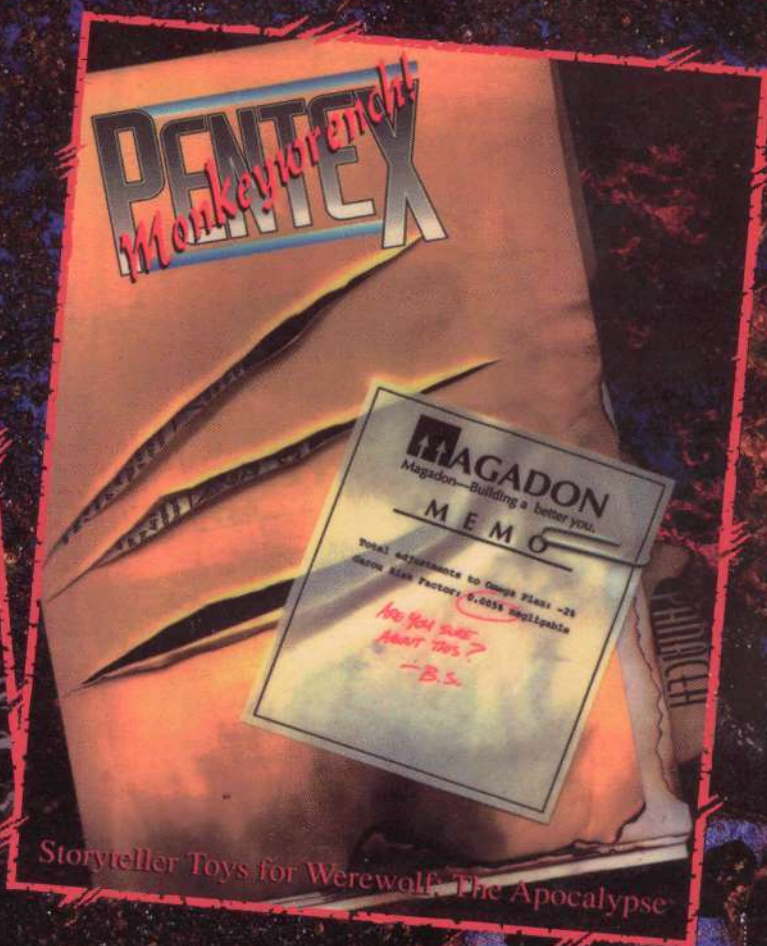


WEREWOLF CHRONICLES VOLUME 2



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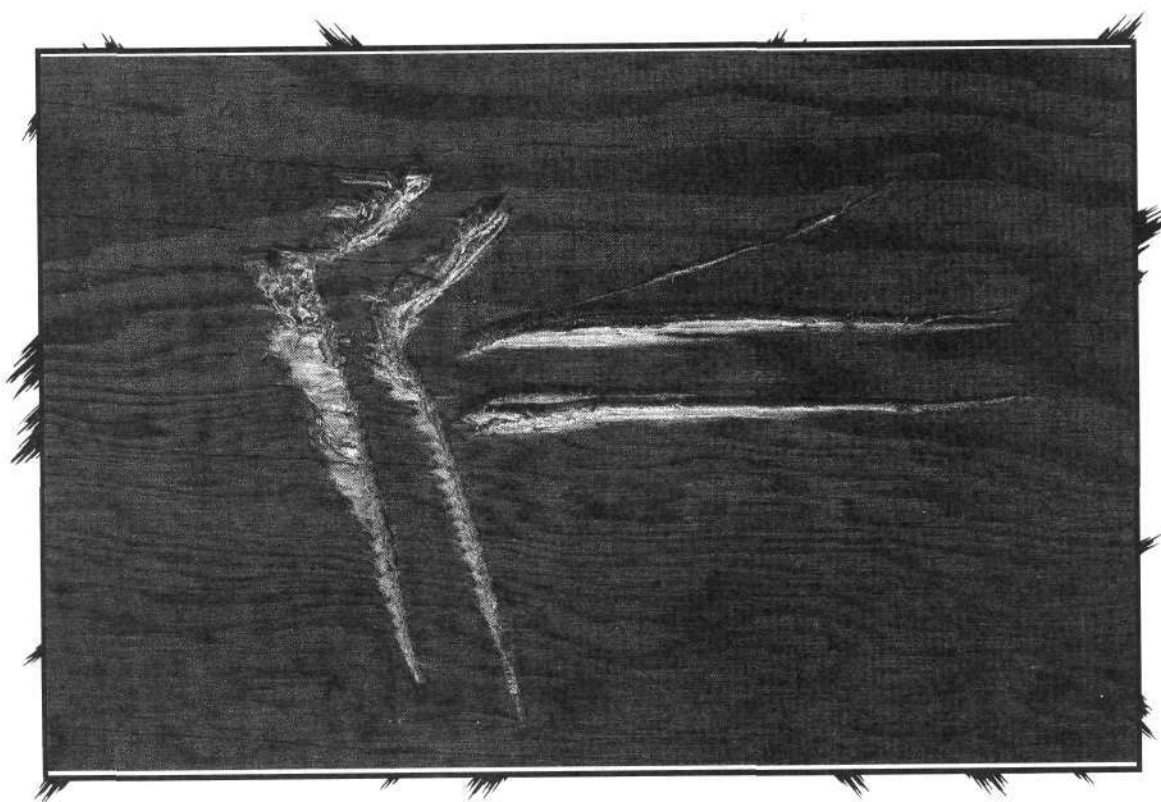
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A Chronicle Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™



by Steve Crow





LEGENDS OF THE GAROU

The Tale of the Mai-Coh

Moon Howl of the Wendigo looked out over those gathered at the Grand Moot. Nearly 300 Garou were gathered to celebrate at the caern. The matters for consideration had been presented, and the tribal business discussed at length by those of a mind to speak of such things. The fate of the humans had been decided for another year. The spirit hunt had been performed, and the fire dances danced.

Moon Howl had participated in none of those matters. He was old, and the ways of the spirit hunt and the fire dance were not for him. Although the full moon shone down upon the Grand Moot, the elder lupus was favored by the gibbous moon. He was the lover of the ways, and the eldest Galliard among the Wendigo.

Now, his was the task to instruct the pups in what had been, what was, and what was to come. No one had asked him to speak: none needed to.

Burning eyes, reflecting the firelight, glowed red in the darkness. Not all the eyes were those of pups; Moon Howl was looked upon as a source of great wisdom by many of the tribe, not just the young.

Moon Howl slowly rose to all four legs. As he did so, he reached deep within himself, releasing the Beast as he had done so many times before. His limbs lengthened: his head and body thickened. Within seconds he stood before the assemblage in Homid form. For what needed to be said, the ape form would serve Moon Howl's purposes best.

He looked out over the assembled tribe. He smiled, or rather, he bared his teeth in a grimace of welcome. Out of respect, no one howled in response.

Moon Howl had already selected the pups who would help him portray his story. With a single imperious flick of his head he summoned them forward. They immediately bounded to their feet and moved to within ten feet of the Galliard. They waited eagerly, tails high with excitement, tongues hanging out. To be chosen to participate in the

ceremony of the Shadows by the Fire's Light, by a Galliard of Moon Howl's renown, was an honor indeed.

Without further preamble, Moon Howl began to weave his tale. Reaching deep within himself, to the spirit of Gaia, he unleashed the Gift that would make the pups actors in his storytelling.

After a few minutes of concentration, with the entire Moot shrouded in silence, Moon Howl began to speak in the Garou tongue. As he spoke, the pups began to move under the Galliard's control, enacting the story that he told,

I speak of the time when the lupus still coexisted with man. I speak of 10 generations gone by. I speak of our tribe's human Kinfolk, the Indians, natives of this continent before the spoilers came. Many among the Wendigo coexisted with the Indians, advised them, hunted with them, defended them from their enemies. We bred with them, and our blood was strong.

Slowly, however, the Wyrms spread its corruption from the eastern shores, to the western coast and then back again, reverberating like waves in a lake. Their trains spread smoke and filth across the land, and the first of their cursed cars were seen. The Wyrms' allies, the leeches, the vampires, had resolved their war, the war that pitted human pawn against human pawn. These foul creatures were once more free to spread their corruption.

The Wyrms saw that the Indians were a threat to its existence. Here were a people with respect for the Wyld, and the way of Mother Gaia. In the past, the Indians' greatest shamans had opposed and defeated the Wyrms' minions, foiling all of its attempts to gain a foothold on the continent. The Wyrms remembered when the continent of North America had been its own, a hellhole on Earth — until the Indians, kinfolk of the Uktena, Wendigo and Croatan, came from the north to defeat it. The debt the Wyrms owed the Indians was great indeed.

Already the Wyrms had influenced the minds of many of the humans newly arrived upon the continent. Sacred mounds were destroyed, treaties were broken, thousands were killed. From the Umbra, spirits attacked medicine men. Many Indians were murdered, others joined forces with the Great Corrupter and not a few gave in to despair as they were herded onto reservations. The Wendigo were driven northward out of their territories, back the way they had come so many centuries ago.

Born during this time were three pups of a single mother, all sharing the Garou Blood. So many Garou in a single generation was rare even then, and augured well. All three passed through their Rite of Passages together, and were inseparable. Others of the Wendigo traveled with them, forming a pack.

These three were:

Dark Cavern-Walker, a Theurge, and a powerful master of spirits. He dared to travel deep within the Umbra, and to realms beyond. It is said that much of what he has seen has been witnessed by no Garou then or since.

Howls-to-Luna, an Ahroun, and the most formidable fighter of her generation. None could stand before her, and many agents of the Wyrms fled before her rage, rather than risk her flashing teeth and claws.

Grass Roller, a Galliard, but one who fought as well as he howled. It was he who traveled the Great Plains, spreading news of the Garou and informing any who would hear his voice.

These three were in their thirtieth year when Grass Roller brought news to the pack. A tribe of the Indian humans, the Navajo, were threatened by a strange creature. The creature, which the Navajo called a Mai-Coh, was human in form. Some Indians claimed he was a witch, others a werewolf. He held many villages in terror, demanding tribute from all within his evil influence.

Those that spoke out against the Mai-Coh were discovered dead. Some were clawed to death as if by the talons of some great bird. Others had their throats ripped out, and there were those who claimed the Mai-Coh was in league with the Garou. They said that we of the Wendigo betrayed our sacred trust to the tribes.

The Navajo, and what remained of the other tribes, lived in fear of the Mai-Coh. The white man struck from without, and the witch-being struck from within.

Even then, it was clear that the Indians were to share the fate of those who bore us, the wolves. The white man and his machines were spreading swiftly. Still, the Wendigo were sworn to protect the Indians. So as one, the pack, twelve in number, swore to travel to the Navajo dwellings and destroy the Mai-Coh. The pack began traveling southward from their territories in the Great Plains. In the lead ran the three of which I have spoken, Dark Cavern-Walker, Howls-to-Luna and Grass Roller.

They were but a short distance from the Mai-Coh's dwelling place when they were set upon. Great black

beasts, resembling our cousins the coyote but several times larger, raced out to meet them. Although outnumbered four to one, the Garou met the charge fearlessly. The great beasts were not mere coyotes, however. Their strength and stamina were nearly that of the Garou. The beasts were fomori, coyotes corrupted by the Wyrms. They possessed many strange powers. Some spat poison, some shot fire from their eyes, some howled the Dark Litany.

The battle was joined. Howls-to-Luna lashed out, her claws gleaming silver under Luna's gaze. Her touch was death to the fomori beasts, and soon a dozen lay strewn about her. The agony of her silver claws filled her body, but she disregarded the pain.

Dark Cavern-Walker called upon the power of Gaia Herself, and the earth rose up against the fomori. He spoke a Word of power, and the spirits of the air rose up against the abominations, tossing them about as leaves before a storm.

The great beasts were unswayed by Grass Roller's powers of the mind. But, many fell as he summoned the Moon Bridges that were his to walk. Several he lured into a nearby canyon, then Traveled elsewhere to a point where he could start an avalanche and bring the walls down upon them.

The battle raged for many hours. The fomori fought fiercely, neither asking nor giving quarter. Luna had passed her zenith and was descending when the battle finally ended.

Of the twelve members of the pack, seven had died. They had taken twice that number with them in death. Howls-to-Luna had to dig herself out of the pile of corpses formed by those she had killed.

What remained of the pack traveled onwards. They knew they had met the least of the Mai-Coh's servants. However, revenge for those who had fallen, and hatred of the Wyrms, drove them onwards.

They soon arrived at the village wherein dwelt the Mai-Coh. The canyon walls rose up about them, but all was silent. Not a human stirred. Those who had not fled or been killed remained in silence behind their walls, fearing to emerge.

It was Grass Roller who strode to one entrance, assuming his Homid guise as he did so. He entered and found a brave cowering beneath a blanket, shivering as if he were a child frightened by a nightmare.

"What then do you fear, human?" Grass Roller asked the warrior.

At first, the man would not speak. However, Grass Roller was skilled of tongue, and knowledgeable of the human's ways. Using his own Gifts, he was soon able to persuade the brave to speak of what he had seen.

The man gibbered and shook as he spoke. He claimed the Mai-Coh had eyes everywhere, that the crows and the coyotes were its servants. That its servant, a corrupted

medicine man, could force the bravest man to become as helpless as a child before his gaze.

Grass Roller persisted, and soon the brave told him that the Mai-Coh dwelt within the highest dwelling. The brave further said that only half the tribe remained. The others had fled, or been killed. Those who had died still moved throughout the village, their spirits crying out for vengeance against the Mai-Coh.

Grass Roller reassured the brave as best he could, promising that the village would be freed, or the Garou would die in the effort. He emerged from the dwelling, and spoke to Dark Cavern-Walker.

"The Mai-Coh lies above and beyond, in the highest dwelling. He has killed many, and it is said their spirits still roam this place."

At this, Dark Cavern-Walker said nothing, for he was as silent as Grass Roller was talkative. Still, the Theurge nodded his understanding, for he knew what must be done.

In his Crinos form, Dark Cavern-Walker raised his arms and focused his energies. The ground shook, and the wind howled at a fever pitch. The Garou that remained looked on in wonder as the human spirits of the Navajo were swept through the air to where Dark Cavern-Walker stood. They swirled about him in a bright, flashing maelstrom.

"Will you lend us your aid?" Dark Cavern-Walker spoke to the spirits.

"Give us power, that we may gain vengeance against the creature that delivered us into this sorry state!" the spirits cried out.

Dark Cavern-Walker made the Indian sign indicating "So be it," and the whirling cloud of spirits rose up into the air towards the dwelling where the Mai-Coh lived.

As they rose, the Mai-Coh sent its own servants, the crows. Like the coyotes, they had been corrupted by the taint of the Wyrms. The crows were gross, malformed beings, filled with foul substances which dripped from their beaks.

Spirits and crows collided, and a great struggle began. The corruption of the crows was so great that their spittle reached even to the Umbra, and the spirits fell screaming. Yet they fought on, and many of the crows fell to the ground. Witness to a sight few beings had seen, the Garou looked on as Dark Cavern-Walker directed his spirit army against the Mai-Coh's servants.

The last spirit died, locked in mortal combat with the last foul creature. The two fell to the ground before the Garou, and the spirit dissipated as its soul was released to travel beyond the Umbra to its just reward.

Howls-to-Luna was the first to put her paws upon the path leading upwards. Luna's dimming light gleamed in her eyes as she ascended, Dark Cavern-Walker and Grass Roller behind her and the remaining three Garou behind them.

They had nearly reached the top of the canyon wall when a huge creature leaped over the cliff's edge and threw itself

at Howls-to-Luna. So silent and odorless was the creature that the Ahroun was unaware of the creature's presence until the moment of the attack. Still, her surprise only lasted a moment. Without hesitation, she threw herself eagerly forward at the beast.

The creature she confronted was huge, a lizard warped by the Wyrms. Its body was several wolf lengths long, and its weight twice that of Howls-to-Luna in her Hispo form. Its teeth, huge gleaming swords of ivory, dripped ichor.

Howls-to-Luna met the creature's charge fearlessly. The two collided with a great clamor, and then the struggle began. The other Garou were forced to look on, for the path was too narrow for anyone to pass beyond the two combatants. To even attempt to pass would result in a great fall. Grass Roller feared to Moon Bridge beyond the lizard lest he distract Howls-to-Luna and lose her the battle. The two combatants were locked together in mortal combat. Each had a death grip on the other.

Howls-to-Luna's hide was streaked with blood and gore, as the Mai-Coh's guardian beast dug into her body. Her claws lashed out, each blow tearing a huge gouge in the creature's leathery hide.

For many minutes the battle raged on. The guardian beast's energies were inexhaustible, and Howls-to-Luna could feel her own energies dwindling. Her Rage kept her from feeling the wounds. However, she knew that she was not invulnerable. Each wound the guardian beast inflicted upon her weakened her further.

Resolving herself, Howls-to-Luna lunged for the creature's throat, her jaws gaping open. Her teeth locked in the guardian beast's flesh. Bracing her rear paws, the great warrior twisted with all of her might, attempting to tear the creature's throat out.

The guardian beast howled, but to no avail. It shook, it thrust, it snapped its teeth, but it could not shake the Ahroun's grip. The monster's blood was flowing like a river.

Finally, Howls-to-Luna made one last convulsive effort. The guardian beast crumpled, then fell off the path. She spat the creature's flesh out of her mouth, refusing to let it taint her any longer than necessary.

The Garou continued upwards along the path. They came to the mouth of the cave. The dim light of a fire lit the cavern, revealing a giant of a man, dressed in the garb of a Navajo medicine man. There was no mistaking the taint of corruption behind it, or the raw energy contained within the human figure.

Howls-to-Luna, Dark Cavern-Walker and Grass Roller strode into the cave. The medicine man said nothing, but his eyes gleamed with an unholy light.

Grass Roller was taken by surprise when one of his packmates suddenly leaped upon him from the rear. The Garou snapped at his throat; her eyes were solid black. Somehow the medicine man had the power to compel others to do his will.

Howls-to-Luna threw herself forward, but the human glanced her way and the air grew thick about her. Time itself slowed down and she found herself running forward through infinity.

Dark Cavern-Walker, aware of the medicine man's power, reached out with his powers, attempting to summon the spirits of rock and air that dwelt within the cave. However, the medicine man had bound them to his will, and they answered not.

Grass Roller struggled with his mesmerized packmate. The other two Garou came to his aid, but the medicine man's thrall fought with demonic strength. Still, Grass Roller was able to throw his packmate off his body. She fell backwards, then lunged at one of her fellow packmates. The two fell back through the cavern entrance and off the path, each one's teeth locked in the other's throat.

Grass Roller saw the fate of his comrades: Howls-to-Luna immobilized under the medicine man's gaze, Dark Cavern-Walker unable to summon the spirits that were his constant allies.

Grass Roller looked upon the medicine man, lurking in the shadows of the fire, his eyes gleaming with power, and he realized the Wyrmservant's weakness. Leaping forward, he caught a brand of the fire in his jaw and tossed it across the cavern into the medicine man's face.

With a shriek, the foul being fell back, stunned and temporarily blinded. Howls-to-Luna lunged forward, freed of her bondage. Even as she advanced, she could feel the air thickening about her once more.

"The medicine man's powers lie within his gaze," Grass Roller thought.

Shifting to his human form, Grass Roller removed a shard of mirror from his pouch. As the last Garou charged towards the medicine man, Grass Roller held up the mirror to meet the Wyrmservant's gaze.

The power of the medicine man's eyes reached forth, only to be reflected by the mirror. It was returned back to him, and there was no denying its potency. The foul being fell back, clutching at his eyes.

The pack looked on as the medicine man's eyes wept tears of blood and foul substance. He collapsed to the cavern floor, his body rotting about him as his own power swept through him.

Within moments, the medicine man was dead. Satisfied, Grass Roller placed the mirror back in his pouch of trinkets, then returned to his wolfen form.

The four remaining members of the pack searched the cavern, and readily found a passage in one corner, concealed by the darkness, that led further into the canyon walls. Without hesitation, they proceeded onwards. The tunnel led steadily downward. Its walls were neither natural or carved by man. Rather it seemed as if some great tunneling creature had bored its way upwards.

Their passage was not an easy one. Spirits bound by the Mai-Coh dwelled within the tunnel, creatures that swept

through the Garou's souls. Some were the spirits of the Navajos, some were white men indiscriminately killed by the Mai-Coh and some were spirits wearing the guise of the fallen packmates. Still the Garou moved onward, knowing that the Wyrmservant had lost many agents, and would lose one more if they proved successful.

Finally, they emerged into a huge cavern deep beneath the earth. An underground stream ran across the floor, and strange fish swam through it. Their scales were pale white, their eyes were blind and small creatures rode upon their bodies.

The cavern was hot, as hot as if the noonday sun shown down. The Garou could sense that they were very close to the balefires that the nameless ones, those of the Lost Tribe, gloried in. Truly the taint of the Wyrmservant was strong in this place.

The Garou looked about them. Neither sight nor smell revealed anyone in the cavern, but a deeper sensitivity indicated some great evil lurking at the very periphery of their senses.

They did not have to wait long before the master of the cavern made his presence known. Suddenly a great black hole of space was rent in the air, and from it stepped a man. He pulled himself through the hole of the void, struggling as if passing through quicksand.

The Mai-Coh wore the garb of a white man, the stiff, colorless garments that the spoilers of nature wore as they crossed the plains. He was not unhandsome to look upon. However, the Garou could sense the corruption about him. Power flowed through him from this place, and back again. Truly he was a force to be reckoned with.

He looked upon the four Garou that had entered his domain, then laughed. He smiled as if in welcome.

"What is it then that brings you here, Gaia lovers?" he asked. "Do you seek your doom in this place? How many more of your number must die before you join our cause? The world dies around you. My master's agents are everywhere, and your time is long past. Yield to us, join with us, as have your comrades the Black Spiral Dancers."

Howls-to-Luna spat at the mention of the Garou tribe whose name went unspoken, the ones that had betrayed Gaia's defenders and allied with the enemy. She moved forward, cautious of the Mai-Coh's power.

"Gaia has not fallen yet," she barked at him. "We persevere, as does the Great Mother. While one Garou still walks the face of Gaia, you will never triumph."

"But we have!" the Mai-Coh cried. "Already those of your blood, the wolves, die around you, slaughtered in the thousands. It takes so little to revive the old fears. The humans hate you, for the destruction you caused when you penned them in, restricted them, killed them. They join us in droves, unwittingly perhaps, but join us they do. It takes so little effort for them to embrace our cause."

"With every generation that passes, your numbers are reduced even further. Many among you scorn our ways,

and it is not just the Black Spiral Dancers that have joined us. They are merely the most obvious of our Garou servants. Others of your tribe are within our power, and more join us every day."

"Enough!" Howls-to-Luna cried. "Corrupt those weak ones among us if you will. We are better off without them, and they shall eventually meet death at our fangs. Gather your human servants about you. They will die, and if the Impergium must come to pass once more, so be it. We defend Gaia with our lives.

"We know you will not renounce the ways of your master, the Great Corrupter. Now, prepare to die!"

With that, Howls-to-Luna threw herself across the remaining distance. Her comrades were a mere second behind her.

With a laugh, the Mai-Coh made a Gesture of Power. Howls-to-Luna, shifting to her Hispo form in mid-air, was blasted back by the surge of unholy green light. Dark Cavern-Walker and Grass Roller dodged aside, but the fourth Garou was knocked back by Howls-to-Luna's body. There was a sickening crack as the Garou's leg snapped under the impact of Howls-to-Luna's body.

The two brothers went at the Mai-Coh together. Grass Roller charged low, while Dark Cavern-Walker went high. The two latched on to the Mai-Coh's arm and leg. He laughed again, with delight.

"Does Gaia have such poor defenders then?" he asked. "She shall be destroyed that much sooner with such inadequate guardians as yourselves."

With that, he shook the two Garou off with a casual strength that belied his slight form. They were thrown back, immediately rolling to their feet. Howls-to-Luna had regained her footing, while the fourth Garou managed to stagger to his feet, favoring his damaged leg. The four of them advanced cautiously upon the Mai-Coh.

"Come then, all of you!" the Mai-Coh boomed out, spreading his arms as if in welcome. "Come to your deaths!"

Grass Roller went first, attempting to draw the Mai-Coh's attention so that the others could find an opening.

With a casual gesture, the Mai-Coh focused his energies upon the Galliard. Huge biting insects swarmed from his hand, crawling over Grass Roller. Their mandibles bit into his fur. He shook furiously, but was unable to dislodge the insects. They swarmed over him, opening huge gashes in his flesh. As quickly as he could heal the damage, more was inflicted. Then the insects began to creep inside the cuts before they could heal.

As the other Garou looked on, Grass Roller was consumed from within. The black insects crawled from his mouth, his ears, his eyes. Struggling to the last to throw himself at the Mai-Coh, Grass Roller finally fell to the ground, dead.

Stunned by the death of their brother, Howls-to-Luna and Dark Cavern-Walker looked on in shock. Howling in rage, they threw themselves at the Mai-Coh.

He reached out with an easy motion and grasped Dark Cavern-Walker by the throat. With the other hand he deflected Howls-to-Luna's lunge. Despite the slight gesture, the Ahroun was thrown the length of the cavern.

The Mai-Coh looked into Dark Cavern-Walker's eyes. Then he smiled, and slowly Dark Cavern-Walker's body began to shift. Against his will, he was being transformed to his Homid form.

The Mai-Coh laughed with glee as he applied greater pressure to the now-human throat. With a final, sickening crack, Dark Cavern-Walker's throat snapped like a dried weed. The Wyrmservant tossed the body aside and advanced upon Howls-to-Luna.


There came a howl from the only Garou still standing. Annoyed, the Mai-Coh felt compelled to turn around, drawn by the Call of the Wyrmservant. He took one step forward, then casually shrugged off the force of the Garou's power.

That was enough, however. With one last effort, Howls-to-Luna regained her feet and barreled into the Mai-Coh's side. The two went down together. She clawed her way up the Mai-Coh's chest, then locked her teeth in his throat. Her claws gleamed silver once more as she dug them into the being's chest with every ounce of strength she possessed.

The other Garou lunged clumsily forward, raking at the Mai-Coh's eyes. Screaming in pain, the Wyrmservant grasped Howls-to-Luna's throat and twisted with every ounce of his fading strength. Her neck muscles locked, but she could feel her head slowly being twisted backwards.

As the bones in her neck splintered, she locked down with one last ferocious effort. The two beings died in each other's embrace.

The last survivor of the pack moved slowly back. For a few moments there was silence. Then he howled up to the cavern ceiling, the Dirge for the Dead for his fallen comrades. It echoed and reverberated throughout the tunnels,

oon Howl glanced about the clearing. The pups, exhausted by the vigor of their performance, lay panting on the grass.

"And so it came to pass that a powerful servant of the Wyrmservant was defeated. True, there were deaths, and a great pack destroyed. However, the sacrifice was necessary. Remember, all of you, that we must be willing to give up our lives to defeat the Wyrmservant. Gaia asks no less of us."

With that, Moon Howl turned from the moot. He transformed once more to wolf form, and limped off into the woods. Behind him, the Hymn of Praise rang out as the Wendigo paid tribute to his storytelling and to the Garou who had fought so many years ago.

Credits

Author: Steve Crow
Additional Material: Karen Holther
Development: Bill Bridges
Editing: Alara Rogers
Layout: Sam Chupp
Art Director: Richard Thomas
Art: Bryon Wackwitz, Dan Smith
Cover: Pam Shanteau
Cover Design: Chris McDonough



735 PARK NORTH BLVD.
SUITE 128
CLARKSTON, GEORGIA 30021
USA

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<http://www.white-wolf.com>; alt.games.whitewolf.com
and rec.games.frp.storyteller.com

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Special Thanks

Travis "Fear and Loathing" **Williams** for his weekend in Vegas.

Mark "Valet Parking" **Rein Hagen** for his parking lot etiquette.

Stewart "Were-Grinch" **Wieck** for his were-bigotry. A true Silver Fang.

Rob "Whoops" **Hatch** for showing us what his pants can do.

William "Shrink-Wrapped" **Hale** for his T-shirt folding weekend.

Sam "Paisley" **Chupp** for his Sunder tie.

Josh "Snazzy" **Timbrook** for his Sunder suit.

Andrew "Grinch" **Greenberg** for his Sunder shirt.

Chris "I Want an Apology!" **McDonough** for not forgiving Locutus of Borg.

Richard "Never Apologize!" **Thomas** for supporting military discipline.

Ken "Make It So" **Cliffe** for his warp speed additions to the Star Trek drinking list.

Benjamin "Alex" **Monk, Jr.** for doppelganging Nicki.

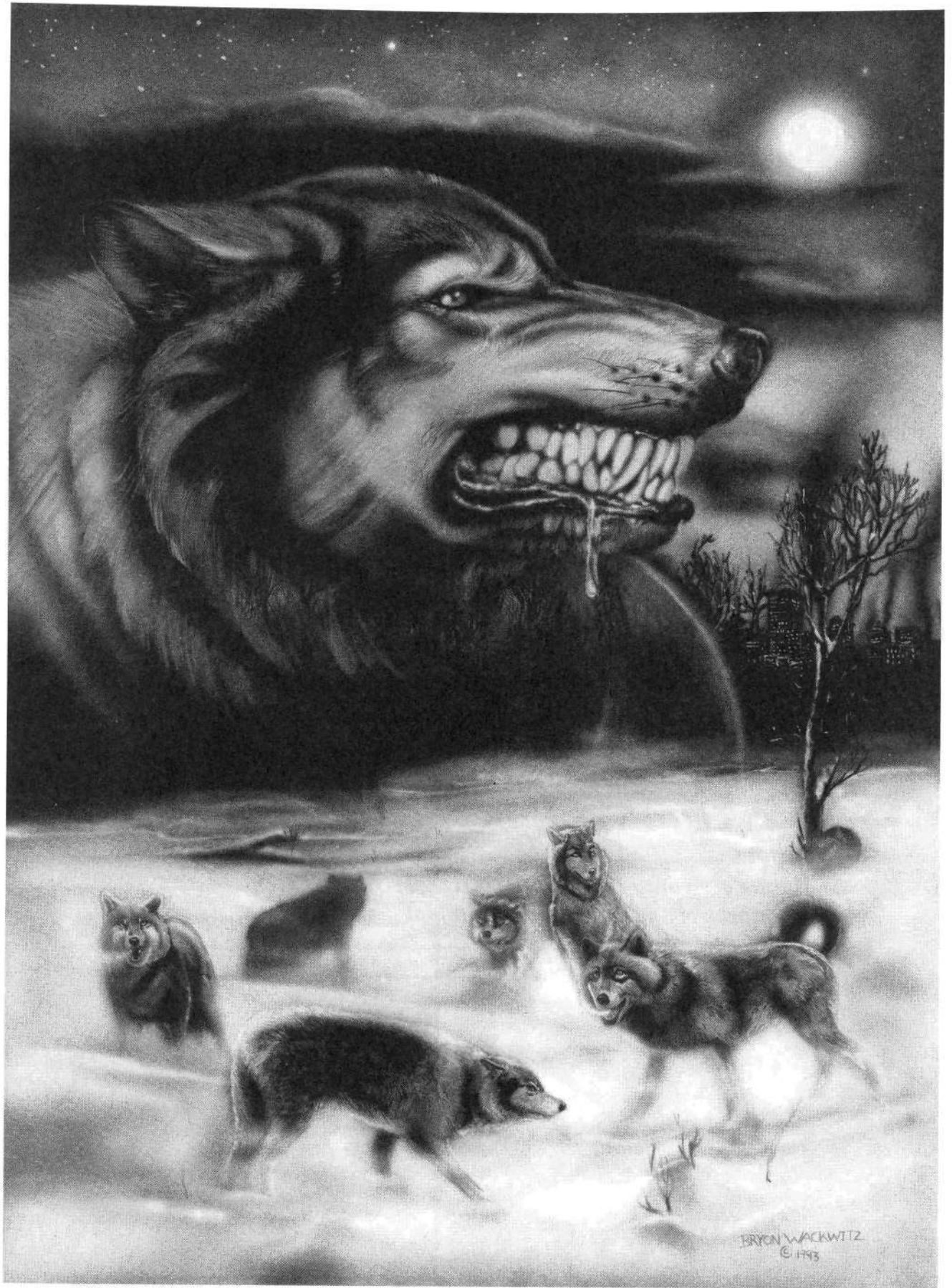
Wes "Blue Blood" **Harris** for getting the office by with a little help from his friends.

Rene "Insured" **Lilly** for the used car salesman's sermon.

Lyndi "Magic Booth" **Hathaway** for ensuring the convention profit margin.



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Introduction

The wolf was viewed as both a voracious killer and a sacred warrior, both revered and despised. I think it still is.

— Renee Askins, founder of The Wolf Fund, quoted in *Audubon* (July-August 1992)

The way to get along with the wolf is to kill the son of a bitch. The wolf isn't symbolic of anything for me. The wolf is a vicious predator.

—Pete Story, former Montana state senator, quoted in *Audubon* (July-August 1992)

The wolf is an animal that has had a significant impact on human culture. Fairy tales and fables have featured wolves for millennia. Most European cultures portray the wolf as a cunning, deceitful killer with no conscience. Eastern societies, however, have often portrayed the wolf favorably in their own mythology.

The wolf plays a large part in the consciousness of humans, at least Westerners. Although the number of wolf attacks on humans is statistically microscopic, most people believe wolves to be vicious man-killers. To Americans, when they think of lions and tigers, they envision distant jungles. The wolf, however, is the immediate threat. The wolf is the killer, the beast that lurks in the wilderness just outside the door. The mythology of the werewolf has enforced this image. Movies and literature about werewolves continue to be popular, and have certainly contributed to the bad image of the wolf in most Americans' minds.

To the popular mind, it is the wolf side of the werewolf that is responsible for death and destruction. It is the beast uncaged, come forth to assault centuries of civilization and social propriety.

In reality, wolves are nearly extinct in the United States, as well as most other parts of the world. The prejudice of human society, based on the metaphysical split between human and animal, has led to the wolf's near extinction. Man has hunted them with a ferocity usually reserved for the most dangerous, bloodthirsty beasts, despite the grossly exaggerated reports of wolf attacks on humans.

Perhaps humans recognize something all too human in the wolf, something they wish to deny.

In this sourcebook we try to rectify the "evil" image of the wolf somewhat. Few people are aware of the social nature of wolves, of how they exist within their environment, or of how they in some ways act as a balancing force in nature.



Playing a Feral Garou

Playing a lupus Garou, a werewolf born from wolf stock, can be a challenge. Few people have trouble playing homid Garou, and metis are close enough to human that they offer few problems. However, most people may be uncomfortable with playing the part of a Garou born of wolf.

Lupus rarely have social connections and they don't have Resources. In some ways they are more limited than other Garou characters. A lupus will never have a high number of Knowledges, and they will never blend in particularly well when infiltrating human society. If the Garou are a dying breed, then the lupus Garou are the personification of that final fate. As the wolf side of the Garou lineage grows weaker and weaker, so does the influence of the lupus upon the tribes of the Garou.

So why play a lupus?

Werewolf gives you the chance to take a unique viewpoint, that of a being much closer to Nature than a human. By stretching the limits of your imagination, and immersing yourself in the role of a thinking animal, perhaps you can learn a few things about what it means to be human and discover that the separation between human and nature may not be as deep a divide as originally thought. This book will hopefully provide you with a basis for thinking like a wolf thinks and acting like a wolf acts.

If you play a lupus, try to capture some of the alien nature of the lupus Garou. Your priorities as a lupus Garou are different from those of a homid Garou. Many lupus rage against the destruction caused by the humans, which have driven their fellow wolves to near-extinction. Few lupus are sympathetic towards humans' drive towards "progress". They do not feel that jobs are more important than the lives of Gaia's children.

Remember that most lupus consider humans the greatest threat to Gaia. The Wurm is dangerous, but humans are its main agents. Many lupus believe that if there were no humans, there would be no threat from the Wurm. They believe that if the humans were wiped out from the face of the Earth, or controlled by the Impergium once more, much of the Wurm's corruption would be ended. And perhaps they are right.

Also, despite the corruption of Nature, the lupus remain the closest to Mother Gaia of the three breeds. They have a high Gnosis, and their powers are closely tied to Nature itself. In a game where so much of the action is based in the wilderness, the lupus are the most effective warriors. They are the most comfortable of all the Garou when traveling the Umbra and coping with its myriad threats.

Playing a lupus Garou is the ultimate expression of **Werewolf's** theme of fighting back against those who would destroy nature. The lupus Garou are the avatars of Nature, striking out against the unnatural balance that man has brought to this planet.

Theme

*This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war...*

— Shakespeare, *Richard II*

The general theme of the lupus breed in **Werewolf** chronicles is that of Nature rising up to defend itself. Specifically, it is the conflict between humans and Nature. The two are desperately in need of reconciliation. There is also a large gap between the lupus and the other two breeds. To the other breeds, the lupus are an almost alien species. The ability to shift to common forms does not provide understanding.

To the homids and metis, the lupus have an understanding of Mother Gaia that they will never have, and may never comprehend. To the lupus, the other two breeds are too concerned with rational thought, with comprehending what is occurring. The lupus accept what is happening, rather than wasting time in rationalizing it. This is not to say that the other breeds cannot accept what fate brings; however, the lupus are better at it, more unquestioning.

Mood

*darkening summer night
through the ground tree roots run*

— Nakatsuka Ippekiro

The mood that should be prevalent in stories highlighting the lupus is two-fold. For homids, the mood should be one of deep, abiding mystery. The dark woods are something strange and Other. Its denizens and their behavior are part of a life cycle developed eons ago and left behind by humans. The woods and the wolf represent the irrational, the unexplainable and the fearsome.

For lupus characters, however, the wilderness is home. It is not mysterious but wondrous. A wolf belongs in the wild, part of the whole of Gaia's plan. The city seems to have no whole, but only divided parts jumbled together forming a tapestry devoid of meaning, a reflection of the mad Weaver. The deep woods, though, resonate with meaning and connection. A lupus long separated from Nature will pine away, for although she is an individual, she is also part of a whole.

Names

In this book, the word wolf (wolves) refers to the natural creatures, the "real" ones. Lupus refers to a Garou born of a wolf; it is a term for a Garou breed. Feral is synonymous with lupus. To avoid confusion, the term homid refers now to the homid breed of the Garou, while human is the proper term for "normal" (non-Garou) people.

More Information

Below are some sources for more information on wolves:

- *Of Wolves and Men* by Barry Holstun Lopez. This fascinating book is an excellent sourcebook on wolves and their history, in both reality and legend. A must for anyone interested in wolf behavior and the ways in which human behavior is often similar.

- *Wolves & Related Canids*. This quarterly newsletter, aimed at wolf owners, is a perfect source for wolf-related information, including updates on anti-wolf legislation. Deborah Warrick, the editor, asks for people to send newspaper clippings and magazine articles relating to wolves or other canids. US subscriptions are \$25.00 a year. P.O. Box 1026, Agoura, CA 91301.

- Timber Wolf Information Network. This organization is involved in various wolf aid activities, including the Adopt-A-Wolf Pack program. Write to: TWIN, Waupaca Field Station, E. 110 Emmons Creek Rd., Waupaca, WI 54981



Chapter One: Born of Wolf

*the huge dog
risen in greeting
June darkness*

— Mizuhara Shuoshi

The lupus still tell of the origins of their forebears, the wolf. They claim their heritage extends back thousands of years, that they were one of the first beasts of Gaia to stride the earth.

The modern-day wolf (*Canis lupus*) is a member of the order of mammals known as meat eaters, or Carnivora. They are distant cousins to other carnivores like the bear, fox, raccoon, hyena and weasel. Their own family, the Carnidae, is that of the dog. The lupus dislike reminders that such pathetic creatures as raccoons and hyena are their kin. They take poorly to insults based on others' "misconception" of this fact.

Like most carnivores, the wolf is highly intelligent. Anyone who has seen a raccoon opening a door catch, or a dog performing tricks, can attest that this type of animal can learn and adapt to its environment with remarkable speed.

Humans that pretend an understanding of the wolf claim that originally, wolves were a less-developed form of meat eater, sharing a common ancestry with hoofed mammals such as the deer and moose. Both species developed from forest-dwelling ancestors, both had relatively high intelligence, and both adapted to long-distance running: one to run away, one to pursue.

The lupus know that wolves have always chased prey, that their destiny has been that of the supreme hunters of the earth. They believe that Gaia made them as they are now, and never were their forbears anything other than meat eaters.

To those homids who like to think of themselves as intellectuals, the evolution of the wolf is confusing. One of the early forms of the wolf was very similar to the Hispo, or near-wolf. These homids, still feebly trying to rationalize the Garou shapeshifting ability as some talent for self-evolution and not a gift from Gaia, believe that the shapes of the Garou follow an evolutionary pattern. This pattern is from human (the most developed) to wolf (the least).

In that case, they are at a loss to explain the Hispo form, a less developed form than the wolf, not a higher one. Of course, more rational homids point out that this is a humanocentric viewpoint, and has no basis in Gaia's way. It is obvious to them that the Garou's evolution shows a guiding intelligence, as humans (descended from apes) could not, from a scientific viewpoint, ever have co-evolved with wolves.



Lupus rarely care about such concerns, however, as evolutionary debate is not a strong point with them. They know that Gaia has gifted them, and care less for their origins than for their final fate.

Origins

Many believe that wolves developed on the North American continent millennia ago. Tribes such as the Silver Fangs and the Shadow Lords (who came to power in Europe and Asia) dispute this. They claim the wolves first began in Asia and Europe.

A few particularly foolish Silver Fangs believe that the Garou and the wolf developed simultaneously. This allows them to trace their lineage back to the first wolf, making themselves all the more impressive. Most other Garou realize that the werewolf could not have existed until humans walked the earth.

Nonetheless, wolves are spread throughout the world. When the Uktena, Wendigo and Croatan tribes emigrated to North America, they found wolves already there, surviving through the long dark night of the Wyrms' reign.

The Pack

Most creatures that prey on large animals either weigh as much as their victim, or hunt in packs. Wolves fall into the latter class. Although packs with as many as 35 individual

wolves exist, the average is much lower, with about seven to ten members in a pack.

Part of the reason for the small size of packs is the amount of territory each wolf needs to sustain itself. A wolf requires about 10 square miles of wilderness to have enough food. Therefore a pack of 10 needs 100 square miles. Territorial constraints keep the packs from growing too large. Mortality and reproductive rates also cause this number to vary. The death of an alpha male will often cause a pack to break up.

Another factor in the size of the pack is the amount of food available. Since the strongest members of the pack feed first, there must be enough food so the remainder can eat as well.

A wolfpack commonly forms around a breeding pair, an alpha male and an alpha female. Wolves mate in late winter. The female gives birth to a litter of pups (usually six). The pups do not begin traveling with their parents until the fall. They have to remain with the pack through the winter so they can learn how to hunt. They do not reach sexual maturity until the age of two, so they remain with the pack through another winter mating season.

Many sexually mature wolves remain with the pack, becoming subordinate "beta" males and females to the original founders of the pack. Eventually, however, rivalry arises over female litter mates. A desire to seek new companionship or the inability of the territory to feed each

wolf in the pack forces the betas to leave the pack and form their own pack. Mother Gaia's cycle thus begins anew.

Mother Gaia acts to limit wolf packs through other means. Pack size averages about seven wolves (a mated pair plus 5-12 newborn and one-year-old pups). Disease, food availability, human hunters and other factors can kill as many as half a litter in any given year.

There is a fairly even 50/50 ratio of females to males among wolf populations. Occasionally, largely male litters are born, apparently because males are more hardy or aggressive. On the other hand, their aggression gets them killed off more often. Also, male wolves have a greater tendency to migrate, so packs are more balanced, while lone wolves are usually male.

The social structure of wolves (see below) tends to keep reproduction low. When there is an overabundance of pack members, competition for preferred mates, such as the alpha female, increases. There are also more subordinate, non-breeding wolves. During such social competition fights ensue. The males usually survive in greater numbers than the females, further limiting reproduction.

Since most lupus Garou are taken from the pack at adolescence, they rarely experience this competition for mates. Many are surprised when returning to the pack for the first time to discover the rivalry between the pack's members of the opposite sex over this new alpha.

Wolves reach adolescence quickly and burn brightly. Wolves have a life-span of about ten years, although wolves have lived to the age of sixteen. Once the Garou blood manifests in a wolf, the aging cycle slows down radically, as the human influence takes over.

Migrations

When a territory becomes unable to support a pack of wolves, they will migrate. This migration can come about because of other reasons, as well as many which are imperceptible to humans. The spread of particularly unpleasant types of parasites among prey can cause packs to move on. Also, some wolves have communicated to the Garou that they felt a "compulsion" by Mother Gaia to travel elsewhere. There seems to be no understandable reason for these migrations. Lupus find it impossible to describe this sensation to homids and metis.

Such migrations can cause problems. Lupus Garou recovering pups going through the First Change will often find that the pack has moved onwards. Thus, the lupus have to follow their Kinfolk, the opposite of the situation where homid Garou often force their Kinfolk to follow them.

Wolf Young

A young wolf reaches sexual maturity in about 22 months. During the first year it is called a pup, during the second a yearling.

About three weeks before giving birth, the expectant mother will dig a den. Sometimes she will enlarge the holes

of other animals. Often she will reuse a previous year's den. Most dens are in elevated areas, near fresh water.

Wolves mate in winter. The female has a gestation period of 60-65 days, so births take place anywhere from March to early June. When a female gives birth, the whole process can take anywhere from one to eight hours. Newborn pups weight about a pound, and are blind and deaf.

A pup's eyes open in about 12 days, and it can hear at approximately 20 days. During this period, the pups begin to stand, walk, growl and chew. They will occasionally emerge from the den for brief exploratory jaunts. If a pup strays too far, the mother will return it to the den.

During this times the pups begin to learn social responses in regards to the pack structure. This starts with rituals of domination among littermates. For the next ten weeks or so, the pups also form strong emotional bonds. Wolves raised by humans will attach themselves to their "owners" in a similar manner.

After about the tenth week, pups become much more reluctant to form emotional attachments. This helps to ensure that members of a pack will remain with their own pack, and remain wary of other packs. The breaking of this bond can often be very upsetting to lupus taken from their pack after the onset of the First Change.

During this time wolf pups learn how to hunt. Wolves do not have an inborn tendency to kill. Rather, they are born with a talent for learning to kill. In the wild, the adults encourage these tendencies, which lead to fully developed hunting skills. However, even wolves raised by humans can also learn to hunt.

Near the end of this ten week period, pups leave the den and move to a series of temporary resting sites during what would now be the summer. Like dens, these resting sites are often reused from year to year.

The pups lose their puppy teeth after about 16-26 weeks. They are unable to bring down prey until after this time. After their adult teeth grow in, the pups travel with the pack. It is now the late fall and early winter, and food is somewhat sparse. The pups must remain with the pack to gain their hunting skills.

Social Structure

Wolves exist in a dominance hierarchy, what human sociologists originally described as a "pecking order." A pack has two primary dominance orders, based on sex. The most dominant of each is the "alpha." The mated pair that formed the pack are most often (but not always) the alpha male and alpha female.

Underneath the alphas are the other wolves, who are ranked in order of dominance. A wolf submits to all above it, and dominates all below it. Never are two wolves at the same level of domination.

Occasionally, the alpha male does not breed with the alpha female, in which case a lower-ranking male may do



so. However, the alpha male still remains dominant over the other males of the pack.

Woe be unto a lower-ranking wolf that tries to breed with the pack's alpha. At the very least, the pack will drive them out, and more likely kill them without mercy. Many lupus Garou have been driven out for trying to breed with a female they considered an equal, without having achieved a standing in the dominance structure. They are left to wander until the time of the First Change.

The wolf that ranks lowest in the hierarchy cycle is often known as the "scapegoat." More often than not, it lurks on the outskirts of the pack, feeding on what little the wolves leave for it. If it approaches the pack, its packmates may move out, nip at it and drive it off.

There are three exceptions to this social order. The first is the juveniles, the pups and yearlings. They have their own dominance order among each other, regardless of sex. Pups will establish an order of domination among themselves by mock fighting. Lupus Garou are often at the top of this cycle even before the First Change.

The second exception is the "outcast" wolf, often known as the "lone wolf." Wolves too sick or old to effectively hunt may sometimes live on the outskirts of the pack. They are usually harried by the other members of the pack. They often travel with the pack, following along at a distance but never joining in. Others travel between adjoining wolf territories, feeding on small game and carrion.

The third exception are the Garou. A Garou that lives with a pack outranks the same-sex alpha. Garou are rarely present to lead a pack. When they are present, the other wolves of their pack obey them unconditionally. This Garou domination exceeds even sexual boundaries.

On occasion more than one Garou will live with a wolf pack. This is the case when a Garou and his or her children return to live together in the pack. It also happens when a sire Garou returns to a pack that its Garou child continues to live with.

In these cases, a separate order of domination, similar to that of juveniles, is formed. The Garou establish their own domination order above that of the pack. This dominance order is not divided by sex, and female Garou often dominate males. However, even the lowest Garou on this ladder of domination is superior to the pack's alphas.

Rarely, a non-lupus Garou will join with a pack to breed. It will fall into the superior dominance order of the Garou. However, if there are any lupus Garou present, there will be a heated battle for dominance. The lupus Garou consider the wolf packs their exclusive breeding packs. Unless a non-lupus manages to dominate all other Garou, it will descend to the lowest rank of the Garou dominance order, and most likely be driven from the pack.

As the mating season approaches, rivalries between wolves in a pack increase, with a number of conflicts and struggles as the males vie for breeding privileges. This

rivalry is reflected in the struggle between Garou if more than one of the same sex is present.

The highest Garou in the dominance order will usually breed with an opposite-sex alpha, as that will produce the best offspring. This is not always the case, however. On some rare occasions a ranking Garou may mate with a scapegoat if that wolf has some particular talent that will help the lupus Garou to maintain and improve its line.

The dominance order determines what "privileges" each wolf receives. The alpha male receives first feeding from a kill. A dominant wolf cannot have its food taken from it by a subordinate.

Dominance also determines who leads the pack. The alpha wolf, when present, determines when a hunt begins, and leads the pack against the prey. He also takes responsibility for guarding against, or attacking, intruders.

The wolf leader rules through an odd combination of absolute tyranny and democracy. The alpha acts independently of his packmates, but those same packmates influence his or her behavior. If they are tired, it is unlikely he will force them on. However, the other pack members rely on the alpha male for leadership.

Such positions of dominance are never permanent. If the alpha male voluntarily or unwillingly leaves a pack, the second most dominant, the "beta," will lead the pack. Even if the original alpha later returns, the beta remains the alpha leader.

Determination of dominance in a pack is an ongoing activity, never a rigid hierarchy. However, in stable times there are very few conflicts to determine domination status. When something of major proportions happens, the wolves will vie more intently for a new rung on the ladder of domination order. Such events can include the death or crippling of a high-placed wolf, a lack of food or the acceptance of a new pack member.

Communication

Wolves have a fairly sophisticated means of communication. They rely on three senses: vision, smell and hearing.

Wolves rely primarily on sight to communicate, through their posture. The expression of the face and position of the tail (upright, medium-height curled or tucked between the legs) are key indicators. However, full body positioning also communicates a great deal. Such examples include crouching and threatening to spring (harassing a subordinate), nuzzling the muzzle or pawing the ground (gestures of friendly submission to a dominant) and exposing the chest and abdomen (gesture of passive submission).

Odor is another strong means of communication, one that both applies to members within a pack, and between packs. Among pack members, most activities involve either the head and neck region or the anal-genital area. Smelling the head is usually a friendly act, directed by a submissive male towards a dominant. It developed from



If food is not available, wolves are well-suited to fasting. They can survive up to 20 days without food, and function at near-peak efficiency.

Wolves hunt primarily through scent. They also locate prey through random chance, especially in areas with many of the animals they feed on. And finally, they can locate prey through tracking.

Once wolves have found evidence of their prey, through scent or tracks, they stalk their intended meal. The alpha male of the pack (or the highest dominant if the pack has split into smaller hunting groups) takes the lead. The wolves try to sneak as close as possible to the prey.

As soon as the prey spots the wolves, both freeze as they assess the situation. Lupus believe there is a mystical communication exchanged herein, in the glance between hunter and prey. The prey acknowledges the ages-old ways of the wilderness and flees, whereupon the wolves take up the chase. If the prey does not flee, more often than not, the wolves will leave and look for other game. The lupus believe, like many Native Americans, that there is a sacred covenant between them and their prey, regulated by Mother Gaia and the Animal Fathers.

In the Deep Umbra there are many Animal Lodges, where the animals' spirits go upon death, to later be sent out into the world again in the cycle of life and death. If a hunter offends the prey somehow, then the Animal Father for that species will withhold the spirits from returning to the realm. The animals will slowly die out. This is disastrous

for wolves, who rely on vast herds of caribou and other animal for their sustenance. Thus, to the lupus, maintenance of this sacred compact is very important. Any homid who defiles it will be scorned and possibly attacked.

Homid Garou are largely ignorant of this hunting protocol and will often attack prey that does not acknowledge the chase. This greatly offends lupus Garou, for it is yet another sign that homids do not understand the sacred mysteries of the wild. However, wolves are likewise confused when attacking human's cattle and livestock. These animals seem to have no understanding of the protocol, and because of this, the wolves often slaughter far more than they need to eat, never having received the proper signal to cease their hunt.

This compact does not mean that the prey will not fight back or give a good chase. Wolves have a good sense of when their prey can outrun them, and if further pursuit is useless. Because of this, the chase rarely lasts long. Either the wolves bring down their prey, or the prey outruns them. Larger prey animals, such as moose, can often hold their own against a pack of wolves if they stand their ground.

Against larger prey, wolves will go for the animal's rump. This puts them outside the range of the victim's front and rear hooves, as well as out of view of the creature. This area holds no vital parts. However, it is large and affords an area for several wolves to gain hold. No animal can run for long with wolves holding on to it.

Wolves also go for the nose. When they do so, they try to keep their body as far away from the prey's front hooves as possible. This attack distracts the victim from the attackers on its rump.

Lone wolves and small packs kill their prey in stages. They will strike, move out, come back in and strike again. The goal is to keep the prey on its feet as much as possible. When the animal can no longer rise, the wolves move in for the kill.

Against smaller prey, such as deer, wolves rely heavily on stealth during the initial stalk. The deer is much faster, and can leap through snow with great agility. Its speed is its only defense, however, and even lone wolves can kill a deer with ease if they catch it.

Both larger and smaller prey will avoid wolves by entering water. Wolfpacks will rarely enter water to pursue their prey, as this puts them at a strong disadvantage.

When stalking prey that travel in herds (such as caribou), wolves will chase the entire herd, waiting for stragglers to fall behind. As is often the case with any prey the wolf hunts, the old, weak and young are the ones to fall behind. Carrying out Gaia's will, the wolves kill the animals that will be a burden on the others of their herd.

An important part of the wolf's role in Gaia's overall scheme is that it preys mostly on the old and weak. This means that the wolf acts as a means of natural selection. If it brings down an elk sick with tuberculosis, or infected with parasites, it has done the rest of the elk herd a service.





the way pups will "ask" a parent to regurgitate food for them.

The anal-genital region becomes involved during rituals of dominance and submission. A dominant will extend its rear end towards a submissive, while the submissive withdraws its own. This is a combination of both posturing and odor as a form of communications.

A leader also uses scent marking, both to assert its own domination (by scenting areas around the pack), or to mark its territory for other packs to smell and avoid. Wolves will mark terrain by either urinating on any object thrusting out of the ground (a scent post), or rolling in the ground or snow, leaving their scent.

Most lupus Garou also use scent marking. If they are living in a sept with other Garou, particularly homids, they are often the butt of several unsubtle insults about their behavior. It is a foolish homid indeed that makes such comments within the lupus' hearing, however.

The third way that wolves communicate is through vocal expression. Humans know of the wolves' mode of howling. However, wolves also make whining, growling and barking noises. These noises serve many purposes, including communicating submission and domination.

The Garou Howls have their origins in wolf howls. The Call to Hunt, The Call for Succor, The Wail of Foreboding, The Snarl of Precedence and The Curse of Ignominy all begin as wolf howls.

The other Howls serve various special purposes for the Garou. Wolves are unable to understand the full meaning of such Garou howls. However, they are often capable of deriving the basic concept of these Garou communications.

Hunting

It is a ceremonial exchange, the flesh of the hunted in exchange for respect for its spirit....There is, at least, a sacred order in this. There is nobility. And it is something that happens only between the wolf and his major prey species. It produces, for the wolf, sacred meat.

— Barry Holstun Lopez, *Of Wolves and Men*

Wolves hunt primarily from early evening to midmorning. As a rule, wolves dislike hot weather, so they roam primarily during the evening hours in the summer. During the winter, they hunt day or night.

How far the pack ranges varies on the season. During the late spring, summer and fall, the pups born during the spring are unable to travel. In this case the wolves seeking food may roam as far as 20-30 miles away from the den.

In winter and early spring, the pack travels much further afield, with no limitations on how far they can range other than the borders of other territories. Depending on various circumstances, wolves can travel as far as 45 miles in a single day.

Wolves are carnivores, and their digestive system is well-suited to their diet. They eat in a "feast or famine" type situation. They will gorge themselves as soon as food is available, eating as much as they can. They will occasionally cache food. This is usually to feed the young, or to keep scavengers away. Otherwise, they make no effort to leave part of a corpse for later consumption.

Wolves do eat grass. However, this is not for sustenance. Rather, they consume grass and other plants to scour their digestive system of parasites. They occasionally digest dirt as well, but this is a result of lapping up the blood surrounding a kill. Newly changed lupus Garou occasionally engage in this behavior, but usually refrain from it when they discover Mother Gaia has made them largely immune to such petty problems.

Wolves feed on large animals. Their prey consists primarily of deer, moose, caribou, elk and bighorn sheep. If more than one sort of prey exists within the pack's hunting range, the wolves concentrate on the smallest or easiest to bring down.

However, wolves will feed on any sort of animal if the situation presents itself. Birds, fish, lizards, mice and rabbits are all provided by Gaia for the wolf's consumption. Wolves will even feed on injured or handicapped wolves. They are also willing to eat carrion, or food at dump sites.

Not only do wolves concentrate on particular species, but on particular individuals. They know that Gaia wishes them to weed out the unfit. During the summer they will concentrate on helpless newborn. Other times of the year, they kill older adults and yearlings.



Smaller animals, such as beaver, hare and mice, supplement the wolf's food supply during sparse times. With beavers, the wolf will try to catch them away from the water. Against rabbits, wolves will simply catch up to them through superior speed and stamina. Wolves, particularly pups, will pounce on mice. For the younger wolves, this is training for full-fledged hunting activities.

Because of the way wolves feed, they will often bring down prey but, even after gorging, they are unable to consume all the meat. This means there is food left for small birds and mammals, as well as larger scavengers such as the crow and raven. This provides food for some of Gaia's other creations.

Wolves are on good terms with ravens, as much as they can be on good or bad terms with any other animal. Ravens will often follow wolf packs, looking for free meals, and they will also lead wolves to prey. The birds also occasionally play pranks on the wolves, waddling up to a resting wolf and pecking at its tail. They will also dive at a wolf's head. The wolf will duck then leap up trying to catch it. In fact, wolves never eat or attack ravens.

Disease

Disease is Gaia's way of controlling the wolf population, regulating it as suits her. Wolves are particularly subject to parasitism. Certain parasites develop in the stomachs of moose, and spread to wolves through consumption as part of their life cycle. Some of these species (such as the tapeworm) are even dangerous to man.

Wolves are subject to any number of diseases, rabies being the most common. Canine distemper also exists among wolves. Some even suffer from arthritis. Often, a prior injury will leave a wolf susceptible to arthritis, as bone is deposited around a joint. Such is the stamina of a lupus Garou, even before the time of its First Change, that they rarely fall prey to these. Still, there are some lupus who lived through terrible bouts of fever or distemper before adolescence.

Wolves fear malnutrition as they fear few things. It leaves them open to other diseases, causing a long, painful death. It also reduces the chance of pup survival, as only the strongest get enough food to survive.

Survival

Over the centuries, the Garou wolves (and homid Garou seeking to bolster the wolf population) have tried to use their superior intelligence to reduce wolf deaths from natural means. However, natural diseases and the predations of man have made this difficult. To some degree, Gaia herself has declared that only a certain percentage of wolves will live to old age. The lupus accept this, but homids concerned for the fate of the wolves still try occasionally. Their efforts seem doomed to failure.

Some homids point out to their lupus brethren that, if Gaia is so concerned about the survival of the wolf, why

does she keep reducing their numbers through natural means? The lupus know that Gaia, in Her wisdom, is aware that many wolves draw greater attention from man. Bounties have been paid on wolves for up to 2,700 years, once humans grew brave enough after the Impergium. There are still a high number of humans who take delight in killing wolves, and the Garou can not be everywhere to protect the wolves.

Actions by the Garou have been unable to substantially reduce the number of hunters. The necessity of the Veil makes it difficult to outright kill many of them. After all, only a certain number of hunters each year can "mysteriously disappear during a hunting trip," before even the most oblivious human notes something is going on. Most Garou will indulge in scare tactics to keep hunters away from the packs they protect.

Wolves and Humans

As the Garou well know, the greatest threat to the wolf are humans. Men have hunted wolves for over two millennia. The portrayal of the wolf as a marauding man-beast is found in everything from fairy tales to cartoons.

To some degree, the Garou have no one to blame for the extermination of the wolf than themselves. Their sometimes bloody enforcement of the Impergium left mankind with a pathological fear of the Garou. In the centuries since, man has subconsciously sought to wipe out the wolf side of the Garou heritage. By attacking the wolf, they satiate their own subconscious fears of the werewolf.

Despite their image, wolf attacks on man are so rare as to be essentially non-existent. In fact, wolves will usually go out of their way to avoid humans, even those who invade their territories and dens.

Humans have occasionally raised wolves. Wolves raised during their emotional bonding period are much more likely to become tame than afterwards. Several lupus Garou of the Children of Gaia were raised in human captivity, which accounts for their beliefs.

More often, man and wolf come into conflict when livestock is at stake. Wolves hunt large, hooved animals, usually seeking the most vulnerable. In a corral, domestic livestock are always vulnerable.

In the last few decades, wolf hunting has become popular with any number of would-be "sportsmen." The most popular (and effective) means of wolf hunting is by airplane. Hunters pay exorbitant prices to fly in a plane and shoot down wolves as they travel across miles of barren Alaskan tundra.

In Russia, where the government has declared a "Great War on Wolves," aerial hunting is the most popular manner. Hunters have driven the wolf to near-extinction there. However, hunters also use traps, snares, poison meat and deadfalls with great success.

Wolf Sentience

In **Werewolf**, wolves have a certain degree of sentience. They have a sense of their own place in nature. This sentience is not in anyway similar to human intelligence. It is rather a sign of their closer tie to Mother Gaia. They exist in a holistic world, undivided. They thus seem to possess a wisdom and awareness unknown in our "real" world. They are still, however, quite ignorant of humanity's ways and technological advances. The things of the Weaver confuse them.

The wolves of the **Werewolf** world do what they do because of their acceptance of their role in Mother Gaia's grand scheme of things. They live for the now, with no remorse and little memory of the past. They are part of a cycle. They know that, through the pack, they will live on in spirit if not in body.

Wolves have neither the intelligence nor desire to evolve beyond what they are now. They have no desire to discover the wheel, or fire, or MTV. They have no desire to band together to prey on man, or even the humans that hunt them down. They are content with their place in life, such as it now is.

Wolves are aware of the Wyrms, at least as an opponent of Gaia. They instinctively avoid areas corrupted by the Wyrms, and have an innate sense of those creatures of the Corrupter. There are many Garou Kinfolk among the surviving wolf population. Like human Kinfolk, the wolves rarely participate in direct battle against the Wyrms. Rather, they know that Gaia asks of them that they support the Garou, rather than fight themselves.



Chapter Two: The Lupus Garou

...when your name, your laws, institutions, and your false god are but a dim remembering of a cursed past in which man was wolf to the man.

— Bartolomeo Vanzetti's last statement before being executed

The lupus first manifest their Garou heritage when they begin to achieve sexual maturity. This is when they are about 20-30 months old. Female wolves tend to mature slightly more quickly than males.

Garou will check on their offspring about a month after their birth to determine if they have the full Garou heritage. If so, they will brand them with the Baptism of Fire rite. However, modern-day lupus cannot always employ this rite. Mother wolves are fiercely protective of their cubs and it is very hard to take the cub for long enough to perform the rite. Most lupus Garou that breed return to their pack(s) each year, during the time of adolescence, to determine if any offspring share of the Garou blood.

When the lupus first walked the earth, and they outnumbered the homids and metis, they rarely employed the Baptism of Fire. At that time, they were not concerned about the fate of their packs. As the wolf packs have been reduced in recent years, the lupus have taken up this particular method of monitoring their offspring.

The lupus Garou have a special form of the Baptism of Fire rite whereby a Kin-Fetch is bound to watch over an entire pack rather than a particular child. A lupus Garou will often bind this spirit to any such pack that it comes

across in its travels. The spirit will sense if the First Change is upon a second-generation or later lupus Garou, and alert the lupus that bound it to the pack.

There is a spiritual imperative that drives the lupus Garou to return to their origins at least some time during the year. Lupus are unable to explain exactly what this compulsion feels like. They claim it is "Mother Gaia's hand" upon them, and they willingly follow where it guides them. Some homids believe this may be similar to the migration compulsion.

Breeding

A wolf pack that a Garou breeds with is usually made up almost entirely of Kinfolk. When a Garou breeds, it produces a litter of 4-8 pups, which grow up as Kinfolk. These same Kinfolk later leave the pack, and form their own packs. Each year the Garou produces a litter of this size.

Because of the near-extinction of wolves, and the distance separating many packs, it is difficult for lupus Garou to breed. When a lupus finds a pack that it believes would make fine breeders, he or she remains exclusively with that pack.

Lupus Garou are long-lived by wolf standards. Once the Garou blood manifests, the lupus' aging rate slows to that of a homid. Since wolves mate yearly, a lupus can parent many generations of pups. Thus does Gaia guarantee that the lupus survive under circumstances that would otherwise mean their complete extinction.

Therefore, a pack with a lupus alpha will consist almost entirely of wolf Kinfolk. The other wolves look forward with eagerness to the time when the pups of a litter will begin to show signs of their full heritage. They are much more accepting than normal wolves of the odd behavior of a young Garou-to-be. They know that this is part of Gaia's cycle.

Packs made up of Garou Kinfolk also last much longer, and keep a greater sense of cohesiveness. Under the protection of a Garou alpha, the pack can grow much larger and still feed itself, due to superior leadership. If a wolf breaks off from the pack to form its own, it is often at the behest of the lupus Garou. He will keep track of the wolf and the pack it forms.

Occasionally, a Garou will breed with a pack that is not made up of Kinfolk. This more commonly happens when homids breed. They simply pick out a pack more or less at random, and never consistently.

As with humans, the Garou blood can be passed down through the generations. Therefore two wolves that breed may have a Garou offspring. The wolves of the pack often can detect a strangeness about this odd wolf. She often becomes the target of harassment by her littermates and the litter of the previous year. Occasionally, even the older wolves will engage in this harassment. This behavior is rarely fatal, but it is very discomfiting to the target Garou.

Garou that remain exclusively in the wilderness, dealing only with wolf pack affairs, are much more likely to have several packs under their control. They have the time necessary to travel back and forth, watching the activities of all their packs.

The lupus mates with the alpha of the opposite sex. Given an average litter of six pups, it is rare that more than one pup manifests per year. As many as five years can go by with no pup manifesting the Garou blood.

Male Garou will simply breed and leave, unless the pack is one that they control. Female Garou will usually remain with the pack through the two month gestation, give birth, and raise the cubs until they are ready to leave the den. She will then depart, leaving the cubs with a Kinfolk female.

Due to the longevity of the Garou, the frequent birth rate of wolves, and the strict adherence to breeding rights, it is possible for the lupus to sometimes trace their lineage. This is not always accurate, as a recessive gene from many generations ago may still outdate the breeding lupus, but it allows for a greater chance of recognition. Often, pups can be traced to their still-living parent by any distinguishing marks or coloration of their fur. Thus the lupus, besides their strong pack instinct, possess a strong family instinct

also, while most homids may not know their true Garou parent.

Rarely, a lupus Garou is a "lone wolf," breeding with the opposite-sex alpha of the pack after dominating the alpha. The lupus leaves the pack, returning about two years later when the litter reaches the proper age. Some lone wolves breed with the same pack year after year, while others wander much more widely.

These lone wolves have no interest in dominating a pack, and only mate with wolves to perpetuate their breed. When they do return to check their litters for those of Garou heritage, they rarely remain longer than a week. Many of these lupus have the Scent Birth gift (see the Appendix).

Select Breeding

*Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home...*

— Shakespeare, *Richard II*

In the last few decades, some lupus have made efforts to instigate a breeding program to maintain the quality of the line. The Black Furies in particular devote themselves to this cause. Some Red Talons have also tried this, although they are more interested in quantity than quality. The Silver Fang have always been select in their breeding, to maintain their Pure Breed.

It is still unclear what effect this breeding program has had on wolves. Wolves of the last ten years have been much hardier than those of the decades before. Homids claim this is merely the result of the "law of the fittest." The newer wolves must be stronger to survive the predations of human and Wyrn alike.

The lupus do not understand Darwinism, and many believe that Gaia may finally be helping her children of the wilderness by giving them her strength. They believe this is a sign that the lupus may once more gain equality with the homids.

Claims that a particular type of breeding has improved the number of Garou born to a pack, or that the children are of more one sex than another, have not been substantiated. Both the Black Furies and the Red Talons have claimed some success in these regards. Many lupus look upon those who use these breeding procedures as "unnatural" and "against Mother Gaia." This is a point of some dissension among the Red Talons.

Rite of Passage

A parent checking up on his offspring will usually bring other lupus Garou with him to harass the newly revealed Garou. They will chase the cub through the woods, into a state of exhaustion. Then, when she is too weary to put up a fight, the Garou will take the cub to the place of the Rite of Passage. Since lupus tend to check up on their packs simultaneously, supporting each other in these ritualistic harassments, they will put their pups through the Rite together. More rarely, homids and metis will also participate with the lupus in a combined Rite.

These mixed Rites of Passage can often lead to internal squabbling. The homids gain great amusement watching the lupus cope with their newfound human bodies. The lupus, having no tolerance for what they perceive as insults, will lash out. This is one of the reasons why mixed-breed Rites occur so rarely. Still, the small population of Garou and the even smaller population of lupus sometimes make such rites a necessity.

The Change

*When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands?*

— Robert Browning, "By the Fireside"

When the lupus cub first fully manifests her Garou powers, she is in for somewhat of a shock. As the cub shapeshifts into more intelligent forms, she discovers intelligence. The process is akin to having a great deal of written material but poor vision. Finally the young Garou has a pair of "glasses". Homid Garou often describe the same sensation when describing the way they now comprehend the spirit world and the new world awaiting their heightened senses.

It is not that the lupus Garou's mental abilities become greater. Indeed, in no form do any mental attribute change. Rather, the lupus now has access to human reasoning processes. The concept of cause and effect, for instance, taken for granted by wolves, becomes a new toy for the shapeshifting Garou.

Newly gifted lupus Garou must also deal with walking on two legs. For some reasons, lupus have a much more difficult time moving about on two legs than homids do on four. Some lupus elders have insultingly claimed that homids have an easier time yielding to Gaia's will than lupus have fighting it by shifting to an unnatural form.

The lupus view the forms of the Garou in a different manner than the homid or the metis. The other two breeds are much more strategic in their use of which form is best suited to what occasion. Many of these two breeds have become quite skilled in picking the right form for a particular occasion.

A typical homid may maintain its human form to speak with an old man at a gas station, then shift to Lupus to follow a car to a mansion. From there it might assume Hispo form to leap a fence, then Glabro to jimmy a locked door, then Crinos to shatter a barred cell.

A lupus breed, on the other hand, prefers the Lupus form. It rarely sees anything awkward or handicapping in its lupus form, and remains in that shape. It is not that lupus Garou are reluctant to shapeshift. Rather, they simply see their Lupus form as adequate for most purposes.

To parallel the above example, the lupus Garou remains in Lupus form, and uses its heightened senses to track the car in question. It leaps over the fence, and uses its body mass to burst open the locked door and the cell.



Aging

Regardless of how often the lupus breed shifts into human or near-human form (if ever), it gains one advantage of that shape. The Garou's life span is greatly extended, to full human length. Even if the lupus Garou were to remain in wolf form the rest of its existence, it would age at a greatly reduced rate.

This was not always the case. When Gaia first created the Garou, they favored the wolf side of their heritage. The lupus' life spans were much more in accordance with wolf life expectancy (8-16 years) than humans. When they would revert to homid form, their body would age proportionately. A ten year old lupus' Homid form would be that of an 80 year old man.

As the centuries have gone by, the wolf influence has lessened, and the human influence increased. Now the life span is closer to that of humans than wolves. The lupus' Homid form, after the First Change, will be that of a homid twelve or thirteen years of age. The lupus will then age from that point onward as if he were a homid.

There are, however, cases of lupus who do not Change at the proper time, sometimes living out most of their wolf lives with normal wolf packs, unaware of their true nature. For these unfortunates, when the Change finally comes, their Homid forms are that of old humans, corresponding roughly to five to eight human years for every wolf year past two.

The average life span for a Garou is 60-70 years. The metis life span is perhaps five to ten years less, due to the handicaps they are born with. This life span is an average figure. A Garou that lives a peaceful life is quite capable of living to 120. After all, Garou are immune to most non-Wyrm diseases.

The key is "peaceful life." Few Garou live a peaceful life. They are Gaia's warriors, and most die a warrior's death.

Lupus Packs

Once a lupus has survived the Rite of Passage, he is free to do as he wishes. He is no longer dominated by his parent, and is free to travel as he wills. Often he will remain with the pack he passed through the Rite of Passage with. In mixed breed Rites, this often means he may be the only lupus among homids and metis. Most lupus believe this acceptable, as they believe it is their duty to make sure their packmates remain close to Gaia.

A lupus may choose to remain with her parent's pack, in which case she fits into the Garou chain of dominance which supersedes the usual dominance order of a wolf pack. The child is usually submissive to the parent, and the parents' children of an older generation.

It is very rare for an ordinary wolf to dominate a lupus. Occasionally, a wounded Garou that returns to its pack, with no other Garou present, may find itself in a struggle for domination with a wolf. This only happens when the Garou is the only one of its kind within the wolf pack.

A Garou can to some degree overcome the natural submissive reaction it might feel to a wolf that stands above it in the pack's domination order. Unfortunately, it usually requires Homid or Glabro form to do so. Few lupus can maintain this form and remain with a pack. In fact, lupus in a pack with other wolves almost never shift beyond the near-wolf form unless berserk (when they transform to Crinos). A lupus dominated by a wolf may overcome the natural submissive reaction by spending a point of Will-power.

Fortunately, the breeding season of the female wolf is fairly predictable. Lupus will often wander freely nine months of the year. They return to their pack for three months to mate or check up on their offspring of previous years. This gives them plenty of time to battle against the Wyrm and the humans.

In the Garou's absence, the alpha male or female takes care of pack matters. If another Garou, the child of the double-alpha, remains with the pack, it leads the wolves. If more than one child remains, they fight it out for dominance among themselves. When the siring Garou returns, it resumes control of the pack. Despite its absence, it is rare that another wolf will dispute this sudden intrusion.

This three-month period is a time of rejuvenation for the Garou lupus. They see it as a time to lose whatever contamination they have picked up from contacts with the homids. Many look upon it as a time of spiritual purification. As noted earlier, they almost always spend the entire period in wolf form.

During this time they will take care of any pack business. This includes looking into any threats from human hunters, determining if food has become scarce and the pack should move on, and any other matters. The double-alpha mates during this time, with the opposite sex alpha. The Garou also selects which wolf the same-sex alpha will mate with. Some male lupus travel to several packs, increasing the chances of lupus Garou being born.

In any case, the Garou scrutinizes his pack with a strong eye. He looks for a suitable mate for both himself and the pack's other alpha. There is much jockeying in the dominance order when the Garou returns.

On very rare occasions, a wolf might challenge the returning Garou. Such challenges are almost always swiftly defeated. The two exceptions of the last century were when adolescent Garou, just manifesting their abilities, were able to take their parent by surprise and defeat him. These occasions are a cause for much mirth and celebration, since another Garou has been born to the pack.

Moon Auspices

*the coolness...
the half moon shifts
puddles*

— Kobayashi Issa

From the first days that the Garou walked the earth, they have fought the humans. It is the humans that are the primary agents of the Wyrms. Fighting has been the Garou's pride and joy. Most ferals believe that they, among the three breeds of Garou, are destined by Gaia to fight the mightiest battles.

Small wonder, then, that the Ahroun are the most respected of the lupus. It is the Ahrouns that receive the wolf's share of the adulation and respect.

Galliards are also well-respected among the lupus. Those who have heard a wolf howling at night know the beauty of this music. The wolves themselves gain great pleasure from their performance.

Theurges are well looked upon. Those few lupus that choose renunciation often chose the auspice of the Theurge, the better to grow close to Gaia in their last days. With their high Gnosis and familiarity with the Umbra, particularly aspects of the Wyld, many a lupus has the deep knowledge required to become a Theurge.

The lupus once celebrated the Ragabash auspice among them, when they first shared equal power with the homids. As their numbers shrank with the encroachment of the

humans, the lupus grew less tolerant of the pranksters in their midst. Few of the more respectable or warlike tribes, such as the Silver Fangs, the Red Talons and the Get of Fenris, have the patience and the understanding for Ragabash tricks. Other lupus look upon Ragabash with ill-favor. The lupus expect them to be formidable warriors to make up for their prankish nature. Great, however, are the Ragabash who can break through the sorrow and despair of this dying breed to make them laugh.

The Philodox lupus often vie with the Ahrouns for alpha status. They tend to be very straightforward in their thinking. As such, they have difficulty seeing two sides to any issues. Either there is enough food or there isn't. Either the humans pose a threat or they do not. Either the Garou should fight the Wyrms whenever they meet it, or they shouldn't. With their gifts, however, they make strong leaders.

The Red Talons

*They want to fit me with a radio-collar
To help them track down my own pack!
I think it's time we drew the line
It's time to start shootin' back
But I'm a bad wolf baby — chasin' caribou'
I'm a bad wolf baby — look out
I'm comin' after you*

— B. N. Koehler, "Bad Wolf"

This tribe is, of course, entirely lupus. As such, this tribe deserves a more detailed look.

The Red Talons consider themselves an important Tribe, nearly on a level with the Silver Fangs. While they do not dispute the esteemed nature of the Fangs, they believe that they are the true guardians of Gaia. They feel that the Fangs have squandered their great heritage and are no longer properly concerned with Gaia's fate. They are somewhat disparaging of Silver Fang lupus.

The first goal of the Red Talons has been, and will always be, the destruction of the humans. They have seen the corruption that the humans have spread down through the centuries, and know first hand of their talent for destroying animal species. As far as they are concerned, all humans are the agents of the Wyrms, knowingly or not.

The real reason the Red Talons have not carried out wide-scale slaughter of the humans is because of their current numeric inferiority. Their numbers have been steadily decreasing since the Impergium ended. Currently only 13% of the Garou are lupus. Even the more violent tribes like the Get of Fenris are reluctant to endanger the Veil. The other tribes have acted to restrain the Red Talons' more violent tendencies, with some small success.

The Red Talons are aware that although they have many incredible powers, they are not immune to death. With their numbers so small, they are reluctant to reduce their membership even further by poorly thought out human massacres.



The Two Factions

"There's glory for you!" I don't know what you mean by "glory", Alice said. 'I meant, "there's a nice knock-down argument for you!"

— Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking Glass*

Another factor behind the Red Talons not carrying out wholesale human slaughter is the small, growing number of Red Talons who are beginning to speak of a less than total extermination of humankind. These Red Talons are not always present at moots to push this point of view. More often they are traveling through the "scabs" in Homid form, trying to learn more of the hated humans. However, they are usually clever enough to leave a few of their number behind to inhibit the tribe's natural tendencies.

The Red Talons are not particularly tolerant of this minority among themselves. They will often dominate the younger ones to get them to go along with their point of view. Unfortunately (from a Red Talon point of view), one cannot dominate a submissive into remaining silent.

Red Talons that favor the view of less than total extermination are very tight knit among themselves. This allows them to avoid domination by older Red Talons. They combine their numbers to prevent a single member from being overwhelmed. Red Talons of the pro-extinction faction point to this disrespect for the domination order Gaia established as the result of human tainting. The younger Red Talons are obviously employing intelligence and cunning, instead of fierce instinct and brute strength.

The anti-extinction faction will fight fiercely to defend their honor against those that question their loyalty to the tribe and to Mother Gaia. To prove their loyalty, they are the most fervent attackers when specific humans are revealed as agents of the Wyrms. Indeed, they insist on leading such attacks. Although many Philodoxes tend to gravitate towards this faction, they are still ferocious fighters.

Make no mistake: the younger Red Talons despise most humans. When they travel through the scabs, they look upon the corruption and pollution with contempt. Still, in their travels they see humans that still believe in Mother Gaia, and fight against the spoilers. These humans are the ones that the younger Red Talons believe should be kept alive. They know that the human side of the Garou heritage is as important as the wolf side. Without humans, there would be no Garou.

Currently Scab Walker (see below) is the most powerful lupus of the younger faction. She spends much time in the cities, looking both for humans worthy of preservation and human agents of the Wyrms. She is not always available to return for monthly moots. However, she makes it a point to return for all grand moots, where the Garou commonly discuss human extinction.

Tribal Structure

The Red Talon tribe is similar in structure to a wolf pack. There is an alpha male, a lupus of incredible power that has fought his way to the top of the tribe's dominance order. All other Red Talons must bare their bellies before him.

The major tribal gathering of Red Talons is in Minnesota and Canada. Their leader, Blood Eye (see below), dominates every other Red Talon. He is not above dominating the lupus of other tribes, or even homid Garou in Lupus form, as well.

As a leader, Blood Eye's main weakness is that the submission of his inferiors is not a permanent state of affairs. He spends much of his time traveling from pack to pack, maintaining domination and requiring them to obey his orders. However, when he leaves leadership reverts to the pack's former leader, who then does what he wants. This makes it hard for him to coordinate any great plan against the humans.

Any Red Talon player character will certainly be a part of a vast chain of dominance. Blood Eye (or a lesser alpha, if Red Talons are encountered outside of North America) leads by example, guiding the pack to prey, humans or Wyrms. However, the local tribe leader does not participate in every action. A lesser alpha will lead any pack. Often, this alpha's desires will not be in strict accordance with Blood Eye's goals. Starting player characters will, of course, be very low in the dominance order.

The main pack of North American Red Talons is broken up into smaller packs. Each is led by its own alpha, and each alpha in turn is submissive to Blood Eye.

These subpacks stay together about nine months out of the year. During the winter and early spring months they will travel to wolf packs so they can breed and check the litters of previous years. The subpack will then reunite at a rendezvous spot and continue its actions against the Wyrms.

The number of Garou in the Red Talons has dropped through the last few decades, and has now stabilized. Blood Eye often commands that his tribe go out and breed with various packs to maintain the wolf side of the Garou blood.

More than homids and metis, lupus in general and the Red Talons in particular are much more likely to enforce the common displays of submission. The Red Talons demand these displays from those they dominate, so a Garou character dominated by a Red Talon should expect to show his belly often.

The Red Talons' adherence to the dominance order is one of the reasons other tribes can thwart them. When the other tribes obtain word that the Red Talons are planning a major extermination attack on a human community, they may send one of their number (usually from the Silver Fang or Get of Fenris tribes). That Garou will defeat Blood Eye in combat and dominate him. This is a dangerous strategy, and the other tribes only employ it in the most dire circumstances.

A Garou that dominates Blood Eye will do so only to stop such an attack. After the attack has been thwarted, the dominating Garou will release Blood Eye to do what he will. Since many other Red Talons see Blood Eye's defeat as a sign of weakness, there is often a great deal of vying for the alpha position. This fighting further diverts the tribe from their planned attack. Blood Eye has survived three such challenges during his rulership.

History and Current Status

The Red Talons first evolved in Europe, as did most tribes. They were not one of the three tribes that traveled across what is now known as the Bering Strait to fight the Wyrms in North America. When humans threatened the existence of the packs in Europe, many of the Red Talons assumed Homid form and traveled on colonial ships to the newly-founded United States. Other Red Talons took Moon Bridge paths across the great ocean to the newly opened caerns in America, such as the powerful Finger Lakes caern in New York State. Most of their number migrated, and today North America is the base of the tribe's power.

There are a few scattered Red Talon packs in Asia. A few traveling Galliards have kept them apprised of the tribe's major power base in North America. A "Great War on Wolves" has gone on in Russia during the last half of the twentieth century. Because of this, the Red Talons in Asia have no fondness for humans and share the goals of most Red Talons. However, they are far too concerned with surviving to take any substantial actions.

The Asian Red Talon alpha, Tundra Runner (see below), still tries to keep abreast of the situation in North America. He also takes what action he can against the Russian government. Finally, he is trying to determine the cause of the disappearance of so many packs throughout Russia. Whatever spiritual force is behind these disappearances threatens to overwhelm the Silver Fang and Shadow Lord packs in Siberia, as well as the remaining Red Talon packs.

Other Red Talon packs may exist in other parts of the world, particularly in Europe and Africa. However, their unfamiliarity with the modern world makes it hard for them to communicate back and forth. Other tribes have absorbed many of the Talons. Some of those of adequate lineage have forsaken their initial tribe and been accepted into the Silver Fang tribe. Others have embraced the Get of Fenris tribe, swelling its lupus numbers.

Red Talons and Cities

Occasionally a Red Talon lupus in Homid form gets the urge to mate with a human. Unlike the Glass Walkers, who permit such mating, the Red Talon tribe kill the offender, hunt down the child and kill it, whether the adolescent has manifested Garou blood or not. This is almost the only time that most Red Talons will ever enter a city.

The other reason the Red Talons will enter the city is when on the trail of a vampire. When hunting a "leech,"

they will spare no effort to kill it. Red Talons, believing themselves the closest of all Garou to Mother Gaia, consider vampires the greatest abomination upon Her face. They hate the leeches with unsurpassed passion.

Red Talon Opinions of Other Tribes

The relationship between the Red Talons and the other tribes is a somewhat tenuous one. Like most lupus, the Red Talons despise the Bone Gnawers and the Glass Walkers. They believe the Children of Gaia are weak compromisers that betray the Great Mother whose name they have taken. They respect the Black Furies, the Get of Fenris and some of the Fianna. They are somewhat wary of the Silent Striders, the Stargazers and the Uktena, because they find these tribes confusing.

The Talons dislike the Silver Fangs, since they believe that tribe no longer carries out Gaia's commandments. They believe the Shadow Lords have become tainted by human influence, since their "power politics" practices are too similar to those of the homids. They consider the Wendigo the closest thing to allies. The Wendigo originated in North America, originally in the far north but south as far as Mexico by the end of the 19th century. The two have rarely had any major conflicts of territory. Many anti extermination Red Talons point to the Native Americans as





the best examples of humans that could coexist with the Garou.

For now, the Red Talons remain a simmering presence in North America. Where the Talons are active, members of other tribes will almost always be nearby to keep an eye on them, preventing any excesses.

The Lupus Among the Tribes

When the great tribes first formed, the lupus were a significant part of each one. There are dark rumors that wolves once interbred with other creatures, animals such as jackals, hyenas and jaguars. Some scholars among the Garou claim this accounts for the origins of the Silent Striders and the Bone Gnawers, as well as various non-Garou werecreatures found across the length of Gaia.

In a sense, the lupus have become the scapegoats of such legends. When the lupus Garou were supreme, they made such claims against the homid Garou. The lupus claimed homids were breeding outside of the wolf species while experimenting with their newfound powers. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between, or in an entirely different direction.

Here are descriptions of the remaining twelve tribes, the lupus' part in them and how they interact with the Red Talons.

Black Furies

This respected tribe has many feral members, including several powerful alpha females. This tribe has suffered from underpopulation for the last century due to its stringent insistence on giving away non-metis male cubs to other tribes.

In recent years, the Black Furies have embarked on an ambitious breeding program to renew and strengthen their numbers. Among the wolves, the alpha females often travel to a pack, pick a suitable mate and force the male to breed with them. On most occasions the pregnant Black Fury will leave to bear her litter surrounded by her sisters.

The lupus breeding program has shown some success, and a slightly greater number of female children have been born in the last decade. While their numbers increase, the Black Furies remain the fearsome hunters of the Garou. The ferals, mostly Ahroun, take the greatest pleasure in facing the Wurm.

Bone Gnawers

This tribe has almost no lupus in it. The lupus avoid entering the cities except when confronting the Wurm, and they have no interest in breeding during those times. Also, ferals lack streetwise familiarity and other skills necessary to surviving as part of the outcast society the Bone Gnawers occupy.

Still, the occasional mixed breed coyote/dog, possessing the Garou blood but rejected by its peers, will find its way into a city and gain acceptance from the Bone Gnawers. Also, several lupus that began their lives in zoos have escaped. Unaccustomed to the ways of the wilderness, they have chosen to remain in the city and become part of the Bone Gnawers.

On rare occasions, a lupus will forego the pleasures of a wilderness life, and dwell in the cities, the better to fight the Wyrms. These lupus lack the skills to pass as any other social class. They often go about as the homeless, leading other Garou to think them members of the Bone Gnawers. The Bone Gnawers themselves care little one way or another about these impersonators.

The Bone Gnawers think of the lupus as naive idiots, content to romp in their forest primeval without any real understanding of what it takes to survive in the harsh, cruel world. They do gain some amusement out of watching lupus in homid form trying to make it in human society. Sometimes a sympathetic Bone Gnawer will advise a lupus. Just as often, she may give some blatantly incorrect social advice and watch as the lupus embarrasses herself even further.

Children of Gaia

This tribe formed from a splinter group of the Silver Fangs when internal differences arose over the application of the Impergium. Some Philodox lupus become associated with this tribe when others of their breed rejected their views of reconciliation. Most ferals believe humans should be penned up, so the number of lupus among the Children of Gaia is very small. Humans raised many of these lupus.

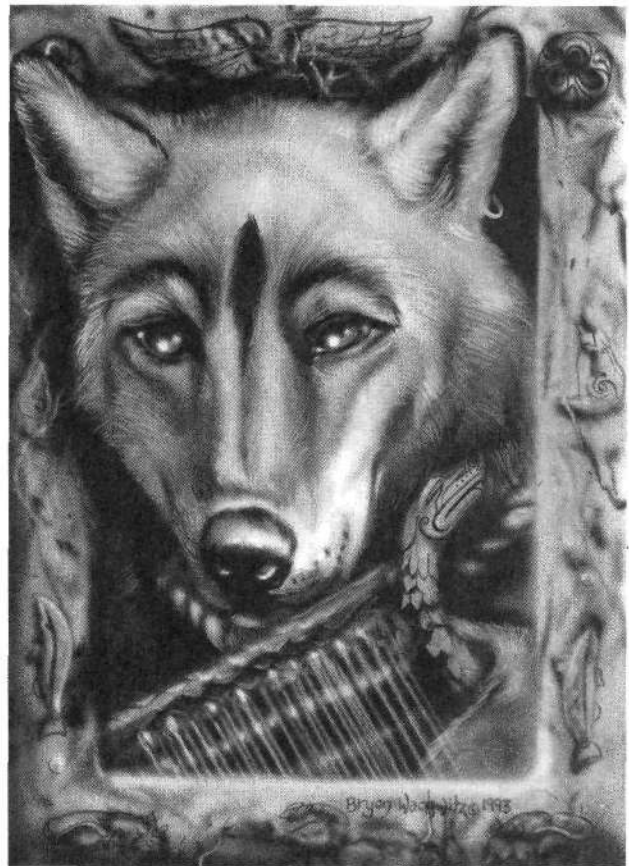
Lupus of the Children of Gaia are probably the most comfortable in Homid form of ferals in any tribe. Most lupus tend to revert to basic instincts in human interactions. Children of Gaia lupus, however, are experienced enough that it is very hard to distinguish what breed they are merely by their behavior in Homid form.

The anti-extinction faction among the Red Talons are trying to form a tentative alliance with the Children. Their goals, however, are not along equal lines. The Red Talon faction still favors large-scale destruction of humans, while the Children of Gaia would avoid any destruction whatsoever.

For now, the Red Talons hope to gain a better knowledge of humans, and the ability to discern their worthiness, from the Children of Gaia. The Children see the anti-extinction faction as a paw in the cave to moderating the Red Talons' more savage instincts.

Fianna

This tribe has a long and distinguished heritage. Wolves have roamed Ireland and Britain for centuries, and so lupus have equal representation with homids within the tribe. The homid members value their unique viewpoint and storytelling skills.



Wolves are now rare in the countries that the Fianna originated in. However, the few remaining packs, dwelling in the wild moors, are well-guarded. The Fianna act with swift dispatch against any hunter that accidentally stumbles upon a pack.

Seeking new experiences to tell their tales, Fianna lupus live almost anywhere. Only the Children of Gaia lupus are more comfortable in Homid form. Fianna lupus particularly enjoy singing with a human voice when the opportunity arises.

Get of Fenris

Lupus have played a key part in the history of this tribe. The wolf's head is an integral part of many European cultures. The Get has vied with agents of the Wyrms, particularly vampires. The Galliards still tell the tales of great apocalyptic battles in eastern Europe.

The fall of the Nazis, and the newfound freedom of the Warsaw Bloc countries, have kept the Get from maintaining the kind of power hold they would like in their native territories. They often travel abroad, seeking to expand their power base.

Unlike many parts of the world, the wolf presence in eastern Europe is still strong, and the Get has little trouble keeping the wolf side of their blood powerful. Some lupus Get of Fenris remain with their wolf pack the year round, ruling over it as the homid members once ruled over small monarchies.

Lupus tradition plays a large part in the rites and moots of the Get of Fenris. This tribe is perhaps the most wolf-like tribe that has homid members.

The Get of Fenris is also notable for the number of Red Talons they have absorbed into their own tribe. Several European Red Talons packs, spreading westward from Asia, have been unable to reunite with their tribe mates. They have forsaken their lineage and the Get of Fenris have adopted them.

Glass Walkers

This tribe is the one least likely to have feral members. The Glass Walkers are careful about breeding only among humans. However, occasionally one of their number has an urge to "go native" and mates with a wolf. Unlike the Red Talons, the Glass Walkers will take care of these unwanted children. However, they treat them as idiot cousins or retarded children.

The Glass Walkers and the lupus hold each other in mutual contempt. The lupus think this tribe is weak, having come to rely on the trinkets of human technology to improve their lives. The Glass Walkers feel that the lupus are naive idiots that have no understanding of the role Gaia intended the cities to play.

Like most Garou, the Red Talons barely tolerate the Glass Walkers. They feel even more strongly than the other tribes that the Glass Walkers risk corruption by the Wyrms. Indeed, the Red Talons believe that most Glass Walkers are already corrupted. The two tribes are mortal enemies. A Red Talon tracking a vampire into a city should expect some sort of confrontation with the Glass Walkers or their street gang Kinfolk.

Fortunately, the Glass Walkers, weakened by the lack of wolf blood, dislike confrontation. It endangers the Veil and the secretiveness of their activities. Against what they view as "minor" threats, they are content to let other Garou deal with the Wyrms and its minions. On more than one occasion a Glass Walker has provided covert aid to a Red Talon hunting a vampire. When the Garou defeats the vampire, the Glass Walkers step in and pick up the pieces. They also take advantage of the vampire's death to buy up her stock holdings and properties if she had any.

Shadow Lords

This old and powerful tribe once boasted many lupus members. The stratified organization of the Shadow Lords is quite similar to the dominance order in wolf packs, and ferals have no trouble functioning within this tribe.

Within the last century or so, however, the Shadow Lords have been less and less concerned with maintaining the wolf side of their heritage. They prefer to breed for cunning and intelligence, as part of their scheme to become the rulers of Garou society. Unlike the Glass Walkers, however, they realize that the wolf blood must be strong if the tribe is to remain strong.

In the opinion of the Red Talons, the Shadow Lords are only a little better than the Glass Walkers. They feel that the Shadow Lords have become too enmeshed in human politics. They feel the Lords should spend less time spreading their influence and more time fighting the Wyrms.

Silent Striders

Other Garou know little of this tribe's customs, so the position of lupus within its ranks is unclear. Other tribes believe that homids, lupus and metis all share equal power within this tribe. The mentality of this tribe is similar to the "lone wolf or "rogue alpha" principle in wolf packs.

Of course, wolves are rare in Egypt, where this tribe's origins are believed to have sprung from. Apparently, though, the Silent Striders have made a concerted effort to keep the wolf side of their Garou heritage strong.

Most lupus are wary of the Striders. They fail to understand why the Silent Striders wander so and worry that they risk corruption by the Wyrms.

Silver Fangs

The situation of the lupus within this tribe is a mishmash. Originally the lupus faction was strong, as the Silver Fangs were strong proponents of the Impergium. Through the millennia, as the lupus population has dropped, so has their influence on this tribe. Many Silver Fangs are proud to trace their lineage to some great Ahroun lupus. However, they dismiss the significance of lupus in the modern-day setting.

While Red Talons accept the Silver Fangs' claims of superiority, they rarely submit without an overt challenge of some sort. When a Red Talon and a Silver Fang meet, there is a continuing series of one-upmanship struggles to prove who is superior.

Most lupus believe that, like the Shadow Lords, the Silver Fangs are beginning to lose touch with the wolf side of their Garou heritage, and thus their ties to Mother Gaia. This has come about because they breed with humans to gain greater intelligence. Thus does the corruption begin...

Stargazers

Since this tribe was originally formed of Garou who opposed the Impergium, and most lupus supported the restriction on humanity, the ferals have not played a very large role in this tribe.

The Stargazers have much in common with the lupus philosophy. Both the tribe and the lupus shun the trappings of civilization.

On the other hand, the Stargazers dislike gatherings, while lupus share the wolf quality of social ties. Stargazers do not often breed with wolves; thus there have been few lupus born to the Stargazer tribe. The Stargazers are not unwilling to accept converts, however. But few lupus have the proper commitment to intellectual pursuits to take an interest in the ways of the Stargazers.

The lupus among them, however, are often renowned for their deep wisdom and understanding of Mother Gaia.

Much that is inexplicable and confusing of Her ways are easily explained by the lupus Stargazers.

The relationship between Red Talons and Stargazers are strained. Both tolerate the other. However, the Red Talons consider the Stargazers too introspective. The Stargazers have no contention with the Red Talons, but avoid the tribe to deter conflict.

Uktena

The relationship between Native American and wolf was a tight one. Both the Uktena and the Wendigo tribes have close ties to Native Americans.

The Uktena are less associated with the lupus than the Wendigo. This is primarily because the lupus rarely pursue the mystical secrets of the Umbra that the Uktena so fervently embrace, and thus the Uktena breed more often with humans. It is not that the lupus are uninterested. Rather, they do not seek to use the power of the spirit world for their own ends, as the Uktena do. Although the Uktena are secretive about the exact number and breeds of their members, there are surely a few powerful lupus Theurges within this tribe.

Although they share a continent with the Uktena, the Red Talons are wary of this tribe. As lupus they have a minor aversion to the Uktena's affiliation with the malevolent beings of the spirit world. Because of this, the Red Talons look upon this tribe with horror and disgust. Still, they rarely display such emotions openly. Instead, they merely try to avoid Uktenas whenever possible.

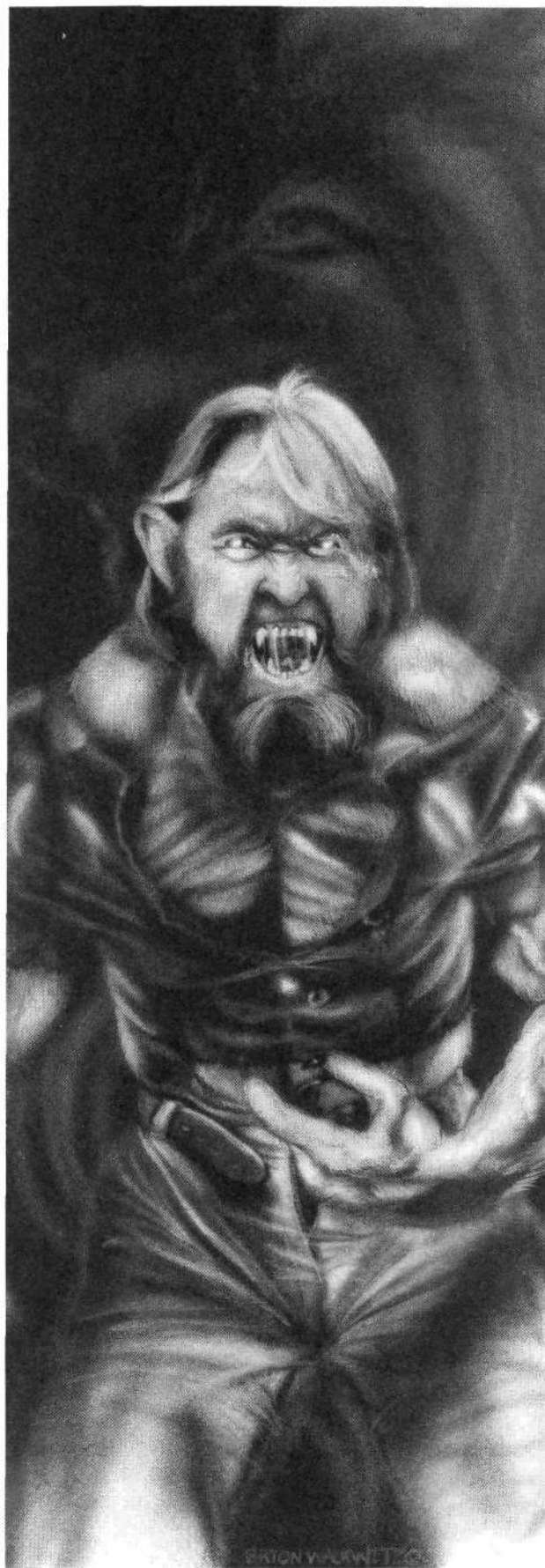
Wendigo

The other Native American-related tribe, this group has a relatively high percentage of lupus members. When the Native Americans strode the plains and forests of America, they were much closer to the wolf than other humans.

A Garou child raised by Indians did not share the prejudice against breeding with a wolf to produce a feral child. This aversion has prevented many tribes, such as the modern-day Get of Fenris and Silver Fangs, from renewing the number of lupus within their own tribes.

The problem is, the days of the Indian are long gone. The Wendigo tribe has been pushed back northwards along the path of their original entry onto the North American continent. Several Wendigo elder lupus, born when the Indians were still powerful, have survived and live today. However, most have died in battle. The Garou of this tribe, homid and lupus both, find they are now carrying on the tradition of a culture as close to extinction as the wolf itself.

The Wendigo and the Red Talons' anti-extinction faction get along well. The high number of lupus members makes the two tribes quite comfortable with each other. When the two tribes' sphere of interest cross, they can operate quite effectively. Several combined Red Talon/Wendigo packs have attacked a major dam project in Quebec, delaying its construction by nearly a year. Wendigo





often receive free passage through the wilderness areas the Red Talons control.

Enemies

The lupus are unrelenting in their pursuit of the agents of the Wyrn. They maintain that they are closest to Gaia, and that her pain is their pain. Whether they face fomori, industrial executives or vampires, they throw themselves into any battle with a chilling ferocity that has given elder vampires pause.

One of the few things that will worry a lupus, and a Red Talon in particular, is if their pursuit takes them into a city. They hate the scabs, hate even traveling through them. Because of this, they rarely hear of Wyrn activities within a city. Instead, they end up striking out at the Wyrn's minions when they enter the wilderness to complete some nefarious scheme.

Occasionally the Glass Walkers will let word pass to the Red Talons of some menace within a city, one they feel the lupus are best suited to deal with. Also, a Wyrn minion who escapes the first attack of a lupus may well flee to a city, seeking safety. In these cases, the lupus will pursue. Despite its awkwardness, despite its unfamiliarity with human customs, despite its horror at the filth and pollution surrounding it, the lupus will chase its prey to the ends of the earth.

Here then are a few enemies of the Garou and the lupus' interaction with them.

Black Spiral Dancers

Much to the displeasure of lupus Garou, the ferals are well-represented among this tribe. In fact, some Garou believe that secret packs of specially-bred wolves lurk in dark, forbidden spots. The Dancers use these packs to produce more lupus pups.

These packs of Black Spiral wolf Kinfolk are powerful indeed, but rare. Garou Kinfolk, who can sense their unnatural existence, have killed many of their number. The few packs that have survived have grown powerful indeed. They are scattered throughout northern Canada, and take pains to avoid any conflict with other wolf packs.

There are also rumors of other creatures, strange mutations of Gaia's favored hunter, creatures altered by the Wyrn's corruption. Although they are rare in this day and age, in the past fomori formed of wolf and lesser hunters (such as coyotes and hyenas), instead of humans, were common.

The Dancers value the contributions of the lupus more than certain Garou tribes like the Glass Walkers or the Shadow Lords. The Wyrn is unwilling to let any weapon go unused. If the Garou would toss aside a weapon, then so much the better for the Wyrn.

Among the Garou lupus, there is no quarter given to a lupus of the Black Spiral Dancers. Anyone thinking that

one lupus might feel sympathy for another will be surprised when they see two great beasts going for each other's throats. Many battles have ended in mutual destruction, but the Garou lupus do not regret such deaths. Indeed, they consider it a great honor to destroy one of their own that has been corrupted, even if the result is the Garou's own death.

Vampires

Lupus are often subject to infiltration by vampires possessing the Protean discipline. Since lupus are unwilling to shift out of wolf form, vampires rarely need to worry about duplicating the various forms of the Garou.

Fortunately, most vampires who try such infiltrations are Gangrels. For reasons the Garou do not understand, this bloodline of vampire is somewhat sympathetic to the Garou cause. They do not infiltrate a pack to gain knowledge or scheme. Rather, they seem to enjoy coexisting with wolves and Garou. Often, these Gangrels will join a wolf pack in wolf form, unaware that Garou are present in lupus form as well.

If a Red Talon lupus detects a Gangrel in their midst, she will destroy him. Immediately. With no quarter given.

Despite the Red Talons' hatred of the leeches, the conflicts between the tribe and vampires are rare. Red Talons are unwilling to enter cities to hunt down vampires unless they already have the scent of one. By the same token, vampires are usually unwilling to leave their city kingdoms.

Thus, Red Talons and vampires rarely meet. When they do, it is almost always in the vampire's home territory, as the Garou pursues her into the city. The only exception to this is when a vampire ventures into the wilderness, usually in search of some powerful caern or fetish. Occasionally the vampire may leave his city stronghold to supervise some project his human pawns are involved in.

These vampires almost always bring many powerful ghouls and human retainers as bodyguards. Still, once they leave the cities they are in Garou territory. They know they are easy prey to a Garou pack. Their strategy is one of stealth and avoidance, rather than open conflict.



Playing a Lupus

Nature, to be commanded, must be obeyed.

— Francis Bacon, *Novum Organum*

When playing a lupus, the first thing one must remember is that one is born of wolf. All too often, a character portraying a lupus character forgets that he is playing an animal, one that does not think like a human. The special qualities of the lupus are lost as it becomes more human.

Perception

The first thing to note is that, while all Garou have a heightened ability to sense their environment, lupus are the breed that think in terms of all their senses. They rely





primarily on smell and hearing, and to a lesser degree on taste and sight.

A lupus Garou, when meeting a stranger is likely to sniff at them, and taste them if possible. For lupus, the first impression is that made by smell. Someone who smells good is welcomed, someone who does not is suspect.

Of course, the lupus are closer to nature, so what they consider "good" and "bad" may differ from human standards. Bottles of perfume, for example, while smelling good, are not a natural odor of goodness. A dirty, unshaven, ragged hermit who has been in the wilderness for years and never showered would be acceptable. The hermit's odor is a result of nature, not man-made odor.

A lupus is as likely to think of someone by smell as by name or appearance. The lupus have found it difficult to convey this impression to any but another lupus. Even homids in Lupus form, because of their way of thinking, are unable to understand a lupus describing someone by a unique odor. They are unable to grasp the subtleties, and the Garou tongue spoken in all forms is not enough to provide comprehension.

Thinking

Lupus characters think differently. To them, the idea of cause and effect is a foreign one. Only in full human form are they able to grasp the concept that something may lead to something else.

Otherwise, the lupus have little concern for what has come before. They can learn from experience, and have memories of the past. However, they do not attach much significance to events of the past, and do not let them affect their current course of action. A lupus that takes a wolf mate may kill that mate if he became transformed by the energies of the Wyrms. However, the lupus would feel no hesitation. She might mourn the loss later, but she will accept the necessity of the moment without the doubts that generally besiege homids and metis in similar situations.

By the same token, lupus do not anticipate the future. Certainly, they can come up with a crude estimate of what will happen five minutes from now if they do something now. However, long-term planning is beyond them. They are content to live day-by-day, dealing with things as they come. They know that Gaia will provide for them, or she will not. The decision is Hers, not theirs.

Lupus Chronicles

Adventures featuring lupus characters are among the most challenging to run. The lupus, by their very nature, suffer limitations on where they can function. They lack the human instincts that allow them to function in the cities. Their initial mix of starting abilities is also limited, as the metis and homid abilities are not.

Among the list of story concepts from the **Werewolf** rulesbook, some are more suited to lupus-and wilderness-oriented adventures than others. Even the Civilization concept will work if kept to an occasional basis. While it is enjoyable to have an occasional adventure where the lupus characters are completely out of their element, this is not really fun on a continuing basis.

Historical Settings

A primary factor that will influence your stories is when you choose to set them. This book is written from the perspective of the modern-day Garou, when the lupus are low in number and a minority within the ranks of werewolf. One interesting choice might be to make the lupus a dominant factor by setting your chronicles in a previous historical age, before or during the Impergium, or anytime thereafter (up to about the Renaissance). This gives you several benefits.

The lupus of the older eras are the superior breed among the Garou. Metis are almost non-existent, and the homids are just coming into their own as Garou. During this era, powerful tribes such as the Silver Fangs and the Get of Fenris have many more lupus members.

The first step is to come up with suitable challenges. Humans lack the resources to provide Garou character with much of a challenge. Shotguns and submachine guns are a thing of the future. A peasant with a pitchfork is not going to pose much of a challenge to a bloodthirsty Hispo.

Adventures set in this era will deal with the first stirrings of the Wyrms. Many adventures will take place in natural or

spiritual settings. There are strange spirits roaming the Umbra and what lies beyond, spirits undreamed of in the modern-day. Some are allied with the Wyrms, while some have their own twisted goals.

There is also a certain sense of doom about campaigns set in this era. Unless you plan on diverging from the established modern day Garou/Wyrm conflict, the players will know that their characters, the lupus, are doomed to slow extinction, as are the Garou themselves. The Wyrms will become more and more powerful, and all their battles are for naught. Properly done, the sense of foreboding can make for a highly effective chronicle.

Modern-Day Setting

Lupus-oriented characters in the modern day are somewhat limited. In a sense, time has passed the lupus by. Despite the frenzied efforts of the Red Talons, and the breeding programs of the Black Furies, the lupus come closer and closer to extinction. This extinction threatens the very existence of the Garou.

Here are some suggestions for story ideas for lupus-oriented chronicles:

- Blood Eye, leader of the Red Talons, plans major massacres against human settlements in Minnesota and Canada. The lupus characters may be for this idea, in which case they will have to cope with the other tribes that will try to thwart these attacks. The character will face physical,

magical and spiritual threats as they try to make sure the human extermination goes well.

- The characters are part of the Red Talon faction that is sympathetic to humans. They are more comfortable working in a city environment. However, they face several challenges. They must persuade other Red Talons to their view of humanity, and deal with the threats of the Wyrms. They will be wolves on the spot when the Wyrms rear their heads in the cities. Because of their situation, they will be unable to call upon other lupus for support. They may also become a major threat to the vampires. Thus, they will have to deal with the leeches on a day-to-day basis instead of infrequently.

- The lupus characters are in the United States or Canada. The elders of their tribe have ordered them to guard a caern against the humans. The caern lies relatively close to human cities. They will have to defend against developers, hunters and Wyrms servants that suspect, if not actually know of, the caern's locations. If the Wyrms only suspects the caern's location, the lupus will have to be much more subtle in their efforts. Actively defending the caern may actually alert the Wyrms to the presence of that which it seeks.

Lupus of Note

What follows are some of the most significant and interesting Lupus in the world today. They are not necessarily the most powerful. However, they are often involved in the affairs of the world, or have a great impact on their tribe.

Blood Eye

Blood Eye was born in Minnesota in the year 1957. His parent, Three Paws, returned to the pack one year after Blood Eye's birth to find the cub had prematurely manifested some of his Garou abilities. With his superior strength and intelligence, Blood Eye had already assumed the rule of Garou dominant in the pack. In fact, he quickly perceived his parent as a rival and challenged him to a duel. Three Paws was just able to defeat his child.

Blood Eye's parent took him from the pack and instructed him in the ways of the Garou and the Red Talons. The young cub soon rose to become lead alpha of a Red Talon subpack. At the age of 25 (human years), he became alpha male of all the Red Talons, and ruler of the tribe. He has remained in that position to this day.

Blood Eye is the strongest proponent of the Red Talons philosophy. He has personally led dozens of major raids on human communities. Each month he leads the tribal moot. There, he takes great pleasure in meeting all challenges to his leadership.

The only reason the slaughter of humans in the Midwest-ern US and Canada has not begun is that the other tribes are unwilling to see the Veil compromised. On the three times when it has become necessary, other tribes have stepped in





and their leaders have temporarily dominated Blood Eye to prevent the massacres.

This has only fueled Blood Eye's resentment of the homid-led tribes. He is reluctant to ally with any other tribe except for the Wendigo. He trusts only his own Red Talons.

In a dim sort of way, Blood Eye knows that his leadership is a tenuous thing, and that he will be ultimately unable to provide any cohesion to the tribe. His subpack leaders will only submit to him when he is present with them. Still, he accepts this as Gaia's way, the natural order, and never rails against it. Rather, he accepts it and works within the situation as best he can.

Scab Walker

Scab Walker gained her name from her habit of strolling through the cities, which the lupus consider scabs upon the face of Gaia. Many lupus consider the name somewhat disreputable, but Scab Walker bears it with pride.

Scab Walker is a younger Garou, born in 1970. She is one of the small minority that believe that full extinction of the humans is not the way. She believes that the Garou should keep the best and brightest of the homids alive, to keep the Garou blood strong. She realizes, as most Red Talons do not, that humans and wolves must coexist, and that both sides contribute to the strengths of the Garou.

Scab Walker has a following of Red Talon lupus that believe as she does. They operate out of several cities in the Midwest, including Chicago and the Minneapolis/St. Paul

area. They spend most of their time among the lower classes, trying to gain as much knowledge as possible of humans and their ways. In this manner, they hope to determine who will be eligible to leave alive and who to kill.

Scab Walker is somewhat naive, and the Glass Walkers occasionally manipulate her pack into fighting the Wyrms. On one occasion, Minneapolis' vampire primogen tricked her pack into fighting a group of Brujah vampires. Her gullibility is one of the reasons that the Kindred (at least, its ranking members) tolerate her presence in that city.

Scab Walker's primary strength is her extensive network of Contacts and Allies. She has friends within the Glass Walker, Children of Gaia and Bone Gnawer tribes. She is a skilled enough fighter that she can hold her own against most Red Talons, to avoid domination. She is also a skilled leader and, by lupus standards, a very streetwise individual. She is one of the few Red Talons comfortable with human form and customs.

Tundra Runner

Tundra Runner is a 43-year old Garou born in Russia. Through sheer physical strength and willpower he has been the dominant Alpha of the remaining Red Talons in that country for the last 20 years.

Tundra Runner is a skilled leader. However, he is seriously out-gunned and outmatched. The Red Talon population in Russia is less than one hundred. The Russian



government's "Great War on Wolves" has reduced the breeding stock to almost nothing.

Tundra Runner has also had to deal with the recent supernatural surge of energies throughout Russia. Whatever power lies behind these events, it strikes at Garou and wolves alike, regardless of tribe. The Silver Fang and Shadow Lords have taken serious losses. However, the Red Talons have also lost several members.

Tundra Runner is unaccustomed to performing covert operations. However, he has sent several packs, made up of Theurges and Philodox, towards Moscow, the apparent source of the supernatural power. Their goal is to find out what lies behind these events, and how it can be thwarted.

Moon Howl

At the age of 112, Moon Howl is the oldest living lupus in the North America. He was born when the ferals still had some power on that continent. As a member of the Wendigo, he can still recall the days when the Indians and the wolves worked together. He is also well aware of the fate of the Indians, and how the lupus' lives may mirror that.

Moon Howl is content to travel the continent, spreading tales of the old days. His stories are all the more effective for his having been present to witness many of them. He is welcome at the moots of many tribes. Because of his lupus nature and the good relations between the Wendigo and the Red Talons, he is often present at the latter's gatherings.



Wind Over Water

Wind over Water is the most powerful lupus of the Black Fury tribe living in North America. She dominates all Black Fury lupus. When she speaks of matters of the lupus, the homids and metis of the tribe bow before her knowledge. Her status as a warrior is undisputed, and few have killed more offenders of the Litany.

It is Wind Over Water upon whom the burden of sustaining, increasing and improving the wolf lineage has fallen upon. What she lacks in knowledge of genetics, she makes up for by her wisdom in the ways of the wilderness.

Wind Over Water functions under the limitations that the Black Furies only have breedable females, no males. While a Garou male can impregnate the alpha females of several wolf packs, a female Garou can only bear one litter a year. She often travels the Black Fury territories trying to determine which wolves will produce the best litters.

Wind Over Water has several potent Theurge Gifts. Among the Black Furies, some claim that she calls upon certain spirits to determine the fate of Black Fury litters. Some even claim she uses the spirits to influence how the litters will result, and does not care whether the spirits are good or evil. Most Black Furies, however, are content with her results and have no desire to inquire too deeply into her methods.





Chapter Three: The Forest Primeval

*Now the night flows back, the mighty stillness embraces
and includes me; I can see stars again and the world of
starlight, I am twenty miles or more from the nearest fellow
human, but instead of loneliness I feel loveliness. Loveli-
ness and a quiet exultation.*

— Edward Abbey, Desert Solitude

The wilderness of the Gothic-Punk world is mysterious. There is much more of it than there is in our world, and it is far deeper and more mysterious than humans can imagine.

The only Garou that truly understand the Wyld, and the wilderness, are the lupus. They have much knowledge that the metis and the homid do not. However, they often are incapable of expressing it to others. As noted earlier, the lupus have a spiritual bond to Mother Gaia that other breeds lack.

Lupus do not question the wilderness. They do not wonder why plants face towards the sun, or moss grows on the north side of the tree, or why the creek has dried up. They accept it as Gaia's will, and spend their time tending to more important duties. They fail to understand why the humans ever question such things.

Storyteller and players alike should bear in mind, however, that nature in the world of **Werewolf** is a force, a sentience. Damped though it may be, Gaia's will is still present. Many things that occur are at Her behest, and defy human understanding.

What man knows of the wilderness is limited to the areas he has explored. However, in the **Werewolf** wilderness, much remains unexplored. There are areas where moss does not grow on the north side of the tree. Areas where one can look up into the sky, glance through a weakened Gauntlet and see alien stars. Places where rivers flow from the ocean to their source.

The Storyteller should play upon the conceptions that your players have of the wilderness. Those homids foolish enough to navigate by the north star may find it missing from the night sky. Those trying to travel to the ocean may find themselves moving inland.

The one thing to keep in mind is that Gaia does nothing without purpose. The stars in the sky are different because the Gauntlet is weak. The river may flow from the ocean because its source is in danger of drying up. Such circumstances may be confusing to the players. Fine. Use it to best advantage. Make sure they know they are playing in an alien world. Your campaign will be the better for it.

The wilderness environment is not one hostile to the Garou. Wolves are well-suited to survival in the wild. The



Garou, with their physical and mental abilities, have even less trouble. Usually, a Garou remaining in lupus form, with minimal Primal-Urge and Survival abilities, will have no trouble surviving. However, there are exceptions. A few matters are of concern to the Garou.

Food

Wolves are carnivores. They hunt whatever they can bring down, but are best-suited to attacking larger, swift moving prey. As noted earlier, they hunt deer, moose, elk and caribou. They also will feast on smaller animals such as rabbits, beaver and mice.

The Garou share the eating habits of the form they are in. Only the Homid form is an omnivore, although the Glabro form can tolerate fruit and vegetables if nothing else is available.

In Lupus, Crinos and Hispo form the Garou feed on meat. Fresh meat is always preferable, although they can settle for frozen meat, or even dog food. These forms are quite capable of consuming human flesh. Wolves will usually bring down their prey, then eat it at their leisure.

Starvation

The rules for Hunting in Chapter Nine of *Werewolf* are suitable for ordinary needs. However, one matter that should be addressed is the effects of starvation.

The information provided here is for Garou in Lupus or Hispo form. Both these forms can survive starvation better than the other three. A Garou in Hispo or Lupus form can go for about twenty days without food. However, their attributes will decrease during that time.

Up to 10 days, Lupus and Hispo suffer no appreciable effects from starvation. On the tenth to fifteenth day, they suffer a -1 penalty to their Stamina. On the 16-18th days, they suffer a -1 to Stamina and Strength, and on the 19-20th days, they suffer an additional -1 to Stamina. After this point, they can continue searching for food. However, they must make a Stamina + Survival role versus a Difficulty of (# of days without food - 16). No successes indicates survival but the loss of an additional Stamina point. One or more successes indicate the Garou has found enough food to scrape by another day. If Stamina is ever reduced to 0, they will begin to suffer one aggravated wound level for every day thereafter until food is found. If the Garou is ever reduced to below Incapacitated, he has starved to death.

Humans (and Garou who cannot shift form into Lupus or Hispo) begin to suffer the above effects after the third day without food, and thereafter on the fifth, eighth and tenth days.

Poison & Disease

Garou are immune to most natural poisons. This is not an innate immunity. Rather, the Garou's regenerative abilities allow it to heal damage so quickly that they are rarely bothered by poisons. Of course, Garou in Homid form are

unable to heal poison, and are vulnerable *if* not in situation where they can shapeshift freely.

Also, a Garou poisoned in combat must make the same choice to regenerate the poison damage as it would to regenerate normal physical damage. As per **Werewolf**, a Stamina roll versus difficulty 8 is necessary to heal a wound. Thus, a Garou can be temporarily overcome by even natural poisons if the situation prevents them from regenerating.

Most poisons the Garou will encounter are natural poisons. These are poisons found in plants and animals of the wilderness. However, there are other poisons in nature, created by the Wyrms. These cause aggravated damage, which cannot be regenerated. Toxic wastes from the Wyrms' many dump sites and diseased tree-sap poison are examples of such substances.

Poisons, both natural and Wym-made, do damage like any other attack. A number of dice are specified, and damage is rolled for. The Garou can soak this damage normally. Damage varies from 3 (weak tree-sap poison) to 12 (direct exposure to toxic wastes).

Some poisons have a duration effect, after which they fade entirely. Other, more toxic poisons remain in the Garou's body, doing damage every round until the Garou successfully soaks five points of damage in a single round. Most natural poisons fade, while Wym-created toxins remain in the body.

There are three types of poisons found in nature: poisons that are eaten, poisons that are spread through contact and poisons from animals.

Plants with poisonous sap or leaves are very common in nature. Most mushrooms are toxic, as are a variety of plants with milky sap. Since most Garou avoid eating plants in the wilderness, a complete list is not necessary. If in doubt, an Intelligence+Survival roll against Difficulty 7 will identify if a plant is poisonous or not. Most plants only do 2-4 points of damage at the most.

Certain highly toxic substances, such as nightshade and hemlock, can prove dangerous. They can even inhibit the shapechanging process. A Garou trying to transform while under the effects of these poisons has the difficulty of the attempt increased by 2. These poisons do 5-8 points of damage, and remain in the body until five "soak" successes are gained.

Against these potent toxins, a Garou may suffer additional form of damage. Such penalties usually affect the physical attributes, ranging from -1 to -3 penalties to any combination. Occasionally Perception and Wits can be affected as well, in the case of certain plants with hallucinogenic effects.

Plants that spread poison by contact are also common, but rarely fatal. Poison ivy, oak and sumac are the most common. Each has a sap that, when in contact with skin, causes blisters and irritation. Nettles, on the other hand, have sharp hairs that inject poison. All of these are rela-



lively harmless to Garou, and regeneration takes care of this damage with ease. If unable to shapeshift, the Garou suffers a -1 to Perception and Dexterity for up to three days.

Poisonous animals include a variety of snakes, scorpions, and centipedes. The only poisonous spider in the United States is the black widow. There are four varieties of poisons snakes: the rattlesnake, copperhead, cottonmouth (water moccasin) and coral snake.

Snakes rarely attack unless threatened. Unless one steps into a nest or something equally foolish, there should be relatively no danger. Regeneration will usually negate this damage, which causes 5-7 points of harm. If unable to shapeshift, a Garou will usually suffer penalties to the physical attributes of -1 to -3. Less than 1 in 50 snakebite cases are fatal, so it would be so rare as to be virtually impossible for a Garou to die before transforming.

As noted earlier, there are many diseases that affect wolves. However, the powers of Mother Gaia give Garou a virtual immunity to such diseases as rabies and distemper. This resistance is effective against natural diseases. Biological warfare diseases created by humans and/or Wyrmservants, however, are effective against Garou.

The Fianna Level One Gift of Resist Toxin is useful against poisons and toxins. A Garou can use this Gift regardless of the form she is in. It is effective against natural poisons and disease, although rarely required. This Gift is primarily for use against those weapons developed by the Wyrms.

Surviving in the Wild

The information provided here is not intended for the use of Garou characters. Rather, it is here to provide Storytellers and players with some basic information on wilderness survival. This is useful to the Storyteller because some Garou opponents, primarily hunters, will draw upon this knowledge. It is also useful to those playing the Garou because it is always wise to know the ways of your enemy.

The Hunter

There are always humans foolish enough to trample heedlessly through the wilderness. Despite its forbidding appearance and the many dangers, there are some who will always seek to prove their manhood by "conquering the wild."

In the Gothic-Punk wilderness, the ominous nature of the woods discourages the casual backpacker or hiker. There are a few indigenous peoples that still hunt. However, most of them are much closer to the wilderness, and are familiar with the truth behind its ominous appearance. They are at peace with nature, and only the most human-hating Red Talon will rarely attack them, unless they pose some threat.

Most humans prefer to hide in their cities, fearing the embodiment of the Wyld. Here we deal with the humans the Garou are most likely to encounter and engage in battle with: the hunter.



In Werewolf, most hunters are obnoxious, egotistical men. They believe that their intelligence and superior weaponry make them the masters of all they survey. Little do they know...

A hunter typically has the following statistics:

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

Abilities: Alertness 1, Athletics 1, Drive 1, Firearms 3, Survival 1

Equipment: Hunters usually carry a rifle and a knife. However, some carry shotgun and a few particularly violent ones may carry a small submachine gun.

Hunters will usually drive to a trailhead or near some spot they have heard is "good hunting." Most of this sort are on some subconscious level aware of the dangers the wilderness holds. It is a rare hunter that will venture into the forest alone. They prefer to rely on safety in numbers. Usually these men will travel in groups of 4-8.

Most hunters are seeking deer, but more than willing to seek larger game. They will commonly shoot at anything that moves, and are not particular about what they kill. They are content to take down bear, coyote, elk, moose and, of course, wolves.

Hunters with rifles usually kill for food or trophy furs. Those that carry shotguns and submachine guns are individuals that take great pleasure in the slaughter of animals, caring little about the condition of the body. To them, the pleasure is in the killing, not the trophy. Even their fellow hunters tend to look on them with disgust.

Although wolves are protected as game animals in most areas of North America, hunters seem to take great pleasure in shooting down the beast. Wolves will rarely go near humans, sensing in them unnatural urges.

Hunters are rarely foolish enough to stay overnight in the woods. Occasionally, a Garou will kill one or two, making it look like the attack of a bear. However, this can compromise the Veil. More commonly, the Garou will use Gifts, strange howls and ominous shadows reflected on tent sides to scare hunters away. If the number of hunters are small (no more than four), a group of Garou will often harry the humans, remaining out of sight. This is particularly frightening to the hunters, as they race through forest, unsure of what exactly is stalking them, but hearing noises behind them and to the sides. More than one group of panicked humans has left the forest because of this tactic, never to return.

There are, of course, hunters who respect the ways of Gaia, and kill only to eat. Sometimes they hunt to honor a subconscious drive, to relive the life cycle of the hunter that still cries in their soul. These hunters often use more archaic methods of hunting, such as bows, to better "get back to nature." Garou, recognizing these hunters' desire to return to Mother Gaia's ways, usually leave them alone.

Shelter

The simplest shelters employed by humans are ponchos or tarps, strung up to provide minimal protection. A tube tent is also simple. It is just a tube of cloth, with a line through the top strung between two trees.

However, hunters are, if nothing else, financially well-off. They take great pride in hauling expensive gear through miles of forest to prove their virility.

There are any number of two-person tents. Most have a floor area under forty square feet. Those larger than this will hold three or more.

The other factor separating tents is what season they are intended for. There are two types, three-season and winter. There is no distinct line. However, winter tents have a few common features. They have a sharp summit, to avoid snow from piling up. They are heavier, to insulate against the cold. They often have two entrances, and are well ventilated.

Three-season tents are much lighter, with a single entrance. Some are supported by a framework of collapsible poles, others have poles within the tent material. Rope is used to support the tent in a strong wind.

In desperate circumstances, humans can make any number of shelters out of natural materials. A individual can make a crude lean-to leaning a broken-off tree limb against a tree, leaning smaller twigs on either side, then covering the whole mass with evergreen boughs for insulation. Occasionally, they will dig out a shelter within a hardened snow bank, or even a trench so that they can remain out of the wind.

Garou rarely are concerned about humans temporarily dwelling in these shelters. They are most often experienced woodsmen (often natives), not hunters, and rarely pose a threat to Gaia. The typical hunter rarely has this kind of knowledge. Their brightly-colored tents prove an easy guide to who is most likely to despoil the wilderness.

Plants

Very old are the woods;

And the buds that break

Out of the briar's boughs,

When march winds wake,

So old with their beauty are —

Oh, no man knows

Through what wild centuries

Roves back the rose.

— Walter de la Mare, "All That's Past"

There are any number of edible plants in the wilderness. As noted earlier, Homid and Glabro forms can make do with plants when they have no other choice. Wolves will commonly eat grass to keep their digestive systems cleaned of parasites. Garou in Lupus form, however, are practically immune to diseases, including parasitism, and rarely in-



dulge in what they view as "primitive" behavior. Lupus breed occasionally does this out of instinct or youth, and the homid Garou look down on them because of it.

If for some reason a Garou is in Homid form and unable to shapeshift, either due to circumstance or magic, they can harvest edible plants by making an Intelligence + Survival roll. Primal-Urge does not help the Garou in this case, as wolf instinct does not include looking for plant food.

A brief list of edible plants follows, grouped together by the part of the plant that is edible:

Berries: Algerita, Black Cap, Buffaloberry, Cedar, Chokecherry, Currant, Elderberry, Juniper, Oregon Grape, Service Berry, Sumac, Thimbleberry, Thornapple, Wild Strawberry

Bulbs: Camas, Indian Potato, Sego Lily, Spring Beauty, Violet, Wild Hyacinth

Greens: Beeplant, Indian Lettuce, Miner's Lettuce

Leaves: Chicory, Cottonwood, False Dandelion, Goosefoot, Groundsel, Lamb's Quarter, Mountain Dandelion, Nettle, Plantain, Prickly Lettuce, Stinging Nettle, Umbrella Plant, Wild Lettuce

Roots: Balsamroot, Biscuit-root, Blazing Star, Bulrush, Burreed, Cattail, Goatsbeard, Salsify, Yampa

Seeds: Amaranth, Bluegrass, Box Elder, Bristlegrass, Evening Primrose, Foxtail Millet, Goldenrod, Indian Ricegrass, Mannagrass, Maple, Mule's Ears, Mustard, Peppergrass, Pigweed, Reed, Shepherds Purse, Stickleaf, Sunflower, Wheat Grass, White Top, Wild Rice

Shoots: Asparagus, Horsetail, Joint Grass, Scouring Rush, Snake Grass

Tubers: Arrowhead, Jerusalem Artichoke, Sunflower, Wappato

Animals

Most wild animals avoid the Garou whenever possible. They have an innate fear of werewolves, sensing that they are in some way unnatural. There are rumors among the Garou that it was not always like this. The Galliards claim that, at one time, the Garou were in harmony with the other beasts of the wild. Some point to this as a sign of the corruption that is spreading through the tribes of the Garou. The homids say that this is because of the wolf nature, that of a predator. The lupus, however, say that it is the mark of the human which they bear within them, just as the mark of the wolf.

There are a few animals, however, that interact in some manner with the Garou. Their statistics are provided in the Appendix.

Wilderness Systems

Detailed below are the several systems listed in **Werewolf** that are applicable in the wilderness. None of these are new systems, but they provide more detail.

The key thing to remember is that Survival is the primary ability for many wilderness systems. The Garou use Primal-Urge. However, this ability is exclusive to Garou, wolves and other wild animals. Humans never have this ability, and use Survival.

As noted in **Werewolf**, and emphasized here, Stealth can be used in the wilderness. However, you cannot roll more dice for your Stealth rating than you have in Survival.

Tracking

The difficulty reduction for tracking based on Garou form is as follows: Crinos - 2, Hispo -3, Lupus -3.

Humans can also track. Instead of using Perception + Primal-Urge, they use Perception + Survival. Since they track by sight, not scent, certain obstacles that would not bother animals and Garou will raise the difficulty for human trackers. One example is crossing rock. While a Garou could follow the prey's scent, the human would have the difficulty raised to 9 since he does not have superior olfactory senses.

Search

This ability can also be used in the wilderness. This could be a pack of Garou searching for a hidden caern, or a group of humans looking for a lost child.

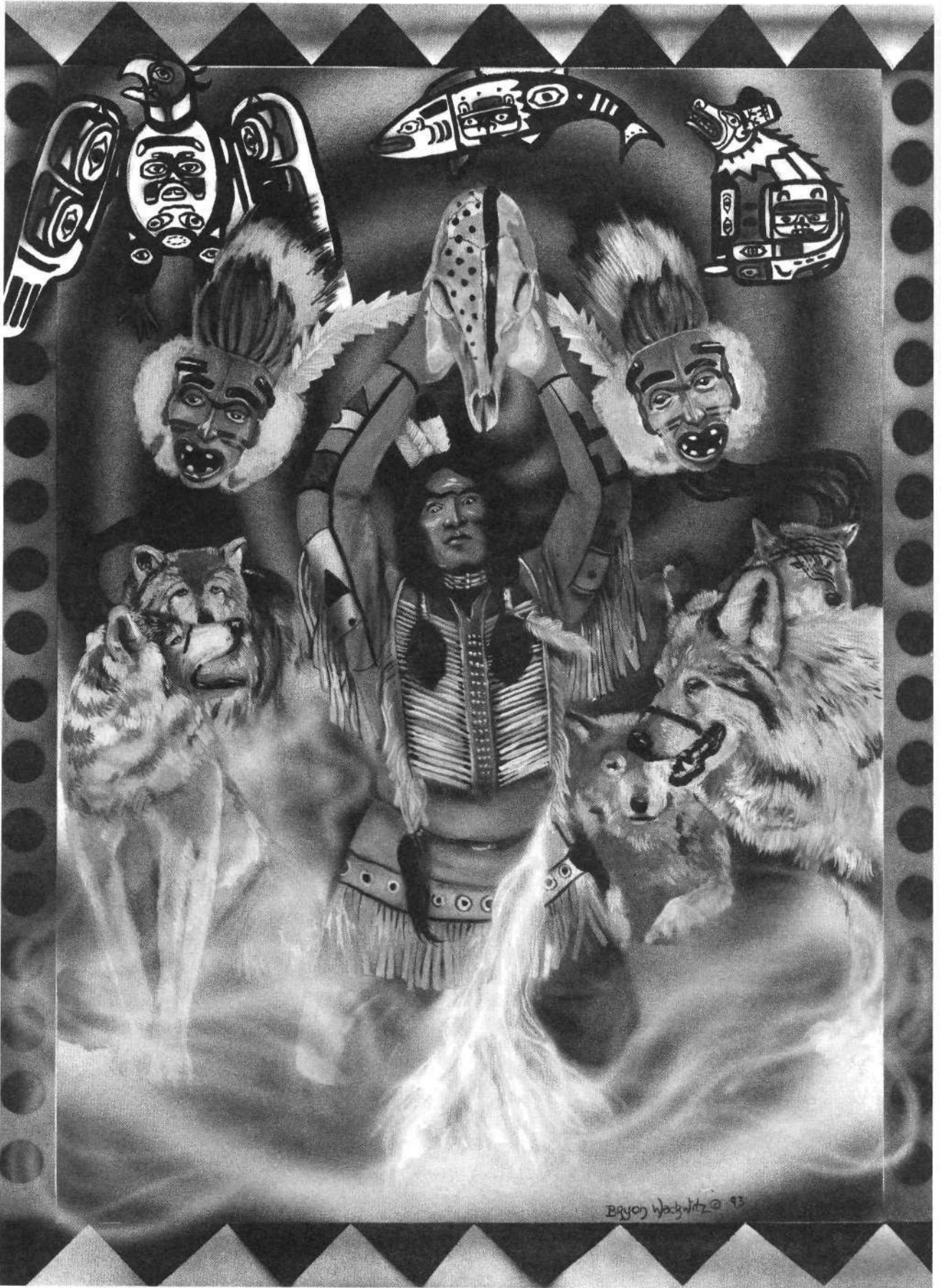
When used in the wilderness, the roll is made using Perception + Primal-Urge for Garou and animals, Perception + Survival for humans. The difficulty ranges from 7-10, and is based primarily on the size and type of terrain of the area under scrutiny. The Storyteller should make these rolls in secret. If the Garou are searching for an individual unwilling to be found, the subject resists the roll using Intelligence + Stealth. As always in the wilderness, Stealth may not exceed Survival ability. Items that someone has magically concealed also receive a resistance roll.

Shadowing

A Garou following a hunter in the wilderness may very well wish to use this skill. In that case, the stalker makes a Perception + Primal-Urge (or Survival for humans) roll. The Stealth roll to avoid being spotted is Dexterity + Stealth, with the usual limitation. The difficulty is the subject's Perception + Alertness.

Hunting

A Garou in Homid form may either use Survival or half of their Primal-Urge score (round down). This is because they cannot fully draw upon their Garou side in that form.



Appendix

Nature's Bounty

New Gifts

Find Water (Lupus Level One) — This gift allows a Garou to locate any body of water within 20 miles. One or two successes will indicate the general direction of the water. Three or four success will indicate the distance, and five successes will allow the Garou to determine if the water is contaminated in any way. The Garou makes a Perception + Survival roll against a difficulty of 6 to use this Gift.

Sense Prey (Lupus Level One) — This Gift allows the Garou to detect animal prey. A Willpower point is spent and the Garou makes a roll using Perception + Primal-Urge against a difficulty of 7. Success will lead the Garou to a suitable animal sufficient to feed a pack of up to 12 wolves. The range extends up to 50 miles.

Eye of the Eagle (Lupus Level Two) — This gift allows the user to see long distances, over "two looks away". Roll Perception + Alertness against an 8 difficulty. The number of successes is the number of miles away one can see as normal. This gift will not work well in the city, as buildings tend to get in the way.

Axis Mundi (Lupus and Silent Strider Level Two) — By spending a Gnosis point, the lupus can center herself in relation to Gaia, and always know which direction she is

traveling in or facing, no matter where she may be in the Gaia realms. In addition, the lupus carries her "territory" around with her, in a mystical sense. Wolves will detect this, and concede her right to travel through their territories and hunt there. Even other lupus must make a Willpower roll not to recognize this right. Other animals will also recognize this, and not attack the intruder.

Boon of the Animal Fathers (Lupus Level Five) — By entreaty to a specific Animal Father, the Garou can gain that specific animal totem for one scene. If the Garou entreaties Father Moose, the Garou can gain Moose as his totem for that scene, gaining all the benefits as if she were allied to that totem. This does not give the special powers granted by the metis gift Totem Gift, only the regular benefits of a totem alliance. The Animal Fathers are believed to be different, more specific, aspects of the animal totems. This gift only works with totems that embody "real" animals; Unicorn or Pegasus cannot be entreated with this gift. The Garou must spend 2 Gnosis and make a successful Charisma + Primal-Urge roll. This gift may only be used once per scene.

New Rituals

Rite of Birth Time (Level One) — This rite allows a Garou to detect when a female will give birth. This is used by lupus to determine when they should return to their pack to check on the newborn and see if they are Garou. Homids find this rite disgusting. This requires a Perception +

Primal-Urge roll against a 7 difficulty. One success will tell the Garou the week of the birth, two successes will give a three-day period, three successes will give the day, and five successes the hour.

Rite of Pure Breeding (Level Two) — This rite is used for breeding purposes. It allows a Garou to observe a wolf of the opposite sex and determine if they will provide certain desirable breeding traits.

By spending one Gnosis point and making a roll of Intelligence + Primal-Urge, the Garou may discern if mating with the wolf will produce a particular characteristic. Such characteristics can include greater litter, prevalent sex among the litter or a higher chance of Garou heritage being passed down. The difficulty is usually 7, but 9 for determining if Garou heritage may be passed on. If a wolf does not have the capability to breed for a particular capacity, it never will. However, it may be checked for other desirable traits.

Note that higher chance does not mean automatic. The Storyteller should decide what the actual chance of a particular trait being bred successfully, and modify it if this rite is used successfully. This Rite is often used by the Silver Fang to ensure that they maintain their Pure Breed.

New Totems

Glooscap (Totem of Respect)

Glooscap yet lives, somewhere at the southern edge of the world. He never grows old, and he will last as long as this world lasts...Glooscap is a spirit, a medicine man, a sorcerer. He can make men and women smile. He can do anything.

— Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz, *American Indian Myths and Legends*

Background Cost: 4

Glooscap is a warrior spirit, but one who often use his wits and cunning to defeat his foes. He has existed since Gaia came into being. He is human in appearance, somewhat short. However, he is a powerful warrior and a master of deceit. He is also a teacher, and gave names to many of the stars. Packs chosen by Glooscap gain Survival 1 and may call upon 2 extra Willpower points per story. They gain a -1 to the difficulty roll of all hunting efforts and receive 50 points of Wisdom per person.

Ban: Glooscap requires that his children must fight, never flee, any creature of Gaia that has been altered by the Wyrms to be larger than its original size. If a bear has been corrupted into a huge, mutated beast, packs who hold Glooscap as their totem must confront the beast.

Hare (Totem of Wisdom)

Wildcat: "I am looking for the biggish Great Rabbit."

Sagamore (Rabbit in disguise): "Ah! Him! He's hard to find and hard to catch."

— Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz, *American Indian Myths and Legends*

Background Cost: 5

Hare, also called Mahtigwess or Great Rabbit, is a trickster spirit. He is a trickster and provider, and often rescues the peoples of the world from hideous beasts. However, his strategy is trickery, not warfare. He produces food for those in need, making sure that none go hungry. Hare teaches his Children Survival 2, Subterfuge 2 and Athletics 1 and grants the gift Leap of the Kangaroo. Those who must run swiftly have the difficulty of their efforts reduced by one.

Ban: Hare asks his Children that all his kin be spared.

Raven (Totem of Wisdom)

So they went to bed, and towards morning Raven heard Petrel sleeping very soundly. Then he went outside, took some dog manure and put it around Petrel's buttocks. When it was beginning to grow light, he said "Wake up, wake up, wake up, brother-in-law, you have defecated all over your clothes." Petrel got up, looked at himself, and thought it was true, so he took his blankets and went outside. Then Raven went over to Petrel's spring, took off the cover and began drinking. After he had drunk up almost all of the water, Petrel came in and saw him. Then Raven flew straight, up, crying "Ga."

— Susan Feldman, from a Tlingit tale, *The Storytelling Stone*

Background Cost: 5

Raven is a trickster spirit, similar to Coyote but not as powerful. He is the favored of many lupus. He plays with



their cubs, and teases the yearlings and adults. He is always hungry, in fact the hungriest of all the totem creatures. Raven often leads wolves to prey, but lacks the strength to kill the animal himself. He feeds upon what is left after the wolves are finished with the carcass. He is also a totem of wealth. He makes sure they want for nothing, always having the resources they need. He teaches his Children Survival 3, Subterfuge 1 and Enigmas 1. The pack gains a bonus of 50 Wisdom. Ravens can also communicate directly with Children of the Raven without a special gift.

Ban: Raven asks that its Children carry no wealth with them, in Homid or Lupus form, trusting in Raven to provide.

Plants of Power

Good its pure ivy, good its bright merry willow, good its yewy yew, better its melodious birch...

— "Suibhne the Wild Man of the Forest" (trans. by Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson)

There are a number of plants growing in nature that can be used for food or medicine. Several can be sanctified by a Garou skilled in the ways of Mother Gaia, and transformed into talens. Some of these are listed below.

Garou will often use the magical properties of plants by using the plant as a talen. This is called sanctification. The latent spirit of the plant is contacted with the Rite of Spirit Awakening, which awakens it from its dormant slumber so that the Garou can interact with it to use its powers; they have very little Rage and are thus quite friendly. An awakened plant spirit will lend its powers as if it were a talen (one use). If the Garou wants it as a permanent fetish, he must perform a Rite of the Fetish, to keep the plant's spirit active.

During winter, plants are especially torpid. To Awaken a plant spirit then requires that a Gnosis point be spent during the rite. Use of a sanctified plant often involves burning or destroying the plant. In these cases, the plant spirit dissipates and returns to the ground to regrow.

This list is not a comprehensive one by any means. There are any number of plants which have a medicinal value that can be improved upon when sanctified. Most will have effects similar to those listed below.

Burdock — If sanctified, the roots of this plant may be used to heal aggravated wounds. One dose will allow a Medicine + Intelligence roll (difficulty 8) to heal the damage. Every two successes heals one level of aggravated damage.

Lodgepole Pine — The pitch of this tree, when properly sanctified, may be smeared on aggravated skin wounds caused by toxic substances, such as the pus that fill the tumors of certain fomori and other beasts of the Wyrms. One

dose will remove one aggravated wound caused by this type of damage.

Mullein — The sanctified leaves of this plant are burned, and the ashes stored in a packet of oak leaves. The Garou may inhale the ashes when desired. The difficulty to resist any poisonous gases or aerially-spread artificial diseases is reduced by three for the rest of the scene.

Service Berry — The sanctified inner bark of this plant can be boiled in water and stored for later use. One dose of this substance will cure blindness in a Garou, even if caused by Gifts or Wyrms poisons. It will not heal damage, however; if the eyes are physically injured, they must be healed first.

Sweet Flag — The root of this plant is sanctified, then steeped in water and burned over a low flame. The resulting water can be stored and drunk at a later point. One dose will aid someone who has suffered an ingested poison by reducing the difficulty to resist the poison by four.

Wild Garlic — In its natural form, the leaves of this plant can be used to repel insects. However, the offensive odor, when properly amplified by the sanctification, can be used to repel humans. When smeared on the Garou's body, all Social attributes are reduced by two. However, a human must make a Wits + Intimidation roll to come within 20 feet of the treated Garou. A dose of this talen will last eight hours.

Foxglove — If sanctified, this plant will protect against Faerie magics. Adds two to the difficulties of any Faerie spells.

Rosemary — This sanctified plant can stimulate the memory. Subtracts two from difficulties to recall facts or experiences.

Fetishes and Talens

Toolstick

Level 3, Gnosis 6

This rather simple stick, a branch broken off of a tree, can transform into any tool: hammer, wrench, etc. Although it is still made of wood, it is as hard as steel. To form the proper tool, roll Intelligence + Repair against the fetishes' Gnosis rating.

Tool Talens

Gnosis 3

These various odds and ends found on the ground in the wilderness (nuts, pebbles, bark, etc.) can be used with the Toolstick fetish (above) and operate as nails, screws, etc. The user must roll Intelligence + Repair against the talen's Gnosis. Each success means that five nails (screws, etc.) are created. The Tool Talens come in a sack which holds 50 potential tools. Once they are used up, the user must use Rite of Binding to create more potential tools from found objects.

Fish Swatter

Level 2, Gnosis 5

By swatting the water with this stick, fish will fly up onto the shore, just as if a bear swatted them out of the water.

Bouncing Rock

Level 5, Gnosis 7

This rock, smoothed by years in a river will bounce off of obstacles and hit multiple targets if thrown properly. Roll Dexterity + Athletics versus an eight difficulty. The number of successes is the number of targets the rock will bounce around and hit. Only one "to hit" roll against an 8 difficulty is required, and if it succeeds, all targets are hit. The rock will do the thrower's Str + 1 as damage and will return to the thrower's hand as long as at least one success is scored.

Leaf Armor

Level 4, Gnosis 4

This shirt of leafy armor weighs as much as a shirt of leaves, but will act as two armor levels for soaking damage.

There are also similar shirts of tree-bark armor which have three armor levels but add one to Dexterity difficulties while worn..

Fire Starter

Level 1, Gnosis 3

These two sticks, when rubbed together, will instantly produce flame, as dependably (even more so) than a cigarette lighter. It can be used to start a large campfire.

Prometheus' Torch

Level 6, Gnosis 8

This is a torch that forever burns. Its fire never goes out, even when dunked in water. If used as a weapon (Dexterity + Melee), it is difficulty 5 to resist, causing one wound level. It has another property, though. It gives its bearer plus one die to Intelligence and allows a roll of Intelligence + Linguistics to understand any language. This is considered to be a sacred relic to the Glass Walkers and they would do much to find it. It is rumored to be in the possession of a lupus deep in the woods, keeping it from humankind.

Creatures of the Wilderness

*on a barren branch
a raven has perched —
autumn dusk*

— Matsuo Basho

Creatures of the wilderness can be divided into three categories: natural beings, supernatural beings, including those corrupted by the Wyrn, and creatures of the spirit. There are many strange animals out there, remnants of the days when the Wyld was much more powerful. Some few still lurk in the dark regions of the world. Others exist in the Umbra, but can be summoned by Gifts such as the Lupus Song of the Great Beast.

Natural Creatures

Wolves

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3, Perception 2

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 1, Primal-Urge 2, Stealth 2, Survival 4

Wolves are described in great detail in the Born of Wolf chapter. These statistics are for ordinary wolves. For kin-folk, increase one physical attribute by one point and add Wits 1.

Wolves commonly use Bite, Overbear, Body Slam, Leaping Rake and Rake maneuvers.

Deer

Attributes: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2, Perception 2

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Dodge 2

Wolves prey primarily on deer when available. They will try to approach as near as possible before the deer spot them, then pursue. The deer's strategy is to run as far and as fast as possible.

Moose

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 1, Stamina 3, Perception 1

Abilities: Alertness 1, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Intimidation 1

Moose are the prey of choice of wolves, and are hunted frequently where their herds cross over territorial boundaries. Moose will run or fight, and wolves try to bring them down from the rear. The moose can kick out with its hooves, using Strength + Brawl as a kick and doing Strength +2 damage.

Bear

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 1, Stamina 4, Perception 1

Abilities: Alertness 1, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Intimidation 2

Bears often cross paths with wolves. Usually, wolves will give them a wide berth. However, if a bear wanders close to a pack, or a pack comes too close to a bear den, a fight can ensue. The bear prefers to attack with a claw rake, using Dexterity + Brawl but doing Str+2 damage. Contrary to popular belief, bears rarely use a "bear hug," and never against wolves.

Wolverine

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Perception 1

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Intimidation 2

Wolverines often live in the same areas that wolves dwell in. Despite the similarity in names, the two creatures are not related. The wolverine is an ill-tempered creature that will attack anything that enters its territories. Most wolves will avoid the beasts when possible. When attacking, the wolverine prefers to Bite. However, it will also use the Rake and Leaping Rake attacks if the situation permits.

Raven

Attributes: Strength 0, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2, Perception 1

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Dodge 1

Ravens are the favored creature of the totem Raven. They often hover near wolf packs, feeding on what is left of the animals the pack brings down. Wolves and ravens, both social creatures, have reached an understanding of sorts. Often, ravens will play with wolf cubs or make mock attacks on wolves. The wolves will lash out, but never to damage or kill.

Supernatural Creatures

The Gamor

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 1, Manipulation 3, Appearance 0 (2 in human form), Perception 1, Intelligence 2, Wits 1

Abilities: Alertness 1, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Intimidation 3 (in natural form), Subterfuge 3, Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Stealth 3

Special: In their natural form, a Gamor has claws and teeth which do damage Strength +1 and inflict aggravated damage.

Image: The Gamor can take human form, but in their natural form they appear as demonic animals with claw and fang.

Background: The Gamor are not truly creatures of the wilderness. However, when not dwelling among humans, they always make their shelters far from humanity. Usually, they will infiltrate human society. When they wish to cache resources, they will form an underground base, usually in a mountainous area far from the cities.

The Garou know little of these creatures, other than that they are creations of the Wyrn. Some Garou claim that the Gamor are the result of some foul experiment by Wyrn agents. The Gamor are semi-demonic beings, apparently bred from humans sometime in the distant past. They have a limited capability to shapeshift, and can assume a single human form. They use this ability to infiltrate human society.





The pain of humanity is their nourishment, and they take great efforts to feed as often and as fully as possible. They are responsible for much pain and misery in human society. They are responsible for many disasters, engineering such occasions for when as many of their number can be gathered as possible to witness the occurrence. Their high Empathy and corrupt natures allow them to gain nourishment from suffering.

The Gamor's numbers are relatively small, but they go to great pains to keep their existence secret from the various supernatural powers of the world. Most vampires and mages are unaware of their existence, and the few that have encountered the Gamor are unaware of their vast infiltration of society. A Gamor often reverts to its natural form to kill a snooping human. If killed itself, its body "locks" in human form. The humans that have survived such encounters are deemed insane and usually locked up.

Even among the Garou, knowledge of the Gamor is rare. Since they prey exclusively on humans, knowledgeable Garou consider these beings the least of the Wyrms' creations, and spend their time dealing with more pressing problems. Some Garou even contend that the Gamor are not beings of the Wyrms, but some deeper, spiritually corrupt beings from before the time that the Wyrms came to power. Some say that when North America was a hellhole of corruption under the Wyrms' influence, the Gamor were its greatest servants. However, when the three tribes reclaimed the continent, the Gamor fell from favor and now live as outcasts, accepted by neither Wyrms, Wyld or Gaia.

Silent Striders seem particularly drawn to fighting these beings, and several of this tribe travel the world seeking these creatures. Recent discoveries have led these wanderers to believe the Gamor are stockpiling resources in mountain retreats for some great disaster. They believe the Gamor know of some great Wyrms plan to devastate Mother Gaia, and are taking plans to prepare for it.

Wolf Fomori

Attributes: Strength 3+, Dexterity 3+, Stamina 4+, Charisma 0, Manipulation 1, Appearance (usually) 0, Perception 3, Intelligence 1, Wits 1+

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 2 to 4, Dodge 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Attacks: Fomori wolves commonly use Bite, Overbear, Body Slam, Fur Gnarl, Leaping Rake and Rake maneuvers.

Special: Wolf fomori have powers similar to those of human fomori. These powers are listed in the **Werewolf** rulesbook and **The Book of the Wyrms**.

Image: These appear as normal wolves except for any obvious fomori characteristics.

Background: When wolves were more populous, some would occasionally wander into areas of Wyrms contamination, or be captured by agents of the Corrupter. They were transformed into hideous creatures, then sent to fight the lupus packs.

Wyrms agents and the Black Spiral Dancers still use the wolf fomori. They are much rarer than their human counterparts. They are commonly used against packs of kinfolk, or Red Talon packs. Their appearance and wolf origins limit them to wilderness areas.

Some wolf fomori are not under the control of the Wyrms. They wander near landfills and waste dump sites, preying on anyone unfortunate to cross their paths. The human and wolf fomori hate each other, and will attack on sight. Dark rumors that Black Spiral Dancers mate with wolf fomori to increase the chances of first-generation lupus being born have not been confirmed. However, many Garou believe this rumor to be fact.

Other creatures suffer mutation from the Wyrms' corruption, becoming fomori. Coyotes and hyenas are the most common variant. Their statistics are roughly equal to wolf fomori, with a one point reduction in Dexterity and Stamina.

Corrupted Wolves

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3, Perception 2, Intelligence 1, Wits 1

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 1, Primal-Urge 1, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Attacks: Corrupted wolves have been "programmed" with all combat maneuvers.

Image: As normal wolves.

Background: Agents of the Wyrms employ these creatures to infiltrate and destroy wolf packs. The Wyrms agents' goal is to weaken the wolf side of the Garou heritage even further, driving them that much quicker into extinction.

In hidden labs, scientists have labored to master the secrets of Mother Gaia, the secrets of creating life. They have met with some success. One success has been a wolf genetically "programmed" to obey certain commands. These altered wolves also have slightly superior intelligence, but lack the full instincts of a natural wolf.

These corrupted wolves have been let loose into the wilderness. They are "programmed" to travel as "lone wolves," infiltrate a pack, rise to the position of alpha dominant and then destroy the pack.

So far only one corrupted wolf has been successful. Other packs have sensed the innate corruption of these infiltrators, and destroyed them. In one case, the corrupted wolf, despite several years away from the embrace of Mother Gaia, was restored to Her power and threw off the genetic programming. Still, the Wyrms agents persist, and they unleash several of these creatures every year.

Hairy Men

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 6, Charisma 2, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0, Perception 2, Intelligence 1, Wits 2

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 5, Stealth 4, Survival 5

Attacks: These creatures will use Overbear or Punch when confronted.

Image: Large (9 feet tall or more) humans with hair covering their entire bodies. They resemble a cross-between humans and apes. Some believe them to be the "missing link" in the evolution between human from ape.

Background: These creatures of the wilderness seem to be neutrals in the great war between the Garou and the Wyrms. Little is known of them, as they are painfully shy and unwilling to face anyone who intrudes upon the wilderness areas that they dwell in.

These creatures are known by several names throughout the world. Unwitting humans call them Yeti (or Abominable Snowman) in Tibet, and Sasquatch, or Bigfoot, in the northwestern United States and Canada. The Garou refer to them as Hairy Men, and believe they are related in some manner to the Great Beasts Sasquatch and Yeti (see below). They avoid the Garou whenever possible, and only a few elders can claim to have met one of these beings face to face. Those elders have refused to tell anything of their encounters, claiming they were sworn to oaths of great secrecy.

These beings, creatures of the wilderness, are closely attuned to Gaia. Garou occasionally see these beings at a distance, traveling through the Umbra. Some believe that with the shrinking wilderness of the world, and the inevitable conflicts with the Garou, most of these beings have migrated to the spirit world and now dwell there. Still, a few remain with Gaia in the deep wildernesses, serving their respective Great Beasts in some manner.

Spirit Creatures

False Wendigo

The old Garou crept around the side of the hill. His muzzle was silver with age, and the cold air made his joints hurt; but all their best warriors had been killed, and now he was the only hope for the tribe. Again it had happened, as it had in his youth; one of their best warriors lost to bloodlust and madness.

The screams from the Indian village had died away in the distance. Now the only sound was a low, hair-raising growl as the creature that had once been their companion chewed the neckbone of his newly dead wife. Crouched in front of the cave which was now full of human bones, his hands and feet glowed blue where the flesh had sloughed away. Soon the transformation would be complete.

Bravely, Running Fox stepped out to distract him as the old one fitted an arrow to bow. "Old friend," he said. "What are you doing by yourself up here? Why have you forsaken the pack?" If only they had gotten to him sooner, perhaps they could have cured him. But the old man knew it was too late. Their only hope was if his aim was true, and the obsidian Bane Arrow lodged in the creature's heart of ice. As he drew back the bowstring, it seemed to sing in the wind...

The False Wendigo is a Jagglings spirit, once allied with the Wendigo, now a corrupt servant of the Wyrms. It spins off Gaffling spirits to possess its victims, turning them into cannibals.

Rage 10, Willpower 6, Gnosis 7, Power 45.

Charms: Materialize (Wendigo form with glowing bones; Power Cost 20; Str 3, Dx 2, Sta 3, Per 1, Brawl 4, Athletics 3, Melee 4). Shapeshift ("Kindly old man" form; Power Cost 3). Cause Panic (Power Cost 2-10; each power spent adds one difficulty for the victims' Wits roll against a Fox Frenzy). Chill of Early Frost (as the Wendigo gift). Airt Sense, Reform, Possession.

Image: This Wendigo impostor spirit uses the form of the Great Wendigo (a twisted blue humanoid with blazing eyes). It can also take on the form of a kindly old man with ice dripping from his beard. However, when agitated, his bones seem to glow blue through the skin.

Background: The fearsome Wendigo is the totem spirit for the last surviving tribe of pure Native American Garou. Though the Wendigo is sometimes sent on missions of vengeance, it has rarely tasted of human blood since the Impergium. However, one of its Jagglings was long ago corrupted by the Wyrms. Posing as its master, this Jagglings can appear to Garou, and it has mistakenly been adopted as totem by several packs who mistook it for the original Wendigo. The evil deeds of these packs, urged on by their bloodthirsty totem, account for much of the ill reputation which the Wendigo suffers from in Native American myth.

The Wendigo impostor revels in bloodlust and mindless destruction. It delights in corrupting both individuals and whole packs to the service of the Wyrms. The false Wendigo singles out those Garou most prone to senseless violence, for they are the easiest to corrupt. The old legend says that any Garou who has tasted of human flesh is doomed to be tainted by the Wyrms — this holds for both indiscriminate killers and cannibals.

First, the Garou will be tested in a dream. She finds herself in a barren wilderness. It is winter, and game is scarce. She is approached by an old man with ice hanging from his long white beard. He also has been hunting. He sympathizes with the hungry Garou, and invites her home to dine with him. The Garou realizes that she is speaking with a spirit who has chosen to appear in human form.

The old man's house is a cave in the side of a hill. Inside, huge fires burn, while meat roasts on a spit. The old man compliments the Garou on a recent battle, and flatters her abilities as a warrior. Then she is seated and urged to partake of several tempting dishes — veal, duck wings, tongue, etc.

However, the meat in the dishes is really human flesh. If you wish, you may chuckle wickedly and ask the character to make a Gnosis roll to realize this. Also mention that the roaring fires in the cavern do not seem to have melted the ice in the old man's beard. Meanwhile, he has begun to eat greedily.

If the Garou eats of this flesh, she will immediately recognize the taste. The meat then appears in its true form, e.g. the arm of a human child. If she confronts her host, he will adopt the form of the Wendigo and falsely reassure her that it is all right to feast from the flesh of those humans who threaten Gaia.

He will use persuasive arguments to trick her — "The balance must be maintained," "It is your nature," etc. He tells the Garou that he will act as her personal totem spirit if she will aid in his attempt to have the Impergium reinstated.

If the Garou resists these arguments, the "Wendigo" will realize the character is too strong and abandon the attempt to corrupt her. If she fails the test, however, he decides that she is ripe for possession by a Gaffling spirit. This may require a Gnosis roll versus the victim's Willpower.

Gafflings: Rage 8, Willpower 5, Gnosis 5, Power 25

Charms: Possession, Chill of Early Frost

Stages of Possession: Each stage can last from a day to a week, depending on whether the possession is a single story or an ongoing part of the Chronicle. The effects of each stage are cumulative.

1. Rage rolls at the slightest inconvenience, like stopping for red lights. Character is always hungry.

2. Physical transformation begins—heart turns to ice. Lose 1 Point of Empathy.

3. The ice spreads to internal organs. Gain 1 Point of Rage; continue frequent Frenzy checks. Stabbing hunger pains.

4. Ice begins to replace bones and muscles. Lose 1 Point of Empathy; gain 1 Point each of Strength and Stamina.

5. Ice has spread to furthest extremities, but is still covered by skin. Cold to the touch. Frenzy check every time she sees or smells food—including dead bodies.

6. Bones glow blue through the skin when Character is agitated. Gain 1 Point of Rage. Delusions begin — Kinfolk, friends, and strangers appear as animals or meat (mistakes a child for a rabbit, or Aunt Edna for a side of beef). May still Frenzy at the sight of this "food," attacking people. Gnosis roll allowed to detect the deception. Lose 1 die off all Social rolls.

7. Flesh begins to drop away; this can be concealed by clothing. Delusions continue. A character with Empathy left may feel guilty and suicidal. Strength and Stamina increase by 1.

8. Possession is complete. Flesh drops away, revealing a skeleton of glowing blue ice with a pulsing white heart. Delirium occurs in onlookers. Empathy drops to zero, and the Storyteller takes over the character, who is now a Wyrms thing. As a tool of the Wyrms, the character tries to thwart efforts to help Gaia. Knowledge scores drop by 1, but Gifts can still be used. Social skills are at zero.

Health Levels: At each stage starting with the second, mark 1 Health Level in blue, starting at the bottom (Incapacitated). This level of flesh has been replaced by a

supernatural ice-like substance which cannot be harmed by ordinary attacks. Razor Claws can be used to shred it, but a fang dagger cannot penetrate and silver has no effect.

Weaknesses: The traditional way to destroy it is to have a Theurge create talens from obsidian, a glossy black stone used in American Indian ritual. These talens can be either Bane Arrows or a Bane Dagger. A single Bane Arrow shot with three successes to hit and three successes damage is considered to lodge in the creature's heart of ice, and to temporarily incapacitate it (treat as an aggravated wound for purposes of healing). "Tech talens" may work—that is, using titanium alloy steel instead of obsidian. Fire will work only if a fire elemental can be persuaded to help. If the ice is not completely destroyed, it will regenerate.

Storytelling Notes: False Wendigo possession can be a complication for characters whose violence gets out of

hand. It forces them to take responsibility for their own actions, or to suffer the consequences. If you have American Indian Garou characters, you can have them meet the "Wendigo" spirit in a vision quest instead of a dream.

The complication is that if the possessing spirit is killed at any stage over three, the Garou will also die. Thus, it cannot be attacked in the Umbra without injuring the possessed character. In order to cure the possessed character, first they should consult a Mentor or Elder with knowledge of the spirit world. The spirit journey may be done by the individual or the entire pack. The goal should be to imbue a healing potion of wine with a high number of Gnosis points. In gratitude, the spirit of the wine will oust the offending Gaffling spirit. Alternately, the pack can persuade their totem to fight the false Wendigo, but they will have to promise a difficult service in return. A quest can restore pack solidarity.

Great Beasts

There were giants in the earth in those days...

— Genesis 6:4, *The Holy Bible*

The Great Beasts are powerful creatures of Gaia that once walked openly in the world. They predate the creation of the Garou, and now exist primarily in the spirit world. Still, when properly summoned by use of the gift Song of the Great Beast, they can be convinced to return to Gaia and fight against those who would inflict pain upon her.

The Great Beasts occasionally return to the earth to "check up" on the situation there. The Garou rarely encounter them on either plane of existence, however. The few Garou who have caught a glimpse of a Great Beast consider this an omen of considerable good fortune.

All Great Beasts regenerate two wounds per round, and may do so freely, regardless of whether they are in combat or not. They have 10 points each of Rage, Willpower and Gnosis. If killed, they will Reform later in the Deep Umbra.

Yeti

Attributes: Strength 10, Dexterity 4, Stamina 10, Charisma 0, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

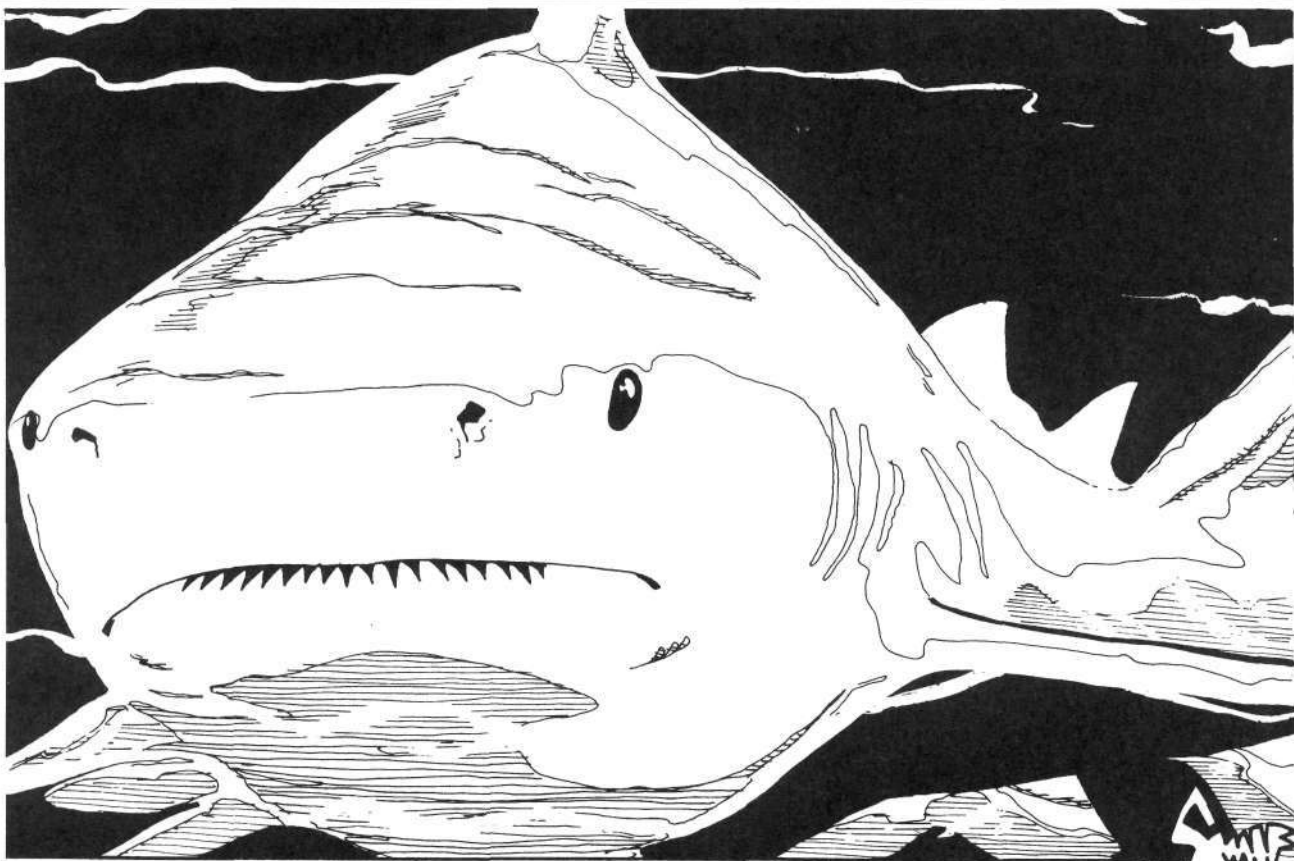
Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 6, Brawl 5, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 4, Stealth 2, Occult 4

Attacks: Yeti has access to all combat maneuvers.

The Yeti is a beast of winter. It is a huge, furry humanoid, with a broad, flat face. Its huge, 3" claws are the only spot of blackness on its otherwise pristine white body.

When the Yeti travels the earth, it favors cold, wintry areas. Attempts to summon it in warmer climates will increase the difficulty of the Gift by two (maximum difficulty ten).





Sasquatch, "Bigfoot"

Attributes: Strength 10, Dexterity 3, Stamina 10, Charisma 1, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 4, Athletics 6, Brawl 5, Empathy 1, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 5, Stealth 4, Occult 5

Attacks: The Sasquatch has access to all combat maneuvers.

The Sasquatch is a beast of mountainous terrain. It is similar in appearance to the Yeti, with reddish-brown fur. The Sasquatch is less a berserker than its fellow Beast, the Yeti. In combat, it is a cold, ruthless killer.

When the Sasquatch travels the earth, it favors mountainous areas. Attempts to summon it in flatter terrain will increase the difficulty of the Gift by two (maximum difficulty ten).

Willawau

Attributes: Strength 8, Dexterity 4, Stamina 10, Charisma 0, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0, Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 5, Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 5, Stealth 2, Occult 5

Attacks: Willawau may Bite or Rake.

Willawau is the giant owl, an avatar of the Owl totem. In appearance it has a 20' wingspan, and silver feathers with black streaks. Its talons and beak are a gleaming silver.

Willawau is the defender of the air and all creatures who fly through it. Garou often summon it to fight those who would pollute the Great Beast's lifeblood. It gives no mercy to those it fights.

Willawau does not favor any particular environment on the earth. In the Umbra, it soars through the deeper reaches of the spirit world, flying free.

Dinosaurs

Attributes: Strength 10-15, Dexterity 2, Stamina 15-20, Charisma 0, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0, Perception 1, Intelligence 1, Wits 1

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 5, Intimidation 6, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 2

Attacks: Dinosaurs commonly will Overbear, Bite or Punch (using their tail). Some have huge spikes upon their heads or tails that do Str + 5 damage.

There is no single Dinosaur Great Beast. Rather, the greatest of the species that once walked Gaia as its absolute rulers made their way to the spirit world before the dinosaurs' final extinction. Several of the most common variety, such as tyrannosaurus rex, triceratops, ankylosaurus and stegosaurus, exist as Great Beasts. Only one Great Beast of each type exists.

A Dinosaur Great Beast may be summoned for any purpose. When such creatures travel the earth, they favor warm, humid areas such as jungles and swamps. Attempts

to summon them in cooler climates will increase the difficulty of the Gift by two (maximum difficulty ten).

Rumors persist of dinosaurs still wandering deep in the African Congo and on south seas isles. None know the veracity of these rumors.

Great Sharks

Attributes: Strength 9, Dexterity 2, Stamina 12, Charisma 0, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0, Perception 3, Intelligence 1, Wits 1

Abilities: Alertness 4, Athletics (swimming only) 5, Brawl 5, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urge 5

Attacks: Great sharks can Bite or Jaw Lock. Their skin is so rough that even brushing against an opponent, they do Str as damage. Their bite does Str + 3.

Certain Garou can summon the *Carcharodon megalodon*, the Great Shark. The *megalodon* is the primordial ancestor of *Carcharodon carcharius*, popularly known as the great white shark. The Great Shark resembles its descendant in every respect save size — for the Great Shark is a 70-foot monster, and can easily engulf five full-grown Crinos

Garou in its maw. Its behavior is unfortunately similar to that of the great white — the *megalodon* is a killing machine, existing only to eat all in its path.

Great Sharks are the least subtle of the Great Beasts. Like their earthly descendants, they are fearsome hunters, in constant motion. They can only be summoned in water, and any attempts to summon them elsewhere will automatically fail.

Great Sharks do not favor any particular cause. They are the ultimate personifications of the mindless, highly developed killing machines that their ancestors are today. They are summoned to kill and destroy, and they do so with no remorse, no pity, no feeling of satisfaction.

The Great Shark's only apparent emotion is a blood frenzy. When they catch the scent of blood in the water, they go into a terrible frenzy. At such times they will attack anyone, even those who summoned them. They are not averse to attacking boats and even low-flying airplanes. Any Garou who summons a Great Shark is recommended to leave the area immediately. Such creatures care not a bit for those who summon them once the blood frenzy begins.

Lupus Character Templates



Classic Trickster

Quote: *The moon shines down upon us all this night. Run with me under its gaze!*

Prelude: You were born in the American southwest, near the Mexican border. Your fellows had been hunted to near extinction, but you and your sire eked out a marginal existence on the fringes of society. You became expert at living on the edge, stealing from the humans what you needed to survive, preying on their livestock, avoiding their hunters.

Your sire was eventually killed by a hunter, but you danced free of the carefully laid trap. It was shortly after that the Garou located you, and put you through the Rite of Initiation. You passed the Rite, although not without irritating many of your packmates by your behavior. Like many a Ragabash, you feel it is your sacred duty to play the part of the trickster. Because of your Amerindian origins among the Wendigo tribe, you look upon yourself as the personification of Coyote.

Concept: You play the role of Ragabash Trickster to the fullest. As with all Ragabash, you are reluctantly accepted as part of Luna's cycle. However, few packmates look upon you fondly. They tolerate your behavior, as long as it does not endanger the pack.

Your Mentor is another Ragabash of the pack, one that understands your behavior. Her influence is sufficient to discourage most reprisals against you for your tricks. Your Allies are fellow Ragabash. Your personal Charisma is high enough that you can charm your way out of most of the trouble your activities get you into.

You have sufficient Willpower, but lack Rage. You will probably wish to increase this for the times when you need the extra benefits. You may also wish to increase your talents and perhaps a physical attribute. You are not normally a coward: rather, you prefer to pick your fights, instead of being drawn into combat or going randomly berserk.

Roleplaying Tips: As noted above, you are not a coward. Like Coyote himself, you prefer to rely on stealth and cunning. This makes you unusual for a lupus. Most of your fellow wolves are much more direct. Besides, it requires a great deal of bravery to perform some of the stunts you do. It takes a great deal of courage to scale the cliff side, or swim the river, or face the ones you insulted with your pranks.

WEREWOLF

The Apocalypse™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Ragabash
Tribe: Wendigo

Pack Totem:
Concept: Classic Trickster
Battle Scars:

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 ○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○
Performance ●●○○○
Repair ○○○○○
Stealth ●●●○○
Survival ●●○○○

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ●○○○○
Mentor ●○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Leap of the Kangaroo
Blur of the Milky Eye
Call the Breeze

Gifts

Renown

Glory 200
Honor 100
Wisdom 200

Rank

Combat

Weapon	Damage	Difficulty

Rage

● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

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

Experience

Homid (Human): No Stat Adjustments; Diff.: 6. **Glabro (Near Man):** Str. +2, Sta. +2, App. -1, Man. -1; Diff. 7. **Crinos (Wolf Man):** Str. +4, Sta. +3, Dex. +1, App. 0, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Hispo (Near Wolf):** Str.+3, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 7. **Lupus (Wolf):** Str. +1, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Attributes:** 7/5/3 **Abilities:** 13/9/5 **Gifts:** 1 Level 1 from breed, auspice and tribe; **Backgrounds:** variable by tribe; **Freebie Points:** 15 (7/5/2/1)

Dark Mystic

Quote: *The crescent moon is a double-edged blade. Be wary, lest it cut you.*

Prelude: You were born in the bayou of Louisiana, one of a small pack of wolves eking out an existence as best they could. Still, your pack was the favored of a Garou. You were the only one of your litter to manifest your Garou heritage. The Garou took you away, to begin a Rite of Passage that almost cost you your existence.

Once you had emerged from the Rite, you were fit to take your place among the Shadow Lord tribes. Although a mere initiate in the ways of the spirits, you seek to gain greater and greater power. The tribal elders have spoken of vast, mysterious powers that lie within and beyond the Umbra. It is said that the Wyrms' minions have knowledge of these dark spirits. You must continue to fight the Wyrms, but make an effort to learn its secrets as you do so.

Concept: Like most Shadow Lords, you seek power. In your case, however, you seek mystical power. You are not reluctant to do anything it takes to obtain this power, short of yielding to the Wyrms. And of course, what you consider yielding and what other Garou consider yielding may vary.

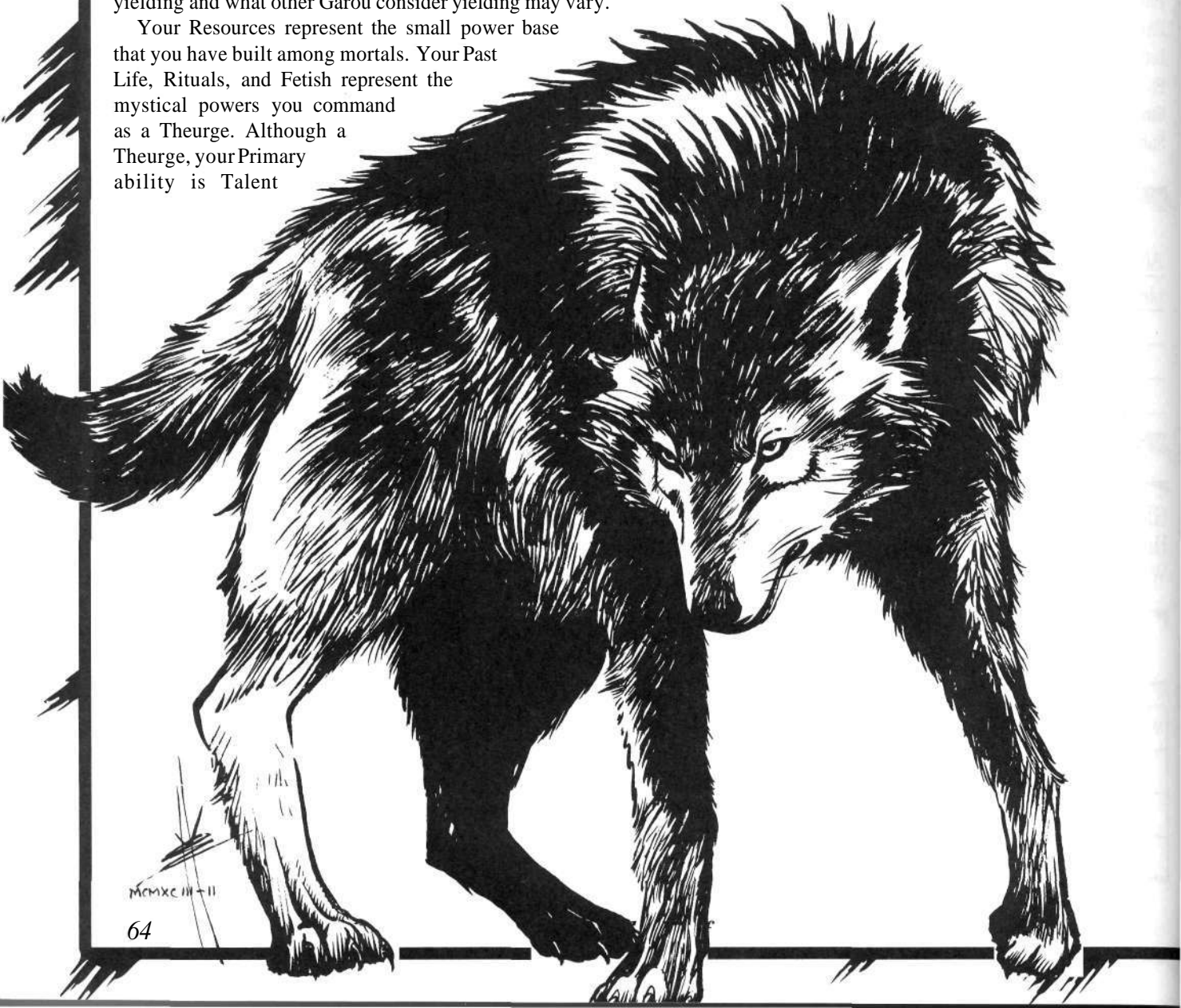
Your Resources represent the small power base that you have built among mortals. Your Past Life, Rituals, and Fetish represent the mystical powers you command as a Theurge. Although a Theurge, your Primary ability is Talent

simply because you need abilities in that category to maintain your fighting edge as a Garou and to handle the political intricacies that the Shadow Lords sometimes play. Your social skills are low, as you prefer to rely on your cunning and strength to outsmart or outfight any opposition.

Your Rage and Willpower are both low, and should be improved. You may wish to expand your Knowledges and Backgrounds.

Roleplaying Tips: You are a dark mysterious figure, a schemer who lurks on the edges of most packs. Unlike many Shadow Lords, homids who deal in homid politics, your interest is more in the mystic world than the physical. You believe the key to power is to learn the secrets of the Wyrms and use it against the Corrupter.

In a group, you tend to play the role of outsider. You are not reluctant to sacrifice a comrade for a greater good. However, you realize that packmates, lacking your perspective, take a dim view on this. Therefore, you only make this choice when no other option is available.



WEREWOLF

The Apocalypse™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Theurge
Tribe: Shadow Lord

Pack Totem:
Concept: Dark Mystic
Battle Scars:

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 ○○○○○
Melee ●●●●●
Leadership ●●●●●
Performance ○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○
Stealth ●●●●●
Survival ●●●●●

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Fetish ●●●●●
Past Life ●●●●●
Resources ●●●●●
Rituals ●●●●●
○○○○○

Gifts

Heightened Senses
Sense Wyrn
Fatal Flaw

Gifts

Renown

Glory 150
Honor 50
Wisdom 300

Rank

Combat

Weapon	Damage	Difficulty

Rage

● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

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

Experience

Homid (Human): No Stat Adjustments; Diff.: 6. **Glabro (Near Man):** Str. +2, Sta. +2, App. -1, Man. -1; Diff.: 7. **Crinos (Wolf Man):** Str. +4, Sta. +3, Dex. +1, App. 0, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Hispo (Near Wolf):** Str. +3, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 7. **Lupus (Wolf):** Str. +1, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Attributes:** 7/5/3 **Abilities:** 13/9/5 **Gifts:** 1 Level 1 from breed, auspice and tribe; **Backgrounds:** variable by tribe; **Freebie Points:** 15 (7/5/2/1)

Human Mediator

Quote: *Homid and feral, Garou and human. Gaia is mother to us all. We need not struggle against each other.*

Prelude: You were born a wolf, but taken from your den, from she who birthed you, at an early age by humans, "researchers." They took you into your home and raised you. You soon accepted them as the parents that you had been taken from.

You had just reached your second year, the year of sexual maturity, when a wolf broke into the outdoor pen where the humans kept you. Before your eyes, he shifted from wolf to human form. He took you from the pen, took you away from your adopted parents, took you off into the wilderness. There you soon came to realize your true nature, as one of the Garou.

You realized that one of the reasons you were so comfortable with the humans that had taken you from your den was that you yourself had the seeds of humanity within you.

Now you have come to accept your tribal heritage. You are one of the Children of Gaia, and you, like all your tribe, support peaceful coexistence with the humans. You know from your own experience that many humans can be quite peaceful and accepting if approached on their own terms. In their homid form, the Garou can do this, and prepare the humans for accepting the way of the werewolf. Once that is accomplished, you can determine the best way to go about restoring Mother Gaia.

Concept: Unlike many Garou, and almost all ferals, you are willing to accept the humans that live upon the face of Gaia. You act as a balance against the many Garou that would call for a return to the ways of the Impergium. You feel that coexistence is best, and point to yourself as an example of how homid and feral, human and Garou, can live together.

Your Ally is one of the humans who raised you, a researcher of some sort who may or may not know you as both wolf and human. You have a distinguished lineage, one of the only reasons most Garou tolerate your views. Your Rage and Willpower are both somewhat low, and should be raised. Your abilities are adequate. However, you may wish to raise a physical attribute. You often have to fight to defend your views.

Roleplaying Tips: As a Philodox, you feel you must act as a balance in all things. You feel this most strongly regarding the great conflict between the Garou and the humans. Unlike many tribes, who revel in bloodshed, you prefer to settle things peacefully. Of course, no such peace should be allowed when the Wyrms rises its head. The humans are merely misguided agents of the Wyrms, and should be converted instead of killed.

WEREWOLF

The Apocalypse™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Philodox
Tribe: Children of Gaia

Pack Totem:
Concept: Human Mediator
Battle Scars:

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 ○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○
Leadership ●●●○○
Performance ●●●○○
Repair ○○○○○
Stealth ●●○○○
Survival ●●○○○

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ●○○○○
Pure Breed ●○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Heightened Senses
Scent of the True Form
Persuasion

Gifts

Renown

Glory 125
Honor 250
Wisdom 125

Rank

Combat

Weapon	Damage	Difficulty

Rage

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

X if aggravated
Bruised □ □
Hurt -1 □ □
Injured -1 □ □
Wounded -2 □ □
Mauled -2 □ □
Crippled -5 □ □
Incapacitated □ □

Experience

Homid (Human): No Stat Adjustments; Diff.: 6. **Glabro (Near Man):** Str. +2, Sta. +2, App. -1, Man. -1; Diff. 7. **Crinos (Wolf Man):** Str. +4, Sta. +3, Dex. +1, App. 0, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Hispo (Near Wolf):** Str.+3, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 7. **Lupus (Wolf):** Str. +1, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Attributes:** 7/5/3 **Abilities:** 13/9/5 **Gifts:** 1 Level 1 from breed, auspice and tribe; **Backgrounds:** variable by tribe; **Freebie Points:** 15 (7/5/2/1)

Howler

Quote: *The Howls of the Garou are but a brief glimpse into the diversity of our way of communication. Run with me, and you shall hear Howls you have never heard before.*

Prelude: You were born of a small pack of wolves in the eastern US. From early puppyhood you were taught how to howl, how to communicate with your packmates. It wasn't until later that you realized so much emphasis was rare among wolf packs. You took well to this training, and soon your howls were the envy of your littermates and even the adults of the pack.

When your sire returned to your pack two years after your birth, he greeted the pack with a howl such as you had never heard. You were thrilled at the depth, the resonance, of the sound. This was what you aspired to, and what you had just touched the surface of in your own feeble efforts.

Your sire revealed that you were of the Garou, a shapeshifter, and that there was a society for others such as yourself. You were part of a greater tribe, the Fianna, that had come from across the oceans to America, to experience a new world. You passed your Rite of Passage, and discovered you were born under the gibbous moon. Now you travel, alone or with your pack, learning all there is to learn of the world so that you may howl your discoveries to the moon.

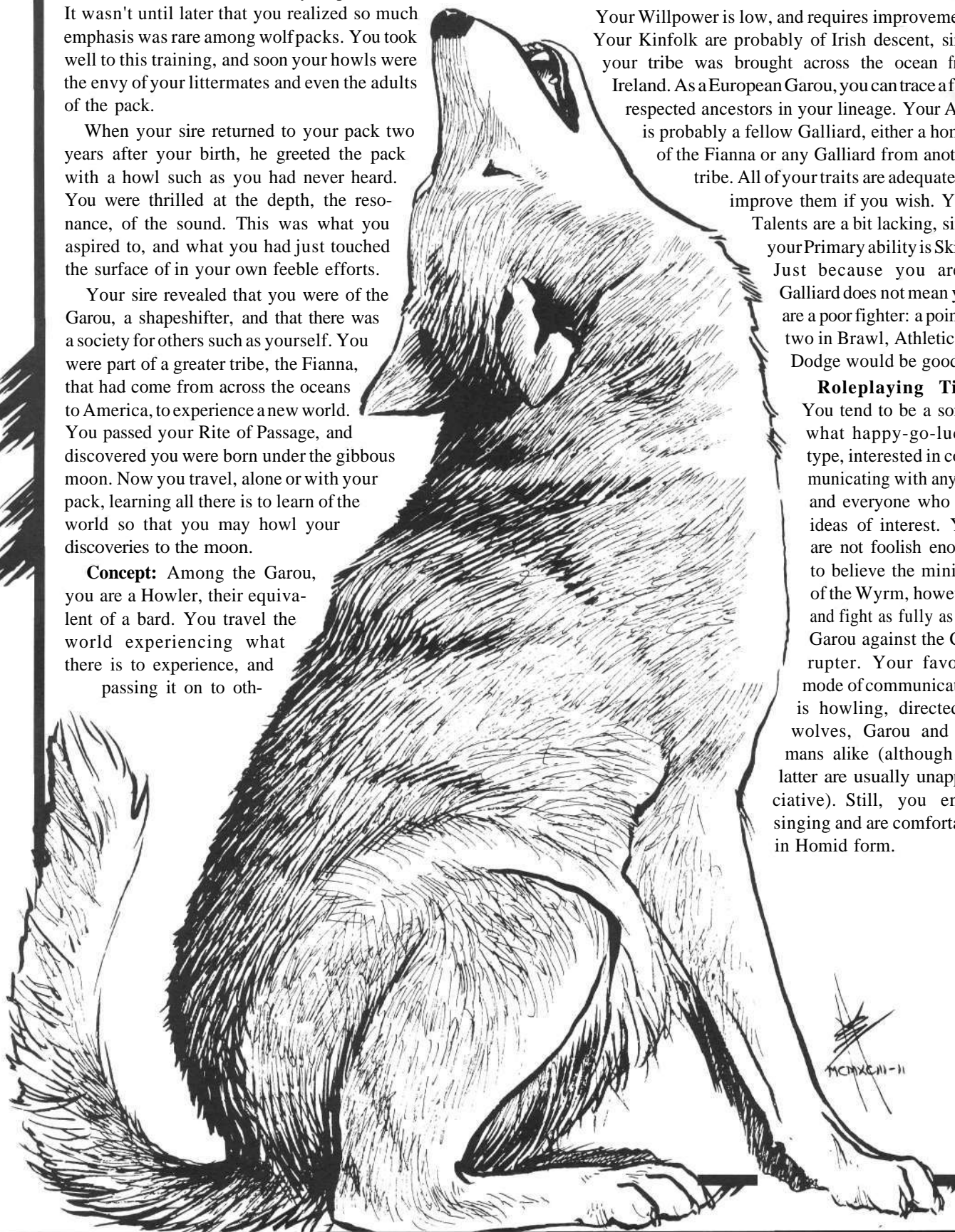
Concept: Among the Garou, you are a Howler, their equivalent of a bard. You travel the world experiencing what there is to experience, and passing it on to oth-

ers. Although many of the Fianna are homids, with a talent for singing in their vocal form, your favored means of communication is howling. Even in your Homid form, however, you have a gifted voice. Unlike many ferals you enjoy slipping to full Homid form, so that you may employ this novel form of communication.

Your Willpower is low, and requires improvement. Your Kinfolk are probably of Irish descent, since your tribe was brought across the ocean from Ireland. As a European Garou, you can trace a few respected ancestors in your lineage. Your Ally is probably a fellow Galliard, either a homid of the Fianna or any Galliard from another tribe. All of your traits are adequate, so improve them if you wish. Your Talents are a bit lacking, since your Primary ability is Skills. Just because you are a Galliard does not mean you are a poor fighter: a point or two in Brawl, Athletics or Dodge would be good.

Roleplaying Tips:

You tend to be a somewhat happy-go-lucky type, interested in communicating with anyone and everyone who has ideas of interest. You are not foolish enough to believe the minions of the Wyrms, however, and fight as fully as any Garou against the Corrupter. Your favored mode of communication is howling, directed at wolves, Garou and humans alike (although the latter are usually unappreciative). Still, you enjoy singing and are comfortable in Homid form.



WEREWOLF

The Apocalypse™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Lupus*
Auspice: *Galliard*
Tribe: *Fianna*

Pack Totem:
Concept: *Howler*
Battle Scars:

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 ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Leadership ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Performance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Repair ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Kinfolk ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Past Life ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Pure Breed ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gifts

Leap of the Kangaroo
Speech of the Beast
Resist Toxin

Gifts

Renown

Glory 200
Honor 100
Wisdom 200

Rank

Combat

Weapon	Damage	Difficulty

Rage

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gnosis

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Willpower

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Health

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

Experience

Homid (Human): No Stat Adjustments; Diff.: 6. **Glabro (Near Man):** Str. +2, Sta. +2, App. -1, Man. -1; Diff. 7. **Crinos (Wolf Man):** Str. +4, Sta. +3, Dex. +1, App. 0, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Hispo (Near Wolf):** Str. +3, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 7. **Lupus (Wolf):** Str. +1, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Attributes:** 7/5/3 **Abilities:** 13/9/5 **Gifts:** 1 Level 1 from breed, auspice and tribe; **Backgrounds:** variable by tribe; **Freebie Points:** 15 (7/5/2/1)

Wolf Warrior

Quote: *Two-legs would destroy four-legs? Rather two-legs' guts be strung out to lie upon the ground.*

Prelude: You were born to a pack of powerful wolves, one of the few left in America. Under the leadership of your alpha, the pack evaded every two-leg trap, every two-leg hunter, even the strange birds that the two-legs flew through the air within. When you came of age, you realized that your leader was not merely a four-leg. He, like you was one of the Garou. When you and one of your littermates displayed the first signs of possessing Garou blood yourself, the pack held a great celebration.

Your Rite of Passage was an attack on a drunken group of two-legs who thought to hunt you in your natural environment. You easily killed them, and took great pleasure in the sensations of their flesh between your teeth. You also utilized for the first time your ability to shapeshift into other forms. Still, you are most comfortable as a wolf, and rarely shift to any form other than Hispo.

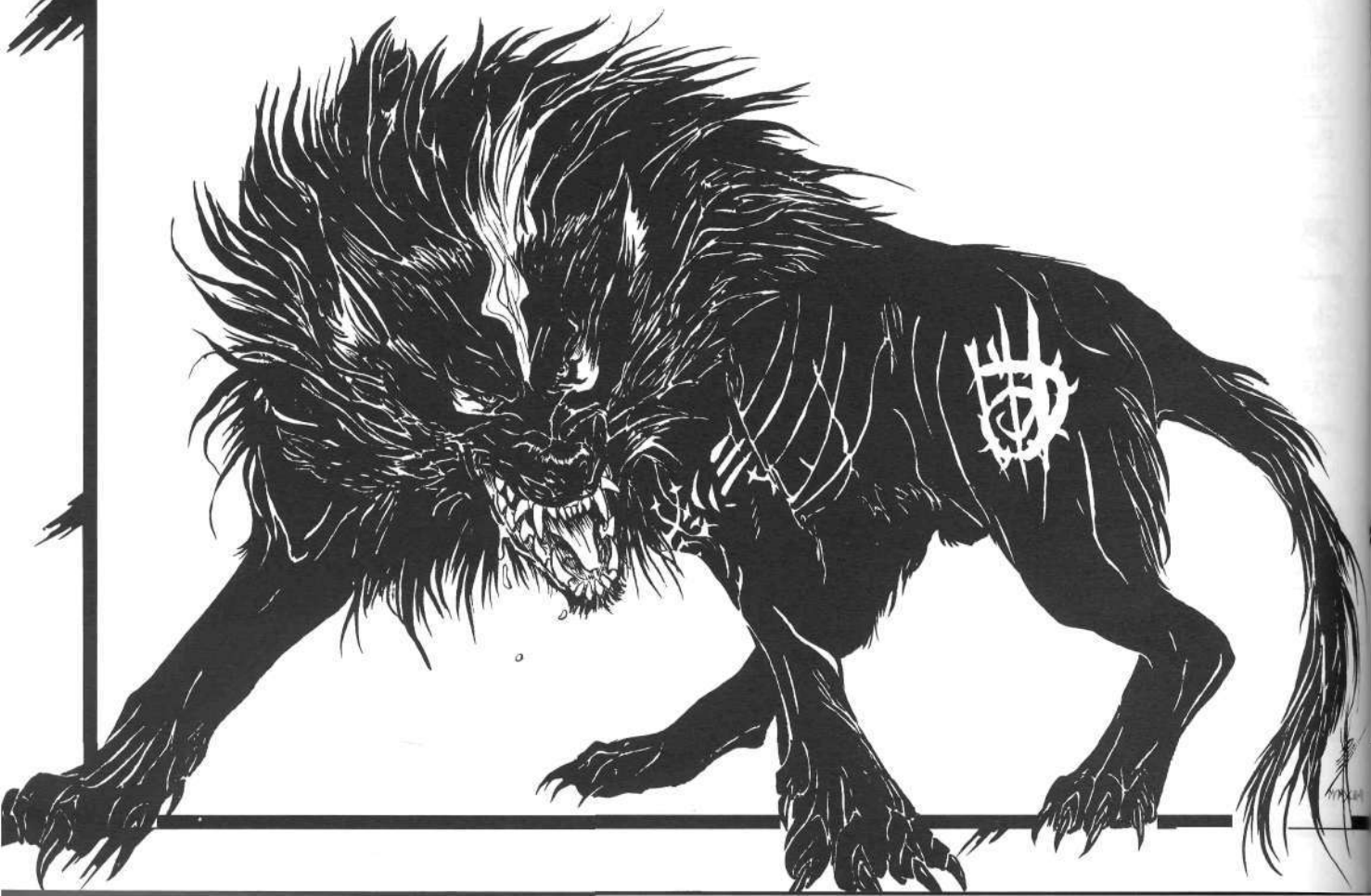
Occasionally you have traveled among the two-legs, using your own puny Homid form. You have seen nothing of their pack that should be preserved. They revel in darkness, and shut themselves away from Mother Gaia. You have no complaint with your tribe's intent to wipe them from the face of Gaia. However, you realize their weapons are powerful, and the Veil must be maintained. You intend to move cautiously, choosing your moments with care.

Concept: You were born as a wolf, and still think like wolf. Your thought processes are somewhat more sophisticated, but you prefer to rely on instinct. Like most Red Talons, you believe the humans should be completely destroyed. However, you realize the virtues of patience.

Your Kinfolk are the Garou-favored wolf pack that you grew up with. You receive a measure of respect because of your lineage. You occasionally draw upon your Past Life to summon up the spirit of some powerful Ahroun. Your Willpower is low, and should be developed, and your Rage could stand improvement as well. You have no use for social graces. Rather, you are a killing machine on four legs. Your attributes and abilities reflect this accordingly.

Roleplaying Tips: You must get into the mentality of a wolf. You are very accepting of certain things, but care little for why those things come to pass. If a two-leg can fly in a large metal bird, then what care you how he does it? You tolerate homid and metis Garou, but believe that the lupus are the best and most powerful of the Garou. You long to see the lupus become dominant among the Garou as it was millennia ago.

You can work with other tribes, but have some difficulty dealing with homids. You can work with lupus from other tribes, but expect them to submit to your domination. Your tactics in fighting the Wyrms and its agents are simple: track them down and kill them.



WEREWOLF

The Apocalypse™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Ahroun
Tribe: Red Talons

Pack Totem:
Concept: Wolf Warrior
Battle Scars:

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 ○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○
Performance ○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○
Stealth ●●●●●
Survival ●●●●●

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Kinfolk ●○○○○
Past Life ●○○○○
Pure Breed ●●○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Leap of the Kangaroo
Razor Claws
Beast Speech

Gifts

Renown

Glory 250
Honor 125
Wisdom 125

Rank

Combat

Weapon	Damage	Difficulty

Rage

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Health

X if aggravated
Bruised □□
Hurt -1 □□
Injured -1 □□
Wounded -2 □□
Mauled -2 □□
Crippled -5 □□
Incapacitated □□

Experience

Homid (Human): No Stat Adjustments; Diff.: 6. **Glabro (Near Man):** Str. +2, Sta. +2, App. -1, Man. -1; Diff. 7. **Crinos (Wolf Man):** Str. +4, Sta. +3, Dex. +1, App. 0, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Hispo (Near Wolf):** Str.+3, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 7. **Lupus (Wolf):** Str. +1, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Attributes:** 7/5/3 **Abilities:** 13/9/5 **Gifts:** 1 Level 1 from breed, auspice and tribe; **Backgrounds:** variable by tribe; **Freebie Points:** 15 (7/5/2/1)



**BLAST
FROM THE
PAST**

JUNE 1897

PENTON

Monkeywrench!

By Brad Freeman and Christopher Howard

Credits

Written by: Brad Freeman and Christopher Howard

Developed by: Bill Bridges

Edited by: Robert Hatch

Art Director: Richard Thomas

Art: Aileen E. Miles, Richard Thomas, Joshua Gabriel
Timbrook

Typesetting and Layout: Aileen E. Miles

Logo and Back Cover Design: Larry Schnelli

Word from the White Wolf Game Studio

This book features the three contest winners from Gen Con '93's Pentex Board of Directors meeting. They are: Susan Durham, Francesco Santora, and Shawn Carnes. Yes, folks, this contest proved that anyone, given the chance, will sink to the vilest tactics to get a seat on the Board.

We would also like to thank Mike Davis, whose Garou costume stole the show. We couldn't (and wouldn't) have done it without you.

And just when we thought everything was all right, a monkey wrench got thrown in the works. Henry Higginbotham's name was left out of the art credits for Werewolf Second Edition. He did those cool fetishes pictured throughout the book (and you should see the originals!). He is also renowned among Mage readers for his Loom of Fate cover. And around the office for his awe-inspiring and deadly looking Mask of Charon (no, we can't tell you what that is yet, but you'll see it soon).

Sorry about that, Henry. Please don't sic your wolf on us.

Disclaimer

The persons, places, and events depicted in this work are fictional. Any resemblance to any entities living, dead, or... otherwise... is coincidental. All statements are true in some sense, false in some sense, and meaningless in some sense.

WARNING: The Monkeywrenching tips given in this book are for the purpose of roleplaying gaming only, and are given to enhance the "underground" atmosphere portrayed in this supplement. Do not try these at home or abroad!

Special Thanks to:

Andrew "Un perfetto mascalzone e anche brutto" **Greenberg** for terrorizing Italy.

Rob "Stomping the Floors" **Hatch** for his sound wars with the [expletive] downstairs.

Ken "Dr. Ruth" **Cliffe** for the controversial sex therapy in WW #40.

Brian "SEGA!" **Campbell** for getting his Hedgehog on Groundhog Day.

Phil "Route 66" **Brucato** for taking the byways of America unintentionally.

Mike "Yo Joe!" **Tinney** for missing his buddy with the kung fu chop action.

Ian "Snowblind" **Lemke** for getting snowed out in Pennsylvania.

Mark "Piranha Bait" **Rein'Hagen** for his proposed trip to the Amazon.

Stewart "Happy Camper" **Wieck** for doing the Wyld thing.

Dedication

To YOU, as promised.



735 PARK NORTH BLVD.
SUITE 128
CLARKSTON, GEORGIA 30021
USA

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This book uses the supernatural for settings, characters and themes. All mystical and supernatural elements are fiction and intended for entertainment purposes only. Reader discretion is advised.

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PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

PENTEX

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Storyteller Information

All civilization is centralization. All centralization is economy.

— Brook Adams

The whole fabric of society will go to wrack if we really lay hands of reform on our rotten institutions. From top to bottom, the whole system is a fraud, all of us know it, laborers and capitalists alike, and all of us are consenting parties to it.

— Henry Adams

Empires are restless organisms. They must constantly renew themselves; should an empire start leaking energy, it will die. Not for nothing were the Adams brothers fascinated by entropy. By energy. By force.

— Gore Vidal, "The Day the American Empire Ran Out of Gas"

The sky blackens as the juggernaut Wyrms continues its seemingly inexorable path toward domination of our precious sphere. Pentex is a major component of its plans. Its temporal power over government, the media and the business world, combined with its dark, Wyrms-derived powers, make it a seemingly undefeatable foe. Pentex is a thousand-armed kraken; those who war with it might find themselves seemingly victorious after protracted battle, only to find that they have merely severed one of the tips (a subsidiary of a subsidiary) of the monster's tentacles.

Not all is as it seems, though. This book, while conceding Pentex's formidable might, reveals its great weaknesses as well. This book displays the blind spots and the kinks in supposedly impenetrable armor. This book is a book about hope.

There is a schism in the Pentex Board of Directors — small, perhaps, but rapidly growing. Three of the Board are dead, slain by a single Garou's claws. As the remaining Board Members and their subordinates scramble to fill the niche left open by these deaths, the schism widens. The new Board Members' true allegiances (which Wyrms they serve) are unknown, and this leaves all the Board nervous and paranoid.

At the same time, some Garou have finally been able to put a name (and, in some cases, a face) to their hitherto invisible enemy. Young Garou have rallied behind the clarion cry of Mother Gaia, and a new name — "Monkeywrenchers" — is on the lips of both the Garou community and the minions of the Wyrms. The

Monkeywrencher movement is small, still only in its gestational phase, yet it has begun to render a hitherto unseen portrait of its gargantuan foe.

Monkeywrenchers are Garou who attack Pentex and its subsidiaries through any means necessary: computer hacking, ecoterrorism and outright assaults on Pentex personnel. Monkeywrenchers are allied in a loose network, usually communicating via computer bulletin boards. When one Monkeywrencher discovers a Pentex operation outside his area, he will alert a known Monkeywrencher in the affected area, and that Garou will attempt to halt the operation.

Clever characters who have previously battled the Wyrms know that the enemy cannot be defeated by claw and fang alone. Plans must be made and information gathered. The Monkeywrencher must learn to pierce the Stygian fog shrouding Pentex. This text should shed some light on the darkness. This book contains secret computer files and Pentex dossiers — bought at the high price of Garou lives. Also contained herein are some publicly accessible Pentex brochures, which can provide valuable information to characters adept at reading between the lines.

This book often refers to information on Pentex given in *Book of the Wyrms*. *That sourcebook might be helpful to Storytellers using these handouts.* Each section of the Storyteller's notes given here mirrors the "found materials" (brochures, files, etc.) in the second half of the book. Each artifact as presented to the players is alternately right, wrong or misleading. The Storyteller's notes should allow the Storyteller to know which is which.

Information contained herein should be made available to the players in three ways:

The so-called "WereHacker Files" and Thomas Abbot's Pentex dossiers may be given to players near the beginning of the game. These contain more than enough information to alert the characters to the conglomerate, as well as some handy hints on how to tackle a giant like Pentex. In addition, these sections contain the Monkeywrencher's ethos, which may inspire the characters to a long (or, more likely, short) career in the noble profession.

The second form of information, as represented by the Endron brochure, is publicly available and contains some surprisingly useful information. The Storyteller is encouraged to use the brochure as a template to create her own Pentex public-relations mumbo-jumbo (pamphlets, TV ads, fallacious science reports, etc.). While some of the more heavy-handed propaganda may be good for a laugh, it should always contain a sinister subtext. Remember, most of the public at large has never heard the name Pentex, so always attribute public information to the corporation's subsidiaries.

The last form of information is given in the form of high-level corporate communiqués.

The Storyteller's notes are filled with suggestions on where and how the characters may obtain their evidence. The Storyteller will note that the chronology of events forms a small story of sorts, but she is encouraged to change

events to make them conform to her own chronicle, adding or omitting information as desired. There is a lot of information here, and the Storyteller may want to introduce it slowly, thus building suspense and allowing the players time to digest it. Most of the information is geographically nebulous, allowing the Storyteller to fit it into her own chronicle with minimal effort.

The computer rules section in the *Werewolf Players Guide* may prove helpful when running games involving hacker characters. Everything one needs to know to handle this sourcebook is contained therein. Other computer references are in-jokes for flavor and for the amusement of computer types, but aren't necessary to use or enjoy this book.

One More Disclaimer

Everything in this book is legally obtained information. For dramatic purposes, we have tried to make it seem like stuff that God, Uncle Sam, and Ma Bell don't want you to know — which some of it may be. Nonetheless, it is legal to know and distribute.

The Handouts

Thomas Abbot's Letter

Thomas Abbot is steward to King Jacob Morningkill of the Vermont/New York Silver Fangs (see *Rage across New York*). Abbot has sent the letter to a trusted friend, an elder or Mentor of the characters' sept. Besides mentioning the New York Garou's desperate straits, the letter introduces the characters to "Monkeywrenching" and details the deaths of three Pentex Board Members.

This news should hearten the characters: their enemy is weakened. Additional news concerning a possible Wendigo/Get of Fenris reconciliation is also welcome, and the Storyteller may want to expand on this.

All of the information in Abbot's letter is essentially correct. The "unsavory channels" by which Abbot received the WereHacker files involved, among other things, a Nosferatu vampire (Diogenes by name).

The Storyteller may use this handout in any number of ways. The suggested method is to have the pack's Mentor give them the letter, along with the WereHacker Files, and ask them to look into the situation (i.e., stop Pentex, using the information provided). The documents may be obtained in other ways: e.g., a dying elder stumbles into the pack's caern and begs them, with his dying breath, to take the files and use them "for Gaia." The Storyteller should feel free to devise any number of ways to drop the information into the characters' laps.

The WereHacker Files

All the text in monospaced typeface represents an on-line "capture file," a literal transcription of a computer

telecom session. The WereHacker kept these notes as a "brag phile" (file), and they are presented *verbatim*. You would see this replicated onscreen were you looking over his shoulder as he typed. His message to Diogenes is a cover letter from one hacker to another.

The posting that begins, "Are you SICK of those PI RATE BOARDS?" is also genuine, testimony to a real loathing that some hackers have for mere pirates.

EaRthFisT!, the violent environmental action group, is fictitious, which is probably a good thing.

The real-time conference log that begins, "Deep Umbra BBS Real-Time Conference" is a capture file of a computer BBS conference call that gets interrupted in the middle. This is how the hackers and Monkeywrenchers of the WereHacker's pack (mostly Glass Walkers) communicate. Think of it as a text-only conference call. The Missing Sysop, a peripheral member of the pack who owns the computer on which the bulletin board runs, was captured by a Pentex First Team. His equipment was confiscated. Information on the computer implicated other members of the pack, and one by one they were hunted down. The WereHacker was preparing to try to rescue some of them and decided to transmit this information to Diogenes, a Nosferatu of his acquaintance. That was the last anyone heard of the WereHacker.

The files also include:

- A Post-It note inscribed with some of the WereHacker's special code.
- A "While You Were Out" message concerning International Pharmaballistics, and a brochure from that company. The International Pharmaballistics info pertains to a small vertical-market corporation that sells supplies for nonlethal riot control and live-capture big-game hunting. The corporation considers its wares humane alternatives to "conventional" weaponry, little realizing to what evil purposes its equipment can be put.

PANACEA and Magadon security forces are testing some of these modified weapons, using Wyrms-tainted loads in the injector projectiles, toxic silver arsenide compounds in the gas projectors, and nasty fetishes as caseless ammunition. These (and the electrically charged projectiles) can provide nasty shocks to Garou expecting the usual lead-throwers.

Have fun!

- The four satellite photos are stages in Pentex encroachment. The first is found in the WereHacker's phile; the rest are found in Mr. Zygote's briefcase (see PANACEA, below).

- Doggy Diner placemat with map of Black Dog Game Factory sketched on back. See *Black Dog Game Factory*, below.

- The newspaper clipping titled "Boy Drowns in Church" details the death of one of the ecohackers in the WereHacker's pack. He was found by the Rev. Firestone and his friend Trixie. While the Reverend won't talk, she

will. All she can add is that the word found on the hacker was "ALMA-ATA." The cops are right — it is a password. The information accessible thereby is up to the Storyteller.

Dossiers on Pentex Subchiefs

Upon receiving the WereHacker files, Thomas Abbot was galvanized into action and scrambled to gather information on four of Pentex's highest lieutenants. Most of the information has previously been available to Garou but has never before been gathered in one place. The information includes some of Abbot's own suppositions. Certain of these are accurate; others, erroneous.

- Harold B. Hines (a.k.a. Doctor Frankenstein):

Below are some secrets that the characters could possibly learn with some research and footwork.

1. The "S.O.S." on the check in Hines' photo stands (at least in public) for "Save Our Schools," a grass-roots organization aimed at bringing discipline and basics back to the schoolroom. It is in fact an acronym for the "Society of Socrates," an elite cabal of Pentex academics who are trying to gain control of the educational system at all levels. To this end, they seek to make many schools and universities economically dependent on them and have lobbied (thus far unsuccessfully) to move the majority of the school system from government to private hands.

2. Hines is atypical of the Pentex subsidiary president type. He is a genius and has figured out much more of Pentex's corporate structure and goals than most others of his ranking have. Even the Board of Directors is unaware of the scope of his knowledge of Pentex operations. He plots to fill one of the vacancies on the Board of Directors, but, unknown to him, he is no longer in the running because of the cloud of suspicion that has settled over his financial dealings.

3. Hines is a pedophile and a secret member of the Society of Socrates. He shares both of these distinctions with his patron on Pentex's Board of Directors, Benjamin Rushing.

4. Hines has terrorized, corrupted and then murdered each of his former wives. His current wife (Cindy Hines) is a prisoner in his mansion near PANACEA Pharmaceuticals. She is scared but strong-willed. If rescued, she will be grateful and may be able to help the characters, even to the extent of helping to set a trap for her husband.

Deep Secrets: The following information is not available to characters unless they hear it from Hines' mouth.

Hines belonged to the Defiler Wyrms long before he went to work for Pentex — in fact before he was born. Hines is a Ferectoi, a bastard Wyrms monstrosity born from the union of a human and a Breeder Bane. At birth, Hines was placed with a wealthy and influential family that had served the Wyrms for many generations. Hines was raised amid luxury and has been schooled since childhood in the ways of the Defiler Wyrms. His membership in the Society of Socrates and his spectacular rise in Pentex were preordained.

Unlike most Ferectoi, he is witty and urbane, reveling in his role. He considers his "children," the fomori at PANACEA, to be part of his new "super-race"; he has nothing but contempt for humans.

Physical: Strength 3 (8), Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Expression 2, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Etiquette 4, Drive 2, Firearms 2, Leadership 5

Knowledges: Computer 3, Enigmas 2, Investigation 3, Law 4, Medicine 5, Occult 2, Politics 4, Science 4

Backgrounds: Allies 5 (fomori), Contacts 5 (business), Resources 5 (embezzling)

Powers: Hines has two discreet fomori powers. The first is Mega-Strength (8). The second is Wasp Wings: Hines has a pair of wasplike wings on his back (easily concealable under clothing when folded back). These allow him to fly for short distances (up to two miles) before needing rest.

Rage 2, Gnosis 1, Willpower 9

Roleplaying Notes: Everything was so easy. With your looks, money and powers, things always seemed to go your way. That human fool, Ben Rushing, was behind you all the way in your bid to join Pentex's Board. Your power and wealth were growing at an incredible rate and now this... So you got a little greedy; it made you one of the richest men on the planet, but it has also turned the Board against you. The short-sighted fools.

First they force that human First Team down your throat, and now Zettler and his little bitch Persephone are dogging your every footstep. The worst part is that, having never been prepared for failure, you don't know how to handle it. You are starting to drink again, and your composure is starting to crack. You're not finished yet, though. You have power, resources and your genius. You'll show them all, especially that crazy slut Persephone. Crash your computer, will she? You'll show them all!

If Hines does go down, he will try to take as many others with him as he possibly can.

• Ben Stillson:

Ben Stillson has no home address. He essentially lives at the PANACEA plant or in hotels.

Ben Stillson can be a pivotal actor in this drama, depending on how the Storyteller decides to play him. Below are three choices.

1. Ben Stillson is a loyal servant of the Wyrms and of Pentex. He has watched the brewing war between Hines and Persephone with growing concern. If Hines is indeed shown to have stolen from Pentex, Stillson will use his First Team to aid Persephone in Hines' ouster. He will act in Pentex's best interest in all things.

2. Ben Stillson is dead. He was shot in the back of the head while getting into his car. The WereHacker and his Monkeywrencher cohorts have put a clever doppelganger (a Glass Walker with the Gift: Doppelganger) in his place.

The Monkeywrenchers have all vanished, though, and it is only a matter of time before the impostor is unmasked. The false Stillson will do everything in his power to aid the characters against Pentex.

3. Ben Stillson is a patriot. For years Pentex has encouraged the most ugly aspects of patriotism (blind nationalism, xenophobia) in the ex-Green Beret in order to make him easier to manipulate. Lately, though, Stillson has begun to realize that Pentex's interests are not only dissimilar to America's but in fact are antithetical. Pentex's decision to monopolize Experiment #4 was the last straw. Stillson has the complete loyalty of his men, as well as some valuable inside information about Pentex. If Stillson's patriotic zeal overrides his loyalty to the Wyrms, what happens next is anybody's guess.

If the first or third option is chosen, Stillson has several combat-oriented Bane fetishes. If the second option is chosen, "Stillson" should have Traits appropriate to the impostor. In either case, he should be fairly adept at defending himself physically.

• Persephone Tar-Anis:

Below are some secrets that the characters could possibly learn with some research and footwork. However, it may require them to network with some vampires.

1. Persephone was Embraced in 1845. She is the child of Pentex Board Member Harold Zettler.

2. Persephone is highly ambitious, and her ultimate aim is to be on the Board of Directors, but she realizes that the time is not yet right for such a move. In the meantime, she attempts to curry favor with the Board by exposing Hines.

Deep Secrets: The following information is not available to characters unless they hear it from Persephone or from an ancient vampire who knows her from long ago.

Persephone was born in London in the early 1880s to the wealthy Wedgewood family. As a child she was at first considered to be "precocious," later "troubled," and by the time she reached her early teens, her family was forced to conclude she was insane. Not wishing to suffer the embarrassment that she was increasingly causing them, they institutionalized her.

Up to this point, the young girl's "madness" was in fact only a minor schizophrenia and perhaps an overly active imagination, but after several years in the badly managed sanitarium, she was completely deranged. She suffered wild, extremely complex hallucinations and psychotic spells, which she dutifully recorded in her diary.

At the age of 16, Persephone attracted the attention of Harold Zettler, one of the hospitals' regents. Fascinated by her unique psychosis, he decided to preserve it forever by inducting her into the Sabbat. A true vampiric prodigy, Persephone adapted to her new unlife with an ease that astounded her elders and even Zettler. Within 45 years of her Embrace, Persephone had participated in several key Sabbat operations, treacherously murdered the Camarilla Monitor of London, formed a long-standing association with the Son of Ether mage Charles Babbage, and played a

crucial role in helping to cement Sabbat ties with the Black Spiral Dancers.

She changed her last name to Tar-Anis (in homage to the Gallic goddess of death) because of the prevalence of death imagery in her hallucinations. She has maintained close contact with her sire through most of her unlife, though to her credit she did not participate in his atrocities in Nazi Germany. Like Zettler, she is actively hunted by the Camarilla and effectively uses Pentex as a safe haven.

Sire: Harold Zettler

Generation: 6th

Embrace: Early 1800s

Apparent Age: 17

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 6, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 6, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 5, Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Expression 2, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 4, Etiquette 4, Firearms 5, Leadership 3, Stealth 5, Survival 2

Knowledges: Computer 5, Investigation 4, Law 2, Occult 3, Politics 4, Science 3

Disciplines: Auspex 7, Celerity 3, Dementation 6, Dominate 4, Fortitude 3, Obfuscate 6, Potence 1. Through Zettler, she also has access to the 8th level Auspex Discipline: Malkavian Madness Network (see **Clanbook: Malkavian**). This Discipline allows her to enter the Digital Web computer Realm in the Umbra (see the **Mage** sourcebook **Digital Web**), enabling her to enter computers mentally from a distance. She can only use this Discipline when she is in telepathic contact with Zettler.

Backgrounds: At least 4 in just about everything except Black Hand Membership.

Bane Fetishes: Her fetishes (gifts from Black Spiral friends) allow her the following Glass Walker Gifts: Control Simple Machines, Control Complex Machines, and Cybersenses. The fetishes are all jewelry made from computer chips.

Virtues: Callousness 3, Instincts 4, Morale 2

Path of Power and the Inner Voice: 5

Willpower: 9

Image: Persephone is just as likely to be seen wearing punk leather or Victorian-style funeral garb as the corporate styles she wears at Pentex, though all of her clothes are expensive designer originals.

Roleplaying Notes: You toyed with Babbage's difference engine; now you're playing in cyberspace. You are deeply involved in all of Pentex's most secretive computer projects, and your facility with them has made you a cracker-jack security chief. You know they call you "crazy," though never to your face. You know that your insanity allows you to make prodigious intuitive leaps, tying seemingly dissimilar threads together in ways undreamt of by the sane. You could almost do your entire job from your computer console, but you like to get out and about (remember

Nevada?) and to work with people (really). You view death philosophically, as a beginning rather than an end, and thus are prone to murder. However, you are not needlessly cruel—certainly not a practicing torturer like many of your Sabbat comrades. You are loyal to Pentex, but you frankly couldn't care less about the Wyrms. Hines has stepped out of line, and you are preparing to crush him like the bug he resembles.

Persephone will only engage in physical combat if absolutely necessary, despite her skill at it. Play her with a dark sense of humor, like a Charles Addams character.

• Max Carson

Below are some secrets that the characters could possibly learn with some research and footwork.

1. Max Carson is a Black Spiral Dancer Kinfolk.

2. He is, at least on the surface, far more typical of the Pentex subsidiary head than Hines is. He doesn't rock the boat and has professed to be uninterested in a Board position.

Deep Secrets: The following information is unavailable to characters unless they hear it from Carson.

Born dirt-poor in Texas, Carson joined Endron's sales force and quickly cut a bloody swath all the way to the president's chair. He runs the company with an iron fist and has used his Black Spiral Contacts to keep all at Endron in line. Carson has consolidated his position by surrounding himself with those loyal to him (Black Spiral Kinfolk now hold most of Endron's top positions); he is in one of the best defensive positions of any Pentex subsidiary head. His Dallas property sits right on top of a minor Black Spiral caern. He is generally left to his own devices, which means ripping up the environment in a devious and professional manner.

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 4, Firearms 5, Leadership 4, Melee 2, Survival 3

Knowledges: Computer 1, Enigmas 1, Investigation 2, Law 3, Occult 2, Politics 3, Science 2

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 5, Kinfolk 5 (Black Spiral Dancers), Resources 5

Powers: Carson is immune to all toxic Wyrms emanations (radiation, toxic waste, etc.).

Willpower: 8

Fetishes: Carson has several powerful Bane fetishes, which tend to generate, secrete and project mutagenic and toxic chemicals.

Image: Carson plays the Texas oil tycoon role to the hilt. Wear a big cowboy hat, buy a pro ball team, complain about those tree-huggers in Washington and swagger a lot. The whites of his eyes are actually a pale yellow.

Roleplaying Notes: Well, it looks like that egghead fairy Mines and the little vampire lady are intent on ripping each other to pieces. Pity. Looks like you'll just have to walk in and pick up all the pieces, though for your money the dead chick'll probably win. Neither of them'd better get any ideas about playing games with you, though; you'll tear 'em a new one. You consider yourself the Wyrms' main ranch hand and do its bidding in all things. By the time you're through, the world's gonna be one giant toxic dump. The seas will run black and the sky will be a permanent neon orange — just like Vegas.

Although you seek personal power, you do not seek membership on the Board of Directors at this time. You go where you are needed, and right now Pentex and the Wyrms need you right where you are. You've been richly rewarded for your services and are completely loyal.

Infiltrating Pentex

Some of the handouts may spur characters, into infiltrating certain Pentex-owned companies. The information below should help Storytellers run encounters with Black Dog Game Factory or PANACEA.

Black Dog Game Factory

The map of Black Dog Game Factory (see *WereHacker* Files, above) was scrawled hastily on a diner placemat by the Were-Hacker and is identified only by the legend "BDG." If the Storyteller feels that this is not enough information to lead the characters to the company's headquarters, she should supply additional clues (maybe the address of the diner is on the placemat; the diner is across the street from BDG).

Because Black Dog Game Factory could be situated in "Anytown, USA," the Storyteller should put the company within relatively easy reach of the characters' stomping grounds. Characters who visit the company's offices will find them to be every bit the cesspool of human (and inhuman) corruption that one would imagine. Everyone who works here is Wyrms-tainted to some degree, except for some of the visiting freelancers, who are merely innocent Wyrmsdupes (or "Wyrmsies," as the jaded full-time staff calls them). The warehouse is filled with minor Wyrms fetishes and Bane-tainted goods, in the form of "miniatures" and "story handouts," which are aimed at corrupting the impressionable young "leaders of tomorrow."

Despite the many sordid and nauseating misadventures possible here, there is only one major point of interest. Bob Forthrite, the developer of BDG's *Zombie: The Putrescence™* line of games, is (unknown to all but BDG's inner circle) a fomor. His only fomor powers are Mouth of the Wyrms (the mouth is located on his stomach) and Stomach Pumper.

Bob recently received a blueprint of the PANACEA Pharmaceuticals plant from his vacationing cousin Frank. Frank, also a fomor, worked at the PANACEA plant until his recent unexplained disappearance. Frank thought that the blueprints he found were "cool" and didn't think the company would mind if he brought them to Bob for use in one of his games. Bob is currently planning to use them in the *Zombie* sourcebook *Fury across Florida*. The characters should be convinced of the blueprints' validity if they notice that they match those in the dossier photo of Ben Stillson (see the dossier on Stillson).

If cornered, Bob Forthrite will wail and blubber, protesting that he only wants to make games to "make people happy," or that he is "making gaming an art form." He can look pretty pathetic and will produce pictures of fictitious children at the drop of a hat. If the characters are dumb enough to let him go, he will run to the phone and report them to his "masters" (Pentex).

This episode should show the players that even the most masterful of evil conspiracies can fall prey to coincidence, bad luck and sheer stupidity.

For information on the PANACEA blueprints, see below.

PANACEA

(See PANACEA Blueprints)

The PANACEA Pharmaceuticals plant consists of two adjoining buildings. One is 12 stories high, while the other is only three (see side view). The taller building was formerly used for clerical purposes and is now empty. The enclosed blueprints map out the first floor and basement of the smaller building.

These blueprints (provided as a handout later in this book) are fairly basic; the Storyteller is encouraged to add his own elements and customize the maps to his own campaign. The blueprints are several years old, and some changes have surely been made at the site since their drafting (machines added, rooms reconfigured, etc.). Characters using the blueprints to infiltrate PANACEA should run into at least one unexpected dead end while in the plant.

Here, at the PANACEA plant, the characters will find the most damaging and illuminating information about Pentex. Not surprisingly, here is also where they will meet their strongest resistance. PANACEA Pharmaceuticals, Inc. was founded in 1986 and is a subsidiary of Magadon, Incorporated. It is the pet project of Harold Hines; it is also the brainchild of Harold Zettler (Pentex Board Member and a Malkavian *antitribu*), whose interest in medical atrocities dates back to his nights as a Nazi doctor at Auschwitz. Zettler has a controlling share (53%) of PANACEA'S stock. Hines has a private office here, as does Ben Stillson. A ghoul (Mr. Zygote) may also be found here, scrutinizing the company's financial records and generally lurking about.

The plant is not visible from the main roads (it is at the end of a tertiary road marked "Private") and is situated on a peninsula that juts out into a large lake. The peninsula covers about 10 acres and consists primarily of meticulously landscaped grounds. There is a parking lot, but no cars are visible. Surrounding the grounds is a high-voltage fence.

First Team troops, some of them fomori, patrol the grounds, and security cameras sweep the perimeter. If the characters decide to approach through the Penumbra, they will find that the natural beauty of the grounds gives way to the sulfurous stench of a Hellhole. The Gauntlet rating is 7 in the surrounding grounds and increases to 9 once inside the building.

Several of the trees that dot the landscape are inhabited by Blight Children:

Rage 8, Willpower 6, Gnosis 5, Power 25

Charms: Blighted Touch

They will bide their time, waiting to attack when the characters flee the building.

There are also many minor Bane spirits here, but they appear mindless and do not attack; instead, they feed, vulturelike, on any fallen intruders. If characters approach stealthily through the Penumbra, they should at least be able to get into the building before encountering any major resistance.

Third Floor

Most of the top floor is filled with office space, though no employees are actually working in this area. They have been "given the week off" while Mr. Zygote peruses the records. The top floor is also where the characters will find the offices of the president (Hines) and vice-president (P.T. Barnes). There is nothing of interest in Barnes' office.

Also on the third floor, hidden by a retractable roof panel, is Hines' private helicopter. He will use it to escape if things go against him.

- Mr. Zygote:

Somewhere in the building, the characters may run across the ghoul Mr. Zygote. He is the majordomo of Harold Zettler and one of Pentex's premiere "number-crunchers." He is at PANACEA because Hines is suspected of skimming profits and other unseemly financial misdoings. Zettler and Persephone both hope that Zygote will uncover enough information to depose Hines once and for all.

Zygote is a Sabbat ghoul of the Obertus family (see *Storytellers Handbook* to the Sabbat) and has been in Zettler's service for 50 years. He is an ideal spy (Auspex 4, Obfuscate 3), a consummate accountant, and he likes his job. He has allowed Hines to "bribe" him into not investigating too deeply, even as he quietly amasses enough evidence to damn him in the eyes of the Board. Zygote will not engage in combat under any circumstances, instead trying to disappear and flee when confronted with danger.

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 5, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 5, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 4, Firearms 3, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Computer 4, Investigation 5, Law 3, Science 2

Willpower: 7

Roleplaying Notes: Lurk and spy. Talk like Peter Lorre. "You...you don't understand. I'm only an accountant!" Whatever you do, don't drop your briefcase.

Zygote's Briefcase: Zygote's briefcase contains evidence against Mines. In addition, it contains "Mines' Letter to Persephone" (see below) and the four Pentex satellite photos (one of which can be found in the WereHacker Files). Zygote may also have copies of the "Stillson Memos" (see below).

Harold B. Hines' Office

Hines' office is both large and opulent. It is paneled in dark mahogany and tastefully appointed in a classical style. Numerous shelves contain books on a plethora of subjects (mostly science; some are authored by Hines), and several diplomas hang behind a large antique desk. Paintings, including an original but hitherto unknown "hellscape" by Hieronymous Bosch, adorn the room. On Hines' desk are several photos of Hines shaking hands with former U.S. presidents of both parties, and a photo of his current wife.

Cursory examination reveals little else of interest. The locked desk, if forced open, contains only several innocuous but highly impressive files of sales figures. Similarly, the highly advanced computer next to the desk provides only cryptic, confusing code if booted up.

The true prize in the room is a wall safe hidden behind the Bosch painting. The safe's computer lock can be bypassed with a Wits + Computer roll (difficulty 8). Three or more successes are required to avoid triggering the silent alarm system. In the safe are three artifacts:

Persephone's Letter to Hines

This message is on a 2" CD-ROM disc in a plastic case. The word "bitch" is scrawled on the case in Hines' handwriting. This disc represents some of the latest in Tellus Enterprise's hardware technology and is incompatible with any computer currently available on the open market. If the characters neglect to play the CD on Hines' computer (it boots up automatically) they will have to seek out some Glass Walkers advanced enough to have access to this level of technology.

The disc also has a Net-Spider bound into it. This creature will crash a system once the disc is inserted, allowing the computer to play only the disk's message (Persephone's idea of a practical joke). As soon as the file boots up, it will send the message straight to the printer, printing out a hard copy.

Notes: The Storyteller should be made aware of several facts from the letter:

- Persephone has already convinced several Board Members, including Zettler and Yamazaki, that Hines should go. She is planning on using evidence of his embezzlement as an excuse to depose him; Mr. Zygote's job is to obtain such evidence.

- Persephone plans to have Hines killed. To this end, she has several means at her disposal, including...

- a) Her influence with the Black Spiral Dancers.

- b) Her influence with the Sabbat.

- c) The First Team at the PANACEA plant.

- d) She has the authority to send in additional First Teams "to bolster security" and is seeking clearance to utilize the Alpha Team.

- The reference to Stillson's "hacker doppelganger" is explained in the "Stillson Memos" (see below). Thus, this letter is not delivered to Hines until after the events listed in those memos have occurred. Persephone may be bluffing about this; if the Glass Walker doppelganger is still there, she may believe he is Stillson.

- Persephone knows the identity of the intruder in Security Memo #A 2112-93 and hopes that he will kill Hines. She will avoid contact with Aeneas at all costs. (This memo is explained below.)

- Persephone is a very hands-on, bottom-up type of commander and has engendered fanatical personal loyalty in those under her command, despite her occasionally obvious psychosis. Her personal guards include disparate factions among the Sabbat, Black Spiral Dancers and some humans; she has managed to make them cooperate efficiently.

Hines' Letter to Persephone

This letter is in Mr. Zygote's briefcase, but because it addresses subjects mentioned in Persephone's letter, Storyteller information is given here. The letter directly mentions several of Pentex's most highly guarded secrets. Below are details on each one.

• The AIDS "Cure":

PANACEA has tailored a "hunter virus" specifically programmed to latch onto the HIV virus (fighting fire with fire), not killing it but neutralizing it "permanently." The disease goes into remission, usually within two months of the initial treatment. This is the official version of events.

The hunter virus is in reality what has been dubbed an "engineer virus" that mutates the HIV virus, causing it to become even more deadly — if that's possible.

The incubation period for this new strain is about five years, during which time the patient feels completely healthy. When the new virus finally surfaces, it is far more virulent, faster acting and capable of being transmitted through casual contact. It will bear little resemblance to the original virus and will thus be nearly impossible to trace. This is part of Pentex's "Omega Plan." Five years after the

initial "cure" is released, the world will face an epidemic of unbelievable proportions. This, along with other factors, will create an End Times milieu perfect for the genesis of the Omega Plan's second phase. The AIDS plan has no supernatural component to it; it is based purely on science.

• New Fomor Powers:

PANACEA has developed several new fomor powers, some of which are possessed by the fomor guards here.

Acidic Touch: The fomor's skin excretes a caustic, gelatinous substance that adds two extra dice of aggravated damage to any physical attacks involving touch. This power could be particularly damaging in tandem with Mega-Strength and Plasmic Form.

Alacrity: This is a limited version of the vampire Discipline Celerity. It allows the fomor to take one extra action per turn, as if he spent one Rage point. This ability costs one Willpower point per use. Its advantage to Pentex is that, because the fomor does not rely on Rage for extra actions, the berserker mentality does not have to be engineered into the fomor. This makes it easier to control in battle.

Death to the Dead: This power is a byproduct of PANACEA'S AIDS research. It functions exactly like the fomor power Infectious Touch, but it works against the undead. The fomor must make a flesh-to-flesh attack against its target. The fomor must then successfully roll Willpower against a difficulty equal to the victim's Stamina (+ Fortitude). Each success inflicts one Health Level of aggravated damage to the target. This damage heals at the rate of one Health Level per week, during which time the victim feels miserable. Hines hopes to test this power against Persephone.

• The Berserker Serum (a.k.a. "Super Serum"):

This serum is still in an experimental phase and has only been used a few times. The usual method of injection (as seen in the Buck Racer comic, below) is via a painless airjet directly into the carotid artery. In a matter of seconds, the recipient is overwhelmed by a raging bloodlust similar to a vampire's frenzy. The recipient's Physical Traits are greatly increased (Strength +4, Dexterity +1, Stamina +3). The berserker does not take the usual wound penalties when injured, enabling him to fight effectively until he is killed. Berserkers can still effectively use weapons, even to the extent of reloading guns, and are capable of rudimentary strategy.

Pentex assumes that all users of the serum will be on the same side (its). Its scientists have added a strong pheromone-inducing agent that causes an aversion response in others using the drug — thus, two people using the serum will not attack each other. The drug suppresses the speech centers of the brain, rendering the user mute for about an hour after taking it.

The frenzy lasts about 15-20 minutes. After the serum wears off, Pentex convinces the exhausted and confused survivors that it was really a great experience (surreptitiously removing the bodies of any dead comrades, of course).

The injectors that emit the serum also contain a radio transmitter. This alerts Pentex security that the drug has been used, allowing the corporation to send investigators, reinforcements, damage control teams, etc.

First-time users of this drug must score a single success on a Stamina roll (difficulty 7) or die of heart failure as the drug wears off (Garou automatically switch to Crinos form and thus roll their adjusted Stamina). The difficulty increases by one with each subsequent use until it reaches a difficulty of 10. After this, the number of successes needed to survive increases by one per use.

Pentex calls this "better living through chemistry." The drug has no effect, beneficial or otherwise, on Kindred.

- **Experiment #4:**

For years, the researchers at Mars Electronics (an electronics firm catering exclusively to the military; a subsidiary of Nastrum Enterprises) have attempted to create the perfect assassination weapon for use by the intelligence community. Recently, they have succeeded beyond their wildest dreams.

Experiment #4 was the brainchild of the company's founder Cyrus Kurtz (now deceased). It was inspired by a strange series of "dreams." These dreams were in fact visitations from the Maeljin Incarna Doge Klypse (see *Book of the Wyrms*). At his orders, the company captured four musicians (three Garou: Fianna and one Toreador) and forced them to play. Their music was then subjected to electronic manipulations in accordance with an arcane mathematical formula supplied by Kurtz. The result was a beautiful, unearthly sound that welled up from a rift torn in the fabric of reality — a sound emanating from the Atrocity Realm. In a matter of seconds, all of the employees in the lab, as well as several passersby on the street outside, were assaulted by a wave of sheer, insane terror. All died. The rift collapsed upon itself and was resealed.

Pentex quickly cordoned off the area and sent people inside. The only survivors were the Fianna and the Toreador, who had been at the nexus of the rift. They were completely insane.

Pentex has both a recording of the sound and some of Cyrus' notes. From these, researchers have been able to reconstruct the experiment and now need only an "antidote" that will allow them to wield this devastating weapon safely (earplugs are useless). Pentex hopes to use the weapon to assassinate people "over the phone." Researchers have had some success with neural blocking agents and are set to start field-testing shortly.

The sound doesn't kill Kindred, but it drives them insane (whether this is permanent or not is unknown). The truly insane, living or undead, are completely immune to this weapon. Pentex has decided that Experiment #4 is too good to share with the military and is developing it for its own purposes.

Security Memo #A 2112-93

This security memo and its accompanying transcript are both printouts.

Pentex is being stalked. In the course of its dealings with the Sabbat, and as a result of its penchant for (often unfriendly) corporate takeovers, the corporation has unknowingly raised the curiosity of several powerful individuals in the Camarilla (Ventrue) community. A vampire, the Ventrue elder Aeneas, has been assigned to investigate.

Aeneas has spent the last year probing Pentex's corporate structure and is now making several opening feints to determine its power and methods of operation. To this end, he has obtained the voluntary talents of a Glass Walker Monkeywrencher named Max Stirner and the unwilling services of two First Teams. The latter have been procured through Aeneas' considerable powers of Presence and Dominate. Additionally, he has turned several fomori and an Iliad agent into his ghouls. These agents have limited Fortitude and Potence in addition to their other powers. Aeneas also has the service of several lower-generation Ventrue and can depend on limited aid from the princes of whatever cities he visits (if the prince is Ventrue).

Aeneas is still very much in the data-gathering stage of his investigations and does not yet realize the true scope of Pentex's operations, but he is learning fast. He has some minor aptitude for Chimerstry and has used this to great advantage in covering his tracks. He has employed a number of illusory guises, including that of the "woman" mentioned by Spider Hardigan in his report (see the transcript).

Through Max Stirner, Aeneas has sent a number of false orders allowing him to lead First Teams into his traps, disrupt communications and cause Pentex other minor inconveniences. He reports all of his findings to the Camarilla.

Pentex, which has spent most of its time and resources on defenses against the often unsubtle attacks of the Garou, currently finds itself (at least thus far) ill prepared to counter the subtlety of an immortal master tactician like Aeneas. Like Aeneas, however, Pentex is adapting rapidly, and the corporation can muster much vaster resources than the vampire can. It is possible that the hunter may soon be the hunted.

The alliance between Max and Aeneas may actually hurt the cause of the Monkeywrenchers if the Garou leadership were to find out — Aeneas, like most vampires, is "of the Wyrms" in the eyes of Garou.

Aeneas: Aeneas was born in 1328 to a poor farming community in Southern Greece. He grew up tending his father's crops and was considered the pride of the town because of his athletic prowess and great beauty. Indeed, the latter caused some to jest that he was Adonis somehow reborn, and attracted the attention of a powerful and ancient local Toreador.

Aeneas was still a young man when the Black Death swept through the region, killing many and marring many others. Hearing of the plague, the aforementioned Toreador rushed to the town, hoping to make Aeneas a vampire and thereby preserve his beauty for eternity. But the Toreador was too late: a Ventrue rival had beaten him to it. This Ventrue had Embraced Aeneas to anger the Toreador, but soon discovered that Aeneas had very good uses.

Aeneas excelled at Kindred politics and rose quickly (by Ventrue standards) through the ranks, with the Toreador elder as his ally. He now serves the Camarilla and his clan as an Archon, and is one of the Camarilla Inner Circle's most trusted agents.

He is a sixth-generation vampire and is correspondingly powerful. He has high levels in Presence, Dominate, Auspex, and Fortitude. He also possesses Celerity and Chimerstry.

Visually, Aeneas looks every bit the part of a young Greek godling. He appears to be a tanned youth of 19 or 20 with long, curly, brown hair. He often dresses in fashions worn by the current youth culture and looks like he would be at home on any college campus. He is a potential ally against Pentex and is comparatively benign—but he is also a master manipulator and should be played as such.

Max Stirner: Max Stirner is an experienced Monkeywrencher of the Glass Walker tribe and has successfully been tweaking Pentex's nose for several years now. Born in the Bronx, Max is equally adept in the Net or on the streets. He has obtained Rank Three and was born under the crescent moon. He is an excellent hacker. Stirner is a slender African-American man in his early 30s. He usually wears sunglasses and a leather jacket. He carries two .45 caliber pistols at all times.

Stirner has been working with Aeneas for a year now and is, of course, wary of him, though he is also somewhat overwhelmed by the force of his personality. If Aeneas finds out about the characters and decides to initiate contact with them, he will do so through Max.

Buck Racer Comic

The safe contains four pages of a comic book: "Buck Racer of the First Corp." These are penciled pages for the next issue.

More sophisticated Garou may laugh out loud when they see the infantile nature of this blatant piece of Pentex propaganda, but a second look reveals several salient and chilling facts. The comic is only partially a propaganda tool; it also serves as a training manual. Pentex has learned much about its Garou foes — far more, in fact, than the Garou have learned about Pentex, and the corporation has made that knowledge available to its front-line troops in a very precise and practical manner.

Most First Team soldiers are rapidly learning about Garou tribes, auspices, powers and tactics from this simple comic book. Several astute Monkeywrenchers have observed that recently encountered First Teams seem quite

savvy about werewolf abilities, and they don't seem to break rank as easily as they used to. This comic is part of the reason why. In addition, the comic hints at things that may present a long-term threat to the Garou.

Many First Teams now carry Bane fetishes (PowerGoggles™) that allow them to see a Garou as he negotiates the Gauntlet from the Umbra to the physical world. Such detection is not too much of a danger for Garou who are adept at stepping sideways quickly. However, it can be devastating to a low-Gnosis werewolf, who may well find himself staring down the barrels of multiple, carefully aimed rifles when he completes his five-minute journey from the Umbra. Even the fastest Umbral shifters may find that their foes have a fraction of a second longer to prepare, and many First Team soldiers are now trained to jump at the merest hint of an "Umbral shift."

If a Garou acquires one of these fetishes, it is possible that, with time, a counterfetish might be created. The Black Spiral Dancers have already developed their own protections from this fetish, but their countermeasures are Bane-related, and Gaia's Garou will have to develop their own antidote.

The Storyteller should also note the following:

- The comic paints a fairly accurate physical portrait of "kindly ol' Doc Zettler" (a.k.a. Harold Zettler), which may eventually be of some use to Monkeywrenchers.
- There really is a Buck Racer. He is a member of Pentex's Alpha Team. He is a sociopath in the truest sense of the word, but he is an effective leader and quite charismatic. The Storyteller should feel free to give him whatever Traits and strange abilities she deems appropriate.
- The Wendigo, Shadow Walker, has been marked for termination by Pentex security, and Pentex has placed high priority on his elimination. See the "Corporate Report" for the reason why.
- The Super Serum (a.k.a. Berserker Serum) is real and can be activated by First Team commanders. See "Hines" Letter."

The comic and other artifacts (videos, Pentex-controlled newspapers, etc.) found in the First Team's barracks represent an incredibly potent propaganda tool. Pentex has an army of soldiers who think exactly the way the corporation wants them to think. But the system is not foolproof. First Teams have to be able to operate in the outside world in order to perform efficiently, and the real world doesn't always conform to the neat reality that Pentex has created for its soldiers.

To this end, Pentex minimizes its soldiers' interaction with the outside world (short missions, limited leave time, etc.) in order to keep "corrupting influences" (i.e., the truth) from gaining hold. Pentex, of course, indirectly controls a considerable portion of the media, thus ensuring that much of its propaganda reaches even its agents on extended field missions. Also, most First Team agents are so thoroughly indoctrinated that even the most convincing

evidence will not shake their faith. Occasionally, however, an operative remains in the field a bit too long and begins to realize the true nature of her employers. Some of Pentex's most deadly foes have been created in this way.

Second Floor

Despite the soft pastel hues of the walls and the cheerful "homey touches" that predominate this floor, there can be no doubt that it houses one of Pentex's vilest atrocities to date.

The floor is mostly given over to hospital space, and a number of the rooms are occupied. PANACEA has secretly lured a number of people — AIDS patients — to this location, promising a potential cure. The patients are from many walks of life and have grown to trust the cheerful nurses and humanitarian doctors who work the ward day and night. The treatments are free; patients are told that the tests are experimental and that there is a "small" danger of side effects. But, of course, this means little to the truly desperate.

Patients are allowed to come and go pretty much as they please; the only stipulation is that they may not tell the outside world about the hospital. If characters try to help patients out of the hospital, the patients will most likely view them as monsters and intruders. Ten to 15 patients occupy the ward at any given time. More information on the supposed "AIDS cure" can be found in the Storyteller notes on "Mines' Letter."

First Floor

Much of the building's first floor is eerie and poorly lit. The majority of the offices and labs resemble those of a production facility, but the primary mission of this area is actually research and development. Here, in the PANACEA labs, many of Magadon's Bane-infested medicines are given birth.

During the day, a crew of highly paid scientists works hard to create everything from designer drugs for sale on the street (Pentex is the primary force behind Colombia's Cali drug cartel) to highly addictive, Bane-ridden, over-the-counter pharmaceuticals.

At night, there is only a skeleton crew of maintenance people, though an occasional devoted scientist burns the midnight oil here. All of the employees are thoroughly corrupted by the Wyrms and are completely aware of the consequences of their work. Despite this, most of them are humans and thus little threat to the characters (although some employees carry guns loaded with silver bullets).

Many of the automated machines on the first floor are also Bane-ridden. Machines here are imbued with a sinister, low animal cunning. Most of the time they will continue performing their allotted tasks while letting intruders pass. Only when one intruder is separated from his pack or when the pack as a whole is fighting for its life will the machines

intervene. Forklifts will blindside struggling Garou; robot arms will tear and grab; conveyor belts will start and stop, abruptly dumping their surprised victims into automatic shrink-wrapping machines capable of cocooning a Garou in seconds. The machines down here are fully capable of employing teamwork and rudimentary strategy.

In the blueprints, much of the floor space appears to be clear of obstructions. However, as with most production plants, the majority of the floor space is taken up with row upon row of inventory stacked on pallets, reaching almost to the ceiling (25 feet high). Because of this, visibility is severely diminished and there are no vantage points from which the characters can see the entire plant floor. The plant defenders know the plant well and do not need such vantage points. There are also security cameras, although they are vulnerable to Garou manipulations (such as the Gifts: Jam Technology or Control Complex Machines).

The Bane Antenna

On the roof of the complex is a silver-black, ovoid dish. The Wyrms emanate from it are palpable even to the most inexperienced Garou. This "Bane antenna" lures lower-order Banes, traps them, and blasts them into great vats on the first floor. Here, they are subjected to a scalding chemical bath and a sorcerous matrix, allowing PANACEA to blend them into pharmaceutical goods.

Most of Magadon's harmful drugs are of this nature; Bane-related ingredients allow them to circumvent government health regulations, which do not cover "bad mojo." All Magadon drugs are addictive to some degree, and some of them are wildly hallucinogenic when taken in large doses. Abusers often report seeing strange alien vistas and horrifying creatures. What they are actually seeing is the Umbra. Some long-time users have actually disappeared into the Umbra, never to be seen again. Most, however, simply become deranged, antisocial and ultimately psychotic, thus furthering the cause of the Wyrms.

The Basement Level

Much of the basement is a parking deck, though there are not likely to be too many cars here. The rest of the basement has been converted into barracks, or "dormitories" as Pentex calls them.

There are segregated dorms for the fomori and the human First Team members. Contact between the two groups is kept, by edict, to a minimum; Hines is conducting experiments with his fomori troops and has gained special dispensation to segregate them. Most Pentex First Teams are, of course, integrated.

The two sections are stunningly different, not only because of the two groups' physiological differences (although some fomori can pass for human) but also because of the widely divergent philosophies involved in their training.

The Fomori

Between 15 and 20 fomori reside at this facility at any given time. When fomori are first created, their goals and desires are still basically human (though admittedly distorted). Pentex tries to change this as quickly as possible.

To this end, many Pentex installations are currently in the process of adopting the "Hines Plan." This psychological/pharmacological process whittles away any remaining human "weaknesses," such as kindness, remorse and empathy. It then replaces these emotions and drives with a cunning intelligence. While these fomori may appear human on the surface, they are monsters inside. Of course, this process occasionally goes wrong, and the wayward fomor has to be destroyed.

Most of these fomori were surgically created by Magadon in the physical world, but a select few were created by the same Seeder entity that "birthed" Hines (see Hines' description above). These fomori are the most powerful and the most favored of Hines' minions.

The fomori's living quarters are a Gigeresque nightmare. They are constructed like a giant ant farm, with numerous pits and dead ends. The actual tunnels exceed the original boundaries of the basement, and the fomori add to them all the time.

The tunnels are not detailed in the blueprints, but they begin where Bob Forthrite's fomor friend scrawled the words, "We are here...and here."

Hines favors the fomori over his human guards and supplies them with everything they need. There is no furniture here, but there are numerous cubbyholes, extrusions from the floor, etc., which the fomori use instead. Not all Pentex fomori live this way, but Pentex has had good luck with Hines' methods and is using them more and more.

Hines has also installed hidden speakers throughout the fomori quarters. From these, a barely audible musical score continually issues. The music was especially composed to divorce the fomori further from any residual weaknesses, and its subliminal influence is compounded by the administration of various drugs.

If characters enter the tunnels, the Storyteller should give the fomori a definite "home turf advantage." Characters should be required to make several Perception + Alertness rolls (difficulty 8). Failure means the character becomes lost and disoriented and suffers a penalty of one or more dice on all further Perception rolls while in the tunnels.

Hines considers his fomori too valuable for the Berserker Serum. All of the fomori at this plant are completely loyal to Hines and will die to the last man (er, thing) to defend him.

The average fomor's Traits are as follows:

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0 or 1

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 1

Skills: Firearms 3, Melee 1, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Occult 1

Powers: Each fomor has at least two powers.

Willpower: 4

Equipment: Assault rifle with one clip of silver ammunition (by orders, usable only in emergencies)

The Humans

While ostensibly there to "guard the installation against the damned werewolves," the First Team here is also charged with the mission of watching over Hines (whom the First Team has nicknamed "Doc Frankenstein") and curbing what many of the Board of Directors see as a growing threat from Pentex's nonhuman contingent.

The human First Team is being maintained at PANA-CEA against Hines' will. While he has railed against its presence, he has not been able to get rid of or co-opt it without raising the furor of the entire Board. The actual dormitories are large, semi-spartan barracks housing 10 humans per unit (six units total). There is also an adjacent training room and firing range. The barracks can hold up to 60 humans, but there are usually 40 or so in residence.

There is a strange dualism to the First Team stationed here, which sets it apart from most other Pentex military units. Like the members of many First Teams, the humans here are continually bombarded with the usual Pentex propaganda; all of the humans here are true zealots rallying around the Pentex banner as though it were the Holy Grail. They thrill to the monthly comic and television exploits of their hero Buck Racer, and consider it the greatest of honors to die for the Wurm.

However...while they are here to guard an important Pentex installation, they can't escape the fact that they are in an enemy camp. Several humans have disappeared in the last year, and the First Team suspects (rightly) that they were killed by the fomor contingent. The humans only leave their barracks in groups of four or more. They have actually become quite ingenious at ensuring their own security while also gaining intelligence on Hines' activities; they relay this to the Board through Persephone (to whom they are particularly loyal).

Hines underestimates the humans badly and doesn't suspect that they have dug several tunnels of their own. Nor does he know that they have a secret radio transmitter, which allows them to circumvent the phones he has bugged. When not in use, the "Super Serum" is locked up to prevent tampering by Hines.

The First Team follows a strict military code of discipline and subscribes to an honor system. It exhibits an optimistic "can-do" spirit, and while the ultimate philosophy its members follow is repellent, there is something to be admired here. The team is also loyal to Ben Stillson and follows his orders enthusiastically. Stillson and the team

commander are the only two who can activate the Berserker Serum, and they will do so only if it is absolutely vital.

If Garou attack the plant, the human First Team will defend it valiantly and viciously, but its members also seek to settle some scores — in the dark, a fomer can look an awful lot like a werewolf...

Despite all this, the Storyteller should resist turning these humans into "good guys." They are minions of the Wurm, after all. Still, this is an ideal opportunity to blur the usual black-and-white divisions between good and evil, thus creating moral dilemmas for the characters. Nothing confuses a Get of Fenris warrior more than seeing one minion of the Wurm mowing down another and perhaps saving his life in the meantime. This confusion is especially compounded when the Wurm creatures are exhibiting good-guy virtues like bravery, honor and self-sacrifice.

The average First Team trooper's Traits are as follows:

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2

Skills: Firearms 3, Melee 1, Stealth 3, Survival 1

Knowledges: Occult 1

Willpower: 4

Equipment: Assault rifle with one clip of silver ammunition (by orders, usable only in emergencies)

Stillson Memos

The Stillson Metrics can be included as part of the WereHacker Files or handed to players, as part of an ongoing investigation of Pentex; if they have the proper connections. For instance, if one of the characters (or perhaps a Kinfolk) infiltrates PANACEA as an employee, the memos may fall into her hands. There may also be copies in Mr. Zygote's briefcase (see PANACEA: *Third Floor*, above).

These memos are on Magadon, Inc. letterhead (PANACEA is a subsidiary of Magadon). They are handed out perhaps once every day to employees. Which version of the memos is the truth is up to the Storyteller: is this just a hacker trick, or is someone really impersonating Stillson? (That "someone" may be a Glass Walker Monkeywrencher with the Gift: Doppelganger; see *Dossiers on Pentex Subchiefs: Ben Stillson*, above.)

A suggested order for their release is as follows:

- Day One:
 - Morning:** From: Stillson, RE: New Equipment
- Day Two:
 - Morning:** From: Davidson, RE: Alert!
 - Afternoon:** From: Stillson, RE: Hoax
- Day Three:
 - Morning:** From: Davidson, RE: Rogue apprehended

Afternoon: From: Stillson, RE: Hoax II

• Day Four:

Morning: From: Davidson, RE: Impersonator

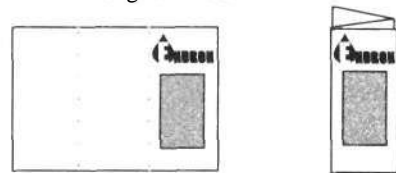
Afternoon: From: Stillson, RE: Hoax solved! *

Afternoon: From: Davidson, RE: Impersonator caught! *

* These last two are handed out simultaneously to different employees throughout the office, dividing the employees in loyalty.

Endron Environmental Pamphlet

The Endron pamphlet is perforated for easy removal and should be folded along the dotted lines as shown.



Like many companies with checkered pasts, Pentex's subsidiaries churn out a never-ending stream of commercials about how benign they are. This propaganda takes many forms. Some of it is highly sophisticated — "independent scientific studies," which it uses to confuse the scientific community and policy-makers. The second kind is cruder and aimed at those the company considers "know-nothing rubes" (i.e., the general public). The Endron environmental brochure is clearly in the latter category. The brochure can be obtained almost anywhere (grocery stores, by mail or handed out by Pentex's "Earth Fund zombies"). The characters may divine the following information from the pamphlet:

Of the most immediate use is the name and face of Endron's president Max Carson. He is highly placed at Pentex but not easy to find. Also mentioned in the pamphlet are the names of three other Pentex subsidiaries: Gaia Research (an "independent" research company hired by many of Pentex's subsidiaries to bolster their claim of civic responsibility); Good House Paper; and POW Comics, which is a subsidiary of Vesuvius, Inc.

In addition, the characters should realize that the environmental group, "Planet Fund," is a Pentex corporate shell. Pentex made \$35,000,000 in profits (donations) from Planet Fund last year. The high-profile, well-funded "grass-roots" organization siphons support from many more legitimate but less glitzy environmental groups.

The Storyteller should be aware that the foam used to disperse the oil spill in Australia is actually a sort of "obfuscate" for pollution. While seemingly breaking down the oil into its "harmless natural components," it actually catabolizes it into less visible but still highly damaging compounds. In addition, it contains a stimulant that increases aggressive behavior in animals tenfold — in effect,

turning nature against itself. Australia was its first field test. The tanker crash was, of course, by design.

The brochure was written by Carson himself, and some of his superiors are angry about him naming other Pentex subsidiaries so blatantly. The brochures are being rapidly recalled. Some comfort may be taken from the fact that the condescending tone of the pamphlet bespeaks an arrogance that may someday fatally underestimate the "know-nothing rubes" it scorns.

Wally's whereabouts are unknown.

Pentex Executive Bulletin

The Fateful Meeting

In August of 1993, Pentex convened its annual shareholders meeting, this time in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The purposes of this meeting were to inform in-the-know shareholders about Pentex's annual progress on the Omega Plan and to explain how the Garou problem was being dealt with.

All the shareholders know of Pentex and are aware, to a limited degree, of the Wyrms (each one usually has knowledge of one of the heads of the Hydra). Thus, the meeting is one of the few times that Pentex frankly discusses its real objectives.

In 1993, however, something went wrong. A Garou by the name of Shadow Walker (see below) broke into the meeting, using countermeasures given to him by Monkeywrencher friends. Along with his small pack, he managed to wound Harold Zettler and kill Elliot Meiche, Robert Allred and Frederick Kromrich. Against all odds, Shadow Walker and his pack then escaped without a trace.

The meeting was thrown into chaos, and only the smooth and calming voice of Peter Culliford, Chairman of the Board, was able to return the room to a semblance of order. The wooden spear was removed from Zettler, and he arose to help clean the stage of the bloody evidence. To help coax the shareholders into some activity that would take their minds off the loss, Culliford and Adrian Newberry instituted immediate nominations to fill the now-empty positions on the Board.

The shareholders, greedy for power, immediately forgot the terrifying breach in security and set about wheeling, dealing and threatening their way onto the Board. By the end of the weekend, three new Board Members were elected: Francesco, a Black Spiral Dancer; Enzo Giovanni, a vampire; and Kathryn Mollett, a mortal.

Francesco

Francesco is a lupus Garou. Despite his glowing green eyes and patchy, toxin-smeared fur, signs of his Pure Breeding sometimes show through. Some among his adopted tribe, the Black Spiral Dancers, believe he is a Silver Fang

by birth, but the truth may never be known. Abandoned to the whim of the elements by his mother, Francesco survived feral and alone for most of his youth. Then came his First Change. Alone and unguided, he learned to control and even master his changing forms through sheer will.

After a time, Francesco chanced upon a Silver Fang Rite of Passage ceremony. He watched as the other cubs were put through extremely difficult and dangerous trials. By mimicking the cubs step sideways, Francesco discovered how to negotiate the Gauntlet. But Banes awaited on the other side, slaughtering most of the Silver Fang cubs. Francesco fled back to the material world.

At the end of the rite, one cub, the son of a great lord, returned alive. Francesco, proud that he had also survived, even by fleeing, walked into the middle of the ceremony and said, "I, too, have survived the passage. I, too, killed the bad ones". The Silver Fangs looked in awe upon this strange cub who bore the marks of high breeding. But the other cub, angered at this rival, challenged Francesco.

As the two readied to fight, a tribal elder, the teacher of the young cub, stepped forth. "This new cub is of noble birth. Tell us from which tribe and family you come." To this, Francesco could not reply. "At least tell us the name of your mother, and I will allow you to fight." Francesco said, "I was abandoned at birth; I have neither name nor tribe." This caused a great stir among the assemblage. The rival cub stepped forward and exclaimed, "Go! It is not your place to challenge me, tribeless wanderer!" Shunned, Francesco left the moot with great bitterness. He swore a terrible oath that night: One day he would enact vengeance on all Garou.

That same night, Abhorra, Wyrms of Hatred, came to Francesco's dreams in the guise of a radiant and terrible she-wolf. Abhorra offered Francesco the power he needed to extract his vengeance. When Francesco asked what she wanted in return for this boon, she replied, "Only your loyalty." To this, Francesco agreed.

Thus began Francesco's service to the Wyrms. The following night, he encountered a Black Spiral Dancer pack, which had followed omens sent to it by Abhorra, and was finally adopted into the company of other werewolves. The first word he uttered after dancing the Black Spiral was "Francesco," which became his name, as is customary. He wonders, however, what this means. Over the years, Francesco quickly rose in rank among the Black Spirals and has led them to many victories. He has become a fierce and infamous warrior.

In his service to Abhorra, Francesco attained a high position in Pentex and was present at the fateful board meeting where several Board Members were killed. Seizing the opportunity, Francesco immediately nominated himself to fill one of the new vacancies. His nomination was seconded and accepted. Setting into motion a massive campaign of extortion, blackmail, kidnapping and bribery, Francesco quickly became the forerunner for a board position. Some of his more notable tactics were to enter the dreams of shareholders, searching for dark secrets, then

buying their votes in exchange for keeping this information private. Francesco dealt with another rival candidate, a vampire, by sealing her in a lead coffin and dumping it in the North Sea after "convincing" her to sign over all of her shares to him. Similar attacks were made against him, but all failed. In the end, he achieved his position on the board, coming in second in number of votes.

Francesco's exploits did not go unnoticed by existing Board Members. Harold Zettler was particularly impressed by the cruelty of Francesco's actions and has since become a staunch ally. However, the other Board Members are shocked at the prospect of a Black Spiral sitting among them. The combination of madness and rage is too unsettling for the boardroom, they argue. Most will wait and see how well Francesco does; if he fails, or cannot control his Garou nature, he may find himself in a fight against the entire board — a fight he surely could not win.

Francesco, as with all who walk the Black Spiral, has a derangement: he will only eat the fresh meat of a still-living creature. He forces his pack to acquire his meals for him and hopes his new position in Pentex will give him the necessary resources to obtain some truly exquisite meals. Such daily feasts have hardened him against the pain and suffering of others. Francesco has the unquestioned loyalty of his Hive, all of whom now serve Abhorra.

He has taken over Robert Allred's holdings and is thus responsible for the Amazon War effort. The board hopes that Francesco's greater understanding of the Garou will allow Pentex to succeed on that front.

Enzo Giovanni

Enzo Giovanni is a large figure of a man, standing 6' 2" tall and weighing close to 300 pounds. His jovial countenance often reminds those who meet him of a family member: a favorite uncle or the like. He tries to look as stylish as his large frame will allow. He appears to be in his mid-to-late 30s, though he is truly much older, having been Embraced in 1871 by the Giovanni clan. Despite being Kindred, he has always had a very human look to him, with a bright complexion and continually flushed cheeks. Of late, however, he has begun to look more like the true nature of the Damned: dead. This is because of the Wyrms slowly pulling Enzo into its dark clutches.

Before being elected to Pentex's Board of Directors, Enzo controlled a huge business conglomerate by the name of Irish Eyes Enterprises, Ltd., based in London, England. It owned many newspapers and other media sources in England and America, and had recently begun to acquire numerous American retail store franchises such as S-Mart and J. R. Spears.

Because of the great success of Irish Eyes and its subsidiary companies, the Giovanni thought that Enzo was the perfect front-man for the campaign against Pentex. By putting a Giovanni on the Board, the clan in Venice thought, the interests of the Giovanni would be protected

from Pentex. Furthermore, the Giovanni could actually begin to control Pentex by way of their voice on the Board.

Clan Giovanni's chance came in August, 1993, at the fateful shareholders meeting. Joining the race for a board seat, Enzo looked to be the dark horse candidate. Pentex itself was no help, either. Pentex, wishing to keep any Giovanni presence out of the company, engineered an assassination attempt on Enzo. The attempt was made by a Get of Fenris, whom Pentex had duped into believing that Enzo was an agent of the Wyrms. Only through pure luck did Enzo survive the attack, but he quickly found refuge with a powerful vampire ally in Milwaukee.

Enzo quickly realized that he alone could not succeed in his ambition. So, uncharacteristically, he allied himself with two people upon whom he had once sought revenge for past business injustices: Kathryn Mollett, CEO of Alliance Industries; and Maximillian Toner, CEO of Ouroboros Distributions.

Both Mollett and Toner were also running for the Board. Mollett had an early lead in votes, with the industrial base of Milwaukee backing her up. Toner was a dark horse himself, but his support of Mollett was garnishing him votes for the Board. Both Mollett and Toner had bested Enzo in past dealings, and Enzo had vowed revenge on both of them. Indeed, Enzo had begun to acquire many shares of stock in Alliance Industries before his arrival, initiating a hostile takeover of Mollett's flagship company. With Enzo's hopes of getting on the Board in jeopardy, however, he swallowed his pride and arranged a meeting with both of his rivals. Enzo's plan: Forget the past and work together for the future. There were three slots open on the Board, and they could each fill one if they pooled their resources. Mollett, eager to avoid a costly battle for her company, agreed under the stipulation that Enzo stop his hostile takeover. Toner agreed with no strings attached, needing votes almost as badly as Enzo did. Through quick manipulations on Enzo's part, all three agreed that Enzo would be the head of the drive for the Board seats.

When news of the Giovanni-Mollett-Toner alliance reached the rest of the shareholders, many votes began to pour in for all of them. Enzo began a "grass-roots" campaign, speaking in person with many shareholders of Pentex stock. This campaign was very successful, acquiring many undecided votes. Mollett solidified her lead, and Enzo shot up to a comfortable second in the tabulations. Toner, however, was not so fortunate, and still lagged near the bottom of the votes. Reports of outright vote-buying grew as the race drew to a close. Toner, growing more and more dissatisfied with his poor performance, threatened to pull out of the alliance. Enzo, not wanting to lose his support, quickly struck a new deal with Toner — near-controlling interest in Irish Eyes would be given to him in exchange for the transfer of his accumulated votes to Mollett and Enzo. This transfer would almost guarantee their placement on the Board. To Enzo's relief, Toner agreed, and waited to transfer his votes.

Vote-buying grew to monumental proportions near the end of the election, and Mollett began to fall from the lead. Enzo's "grass-roots" campaign kept him in the top three, though he actually began to worry for his new ally. In yet another uncharacteristic action, Enzo began to campaign for Kathryn, hoping Toner's swing votes would secure his edge. Mollett's nosedive reversed, and to even Enzo's amazement, she shot into a firm lead. Toner then treacherously cast his entire vote pool for Mollett. This enraged Enzo, as he dropped from the top three. With little time left, Enzo had to react fast. He turned his "grass-roots" campaign into a "mud-slinging" campaign, discrediting one of the biggest buyers of votes. As the final votes were tallied, Enzo slipped back into the top three, barely beating the nominee he had tried to discredit. Enzo Giovanni claimed the third open spot on Pentex's Board of Directors.

Pentex realized that there was not much it could do, for Enzo had won the seat using every legitimate means possible. Nonetheless, the other Board Members knew that he would be almost alone. Enzo's only ally on the Board was Mollett. In time, they felt, the Wyrms would manifest itself in Enzo, and Enzo would abandon his clan to serve the Wyrms.

Indeed, Enzo shortly found himself succumbing to the allure of the Wyrms. Mahsstrac, the Urge Wyrms of Power, sensed the power-madness that drove Enzo, and began to offer him greater power in exchange for his loyalty. Enzo, eager to make an impact on the Board, agreed. The more Enzo gave in to the Wyrms, the more power he acquired. As this happened, however, his ties to his clan weakened. Irish Eyes Enterprises was acquired by Pentex, all but cutting off the Giovanni from a place in Pentex. Toner's control in Irish Eyes was eliminated, which gave Enzo a great deal of satisfaction. Enzo became more corrupt, abandoning his true "folksy" nature and relying more and more on his shrewd business acumen. Still, he was torn between his loyalty to his clan and his growing servitude to the Urge.

At present, Enzo is almost completely subservient to Mahsstrac. Enzo does not trust anyone on the Board, save Kathryn Mollett. The Giovanni in Venice have not yet branded Enzo a traitor, but most feel betrayed by Enzo's neglect of the clan's agenda. For a while, Pentex ceased its acquisitions of Giovanni businesses, but recently the rate of acquisition has once again increased. The Giovanni are totally unaware of Enzo's near-submission to the Urge Wyrms, or of the Wyrms' domination of Pentex. Enzo himself is unaware of the degree of the Wyrms' infestation; he is almost completely consumed by his mad dash for power (with the assistance of his "invisible friend"). Enzo has a shred of humanity left, and still feels something for his brethren in Venice, but if they stand in his way much longer, he will turn against them outright.

Enzo himself has noticed that the more he devotes himself to Pentex's true goals, the more his personal power grows. He has found that his talents in Necromancy, to which he gave little thought before becoming part of

Pentex, have increased of their own volition. He has also discovered an aptitude for the Thaumaturgical arts, which pleases him to no end. He has begun to test his new powers on his prey, usually killing them in the test, and then using Necromancy on them to test his powers further. For all he knows, the more he serves Pentex, the more powerful he becomes in all aspects of his unlife; this now directs his agenda. Indeed, the Wyrms has all but completely succeeded in consuming his soul.

Enzo has taken over many of Elliot Meiche's concerns, although much of Meiche's power base was divided among the existing Board members. This leaves Enzo with less power than many members, but the strong support of Enzo's patron Urge compensates.

Kathryn Mollett

At age 26, Kathryn is the youngest person ever to sit on the Board of Directors — and the only female. Mollett entered college at age 16 and quickly gained her Masters Degree in Psychology. This young and uncompromising girl seemed to have an intuitive understanding of other people and why they do what they do. This served her well upon graduation, when she entered the corporate world and quickly rose to become CEO of Alliance Industries, a Pentex subsidiary. Kathryn's intuition seemed uncanny to the existing Board, and all wondered what was the source of her insight. In truth, Kathryn was chosen by the Defiler Wyrms long ago to enact its plans.

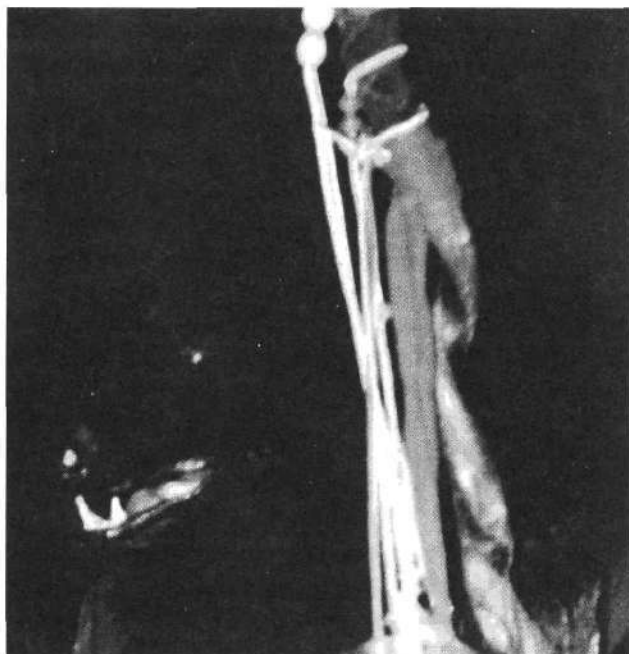
The Defiler Wyrms has given Kathryn a deadly tactic: the truth. She has an occult ability to recognize the truth when she hears it, and she never lies. By always telling the truth, Kathryn never has to worry about enemies discovering her secrets — she has no secrets. The Board, being for the most part paranoid old men, do not believe this, of course, and suspect that she is wiser and more cunning than they first surmised. They are all wary of her, continually trying to second-guess whatever she says, to discern a double meaning behind her words. But there is no secondary meaning; she is forthright in all she does. Benjamin Rushing, servant of Pseulak, Urge Wyrms of Lies, is especially nervous around her, and wants her destroyed.

Kathryn's unprecedented rise to power has taken its toll on her. She is beginning to show gray hairs and crow's-feet, and has developed an ulcer. These too-human problems disturb her, especially at age 26. She wonders if her deal with the Defiler Wyrms is not in some way causing a premature aging. Perhaps it lied to her...

Shadow Walker

Shadow Walker, the valiant Garou who killed three major Pentex executives, is a Wendigo Ragabash. He is an unlikely terrorist. Normally opposed to such activities, he was thrown into a rage when his pack was destroyed by a Pentex-ordained wolf-hunting excursion in Alaska.

Joined by other Garou who had suffered similar losses, Shadow Walker planned his revenge against the megacorp. It was only by chance that he met with the WereHacker's Monkeywrenchers. With their hacking expertise, he was



able to gain just the right information needed to slip through the Penumbra and bypass Pentex's security. With the help of a Monkeywrencher's fetish, the guardian Banes were thrown into confusion long enough for Shadow Walker's gang to get in, do their deed, and get out.

This unprecedented success has greatly impressed the Get of Fenris of the New York area, who have invited Shadow Walker to be honored by them. The latest word is that he has accepted. However, should Pentex hear of this, and discover the time and place, it will throw everything it has at the Get encampment, to enact its revenge.

In Conclusion

Pentex's influence is vast and growing. It is a world spanning shadow empire that ignores borders and buys governments. Pentex is successful not only because of its ruthlessness and Wyrmspawned powers, but because it provides people with what they want. Pentex offers a higher living standard in the form of numerous luxury goods and abundant daily "essentials" (cars, entertainment, air conditioning, etc.). Pentex has insinuated itself into every aspect of modern life. It employs untold millions and gives generously to selected charities, cultural events and causes on both sides of the traditional liberal/conservative political equation. If Pentex were to disappear overnight, there would be upheaval on Wall Street and massive unemployment, despite the long-term good that its destruction would bring.

Pentex knows all this and has mastered the art of public relations. It knows that people react violently if they see their property taken away. Pentex, through its control of the media, has created an atmosphere in which it and its goods are part of the blessed status quo (certain "talk radio" hosts are directly in the service of Pseulak, the Urge Wyrms of Lies, and derive much of their "talent" from him). Any assault on a Pentex subsidiary is twisted in the public eye, becoming a direct attack

on traditional values. Pentex uses inflammatory rhetoric to fan anti-change sentiment into a roaring reactionary fire.

While Pentex by no means "owns" the legal system, it is unparalleled at manipulating it; even the most damning direct evidence aimed at Pentex in this venue is likely to fail. If cornered in a court of law, Pentex will merely throw the justice system a bone (a "rogue" vice-president who was working on his own, an overly enthusiastic aide, etc.) while continuing business as usual under some other name.

Despite its weaknesses (and they are legion), Pentex has far more strengths. Even if every contingency mentioned in this book goes decisively against the corporation, and the forces of Gaia win the battle, Pentex is still far better situated to win the war. Only now, after many battles lost, have a few Garou—the Monkeywrenchers in particular—begun to realize that a major change, not just in tactics but in philosophy, is needed. Humans vastly outnumber the Garou. Great and powerful civilizations have been built, and the djinn of technology is not about to return to the bottle from which it came. If the Garou are ever to win, they must put behind them their halcyon visions of a purely agrarian society where humans lived in small sheep folds, fearing the night and the ravening wolves just outside.

Many Monkeywrenchers advance the premise that if a workable philosophy is to be adopted, it should fall somewhere between the tenets of the Children of Gaia and those of the survivalist Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers. Many Monkeywrenchers are of the latter tribe (though by no means are most Glass Walkers Monkeywrenchers).

Violence is, of course, a tool to be used against the Wyrms and its minions, but the Monkeywrenchers' vision puts them at odds with many of the ideologues in the Garou tribal structure. Monkeywrenchers liken themselves to surgeons cutting out a malignant tumor with a scalpel as opposed to butchers chopping the patient to pieces with an axe. The days of flashing out blindly are over, they argue. The time for precise, methodical action is now.

Monkeywrenchers, though few in number and sometimes inconsistent in philosophy, are nevertheless wide and varied in membership, crossing traditional tribal lines. They are pragmatists and idealists. They are flexible in their thinking and are born coalition builders. They have even dared to make tentative, secret overtures to select Kindred among the anarch camps. Rumors posit alliances with Virtual Adept mages—a powerful coalition indeed. Monkeywrenchers have gained much from these initial alliances.

A Garou who decides to follow the Monkeywrenchers' path will quickly discover that it is more of a philosophy than an organization, though many Monkeywrenchers form tight and disciplined coteries or cells. Monkeywrenchers are in many ways a force betwixt and between. There are Monkeywrenchers of many stripes. Some are warriors, some are computer hackers and no small number of them are part-time philosophers. The thing that all of them have in common, though, is an instinctive hatred for the Wyrms and a definite method to their seeming madness.

Kinain,

Blood of my blood. Salutations to you and your great sept. Greetings also from the Lady Carcassone, who wishes me to convey her warmest regards. The news from here is not good. Disunity among the tribes continues to grow. The Get and Red Talons are on the verge of open war. The Sabbat creatures grow bolder night by night, and the king's dementia grows worse day by day. My own position has grown tenuous; I find myself alternately his closest confidant or his greatest foe. Yesterday, he banished me. Today, I am to attend a feast in my honor. I relay only his most reasonable decrees to his subjects, yet even these orders have stretched their credulity to the breaking point. I fear a revolt — if not from the Silver Fangs, then certainly from the Shadow Lords, who are no longer circumspect in their criticisms of our tribe. Alas, I fear they may be right. Do I speak treason, old friend? Perhaps. It is certainly a vanity that I feel I must share my musings on the subject with someone. You are one of the few whom I can trust with my thoughts on this matter. Still, this letter must not become a monument to an old wolf's Harano or a list of dilemmas over which you have no control. This is to be a letter of bold purpose and, I hope, good counsel.

Recent events have lifted my eyes from the gloom of the local tribes' internecine bickering. Like the first Great White Wolf, who for Mother Gaia battled the Darkness, they have illuminated what I am often all too eager to forget in the course of my daily affairs: the Wyrms have not stood still while we have fought amongst ourselves. To me, the nature of its workings in this sphere has suddenly become very clear. You have no doubt heard of the recent "terrorist attack" carried out against a Pentex shareholders' meeting. In case you have not, I will explain: it was carried out by a mendicant Wendigo named Shadow Walker. Three of the hated seven (though I believe there are more than seven) — Kromrich, Meiche and the traitor Allred — have been confirmed as dead. Allred's death in particular has been cause for celebration by the Get of Fenris; but more on this shortly.

Dramatic as these events were, they alone were not enough to force my eyes from the darkness, and here I come to the heart of the matter. Documents have come into my possession, copies of which (the only copies) I now commend into your hands. The source for most of these papers is an anruth Glass Walker who goes by the intriguing though somewhat crude appellation of "WereHacker." I will not trouble you by relating the unsavory channels through which he chose to send these documents; in truth, I was not the intended recipient. Many of the documents are vulgar and self-serving, and I must confess that I find his obvious contempt for authority disturbing. Perhaps I am showing my age here. In any event, the young Garou is most likely dead, and I find myself unable to think ill of him despite his obvious idiosyncrasies.

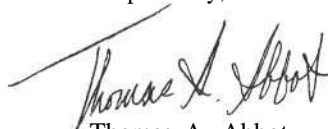
It would seem he is/was what the Cliath these days call a "Monkeywrencher"; I believe you keep company with several. I am hard pressed to understand much of his writings, so steeped are they in the jargon of the youth culture; I can make even less sense of the computer dialect which permeates the files. I have contemplated conferring with several local Garou who are more competent in these matters than I, but suspicion and disloyalty have become such common companions to this court that I have not dared. Gaia help me, I have become timid in my old age; it is the curse of the overcautious Philodox, I suppose.

Enough. I have sent these documents to you in hopes that the distance you have put between yourself and here, as well as your direct manner of dealing with the world, will allow you to make use of this information in a way I can not. The WereHacker files shed heretofore unknown light on the doings of the Wyrms' mortal minions. In addition, I am enclosing some of my own intelligence work, constructed from several sources (including some of the WereHacker files that were partially destroyed when I received them). I pray that they will be of some use to you.

Finally, there is some good news to report. The Get of Fenris, as I have stated, were jubilant at the news of Robert Allred's demise, even if it was at the claws of one of their Wendigo rivals. Evidently they have invited Shadow Walker to a Rite of Accomplishment, and the latest news is that he has accepted. Perhaps there is some hope for us after all.

Please inform me if you can make use of the enclosed information. If not, I trust that, as always, I can depend on your discretion and good judgment.

Respectfully,



Thomas A. Abbot

Steward of the Lodge of the Sun



Diogenes:

You weren't my first choice to give this to, and you're not the only one getting it. (NO offense, you're alright and all, but some of my people and some of your people really flame each other.)

Anyway, this is some hot stuff, IMHO, and some of my friends died getting it. It needs to be passed on to the Garou, and my channels are all down. I'm trusting you to get it where it needs to go - to either the Glass Walker Elite or somebody else we all can trust.

And watch out! This stuff is poison!

I might see you again, but I wouldn't count on it. Stay dead and healthy, and don't step on any cockroaches!

- The WereHacker

PS: Sorry this is so huge. Some of the files are in TIFF format. Sorry. They came from an electronic document scanning & retrieval system with a side door, but I didn't have any decent OCR software.

The Penumbra BBS -- World's Finest Warez

File Listing: Library 12 -- Utilz

(Ctrl-S to pause, Ctrl-Q to continue)

File	Size	Description
awib-cr.lha	22k	newest bluebox program
cpuawib.lha	23k	cpu's bluebox
ddv12.lha	199k	DANGEROUS DIALER V1.2 100% BUG FIXED
Demondial.lzh	76k	Dial faster than humanly possible!
dial28e.exe	124k	Unlimited Access Dialer 2.8e - Orange
gbox.dms	262k	Liberty's Whitebox with source codes
hackv1.dms	244k	Autohacking Dialup program
ptools10.lha	128k	phreak tools v 1.0
Wargames.lzh	261k	GAK! A _wargames_ autodialer, with digitized voices from the movie !!!

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Amiga and lesser computers welcome!

Enter number or name or 'NEW'

NN: 1101

PW: XXXXXX

Welcome, WereHacker!

Login @ 9600 bps on 02-10-94 15:11:21

Last on: 02-01-94 02:33:01

System News not updated since your last call.

Thought for the day:

Anarchy only works if everybody has a good time!

MAIN:>?

<<PenUmbra Sub-Boards>>

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 : NOISE! (General Chat) | 2 : SF & F Chat |
| 3 : Real Computers (Amiga) | 4 : Other Computers
(ibm/Mac) |
| 5 : Classifieds | 6 : Wanted & For Sale/Trade |
| 7 : SF (Anime) | 8 : SF (Everything Else) |
| 9 : Free Plugs (BBS Ads) | 10: Games (Talk) |
| 11: Games (online) | 12: Cyber-Mondo Hyper-chat |

MAIN:>13

Incorrect number, must be 1-12!

MAIN:>13

Incorrect number, must be 1-12!

MAIN:>13

Incorrect number, must be 1-12!

?>Worker

Password?>*****

fbibust!.LHA	6k	A FBI and SPA bust on some dude.CINTEX
freecall.txt	2k	Call free via Spain
kimble.true	4k	Truth about Kimble * Pirate Circle *
kimble.txt	5k	another text about this Kimble
kimtruth.txt	10k	truth about this fucker KIMBLE who's sabotaging the modem scene
norway.txt	7k	Many Norway elite boards got busted
NYPOSS.zip	138k	Ny-area possibles. NO faxez!
nzbust.txt	6k	do not call Thrill Kill Kult HQ in NZ!
PA_ACC.TXT	1k	ad for cool BBS
Pentexnos.lzh	14k	Access numbers for Pentex (?) let me know what you find out!
PYROGUID.TXT	150k	Everything you need to go into "business" for yourself
sabeng.txt	6k	Sabine
subend!.txt	6k	CRACK INC is dead...
sys75.txt	11k	how to make your own PBX
tv.txt	21k	Hack cable to get all the channels.
uruguay.txt	7k	BB over Uruguay
worldlis.lha	22k	World HQ Boardlist * Pirate Circle *
yellow_pages.txt	38k	Text about BlueBoxing

26 files listed.

Command?

>d

Download -

File(s) to download? [wildcards ok]

>child*.*

Searching all directories.

Directory : Library 10 -- Anarchy Philz

Filename : child's_garden.lha

Description: Primer for neos. Fight lamer-itis & read it!
File size : 11k
Apprx. time: 00:00:15
Uploaded on: 8/29/93
Uploaded by: The Bender
Times D/L'd: 4

Protocol (?=list) : 5
File added to batch queue.
Batch: Files - 1 Time - 00:00:15
Command?
>b
Do Batch now?
>y
Batch: Files - 1 Time - 00:00:15
Hang up afterward?
>y
**B0000008000001244
Logoff at 01-10-94 23:16:21

THIS PHILE PASSED THROUGH:

THE ONLY
BBS
YOU'LL
EVER
NEED

[illegible]

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE TO DISCRETE, ELITE BOARDS
ANNOUNCING SECOND ANNUAL EaRthFisT! EarthFest!
EaRthFisT!, THE extremist ecoaction group, and
the Bay area Green Phreax, proudly announce the
second annual EarthFest!, to be held in Redwood
Park.

Ecoextremists, ecoterrorists and ecohackers
welcome.

Bean dip will be provided for the inevitable spies.

For more information, leave e-mail for Scuttlebutt
where you got this file.


```

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```

Amiga and lesser computers welcome!

Enter number or name or 'NEW'

NN: 1101

PW: XXXXXX

Welcome, WereHacker!

Login @ 9600 bps on 01-10-94 23:11:01

Last on: 01-06-94 22:24:00

System News not updated since your last call.

Command?

>N

Libraries? [1-22 or RETURN for all]

>10

New File Listing: Library 10 -- Anarchy Philz

(Ctrl-S to pause, Ctrl-Q to continue)

File	Size	Description
2600bust.txt	2 11k	another bust.txt
alldcc.txt	8k	Satellite Codes JAN 94 WIZARD/SUNCARD
area_codes.LHA	8k	world area codes: know where b4 you call!
attglobl.txt	42k	AT&T Global Efforts Text
attica.txt	17k	AT&T Text
attsec.txt	14k	AT&T Security
attvod.txt	15k	AT&T Text
bbbeeps.txt	17k	another Blueboxwarning...[TRAX]
boxtodie.txt	6k	British blueboxing will die!
bt_call.txt	9k	british telekom makes it possible
child's_garden.lha	11k	Neo Primer. Fight lamer-itis & read it!

Hello, Worker. Welcome to:

THE ONLY
BBS
YOU'LL
EVER
NEED

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Announcement from the Sysop:

Kindly do not upload pirated games to this board!

I mean it!

Pirated games will be deleted immediately and the uploader will be thrown off!

Pirated utilities will be deleted after one week. This board is getting so clogged, it's slowing down the "main" public board.

And remember, this board is JUST for Kinfolk & People!

That's one reason it's up during daylight hours only!

-- The Missing Sysop

You have 1 message waiting. Read it now? (y/N)

4

Message (PRIVATE) From Major Mojo to Worker:

RE: No, you're not!

Worker, I agree that we should keep this conversation private. However, you are wrong. You said:

>There's no way you can be a Cadaver, 'cause it's broad daylight

>outside when you post. Even I know they can't do that!

But it's not daylight where I am. ;[

-- Major Mojo

Reply to Private Message? (Y/n)

Sunday 27 FEB 1994 - Sunburst run post-mortem

Coordinator:

~~~~~

Rough Beast

Attendees:

~~~~~

WereHacker

Crismus Bonus

People Eater

D.Natrix

The Door is LOCKED

"Do Not Disturb" sign is ON

[Rough Beast]: Okay, let's start this off. What went wrong last night?

[People Eater]: I'll tell you what happened. We got our asses kicked. Those guys know about the Umbra!

[Crismus Bonus]: Apparently they do. So they've probably got a traitor working for them.

[Rough Beast]: Wait, wait, start from the beginning, please.

[WereHacker]: Okay. I found out that the ginks knew about the stuff their computers were doing. That was when I told you guys.

[Rough Beast]: And we all decided to go after them.

[D.Natrix]: We may have tipped them off by using their credit card number to buy the equipment.

[Crismus Bonus]: No, I'll guarantee they didn't. Their account wasn't even billed until today. Only the credit card companies computers knew about it.

[Rough Beast]: Okay, so we loaded up and went in, Sideways. And they were waiting for us.

[WereHacker]: I told you we should have come in through the Glass Walker Realm.

[Rough Beast]: But there didn't seem to be much of that around, did there? Kind of odd for a high-tech factory.

[D.Natrix]: What was all that other shit? Weaver?

[Rough Beast]: I thought we agreed it was at the time.

[D.Natrix]: Yeah, but it didn't seem like any Weaver from I'VE ever seen.

[D.Natrix]: (Sorry, fram=frame above)

[Crismus Bonus]: Could it have been tainted Weaver?

[D.Natrix]: That would explain a lot.

[Rough Beast]: So then what?

[WereHacker]: Yeah, I bet that's what it was. Makes sense for a computer works.

[People Eater]: Then we were inside, and those guards were expecting us. I swear I even think they were expecting us to come from the Umbra.

[D.Natrix]: Why no silver bullets?

[Crismus Bonus]: I can't figure that out either. Why set them there if they aren't going to be able to stop us?

[Rough Beast]: Okay, once we were past the guards and into the complex proper, what happened?

[D.Natrix]: We were OK for a while. The equipment worked anyway.

[WereHacker]: So we blew up some stuff. Then when we got where we were headed, the office was full of those things.

[Rough Beast]: Did anybody see anything before they jumped us? Or smell? I though I smelled something.

[Crismus Bonus]: I heard some squelchy noise.

[People Eater]: Yeah I smell something right before that one got my arm.

[D.Natrix]: I got a sense of something...But I'm not sure it was the things we fought.

[Crismus Bonus]: BTW, how is your arm?

[People Eater]: Still typing one-handed, but it's getting better.

[WereHacker]: He's used to it!)

[Rough Beast]: So what were those things? Toxic waste elementals?

[D.Natrix]: Garbage spirits?

[WereHacker]: I've got Aristotle working on it...maybe we'll know soon. Whatever they are, I hope there's like a +1 weapon against them or something.

[Crismus Bonus]: Yeah: Sword +1, +2 versus animated microchips and toxic wraiths.

[Rough Beast]: Back on topic: we smashed up a pile of high-tech trash, reinforcement arrived, and we exercised the better part of valor.

[People Eater]: Thanks for that, Jil. Good going.

[WereHacker]: Yeah, thanks.

[D.Natrix]: Seemed like a good idea at the time (shrug).

[Rough Beast]: So what do you think, do we wait for it to cool down or try again right away?

**The Missing Sysop is here.

[The Missing Sysop]: Everybody log off now! Someone's trying to break in my house--shutdown now! Cops or]!\$

NO CARRIER

An Eco-Hacker's Manifesto

By The WereHacker

What we're talking about is War.

It's not a case of you or me, or even us or Them. It's Everything against Nothing. Gaia is sick - some of you know how sick.

When I was 13, a Change came over me. (And neither of the ones most of you are thinking.) I was watching TV after a long night of burn-in mode.

I'm almost ashamed to admit it, but the "PlanetMan Eco-Hour" was on, and something about the fatigue poisons and the blood-caffeine level falling dangerously low made one thing this chrome-plated, badly animated jock said get through.

That night, instead of buying myself a new mail-order fax modem, I cash-advanced every penny of James Watt's credit cards and gave the money to Greenpeace.

It was the most fun I'd ever had.

But as an experiment, it was a failure. The banks "noted" the error after both parties came screaming to them, and I guess they got everything straightened out.

Then a few more Changes happened in my life, and I discovered other folks who had as much of a stake in the world as I did, and were dedicated enough to fight for it.

We've gotten better at it now, and I just wan to pass along some of what we've learned. Even put some of it straight in my mind so I can see it.

Anyway, here it is. Disclaimer, disclaimer: all this is for entertainment purposes only. Don't try this at home.

ECOPHREAX UNITE!

Someone is holding a gun to your mom's head.

What do you do?

Something, right? You jump the guy, or grab the gun. Or negotiate, or bluff, or shoot first, or pray.

But you wouldn't do nothing, right? Well I've got news for you. That's just what you're doing.

Because there is a gun at your mom's head - and a sniper in the window, a slow-acting poison in her stomach. She's Gaia, and she needs you.

Worse than ever. Those geeks supposed to be taking care of her are in bed with those that're killing her. You can't TRUST anybody to DO THE JOB FOR YOU!

You act, now! NOW! Make plans if you must, but ACT ON THEM! These guys are PROVEN KILLERS. They've EXTERMINATED whole species. The NAZIS just TRIED that! And so far, a lot more species have died than corporations. But you can change that.

The Corporation is the fiercest beast anyone has ever tried to hunt. Its hide is nearly impervious, and like Smaug, it has only a certain place where its armor is thin.

There are basically five ways to hurt the Corporations:

1. Cost them Money
2. Cost them Time
3. Hurt their Reputation
4. Free their Information
5. Deprive them of Resources

Now, anyone can do any of these things, and should, but YOU are ELITE (:o)! You can do shit that'll make their hair fall out!

Let's see what we can do if we try:

1. Cost them Money

Corporations are really sensitive to the bottom line, but you have to be able to really sting them. A really huge corporation like Pentex will just use it as an excuse to pay less taxes.

How you can help:

If losing money doesn't hurt them, it can help you. Stiff them with the bill. My stunt with the credit cards was really shortsighted, but fueling the underground with the treasury of the oppressors is an old and noble tradition. Just don't steal anything that'll be missed too soon or leave a trail. Remember though, with Pentex it isn't about the money. Money is a means to them, not an end. Most companies, if you could show them how to create their widgets for the same price without harming the environment, would jump at the chance, because despite all Pentex has tried to do our word is getting out. Hurting Ma Nature isn't as cheap and easy as it used to be. With Pentex, though, they'd keep dumping their poisons even if they had to go broke doing it. Never forget that these guys are religious nuts and if the Wyrms told them to take a running jump off a cliff they'd have their Reeboks on in no time.

2. Cost them Time

More important to most of these corps is time. This is good, 'cause by costing them time, you buy time for Gaia. Makes it particularly effective.

How you can help:

Communications can be rerouted - try one of those 900 phone-sex numbers instead of Toxitech Security. Orders can get lost in e-mail, misaddressed in the printing center, or lost in a network crash. Time seems to be particularly precious to Pentex. They're obviously working from some master plan to rule the world, and anything that you can do to put the brakes on is going to send them scrambling. Time is on their side right now, and let's face it - a lot of our guys are living in the past.

3. Hurt their Reputation

The best place to strike at many public corps but useless in some cases. Sometimes they'll just close up & reopen under another name. But if you have a real shovelful of hot, steaming proof, you can really get some people fired up. Even better if you can get some religious fanatics going - look at what happened to Proctor & Gamble with their man-in-the-moon logo or when OmniTV had to fess up to owning Slaughterhouse Video last year. They're still being hurt by that boycott organized by Fathers Against Degeneracy. Pentex doesn't underestimate the importance of public opinion and neither should you.

How you can help:

Find out what they're up to and make it as public as possible. (Internet is good; CNN is better). But you gotta be careful, 'cause people will swing the other way and have sympathy for them if you blow it. A good sense of humor helps here; if there's one thing a globe-spanning conspiracy hates it's to be made fools of. Some of their corporate heads are public figures and make real good targets for this kind of attack. If you can't find any real evidence, feel free to manufacture some. These guys don't play according to Hoyle so don't feel too guilty when they cry in public. Bill Sweely, the President of O'Tolley's, is particularly open to this kind of attack. If you've seen the ad he's in with the kids and the elephant suit you know exactly what I mean.

4. Free their Information

The more I've been doing this, the more I've found that world-destroying corporate type tend to be information-imprisoning types. They hoard the only thing they can't destroy. While this can be a part of a reputation-attack, it can also stand on its own. You find the most boring stuff in Top

Secret files, but it really jerks their chains to see it written on the bathroom wall.

How you can help:

Give proprietary information to the groups most opposed to the company's activities. Think how efficient tree-spiking can be if you have the timber company's cut plan.

Publish their passwords. Name their Names.

5. Deprive them of Resources

What they're doing to Gaia, only you do it to them.

How you can help:

Spike their trees. Infect their systems with viruses. Double their phone bills each month. Demon-dial their 800 number. Tie up their accounts. Buy their stock with stolen money, then sell it for next to nothing. Karo their motor pool. Destroy their computer files (always start with the backups!).

Remember:

Everything they've won by raping Gaia is forfeit.

They're holding a GUN to Mother Gaia's head.

DON'T TALK ABOUT IT (before OR after). JUST DO IT WHILE YOU STILL CAN!

- WereHacker

Ms. Goodwrench's Guide to Monkeywrenching:

When pouring water into electrical appliances use salt water, not pure water. It is much more conductive, and corrodes better in the long run.

When cutting phone or fiber optic lines, cut a section of wire and take with you. This makes it much harder to fix. (Otherwise, they can just splice it.)

Remember to wear rubber gloves whenever you work with electricity. The scream of a fried Monkeywrencher is just as much of a giveaway as an alarm siren.

Don't use explosives in the sewers -- methane gas may cause a bigger bang than you intend. Or maybe not...

When putting sand in crankcases, be extra careful to clean up around the hole. Sand won't do much unless the engine is started, which means the operator mustn't suspect anything.

Those "taser" zappers work even better on computers and other electronic devices than they do on people. New cars all have computers...

Put brown paint on tree spikes, to avoid that tell-tale metallic glint. No aerosols, please.

Use lacquer thinner in a gas tank for temporary, hard-to-trace engine trouble. Karo syrup makes for a permanent fix. Transmission fluid in brake lines does a good, convincing breakdown over a period of days.

That's all for this month. See you after the new moon, and happy sabotage!

Got a Monkeywrenching tip to share? Send it care of Ms. Goodwrench, care of the BBS where you got this file.

Category 23: Clipper Alert!

The Clipper security/encryption chip will incorporate a backdoor to allow the NSA and other "authorized" government agencies to bypass its security. Rumors persist that another backdoor exists, one that can only be exploited by the chip's designers. The company making the Clipper chip denies these rumors. What do you think?

=====

2 New Messages.

Message #211 by Baker

This may be off topic, but has anyone seen the paper? Did they really make a court injunction s that a guy can't use a phone?

Message #212 by Cojack

Sad but true. Guy was convicted of hacking (and stupidity, IMHO), and can't go within ten feet of a telephone or he gets arrested. Hope he didn't have a phone in the can. BTW, the courts never mentioned wireless modems, only devices that plug into the phone lines. Betcha he's saving up.

Elite = hot shit hacker
lamer = wannabes?
Real User = me
<g> = grin
:) = " "
;) = wink
(read sideways?)

Important Message



Time: _____ Date: _____

For: Bex Stillson

From: Dave Michaels
of International Pharmaballistics

Telephone: _____

☐ Telephoned

☐ Please Call

☐ Wants to see you

☒ Will call again

☒ Returned your call

☐ URGENT

☐ Was here to see you

Message: _____

Taken by: _____

INTERNATIONAL PHARMABALLISTICS

In 1883, International Pharmaballistics (then Safari Accessories, Ltd.) introduced its Tele-injector series. Since then, IP has led the world in long-range administration of medication.

INTERNATIONAL
PHARMABALLISTICS

Acquire!

Your Local International Pharmaballistics Representative:

Ed Helpen

Ed Helpen

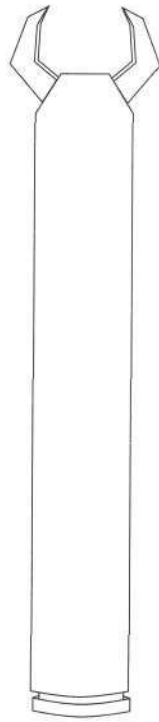
1-700-555-4141

All rights reserved. Not for sale where prohibited by law. Accessory kit required for custom loading by consumer. Products depicted are for use by licensed veterinarians, zookeepers, animal control officers, and security personnel. International Pharmaballistics is not responsible for the uses to which its products are put.



PJ5

Disposable syringe holds a generous 2cc of pressurized liquid for reliable delivery.



PC2

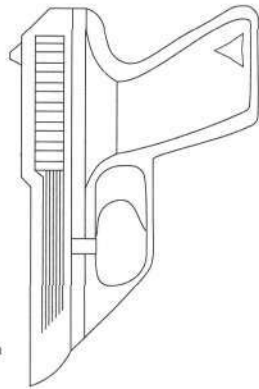
Lightweight, disposable projectile with a proprietary capacitor is charged by the optional Pro-Check module just before firing. Delivered voltage exceeds the output of a hand-held "taser."



PP3

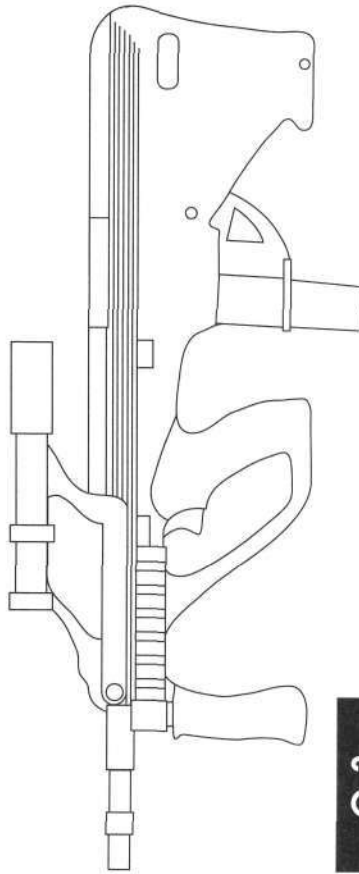
Custom loads may be ordered from our factory or manufactured by the end-user.

Delivery Systems



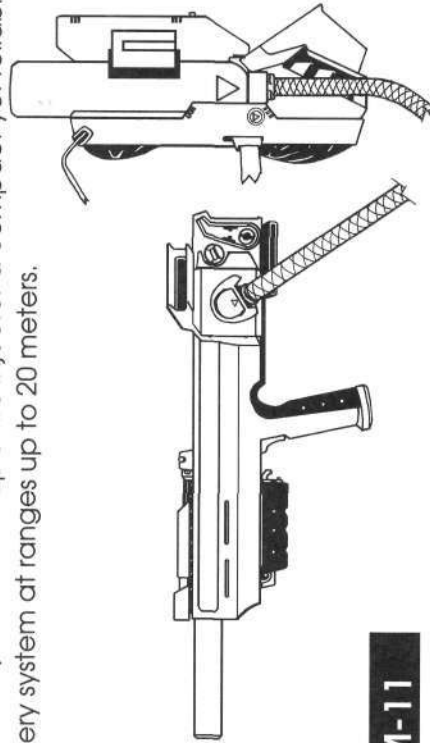
D-1a

Powerful compressed-gas launcher holds two projectiles for simultaneous or sequential delivery at close range.



C-3

Caseless ammunition technology (electrically ignited solid propellant pellets) makes this rapid-fire injector a compact yet reliable delivery system at ranges up to 20 meters.



M-11

Uses the same caseless ammunition system, automated to deliver projectiles at rates up to 10 per second, yet the nature of the projectiles means no automatic firearms license is needed.

Boy Drowns in Church

FROM OUR NEWS SERVICES

Atlanta teenager Kelvin Fahrenheit, 18, was found dead yesterday morning in the baptismal font of the Main Street Baptist Church. Reverend Zedekiah Firestone and an individual who asked not to be identified discovered the body.

A note found on the boy's body contained a single word which police speculate is the password to a computer system. The deceased is suspected of having been one of a growing number of "latchkey hackers," children who come home from school to use computers illicitly until their unknowing parents get home. According to police spokesperson David van der Linden, 77% of all hacker break-ins occur when school is out.

Although the Fahrenheit family are members of the Main Street Baptist Church, and they encourage memorial donations to the church, funeral services will be held at St. Brigid's on Thursday.

Dossiers on Pentex Subchiefs:

Harold B. Hines:

President: Magadon, Inc.

Age: 45

* Little is known of Hines' origins. He is a graduate of Princeton University and is known to have extensive training in chemistry and biotechnology. He is fluent in German and Japanese.

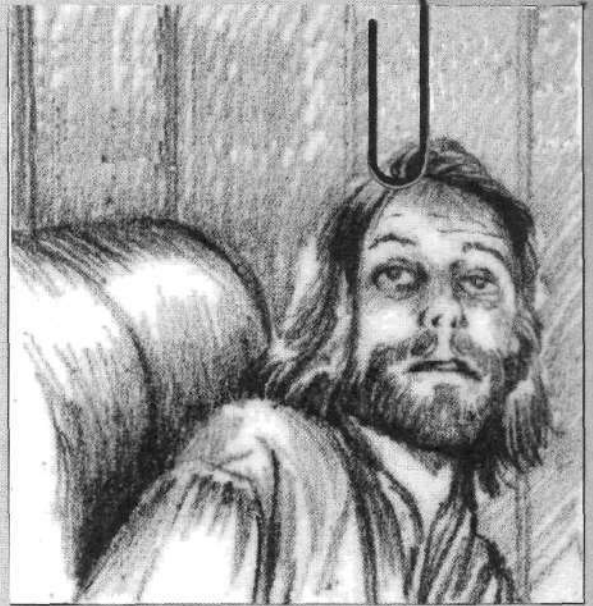
* He has had five wives, all of whom died under mysterious circumstances. He is currently married again; his wife travels with him. He has no children.

* His life was reported as a rags-to-riches story in *Fortune* Magazine, and he has been listed in their Top 20 richest list for the last three years. His estimated worth is 5.7 billion dollars.

* He is believed to be intimately involved in the creation of fomori and is known to utilize them as guards.

* He maintains numerous mansions around the world. All have a high security profile. His travel schedule conforms to no set pattern. He affects the air of a liberal academic but is what the press has dubbed a "conservative progressive."

* Capabilities: He has exhibited no supernatural, Wyrn-related powers but, as stated, he is a brilliant scientist. He is also an amateur pilot.



Ben Stillson:

Chief Corporate Security Officer: Magadon

Age: 51

* Stillson is a former Green Beret and a veteran of the Vietnam War. He is thought to have connections with the CIA.

* Stillson started working for Pentex under the aegis of Nostrum Defense Enterprises in the mid-'70s. He was well connected and active politically throughout the '80s, but has since maintained a low profile. He has no known home address.

* Capabilities: He is a black belt in karate and an unparalleled expert in both personal and tactical weaponry. Wyrn-conferred abilities are suspected but not confirmed.

Persephone Tar-Anis:

North American Security Chief: Pentex

Age: Immortal/unknown. Intelligence has her first surfacing in France, 1943.

* She has been with Pentex since at least the late '50s and seems most closely affiliated with Tellus and Sunburst Enterprises.

* She travels extensively and is hard to track. There is strong evidence to suggest that she masterminded the debacle with the Uktena in Nevada last year. She has exhibited psychotic tendencies. She is known to travel in the company of Black Spiral Dancers.

* Capabilities: She is clearly one of the unliving and must be assumed to possess all the abilities attributed to her species. Her sensory abilities are demonstrably above even our standards, and she is believed to carry Wyrms fetishes of considerable but undetermined power.



Max Carson:

President: Endron International

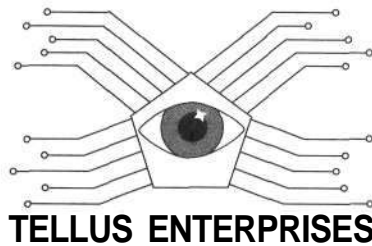
Age: 55

* Much of Carson's life is public record. After dropping out of high school, he went to work for Endron as a salesman in 1954. He has never married.

* After rising rapidly through the ranks, it is believed he was corrupted by the Wyrms in 1963 while observing drilling operations in Alaska.

* Carson has a mansion outside Dallas, Texas but is rarely in residence.

* Capabilities: Carson has not openly exhibited any abilities which could be termed supernatural, but given his high status it is reasonable to assume that he has some. He is known to employ Black Spirals as guards.



Mr. Harold B. Hines
President, Magadon International

Dear Harry:

By now you have met William Zygote. I hope his unexpected appearance in your office on Friday did not alarm you, but given the current state of affairs, I am sure you will agree that it was best he arrived unannounced. He will be at your facility for the next week to review your financial records. I am sure that you will render him all due cooperation and that we will have this little problem of "cash flow" resolved in no time. I apologize in advance for any inconvenience Zygote may cause you, but he is trained to be unobtrusive and Zettler insisted that he was the only man for the job. If you have any concerns on this matter, I encourage you to call either Zettler or me any time of night.

Congratulations! I understand from Zygote that you have cured AIDS again. I am absolutely dying to see the results of your latest treatment. Another five years of similar triumphs and we should be ready to go public. Tell Stillson that Experiment #4 is ahead of schedule and that Phase One testing will begin in June. Please assure him that his hacker doppelganger will not trouble him again.

On to the more serious matter of the two Magadon facilities which were broken into last month. On both occasions there were serious breaches of security which have caused a good deal of consternation among the Board of Directors. We have reviewed Security Memo A-2112-93 as you requested and concur with you that the intruder is Kindred and most likely a Camarilla agent of the Ventrue, Tremere, or possibly even Toreador clan. This is your problem, and we expect you to deal with it immediately. If you cannot handle your own security, then I will be forced to call in additional First Teams. I do not think I need to elaborate.

Because you demanded it! Our good friends at Vesuvius Comics™ have just finished penciling the latest Buck Racer epic according to our new guidelines. You will note that we have simplified the layout to a standard six panels per page, which we feel is more conducive to the conformity we wish to inspire in our teams. We feel we have finally established the right violence/propaganda/simplicity mixture with the last few issues, but, as always, we need feedback. Letters to the Editor have fallen off over the last few months; we regard this to be an unacceptable situation. Please inform your men that there will be a \$2,000 bonus for the most loyal letter written this month.

Our analysts have charted several new psychological problems arising among First Team members. These include, in some instances, suicidal depression and a growing inability to interact with the outside world when they are required to do so. New Psycho/Pharma treatments are being developed to deal with these problems. Until then, continue to indoctrinate them with the corporate/religious process outlined in directive #3-57 B. As always, we will endow the men with an ample supply of video entertainment and Pentex news briefings.

Well, I have to go hit the Rack, so I sign off by wishing you and your wife best wishes for the holidays.



Love and xxxxx,
Persephone
Persephone

P.S.: Don't think you're safe hiding behind Ben Rushing anymore. You're not.

P.P.S.: Send my love to the children.



Ms. Persephone Tar-Anis
Chief of Security
Special Projects Division
Dear Ms. Tar-Anis:

I was both surprised and delighted to receive your emissary Mr. Zygote, and am placing my response to your considerate missive in his hands to demonstrate my most sincere desire to assist him in the course of his investigation, wherever it may lead. I assure you that if there is any impropriety whatsoever in the financial transactions of this office, the culprit will be found and dealt with appropriately. Zygote has indeed been both discreet and professional as you indicated he would be; he is a tribute to your division.

Because you have expressed an interest in several of the projects currently underway here, I am pleased to take this chance to bring you up to date on several of the more exciting opportunities that will be opening doors for Magadon well into the 21st century.

We are both honored and proud to be involved with Experiment #4, no matter how peripherally, and are working day and night to formulate the neurological defenses necessary for the safe implementation of the Phase One field tests next spring. Please assure our partners at Nostrum as well as Mr. Zettler that Magadon will not let them down. I will be sending a full report shortly, but the big news is that we have broken the 1.5% survival barrier. Incidentally, my own security sources have given me some information on a small Fianna "sept" whose territory is not far from one of our plants. If you are interested in any additional musical talent, let me know. I think something can be arranged.

Thank you very much for your congratulations on our latest AIDS cure. Our own studies indicate strongly that we will be capable of going public in three years (medically speaking), not five. But, as always, we are dedicated to strict adherence to the Omega Plan timetable. An unexpected but welcome side product in our AIDS research has been several new permutations in our Iliad template. I would be pleased if you could visit in person to observe these new changes. With all modesty, they have to be seen to be believed.

We are continuing research into the "berserker serum" as requested. Our latest battery of tests have us at a 76% survival rate for first usage. This is considerably better than last year's rate, though, unfortunately, the effects still seem to be cumulative, with the survival rate dropping to 25% with the second dose and plummeting exponentially thereafter. We are currently experimenting with several neurological blocking agents, but with only limited success so far. In the meantime, I guess we'll just have to take a page out of Buck Racer's book and continue to sell it as the "Super Serum," using it as sparingly as possible.

Which brings me to the funny-book. Wonderful! Tell our friends at the Vesuvius "House of Ideas" that they are indeed masters of high camp. I showed it to Cindy and she got a real scream out of it. I'll have to show it to the children next time Ben and I visit them. Ben sends his regards.

Thank you for your confirmation on our security memo. I would like to allay the board's concern's on this score. Security has been tightened up considerably after Zygote's visit so that there is now no chance of illicit entry to any of our priority facilities. You can bet your life on that. Thank you for your considerate letter and your holiday wishes.

Sincerely,

Harold B. Hines
President



Mr. Harold B. Mines

President Magadon International

Security Memo #A 2112-93

Mr. Hines:

As directed, I have spent the last week investigating the reported security breaches at both our Portland and Los Angeles facilities. I am writing to report my initial findings. A break-in at any of our plants is, of course, cause for concern, but the evidence I have uncovered thus far suggests that the seriousness of the matter is far greater than we originally assumed.

I was able to gain only a little additional information from the general manager of the L.A. plant beyond what we knew already. He informed me that the destruction of his computer files was total and asked me several times when he would receive a replacement for the First Team he "lost." I recommend moving swiftly on this matter.

Portland was another case entirely. Like the California plant, the plant suffered the total loss of its database and, as reported, its First Team was missing. However, in this case, there was a survivor: a former named "Spider" Hardigan, who escaped from whatever took the rest of his team.

I interviewed him at length; he has obviously undergone a severe psychic trauma of some sort and much of what he had to say made little sense, but I was able to gather some valuable information from him in his more lucid moments. Enclosed is a brief transcript of the most important part of our conversation.

I believe Hardigan has been compromised to the extent that he will not be able to return to active duty. I suggest he be turned over to Iliad for observation; perhaps they can get more out of him. I recommend they make any decisions about his final deposition.

Further research has indicated that the Portland First Team did indeed receive orders through the "appropriate" channels. I am somewhat reluctant to inform you that I followed the orders up the chain of command and that the path seems to have originated from your office. I can only conclude that our communications network has been violated. Unfortunately, I must further conclude that this has all the earmarks of an inside job. I recommend that new procedures for First Team deployment be initiated immediately and remain in place until we eliminate this intruder. This will unavoidably result in an extra layer of bureaucracy and may cut down fractionally on our reaction time, but I see no other option.

I can make only a partially educated guess about the intruder's identity and motivations. She is clearly a vampire elder of some sort. This is not my area of expertise, but I would advance the theory that she is a Camarilla agent and that she is most likely not working alone. The computer files at the two facilities had Level Three security clearance; it is a safe bet that whatever information they contained is now in the intruder's hands. I therefore strongly advise that all security protocols and operating procedures be reviewed and, where appropriate, altered.

I have, of course, sent a copy of this letter to our central security office. I expect to be at PANACEA an additional two days to conduct further investigations and will keep you apprised of any new developments.

Sincerely,

Ben Stillson

Director of Corporate Security



HEY, BUCK! GET A LOAD
OF THIS ON TV!



TODAY THE CONGRESS GAVE INTO
THE PROTESTOR'S DEMANDS AND
PASSED IT'S FIFTH ANTI-LOGGING
LAW THIS YEAR.



AW, GEEZ! NOT AGAIN!

IN OTHER NEWS, ANOTHER
ATLAS POWER PLANT WAS
FORCED TO CLOSE BY THE
SO-CALLED "SAFE EMISSIONS" LAW.



IF ONLY
THOSE DARNED
ENVIRONMENTALISTS
WOULD JUST
LAY OFF!



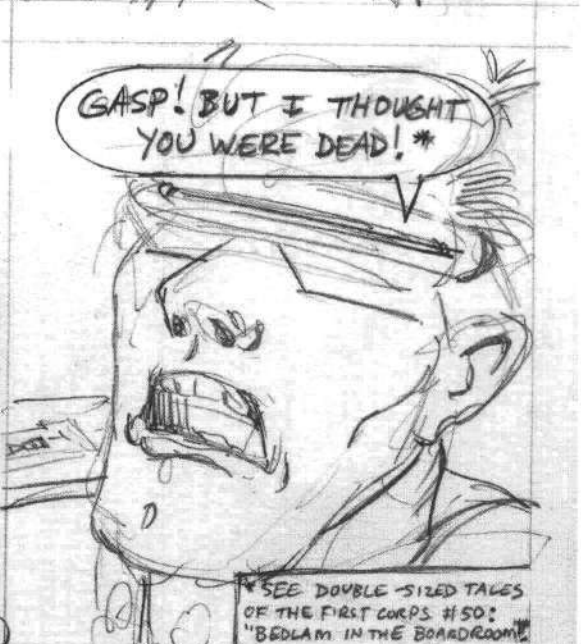
SUDDENLY, OL' ONE EYE SEES THE TELL-
TALE SHIMMER OF THE "UMBRAL SHIFT!"

INCOMING!



EDITOR'S NOTE - OL' ONE EYE SAW
IT LAST PANEL - DID YOU?





EDITOR'S NOTE: \$1,000,000 BONUS FOR SHADOW WALKER'S HEAD!

*SEE DOUBLE-SIZED TALKS OF THE FIRST CORPS #50: "BEDLAM IN THE BOARDROOM"



DIE FOOLS, AT THE
HANDS OF MY
WENDIGO MAGIC,
"CHILL OF THE
EARLY FROST!"



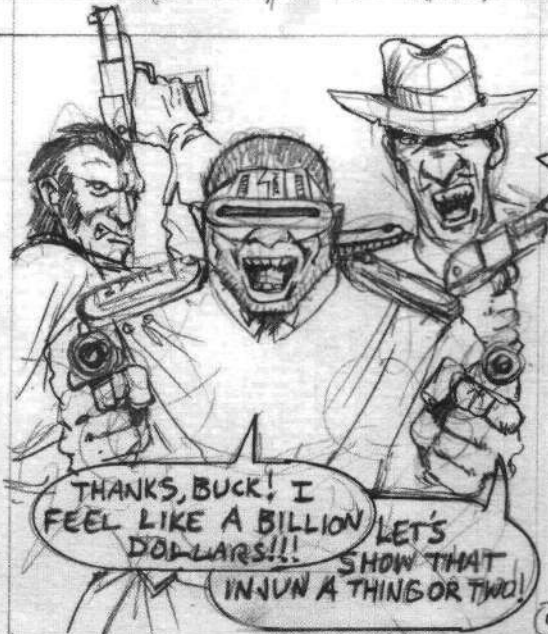
HEY! WHAT IS THIS?
I'M S-S-SUDDENLY
F-F-FREEZING!



HE'S RIGHT!
GROWING... WOOLLY!
MUST PRESS BUTTON
THAT ACTIVATES...
SUPER SERUM!



AS BUCK PRESSES HIS COMMAND
BUTTON, THE AUTO-DOC UNIT IN
EACH MAN'S UNIFORM RELEASES THE
SUPER SERUM!



THANKS, BUCK! I
FEEL LIKE A BILLION
DOLLARS!!! LET'S
SHOW THAT
INJUN A THING OR TWO!



THE SUPER SERUM GIVES US
MORE THAN THE STRENGTH WE
NEED TO DEAL WITH THE LIKES OF
YOU!

NO!
NOOOO!

NOTE: HAVE WOLF TRYING TO EXHIBIT DISAPPEARING
ABILITIES AS PER KAGATHA DIRECTIVE 06/42 - CREATIONAL
-75

Spider Hardigan: So we get the tip-off, right? I mean the orders come down from on high that there's this pack of Black Furies been causin' trouble in the area and corporate wants 'em aced. Somethin' 'bout them stagin' raids on another plant. So we load up for bear 'cause those Fury broads are crazy and tough. Sanchez, he was team leader you know, he has us load up into the vans and we're headin' straight outta town. We was all pretty psyched up that night on account that Sanch had been buyin' us drinks earlier and Marty kept crackin' us up with jokes about what you do with lady werewolves an' like that. Wanna hear one?

Ben Stillson: Not now. Maybe later.

Spider Hardigan: Yeah. Anyway, we hit the old corrugated plant outside of town and Sanch has us unload. I guess I shoulda figured somethin's wrong 'cause he just marches us up to the buildin', no formation, no tactics, nothin'. I figured he was meetin' someone 'fore we went after the Fury bitches. Turns out I was half right. Hey, what's the difference between a Black Fury and a lumberjack? Some lumberjacks don't have beards, (a laughing fit followed by hoarse coughing). Yeah, okay. So where was I?

Ben Stillson: The corrugated plant.

Spider Hardigan: Yeah. So we're walkin' up and the front doors open. I mean like by themselves, right? This gorgeous blonde walks out, legs up to her neck. Know what I mean? Anyway my eyes are buggin' out but I'm still thinkin' Black Furies and gettin' my guts splattered all over the pavement if I'm not careful, so I raise my gun just in case. Several of the other guys do the same, but Sanch goes right up to the chick and starts bowin' if you can believe that. I mean I've known Sanch for four years now and I've never seen him kiss anybody's ass; even that time Persephone toured the plant he kept his cool.

Anyway, now we're really confused. Somethin's tellin' me that the lady's doin' a major head job on him and I oughta pull the trigger, but then the broad might be big brass, you know? So I hesitate for one second and she looks in my direction. Suddenly the world turns upside down. Oh, maaan. (long pause)

There was somethin' about her that made you want to be her lover, her best friend and slave all at the same time. It's worn off...mostly anyway. She looked kinda foreign, French maybe. Real young, like a college girl. Man. (More laughter.) So we're all fallin' all over ourselves to bow and scrape to her and - bam! Suddenly I'm thinkin' somethin' approachin' to clear again.

Donna, she's our Iliad agent; psychic you know. Anyway, she's hangin' back; I guess she was suspicious. She clears my head real good. Anyway I try to fire on the broad but there was still somethin' about her that made my trigger finger freeze, I just couldn't fire. So she smiles at me really sweet like and then I see she's got fangs like those Sabbath guys. "Goodbye, Spider," she says. Like she knows my name! All of a sudden the rest of the team's firin' on me!

(Hardigan convulses at this point as though reliving being hit by gunfire, and several medics are called in. There is a 20-minute break.)

Ben Stillson: Are you ready to continue, son?

Spider Hardigan: Yeah. Yeah. They shot at me. Scored some hits of course. But I got a trick, see? I can turn to mist. I do that real good and then I just let the wind pull me away. Saved my life several times. (Laughter.) Last thing I see is Donna tryin' one of her mind tricks on the bitch but she just laughs and I see Donna's bowin' and scrapin' too. I mean this is crazy. We're elites, right? And this broad takes us all out in a couple'a seconds. I mean, you tell me. What the hell was she? (Pause.) I don't know, I think she did somethin' to my head, I still ain't trackin' right.

<Transcript Ends>



MEMO

From: Ben Stillson, Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: New Equipment

Some of you have been issued new equipment. Please do not talk about these issues, as they are proprietary information as defined in your contracts. Do not test-fire these issues. Use the practice equipment provided in the firing range.



MEMO

From: Eliza Davidson, acting Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: Alert!

Ben Stillson, former ICS CorpSec Director, has gone rogue. He is to be apprehended at all costs. He is no longer covered by the company health plan.



MEMO

From: Ben Stillson, Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: Hoax

Don't believe it!



MEMO

From: Eliza Davidson, acting Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: Rogue apprehended

Ben Stillson, former ICS CorpSec Director, was killed while resisting apprehension in the motor pool. ICS IntSec will be investigating the extent of his compromise. Please give them your full cooperation.



MEMO

From: Ben Stillson, Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: Hoax II

I assure you I am neither dead nor disloyal. When we find out who these bastards are, they're going to suffer.



MEMO

From: Eliza Davidson, acting Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers in Sections D and Q

RE: Impersonator

It has come to our attention that someone has been impersonating the late Ben Stillson, former CorpSec Director and traitor. As has been reported, the real Stillson was killed while resisting apprehension. A standard pay bonus is offered for information identifying the impersonator.



MEMO

From: Ben Stillson, Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: Hoax solved!

My office has been looking into the matter of the spurious memos which have been circulated, purporting to be issued by my replacement. We have traced the problem to an automated printing station which was infiltrated by computer criminals. These "hackers" were able to substitute their own messages for electronically transmitted legitimate memos. The security loophole which allowed them access has been plugged, and I am confident the criminals will be apprehended before they can cause further trouble.



MEMO

From: Eliza Davidson, acting Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers in Sections F and N

RE: Impersonator caught!

My office has been looking into the matter of the spurious memos which have been circulated, purporting to be issued by the late Ben Stillson, former CorpSec Director and traitor. We have traced the problem to an automated printing station which was infiltrated by computer criminals. These "hackers" were able to substitute their own messages for electronically transmitted legitimate memos. The security loophole which allowed them access has been plugged, and I am confident the criminals will be apprehended before they can cause further trouble.

PENTEX

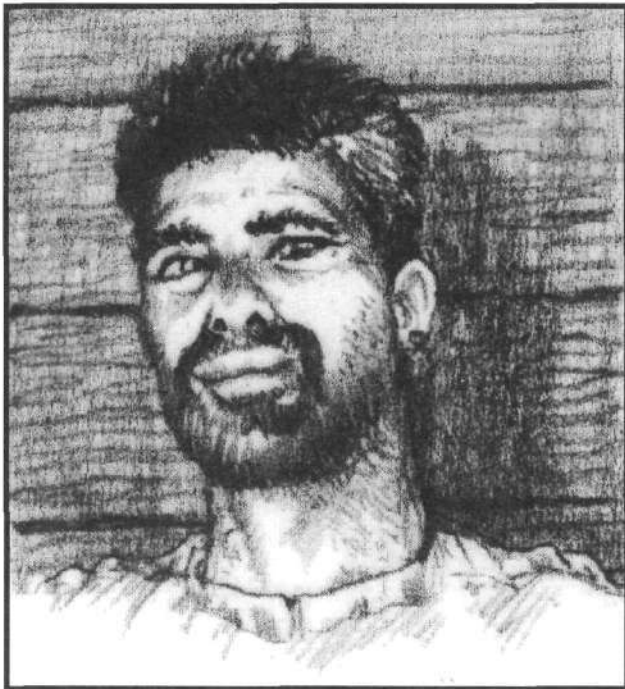
Executive Bulletin

Special Report: October, 1993

Shareholders,

We are pleased to introduce our newly elected members of the corporate Board of Directors. We believe they make fine additions to our company's already highly qualified executives, and with their input in future decisions, we are sure the company will see a significant rise in value. In addition, the special skills and backgrounds of our new members ensure a sizable reduction in blockages to our cash flow, whether these blockages be government regulations or "world-citizen" actions.

This special edition of the bulletin has been rushed out to introduce our new faces and let you get to know them better. As you know, the opinions and well-being of our shareholders are important to us. To this end, we believe you should meet our new executives as soon as possible. However, since not everyone can travel to meet them in person, we felt that this bulletin could serve instead. So, without further ado, we proudly introduce Francesco, Enzo Giovanni, and Kathryn Mollett.



Francesco

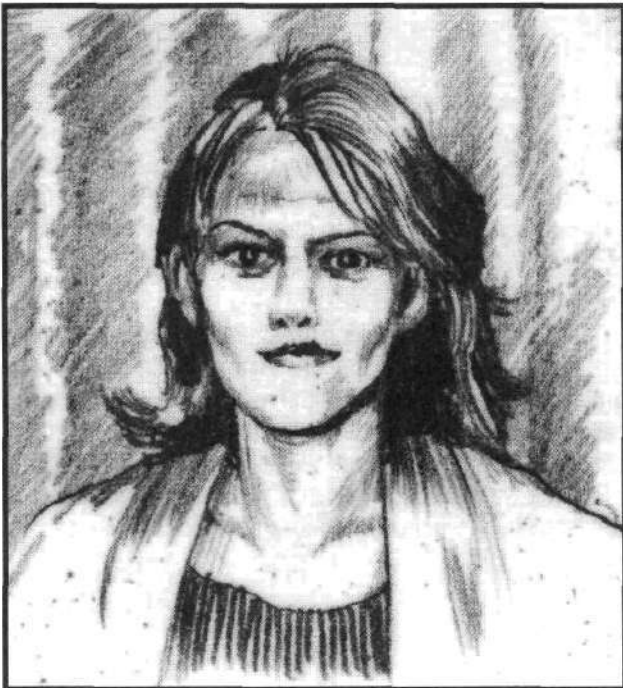
Francesco brings with him a unique background and familiarity with "citizen action groups," especially the animal-rights fringe. With his expertise, we feel this popular cause will soon go the way of many immature and short-sighted fads. This will free the company to direct more resources toward acquisition and away from excessive damage-control-oriented public relations campaigns.

Francesco will be picking up where the late Robert Allred left off, including handling our Amazon rainforest action projects. We feel there is no better man for the job. Francesco has unequaled experience in handling such deep-woods concerns. With Francesco at the helm, rest assured that the problems we have experienced in the past with the Amazon will be over. A whole new era begins now.

Enzo Giovanni

Mr. Enzo Giovanni came to the Board with much support from the shareholders, and the charisma which won him his position will undoubtedly take him far and make the shareholders a good sum of money. His business skills, garnered from years of buying and trading companies before joining Pentex, will work to great advantage in our new push for acquisitions. His business allies all over the world will greatly aid Pentex in its foreign investments.

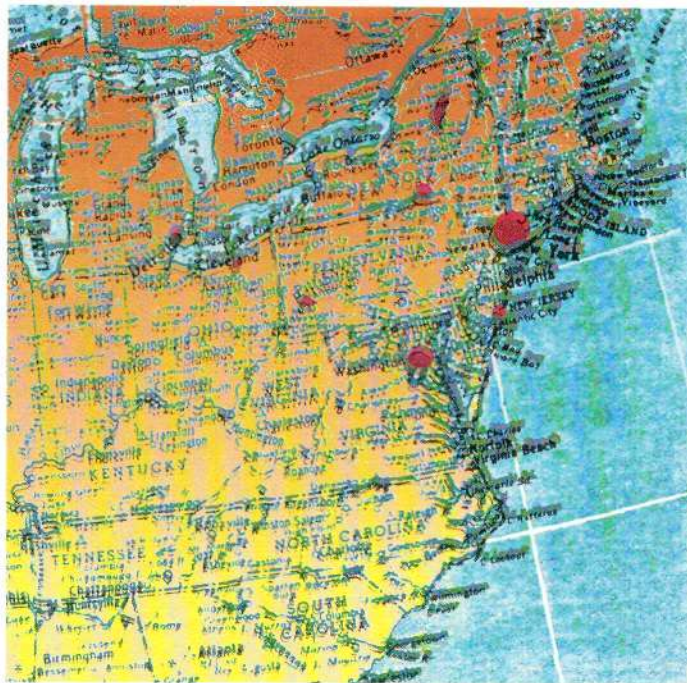
Mr. Giovanni brings a well-rounded worldliness with him, and this will be greatly useful in fulfilling Pentex's increasing global objectives. Mr. Giovanni will be handling some of the late Elliot Meiche's interests, and it is our sincere belief that there is no better man alive for the job. Mr. Giovanni has displayed a surprising understanding of Mr. Meiche's goals and objectives; as he said, "I think Mr. Meiche and I had much in common. Even though he is no longer here, his offices still bear his presence. I think just sitting where he once worked, where his decisions were made, has given me a great insight into his affairs."



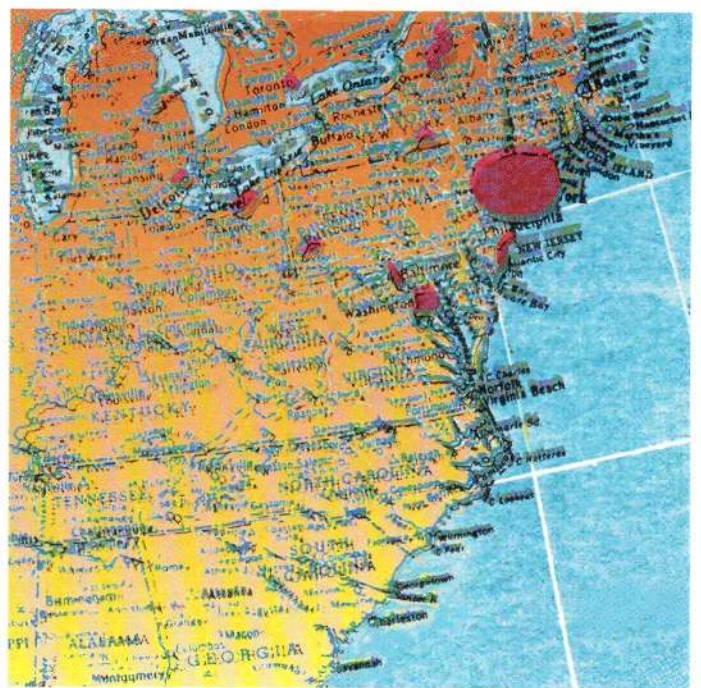
Kathryn Mollett

Ms. Kathryn Mollett is a *wunderkind* of the business world. At age 25, she assumed the leadership of Alliance Industries, a very profitable subsidiary, and at 26 she joins the Pentex Board. With Ms. Mollett's entry to the Board, Pentex takes a bold step into the future. As the first woman member of the Board, Ms. Mollett will ensure that Pentex's subsidiaries shape up their equal-opportunity hiring, bringing our standards into the '90s and silencing our critics.

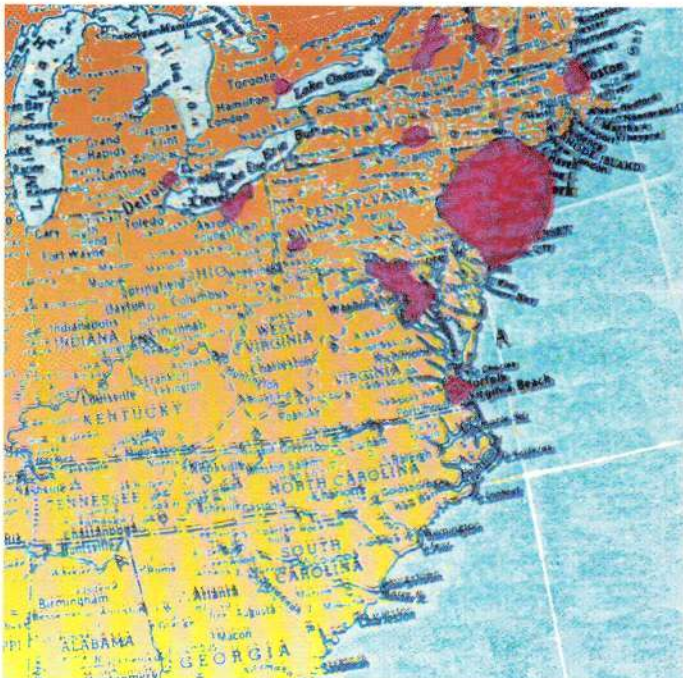
Ms. Mollett has a tough job ahead of her, but she has proved to be a capable and confident executive. She will be overseeing much of our stockholder- and employee-relations programs, and has stated that anyone with questions or concerns about the directions the company is taking should feel free to contact her to talk it over. She promises to be a good ear for any questions.



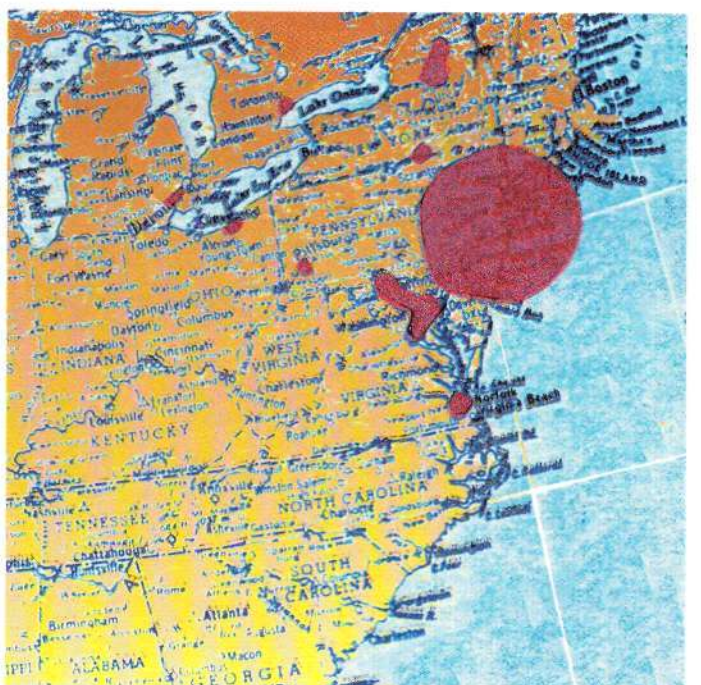
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2/1/94



2/22/93



2/1/93



dogggy diner

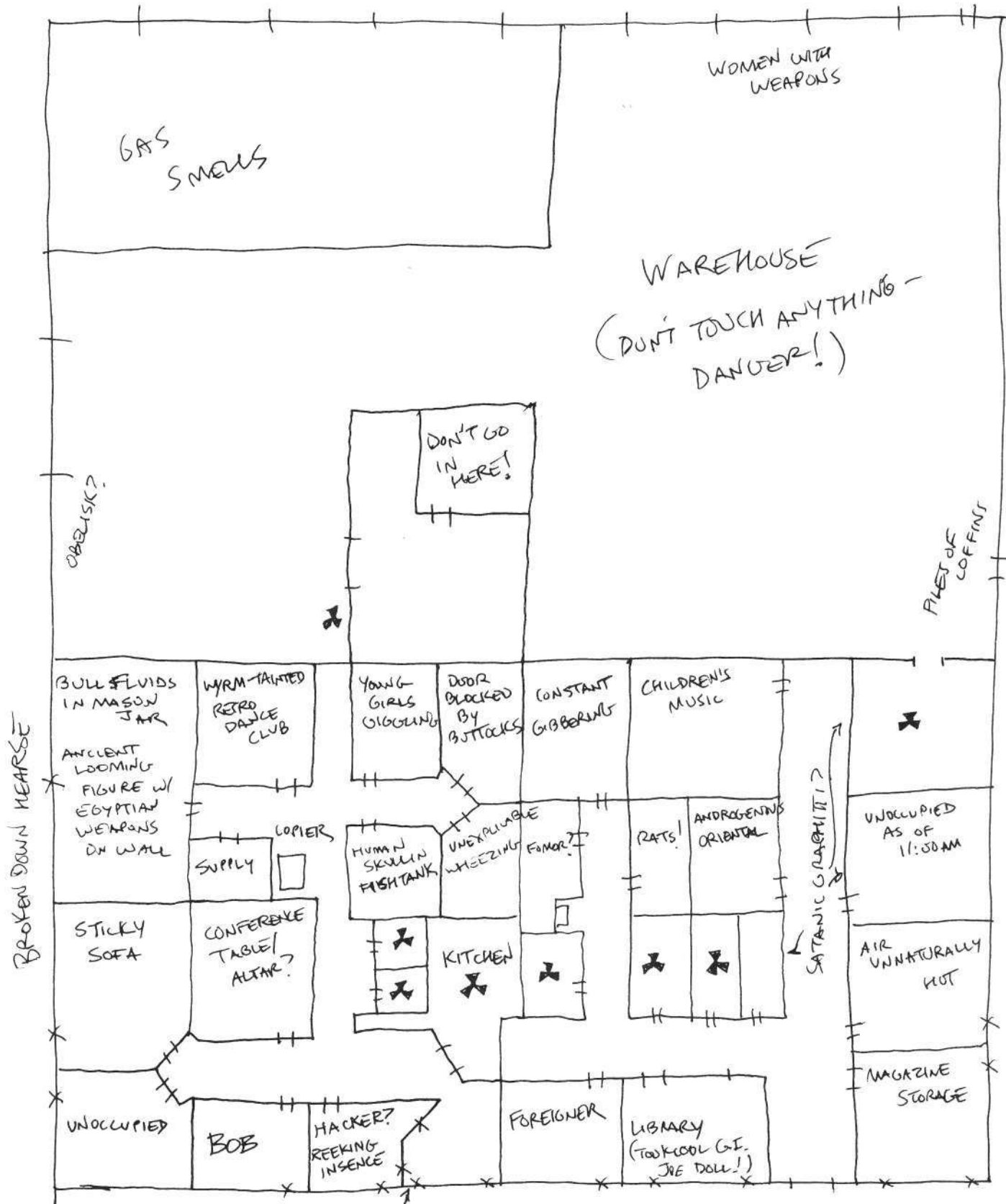
home of the big dog!

Spike says ...



Try our new Bunny Burger! : !

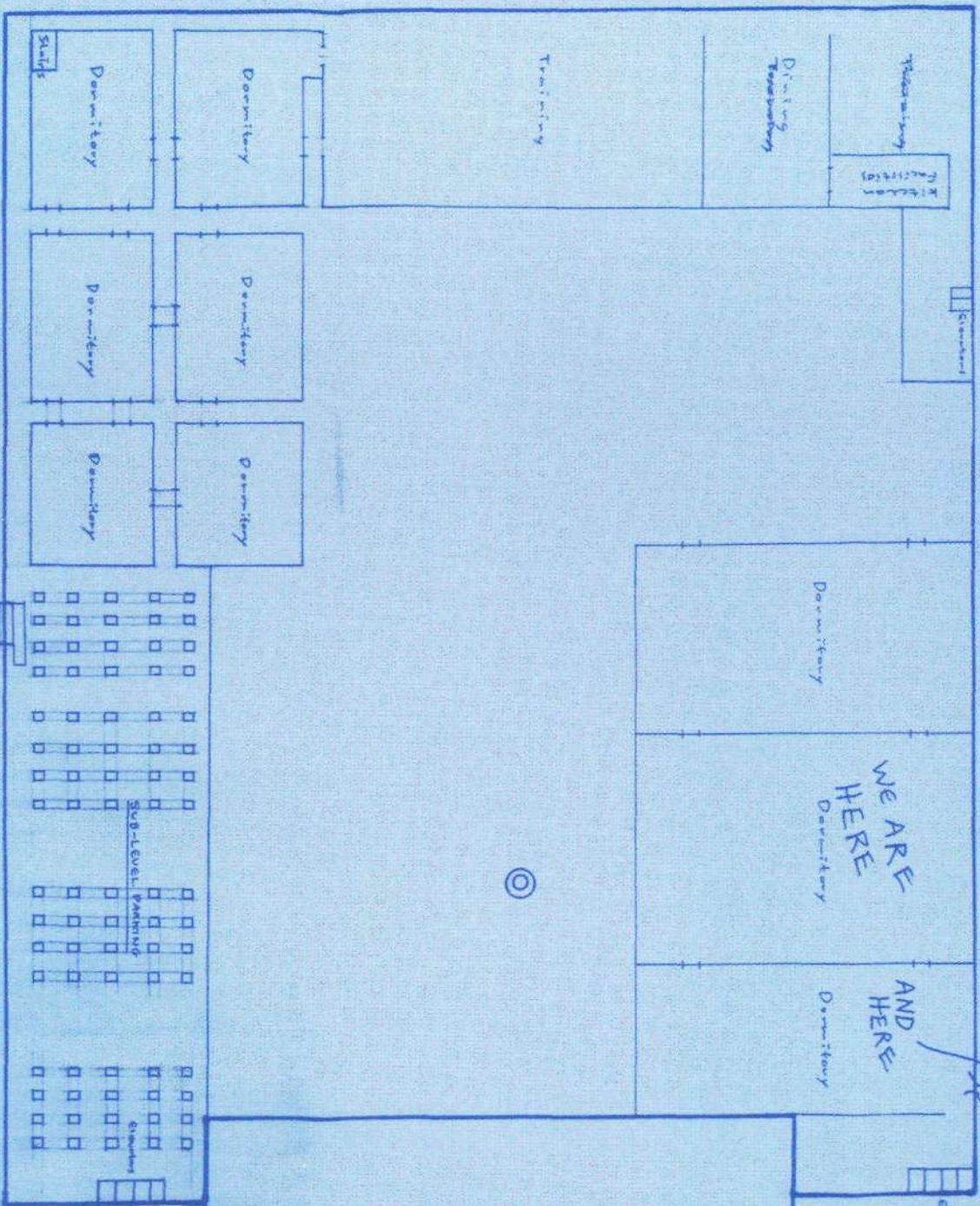
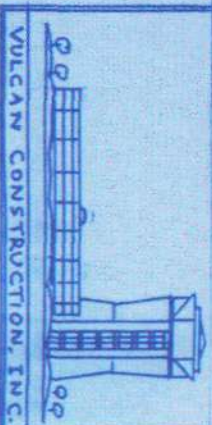
RT 66 Exit 59 - 1/2 mi. W. 00 PM

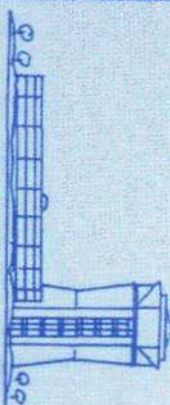


+ DOOR
* WINDOW
X Toxic!

BULLET HOLE?

BDG





LEVEL -1		
1:550	06/06/86	Ben Jett/150m

Real Science:

Despite rapidly mounting scientific evidence that much of the alleged "damage" being done to the environment is overblown, Endron would like to assure its stockholders and its customers that we have committed ourselves to addressing all legitimate ecological issues. To this end, we have spent millions on rigorous tests adhering strictly to the values of real, hard science. This is in marked contrast to the pseudoscientific approach being foisted on the American people by much of the environmental community as well as by fringe elements in the Environmental Protection Agency who are, unfortunately, more interested in fronting a socialist political agenda than in sticking to the facts.

A Gas Tank Full of Love (A Message from Our President):

Endron has spent more money on safeguarding the environment than every environmental group combined. In California we have worked with our good friends at Goodhouse Paper International to plant trees and to save the Red Cockaded Woodpecker. In the Arctic we loaned one of our ice cutters to save the whale dubbed "Wally" by millions of children around the world when he was trapped by ice. Finally, we have spent millions in creating "Green Technologies" which bring us well above proposed 1997 E.P.A. standards. We're not doing this because we have to. We're doing this because "making green while being green" has allowed us to make record profits for our shareholders while safeguarding Mother Earth. We're doing this because Earth is our home too.

Best wishes,


Max B. Carson

President Endron International



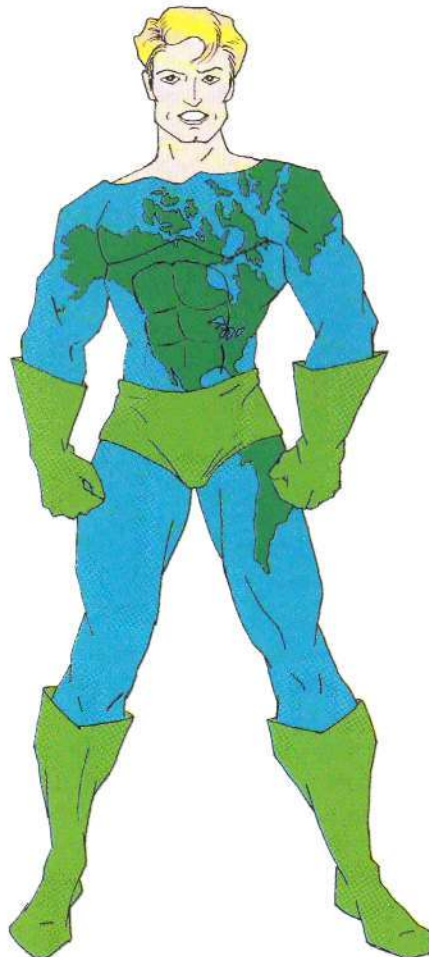
Wally says, "Thank you."

How You Can Help:

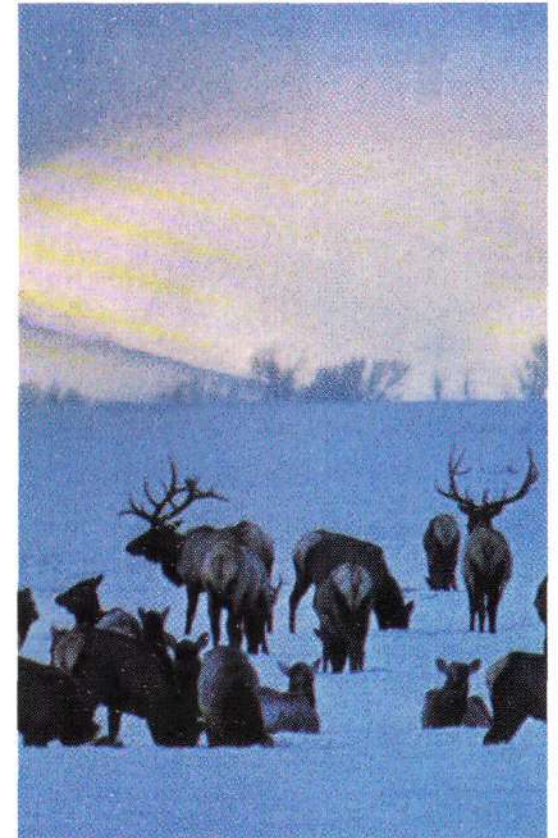
Endron has joined hands with responsible environmental groups such as Planet Fund and would like you to be a member of its "Green Team." To join, please donate generously to the Planet Fund volunteer who comes to your door, or write for our 50-page book, *Four Things You Can Do to Save the Planet*.

Kids!

Call PlanetMan! Find out what you can do to help!



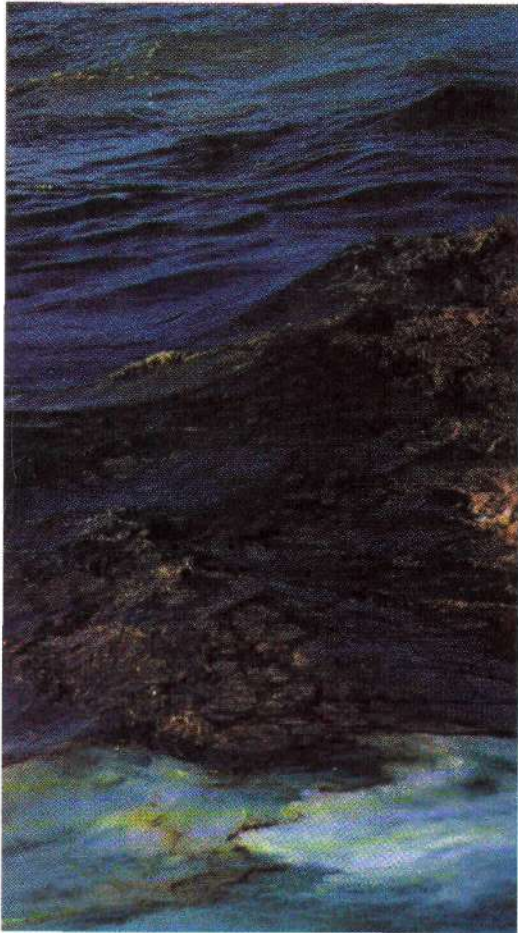
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**Endron International — for a
Greener Tomorrow.**

Environmental Disaster?

When the Endron tanker *Pequod* sank in the Great Barrier Reef off the coast of Australia in 1992, people feared the worst. Journalists from around the world swarmed around the "environmentally sensitive" region and dramatically dubbed it "the worst environmental catastrophe of all time." The story played day and night as the "disaster" unfolded. Knowing full well its responsibilities in this matter, Endron immediately dispatched a flotilla of cleanup ships to the coastline. There, our "Green Team" went to work using the latest in Endron technologies to attack the spill.



Problem.



Solution: Max Carson, President of Endron International, and his Green Team attack the spill after using a specially designed oil-dispersing foam.



The cleanup proceeded at a record pace, prompting the environmental group Planet Fund to call the operation "a model of corporate responsibility to be emulated by all others in the petroleum business." Thanks, guys, but safeguarding the environment is what Endron is all about. Despite the speed of the cleanup, however, we were not yet satisfied that we had done all we could. So we sent in an independent team of scientists from the Gaia Research Company to ascertain any possible long-term damage to the reefs ecology. We were stunned, to say the very least, at their findings.

Oil's Well that Endrons Well:

After five months of painstaking research, Gaia's scientists turned in their surprising but incontestable results. The reef that had been, in the words of the disreputable environmental extremists' group Earth-Fist, "raped by the oil spill" was doing better than ever! Sea bird population was up by 12% while marine life surged by a whopping 23%! Are we saying that oil is good for the environment? No. That is for further research to determine. What we are saying is that the oil (a natural substance pumped right from good old Mother Earth, by the way) cleaned out some of the ecological dead wood, so to speak, allowing hardier species unharnessed from the shackles of their less survival-worthy cousins to thrive. The Great Barrier Reef is doing better than ever, and that's no big fish story!



This smart school of fish thanks Endron for their help.

WEREWOLF CHRONICLES VOLUME 2

The Wyrn Is upon Us

Werewolf legends reach back to the Golden Age of Gaia. Garou still gather around the campfire today, even as tribe fights tribe and the Wyrn slowly devours the world. Now you can relive some of the greatest Garou legends with Werewolf Chronicles Volume 2, a compilation of the first Werewolf stories ever told.

This Is a Good Day to Die

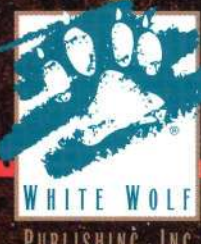
Werewolf Chronicles Volume 2 combines the original Werewolf manifestos against the Wyrn and the corruption of humanity, Ways of the Wolf and Monkeywrench! Pentex. Now they're under one all-new cover. These classics have been out of print for years and can't be found anywhere else.

Werewolf Chronicles Volume 2 Features:

- Two classic Werewolf sourcebooks: Ways of the Wolf and Monkeywrench! Pentex, two of the books that established the world of Werewolf;
- Information on how to play primal lupus Garou, the truly feral among werewolves;
- Details on how to strike back at Pentex, the modern embodiment of the Wyrn. Take the fight to the enemy's door.



GAMES FOR MATURE MINDS



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