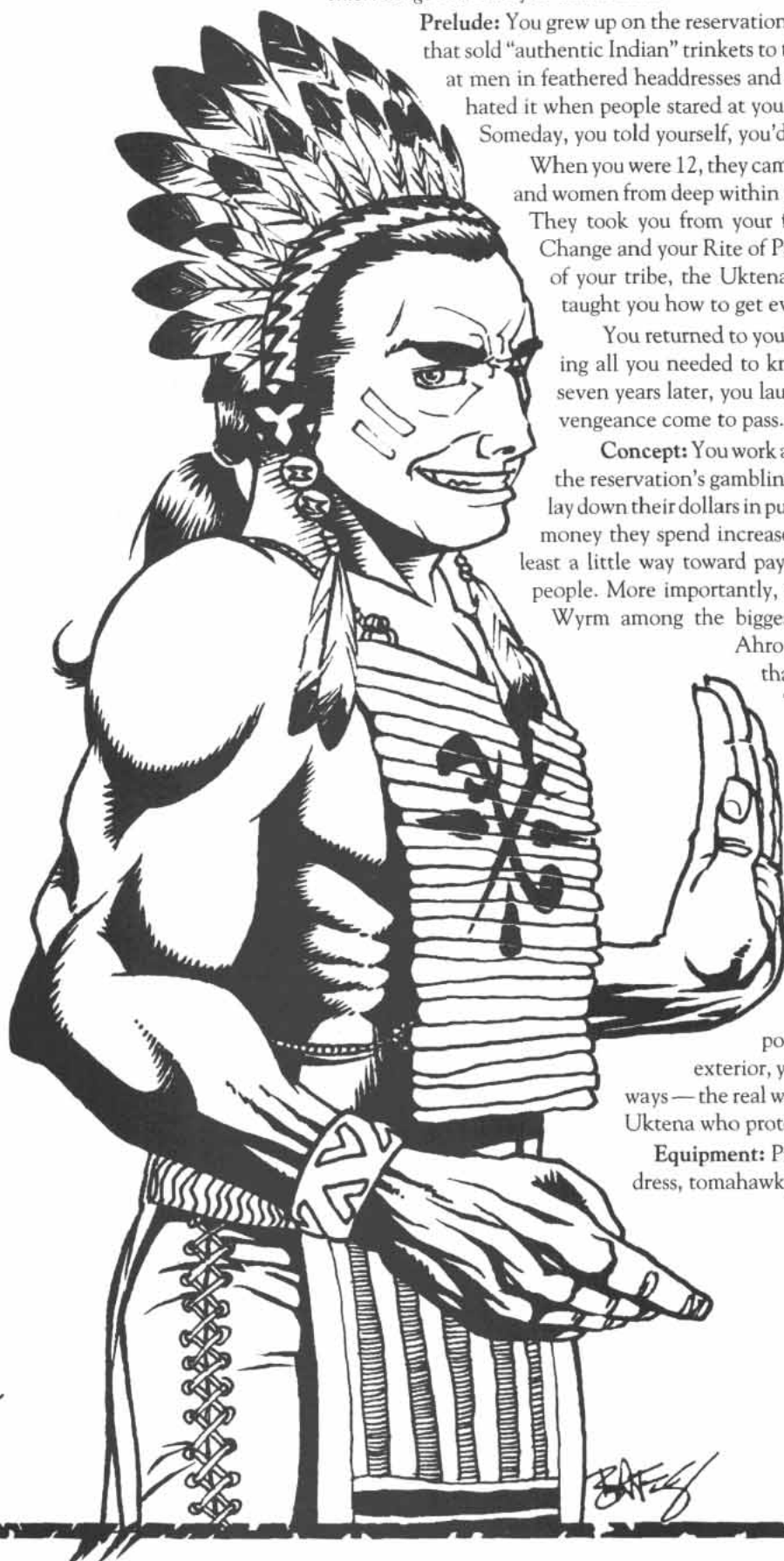
You returned to your tourist-trap home and set about learning all you needed to know to put your plans underway. Now, seven years later, you laugh inside as you watch your schemes of vengeance come to pass.

Concept: You work as a "professional chief," standing outside the reservation's gambling casino luring gullible tourists inside to lay down their dollars in pursuit of the big payoff. You know that the money they spend increases the income of your tribe and goes at least a little way toward paying back all that was stolen from your people. More importantly, you occasionally identify agents of the Wyrms among the biggest spenders. You mark them for your

Ahroun and Theurge friends, who see to it that they never make it home from their "weekend on the rez." In addition, you indulge in a little petty crime, running scams and cons on casino patrons. After all, why else would Gaia have made you a Trickster?

Roleplaying Hints: As a Ragabash, you revel in pulling one over on the sons and daughters of the Wyrmbearers. Glad-handing and posturing in your "chief" costume, you laugh behind your war paint as the slot-machines eat their way through the pockets of the tourists. Beneath your slick exterior, you harbor an abiding love for traditional ways — the real ways known only to your people and to the Uktena who protect them.

Equipment: Professional "chief" gear (feathered headdress, tomahawk, fringed buckskin clothes)



UKTENA™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Homid*
Auspice: *Ragabash*
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Professional Chief*

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Dexterity ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stamina ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Social

Charisma ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Manipulation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Appearance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Mental

Perception ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intelligence ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Wits ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Athletics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Brawl ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Dodge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Empathy ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Expression ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intimidation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Primal-Urge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Streetwise ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Subterfuge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Skills

Animal Ken ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Drive ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Etiquette ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Firearms ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Leadership ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Performance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Repair ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Knowledges

Computer ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Enigmas ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Investigation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Law ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Linguistics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Medicine ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Occult ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Politics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Rituals ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Science ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Resources ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Rites ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gifts

Persuasion ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Open Seal ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Shroud ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gifts

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Renown

Glory

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Honor

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Wisdom

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Rank

Rage

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gnosis

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Willpower

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY:
BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED
WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Corporate Troublemaker

Quote: Let me get this straight. You say you don't know how that \$50,000 found its way into your bank account? I think these photos might jog your memory....

Prelude: While the other kids in your housing project were joining gangs and passing around drugs on the playground after school, your father made you stay home and crack the books. After a while, you found that you enjoyed studying — particularly African history and the civil rights movement. You also discovered detective novels, and soon you learned to figure out “whodunit” by the end of the first chapter.

Nothing prepared you for the night a group of drunken skinheads from the white projects down the street broke into your apartment and started trashing the place. Your father put up a fight, but one of the punks blew him away with a bullet to the head. That's when you forgot everything else but your anger. The world turned red, and you felt your body expanding to a monstrous size.

When you came back to yourself, you found yourself surrounded by the bloody remains of your attackers. You did the only thing you could do, and ran from the scene, leaving behind the shattered remnants of your life.

A few weeks later, the Uktena found you and claimed you as one of their own. After putting you through your Rite of Passage and teaching you a little bit about being a Theurge, they set you up with a family of Kinfolk who helped you make it through law school and assisted you in setting up your own private detective agency. Your father helped put you on the path to your dream; now, as a Garou, you have found a way to make it real.

Concept: You work as a private investigator, taking on cases for people and groups who can't otherwise afford the high cost of justice. You've taken on shady land developers, worked with activist lawyers to assemble evidence for civil rights grievance cases, and delved into the back-grounds of the faceless men who promote racial and ethnic hatred among the poor people of your town. As you work, you look for signs of the Wurm — and they are everywhere. Your Theurge Gifts make it easy for you to spot agents of the Wurm, and deal with them as necessary.

Roleplaying Hints: Part private detective, part corporate troublemaker, you delight in exposing the Wurm's underbelly to the bright light of Gaia's truth. You are proud of your African heritage and prouder still of your Garou blood. Your father's death at the hands of bigoted puppets drives you to uncover just who is pulling their strings.

Equipment: Trenchcoat, battered fedora, 9mm pistol, 35mm camera with zoom lens, latest issue of *Alfred Hitchcock Mystery Magazine*



UKTENA™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Homid*
Auspice: *Therurge*
Camp: *Raiders*

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Corporate Troublemaker*

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●○○○
Dexterity ●●○○○
Stamina ●●○○○

Social

Charisma ●●○○○
Manipulation ●●○○○
Appearance ●●○○○

Mental

Perception ●●●○○
Intelligence ●●●○○
Wits ●●●○○

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ●●○○○
Athletics ○○○○○
Brawl ●●○○○
Dodge ●○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○
Expression ○○○○○
Intimidation ●○○○○
Primal-Urge ●○○○○
Streetwise ○○○○○
Subterfuge ●●○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ●○○○○
Drive ○○○○○
Etiquette ●○○○○
Firearms ●○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○
Melee ●○○○○
Performance ○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○
Stealth ●●○○○
Survival ○○○○○

Knowledges

Computer ●●○○○
Enigmas ●●○○○
Investigation ●●●○○
Law ●●●○○
Linguistics ●○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○
Occult ●○○○○
Politics ○○○○○
Rituals ●○○○○
Science ○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ●●○○○
Fetish ●○○○○
Rites ●●○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Persuasion
Sense Wyrms
Sense Magic
Spirit Speech

Gifts

Renown

Glory

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom

●●●○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Rank

Rage

●●○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

●●●●○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY:
BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED
WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Treasure Hunter

Quote: So there I was, trapped inside the hold of a Spanish galleon while the sharks were circling around me, and I'm looking for something shiny and reflective 300 feet below the surface of the sea...

Prelude: You always thought of yourself as a product of the great American melting pot — Irish and Spanish on your father's side, Mexican and Cherokee on your mother's. Your genes explained your olive complexion, blond hair and dark brown eyes, but they didn't account for your love of water or your fascination with hidden treasure.

You learned to swim before you could walk. By the time you were five, you'd conquered the deep end of the local Y's swimming pool. In high school, you led the swim team to a state championship during your freshman year.

When you weren't swimming, you were fantasizing about your other passion — pirate ships and sunken treasure. You devoured every book you could find on the rumors of ships lost beneath the waters off the Outer Banks and in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean.

Then it happened. Your First Change took you the summer before your sophomore year in high school, while you were visiting your uncle's lake house in the mountains. Terrified at your transformation into a monster, you fled to the woods outside the cabin. A group of people (including your uncle) was waiting for you, as if they expected your arrival. They told you about the rest of your heritage — the blood of the Uktena that mixed with your mother's Cherokee ancestry.

Your uncle and your mother, both Uktena Kinfolk, helped cover for you for the next three years, as you juggled living a "normal" life with learning more about your place in the tribe. You discovered that you were a Philodox, or Peacekeeper; for you, this meant that you would discover the truth behind all those hidden rumors you so longed to explore. As soon as you could, you gathered a pack around you who shared your love for exploration and dove headfirst into your new life.

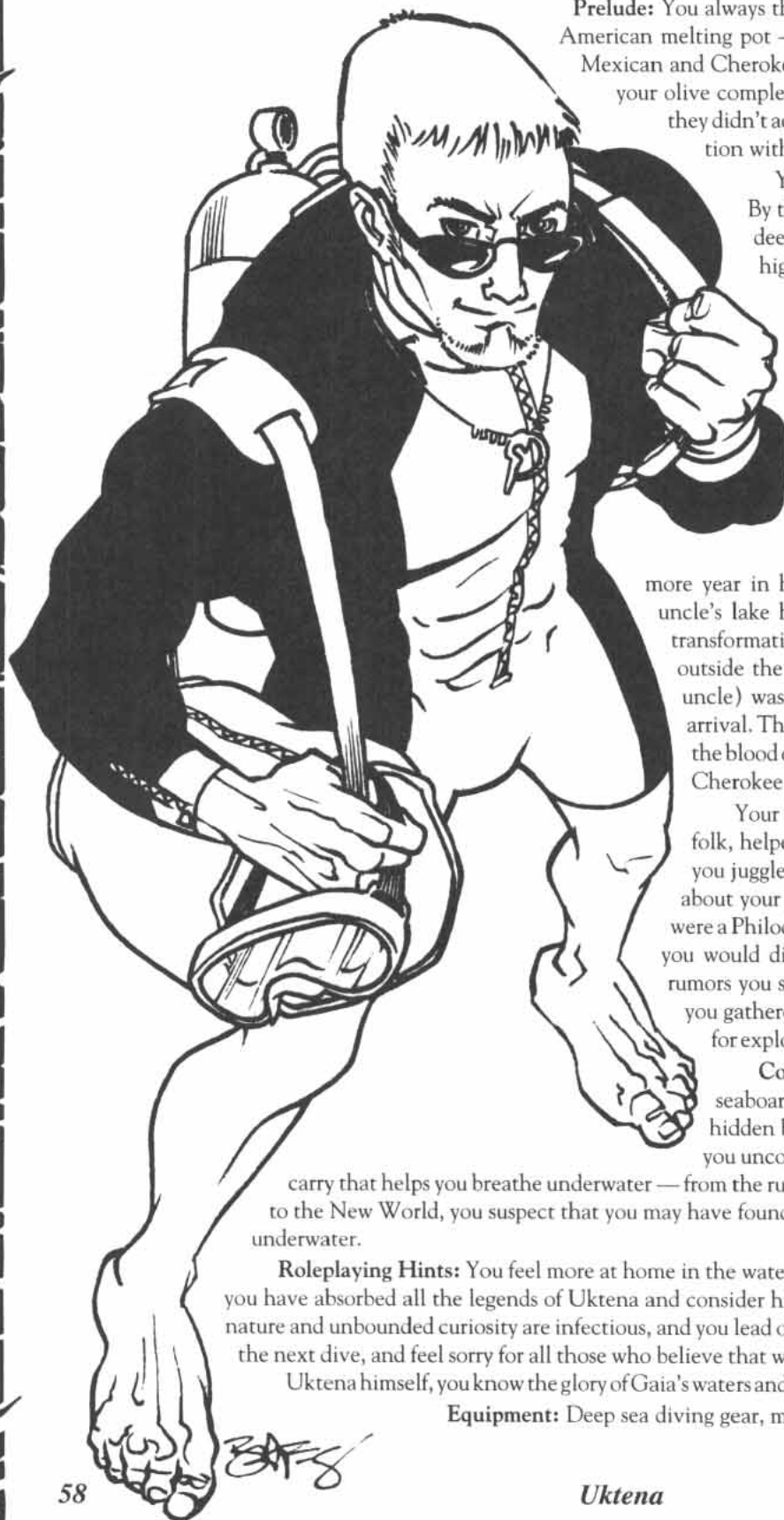
Concept: You and your pack roam the eastern seaboard and the Gulf coast, searching for treasure hidden beneath the ocean's surface. Not only have you uncovered a few fetishes — like the one you now

carry that helps you breathe underwater — from the ruins of ships that once carried Wyrmbearers to the New World, you suspect that you may have found some of the lost Bane-prisons, now buried underwater.

Roleplaying Hints: You feel more at home in the water than on the land. Since becoming Garou, you have absorbed all the legends of Uktena and consider him to be your personal totem. Your fearless nature and unbounded curiosity are infectious, and you lead others to believe in your dreams. You live for the next dive, and feel sorry for all those who believe that wolves are bound to the surface of Gaia. Like

Uktena himself, you know the glory of Gaia's waters and the secrets hidden deep beneath Her waves.

Equipment: Deep sea diving gear, maps of sunken treasure



UKTENA™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Homid*
Auspice: *Philodox*
Camp: *Scouts*

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Treasure Hunter*

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●○○○
Dexterity ●●○○○
Stamina ●●○○○

Social

Charisma ●●○○○
Manipulation ●○○○○
Appearance ●●○○○

Mental

Perception ●●○○○
Intelligence ●●○○○
Wits ●●○○○

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ●●○○○
Athletics ●●○○○
Brawl ●●○○○
Dodge ●○○○○
Empathy ●○○○○
Expression ○○○○○
Intimidation ○○○○○
Primal-Urge ●○○○○
Streetwise ○○○○○
Subterfuge ●○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ●○○○○
Drive ○○○○○
Etiquette ●○○○○
Firearms ○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○
Melee ●●○○○
Performance ○○○○○
Repair ●○○○○
Stealth ●●○○○
Survival ●●○○○

Knowledges

Computer ○○○○○
Enigmas ●●○○○
Investigation ●○○○○
Law ●○○○○
Linguistics ●○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○
Occult ○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○
Rituals ○○○○○
Science ○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

Fetish ●○○○○
Kinfolk ●●○○○
Resources ●●○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Smell of Man
Scent of the True Form
Truth of Gaia

Gifts

Renown

Glory

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor

●●●○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Rank

Rage

●●●○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

●●●○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●●●●○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY:
BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED
WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Apprentice Bane Singer

Quote: Hush, stop your muttering and let me sing. This is the howl I use to quiet the thing that lies asleep beneath you. Does that make you nervous? Good. Now leave me in peace.

Prelude: You were different from your littermates. The humans who came to visit you in your zoo habitat aroused your interest with their strange smells and jagged voices.

Your First Change made everything clear. The Uktena who came to you through the Umbra and took you to their sept taught you how to be both human and Garou. You already knew how to be wolf.

Of all the human things you learned, you enjoyed singing the most. Your songs — part howl, part croon — had a calming effect on all who heard them. That special knack drew the attention of the Bane Tenders. They enlisted you into their camp and trained you in the special skills you would need to follow their calling. They told you that because you did not grow up as a human you would not mind so much being away from civilization. You hope they're right.

Concept: You work with your Bane Tender mentor,

learning the importance of the work you will one day undertake by yourself. You have memorized the stories of how the Great Banes were bound, and you know how vital a purpose you serve. You have also seen how bitter and hard your teacher has become. Looking at her, you see your own future staring you in the face. It colors your howls with sadness and despair.

Roleplaying Hints: Your packmates don't know why you spend so much time away from them, and you don't intend to tell them about your secret studies. You throw yourself into everything you do, storing up memories to keep you company when you have to leave it all behind and chain yourself to one spot as the guardian of an imprisoned Bane. You don't look forward to that day, but you accept it because, as a wolf, you understand what it means to take your proper place in the scheme of things.

Equipment:
Claws, talons, voice



UKTENA™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Lupus*
Auspice: *Galliard*
Camp: *Bane Tenders*

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Bane Singer*

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐☐☐☐☐
Dexterity ☐☐☐☐☐
Stamina ☐☐☐☐☐

Social

Charisma ☐☐☐☐☐
Manipulation ☐☐☐☐☐
Appearance ☐☐☐☐☐

Mental

Perception ☐☐☐☐☐
Intelligence ☐☐☐☐☐
Wits ☐☐☐☐☐

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ☐☐☐☐☐
Athletics ☐☐☐☐☐
Brawl ☐☐☐☐☐
Dodge ☐☐☐☐☐
Empathy ☐☐☐☐☐
Expression ☐☐☐☐☐
Intimidation ☐☐☐☐☐
Primal-Urge ☐☐☐☐☐
Streetwise ☐☐☐☐☐
Subterfuge ☐☐☐☐☐

Skills

Animal Ken ☐☐☐☐☐
Drive ☐☐☐☐☐
Etiquette ☐☐☐☐☐
Firearms ☐☐☐☐☐
Leadership ☐☐☐☐☐
Melee ☐☐☐☐☐
Performance ☐☐☐☐☐
Repair ☐☐☐☐☐
Stealth ☐☐☐☐☐
Survival ☐☐☐☐☐

Knowledges

Computer ☐☐☐☐☐
Enigmas ☐☐☐☐☐
Investigation ☐☐☐☐☐
Law ☐☐☐☐☐
Linguistics ☐☐☐☐☐
Medicine ☐☐☐☐☐
Occult ☐☐☐☐☐
Politics ☐☐☐☐☐
Rituals ☐☐☐☐☐
Science ☐☐☐☐☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Mentor ☐☐☐☐☐
Past Life ☐☐☐☐☐
Pure Breed ☐☐☐☐☐
Rites ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Gifts

Heightened Senses
Call of the Wyld
Sense Magic

Gifts

Renown Glory

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rank

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rage

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY:
BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED
WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Umbral Seeker

Quote: What are you looking at? That's an arm. It doesn't work, but my other one more than makes up for it. Step into the Umbra with me, and I'll show you what I mean.

Prelude: Your parents defied the Litany and gave birth to you within the caern. The sept decided that in these troubled days Gaia needed all her defenders, so they let you — and your parents — live. Despite your twisted arm, you have managed to live up to your Ahroun nature, learning how to fight with one hand and to use your strength to compensate for your other deficiencies. You have had to try twice as hard as other Uktena to overcome the shame of your birth and your parents' disgrace. You have succeeded.

The Skywalkers gave you a chance to escape the worst of your tribe's derision. The spirits you encounter in the Umbra do not seem to mind your physical deformity or your shameful birth. They accept — or reject — you on your own merits.

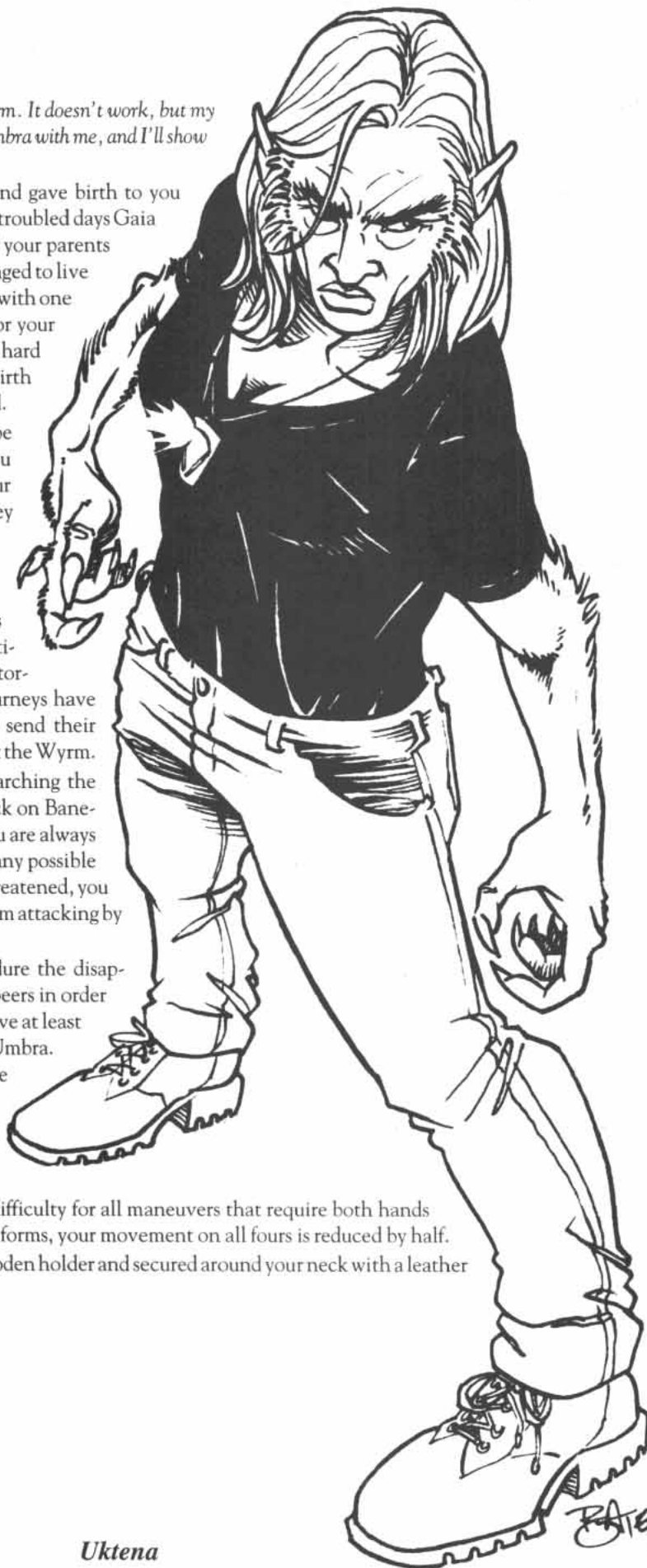
You spend as little time as possible in the physical world, preferring the far reaches of the Umbra, with its never-ending mysteries and its enigmatic inhabitants, to the scorn of your "legitimate" tribemates. In fact, some of the Ancestor-spirits you have encountered on your spirit-journeys have claimed you as their own. Occasionally, they send their memories to you to aid you in your battles against the Wyrn.

Concept: You are an Umbral traveler, searching the spirit world for spirit allies and leading your pack on Bane-hunting expeditions. Like other Skywalkers, you are always on the lookout for clues that might lead you to any possible survivors of the Croatan. When your caern is threatened, you act as Umbral guardian, preventing intruders from attacking by surprise from the Near Umbra.

Roleplaying Hints: You have had to endure the disapproval of tribal elders and the mockery of your peers in order to make it to your current position. Now, you have at least some respect for your accomplishments in the Umbra. You have accepted the mark of Gaia's displeasure with as good a grace as you can muster, but you refuse to let the circumstances of your birth prevent you from gaining the Renown you deserve as a warrior of the Deep Umbra.

Metis Disfigurement: Twisted arm. The difficulty for all maneuvers that require both hands or arms is increased by two. In Hispo and Lupus forms, your movement on all fours is reduced by half.

Equipment: A sliver of mirror set into a wooden holder and secured around your neck with a leather thong, dedicated clothing



UKTENA™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Metis*
Auspice: *Ahroun*
Camp: *Skywalkers*

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Umbral Seeker*

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Dexterity ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stamina ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Social

Charisma ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Manipulation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Appearance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Mental

Perception ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intelligence ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Wits ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Athletics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Brawl ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Dodge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Empathy ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Expression ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Intimidation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Primal-Urge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Streetwise ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Subterfuge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Skills

Animal Ken ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Drive ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Etiquette ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Firearms ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Leadership ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Performance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Repair ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Knowledges

Computer ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Enigmas ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Investigation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Law ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Linguistics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Medicine ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Occult ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Politics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Rituals ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Science ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Past Life ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Rites ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gifts

Create Element ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Razor Claws ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Sense Magic ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Sense Wyrm ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gifts

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Renown

Glory
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Honor

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Wisdom

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Rank

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Rage

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gnosis

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Willpower

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY:
BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED
WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Appendix Three: Elder Brothers and Wise Sisters

Dancing Star

Some of the oldest Uktena songs tell the story of Dancing Star, whose explorations of the Deep Umbra set a standard for other Uktena to follow. The Skywalkers claim this bold Theurge as their founder, revering her as second only to Gaia.

Unlike most Garou, Dancing Star learned to travel the Umbra not only by stepping sideways or entering onto a Moon Bridge, but by sending her spirit soaring through the other world while her body remained fixed in the physical realm. Some say she learned the Gift of Astral Mind from a Stargazer she met during one of her Umbral journeys; others insist that she bargained for the Gift with one of the strange inhabitants of the Deep Umbra.

Leaving her body behind as an anchor, Dancing Star's spirit traveled further and further into the uncharted — and some say unchartable — realms of the Wyld. Her descriptions of the places she had seen and the creatures she encountered there served as the basis for much of the Uktena's knowledge of the Deep Umbra.

As she wandered the great Western desert, seeking hidden places to use as shelters for her body while she sent her spirit traveling, Dancing Star sometimes encountered Coyote, Buzzard, Raven and other totem spirits.

Raven warned Dancing Star that the paths she followed in the Umbra contained dangers even she could not imagine, and that if she were not cautious, she would meet



her end in some far-off place, unable to return to her body. Dancing Star's reply to Raven lives on in one of her many songs: "My spirit will return to Gaia in its own season, no matter where my body stands."

Another story tells of Dancing Star's final journey, and how Raven and Buzzard discovered her body standing rigid in the desert, her staff clutched in one hand. For three years they watched as she stood, unmoving. How Coyote won his bet with Buzzard by kicking at Dancing Star's staff, thus bringing her desiccated body crumbling down on top of him forms the heart of "The Death Song of Dancing Star," sung by Skywalker Galliards at their private moots.

Many Uktena believe that Dancing Star's spirit still roams the Deep Umbra, giving aid to fellow Skywalkers and leading lost Umbral travelers to safety while telling them of her latest exploits. One legend credits her with bringing the first hints of the Storm Eater's presence to the Uktena.

Skywalkers believe that Dancing Star's spirit rides the comets that circle the Earth and claim that, when a meteor falls to earth, she returns briefly to touch Gaia's face and remember her mortal life. Though many Uktena have attempted to contact Dancing Star through the Rite of Invitation to the Ancestors, she has yet to answer them. Many believe that she does not hear their call from within the Deep Umbra. Others claim that Dancing Star is waiting for the right moment to bring back news to the Uktena of the coming Apocalypse.

Grimscowl Bisonbreath

Those who discount the Uktena as fighters have never heard the tales of Grimscowl Bisonbreath, the greatest of Uktena Ahroun. Despite the bindings that trapped the Pure Lands' most powerful Banes, a few lesser Wyrms-creatures still roamed the isolated canyons and deep forests of the American continents. Grimscowl became their fiercest predator.

Many of the stories surrounding Grimscowl come from the cycle of songs crafted by Howls-Her-Brothers'-Glory, a Galliard who accompanied Grimscowl throughout his career. If even half of Howls' tales are true, the landscape of the Near Umbra should be littered with spirit-tombstones marked "Here Lies Another Bane, Fallen to the Talons of Grimscowl Bisonbreath."

The most famous tale concerning Grimscowl relates his discovery of a network of caverns extending across the Pure Lands all the way to its western shore. Entering that complex warren with his packmates, Grimscowl ranged along its entire length, uncovering a lair of Black Spiral Dancers who had traveled to the Pure Lands through Umbral pathways. In the last cavern, Grimscowl discovered an old, withered Dancer crouched over an opening in the ground, mumbling an indecipherable chant. It was not until after Grimscowl slew his unwary foe that the Ahroun discovered the reason for his enemy's presence in the cavern's heart. Beneath his



feet, a sleeping giantess stirred, roused by the cessation of the songs that had kept her dormant for many years.

Grimscowl took the place of the dead Black Spiral Dancer, lifting his cracked voice in song to quiet the giantess and keep her from shaking the Earth with her mighty steps. The stories say that Gaia made Grimscowl immortal, simultaneously punishing him for his rash behavior and blessing him for his responsible atonement.

Grimscowl Bisonbreath is a favorite hero among Bane Tender Ahrouns, serving as an example to those who claim that only Theurges can take on the grueling task of guardianship of the Pure Lands' Bane-prisons.

Old Red Eagle

Some say that there were two moons in the sky when Old Red Eagle entered the world. Marked by Luna's Crescent as a Theurge, Old Red Eagle's imaginative and innovative approaches to magic have endeared him to many Uktena Ragabashes, who claim him as a Trickster masquerading as a Medicine Wolf.

As a young Theurge, Old Red Eagle (then called simply Red Eagle) traveled in the company of Grimscowl Bisonbreath and Howls-Her-Brothers'-Glory. Many of his admirers claim that not a few of the victories attributed to Grimscowl actually came about through Old Red Eagle's supportive Gifts.



Proud Speaker, Teacher of the Ignorant

Even after his First Change, Proud Speaker remained close to his human Kinfolk. As a Galliard, he learned the songs and stories of his human and Uktena ancestors, taking great delight in the thought that he formed a link between past and future. Then the Europeans arrived in his ancestral lands, imposing their ways and customs (not to mention their towns and railroads) upon the native people or displacing them altogether. The Garou that accompanied the newcomers exhibited the same carelessness and arrogance as the humans; worse, they disrupted the very fabric of the Umbra as they swept through the land.

Unlike many Uktena, however, Proud Speaker decided that the newcomers, for the most part, acted as they did because they did not understand the consequences of their behavior. Recognizing that the European Garou would not be driven away by force or subtlety, Proud Speaker embarked on a visionquest to discover how best to deal with the intruders.

Three days later, he returned to his sept. He had seen with his own eyes the chaos that threatened the stability of the Umbra, and had learned from the spirits he encountered there what he must do. He would become an emissary to the European Garou, bringing them the knowledge of the right ways.

After leaving Grimsowl's company, Old Red Eagle came into his own as a hero of the Uktena. Ryn Ap Bleidd, a Fianna Galliard who spent much of his life compiling the great songs of the Garou, has published one of Old Red Eagle's exploits under the title "The Quest of Cleansing" (see *Garou Saga: Who's Who Among Werewolves*).

Old Red Eagle's most notable accomplishment lay in his use of what he called "sideways magic," and it is this deliberate breaking of the rules of Garou practices that give the Ragabash their claim upon him. In his unorthodox methods of drawing down the power of Gaia, Old Red Eagle exemplified the Native American traditions of the "contraries" — shamans who customarily invoked their medicine through reversing their normal behaviors.

His search for new ways to infuse himself with magic led Old Red Eagle down increasingly strange roads until he finally disappeared from sight. Many Garou claim he became one of the Wyld Children, while others whisper that his spirit fell into more sinister ways, drawing him downward into the Wyrn-ridden madness which has claimed too many of Uktena's most talented Theurges.

Whatever his true end, his lessons and deeds in service to Gaia, his tribe and his Kinfolk have earned for him a place of eternal honor in the legends of the Uktena.



Proud Speaker's vision led him to the Silver Fang Isaiah Morningkill, and the two gathered a pack around them. With his new companions, Proud Speaker traveled throughout the Savage West, confronting the minions of the Wyrn and the Storm Eater. Proud Speaker's lore often made the difference between defeat and victory for his pack. In addition, his knowledge of the land and his obvious survival skills proved useful to his companions, who soon found themselves imitating their Uktena packmate in many ways.

Although few European Garou know the full story of Isaiah Morningkill's pack and its gallant battle against the Storm Eater, the Uktena remember Proud Speaker's part in that tragic and heroic undertaking. The teller of tales and singer of songs has, himself, become part of the body of legends he so revered.

Lupe Proudwalker, "Speaks-for-the-Forgotten-Ones"

Since her First Change, Lupe Proudwalker distinguished herself as a spokeswoman for equal rights, women's issues, conservationist groups and Native American restitution movements. Her direct and passionate speeches at rallies throughout the United States have inspired her listeners in the struggle against the corrupt practices that deprive whole populations of their rights and destroy the few remaining areas of unspoiled wilderness. Many who have fallen under the spell of her words speak also of her feral grace and

primitive beauty. Indeed, they should, for Lupe Proudwalker's unusual appeal comes, at least in part, from her wolf ancestors.

Born as a lupus among a pack of wolves hidden by the Uktena of the southwestern desert, Lupe felt amazement and delight at discovering how to walk on two legs and imitate the strange customs of humans. Unlike most wolf-born Garou, Lupe embarked upon a crash course in human behavior. What she learned both pleased and appalled her. Since awakening to her Garou heritage, Lupe has embraced both sides of her dual nature.

She sees her duty as a Lawgiver to speak out for all of Gaia's downtrodden, whether human or animal. Thus, she acts as an advocate for many groups—all of whom are equal in her eyes.

Lupe's fame has not made her welcome in the halls of power, however. Her name appears on Pentex hit lists and in FBI files. Targeted as a "reality deviant" by agents of the New World Order, she has often had to escape into the Umbra to avoid their attentions. Other groups, including right-wing extremists and moral majority advocates, claim that she is a "foreign agent" corrupting the ethics of America's young.

In some ways, they're right. Lupe seeks out disaffected youths and injects in them a new attitude, enlisting them in her own campaigns to bring together all Gaia's forgotten children into an army of rebuilders.

Broken Medicine

Born at the same time as the 20th century, 10 years after the slaughter at Wounded Knee and the sacrifice of the 13 who bound the Storm Eater, Broken Medicine's true name has been lost. He was the late-born son of one of Goyanthlay's followers. A Bedonkohe Apache who left his tribe to become a leader among other, more militant Apaches, Goyanthlay is better known as Geronimo. Brought up on tales of the Chiricahua Apache braves, Broken Medicine wanted to become a great warrior and return his people's freedom. Though he worked to learn the warlike arts, rebellion deserted the Apache with Geronimo's death in 1909; few had the heart to even try to train him.

Disgusted that he had been born too late to do anything of importance, Broken Medicine contemplated several suicidal plans before a tribal shaman told him he would one day be a great and powerful worker of medicine. Having been born on the fourth day of the fourth month, the boy should have had powerful magic. He didn't. Angered at being denied once again, the boy flew into a rage and underwent his First Change.

The shaman, who was also Uktena, took him to the Sept of the Crooked Mountain, where the boy was identified as a Theurge. From his first steps as a Garou Medicine Worker, Broken Medicine showed great power. He accompanied several packs on virtual suicide missions and returned to sing the praises of fellow Garou who had fallen in





battle. Those who returned with him told amazing stories of how his powers defeated almost unbeatable Wyrms-creatures or saved the pack. His legend grew to rival that of Geronimo.

Just as he seemed likely to be named a leader among the Theurges of the entire Uktena Nation, he disappeared. Inquiries into his fate ran into a silent wall of Bane Tenders who assured his septmates that Broken Medicine was engaged in important work for the Uktena.

Soon thereafter, packs fighting against overwhelming odds would sometimes be joined by a silent figure wielding amazing power, who disappeared into the Umbra when the fighting ended. Many claimed that figure was Broken Medicine. Fewer sightings have occurred as time passes. Dozens of packs have sought Broken Medicine through the years; none have discovered him. Speculation ranges from belief that he's long dead (a victim of some Bane Tender plot) to the idea that he's guarding a particularly nasty Bane. Now, only one Garou knows the truth concerning this great Shaman. Broken Medicine himself never wanted to end up like the great Geronimo, shown as a curiosity at Washington parties and selling photographs of himself to white tourists. He preferred to be forever remembered as the legend he was at the height of his powers.



UKTENA™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed:
Auspice:
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●○○○○
Dexterity ●○○○○
Stamina ●○○○○

Social

Charisma ●○○○○
Manipulation ●○○○○
Appearance ●○○○○

Mental

Perception ●○○○○
Intelligence ●○○○○
Wits ●○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ○○○○○
Athletics ○○○○○
Brawl ○○○○○
Dodge ○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○
Expression ○○○○○
Intimidation ○○○○○
Primal-Urge ○○○○○
Streetwise ○○○○○
Subterfuge ○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ○○○○○
Drive ○○○○○
Etiquette ○○○○○
Firearms ○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○
Performance ○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○

Knowledges

Computer ○○○○○
Enigmas ○○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○
Law ○○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○
Occult ○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○
Rituals ○○○○○
Science ○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Gifts

Renown Glory

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Rank

Rage

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY:
BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED
WITH LEARNING SECRETS

UKTENA™

Homid

No
Change

Difficulty: 6

Glabro

Strength (+2)____
Stamina (+2)____
Appearance (-1)____
Manipulation (-1)____

Difficulty: 7

Crinos

Strength (+4)____
Dexterity (+1)____
Stamina (+3)____
Appearance 0____
Manipulation (-3)____

Difficulty: 6

Hispo

Strength (+3)____
Dexterity (+2)____
Stamina (+3)____
Manipulation (-3)____

Difficulty: 7

Lupus

Strength (+1)____
Dexterity (+2)____
Stamina (+2)____
Manipulation (-3)____

Difficulty: 6

INCITE DELIRIUM
IN HUMANS

Other Traits

_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO

Fetishes

Item: _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Dedicated	Level _____	Gnosis _____
Power: _____			
Item: _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Dedicated	Level _____	Gnosis _____
Power: _____			
Item: _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Dedicated	Level _____	Gnosis _____
Power: _____			

Rites

Combat

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

Brawling Chart

Maneuver	Roll	Diff	Damage
Bite	Dex+Brawl	5	Strength+1†
Body Slam	Dex+Brawl	7	Special
Claw	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength+2†
Grapple	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength
Kick	Dex+Brawl	7	Strength+1
Punch	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength

†These maneuvers do aggravated damage.

Armor: _____

UKTENATM

Nature:

Demeanor:

Merits & Flaws

Merit

Type

Cost

Flaw

Type

Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Pack Totem

Contacts

Past Life

Kinfolk

Pure Breed

Mentor

Resources

Possessions

Gear (Carried):

Equipment (Owned):

Sept

Name:

Caern Location:

Level: _____ Type: _____

Totem:

Leader:

Experience

TOTAL: _____

Gained From: _____

TOTAL SPENT: _____

Spent On: _____

History Prelude

Description

Hair: _____

Eyes: _____

Race: _____

Nationality:_____

Sex: _____

Height | Weight

Homid: _____

Glabro: _____

Crinos: _____

Hispo: _____

Lupus: _____

Battle Scars: _____

Metis Deformity: _____

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch