Litany of the Tribes™

Volume 4

Silver Fangs™ Stargazers™ Uktena™ Wendigo™

A Tribebook Compilation for
Werewolf: The Apocalypse™ and Werewolf: The Wild West™

White Wolf

WW3383

Litany of the Tribes Volume 4

THE ARAL SEA CAERN. UNTIL YESTERDAY IT WAS THE LAST REGIONAL STRONGHOLD OF THE SILVER FANG.
NOW IT HAS FALLEN TO THE WYRM. AND LUCKY ME, I'VE BEEN SENT HERE.
EPITAPH
WRITTEN BY: CHRIS HOWARD
ART BY: MARK JACKSON
LETTERED BY: MATT MILBERGER

NN-NARRI
AAAAEEIII!!!
YOU ARE TOO LATE.
ALL HAIL LADY YUL....

THE QUESTING STONE LEADS INTO THE HEART OF THE CAERN. IT'S UNNATURALLY COLD HERE.
THE PENUMBRA IS COLDER STILL.
THE PRETANIC KEY OF LADY YUL. DAMN THEM!

HMM...
THE STONE'S PULL IS STRONG. STANOCK MUST BE NEARBY.
WAIT...THAT STATUE....
STANOCK...
...DEAD.
ABBOT PREDICTED THIS IN A DREAM. BUT STANOCK IS UNTAINTED. WHY?

...UNLESS...
LORD FALCON?
YES.
FALCON WAS HERE.
GAIA!

AAARH!!
TOO BIG, TOO FAST.

THE TALONS OF HORUS!

JUST LIKE THAT - IT'S OVER.

I SEE.
THE SHADOW CURTAIN IS COMING. IT HURTS TO ABANDON THE CAERN, BUT I MUST.
THE BLACK SPIRAL PACK. I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS HOW THEY DIED.
STANOCK'S LETTERS.
Kinan
Blood of my blood, oldest of friends. By th
time you read this, I will be dead. Yet I
you will receive these words though th
traverse the Shadow Curtain itself. I k
this is my sanity has not left me comp
WELL, ABBOT, WHAT WILL YOU SAY TO THIS?
END.

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You'll all be missed. May you find better than you received from us.

Silver Fangs™
Tribebook

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Вступление: Вечные Цари

The nobler a man, the harder it is for him to suspect inferiority in others.
— Cicero, *Ad Quintum Fratrem*

Kinain:

Blood of my blood, oldest of friends. By the time you read this I will be dead. Yet I know you will receive these words, though they must traverse the Shadow Curtain itself. I have for this, if my sanity has not left me completely, the word of Lord Falcon himself.

At the Final Caern I drank from the Firebird Chalice, as you warned me not to do. My mind is like quicksilver slipping through my claws; yet if this is the price Helios exacts for spiritual revelation, I pay that price gladly.

I saw our tribe's history laid before me like a royal tapestry. Carried aloft in the talons of Falcon, I soared above the earliest dawn and days of legend, through Impergium and Concord. I exulted in our greatest victories and felt a thousand-fold the Harano that accompanies us on our mad downward spiral.

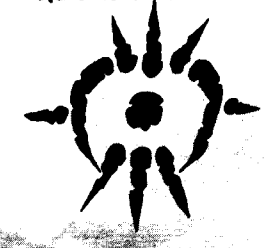
We Silver Fangs are many things. We are warrior-kings and queens with blood tracing back to the Dawn of Ages. We shoulder burdens that no other tribe can or would, done to: the twin burdens of leadership and ancient secrets known to only those who were there at the beginning. We are the oldest Garou, first born of the First Wolf. We know the Secret of Death, and are the sacred scribes of Falcon and Helios. And we are guardians of a shameful secret that stains our tribe's honor until the End of Days.

Thus, I write you, dear friend, though the Shadow Curtain looms black between us. The once-great Final Caern burns about me, and with it goes this region's last defense against the Wyrm. You, of all people, may understand my words. Our situation is desperate; we face a doom far more certain and imminent than does any other tribe. We may avoid this fate only if we awake against the hateful nightmares of hubris and Harano. Only then will our penance to Gaia be served. Only then will we deserve to lead our people beyond the Apocalypse and into the dawn of a new age.

I die content knowing this letter will reach you, though the customary Lists fracture at the Shadow Curtain's eaves. Use these notes as you will. They will bring scorn, derision and censorship from most of our tribe. Forget them; their toll is necessary and preordained. Ours is a small tribe and it will become smaller still before all this ends.

Farewell, Thomas Abbot-Yuk, my friend and respected colleague. Perhaps we will meet again in the Summer Lands beyond the Apocalypse. There we will rule again in honor and justice, in a place where the world is as new. Armageddon's caves are behind me now. The real work of the Apocalypse falls to you, our tribe and to all other Garou. May Gaia protect you.

Your friend,
Nicholas Stanock



RICHARD KANE FERGUSON 1997

Глава Первая: Скипетр и Коготь

The place of the hero's birth, or the remote land of exile from which he returns…is the mid-point or navel of the world. Just as ripples go out from an underwater spring, so the forms of the universe expand in circles from this source.

— Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*

History

Celeste,

Again, I find myself in a position where I must thank you. I realize that the dream I had was, as you said, 'The flimsiest fabrication' for you to 'dance the edge of the Shadow Curtain.' However, I could not ignore the dream, in which I saw you dispatched to the Aral Sea. I only knew from it that Nicholas was dead, and that his words had to reach us somehow.

I have begun to translate his last message, as you delivered it. Many of his notes are incomprehensible to me, written as they are in his obscure code. The rest, unfortunately, are in his wretched Classical Latin. Still, I believe Stanock learned much when he drank from the Firebird Chalice. Only a Theurge of his power and audacity would have faced the perils of using a legendary fetish of its kind.

I will relay my findings to you, and others, as we agreed in payment for your services. I translated Nicholas' history notes while vacationing in Cape Cod. This package contains my reflections of his vision, along with select passages directly translated from his epitaph. Much of it is common knowledge, but I will repeat some of the traditional legends to lend form and context to his 'hidden secrets.'

As always I will strive to maintain the detached eye of the academic while translating his vision. He himself said he doubted his sanity; we must maintain some rationality when dissecting legends. Still, I fear this will not be easy. Nicholas was my friend, but more – I think he was right.

With Gratitude,

Thomas A. Talbot

Steward of the Lodge of the Sun

House Wyrmfoe

The Dawn of Ages

From the Letters of Nicholas Stanock

We call the first age many things — the Dawn of Ages, Spring, the Golden Age — but in the present's dark realities, many homids, even a few lupus regard the Dawn of Ages as something less than real. Yet, in my mind, fresh-burning with the Firebird's elixir, the first age is more real than any other time.

The universe was born in sound and fury. Helios, Gaia and all the other First Ones created life and conducted the business of gods. Yet of these times I can confirm nothing. There are a thousand creation myths; none seem any more or less valid for my experiences in the earliest ages.

My first clear memories are of the end of the Golden Age. It was still the Dawn, but the smell of death was on the wind. A vast darkness enshrouded Gaia. Perhaps it was the Wyrm, or even an older evil; my mind still swims at its memory. The shrieking blackness rent Gaia's flesh, and loathsome beasts bubbled from Her countless wounds. Gaia was not without defenders, though. The great animal lords drove at the abominations with claw, hoof and talon. Yet the blackness continued its attack and Gaia grew weak. A cold, vile wind violated Her garden sanctum. The great darkness stole Her spirit, secreting it away in the entity's lair beneath the World's Navel.

The animals of Gaia rose as one to save Her. Wolf, however, was scorned. The other animals called him a "mottled mongrel," and banned him from their war party. Leaving Wolf behind, the animals attacked the darkness in its layer beneath the roots of Yggdrasil, the World Tree. The darkness swallowed them whole and spat them out on the World Navel's shores. Even after this defeat, however, the other animals forbade Wolf to aid them. Finally, they bent to Lord Falcon's counsel and let Wolf try, for what else could they lose? Wolf stole beneath the World Navel, but instead of attacking the great darkness he cloaked himself in its own shadows and watched, undetected.

The great darkness made Gaia sing, for such was the manner in which it drained Her essence. With each sorrowful note Gaia succumbed further to the blackness. Death itself drew near in anticipation, for it was not every day that a world died.

Eventually the darkness, absorbed by its foul lusts, grew careless of its surroundings. Wolf sprang from hiding and clamped his jaws on the being's bilious heart. Darkness' bellow resounded beyond the World's Navel, and shook the very ground the animals stood on. Yet turn and screech as it would, the darkness could not break Wolf's iron bite. At last, in fear for its existence, the darkness released Gaia to the lands above. Wolf died as he watched Her go.

Wolf hunted in the tenebrous realms of Death for a long time. Then, one day, Death spoke to him, saying:

"Though you have dwelt here long seasons, not a day has passed in Gaia's realm. Such is Her sorrow for you that even I cannot hold you against Her wishes. Few who enter the Shadowlands return to the sun-lit realms, yet when this passage occurs, the laws of fate compel me to confer a gift upon the risen."

Then Death showed Wolf the Garden of Secrets, but with the command: *"Take only one blossom between your teeth, and do not release it until you next draw breath in Gaia's warm embrace."* Wolf did this and the specter-garden slowly melted into the warmth of the World's Navel. Wolf breathed again on that strange and alien shore, a creature reborn.

The other animals marveled at Wolf's deeds. Wolf's fur had become snow-white, and Gaia said: *"Wolf has died that Life may live. Henceforth, Wolf shall know the Secret of Gaia and the Secret of Death."* Wolf kept these secrets, passing them on to only the wisest of his offspring.

The Impergium

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

In the earliest times humanity was little different from any other beast. With time, however, humanity distinguished itself, discovering strange (and then frighteningly alien) technologies such as fire, clothing and spears of flint. The frigid winds of the Ice Age (a force of the Wyld) spurred the Weaver's influence on humanity. Ultimately all Garou noticed man's predilections.

The lupus who would become the Red Talons complained that humanity hunted wolves without care for the ancient pacts forged by our ancestors. The Garou who would become the Children of Gaia complained about humans' warlike ways. Many female Garou turned on them as the earliest matriarchies died; those Garou eventually formed the Black Furies. Those who would become the Shadow Lords snarled over everything about humans on general principle. I believe the Impergium gave birth to our

The Seeds of Destruction

From the Letters of Pyotr Speaks-the-Past

Of the early humans, we bred with only the best, as was our right as kings. This is the history and, unfortunately, a subject that some of the other tribes hold against us. We led the wars and were always foremost on the field of battle. We ruled wisely through dark times; our choice of breeding stock was a reward commensurate with the losses we endured.

Do you believe the accusations that have been leveled at us, that there were not enough humans to go around? Even in the earliest times, humanity outnumbered Garou. Worthy mates were not a rarity and each tribe chose according to its needs. The Fianna chose from the artisan class. The Get of Fenris wished to beget children from hardy warrior stock. The Stargazers chose those of a mystical bent. We chose our Kinfolk from among those who embodied all of these ideals. This is a minor point of history, yet one on which I feel compelled to correct you. Stanock's letter had several other such errors. Most of his opinions are only trivially subversive, but together they paint an unflattering (and inaccurate) portrait of our tribe.

We all respected Nicholas; his death is an incalculable loss to us all. Still, he himself admitted that he had taken a mind-altering potion. Stanock was ever a dreamer, and it is easy to imagine his mind falling prey to any number of fancies under such circumstances. If you examine his letters closely, I believe you will see that his visions were almost certainly misguided. Why subject his otherwise distinguished career to ridicule because of these regrettable final musings? I pray to Gaia that your own considerable wisdom will guide you on this matter.

Respectfully,

Pyotr Speaks-the-Past

Steward of the Lodge of the Moon

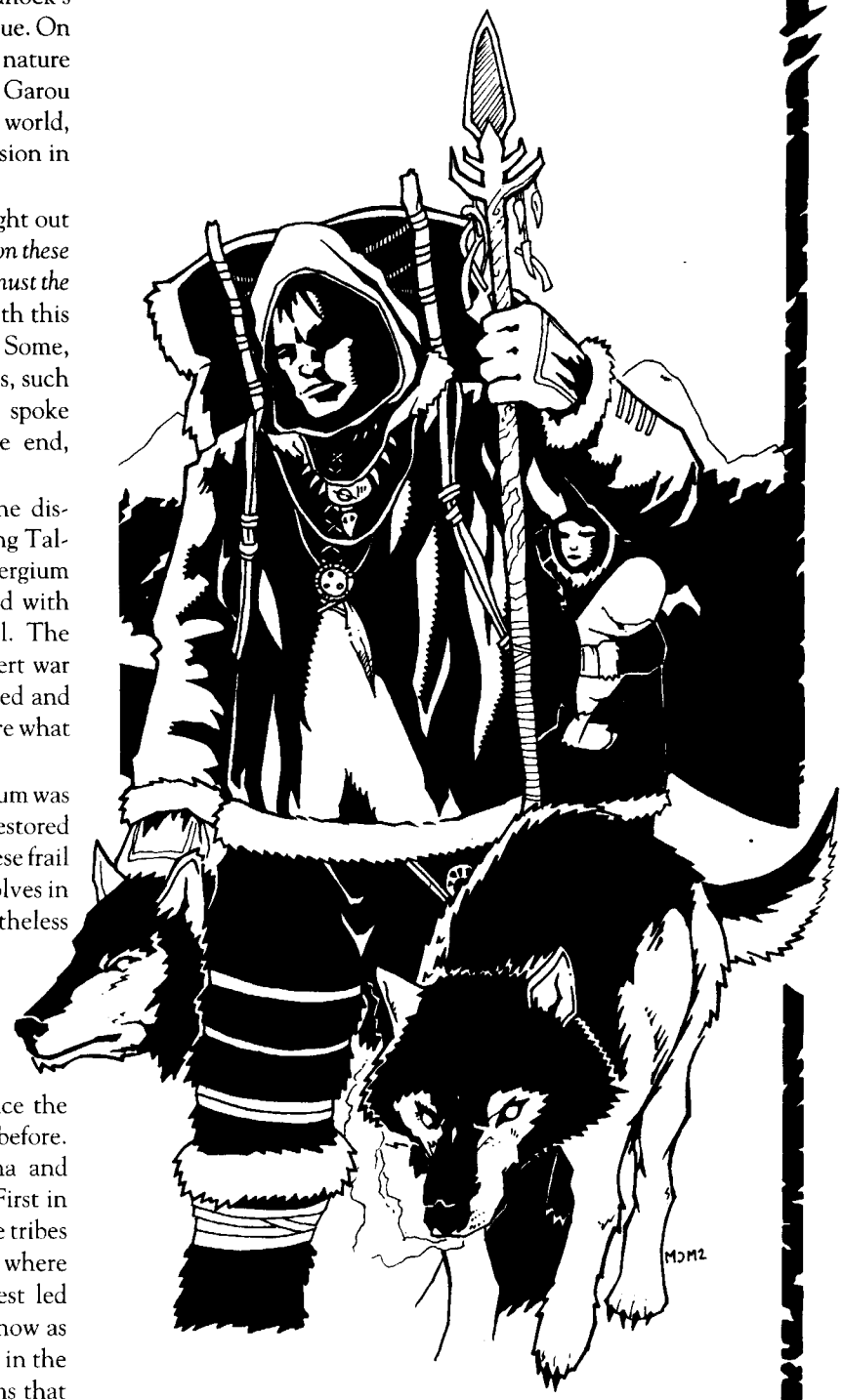
system of tribes. It split us into different principalities, each with its own beliefs and agendas.

In any event, each of these prototribes approached us with horrific tales of man's growing barbarism. Stanock's vision confirms that we were of two minds on the issue. On one hand, humanity's growing preeminence over nature was a violation of Gaia's balance. Yet were not the Garou a bridge between humanity and nature? Half of one world, half of another, we faced, perhaps, the hardest decision in history.

King Rests-the-Moon, greatest of our rulers, sought out Gaia's wisdom. She answered, *"Let a predator feed upon these creatures, for though they are cherished by Gaia, so too must the sacred balance be maintained."* The king returned with this command, and all the early tribes agreed to enact it. Some, such as the Red Talons, did so energetically. Others, such as the Children of Gaia and the Glass Walkers, spoke against the Impergium's harsh provisions. In the end, however, all tribes upheld Gaia's edict.

As each prototribe followed the Impergium, the distance between us grew. Noble Silver Fangs, ravening Talons and reluctant Children of Gaia enforced the Impergium each according to its beliefs. Some culled the herd with fang and claw, others through reasonable appeal. The Shadow Lords whisper that they carried out a covert war against mankind while our tribe supposedly postured and remained above the fray. This is a lie, but then lies are what the Lords pride themselves on.

Almost all tribes agree on one point: The Impergium was successful. Humanity's numbers were reduced; we restored Gaia's balance for a time. Yet we were torn. Were these frail humans not our Kin as much as were the packs of wolves in the forests? Commanded by Gaia, our souls nevertheless bled from these early deeds.



Exodus

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

Despite the Impergium, the Weaver's (and hence the Wyrm's) influence grew, albeit more slowly than before. Ultimately, three tribes — the Wendigo, Uktena and Croatan — decided to depart for new, pure lands. First in a trickle, then in a mighty torrent, Garou of the three tribes followed the Wyld's path, searching for a land where Weaver and Wyrm found no purchase. Their quest led them over the bridge that bound what we would know as Siberia and Alaska. We Silver Fangs, old even then in the Rus, were the last to watch them go. Stanock claims that some Wendigo bred with our tribe before parting, leaving behind a people (the Siberakh) who embodied the best of both tribes.

The Concord

From the Letters of Nicholas Stanock

Was the Impergium genocide by Gaia's command? Was Gaia wrong? Our tribe is beholden to so many masters — Gaia, Helios, Falcon, Luna — that my faith in any one is shaken before all. Do I speak heresy? Certainly there are many among us who would say so. Introspection has never been a strong point of our tribe, but then it is a scarce commodity among the Garou as a whole. Did the Impergium last for a thousand years? Two? More? My vision cast no light on this matter. Timeless Falcon cares little for such human conceits as years or centuries. I can attest to one thing, though: as the Impergium began, so did it end, and for a reason.

The Impergium was law among the Garou; a matter of "national security" to echo an all-too-common modern phrase. We Silver Fangs bear culpability for this as much as any other tribe does, perhaps more. The Impergium temporarily righted the balance between Wyld and Weaver, while its bloody excesses turned many Garou hearts to the Wyrm. Can any contest this? We slaughtered the humans, the righteous words of Gaia ever on our lips. The Children of Gaia and the Stargazers, to their eternal credit, were the first to recognize our atrocity. Many of our tribe heeded their council, but not enough.

Fortunately the great powers saw our hubris. Commanded by Helios' wisdom, great Falcon counseled truce in the high and ineffable courts of the Celestines. Even with the Firebird elixir still burning within me, I will not presume to interpret these celestial debates. Still, their outcome is not beyond me. A cosmic wrong would be righted; the Impergium would end. Lord Falcon himself lent wing to the decree, lighting upon the shoulder of Queen Viladus, the wisest of our tribe. The monarch commanded that, in the name of the Celestines, the Impergium would halt immediately. The Children of Gaia, the Black Furies and most of the Stargazers heeded the new decree. The Red Talons, most Get and many in our tribe opposed the Concord. The Shadow Lords, scenting an opportunity for power, screamed betrayal.

Finally, however, the Garou could not ignore the will of the Celestines. A conclave of all the tribes convened in Pangea, where all Garou returned to their true natures. Falcon and the other totem spirits presided; the wise Firebird-spirits honestly recorded the debate, for such was their nature. The tribes debated, though the distinctions between tribes blurred in that place. Each spoke of humanity's high aspirations or base deeds. In the end, the high powers' decision stood firm. The Concord was recognized, codified and enacted by our tribe alone.

And now humanity spreads like a mad Malthusian tide. It grows beyond all control, and spreads the Wyrm's cancer with it. Our tribe bears the final glory — or damnation — for enforcing the Concord.

The War of Rage

From the Letters of Pyotr Speaks-the-Past

Your latest essay seems to lay blame for the so-called "War of Rage" solely on our already overburdened shoulders. This is not a new accusation, of course. Our detractors point to our supposed guilt on this matter at almost every opportunity. As I recall, the legends of this time go something like this:

"Long ago, an argument arose among the skinchangers about who was most important in Gaia's eyes. The Silver Fangs, 'in their pride,' decided that only they were worthy of leading Gaia's defenders. To prove this point the Fangs, unprovoked, led a war of genocide against the other werecreatures. The other tribes, ever tractable (as we all know them to be), followed us blindly. They did this because they believed the 'myth' of Silver Fang superiority. It was only after the killing ended that the other, blameless tribes realized the tragic mistake of this war. As a result of our heinous deed, Gaia imposed a penance on our tribe."

You suggest that it is this penance that now "drives the Silver Fangs mad." Come now, is this the great "truth" that you and Stanock expect us to swallow? Are we children?

Forgive me, but the Dover Caern is falling around me by ever-so-subtle degrees. I am tired and tact eludes me.

We are both men of learning. Why simplify complex and incalculably old legends in such a manner? History is invariably more complex than such fairy tales allow. (And fortunately so for our academic profession.) Does our tribe bear some responsibility for the events surrounding the War of Rage? Of course, but then so do the other tribes and, yes, as do the unfortunate Gurahl, Nuwisha, Corax and all the other oh-so-victimized werecreatures of antiquity.

The Gurahl and Bastet, ever blindly protective of humanity, brought the Wyrm's wrath down on us during the Ice Age. The Nuwisha's mindless pranks nearly severed all skinchangers from Luna's grace. The Corax stole some of the Garou's most sacrosanct secrets. I could go on, but I am sure you mark my drift. Again, these facts are common knowledge among most tribes.

Each of the Garou tribes had bitter complaints about the other skinchangers. The Red Talons and others saw them as competition for hunting grounds. The Get had many unfortunate skirmishes with them. The Stargazers and Silent Striders coveted their secrets. We all know of the Shadow Lords' hatred for the Corax; the Lords believed the wereravens' very existence defamed their totem, Crow. There was little need for Silver Fang "hubris" in this matter. Still, each of the tribes came to us and, as the alpha-tribe, we had no choice but to comply. On this point Stanock's version of events seems to diverge from those of every sane Garou historian.

Atrocities were committed by both sides in the war, that I concede. That we committed more than the other tribes

is preposterous. To further suggest, as you do in your notes, that our tribe instigated the war is slander. And to finally insinuate that we did so against Gaia's direct decree, as you imply, is a monstrous falsehood.

I urge you again to stop this foolish venture. I appeal to you on the basis of our friendship, though I know there has been little love between us since Anna's death. If this petition does not move you, then I appeal to your loyalty as a respected athro of our tribe. Stanock's observations are extravagant to say the least. Such speculative documents endanger your distinguished career. You have always respected the rules of hierarchy. I strongly urge that you follow them now.

The Ancient World

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

The lords of the Garou could not help but gain some political power in the human world. Although we observed the Litany in those days, we had not yet fully established the provision about lifting the Veil — at least not until Rome. In those days some of our tribe ruled almost as openly as human nobles, acquiring temporal power and great wealth. A few held power in the earliest kingdoms of Africa as well, though almost all left there shortly after the War of Rage. Our power allowed us to hold our own against even the great human powers of the time. We flourished in the first warm tides of the Aegean World, reigning in Greece, Rome and among the earliest Russian tribes. Many of us even migrated north and east, establishing a presence in the early Indus civilization.

We followed the trade routes, learning much about commerce and leadership. We became kings and Kinfolk to kings. Still, our prime concern was always maintaining our true power among the Garou. We never sought the high power in human affairs wielded by other supernatural agencies.

Our power in the ancient world ended along with the Wyrm-tainted Roman Empire. The nature of our defeat there is obscure and Stanock's letters shed little light. Rome was our first great retreat, though. Perhaps this disastrous event was the first sign of Gaia's punishment — divine judgment for our excesses during the War of Rage. Certainly we had climbed far, and mostly unimpeded until that time. We had far to fall.

Byzantium

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

Our age-old power in Greece and Russia provided us much influence over Byzantine affairs. The Wyrm, ever restless, battled us often, and after our defeat in Rome we had a better grasp of its power. Our influence in the spirit world also grew and Falcon provided us with puissant allies. The Children of Karnak, a race of warrior-bird spirits, were our most reliable confederates. In the early

10th century an unknown Wyrm-mage used a powerful fetish, the "Hunger Stone," to ensnare much of Falcon's brood, serving it up as a sacrifice to his dark masters. The Hunger Stone entrapped many Children of Karnak, some Firebirds and other Falcon-spirits. Only the Great Flock remained free. This defeat was, in many ways, a greater one than was Rome. This blow against Falcon struck us at our spiritual core, but the challenge did not go unanswered.

As one, our tribe entered the Umbra to find our lost spirit-allies. In a place called Peduratus, the third great circle of the Malfean spiral, the Armies of Karnak made one final stab at freedom. Silver Fangs and warrior-spirits joined forces, slaying all Wyrm-servitors that dared block their path. Black Spirals, Banes and other Wyrm monstrosities gibbered in incoherent madness. This was their stronghold, their place of power. Yet the Garou's leading tribe had penetrated their malefic construct. Many in our tribe fell in that great emancipation, but in that crucible of blood and fire we forged our alliance with Falcon anew. Galliards from many tribes still sing about that glorious campaign. It was, in many ways, our finest hour.

The Downward Spiral

From the Letters of Pyotr Speaks-the-Past

Enough! More than enough! Your vulgar fictions now far outweigh any comic appeal they may have initially had. I read your latest squalid tract, the one detailing our tribe's so-called "downward spiral." To hear you tell the tale, the Middle Ages were not (as every cliath knows) a time of great honor and glory for our tribe. They were instead a series of "routs, holding actions and forced retreats" against the Wyrm. Balderdash!

The Middle Ages was the backdrop for our greatest triumphs. Did not King Aaron Everstone use our greatest fetish, the newly recovered Silver Crown, to break the Black Spirals' grasp of North England? Yet you repeat the baseless lies of our lowest Fianna and Get of Fenris detractors, who slander that he turned the crown against their tribes. Malcontents often repeat these lies, but to hear them from a scholar of your former standing gives them new credibility in the eyes of the mischievous and foolhardy. That Everstone's house fell completely to Harano shortly after his acts is an interesting historical coincidence, nothing more.

You blame anything and anyone, but the truth is self-evident to any loyal Silver Fang. The other tribes have fallen from their state of grace. Some, like the Stargazers, fell only slightly. Others became debased beasts, not worthy of the name Garou. How far have *you* fallen, Thomas? You exaggerate our failings, real and imagined, while diminishing the great role our tribe continues to play in Garou survival.

Once more, enough! Our tribe needs wise rulers and strong warriors, not such mindless gadfly sentiments as you espouse. Some people may misinterpret your motives in writing these letters. Some may even consider them treasonous. Let sleeping wolves lie.

The Rus

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

Our power in the Byzantine Empire waned, though not in as catastrophic a manner as it collapsed in Rome. By the millennium's turn many Byzantine Fangs emigrated north to Russia, bringing the culture of the Greeks with them. The migration was, for the most part, an equitable one between Russian and Greek Fangs. Newly made comrades after the assault on Malfeas, the Fangs of the Rus welcomed their southern cousins. This was the beginning of the great alliance between Houses Crescent and Wise Heart, an alliance that lasted until the Russian Revolution.

In the years leading up to the second millennium there was a great spiritual tumult in the Rus. Vladimir (a distant kin of the Get of Fenris) Christianized the land. The migration of the Greek Fangs coincided with this event and many Garou erroneously praise (or damn) us for the resultant shift in power. In truth, we had little to do with it, but that did not prevent us from taking advantage of the situation. The newly cemented alliance between the two Silver Fang houses was potent and we reasserted our dominance over the Russian tribes.

Unfortunately Vladimir's ties to Constantinople (through his marriage to a Byzantine princess) drew the attention of the Greek vampires: old records give the names of Ventrue and Brujah. It also attracted the attention of even darker, Carpathian vampires, seemingly loosely allied with the Shadow Lords. Our tribe fought many battles to keep the vampires' influence at bay in the Rus. But while we stopped them on the battlefield, they slunk in under cover of darkness. Vampiric presence in the Rus ultimately resulted in our tribe's greatest defeat.

The Siberakh

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

I know that discussing the Siberakh (an obscure subtribe related to us and the Wendigo) is something of a taboo among our tribe. I will again break the rules of protocol, and do so.

The Siberakh are among the so-called "pure ones," those Garou most unsullied by the Wyrm. They have an affinity with the World's Navel unlike any other Garou. The Siberakh wandered far afield in the Umbra, cleansing places of Wyrm-taint. Some even rumor they maintained contacts with the three American tribes after the bridge collapsed into the Bering Strait.

We have not heard from the Siberakh in recent centuries, but I maintain they still exist. Perhaps they are at the forefront of the war going on behind the Shadow Curtain. Accurate information about Russia's current plight is almost nonexistent.

In earlier times the Siberakh taught us our greatest lore about the World's Navel, and we learned those lessons well. (When the other tribes accuse us of "examining our navels," they do not know how right they are.) If things fall apart completely here and in the Penumbra, the World's Navel may be where we make our final stand. I only hope the "Ronin" Siberakh will aid us then.

The Russian Revolution

From the Letters of Pyotr Speaks-the-Past

Your castigation of our alleged "incompetence" during the Russian Revolution shows your true colors at last. I am grateful to see that you have stepped out of Stanock's shadow for once. That he had no opinion of the 1917 revolution is disappointing. I had so longed to hear what Lord Falcon — king of the air, messenger of Helios — would have to say about our Crescent-House colleagues. Perhaps fresh insights on Rasputin's "cross-dressing" Silver Fang assassin, Felix Yusupov? Your cavalier defamation of our greatest heroes does you little credit as a gentleman. Still, at least you did not bother to hide behind Stanock's academic hem this time. The words you wrote were, as you said, "yours alone."

You report (truthfully) that the Children of Gaia, the most gullible of the Russian tribes, came to our leaders. They said they had found a dagger at the Wyrm's belly. They claimed they knew of a vampire aristocrat whom they could "trust."

The Children petitioned that the vampire had supplied them with secret knowledge of the Wyrm's weaknesses. The vampire supposedly gave us the information to damage his rivals. This, at least, held true with our knowledge of vampiric politicking and scheming. Unfortunately the Children reported that the Red Army killed the vampire shortly after he delivered this message. I am sure this appeared all too convenient to some of our tribe; the decision to act on the information was not unanimous. The Children convincingly swore that the vampire had no sign of Wyrm-taint. (Their honesty can be damnably inconvenient at times.) They suggested a course of calculated trust. All the tribes, weary of long war, were eager for a chance to win with a decisive death-blow. Still, we were not naive.

Some of our seers foresaw disaster, but others promised victory. I suppose it was just one of those times when people have to make leaps of faith. Ever wary of deceit, the loyalist tribes set a trap. Spirit-couriers and the fastest messengers sought out every loyal Garou in the region. Werewolves of

almost every kind arrived by foot, horse and Moon Bridge. A fourth of this great force attacked the Black Spiral caern of which the vampire spoke; the rest waited in reserve. The Children of Gaia reported credible dangers, even relating details of what might have been a Nexus Crawler. We believed that we had mustered enough force to smash many times that threat. No one could have foreseen what happened next.

The Black Spiral caern was well-guarded, yet the loyalist Garou seemingly took the Spirals by surprise. Powerful rites protected the tribes from the labyrinth's corrupting influence. On the second spiral, that dedicated to the Beast-of-War, the assembled tribes reportedly heard a keening sound. "Perhaps," they thought, "this was the Nexus Crawler?" It was not.

I know not how, but the Wyrm forces awakened a Zmei! I know not which one. (Perhaps Shazear?) There were but seven of these monsters in existence, and Silver Fang claws had slain one, Sharkala the Cruel, centuries earlier. Unfortunately the Garou did not have Sharkala's slayers, Yuri and Sophia Tvarivich, with them that night. The Zmei decimated the war party. Black Spirals and other Wyrm creatures poured from the labyrinth walls. I believe there were also many Bone Gnawers and Shadow Lords among the foul attackers.

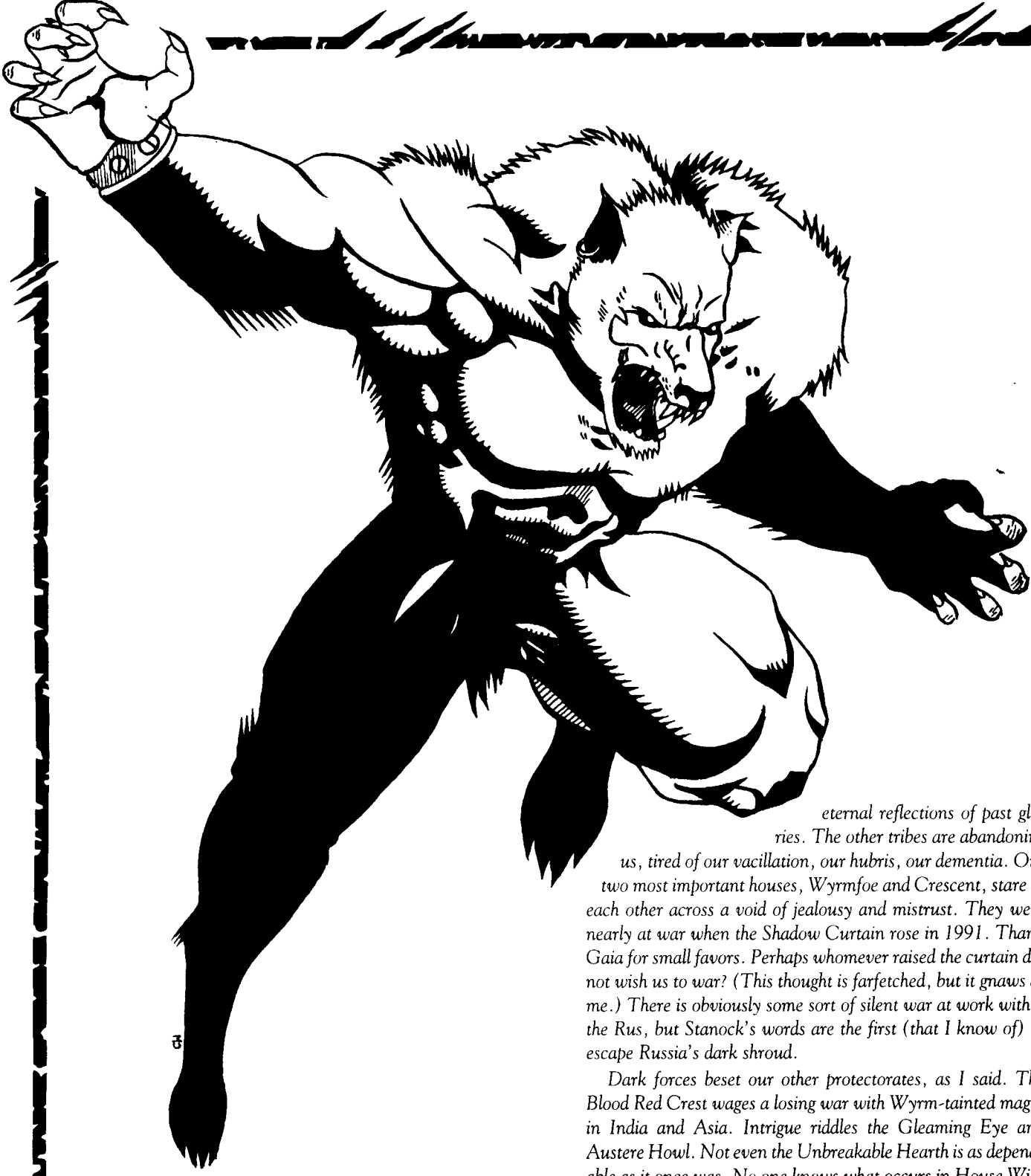
All the tribes suffered grievous losses that night, but none more so than us. House Crescent lost over a fourth of its strength, a blow from which it has yet to recover. The dragon disappeared and none have seen it since (though rumors of the Zmei's ongoing rampage are whispered from under the Shadow Curtain). Occult scholars of every tribe know of this catastrophe. The event is perhaps the single most disastrous in our tribe's recent history. Our power in Russia has ended, perhaps forever.

Is this not enough for you?

And if that were not enough, you accuse our tribe of another betrayal, a "crime of omission" committed a generation later. The Russian Red Talons blamed the Children of Gaia when their policy of peaceful engagement failed to stop Stalin from testing the first atomic weapon on Russian soil. The Talons slaughtered almost every Child of Gaia out of revenge. You suggest that our tribe stood by idly, allowing the slaughter. This is a lie! We did so, you suggest, in revenge for the Children's bad council during the revolution. You blacken your soul and our tribe's honor with your vile slanders. Must you cast disgrace on our tribe at every turn? Have you — at last — no shame, sir?

Stanock's letters and your circulation of them dishonor our tribe's heroic sacrifices. I will not sit back and watch you defame the valiant dead, as is so obviously your intention. If you persist in slandering our great tribe, not even your connections to King Albrecht will save you. This is your final warning.

Apostate, beware.



The Present

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

Celeste,

A few final words before I sleep. No more fiery revelations, just the coldness of history coming to an end.

Things are moving far too fast for our tribe. The Wyrm presses us on every front, in every part of the world. A few of us have adapted to the new realities, but many more wallow in eternal reflections of past glories. The other tribes are abandoning us, tired of our vacillation, our hubris, our dementia. Our two most important houses, Wyrmfoe and Crescent, stare at each other across a void of jealousy and mistrust. They were nearly at war when the Shadow Curtain rose in 1991. Thank Gaia for small favors. Perhaps whomever raised the curtain did not wish us to war? (This thought is farfetched, but it gnaws at me.) There is obviously some sort of silent war at work within the Rus, but Stanock's words are the first (that I know of) to escape Russia's dark shroud.

Dark forces beset our other protectorates, as I said. The Blood Red Crest wages a losing war with Wyrm-tainted mages in India and Asia. Intrigue riddles the Gleaming Eye and Austere Howl. Not even the Unbreakable Hearth is as dependable as it once was. No one knows what occurs in House Wise Heart. (But then, did anyone ever know?) The recent ascension of King Albrecht is one of a few hopeful signs, as are hints at renewed contact with the fae overlords, the sidhe. Falcon's active role in delivering Stanock's letters is good news, though his direct involvement also means that the Apocalypse is much closer than any of us dared imagine. We are not ready.

One-fourth of our tribe is so sodden with Harano that they cannot function. Another fourth are worthless sybarites, reveling in the coming Apocalypse. The tides of dementia are fast eroding our remaining sanity. If this does not stop we will be a

tribe of no-moons (no offense) before the war starts in earnest. Decadence and sorrow are both fertile ground for the Wyrm, and growing numbers of our tribe defect to its dark ranks. This leaves about half of us alert and willing to wage the Apocalypse War, but even that number is rapidly dwindling.

I retire this evening with mixed emotions. Stanock's letters both encourage and dishearten me. Visions of dark betrayals and grand deeds, Gaia's compassion, the loyalty of Falcon, and inimical Wyrm forces churn madly behind my eyelids. If we are to survive, we must play to the better angels of our nature. We have a great and glorious history, of which we are justly proud. This history is not one reflected merely by battles won or Wyrm-beasts slain, but by the ideals that drive us. If we are to be worthy of our heritage, we must rekindle these ancient fires.

Stanock's letters finally disintegrate into insane and cryptic conjuration, telling me little more of worth. Perhaps he was mad. Still, I had the dream and you found the papers. Pyoter's last letter had an unquestionably threatening tone, but do not be concerned. I may be an old wolf, but my fangs are still sharp. Tomorrow I will go to one of our Kinfolk, a trusted scholar in the Arcanum. Perhaps she will be able to aid me in deciphering Stanock's arcane scrawls.

I retire now. I will play the new Tchaikovsky CD I bought in town last week. The cellophane is still on it. I can hear the waves through the screen door; the air is agreeably cool. I have not eaten much since Tuesday. Perhaps I will have a scotch.

Farewell for now, my daughter in all but name. When next I write, I promise to have better tidings.

Глава Вторая: Те, Кто Отбрасывают Тени

Philosophy

Consuming hunger of the uncritical mind for what it imagines to be certainty impels it to feast on shadows.

— Peter Bell, *Science and Sanity*

Pull up a rock and sit down, cliath. I saw you out there earlier; you did well. Martin Rothchild is the name, and Summer-Snow says you're of Stockwell's line. Relax. If we're going to sit out here in the snow and wait for the next Spiral attack, we may as well be comfortable. We've just won a respectable victory. Did you see how they scattered? Rabbits! It's nights like this that I'm glad to be Silver Fang.

Sit! I have killed a deer, and although no fires are allowed right now, I am sure we will make do. Whiskey? I see you got a nasty gash on the cheek. Your first scar? You should be proud. Except for a Heidelberg scar, you don't get much better than a scratched cheek.

Was it from that spider-monkey I saw you chasing near the quarry? I thought so. No, they aren't Black Spirals; spider-monkeys are fomori and damned annoying ones at that.

"What's a fomor...?" You really are new at this. Didn't Summer-Snow tell you anything? Though the way things blew up yesterday, I guess she didn't have much time. Look — your father was a friend of mine years ago, and you showed some real guts out there. (In both senses of the word.) You're obviously Ahroun, and that gives us something else in common. We may have a while to wait out here. I'll tell you what: Hit me with your best shot. What do you want to know?

"What the hell is a Silver Fang" and "How did I get here?" Tall order, but I can answer the second question right away. You are here because *you* are a Silver Fang. That's why you're out here freezing your butt off in the snow, and that's why you were going blood-mad and scrapping with monsters you didn't even know existed a few days ago. That's why you tore that creature's throat out with your teeth, and that's why you feel an inborn sense of nobility and command. The other tribes, they see that white fur and they jump, despite what they say about us behind our backs. It's instinct. You have the blood of kings in you, and the blood of wolves as well.

Now, "What the hell is a Silver Fang?" Very well. What *do* you know about us?

Hmm. I guess Summer-Snow wasn't completely negligent, though it sounds like she gave you all the history and spooky cosmological stuff without any of the nuts and bolts. Typical Galliard. All right, I guess the best place to start is with our tribal structure, our laws and some of the factions that you may meet. To get the reasons behind all this, give Alexandra a call. She's a Philodox; they're good at helping people connect the dots. Here we go. Let me know if I lose you.

Structure

We Silver Fangs learn since birth what it is to be noble and Garou, or at least that's the theory. (You, young friend, are an obvious exception.) Our athros — teachers — carry on a tradition as old as the tribe itself: the transmission of our tribe's history through the spoken and written word. We are the most literate tribe, with the possible exception of the Fianna. (I'll let Alexandra fill you in on them.) Our law is therefore elaborate and legalistic. But behind this is a strong appreciation for the spirit of that law.

Many werewolves acknowledge the Celestine Helios as the patron of Silver Fang (and so much of Garou) law. The Concord, in particular, bears his mark. One of Falcon's broods, the Firebirds, was influential in the creation of the Concord and the Litany. It is not surprising, then, that many forget our tribe is equally beholden to Luna, the Celestine of the moon. Because of these loyalties, our tribe is sharply divided into two lodges, the Lodge of the Sun and the Lodge of the Moon. Most aspects of our philosophy revolve around these two groups.

Lodges (Sun and Moon)

The lodges are the primary dividers of our tribe. The Lodge of the Sun is somewhat larger than that of the Moon, outnumbering it in most of our royal houses by a three-to-two margin. Although the lodges are the most significant division in Silver Fang society, they are traditionally benign. They each represent twin ideals: reason and order (the Sun), and passion and mysticism (the Moon).

A lodge is mostly a matter of personal philosophy and a touch of spirituality, or at least that's how you tend to wind up in one. What happens next is a different story. You see, the lodges reinforce our ideals of duality: human and wolf, right? Same with Helios and Luna. They also play off one another politically, especially at moots. You see, sometimes the Moon Lodge'll declare a certain fetish, patch of ground or tidbit of lore to be "in their province," and therefore assert a claim to it. The Sun Lodge does the same. It's part jockeying for influence, I'll admit, but it's also making sure that things and tasks fall into the hands of those most capable of handling them. Just like leaving war to the Ahrouns and spirit-talk to the Theurges, right?

Most members of our tribe gravitate to a lodge shortly after our Firstings. Membership in a lodge is encouraged for homids — lupus are traditionally free to do as they please, don't ask me why — and you can't be a member of both. You can switch from one lodge to another, but be careful: Doing so may reduce your honor in the eyes of the tribe. The lodges stage two great shared celebrations on the twin solstices. Our Winter Solstice celebration is open to all Garou. It's a raucous affair and a good chance to let your fur down and learn about the other tribes. The Summer Sol-

stice is a time to renew our ties with Helios and Luna, and so we don't want outsiders mucking with the sanctity of this event.

Now, a king transcends lodges by his very nature; he has to be impartial. The lodges are at their most formal, however, when they're present in the king's court. This is where they really come into play; you see, the Sun Lodge deals with affairs of humanity and the physical realm, while the Moon Lodge oversees matters of a lupus and spiritual bent. Each lodge is represented by a shaman, steward and squire. The two shamans are always Theurges and they advise kings on the spiritual and physical world. The stewards are always Philodox and marshal the tribe's war effort against the Wyrm. And the squires are Galliards who oversee the defensive forces and keep an eye out for incursions, sort of like Caern Warders. The seneschal transcends the two lodges and may be of any auspice, although we Ahroun have rightly dominated the position since the 1300s. The Ragabash like to say we usurped their position as seneschal, and there is some hostility between us on this count. So you see, a Fang protectorate only really needs six lodge members — but as the lodges gain influence, they've attracted more Fangs to their ranks.

Both lodges oversee our system of laws and the Litany. They also try to maintain the Concord. During meetings between the lodges, the Lodge of the Sun places its accouterments at the north end of the meeting place. The Moon Lodge takes the south. I hear some of the Eastern houses prefer an east-west arrangement. I pity the poor Philodox who has to make the seating arrangements at a multihouse moot. Our tribe can be a little obsessive with formalities; I've seen blood spilled over who gets what chair.

Sun

I am in the Sun Lodge and, as an Ahroun, you will probably end up there as well. The Sun Lodge teaches order, discipline, harmony, intellect and rationality. We are the servants of Helios and maintain strong ties with Falcon's Weaver-spirits, the Children of Karnak. Our lodge deals with the human world and maintains an intricate power structure among our Kinfolk. We are masters of politics and commerce, though we primarily control small, rural-based corporations. Most of these are trading companies, cottage software businesses, communications firms and the like. We also influence many museums and privately-owned libraries. Galliards and Ahroun tend to join our lodge.

Moon

The Silver Fangs of the Moon Lodge seek ecstatic, spontaneous experiences. Fangs of this lodge are the servants of Luna and maintain strong ties with the Wyld Falcon brood, the Talons of Horus. Those of this lodge explore the spirit world, traveling far afield in the Penumbra. They deal with the tribe's lupus population, and most lupus and metis who choose a lodge choose this one. The Moon Lodge typically has better occult scholars than we do. Like us, they have a fair amount of influence over many museums and privately-owned libraries. Theurges and Ragabash gravitate toward the Moon Lodge. Philodox are split down the middle — as suits them

Martial Tradition

We have maintained a vigorous martial tradition throughout our history. Every Silver Fang cliath learns the rudiments of military tactics, self-defense and sword play. It looked like you got a good start tonight. Most of us are also trained with firearms. Despite our tribe's well-deserved reputation for honor, we aren't above using the occasional "dirty trick" in combat. The Shadow Lords largely underestimate our capacity for martial deception.

Camps

The leadership of the lodges actively discourages the formation of private "camps" within the tribe. It does so to prevent factionalism, but we have no laws that explicitly forbid the existence of camps. The majority of Silver Fangs do not belong to any "unofficial" organizations. I urge you to be careful about making friends carelessly.

Renewal

The Renewal movement is a recent phenomenon and it's active in both lodges. I think it started in House Wise Heart, but it's now growing throughout the world. The Renewalists are for a spiritual reinvigoration, as espoused by people like King Albrecht and King Nayar of the Blood Red Crest. They believe the only way for the tribe to survive is through some kind of "spiritual rebirth." Ask any two Renewalists what that means and you'll get three different answers, though.

They have adherents in both traditional and more modern circles in our tribe. Yet in some ways they break almost completely with our traditions. Many of them advocate an increase of Silver Fang Kinfolk through intermarrying with other tribes' Kin. Most in our tribe consider this heresy.

American Renewalists have high regard for King Albrecht, though he doesn't claim to be one of them. While most Renewalists support the current monarchs (some more so than others), most Royalists distrust them anyway.

Royalists

Most in our tribe are what you might call "small-r" royalists by inclination. I remember when I first became aware of my Silver Fang heritage. People were in the streets protesting the Vietnam War and a host of other things, and the old imperialist fogies in my pack were trying to teach me

the "virtues of monarchy." They seemed antiquated as hell, but after a while it just seemed to click! We're not human nobility, kid. As Silver Fangs, and as Garou, we're defenders of a gigantic mystical paradigm that I can't begin to fathom. I only buy about half of what the tribal elders sell as tradition, but our true nature and purpose are pretty clear to me. As for all the trappings and ceremonies — they've lasted a long time and there are damn good reasons for many of them. Don't be too quick to judge anything that seems strange.

On the other hand, Royalists (with a "big-R") are also a specific political group. They generally run the show in our tribe, though they would resent being called a camp. They're the most interested in restoring our tribe's monarchical influence over the other tribes, and they're the ones driving the bus at the moment. Their motivations vary. Some are honest traditionalists who believe that Silver Fang leadership is necessary to withstand the coming Apocalypse. Others just crave power. While the Royalists are the most powerful force in our tribe, their influence on other tribes is waning. There are some Garou in almost every tribe who still favor restoring our tribe's preeminence, but their number's dwindling.

The Royalists send ambassadors to other tribes regularly. I hear they're favorite fall guys in Bone Gnawer folk tales.

Ivory Priesthood

I'll be honest — these Silver Fangs disturb me. I know that Death is the left hand of Gaia's balance, but honestly, some of these Garou look and smell dead. (But then, some Silent Striders strike me the same way.) I'm just not sure it's a natural state. Still, in all our legends the First Wolf died to save Gaia and consequently learned the "Secret of Death." Ever since that time, there has been a small caste of Silver Fang Theurges dedicated to preserving this secret. The priesthood has members in both lodges. You'll recognize them if you see them; they and their acolytes wear white robes that are covered in death runes from our culture and countless others. Or at least that's the story. The runes are in an almost invisible silver thread, and few want to get close enough to study them.

The Ivory Priesthood is among the scant few Garou with access to the so-called Dark Umbra, where ghosts live. (The Silent Striders is the other group.) I've heard stories of Ivory Priests who can kill with a stare. Apparently they're also enemies of the Shadow Lords' Society of Nidhogg. (But that's a whole different story.) Despite its sinister reputation, the priesthood is one of our tribe's greatest weapons against the Wyrm. If you meet a priest, give her the proper respect and a wide berth.

Kinfolk Families

Our Kinfolk are an exclusive fraternity to say the least. We choose them based on their competence, loyalty and, yes, beauty. It is, indeed, good to be the king. Like us, however, many of our Kinfolk battle Harano. This has lessened their effectiveness in some ways, but it also makes them more dangerous to our enemies. Silver Fang Kin come from some of the wealthiest and most powerful families in the world, but then one look at you tells me you know that much already.

Some examples of powerful North American Kinfolk families include the New Orleans Delacourts (of House Gleaming Eye), the Rothchilds (an Unbreakable Hearth family that made its money as railroad barons in the Old West), and the oil-rich Batells. King Albrecht's family is one of the finest in New England, and is making a fortune by reintroducing old environmentally safe farming techniques. I understand that another of House Wyrmfoe's families pulls strings in the FBI, but you didn't hear that from me.

Most of us trace our lineage through both Kinfolk and Garou sides, and take our names accordingly. Me, I didn't have a Garou parent — don't give me that look, kid, my blood's still at least as thick as yours — so I took the family Rothchild. If my mother had been Garou, I'd have taken her name instead. Keeps things clear, even if some Garou-sired Fangs start feeling a little superior. I understand these folks grind their teeth whenever Albrecht's name is mentioned. You guessed it, kid — the Albrechts are a fine Kin family, but the king doesn't have a Garou parent. Maybe he'll breed true, as well, and then you'll have Albrecht being a Garou name as well. Confusing? Yeah, a bit, but that's what the Galliards are here for.

The Litany

Royalty does good and is badly spoken of.

— Antisthenes (5th-4th century B.C.)

Our tribe is largely responsible for both the institution and observation of the Litany, though the latter role has diminished somewhat in recent centuries. Each tribe typically administers the Litany as it sees fit these days, but that doesn't stop us from "interfering" when other tribal remedies fail. Many Garou still see us as the Litany's final adjudicators, and approach us for guidance.

Garou Shall Not Mate With Garou

Some say our tribe has an obsession with blood purity. This is probably true. Few of us, apart from the Renewalists, would ever mate with other Garou or Kinfolk from other tribes. Ironically, our dwindling gene pool causes many of the defects that this tenet seeks to avoid. Breed purity is especially important to our tribe's aristocracy, which maintains the most exclusive gene pools.

We've obeyed this tenet scrupulously throughout most of our history; metis Silver Fangs were all but unknown before the 18th century. Since that time, however, worsening situations have led some of us to turn to our own kind for comfort and procreation. While these charachs are in the vast minority, their number is growing. Offspring of these unions are pariahs in most houses, and are particularly unbalanced.

Combat the Wyrm Whenever it Dwells and Wherever it Breeds

The Wyrm fears us as the Garou's leaders. Despite our problems, we still make potent enemies. When we galvanize ourselves into acting as one, we're a war machine capable of inflicting devastating damage to the Wyrm's minions. When this happens, the other tribes tend to rally around us. Unfortunately, they say it's difficult for them to tell the difference between a serious Silver Fang assault and one of our leader's latest delusions of grandeur. The Wyrm and the Shadow Lords seek to confuse the issue, planting false rumors against us. Although still strong against attack from without, we suffer Wyrm-corruption from within. Don't go blathering this to other tribes, though. It's an internal matter and one we'll take care of ourselves.

Respect the Territory of Another

This an inviolate provision, simply because all territories are technically ours. Our monarchs claim vast swaths of land as protectorates. In the past we ruled in deed, administering over these territories with the (often) willing cooperation of the other tribes. Now our territorial claims fall short of our reach. The other tribes have long held exclusive rights to their territories; only our most delusional nobles dispute this anymore. We have to respect the other tribes' territories for practical reasons, and we expect them to behave likewise. We still occasionally break up violent territorial disputes between other tribes, sometimes by force.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

We adhere to a high tradition of honor in combat, one that outsiders often misunderstand. Our codes regarding the acceptance of an honorable surrender are somewhat arcane, but I'm sure the elders will drill them into you soon enough. The intellectual underpinnings of these codes are similar to those of medieval chivalry, though they stem from more ancient (and feral) origins. We are keenly aware of the Garou's dwindling numbers and usually spare those who surrender honorably. Nevertheless, our hubris sometimes prevents us from surrendering ourselves, since many consider defeat at the hands of an "inferior" dishonorable. We are, perhaps foolishly, less likely to ask for quarter than to give it.

Submit to Those of Higher Station

This provision has been the basis of our authority and power for millennia. Garou are, for the most part, hierarchical creatures, and have traditionally deferred to our authority as the "alpha-tribe." Our athros teach our cliath the traditions of hierarchy and the natural order of things. In some respects rank transcends tribal affiliation and blue blood. Our tribe views a Silver Fang of any rank to be of higher station than a non-Fang of equal standing. Unfortunately the other tribes don't always see things this way anymore, and it occasionally leads to conflict.

Despite our tribe's superiority, our aristocracy does recognize the authority of the other tribes' leaders. Misbehave in another tribe's caern and its elders will snip your ears just like any other cub's. Don't come crying to me if it happens.

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

Most tribes cede us this right, even today. We may still expect the first share of spoils on the strength of our blood, though internal tribal rank also plays a role. A Silver Fang's claim to the first share is usually equal to that of a non-Fang (or in some cases two) who is ranks above him. Contrary to Shadow Lord propaganda, we are traditionally generous in victory and reward each according to genuine merit.

Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

As the arbiters of the Concord, we enforce this provision vigorously. Just so there are no misunderstandings: We will strictly and permanently penalize *any* Garou who violates this tenet.

Respect for Those Beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

Despite charges to the contrary, our tribe upholds this tenet fairly. In many ways I guess we still consider the other tribes our children, unruly but still loved. Call it *noblesse oblige* if you must, but it shapes much of our behavior toward our subjects. Even during the height of our power, our hand was seldom heavy or unjust. Most in the other tribes realize this and, with a few notable exceptions, have not sought retribution against us as we have fallen on hard times.

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

As a tribe, we enforce the Veil. However, our record as individuals has become increasingly erratic of late. Our Harano and isolation have caused some of us to endanger the Veil at the worst possible times. We react to such breaches with either stern compassion or vengeful retribution, depending on the nature of the transgression.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

Of all the Litany's provisions, this is the one we tend to ignore most frequently. As many outsiders will attest, most of us are "sick" in some manner. I don't care what that ad campaign says, now is not "a great time to be silver." Mental infirmity affects most of us to some degree; we have no choice but to tend each other's wounds if we hope to survive as a tribe. This has led some outsiders, most notably the Get of Fenris, to conclude that our tribe coddles its weak. Others, such as the Children of Gaia, approve of our actions because they understand our plight. Many of us view this *de facto* violation of the Litany as the civilized prerogative of monarchy, superseding more "primitive"

feral notions of behavior. This might not always sit well with your Garou instincts, but it's the way we do things.

The Leader May Be Challenged At Any Time During Peace

This is a valid concept, but we support it only to a point. A Silver Fang may challenge a Silver Fang during times of peace, and other tribes may challenge their leaders. We do not extend this right to our position as the leading tribe. Our position on this is inviolate and eternal.

The Leader May Not Be Challenged During Wartime

This is a moot point, since the coming Apocalypse puts us in a perpetual state of war. Most of the other tribes continue to support us on the strength of this tenet, but many also secretly believe that we are leading them to disaster. Our competitors have sought to use this to turn the other tribes against us. There is no shortage of contenders for the role of alpha-tribe. The Shadow Lords are the most public contenders, but they want it too badly. The Silver Fangs may fall, but the Shadow Lords will precede us into oblivion. The Get of Fenris are honorable contenders, but I believe we need not fear them until the last days of the Apocalypse. The Glass Walkers, Uktena and even the Children of Gaia have a taste for power, though the last will come to pass only if we defeat the Wyrm and enter a new Dawn of Ages. One thing in our favor is that no other tribe is even remotely qualified to take our place.

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

Because of past victories, we control a number of caerns far out of proportion to our numbers. This affords us certain tactical advantages. We therefore enforce this tenet of the Litany more stringently than ever.

Our support of this rule is not wholly self-serving. Wyrm violation of any Garou caern, even one belonging to the Shadow Lords or Glass Walkers, means that Gaia dies a little more. Our warriors have fallen in the defense of even Bone Gnawer caerns. And that's as it should be; Gaia expects no less from us.

Madness

Sometimes accidents happen in life from which we have need of a little madness to extricate ourselves successfully.

— La Rochefoucauld, *Maxims*

I'm not trying to scare you, but I'm not going to sugarcoat this, either. Our tribe is going mad and you aren't likely to be an exception. Oh, there are madder creatures out there. The Dancers, as well as the worst vampires, make us seem like paragons of stability, but we're slipping away nonetheless. All of us have our moments of lucidity, and many of us are rational most of the time. However, very few of us are completely whole in mind and spirit.

Few of the other tribes realize how hard we struggle to keep our grip on reality. We are a shadow of what we once were. There is an old saying: "Those who cast a shadow must stand in the light." So it is with us. The darkness in our tribe is commensurate with our highest deeds. We know the highs and lows of existence in a way that "protected" Garou never will. I can only describe our madness as some sort of malign undertow. You'll know what I mean when it pulls you under.

Some of us are unbalanced from birth, but most of us don't experience real problems until after our Firstings. I'm sorry, but if you haven't experienced anything yet, you probably soon will. When it happens, my advice is to seek out another Fang or a Firebird-spirit to "talk you down." Barring that, a Child of Gaia, Fianna or Stargazer will do in a pinch, but we'll have to deprogram you afterward.

There are a few tricks that you can use to get around it for a while. We Ahroun can overcome even Harano with Rage when needed. You can't stave it off forever, but long enough to get the job done. Our madness makes us more susceptible to the Wyrm, but our madness is not *of* the Wyrm.

Our madness may be the product of inbreeding, as most Garou believe, but some Silver Fangs figure it comes from a deeper, spiritual source. They think our tribe committed some terrible sin in the past, and that Gaia decreed madness as our spiritual atonement. They believe the only way to cure the tribe is to address our transgression somehow. I'm not sure which theory is right.

We can also contain, or at least channel, our madness through our structure of codes and ceremonies. It is your duty to battle your insanity, but dementia can work for you, too. Our enemies and competitors rightly fear our madness, and that has bought us some time.

What's more, it's the young ones like you, who haven't seen too much and haven't fallen to the killing gloom, who give hope to even the hoariest and most senile elders of the tribe. Yeah, all eyes are on you, young lord. What did you expect? You might be the one who finds the way out of our private little asylums, or who drives away the Harano once and for all. Then again, maybe not. But you still have to try.

Hey, cheer up and have another drink of whiskey, young friend. We're not done for yet.

RICHARD
KANE
FERGUSON

Глава Третья: Что Приобретёт Тот, Кто Завоюет Весь Мир?

World View

He that would govern others, first should be the master of himself.

— Philip Massinger, The Bondman

Silver Fangs Around the World

You must be Stockwell's cub. Make yourself at home. You may call me Alexandra. Yes, it is Russian, but I left there long ago; your house has been good enough to give me sanctuary. No, do not concern yourself with the mud on the carpets. Mercer will take care of it.

I can tell by your general condition and the whiskey on your breath that you have been with Martin Rothchild. You aren't the first he has sent to me in this condition. It seems I have my work cut out for me. You look surprised to see a Fang of my advanced years. Yes, it is true that not many of us not live long after 30. Gaia has blessed me with many seasons to appreciate her cycles.

But first things first. My Kinfolk will tend to your arm and that gash on your leg, and will do something about that scratched cheek. You must also bathe and change. Being Garou does not give one license for slovenliness. When all that is complete, and we have had some lunch, I will begin your instruction.

Ah, much better. Iris seldom disappoints, and you were charming company. Come. While they clear away the dishes we will walk in the garden. It is a shame that you cannot see it in spring, but I still find it delightful in winter. The pond is frozen; look how it reflects Luna's grace. Perhaps later I will show you the ice-spirits who live there. Feel that icy wind? It cuts you to the bone, but invigorates as well.

Ah, and my roses. Look how their thorns glisten under the coat of ice. No, don't go down that path! Those roses do not like intruders, though they only react violently to servants of the Wyrm. They caught a pair of fomori a few months ago and gutted them quite cleanly. I removed the bodies, of course — fomori make poor fertilizer. I learned about plants and their qualities from my tutor in House Wise Heart. The house is wise in Gaia's secrets, and I was an apt pupil.

This brings us to you, cliath. You have begun a different life from any you have ever known. You have new responsibilities and cannot escape them if you wish to remain true to your nature. Here, I shall tell you about the Seven, by which I mean the Seven Great Houses of our tribe. I will also touch briefly on the lost houses and the other Garou tribes who are our subjects and charges. Then, if the hour is not too late, I will tell you about some of the other creatures abroad in the world. Hardly scratching the surface, I know, but it shall have to suffice.

The 13 Houses

There were once 13 major houses in the Silver Fang tribe, as well as several minor ones. Six of the houses disappeared or died out over time; the true power of the tribe lies with the seven that remain.

The Seven

Seven Silver Fang families currently guide our tribe's destiny. A king or queen rules over each house, though in the Motherland we called them tsar or tsarina. Each house has its own distinct character and often-divergent agendas. I fear the political turmoil created by the machinations of these houses is reaching a boil.

The Gleaming Eye (Northern Europe)

Many consider members of this house calculating, ruthless and more than a little mad, even by Silver Fang standards. It is certainly one of our more enigmatic houses. Most members live in France, Germany or the Scandinavian countries. They have ruled with an iron grip since before the Roman Empire. They are a power to be reckoned with throughout most of Europe, and the other tribes disobey the Gleaming Eye's edicts at their peril.

Some rumor that the family has somehow fallen to the Wyrm, but I believe the opposite is true. My messengers say the house has successfully purged the last of its Wyrm elements, but that its leadership is now paranoid that other houses are Wyrm-infested, and plots against them. This would be consistent with what I know of the house's character, which is of a paranoid bent. Alas, this paranoia is not unjustified. The Gleaming Eye is one of the two most powerful houses (the other being Wyrmfoe), and it has begun to lash out at the other houses. So far these instances have only resulted in skirmishes with House Wise Heart and the Austere Howl.

The Gleaming Eye is on the Shadow Curtain's border and fears that what happened in Russia will soon happen to it. The house's ruler, Queen Anna de Provence, is a skilled Theurge duelist and an enigma. Some say she has faerie blood, though I discount these rumors. She is often absent from house events, traveling the deep Umbra. Her equally enigmatic brother, Calvin de Provence, rules in her absence.

The Unbreakable Hearth (Canada and American Midwest)

The Unbreakable Hearth was originally a European house, centered primarily in Spain, Italy and France. It fell on hard times in Europe and its members were among the first European Garou to emigrate to the New World. As Europeans settled the Midwest and Canada, the Unbreakable Hearth was at their forefront, carving out large territories for itself. This sometimes brought the foreigners into

conflict with the native Red Talons and Wendigo, though this enmity apparently cooled with time. The Unbreakable Hearth's main purpose was to be a broker between ourselves and the other tribes.

Many European Garou came to the Americas to get away from the Old World's kings. Others, however, recognized the need to uphold traditional Garou hierarchy in the New World. However, Unbreakable Hearth did the unthinkable by focusing its attention on urban centers. It now runs successful businesses in major metropolitan areas throughout Canada and the Midwest. It is an "earthy" house, but this has seemingly gained it the genuine respect of most other tribes.

Once the most solid and reliable of the Seven, the Unbreakable Hearth is now in grave peril. It recently suffered major setbacks in Chicago. Additionally, a series of attacks by unknown forces destroyed one of its four main caerns. Speculation about the attack runs wild. The house leader, King Cyrus-the-Bald, has warriors abroad who are trying to learn what happened. His advisors speculate that Wyrm-corrupted mages, or even the Unseelie fae, may be responsible.

The Unbroken Hearth has traditionally had strong alliances with House Wyrmfoe and House Wise Heart. Recently, however, the house turned insular to protect itself from within. Cyrus-the-Bald is a competent king, but I hear his situation is rapidly worsening.

The Blood Red Crest (Asia and India)

Many think our tribe arose only in the West and in Russia. It did not. The Blood Red Crest has been a respected power in Asia and India for thousands of years. Tribe members migrated east with the earliest humans, settling in what are now India, Pakistan, China, Burma and Vietnam. When European Garou colonized these regions, the Crest supported them by breeding with the European Fangs' stock. They then went back to running things their way, though they incorporated elements of European style in their manner.

Named for their ferocious fighting style, members of the Blood Red Crest are a small but potent force in the East. They seem to understand the strange shapeshifters and stranger vampires that live there, and are certainly the only ones of our tribe that have successfully maintained a presence in the Orient. They sometimes remark that the enemies they face would be unfamiliar to the rest of the Fangs; more secrecy, I presume.

Their king, Palmarstan Nayar, is older than he looks. He appears to be in his early 30s, but is really in his late 70s. (I believe he made a bargain with a Firebird-spirit.) He has some Renewalist sensibilities, but is also a staunch traditionalist. He is rousing his tribe from the Harano of his predecessor's reign. Many Garou compare him to King Albrecht.

Wise Heart (Mediterranean and Middle East)

Wise Heart is one of our oldest houses — and the most mysterious. I once had a tutor from Wise Heart, but only learned a small part of his lore.

As the name suggests, this is, perhaps, our most thoughtful house. Wise Hearts are keepers of the Secret of Gaia, and have many powerful Earth Gifts. These Garou tend to be mendicant, traveling from region to region. They were once powerful in ancient Italy and Greece, but their power there is a thing of the past. They appear there only sporadically now, staging hit-and-run raids on the region's vampiric overlords.

Silver Fangs from this family also appear in Turkey, Georgia, Azerbaijan and Uzbekistan. They recently lost one of their oldest bases, the Aral Sea Caern, to a major Wyrm advance — the Shadow Curtain around Russia reached out and consumed the sacred place. This is a matter of grave importance to all Garou.

The house's leader, King Tariki, is from an ancient and respected Mesopotamian dynasty. He maintains our tribe's closest alliance with the Children of Karnak, and has allies among a group of witch-Namers with some ties to Gaia. King Tariki walks the line between life and death. Despite his house's dedication to Gaia, Tariki is a patron of the Ivory Priesthood and reputedly knows the Secret of Death. He disappears into the Umbra for long periods, appearing only occasionally to issue orders to his regent sons. He may

even wander the Dark Umbra. He is an elusive leader; most in our tribe do not know which way he will turn next.

Austere Howl (Great Britain)

My agents say the Austere Howl is Wyrm-tainted and in a state of near civil war. This was once the most powerful and honorable of houses, but its power declined along with the British Empire.

Indeed, its fortunes have fallen precipitously in the 20th century. I fear the Garou's disappointment with their fate turned to bitterness and Harano. They were ripe for the picking and the Defiler Wyrm has sundered their house in two. Two kings have died on the throne in the last three years, and their current leader, Queen Mary, is a young and inexperienced Scottish Ahroun. She is the daughter of the last king and is trying to rally her house's loyal elements against several powerful Wyrm-corrupted nobles.

Both factions try to keep their power struggle quiet, but word is leaking to the rest of the tribe. I hear Queen Mary is trying to enlist the aid of Silver Fangs from other houses. Few among the common tribes know about the blood bath occurring in Silver Fang manors throughout the protectorate.

Despite its division and dwindling numbers, the Austere Howl is still a potent force and has members throughout Great Britain. They live primarily in Dover, Bath, Edinburgh and Dublin. The house maintains a large caern near London and has a surprising number of them in Wales.

Wyrmfoe (American Northeast)

House Wyrmfoe is our youngest and claims the American Northeast as its protectorate. The family is strongest in the countryside surrounding Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Washington.

The house arose in England, France and Spain in the mid-1300s, about a century before the discovery of the New World. I am sure the house's emergence caused quite a commotion, yet the circumstances behind its foundation are unclear. It seems to have been born from the chaos of the Inquisition, and appeared at the moment when the Garou needed it most.

Since Wyrmfoe Garou were hailed as heroes by the common tribes, the Gleaming Eye and Austere Howl had little choice but to recognize their claim to power. The elders were, perhaps justifiably, concerned about the upstart house's intentions, but need not have worried. Shortly after the discovery of the New World, Wyrmfoe left Europe *en masse*. Indeed, as the house left Europe, it drew members away from many other houses, and even from some other tribes. These diverse influences are still at work within the family today.

Despite its early triumphs, House Wyrmfoe has suffered Harano more severely than any other. At first the family moved ever onward with youthful optimism while most other houses slowly succumbed to madness and despair. It was only at the turn of the 20th century that the first signs of Harano appeared. The effects worsened during the two world wars, and the family has degraded steadily since the 1950s.

Jacob Morningkill became king shortly after World War Two and was initially a just and vigorous ruler. Many hoped that he might restore our tribe's lost spirit and direction. During the early part of his reign House Wyrmfoe proved adept at getting its Kinfolk into several nascent United States and Canadian intelligence organizations. (Few Garou realize just how important a role they have played in keeping the Veil intact.) Unfortunately King Morningkill's sanity faded along with his youth. He and much of his house fell into indolent shambles until a Black Spiral pack killed him in a sneak attack on his North Country Caern. The throne lay empty but contested.

Arkady, a Wyrm-tainted Ahroun from House Crescent, was one claimant to the throne. Albrecht Morningkill, Jacob's estranged grandson, was the other. I know little of what happened next, but Albrecht surfaced with our tribe's greatest fetish — the Silver Crown! This naturally assured his kingship, and the new king has since reached out to the other tribes. Some have even responded, including the Black Furies, Children of Gaia, Fianna and Glass Walkers. Even our tribe's harshest critics concede that American Fangs are "getting their act together." No one knows how long this will last, but with the Apocalypse so near it may not have to be for long.

Crescent Moon (Russia)

I was born to this house. How long ago only modesty prevents me from revealing. The Crescent Moon is the oldest Silver Fang house still in existence, though House Wise Heart and the Blood Red Crest contest this claim. We were the deciding voice in both the Impergium and the Concord, and led the War of Rage. We ruled with strength and wisdom for thousands of years, our lineage leading back to the Dawn of Ages. Yet some believe that as our glory soared, something dangerous took root. Perhaps it was a seed planted during the War of Rage or by excesses during the Impergium, but they consider House Crescent the source of our tribe's "original sin."

Despite these caveats, most concede that we were one of the Wyrm's fiercest enemies. Great House Crescent names such as Aleking Axeclaw and Queen Viladus tower in Garou legend. We imprisoned Koshchei the Wyrm Talon, freeing Gaia from its blight. In more recent centuries Yuri and Sophia Tvarivich (along with Garou from other tribes) slew the Zmei Sharkala, one of the Wyrm's most powerful servitors. Yet with each victory, the Wyrm returned stronger than before. Indeed, its constant attacks almost broke our house after World War One.

Now House Crescent "rules" over a despairing, perhaps doomed land. The Wyrm has turned most of Russia into a wasteland. Vampires undid our power in the human world during the Revolution, unwittingly signing their own death warrant when the Shadow Curtain rose in 1991. House Crescent and the other Russian Garou fought fiercely, but lost the war against the Wyrm when Russia's supernatural borders were sealed.

Most in my house prefer to tell stories of past glory rather than attend the present menace. Our ruler, Tsar Nicholai Ivanovich, was delusional and paranoid, even more so than Jacob Morningkill. He dissolved the Lodge of the Sun, banishing its members to other countries (for which many of them are now grateful). The king's Silver Claw pack still supported him before we lost contact with Russia, as did the Get of Fenris, but even they were losing patience with our failing monarch. When last seen before the Shadow Curtain fell, he was directing grand offensives with nonexistent troops.

The fall of House Crescent is one of the great tragedies of this age. Crescent Garou are on their last legs, staggering beneath the twin yokes of hubris and Harano. Even before the Shadow Curtain fell, some were turning to the Wyrm. That was in 1991. Who knows what has happened since that time? The other houses attempt to find out, but so far there is little news, and what we do hear is disturbing. Most believe the tsar must be dead by now. Many think he brought the house crashing down with him. My only hope is that his niece Tatiana has somehow taken the throne.

The Lost Houses

Our tribe had many houses, great and small, in our most glorious days. Most of these died out, disappeared into the Umbra or slipped into obscurity. Of these, we still remember six.

Conquering Claw (Mediterranean)

The Conquering Claw was an honorable but warlike house, and was the only Silver Fang family to thrive in imperial Rome. While other Garou fled the city, the Conquering Claw embraced the *Pax Romana*. The Garou reasoned that if the Concord was truly right, then a well-positioned power could use the mighty empire to guide and, when necessary, pacify the human race.

Many consider their efforts to have been a noble failure. Roman vampires overwhelmed them. They regained some of their prestige in Italy by forming banking families, but could never escape the Harano that descended after defeat in Rome. In the end the Claw's martial tendencies turned inward, undoing the house during the Renaissance. A few claimants to this line surface periodically, but none have protectorates.

The Unknown (Russia and Europe)

None of us know, or wish to know, the name of the house that died during the War of Rage. No history records its name. Most modern Garou consider the house a fairy tale or more Shadow Lord slander.

One legend concerns the house's role in the extermination of an entire skinchanger race. Other tribes are evasive when discussing this period. Certainly all Garou of that age were guilty of a great crime, but in a war of horrors this house went beyond the pale. Hunting the last of a dying race for sport, the creatures' cruelty knew no bounds. They were almost certainly Wyrm-corrupt. Most believe that Gaia, outraged, expelled them from the Earth in a natural disaster, many say a storm.

The Ice Pack (Northern Europe, Russia and America)

I remember stories of the Ice Pack from my childhood in Russia. Many lupus Silver Fangs ran far afield from their Kinfolk, especially in the Scandinavian countries and northern Russia. I believe some even passed over the Bering land bridge at the time of the Exodus, and played a small role in Wendigo legends.

The Ice Pack supposedly lives apart from the rest of us, though it evidently maintains cordial relations with northern Red Talons. Most Garou see it as a pack of phantom white wolves that tears at the Wyrm with steel teeth, and disappears onto invisible Moon Bridges. Certainly the Wyrm-spawn of the north seem to fear the pack like few

others. Rumors of its extinction spread from time to time, but the Ice Pack always resurfaces in spectacular fashion to lay these rumors to rest.

The pack had no part in the War of Rage, and has seemingly the Harano that too often grips the rest of our tribe. They are, perhaps, the purest of us all. Legends say that lupus who join this pack become free of their madness. Silver Fang lupus are often drawn to the Ice Pack, sometimes traveling thousands of miles to find it.

Winter Snow (Great Britain, France and Holland)

The Winter Snow is another example of our tribe's failures, one that many modern Garou point to as evidence of our tribe at its worst.

During the 17th century, King Aaron Everstone sought the Silver Crown to battle the Black Spiral Dancers that plagued his kingdom. When he found the crown he allegedly became drunk with power, turning it on the Get of Fenris and Fianna to force their obedience. War broke out among the three tribes. Everstone's madness eventually lifted, but too late. His house was victorious, but without the other tribes the Black Spirals swarmed throughout much of England. The king and his house faded away, suffering from Harano and remorse. Some say members of the Winter Snow now live in the Deep Umbra, transformed into sorrowful silver birches, forever denied the Summer Lands.

The Silver Spiral

The Silver Spiral is not a true house, but a generic term for any Silver Fang who has joined the Wyrm. Some of our tribe have gone over to the Wyrm since the fall of Rome and have formed an elite cabal among the Wyrm's ranks. Fortunately these traitors are rare.

When a Silver Fang treads the Black Spiral labyrinth, the Wyrm makes a high place for him. These traitors bring their own brand of madness to the Black Spirals, and are sadistic even by that tribe's twisted standards. Traitors' leadership skills and knowledge of our defenses have proven invaluable to the Wyrm, though Wyrm creatures of low status apparently fear and distrust these generals.

The Silver Spiral draws most of its recent initiates from House Crescent and the Austere Howl. In accordance with the Litany, eating human flesh is one of our absolute shibboleths. Thus the Wyrm forces new Silver Spirals to eat human flesh during their rites of passage. Some develop a permanent taste for it. It is our sacred duty to wipe these abominations from Gaia's face.

The Golden Sky

Our Philodox disagree as to which family is older, the Crescent Moon or the Golden Sky. Most acknowledge, however, that only one survived.

The Golden Sky was our tribe's greatest pride. It was to the Silver Fangs what we once were to the other tribes, or so the story goes. The house embodied all the highest virtues of the warrior-monarchs of Gaia. They were brave, honorable and just. They led the tribes in war and peace, losing an occasional battle, but never the other tribes' respect. Legends describe them as the closest family to Falcon and Helios; there was always a rivalry between them and the Luna-consecrated House Crescent. This rivalry apparently erupted into bloodshed more than once, but then the Golden Sky disappeared.

No one knows what happened to the Golden Sky. They and their Kinfolk vanished almost overnight, distributing their worldly goods among the other Garou before they left. Most believe they migrated into the Deep Umbra on a secret errand for Falcon. Stories of their passing have come from as far away as the Aetherial Realm and Arcadia Gate. Some believe the Golden Sky have been preparing and purifying themselves for the Apocalypse, that their return is imminent. Most Garou consider these sentiments more colorful examples of our tribe's dementia.

The Garou Nation

Not the least of the qualities that go into the making of a great ruler is the ability of letting others serve him.

— Cardinal Richelieu, *Political Testament*

Our power has diminished significantly in recent centuries, but the other tribes still look to us for leadership. Despite our partial abdication of these responsibilities, there are many reasons why we maintain our power. No other tribe has our experience, nor our natural affinity for command. Few wish for such a burden, and those who do (namely the Shadow Lords) are so villainous that the other tribes would never give them the crown.

Yet it is no secret that our leadership has fallen on hard times. The lesser tribes judge each other less harshly, while holding us to a higher standard. Still, as they judge us, so too may we cast judgment upon them. The listing of one's friends and foes has always been a prerogative of the crown.

Black Furies

The Furies are by turns gentle and loving, scholarly and introspective — and the bloodthirsty Maenads of antiquity. If you are on their side, this ferocity is an undeniable advantage. The Furies are aware of the stakes in our fight and do not take prisoners. Most of them seem to think of our tribe as some sort of "antiquated patriarchy." It's our system of *kingdoms*, I suppose. This is a notion they usually discard once they meet a few female Silver Fangs, though. We have had a long and often mixed history with this tribe. Nevertheless, it has sided with us more often than not, thank Luna.

Bone Gnawers

The Wyrm is strongest in the cities and sewers where the Bone Gnawers live, yet they survive. This *may* be a testament to their evolutionary fitness, but one must realize that survival alone is not enough. If they diminish what they are to stay alive, then they become something less than human or Garou. They are also a danger from a practical standpoint. Their destitution and survival-at-any-cost mentality make them prime candidates for corruption by the Wyrm or our tribal rivals.

It is only natural that they, who inhabit the lowest rung of Garou society, resent we who inhabit its highest. They have always resented us, despite our efforts to improve their regrettable condition. Perhaps I am uncharitable. As the Apocalypse draws near, more Fangs will have to get their paws dirty. When this happens we may well have to depend on the Bone Gnawers' dubious goodwill.

Children of Gaia

Many see the Children of Gaia as a tribe without blemish. If we measure good intentions alone, perhaps this is true. They, like us, are a reminder that a better world is possible. But if we cannot question their motives, their judgment is another matter. We are at war with an intractable and inimical foe. Perhaps there was once a "Wyrm of Balance," but no longer. The forces we battle do not need compassion, understanding or healing, only a klaive to the jugular. The Children have their place, but as events in Russia prove, it is not in our war council.

Fianna

This worthy if unpredictable tribe reminds us why we fight. As nobles and builders, we have always understood and patronized the Fianna in their art. They have an appreciation for the higher virtues that few but we can comprehend. Their beautiful melodies soothe our troubled brows as few other things can. (This makes unscrupulous Fianna very dangerous to us.)

Still, there are more practical reasons for keeping faith in this admirable tribe. The first is, admittedly, its potential as an enemy. When King Everstone turned against the Fianna, their satires turned many of the other tribes against us. We must not underestimate their value as propagandists. A Fianna song has far more power to move the Garou spirit than does the most cleverly wrought Shadow Lord slander. Perhaps more important is the Fianna's connection to the fae, particularly the nobility. If we are to reforge our ancient ties with the sidhe, the Fianna will be indispensable.

Get of Fenris

The Get of Fenris have been our most valued allies and most persistent competitors. We understand and respect their martial prowess. We are one of the very few tribes who can go toe to toe with them, and we have clashed with them before. Inevitably these battles pit our finesse against their sheer brute strength. The jury is still out on which is more effective. Our tribe realizes there is little to gain and everything to lose in such skirmishes. We can no longer take their loyalty for granted, but do not have anywhere else to go.

Many Get now consider us mere figureheads. Let them. They do not understand our methods and a figurehead still has worth in their limited tactical view of things. They will continue to support us, and we will continue to guide their actions. You could not ask for a better or more loyal friend than a Get. Despite occasional rhetoric to the contrary, the tribe's leadership realizes that we are their only hope.

Glass Walkers

The Weaver constitutes one-third of the Triat, yet only one of the 13 tribes dedicated to Gaia knows much about it. There is a reason for this ignorance, of course. The Weaver causes many of our problems. It stultifies and imprisons Gaia in a glistening web of steel and glass, paving the way for the Wyrm. If the Wyrm is triumphant, however, the Weaver will ultimately fare no better than the Wyld. The fragile constructs of humanity cannot long withstand the Wyrm's corruption, except in the most diminished capacity. The Glass Walkers realize this and battle the Wyrm in their own way. Our tribe has lived in cities and dealt with the Children of Karnak enough to realize that there is some logic to the Glass Walkers' plan.

Not even the most Weaver-enthralled Garou created the cities, but merely learned to adapt to them. The technological genie is out of the bottle and we Garou are too few to change this, despite what the Red Talons think. The Wyrm often enslaves Weaver-spirits, yet few have sympathy for these poor creatures as the spirits are blamed for the Wyrm's ascendance. However, if properly employed, the geometric hegemony of the Weaver can be just as dangerous to the Wyrm as the cleansing powers of the Wyld. If nothing else, it is tactically sound to ally with Garou who know something of these forces.

Red Talons

Many in our tribe believe the Red Talons are of no concern because they are "not sophisticated enough to plot against us." A tribal rather than a breed prejudice, I suppose, since we hold our own lupus in such high regard. Though a Red Talon would tear your throat out for saying so, the tribe is of an ideological bent. The Talons long for a return to the Impergium and the control — or elimination — of humanity.

They are more disciplined and intelligent than they first appear. They wiped out the Russian Children of Gaia and we did not lift a hand against them. Despite our basic philosophical differences, they have rarely seen fit to challenge our rule. Therefore, respect their autonomy. In the days before the Apocalypse, they are the last martial bellow of the dying Wyld, a primal force of nature. Fortunately the lupus of our Ice Pack have seen fit to deal with them for us. But, of course, this does not prevent individual Talons from challenging our rule when we violate their traditions. They have never completely forgiven us for our cessation of the Impergium.

Shadow Lords

If the Shadow Lords are the "dagger at our throats," it is one of iron, not silver. They twiddle their mustaches, entertain a philosophy of "villainy as a virtue" and scheme to take our rightful place as leaders of the Garou. They overestimate their power and cleverness. They underestimate our resolve and knowledge of their tricks. We know them of old.

The other tribes may have lost some respect for us over the centuries, but not enough for them to place their fates in the hands of these Wyrm-addled fools. The Lords underestimate and scorn the other tribes at every turn, viewing each as an enemy or a tool. How, then, do they think to win the tribes' loyalty if they overthrow us?

We can always depend on the Shadow Lords to seek a dishonorable advantage in times of crisis; they can always depend on us to send them scuttling back to their lairs. If the Silver Fangs fall, it will not be because of the likes of the Shadow Lords.

Having said all this, remember that even an iron dagger can cause pain. Never underestimate the Lords' propensity for deception. They, like us, are political creatures and not without resources. If a Shadow Lord speaks, question his motives — repeatedly. They are in a unique position to cause mischief, at least until we expose them once and for all.

Silent Striders

The Silent Striders know the Secret of Death, as we do. Perhaps they are our masters in this arena. They maintain far more of a presence in the Dark Umbra than we do, and know many more of its secrets. Death is part of Gaia's balance, and we understand the Striders better than most tribes do, in this regard at least.

Their mendicant nature takes them to the far corners of the Tellurian, making them one of our most experienced tribes. They have been both trusted councilors and pernicious gadflies. Despite their dark demeanors, they are dedicated enemies of the Wyrm; we need have no fear on this front at least.

Additionally, our House of the Wise Heart controls something which the Silent Striders desire: access to their

Egyptian homeland. Our spirit-allies, the Children of Karnak, guard the oldest known temple to Helios in that land. We are not without influence there. The lore we attempt to bring the Striders from Egypt ameliorates any jealousy they may have for our access to their native land. As the Apocalypse nears, Silent Strider presence is necessary to reawaken the lost secrets of the oldest Garou homelands.

Stargazers

The Stargazers have always maintained a distinct degree of freedom from our rule, more so than even the Striders, for who can govern the spirit? We are the Stargazers' spiritual brothers in many ways. Both our tribes wrestle with the high philosophies of morality: the paths of Helios and Luna.

Yet there has always been an unspoken jealousy in our tribe for their superiority in these spheres. What comes naturally to us because of celestial favor, they have learned through aptitude and rarefied spiritual experience. Many of them also have a serenity and peace of mind that we will never know. Disgusting, isn't it? Unshackled from the burdens of command, they have explored realms as disparate as philosophy, the martial arts and the Deep Umbra. We understand the Stargazers as well as any other tribe could, but they are still an enigma.

And, speaking of which...

Uktena

The Uktena are a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma. They are as elevated a tribe as the Stargazers or the Silent Striders, and almost as irascible as the Shadow Lords — an unfortunate combination. Thank Luna they have never turned their eye toward the crown.

Their main concern is the spiritual realm, a fact that makes them dangerous enough. They are highly secretive and generally rebuke any overtures we make to them. They acknowledge our leadership after a fashion, but seldom come under our sway, helping or harrying us as they see fit. There seems to be little evidence of Wyrm-taint on them, but then they may be adept at hiding such things. When push comes to shove, they usually cede to our authority. Watch, wait and try to cultivate the Uktena.

Wendigo

The Wendigo are extremely deadly when aroused. We learned that the hard way during the colonization of the New World. Ironically, they do not seem to hate us as much as many other European tribes do. Most of them really are what they appear to be: wise if somewhat tragic.

Despite their reputation as "Pure Ones," the Wendigo are not without faults or spiritual wounds. Their past defeats have left many of them bitter and full of Harano. Wyrm-toxins such as alcohol and tobacco are widespread among them. The Wendigo are honorable in their way, but this makes them no less dangerous to us. If they turn against us, their anger will surely be cold and unrelenting as the winters of our homeland.

The Others

The Kindred

Vampires are our natural enemies, and most serve the Wyrm. We will neither forgive nor forget their perfidy in Russia. Without question, these creatures are not to be trusted.

Unfortunately there are times when we, as leaders of the Garou, must meet with vampires on civilized terms. Despite their debased state, not all vampires are an equal threat to the Garou. We cannot afford to waste our strength against them all in useless melees when there are greater threats abroad. Most of our meetings with them are intended to establish territorial boundaries.

If you must deal with vampires, those called Ventrue are your best bet for a civilized discussion. I am loathe to call them our counterparts, but they are of the aristocracy and follow traditional rules of engagement. Many of them have some sort of honor code, but beware of the distinctions between a leech's honor and that of the Garou. Even an "honorable" vampire will construct a rationale to betray you if he thinks it serves his cause.

Mages

Look to the Triat if you want to fit the thousand-and-one mage factions into a familiar paradigm. Individual Namers draw their powers from many sources, but most fall into one of three major political categories. There are servitors of the Wyrm called the Nephandi. These Wyrm-mages have formed unwholesome alliances with the Black Spiral Dancers and are almost certainly a force behind our enemies in Pentex. They have harried our line for millennia. Our feelings toward them run a short spectrum from deep hatred to utter loathing.

The Technocracy is an extremely potent cabal of Weaver-magi. They are foes of the Nephandi and seek to employ the Weaver as a bulwark against the Wyrm. Unfortunately the Wyrm is adept at corrupting the Weaver. Can't they sense that they are building their own mausoleum? Their Weaver-spun, ultraconformist views also brand us, and other supernatural creatures, as "reality criminals." We do not fit their

antiseptic world view. Mages of this order seek to erase us from the Tellurian to enforce their notion of reality.

The third force in this triat represents the Wyld in so much as it is the "wild card" in the mage wars. These "Tradition" mages have varying agendas and powers, but some of them have been our allies in the past. The witches and shamans among them often prove to be friends of Gaia; some even travel the Umbra and ally with spirits, which implies they share some of the Mother's grace.

The Restless

Neither I, nor anyone else in this tribe, would presume to speak for the Ivory Priesthood on this matter. Our tribe has more contact with the restless dead than any other except the Silent Striders, but still we know little. I think we have all felt the chill in the Penumbra when the Restless pass. The Apocalypse ripples through the Dark Umbra. Let's leave it at that.

Changelings

In ages past we parleyed with the Seelie nobility, monarch to monarch; we rarely crossed swords, even in the worst of times. We can work with these people. Our best hope for reforming these ancient links lie with the Fianna. Several sidhe ambassadors recently visited King Albrecht's caern. I am hopeful for a breakthrough.

Unfortunately, where there are Seelie, there are Unseelie. The Unseelie fae are twisted in spirit and often in form — yet they do not always stink of the Wyrm so much as the Wyld. Nevertheless, if you are familiar with Celtic mythology, the fae also battled an inimical race of monsters called the Fomorians. These creatures' name and physiognomy are too close to the Wyrm's fomori for comfort. If the Fianna know anything about this they are reticent to share it, and the Fianna that chooses restraint is enough of an oddity to worry me.

RICHARD
KOWE

Приложение Первое: Царская Рука

The Silver Fangs draw on traditions almost as old as humanity itself. Their totem, Falcon, while remote and unknowable, is still more accessible than the totems of many other tribes. Falcon and his brood have become more active of late, reinvigorating the hard-pressed tribe. This section provides information on the Silver Fangs' tribal weaknesses, Abilities, Gifts, rites, Fetishes, Merits and Flaws.

Tribal Weaknesses

The first **Werewolf** Tribebook introduced an optional rule: Tribal Weaknesses. These are quirks that each member of a particular tribe possesses due to some characteristic of the tribe — in this case, the madness caused by the Silver Fangs' decline. These rules are completely optional, but can help draw a character's tribe more into focus. For additional rules on Tribal Weaknesses see the **Werewolf Storytellers Handbook** and other Tribebooks.

Derangement

Silver Fang blood is not as pure as it once was, perhaps due to years of inbreeding with limited numbers of Kinfolk. Each Silver Fang has a Derangement, regardless of the degree of Pure Breed she possesses. Metis sometimes possess multiple Derangements, but the Storyteller shouldn't force a player to take more than one Derangement as punishment for choosing a particular breed.

Generally speaking, when a Silver Fang is in a stressful situation, the Storyteller can call for her player to make a Willpower roll; failure indicates that the Garou is overcome by her madness (usually for the duration of the scene). This is usually highly inconvenient for the werewolf, although it does make for prime roleplaying opportunities. If the player likes, she can spend a Willpower point to ignore the demands of her Derangement for a turn. The following is a list of sample Derangements; players and Storytellers are welcome to devise more.

Amnesia — The Garou forgets who she is in highly stressful or traumatic situations.

Ennui — The Garou with this Derangement bores easily and is often completely jaded. Not even the most intense emotions or events faze her.

Intellectualization — The Garou analyzes everything compulsively and blocks out as many emotions as possible. When the supernatural shatters this fragile world of facts, the rationalist loses all control. This Derangement is suffered predominantly by members of the Sun Lodge.

Isolation — The werewolf distances herself from her companions, becoming reticent and uncommunicative. She will not communicate with even her packmates in any fashion more complicated than a terse wave or surly grunt.

Manic-Depression — The manic-depressive suffers from wild mood swings ranging from total bliss to complete despair.

Multiple Personalities — The Garou has a number of different personalities and may switch his name as each come to the fore. Nature and Demeanor may also change during times of great stress. Some personalities may even behave as if

they belong to different tribes or auspices. Most Garou look on victims of this disorder more compassionately than humans do, perceiving it as a sign of Luna's touch.

Obsession — Garou with this Derangement tend to latch onto someone or something and the object becomes the focal point of life.

Paranoia — The Garou sees the Wyrm's influence in everything and wonders why others can't see it too. Perhaps the Wyrm has corrupted them as well....

Perfection — The perfectionist works hard to keep everything in her life precise at all times. She uses all of her energy to prevent things from going wrong and may frenzy if things don't go as she plans.

Power Madness — Garou with this Derangement must have control and dominance over others.

Regression — Garou with this Derangement tend to revert to childlike behavior during times of extreme stress.

Vengeful — If someone "wrongs" a Garou with this Derangement, he becomes obsessed with retribution.

Merits and Flaws

Notable Heritage (2 pt Garou Ties Merit)

You come from a distinguished family, even by Silver Fang standards. Your family epitomizes the high ideals of your tribe by word and deed. This is not Pure Breed; the noblest families may be of humble birth. Most Garou who know of your family respect it. You are at -1 difficulty to all Social rolls dealing with Garou who are aware of your family's reputation.

This Merit also confers noble titles on Silver Fangs from countries with monarchical traditions. In countries such as the United States, Garou may be members of the "first families," and are on all the social lists. This Merit does not confer any property. Few Garou still recognize the heraldic aspects of this Merit, but a title and noble family name go a long way toward impressing other monarchical groups in the World of Darkness (including the Ventrue, sidhe and Children of Karnak).

Hubris (3 pt Psychological Flaw)

Hubris is not just overconfidence, but overweening pride and arrogance. You view the "lesser tribes" with a haughty and judgmental stare. They, in return, are "jealous and petty" when dealing with you. You believe that you have a great destiny, that the Celestines blessed you upon birth. This may be true, but you are still a snob. Most Garou consider you an egotistical, self-centered elitist; even other Silver Fangs chastise you for your presumption. You suffer all the penalties of the Over-Confident Flaw (see **The Werewolf Players Guide**), but receive no points for that Flaw. What's more, your arrogance makes you unpopular and you suffer +2 difficulty on all Social rolls when dealing with "social inferiors."

Harano (5 pt Flaw)

Garou of any tribe may suffer from the dread associated with Harano, but Silver Fangs are particularly noted for carrying this great weight. Harano is an inexplicable gloom and inexpressible longing for unnamable things; some say it is caused by contemplation of Gaia's suffering. Garou who suffer from Harano are prone to depression, lassitude and sudden mood swings. They may not act at all or may explode into intense but ill-advised activity.

A player whose character suffers from Harano must make a Willpower roll each scene; if the roll fails, the Garou plunges into Harano. While a Silver Fang suffers from Harano, his perceptions are distorted, and all Dice Pools are reduced by one. If the Willpower roll botches, the character acquires a temporary Derangement (see below).

Those who suffer from Harano may also have moments of lucidity with the expenditure of a Willpower point. This lifts the gloom for as many hours as a character has permanent Willpower. Harano may also be dispelled with some Gifts (again, see below). Harano is not necessarily permanent — extraordinary Silver Fangs may free themselves from its grip after exceptional travails.

Some Garou believe that the Silver Fangs' burden of Harano is greater than others' because the Fangs in some way did more to cause Gaia's suffering than did the other tribes. Proposing such a theory is enough to provoke a violent response from some Fangs; most are wise enough to keep silent on this matter.

Abilities

Silver Fangs do not receive new Abilities, but the Storyteller may wish to apply an optional rule to reflect the Fangs' long traditions and practiced techniques of klaive-dueling.

Melee (Optional Fencing Rules)

The Silver Fang tribe possesses an unusually high number of klaives. Some of the world's greatest swordmasters are Silver Fangs, and have a fencing style uniquely their own. Some Western Fangs choose to use more slender klaives, while some Eastern Fangs use weapons with a slight curve to the blade. Still, most Fangs favor the traditional style of klaive and Grand Klaive that has endured for millennia.

Silver Fang tactics tend toward grand, sweeping thrusts, favoring offense over defense (-1 difficulty to all sword attacks, -1 die when parrying or dodging in hand-to-hand combat). If the Storyteller decides to allow this rule, the individual *player* decides whether her character uses this style.

Gifts

Silver Fangs receive their Gifts from a wide and somewhat eclectic array of sources. The spirit-teachers listed here are from **Werewolf: The Apocalypse** and **Axis Mundi: The Book of Spirits**.

General Gifts

• **Eye of the Falcon (Level One)** — This Gift allows the Garou to see long distances with the acuity of a falcon. It is taught by any of Falcon's brood.

System: All visual Perception, Alertness and long-range weapon rolls are at -1 difficulty. This Gift costs one Gnosis point per scene to use.

• **Ice Dance (Level One)** — The werewolf can move on ice and snow with supernatural grace and speed.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point to activate this Gift for one day. This is a Gift of balance; Philodox are especially adept at this art. All Dexterity rolls are -1 difficulty while on ice or snow (-2 for Philodox), and a Garou can run at normal speeds through even the deepest snow and on the slickest ice. A Philodox running on ice can double his normal speed. An Ice Elemental teaches this Gift.

• **Reason (Level Two)** — The Silver Fang who uses this Gift may temporarily free himself from Harano and Derangements. This Gift may also be used to partially defend against all sanity-endangering attacks. Examples of such attacks include the Galliard Gift: Headgames, the Malkavian Dementation Discipline and invasive uses of Mind magick. A Firebird-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player must spend a Gnosis point and roll Willpower (difficulty 7). The Garou overcomes all mental dysfunctions for a number of scenes equal to the number of successes rolled. All psychic attacks against the Garou's sanity are reduced by one die. If the player botches the roll, the character's dementia becomes painfully intense for a day.

• **Talons of Falcon (Level Three)** — This deadly Gift turns the Garou's claws into impaling weapons, allowing her to cut muscle, bone and sinew as if it were paper. Combined with the Gift: Razor Claws, this is a truly devastating attack. A falcon of the Great Flock teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and makes the usual Dexterity + Brawl roll to attack. The Garou makes a screeching sound like that of a bird of prey as she strikes. The attack does Strength +3 damage and all healing powers (such as Mother's Touch) are at +1 difficulty to treat the wound.

• **The Secret of Gaia (Level Five)** — When the Great White Wolf died to save Gaia, he learned her secrets. The nature of the actual "Secret of Gaia" is obscure, but few question that the Silver Fangs have a deep and ancient connection with the Earth Mother. This Gift is a powerful aspect of this relationship.

The Garou who uses this Gift becomes completely aware of her immediate vicinity in vivid detail. The Fang is aware of the area's topography, wildlife and the local spirit population. The Silver Fang also becomes aware of Gaia's condition in the area, but in a very general sense — Gaia is pained, feels trapped, whatever.

An avatar of Gaia teaches this Gift, but only to the worthy. Silver Fangs of any auspice may learn it, but it is most common among Theurges and those of House Wise Heart.

System: The Secret of Gaia is a more powerful version of the Theurge Gifts: Spirit Speech and Pulse of the Invisible. The player rolls Gnosis (difficulty 7) and spends one point of Gnosis to activate this Gift. The Garou becomes preternaturally aware of a one-mile radius for each success, almost becoming part of it. The Garou can automatically see into the Penumbra and all Perception rolls are at -3 difficulty. Furthermore, all local non-Wyrm spirits are well-disposed toward the character, granting +2 on all Social rolls involving them. Finally, one extra die is added to all Dice Pools (save those involving combat) while the Garou is in the higher state bestowed by this Gift.

The Gift's effects last one hour for each point of permanent Gnosis the Garou possesses. If the player botches the roll, the character becomes acutely aware of Gaia's agonies and succumbs to the most severe pangs of Harano for an entire scene.

Sun Lodge Gifts

These Gifts are restricted to members of the Sun Lodge and are not taught unless a Fang proves loyalty to the lodge with some particularly virtuous deed, or exhibits the virtues that the lodge upholds. Fangs who drift between lodges are not looked upon favorably, and are almost never taught these Gifts.

• **Truce of Helios (Level Two)** — Helios is, among other things, a spirit of reason and diplomacy. Garou who follow him are often skilled diplomats. This Gift helps ensure that the other side at least listens to the Garou's words. Helios is also an honorable Celestine; the Silver Fang may not use this Gift as a ruse to gain momentary advantages (gain time to set an ambush, for example). A Garou may learn this Gift from one of the Children of Karnak or from a Firebird-spirit.

System: The player must roll Charisma + Etiquette (difficulty 7). If successful, the Silver Fang negotiates under a spiritually enforced flag of truce. All those whom he negotiates with must make Willpower rolls (difficulty 9, two successes needed) to attack the Garou. The truce lasts one hour for each success rolled. If the Silver Fang breaks the words of the truce, the effects of the Gift end and will never work on the same target again. Additionally, the Silver Fang loses three points of temporary Honor. This Gift costs a Gnosis point to use.

• **Honor Pact (Level Three)** — The Honor Pact is another Gift of diplomacy. All participants must enter into the pact willingly. Those who participate exchange blood (most often by cutting their palms open) and swear oaths to Falcon. Spiritual bonds connect participants, and they may not work against each other's interests in any way. (The Storyteller has final say in what constitutes this edict.) Packmates bound by this oath are highly resistant to the tendrils of the Defiler Wyrm. The Children of Karnak teach this Gift.

System: Three temporary Gnosis points must be spent by each participant, while four must be spent by the user of this Gift. The players must also make a Charisma + Rituals roll (difficulty 7).

Previous rivalries or differences between pactmakers are greatly lessened, reducing the difficulties of all Social rolls among themselves by -2. All attempts by agents of the Defiler Wyrm to corrupt those under an Honor Pact are at +2 difficulty. Garou who invoke this Gift but who frequently squabble or fight destroy the Gift's effects over time.

The effects of the Gift last forever or until a participant breaks faith. The person who does so suffers five Health Levels of aggravated damage (as he is rent by the spirit-talons of Falcon), and is marked as an oath-breaker (as the Stone of Scorn rite).

Moon Lodge Gifts

Moon Lodge Gifts embody the different aspects of Luna's personality. They represent both the waxing and waning cycles of the moon, and delve deeper into Luna's mysteries with each Rank. The Gifts listed here represent a waning cycle, with the Rank 1 Ahroun Gift at the lowest level of power and the Rank 5 Ragabash Gift at the highest. There are also reverse (waxing) cycles of Moon Lodge Gifts, with appropriate Rank 1 Ragabash and Rank 5 Ahroun Gifts. (This book doesn't contain such a cycle; the Storyteller is free to create a waxing cycle with Gifts of appropriate levels.) Waxing and waning Theurge and Galliard Gifts alternate between Ranks 2 and 4 depending on the cycle, while the half-moon Philodox Gift is always Rank 3. (Thus a waxing cycle would be Ragabash 1, Theurge 2, Philodox 3, Galliard 4 and Ahroun 5.)

Garou of any auspice may learn any of these Moon Lodge Gifts, but lose one die from their Dice Pool when activating Gifts intended for other auspices.

• **Full Moon Cleansing (Ahroun, Level One)** — This Gift allows the Garou to shake off Harano by overpowering it with Rage. (The Gift does not dispel Derangements.) Many Silver Fang Ahroun learn this Gift, regardless of lodge. Blood-warrior spirits teach this Gift. To learn it, the Garou must kill the spirit in ritual combat and then burn it in an Umbral fire, smearing herself with its ashes.

System: The player must spend one point of Rage and make a Rage roll (difficulty 7) for the character to activate this Gift. The Gift's effects last for one scene.

• **Gibbous Moon Song (Galliard, Level Two)** — When used by Fangs of other auspices, this Gift makes the Garou more adept at social situations. It makes Galliards loquacious and silver-tongued in the extreme. Galliard moon-dancers who use this Gift draw upon the moon's mysteries to cast complementary light on their every action. The Galliard naturally draws people's attention. A "social Gaffling" of the Great Green Cheese Spirit (a traditional Bone Gnawer ally) teaches this Gift. This fact is scandalous to most Silver Fangs.

System: To learn this Gift, the Garou must best the spirit in a word contest (Wits + Enigmas, difficulty 8). The player spends a point of Gnosis for the Garou to use this Gift. All Social Skills are -1 difficulty for the duration of the scene. Galliards who use this Gift are -3 difficulty on all Social rolls.

• **Half-Moon Mnemonics (Level Three)** — Luna's Philodox aspect is the teacher of ways and the keeper of memories. The Garou who learns this Gift may recall any moment with crystal clarity, freezing it forever in her mind. The Garou may then study the moment at her leisure, coming at it from almost any angle. Silver Fang Philodox are forever replaying captured memories, and thus seem especially distant to others. A Sea-spirit teaches this Gift; the Garou hears indistinct water-spirit voices throughout her training. Ideally, the Silver Fang stares into water when using this Gift to recall a memory.

System: The player must spend one point of Gnosis for the character to "photograph" a moment, and must make a Wits + Alertness roll, difficulty 6. If the Garou attempts to access the memory later, the player must make an Intelligence + Occult roll (difficulty 7; 5 when the Fang is looking into water). A botch means the image disappears forever, leaving an actual hole in the Garou's memory. A Fang may have no more memories "on file" than her permanent Gnosis score, but may "dump" unwanted images at will.

• **Crescent Moon Fata (Level Four)** — Garou with this Gift can examine the tapestry of fate itself, carefully discerning individual threads to learn something of an object's past or destiny.

System: To learn this Gift, a Garou must best a potent spider or firefly Jaggling of Moira (a moon Incarna). The challenge is usually a contest of arcane game-craft (Wits + Occult or Enigmas; difficulty 9; 7 for Theurges). If the roll is botched, the Jaggling becomes offended and leaves, stealing three temporary Gnosis in the process.

The player must make a Perception + Enigmas roll (difficulty 5) and spend a point of Gnosis to activate this Gift. The Garou sees one "thread" per success. The Storyteller should be inventive, though somewhat cryptic, in relating visions of fate. The Garou may see the fate of a given person, place or thing. (A Garou with four successes could apply one thread to four separate targets, or all four threads to one target.) The Garou may see into the past or future (character's choice); to see into both, two threads must be applied to the same target. A thread grows indistinct the further it stretches into the past or future. How far the Garou sees depends on how many successes are applied in either direction. One success allows him to see several hours into the past or a few minutes into the future. Five successes applied in a single direction may allow the Garou to see several days into the future or hundreds of years into the past.

• **New Moon Legerdemain (Level Five)** — This no-moon Gift represents Luna's deepest mysteries. Garou who invoke this Gift attract and command dozens of invisible, minor trickster spirits (strangelings, chimaera and Wyldlings). The creatures dance maddeningly around the Garou in the Penumbra, protecting her from harm, but causing consternation among those in the area. The spirits play tricks on everyone around them, saving their most dangerous pranks for the Garou's enemies. However, the nature of this Gift only allows the spirits to be summoned at night.

System: An avatar of Luna herself teaches this Gift, and learning it puts a Garou in Luna's service forever. Only Garou who perform a great service in Gaia's name may learn this Gift. It costs a permanent point of Gnosis to learn, and the spirits it attracts stay with the Garou until she dies. Although the spirits generally like "their Garou," they do not always listen to her orders and may even play minor pranks on her. (Furthermore, those who fail to keep their spirits in line may suffer penalties to Social rolls.) Keeping one's spirits under control should be roleplayed, but should not interfere too much with the game.

The spirits are semidormant most of the time, playing only the occasional halfhearted prank. They become genuinely active during a New Moon or when the Garou wishes it. To awaken the spirits requires a Gnosis roll (difficulty 6), and the player must spend one Gnosis point. The spirits awaken for one night per success. The Garou may also put them back to sleep until needed again with the expenditure of another Gnosis point and with another roll (two successes are needed).

When activated, mischievous spirits beset all the Garou's enemies in a 25-foot radius, pinching and tripping them. All rolls made by the Garou's enemies are at +2 difficulty, and their Dice Pools are reduced by two. The spirits can also steal one item from one enemy in a given battle, as long as that enemy is in the Umbra. The nature of the item is completely random (Storyteller's discretion), but usually of little worth. The creatures may or may not show their treasures to their Garou, depending on how they regard her.

Some powerful creatures (Jagglings or Incarna) may temporarily disperse a Garou's spirits by spending Gnosis. Otherwise, the spirits fade away completely during the day.

Rites

Rite of the Honorable Oath (Honor)

Level One

A somewhat less potent version of the Gift: Honor Pact, this rite allows the Garou to swear a binding oath of allegiance to another being. The ceremony involves the Silver Fang swearing to perform a single task, while giving a small but valued item to the recipient. (The player also spends a Gnosis point).

If the Silver Fang keeps her word and attempts to fulfill the mission to the best of her abilities, she gains four points of Honor, regardless of the mission's success. Failure to diligently pursue the oath destroys the item and results in the loss of two permanent Honor points. Most Garou know about this rite and are far more apt to trust a Silver Fang who takes it. Pressing a Fang to do so is very bad form (-2 temporary Honor for asking).

The recipient of the oath *should* return the object undamaged to the Silver Fang upon successful completion of the mission.

Enter Dark Umbra (Mystical)

Level Three

Only a Death's Breath-spirit may teach this rite, and only Silent Striders and members of the Ivory Priesthood may practice it. To perform the rite, the priest must purge himself of all sins and Harano. (This usually requires a day of fasting and meditation.) During the day of purification the Garou must also contemplate the thought of dying.

The player spends a Gnosis point and makes a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) or the character risks plunging into a deep death-obsessed Harano for the rest of the scene. If the roll is successful, the Garou sees a Death's Breath-spirit around twilight and must let it breathe into his mouth. The Garou feels an icy-cold chill shoot through his being. The Garou may now enter the Dark Umbra (also known as the Shadowlands; see **Wraith: The Oblivion**) and appears as a dark patch in the Penumbra. The Garou may stay there until the next morning.

Talens

Death Dust

Gnosis 6

This is the same Death Dust as described in **Werewolf: The Apocalypse**, but in the hands of a member of the Ivory Priesthood its power increases greatly. When an acolyte of death sprinkles the dust over a recently dead body (up to a week old), she can not only speak with the dead spirit, but can force it to speak truthfully. The player rolls the Talen's Gnosis (difficulty 6) versus the spirit's Gnosis (or Pathos if you have **Wraith: The Oblivion**).

Falcon Arrows

Gnosis 6

These arrows are tipped with silver and fletched with falcon feathers. All Archery rolls made with them are -1 difficulty. Despite their silver tips, these arrows cost the archer no Gnosis penalty to carry.

Luna's Bullets

Gnosis 5

These are normal silver bullets that are bathed in the ephemera of Falling Star-spirits. Luna's Bullets have been made for almost every type of gun in existence, though .38- and .45-caliber ammunition is the most common. Such bullets are slightly warm to the touch. Unlike normal silver items, these are a small burden on a Garou's Gnosis. The Garou may carry up to six bullets before suffering a Gnosis penalty. (The penalty is -1 Gnosis for every two bullets over six, rounded up.)

Totems

Merlin (Totem of Respect)

Background Cost: 4

Merlin is not the largest of hawks, but he is still swift and fierce. He is something of an underdog's champion among totems, counseling that the greatest in size are not always the greatest in spirit. Merlin responds well to courage, and encourages his followers to strike intelligently rather than ferociously.

Traits: Followers of Merlin gain +3 Brawl and +2 Dodge when confronting enemies larger than themselves. They may also call on three extra Willpower points per story.

Ban: Merlin's Children may never kill birds of prey, or their spirits. Even Wyrm-tainted raptors must be caught and purified if at all possible.

Wyvern (Totem of War)

Background Cost: 5

The serpentine Wyvern is sometimes a herald of war and unrest, warning of approaching trouble. He despises the Wyrm greatly, and is not above using dirty tactics when doing battle with corruption. Many Silver Fangs consider Wyvern to be a somewhat savage totem, but his guidance is often popular among young, angry Fangs.

Traits: Wyvern's Children receive +2 Alertness, +2 Primal-Urge and learn the Gifts: Sight from Beyond and Call of the Wyld.

Ban: Wyvern hates seeing caerns defiled, and charges his followers to defend caerns whenever asked, even if the sacred sites belong to rival tribes or other Changing Breeds. Wyvern's followers may never "liberate" caerns from "lesser shapeshifters."

Heron (Totem of Wisdom)

Background Cost: 5

Heron is an curious spirit, and her long beak is often probing into affairs that others would like to keep quiet. She is graceful and wise, and chooses only packs that exemplify her standards of purity, elegance and inquisitiveness.

Traits: Heron's Children receive one point of Wisdom. They also gain +3 Enigmas, and may add three dice to any Dice Pool that involves cleansing or purifying something or someone in Gaia's name (the Rite of Cleansing, for instance). Finally, Heron teaches her followers the Gift: Open Seal.

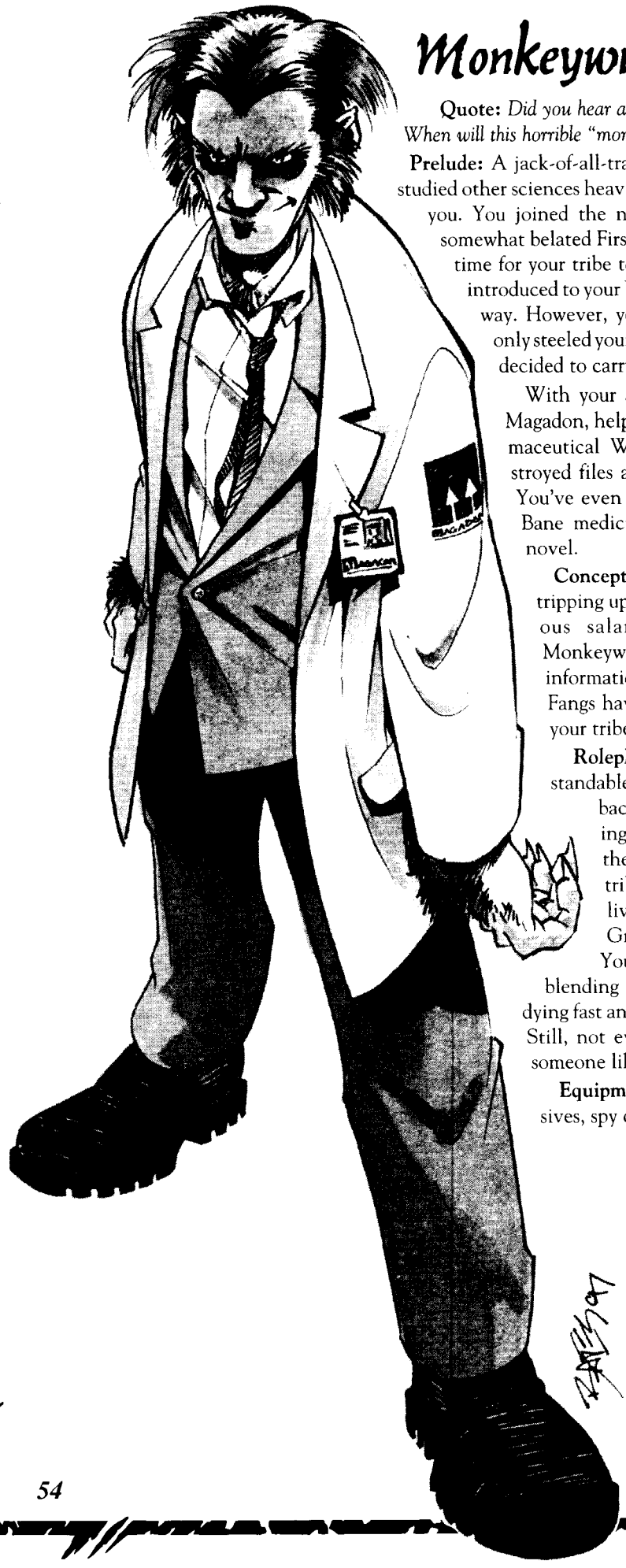
Ban: Heron requests that her followers discover and lay bare secrets at least once a moon. These secrets must be revealed to the entire sept at least, and must also be of some importance — discovering a Kinfolk's secret infatuation is of little import, but revealing a vampire's savings account number might suffice.

Приложение Второе: Знатные Князи

True nobility is exempt from fear.
— Shakespeare, *Henry VI*

As diverse as members of any other tribe, Silver Fangs share a bond of blood, nobility and madness. Most are marked by an ingrained sense of superiority, as they are by an aura of power and confidence. Even those tribes that fear and distrust the Fangs reluctantly admit to a feeling of awe in their presence. When an imperious Silver Fang matter-of-factly speaks of her tribe's favor with Gaia and duty to their "subjects," even the most cynical Bone Gnawer may feel a twinge of abiding respect.

But although the Silver Fang elders are typically the very picture of solemn regality, it is the cubs who are the lifeblood of the tribe. Every inch as noble as their forebears, the young Silver Fangs are in addition filled with a vitality all too rare among their elders. Not yet shackled by the Sisyphean weight of Harano, still mostly lucid of mind and spirit, the cliaths of Falcon's tribe bring a vivacity to their tasks that awes their elders. They are the hope of their tribe, the last chance for the Fangs' revitalization. Theirs is a responsibility almost beyond measure, but the young nobles will do no less than accept their duty.



Monkeywrencher Terrorist

Quote: *Did you hear about the bombing at our Manchester plant? Shocking! When will this horrible "monkeywrenching" end?*

Prelude: A jack-of-all-trades, you earned a senior degree in chemistry and studied other sciences heavily before deciding that the academic life wasn't for you. You joined the navy shortly afterward, where you experienced a somewhat belated First Change while in port in Argentina. It took some time for your tribe to recover you, and before you were even formally introduced to your Uncle, you'd already learned about Pentex the hard way. However, your foul experiences with the Wyrm-corporation only steeled your resolve, and not long after your Rite of Passage, you decided to carry the war to its source.

With your science background it was easy to land a job at Magadon, helping to churn out the never-ending stream of pharmaceutical Wyrm-disease. Since joining, you have spied, destroyed files and planted bombs in two high-priority facilities. You've even arranged to introduce cleansing spirits into some Bane medicines. Medicine that actually helps people? How novel.

Concept: You're currently playing a dangerous game, quietly tripping up Pentex while taking full advantage of their generous salary and excellent benefits program. Your Monkeywrencher allies get quite a bit of use out of the information you feed them. Risky? Who cares! The Silver Fangs have been dead weight long enough. It's about time your tribe got off its silver-plated arse and got to work.

Roleplaying Hints: So you're a little obsessed; it's understandable. Pentex is just a big world-devouring corporation backed by alien entities from the Deep Umbra. Nothing to get "obsessed" about there. The Fangs may have the history, but from your vantage point several other tribes are doing a lot more to hit the Wyrm where it lives. Hell, you've known Glass Walkers, even Bone Gnawers who have done more than most Silver Fangs. Your blood may be blue, but you try to downplay this, blending in with the crowd. The Silver Fang aristocracy is dying fast and being replaced by Wyrm-fetid corporate tyranny. Still, not even the greatest corporate entity can stand with someone like you chopping away at it. Timber!

Equipment: Chemistry set, .45-caliber pistol, plastic explosives, spy camera, portable shredder

Silver Fangs™

Name:
Lodge: Sun
Camp: Renewal

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ragabash
House: Austere Howl

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Corporate Spy

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies	●○○○○
Contacts	●●●●○
Pure Breed	●●●○○
Resources	●●○○○
Rites	●○○○○

Gifts

- Eye of the Falcon
- Open Seal
- Persuasion

Gifts

Renown

Glory
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rank

Rage

● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis

● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

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

Weakness

DERANGEMENT:

Obsession

Angel of Death

Quote: *Field Report (August 17): The fomor took over three hours to die. The Wyrm's presence diminished remarkably during the last 20 minutes before death. Interesting....*

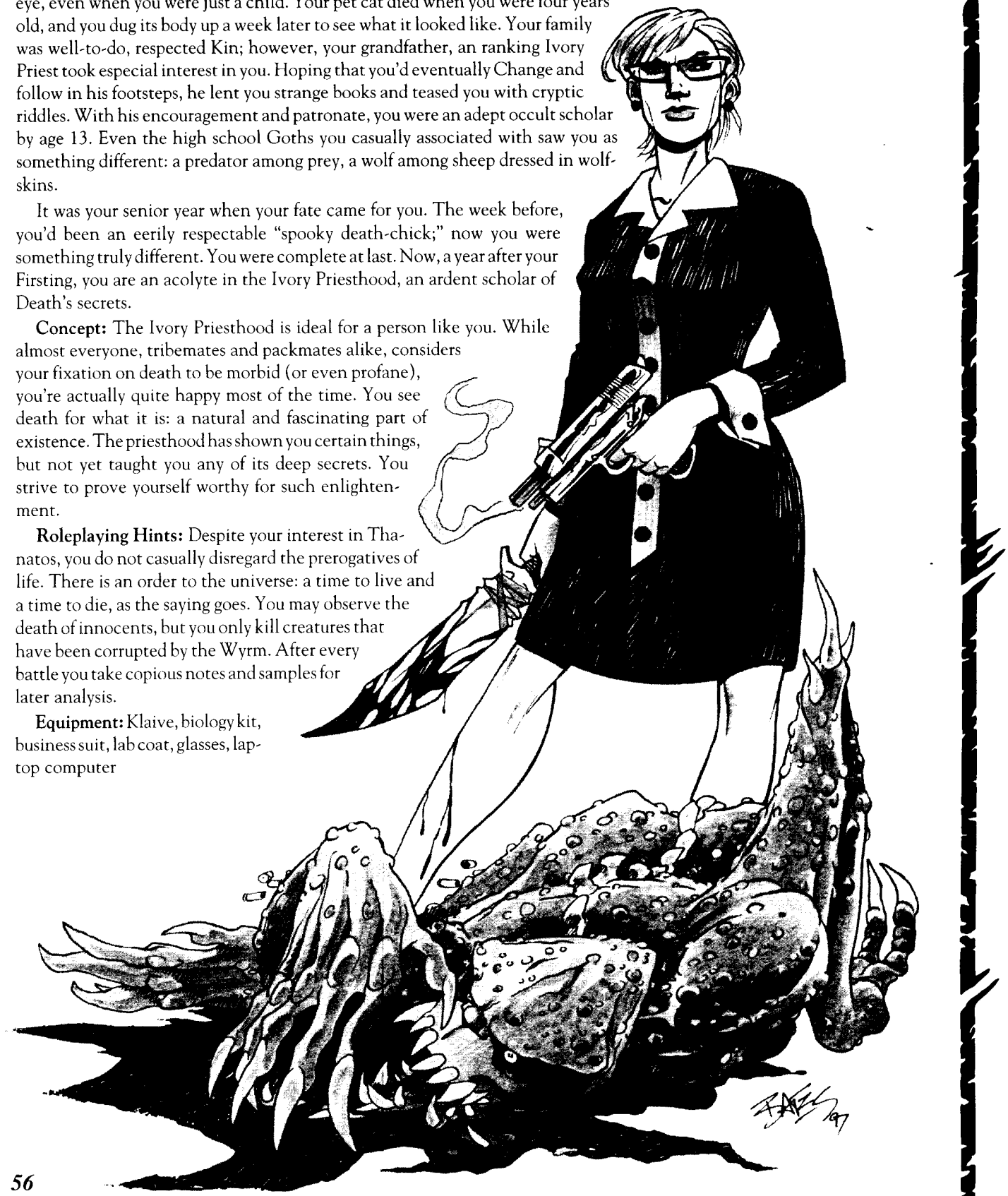
Prelude: Death always seemed to whisper to you from just beyond the corner of your eye, even when you were just a child. Your pet cat died when you were four years old, and you dug its body up a week later to see what it looked like. Your family was well-to-do, respected Kin; however, your grandfather, an ranking Ivory Priest took especial interest in you. Hoping that you'd eventually Change and follow in his footsteps, he lent you strange books and teased you with cryptic riddles. With his encouragement and patronate, you were an adept occult scholar by age 13. Even the high school Goths you casually associated with saw you as something different: a predator among prey, a wolf among sheep dressed in wolf-skins.

It was your senior year when your fate came for you. The week before, you'd been an eerily respectable "spooky death-chick;" now you were something truly different. You were complete at last. Now, a year after your Firsting, you are an acolyte in the Ivory Priesthood, an ardent scholar of Death's secrets.

Concept: The Ivory Priesthood is ideal for a person like you. While almost everyone, tribemates and packmates alike, considers your fixation on death to be morbid (or even profane), you're actually quite happy most of the time. You see death for what it is: a natural and fascinating part of existence. The priesthood has shown you certain things, but not yet taught you any of its deep secrets. You strive to prove yourself worthy for such enlightenment.

Roleplaying Hints: Despite your interest in Thanatos, you do not casually disregard the prerogatives of life. There is an order to the universe: a time to live and a time to die, as the saying goes. You may observe the death of innocents, but you only kill creatures that have been corrupted by the Wyrm. After every battle you take copious notes and samples for later analysis.

Equipment: Klaive, biology kit, business suit, lab coat, glasses, laptop computer



Silver Fangs™

Name:
Lodge: Moon
Camp: Ivory Priesthood

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Theurge
House: Gleaming Eye

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Theurge Duelist

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Fetish	●●●●○
Pure Breed	●●●○○
Resources	●●●○○
Rites	●○○○○
	○○○○○

Gifts

Eye of the Falcon
Persuasion
Sense Wyrm

Gifts

Renown

Glory
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom
● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□□□□□□□□□□

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Weakness

DERANGEMENT:
Intellectualization

Ice Dancer

Quote: *Have you ever seen a vampire try to fight on ice? It's really quite funny.*

Prelude: You were born in the countryside of Quebec. Your father was a Vietnamese-Canadian Stargazer; your mother, a French-Canadian Fang Philodox, making you metis in both senses of the word. Your mother brought you up in her tribe's traditions, and taught you Silver Fang rituals until those vampire bastards killed her during a raging ice-storm. You have since spent your life walking the edges between the many strange influences of your life. You walk between cultures — East and West, human and wolf — with equal facility.

You assumed your tribal duties almost out of desire to escape the burning hatred you hold for vampires. You learned the joys of athletics at an early age; fencing and skating were your favorites, and now you don't even need to wear skates anymore. Many believe you will be a paramount keeper of the ways one day, just like your mother. Yes, you are metis — but even that can be forgiven.

Concept: As a young field operative for the tribe's judiciary, it is your duty to ensure that the Garou obey the laws of Gaia and Helios. Some Garou from other tribes may consider you the "heavy hand of Silver Fang tyranny," but you are far more stringent about enforcing the law among Silver Fangs. One must put one's own house in order first. You do act capriciously at times, especially where vampires are concerned. Few Garou dare to go into vampire-ridden Montreal, but you have. Let the hunt begin.

Roleplaying Hints: You usually speak and act in a friendly but reserved manner, and are precise in dress and comportment. You are prepared for violence, but typically strive to accomplish things in a civilized manner. You are usually methodical and precise in your calculations, rarely making errors.

But when the ice coats the city (as it did on that night long ago), you become another person. When the world is sheathed in ice, your blood burns with a lust for revenge. The world slows to a crawl — cars, people, vampires. You move through this stop-motion world as a silver blur.

The tribal elders continue to caution you about your obsession. They predict your doom if you continue your war — but when the ice falls you cannot hear their words.

Equipment: Ice skates, klaive, mother's Falcon pendant

Metis Deformity: Bestial Reflection

Silver Fangs™

Name:
Lodge: Moon
Camp: None

Breed: Metis
Auspice: Philodox
House: Blood Red Crest

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Edgewalker

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Fetish	●●●●○
Pure Breed	●●●○○
Rites	●○○○○
	○○○○○
	○○○○○

Gifts

- Create Element
- Ice Dance
- Sense Wyrm

Gifts

Renown

Glory
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor
● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rank

Rage

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

Gnosis

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

Willpower

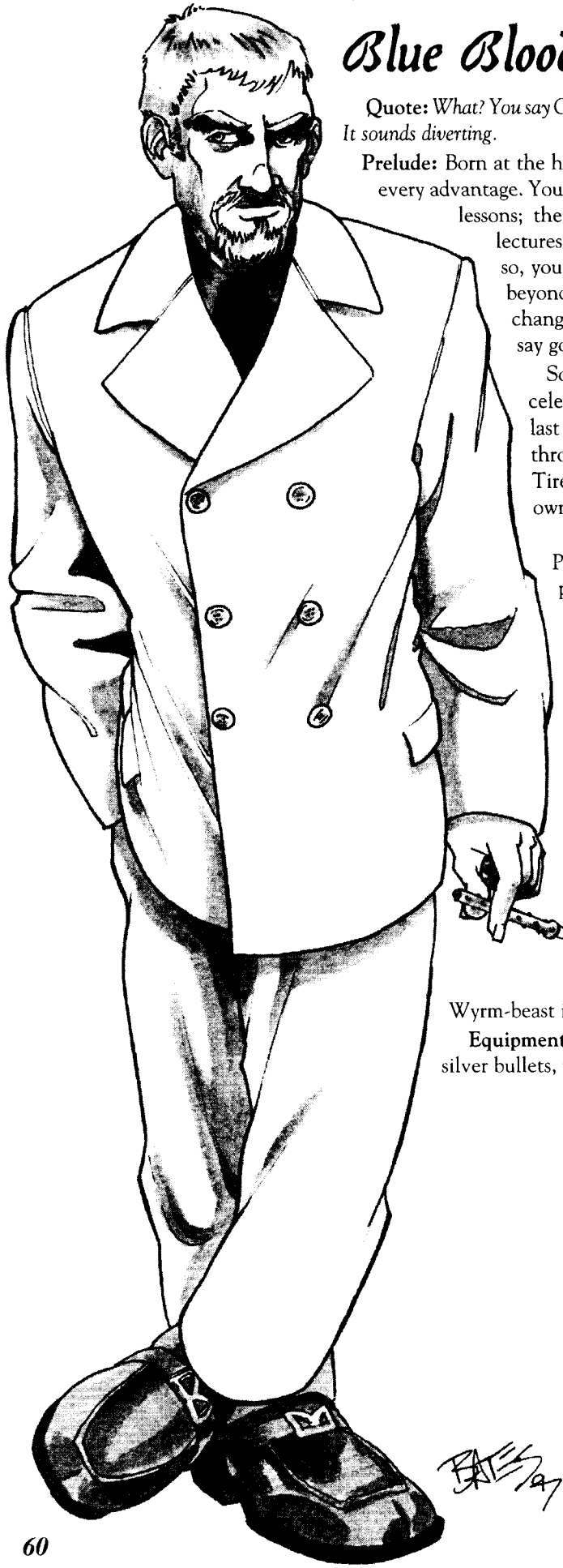
● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

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

Weakness

DERANGEMENT:
Vengeful



Blue Blood Manipulator

Quote: *What? You say Count Voight is really a vampire and you want me to help kill him? It sounds diverting.*

Prelude: Born at the heart of the tribe's European aristocracy, you grew up with every advantage. Yours was a world of very private schools and careful etiquette lessons; there you and your fellow Kinfolk students heard endless lectures on the great and glorious history of the Silver Fangs. Even so, you were uninspired. All the talk of past victories bored you beyond reason. You prayed every day that you would make the change, that you would become Garou, so you could get out and say goodbye to every last inbred one of them.

Someone answered your prayers. Your First Change was celebrated throughout your family, but the enthusiasm didn't last forever. You soon displayed a certain lack of follow-through, a most depressing character trait for a stubborn tribe. Tired of the disappointed stares of your Kith, you set out on your own to find something more stimulating.

Concept: Your family tree goes back almost as far as the Progenitor Wolf; Silver Fang blood doesn't get much more pure than yours. Someone with your breeding should be a warrior-hero of Gaia, but your parents were always disappointed by your performance. You've discovered that your greatest talent was manipulating other people to fulfill your needs. You have enough money to last a dozen lifetimes, so you travel distractedly around the world, looking for excitement that appeals to your jaded palate.

Roleplaying Hints: Your moral lapses make you something of an outcast in your house, but there are people in other tribes who are always happy to do things for you. With your looks and breeding, few people question your motives or competence. Despite your lack of "moral rectitude," you are careful to avoid compromise to the Wyrm. Boredom and ennui are one thing; being eaten by a Wyrm-beast is quite another.

Equipment: Custom suit, jeweled cigarette holder, .45 automatic with silver bullets, passport

Silver Fangs™

Name:
Lodge: Sun
Camp: Royalists

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Galliard
House: Gleaming Eye

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Bored Aristocrat

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies	●●○○○
Contacts	●●●●○
Pure Breed	●●●●○
Resources	●●●●●
	○○○○○

Gifts

- Lambent Flame
- Mindspeak
- Persuasion

Gifts

Renown

Glory
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rank

Rage

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

Gnosis

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

Willpower

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

Health

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

Weakness

DERANGEMENT:
Ennui

Russian Resistance Guerrilla

Quote: *The land screams beneath the Old One's blackness. Prepare for a slow death, Wyrm creature.*

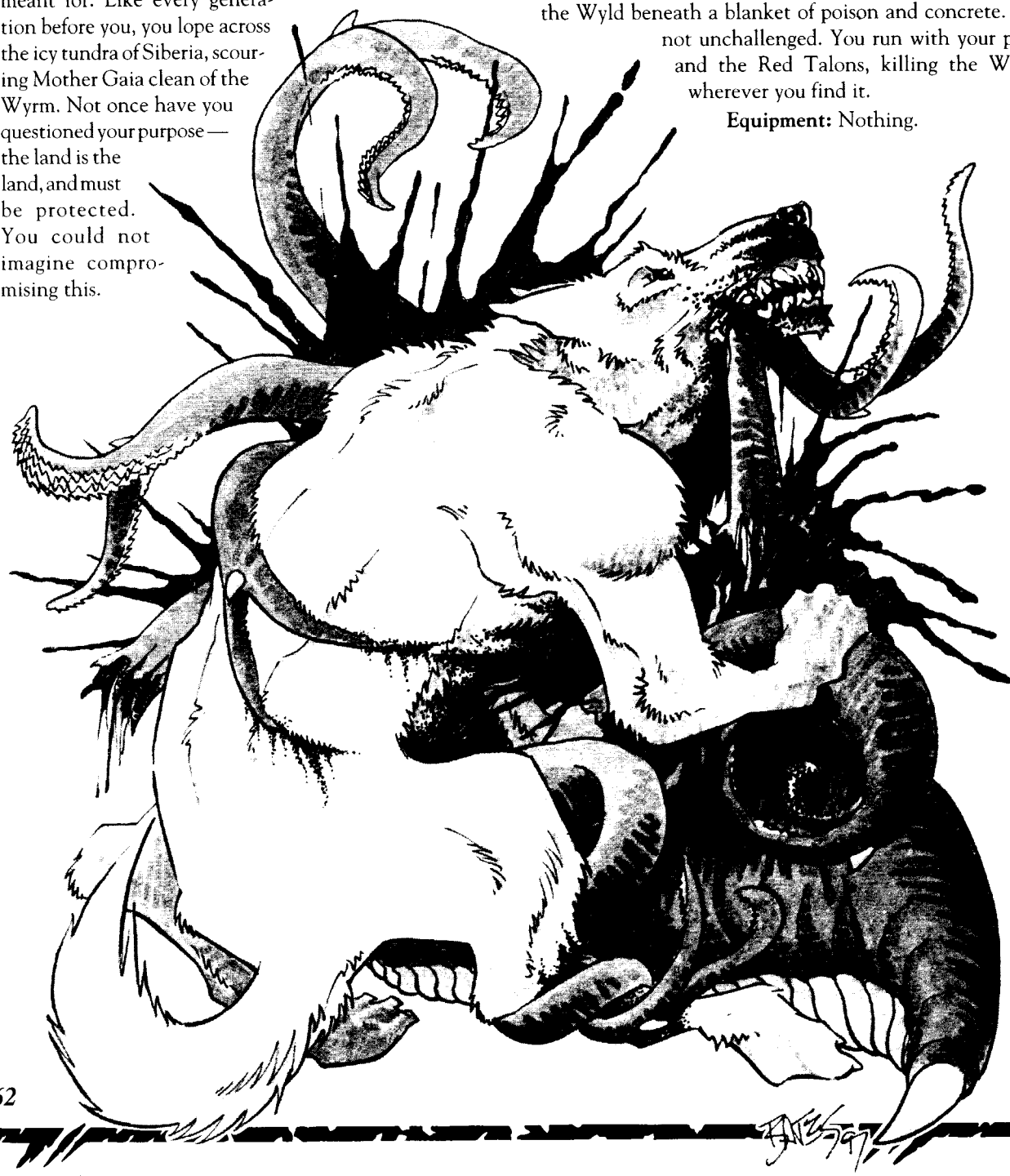
Prelude: This has always been a place for wolves. You were born on the icy tundra, and cared for by the pack. As you grew, you learned that your pack was but one of many, all carefully avoiding one another's territory — but despite the potential competition, you usually ate well. The alpha of your pack was a strong, almost impossibly intelligent wolf, and it was she who watched you change under the light of the full moon.

Now you have joined your true pack, the one you were meant for. Like every generation before you, you lope across the icy tundra of Siberia, scouring Mother Gaia clean of the Wyrm. Not once have you questioned your purpose — the land is the land, and must be protected. You could not imagine compromising this.

Concept: The humans in your tribe call your pack a "house," but then they have so many strange ways. You recognize that you are different from most of the other lupus Garou; your white fur alone marks you as the chosen of Gaia. Still, on the Wyld paths, there is little room for the human ways of rank. The word of your pack's alpha is authority enough for you. You listen to what the Red Talons and the other wolf-Garou say, and they in turn acknowledge your pack's place in the Wyld. So it is, so it has always been.

Roleplaying Hints: The freezing northern winds blow through your thick coat, but you are not cold. The moon's light turns the snow beneath your feet into a thousand pinpricks of light. This must have been how the old ones felt, when a wolf could run for an entire season without seeing sign of Wyrm or Weaver. Now these forces choke the Wyld beneath a blanket of poison and concrete. But not unchallenged. You run with your pack and the Red Talons, killing the Wyrm wherever you find it.

Equipment: Nothing.



Silver Fangs™

Name:
Lodge: None
Camp: None

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Ahroun
House: The Tee Pack

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Avenger of Gaia

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts	●●○○○
Past Life	●●●○○
Pure Breed	●●●○○
	○○○○○
	○○○○○

Gifts

- Full Moon Cleansing
- Heightened Senses
- Razor Claws
- Sense Wyrm

Gifts

Renown

Glory
●●○○○○○○○○

Honor
●○○○○○○○○○

Wisdom
○○○○○○○○○○

Rank

Rage

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Weakness

DERANGEMENT:
Isolation

Приложение Третье: Серебряное Войско

Despite what any others may think of them, the Silver Fangs have always been a tribe of champions. Nobility is their food and drink; responsibility is their *raison d'etre*. Even the lowliest Ragabash of the tribe can trace his ancestry back to martyrs, kings and heroes — such is the regal bloodline of the Silver Fangs.

Silver Fang Galliards have perhaps the heaviest duty among the Moon Dancers of the tribes; theirs is the unenviable task of recounting the deeds of almost innumerable tribal heroes. Grimfang, Jacob Morningkill, Tsarevich Nikolai, Loba Carcassone, White-Sky-Rising, Katarina Thousand-Howl, Daniel Heartshire, Riva Sun's Daughter — these are but a few of the names that stir awe and inspiration in the hearts of Fang cubs.

It naturally follows that with such high tribal standards, it becomes all the more difficult to stand out from one's fellows and forebears. The struggle for Renown is foremost in the minds of many Silver Fangs — and yet the greatest rulers and most tragic heroes have sometimes arisen with never a thought for their own glory. These first among lords are often driven by a sense of duty they could not explain if asked, but that the wisest elders always recognize.

The following Silver Fangs are champions among champions, or notably touchy subjects in the chants of the Moon Dancers. One way or another, they have distinguished themselves from the illustrious ranks of their tribemates. The Garou that is noteworthy among Silver Fangs is noteworthy indeed.

Yuri and Sophia Tvarivich

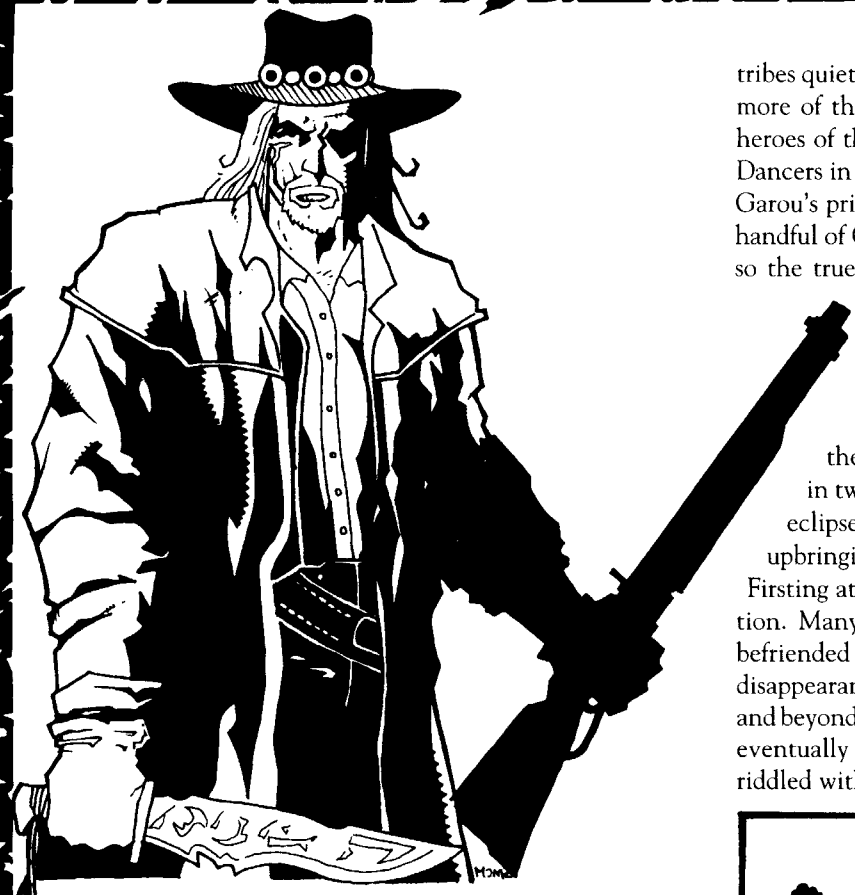
Of all the heroes of old Russia, perhaps the best known are these brother and sister Silver Fang warriors. As rulers of the Crescent Fang, the two protected all who were true to them. The Garou, and hence the Rus, prospered under their wise and just reign. They slew all the great Wyrm-foes of their time, and few dared oppose them.

One day word of the Wyrm-dragon, Sharkala the Cruel, came to the siblings. The Zmei killed all about it, laying waste to Mother Russia. Leading a pack with members from several tribes, Yuri and Sophia hunted the dragon, with the aid of the vampire, Durga Syn. Finding the Zmei, they struck at it with fang and claw, but the dragon, in its death throws, bit back and killed the two nobles. Their bodies were burned and their ashes thrown to the Russian winds, scattering their spirit and fame throughout the world.

Felix Yusupov

Although Kinfolk and not truly a Silver Fang, Felix Yusupov has nonetheless earned a certain fame of his own, much to the embarassment of his tribe. The young aristocrat was married to Tsar Nicholas II's niece, the Princess Irina, and wished to serve the tribe by killing the advisor Rasputin, whom he suspected of being a Wyrm-pawn. History records that he lured Rasputin into a trap by promising him an interview with Irina. Yusupov had to both poison and shoot the mad monk before he died, and threw the man's body into the icy Neva River. Yusupov escaped execution for the deed because he was too popular (and well-protected). The tsar banished him to his home estates in South Russia.

The Russian poet, Alexander Blok, marveled that the bullet that killed Rasputin was "fired not by a revolutionary, but by a crypto-fascist and a fop." Historians also note that Yusupov was a cross-dresser. Silver Fangs bristle at such "perceived" eccentricities. What should have been a Silver Fang victory has become something of an embarrassment for the tribe. The fact that there are at least two vampires and a mage who claim to be Rasputin haunting the World of Darkness further compounds this embarrass-



ment. Satirists from several tribes (most notably the Fianna) allude to the "Yusopov incident" as a comic example of Silver Fang foibles.

Isaiah Morningkill

One of the more recent Garou heroes, the father of Jacob Morningkill is rarely mentioned in ballads. Although the canny Theurge comported himself with nothing but dignity in life, and brought much honor to his tribe, most werewolves are ashamed to even speak of the deeds surrounding Isaiah and his life.

Isaiah was born in the nineteenth century in the North Country protectorate. However, the political maneuverings at the time were anything but gentle, and when Isaiah offended the sept's Caern Warder, he was "encouraged" to go elsewhere to carry on Gaia's fight. Mournfully leaving his wife behind, he set out to the West, to investigate reports of strange upheavals in the local Penumbra. He was not to return alive.

Although recent generations have been largely unable to discover the full story of Isaiah Morningkill, they have uncovered this much: Isaiah learned of powerful evils stirring in the West, evils that many European Garou had unwittingly awakened in their struggles with the Pure Ones. The backlashes on the spirit world were terrible, and were only calmed a decade before the turn of the century. Ashamed to admit their role in the troubles, the European tribes quietly accorded honor to their fallen, and spoke no more of the happenings in the West. The tales of their heroes of the time were carefully learned by a few Moon Dancers in the sept, so that none would forget. But in the Garou's pride, these stories were not told to more than a handful of Galliards out of the following generations, and so the true tale of Isaiah Morningkill's deeds remains a shameful secret among the proud Silver Fangs.

Collette Delacourt

Collette Delacourt of the Gleaming Eye was the most pure-bred Silver Fang the house had seen in two generations. Her birth was marked by a total eclipse. Her New Orleans house spared no effort in her upbringing, training her for great things to come. By her Firsting at age 15 she appeared to be surpassing expectation. Many Garou outside her tribe also liked her; she befriended Uktena, Fianna and Bone Gnawers alike. Her disappearance, then, caused a quake throughout her house and beyond. The local septs launched a massive hunt. They eventually found most of her body floating in a swamp, riddled with Wyrm-corruption.

There is no shortage of suspects in Collette's murder. These include the Black Spirals of two caerns in the area, agents of a local Pentex nuclear power plant (Atlas International), and even the Sabbat. The Gleaming Eye, however, blames the Shadow Lord's Society of Nidhogg (see Shadow Lords Tribebook). The Shadow Lords vociferously deny Nidhogg involvement, but few Garou (unsurprisingly) believe them. The destruction of the Society of Nidhogg has practically become a sacrament of Gleaming Eye. The house and the society are virtually at war with each other. Other tribes fear that skirmishes may draw them into the conflict. Several Louisiana packs are joining forces to find out who really killed Collette Delacourt.

Celeste Walks-the-Spiral-Backward

Celeste Walks-the-Spiral-Backward is a powerful and enigmatic member of the Gleaming Eye. As a powerful Ragabash, she is pulled by the invisible influences of the moon in startling ways. Celeste is a servitor of Luna and silently kills numerous Wyrm creatures in Luna and Gaia's names. Celeste is a shadowy figure in Silver Fang society. Wyrm-spawn throughout the world attribute horrific tales of slaughter to her, and fear her like few others. Some tell stories about how, trapped at the center of a Black Spiral labyrinth, she walked it backward, thereby destroying it completely. Many scoff at the impossibility of this story, but her honorific "Walks-the-Spiral-Backward" has stuck.

Widely traveled, Celeste has contacts in almost every land and tribe. She is an instrumental figure in coordinating the Silver Fangs' global war effort.

King Albrecht

The great-grandson of King Jacob Morningkill of House Wyrmfoe, King Albrecht is a new kind of Silver Fang monarch. After his grandfather exiled him, Albrecht wandered dispossessed among the common tribes for a number of years. During that time he mixed with Garou from such tribes as the Black Furies, Stargazers, Wendigo and even the Bone Gnawers. In his quest for the Silver Crown, he battled Black Spiral Dancers and traveled to the farthest reaches of the Umbra. He was skinned alive by the Spirals, but the power of the Silver Crown saved his life and seemingly cured him of his Harano.

While few Silver Fangs dispute Albrecht's right to rule, some do look askance at his methods. Ignoring his critics, Albrecht has sought to unite the disparate tribes of his

protectorate. Many of his detractors attribute this to his commoner sympathies and decry the "cult of personality" that surrounds the newly ascended king. Others, however, attribute his partial success at rallying other tribes to his ability to evoke a long-lost feeling for the Silver Fangs: trust.

Since his coronation, Albrecht has used his newfound power to launch a number of successful attacks against the Wyrm. The Wyrm-spawn in the region surrounding his protectorate is on the defensive once again.

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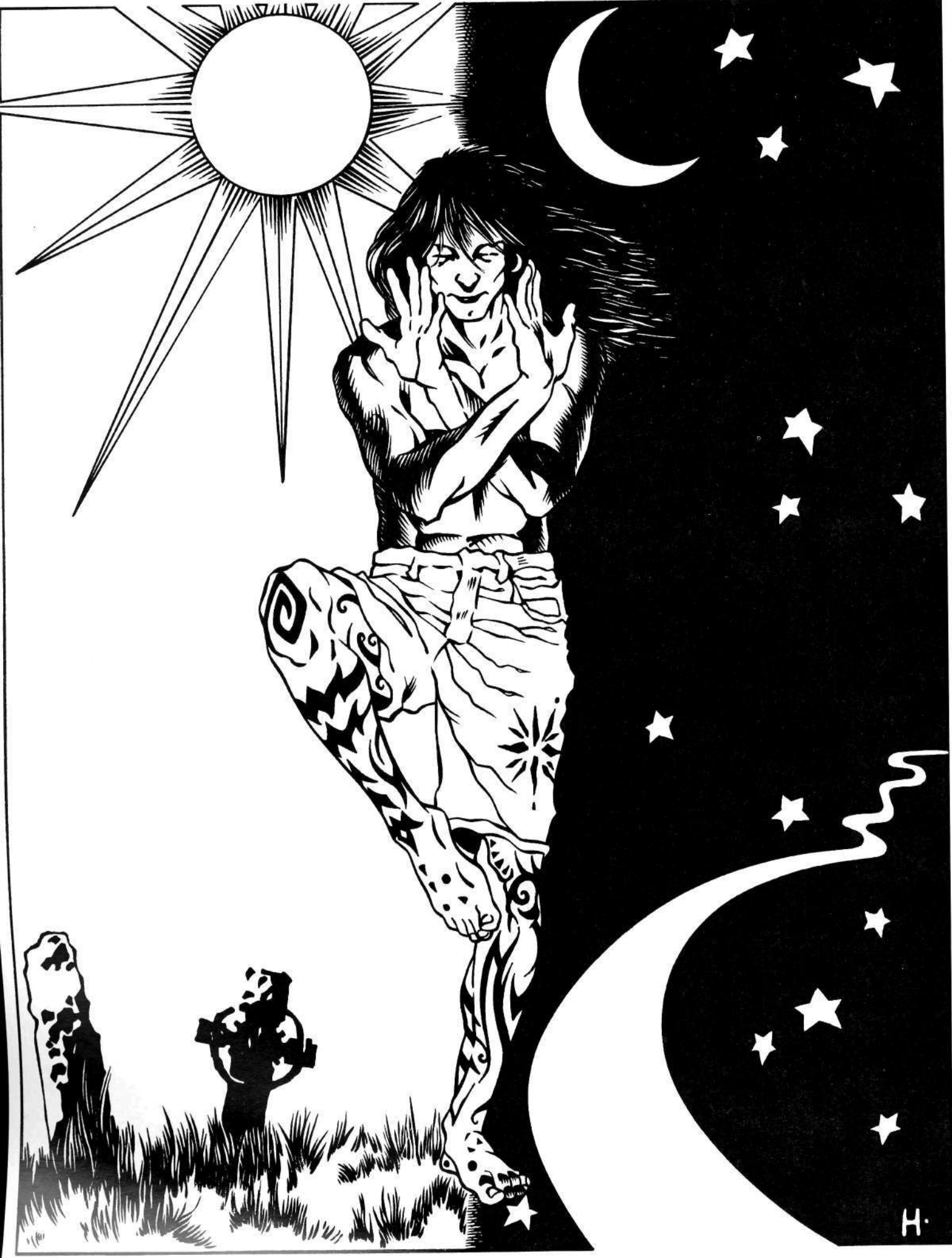
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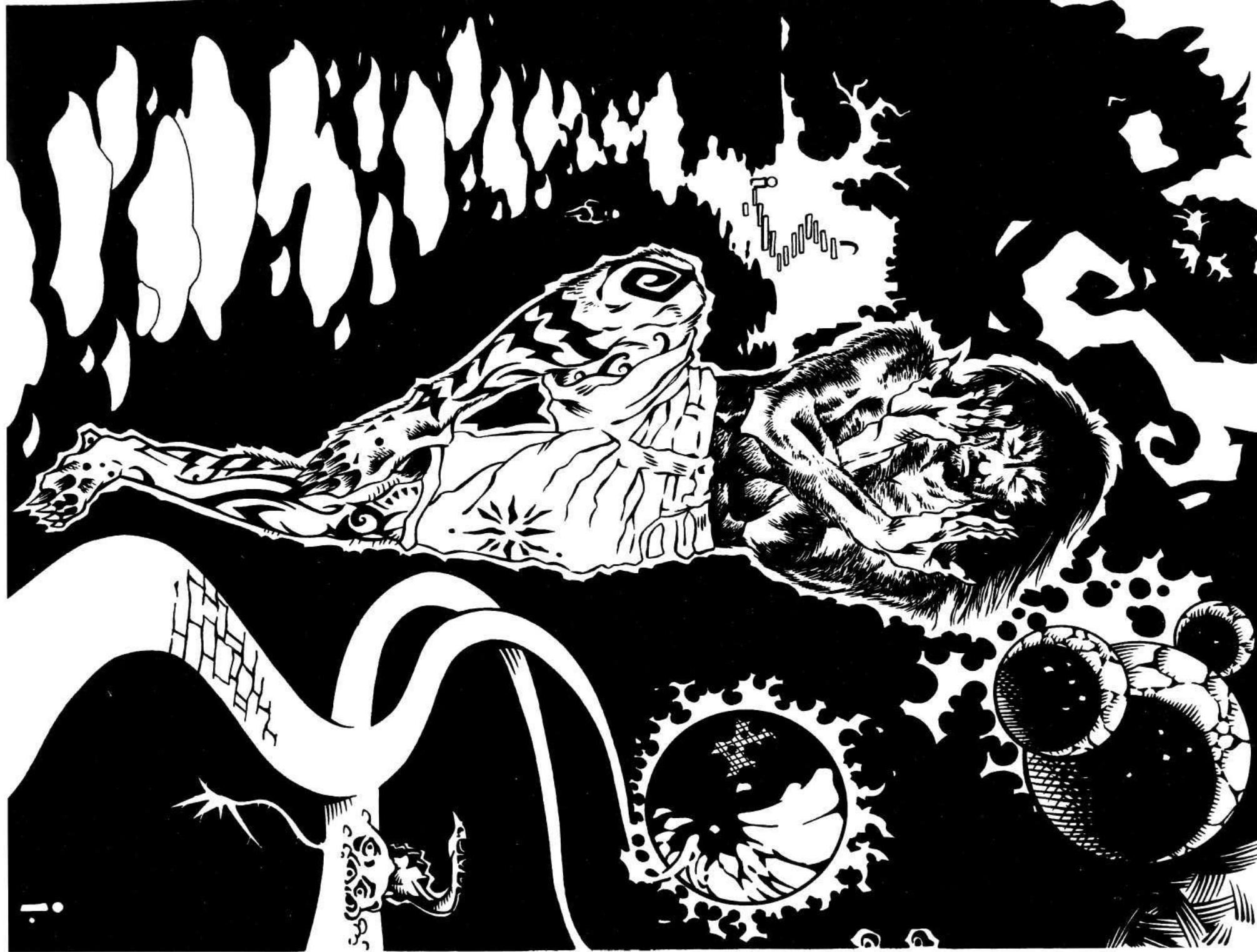

N.

STARGAZERS™

TRIBEBOOK

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Brian "Lord Raptor" **Glass,** for confronting Origins by drinking until his intestines fell out.

Mike "Jedah" **Tinney,** for his oh-so-scary contract wranglin'. And purple juice.

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Justin "Q-Bee" **Achilli,** for asking for it.

And Laurah "Morrigan" Norton, for one long-ass Hell Ride as an E&.D intern. The campus won't know what it's getting.

Author's Dedication

This work is respectfully dedicated to Allen Ginsberg, the holy, crazy Buddha of the Beats. His poetry cut through bullshit and illusion. A true Bodhissatva who spread compassion all around him. If more of us learned to listen to him, we would really know how to Howl.

STARGAZERS™
TRIBEBOOK

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Introduction: Incarnations of Eternity

There is evil and disorder in the world because people have forgotten that all things emanate from one source. Return to that source and leave behind all-self-centered thoughts, petty desires and anger. Those who are possessed by nothing possess everything.

— Morihei Ueshiba, *The Art of Peace*

Kyai Ho!

Listen well. I am the 989th Klaital. For many lifetimes have I been a Garou. Blessed am I to be born so well, for there is no better path to liberation than the life of the Changing Breed. Before Klaital, I was like other Garou, confused and angered at the changes wrought in the world by humans. Since Klaital became enlightened, realizing the star within him that is the Self and the existence of the True Gaia Realm beyond all illusions, I have returned to the world over and over to free each and every creature of Gaia from the web of illusion.

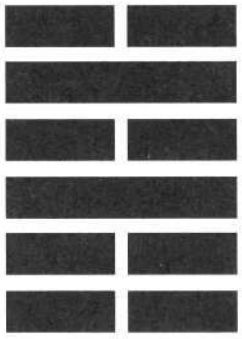
Ah, my old cub, who has come to me after many years and many scars, I see that you suffer deeply. But no more so and no less than all who live in ignorance. Blessed are you to realize that you suffer, for now you seek escape from it. You seek freedom from illusion and strive for bliss in Gaia. How much worse are those who suffer but do not realize it? How long until they finally rise above their ignorance and see the Truth?

Truth is what you seek here, answers to the questions your own tribe could not answer. What do the Get of Fenris know of wisdom, you ask? Much, I tell you. But not the kind you seek. For you see, you are not of them, although you were born to them. Your soul, like many others, has journeyed long through many lives since the Dawn. I have known you before. Welcome, Stargazer, it is good to meet you again.

Yes, you were a Stargazer in your previous life. The signs are there; I have seen them. I will detail them for you later. I can tell by your eyes that this is not strange to you. You know this, deep within yourself. It is one of the answers you seek: Who am I? Where did I come from?

These things and more will I tell you. It is time for your initiation into the tribe of the Stargazers, Slayers of the Mind, Those Who Are Free from the Web of Ignorance.

Chapter One: Lifetimes in the Gaiadharma



Chien (Obstruction): Surrounded by obstructions, one must first retreat, then seek the direction of the Sage.
— I Ching

Your time among another tribe has been good, for it has taught you their folly in a way words alone cannot convey. Only by living and failing over and over does the ego lose its sway over the self, allowing you to question.

I do not claim the other tribes are wrong in all they do. No, for they, too, know Gaia. But they fight the wrong enemy. As long as they spend themselves in rage against it, they will fail, and the true enemy will get stronger.

Your enemy, cub, is not the Wyrm.

Ah, still yourself. Beliefs long held die hard. I do not expect you to believe me simply because I say so. The Wyrm is formidable, indeed, and not something to ignore. It can greatly harm us, tempting us to its ways. Its ways are not those of corruption, however. No, this is but a side-effect.

Ask yourself: Why does the Wyrm corrupt? Where does its rage come from?

Suffering.

The Wyrm is the supreme symbol of suffering. Its extreme pain causes the world more pain. But this is good! For it awakens us to pain, to the realization that all is not right with the world. Without that realization, we would never seek escape from the pain, but remain anesthetized in a numb acceptance of illusion.

And what is the cause of the Wyrm's suffering?

It is the same cause as all suffering: Mind. This is the true enemy. But I see that you already misunderstand. I do not mean the part of you which you think of as mind: your thoughts and feelings. They are but small illusions within a larger illusion.

I speak of the source of Mind, the begetter of duality and discrimination, the womb of illusion. I speak of the Weaver, *Tsuchigumo.* Her Web entraps all creation even as it gives it form. But Truth lies beyond form, beyond duality. Gaia is Truth, the Supreme Oneness of All. Only through Gaia can we realize our true place. Only through understanding of Gaia and the methodical cutting of the Web can we come to exist in the True Gaia Realm.

We call this way of understanding the Gaiadharma. It is the way of all Stargazers. While the other tribes struggle against the Wyrm, who but suffers as they do, the world is wrapped tighter and tighter within the Weaver's Web. Only the Stargazers realize this truth. To expend energy in a useless fight only entraps the soul in a cycle of combat.

Thus do we cease our efforts against this false foe and strive instead against the true one. But the battle is far more subtle. It is not with claw and fang that we will win through. No, we must use the only weapons which can cut the Web. The first is the gift we received from the Weaver herself: Mind. With Mind shall we destroy Mind.

The second is the greatest ally of all: Compassion, that which comes from opening our heart chakras to Gaia. Without this opening up to Gaia, without heart, we cannot trust our minds. Too many on the path have been lost in illusions of their own making, trapped in labyrinths of logic and enigma. If allowed free reign, Mind eats itself, first cutting off the world by discriminating its interconnectivity into discrete, disconnected pieces and then building its own world with rules of regularity and repetition, heedless that Gaia's truth is spontaneity and uniqueness. This way lies Harano, the weeping for that which is not yet lost, the melancholy of ignorance.

It is not that we do not beware the Wyrm, or fight it when we can. But we must fight it in ways which will guide us and others against the true foe. Is not the Wyrm trapped in the Web? If we cut the Web, will we not free it and thus end its suffering, allowing Balance to return? When we fight the Wyrm, we do so to provide example to others about how they must defeat their own rage, the mirror of the Wyrm's suffering within us. We fight the Wyrm to free it and others.

Ah, I speak too clearly too early. You have known this before, but it was another life. The chaos of the Between, that which you passed through after death and before birth, separates you from this previous knowing. I will begin anew, at the Beginning.

Dawn Times

OM. *The eternal Word is all: what was, what is and what shall be, and what beyond is in eternity. All is* OM.

— Mandukya Upanishad

All tribes, all beings, have legends about the Dawn Times, the primal beginnings of the world. All such tales are wonderful and reveal a memory of the timeless, uncreated True Gaia Realm. The world never had a beginning, nor an ending. It still is, as it has always been.

Our sense of a beginning, like many things which we believe, is a lie. It comes from our sense of time, our linear moving forward from moment to moment. But time is another of the Web's falsehoods. For in truth, we move nowhere, progress nowhere and do not change. Our true selves are uncreated, unchanging, pure Gaia bliss.

At some deep level, so deep that we barely can conceive of it, we still live in the Dawn Times. We have never left. But the part of ourselves which thinks and talks and is our very identity is in the Web, and knows only duality, disconnection and solitude. I will call this the ego.

It is through our egos that you and 1 now talk. But on another level, we speak of higher things, remembering each other and our true home. I am old and have long practiced the Gaiadharma, in this life and others. I perceive this true communication between us now. But you, as yet, cannot. If you discipline yourself through the ways 1 will teach you, you will come to know your higher self also.

I low did the Web arise? The legends of other tribes speak of a madness, telling that the Wyld was too abundant, too rich for the Weaver to digest. She could not spin fast enough to give it all form, and thus went mad, making all of Creation insane.

The other tribes never ask why it is that she needs to give form to Creation. Was it not perfect from the start?

Gaia bid the world to take form, and to this task she set a part of Herself. Yes, the Weaver, like everything else, is but a part of Gain. Then why is her work false? On a certain level — one which, like the True Gaia Realm, we cannot usually perceive -- her work is true.

It was not Creation which falsened the Web. It was its creatures: namely, humans. Blessed with deep understanding and the power of gods, humans built the Web, and the Weaver followed their lead.

Know this now! Humans are *of* Gaia, just as wolves are. But Gaia gifted them with something no other animal has: Abundant Mind. That humans turned a gift into a curse is typical of their nature, a nature given them by Gaia. It follows: Did she not intend this to happen?

I believe so. I believe that humans had to break the world so that it could be fixed. The mending of Creation by its creatures requires a phenomenal task of Understanding. And the result of all Understanding? Life within the True Gaia Realm. Everything returns full circle to its beginning.

If this is so, then why worry about anything? Things will happen as they happen. Be content then, with your ignorance and suffering.

Bur it you are nor content, then you must act, if only to learn that all acting is illusion. And once you realize that all is illusion — acting, not-acting, suffering and all else — you will return to the state of original bliss. And if you have learned well, and reached deep Understanding, you will realize that you must also help others to reach this state, for they are you and you are them, together as one in the True Gaia Realm.

Klaital From the East

Long ago, the Garou had no tribes. They were one people. Eventually, through immigration and toil, they formed the tribal alliances we know today.

From this wandering race of shapechangers, tribeless and without ties, came Klaital. From the East he traveled to the West, seeking answers to great questions. He found the Impergium. He found war between Gaia's creatures.

He was sickened by the hypocrisy and suffering he saw, the monumental ignorance. Garou fought humans and Garou fought Garou — all because they blamed humans for breeding out of control. But breeding is an instinct instilled by Gaia, the never-ending need to grow, to flower and ensure the continuation of the cycle.

No doubt, humans had grown past what their natural environment allowed through the use of their tools, wonders of invention which helped them fight back the cold and fell the strongest prey. But was slaughter the answer.' Would slaughter stop humans from building tools? It only made them more inventive.

And the Weaver protected her own, spinning a Veil of ignorance about them when they were confronted with Garou, harbingers of a greater truth. Assault and fear could only strengthen such a web of lies, and the Garou aided the Weaver to build the Web of Illusion which now entraps us all, of which the Veil is but a warning, an early sign of an ignorance which would one day numb the world.

Klaital, contemplating this horror, fell into Harano.

This deep depression is one of the greatest enemies of the Garou. It has taken so many, stealing them from the path of enlightenment just as they near to their goals. So it was with Klaital. His wisdom had perceived the evils that the Garou committed, but he knew not how to address them, how to end the slaughter and heal the wound.

Klaital's Journey is perhaps the most well-known of our tales. Even those in other tribes have heard versions of it, although I doubt many have understood its meaning. Even among our tribe, ignorance persists, as young Stargazers travel the supposed path which Klaital took through Africa south to the ice, searching for outwards signs and portents of his wisdom.

But Klaital's journey was purely an interior one. He traveled far, but not on foot, and not in the spirit world. In his sorrow, his mind rewalked the path of his life, from happy childhood to sly middle years to bitter old age. He finally reached the current wastes of his saddened heart, and there saw the spark of being, his true self, that which remains after all illusions of self are shattered. The spark of Gaia within everything.

He had forsaken his life and identity, prepared to die in despair, and instead found the core of his being, the true unchanging center brighter than any star in the sky. Nothing could stain this spark, nor Wyrm, Wyld or Weaver.

Having found the undying font of self, Klaital understood the illusions of the world, the misplaced values and beliefs of Garou, wolf and human. Rejoicing at his enlightenment, he spread the Word, first rehabilitating his past, his sense of self forged by his memories. He was no longer bound by his past self, his past actions.

He arose to take his enlightenment to the world, to pass it to others that they might see the light within themselves and thus break the bonds of ignorance which kept them fighting and struggling with each other.

But the Garou were not ready to hear the Word.

Saddened, Klaital removed himself from packs and tribes, walking alone, for he knew that only those who walk alone can come to know this interior truth, that of individuation of Self. Words cannot teach this understanding; each and every soul has to realize it for himself. Only when each soul willingly gives up the false life and seeks the truth in his own time can he come to know the Truth. Only when all souls have sought in such wise will the Web fade and the True Gaia Realm become clear.

Stargazers walk alone so that we can save ourselves and all others, not just Garou but humans and all of Gaia's creatures.

The Luminous Shrine

Be a child of the mountains.
Live among cloud-girded peaks.
Wear ragged, cast-off clothes.
Eat plain and simple food.
Ignore both friends and enemies.
Leave worldly work undone.
Do not hanker after quick results.
Be content with inner peace.
Decide conclusively regarding the truth of Dharma,
and practice accordingly
throughout your life.

— Surya Das, *The Snow Lion's Turquoise Mane*

Klaital returned to the East and established a monastery, a retreat from the illusions of the world where monks could study the Within. Others joined: not just Garou, but human mages also. Mighty did Klaital's students become in inner wisdom. These were the first Stargazers, those who saw Truth in a time before it was farther removed from the world. These Garou, both homid and lupus, have since been born again and again, sometimes as Stargazers, sometimes as greater beings: Jagglings and Incarna, each life a step closer to the True Gaia Realm.

In a world where some benefit from suffering, Wisdom has enemies. The Wyrm's servants feared what powers were being born in the Luminous Shrine, and knew thai its wise ones, if allowed to practice unhindered by the troubles of the world, would one day liberate the world. They moved to destroy the shrine.

Their first weapon was crude. An assault of monsters fell upon its walls, beating and battering their way into the inner sanctum. But rather than resist this force, the gates were opened, allowing the creatures to flood in freely. When they reached Klaital's meditation seat, they reared back to strike down the wisest of the wise.

Klaital simply raised his hand and touched his heart. This gesture, so simple and pure, halted his assassins, and they fell to the ground before him, awed by his mastery of Gaia's heart path. Even in the face of death, he offered compassion to his enemies. Some of the beasts fled, confused and angry at themselves, shamed at being stopped by a mere gesture of love. Others, however, stayed, and begged Klaital to teach them Wisdom so that they could cut the strings of ignorance by which the Wyrm had played them like puppets.

He accepted them and taught them what he could, difficult students as they were. It has taken them many lives to reach even the level of the most rageful Garou cub, but even now some of them still strive on the path shown them by Klaital.

The second weapon was more subtle. You see, the shrine would often accept converts from all across the world. It would initiate them into its mysteries and studies so that they could one day return to their own people and spread Understanding. The Wyrm chose two of its most honey-tongued and wise servitors to infiltrate the shrine and bring it down from within.

These two new monks questioned everything, bur not in the normal way of the young. They chose the most disturbing questions and asked them when they sensed that their mentors were their weakest. In this way, they spread doubt among their masters, whose confusion in turn spread to all the students.

Sensing this tide of ignorance, Klaital summoned the young monks before him and allowed them to pose their questions to him, the greatest, among them. They were more clever than before, sensing that their moment had come; if they could not destroy Klaital's peace, their mission would fail. They conferred among themselves as to which question to ask first, for if they could nor unseat his mind from the start, they would not win,

They asked: "How do we know that your Truth is not a lie?"

Klaital smiled and placed his hand upon his belly.

Defeated, the two monks slunk from the shrine, hiding their faces in shame, fearing to return to their master now that their mission had failed.

The final weapon was the subtlest of all, and the one which brought the walls down. A diseased beggar came to the shrine seeking food and healing for his sores. He was admitted to Klaital, who would ease his suffering with mantra chanting.

Bur the old beggar asked, "How can you spend your time with me alone when others suffer the world over' What use is my healing when 1 will go gamble and whore my health away again? Others who cannot reach the shrine are more needy."

Klaital was still, and then spoke. "Yes, my Enemy, you are right. 1 had hoped to prepare a while longer, but my patience is vanity. 1 will heed wisdom and send my monks out into the world."

The old man smiled, knowing that the Wyrm had won, for the shrine would lie empty as monks traveled into the world, each alone and corruptible.

But Klaital spoke again: "And so it is as Gaia meant it to be. No womb can hold an infant forever. All children must make their way in the world before they can return again to the womb. But in so doing, they will realize that they have brothers and sisters, and are never alone and without kin."

The old man began to cry. His ploy had succeeded, but was destined to only cause the Wyrm more pain than the secluded monastery could ever have.

Klaital arose, fetched his walking stick and pack, and left the shrine, telling others to follow, for the walls would soon crumble. Within the month, his prophecy had proved true, for without his Wisdom to hold them up, the walls did indeed fall, collapsing into dusty ruin. The other monks gathered their packs and staves and left, traveling in all directions away from each other into the world.

Klaital was not to be seen again for many years, and his return was in a different life. Stargazers always hearken back to this legendary temple. Of its monks, some retreated to the Umbra or into die caverns of die Hollow Earth. Others traveled to far lands, some to die Americas. Many passed into realms of dream. Some believe that die monastery is but a metaphor for the wisdom of Atlantis, Mu or Lemuria. When those civilizations fell, their wisdom was scattered across the world.

The great library of this temple did pass into dream, into the realms of Chimera. Many people have had dreams of a great book of knowledge, one which contains all the knowledge in the universe. Such is the shrine's lore, known to some as the Akashic Records. It is said that the pages of this Universal Book are written in the stars.

All Stargazer caerns are but shadows of this primordial monastery, although each tries to capture some of its essence. It is the Stargazers' task to build this shrine again, in their bodies, hearts and minds.

Lone Wolves

I turn over and over in
My heart the memories of
Other days. Tonight as always
There is no one to share my thoughts.

— Chu Shu Chen, *Alone*

To all comers of the earth the Stargazers sojourned. Some traveled together for a time, but each eventually went his way alone, as did Klaital on his famed journey toward enlightenment.

Many failed, succumbing to worldly temptations, abiding among trivialities. Others fell to poisonous thoughts — anger, envy, delusion — and used their powers for ego-gratification or turned them to evil uses, becoming evil in the process. Their diamond-hard minds and words became weapons of corruption, perverted by the Weaver and the Wyrm.

Such black monks convinced themselves that what they did was not wrong, and that it was simply another path to enlightenment. Logic provides so many means to delusion, not the least of which is the power to disarm all ethical viewpoints, relativising good and evil.

It is true that, in the True Gaia Realm, there is no such duality. But outside such a perfected state, all dualities are weapons of ignorance. This is why only the heart path of Gaia can guide us through intellectual relativity, and only our belly centers can ground us from delusion — our guts know truth when our minds do not. The body does not lie, but pain can distract the mind and cause it to think otherwise.

So follow not the ways of corruption. They are traps and will deliver you to lives spent in hellish realms of Atrocity or Abyss. While such hells can purify the soul of repressed poisonous thoughts, it takes many lifetimes. Too many now reside in such Wyrm realms, and too few live in the world now, unprepared to save it through quests for enlightenment. When the Balance is beyond repair, the Apocalypse will commence, and the way to the True Gaia Realm will be shut forever.

The path of the Stargazer is a hard one. It has always been so. The Weaver's Web is strong and many-layered. A breakthrough in one layer reveals still more layers to be cut. It is easy to lose heart and give up. Persevere! In the darkest moments, your inner light will guide you. You are never alone when you know your center; you then stand with all the world, with all creatures high and low, great and small, united against ignorance, striving for Great Perfection.

As the Stargazer monks traveled forth, bringing Klaital's Word to others, they occasionally found open ears for their teachings, not just among Garou, but among humans also. Word spread among the tribes of a new tribe, known as the Stargazers, wise wolves from the East, bearing deep wisdom.

The Impergium had not ended, but there were now tribes who opposed it, such as the Black Furies and Children of Gaia. The Children of Gaia, understanding the wisdom of this new tribe, asked the aid of one such wise wolf to end the slaughter. He agreed. When a Child challenged the king of all the Garou to gamecraft, she chose the Stargazer to stand in her place. The haughty king was brought low by the careful words of Klaital's student, and the Impergium was ended.

The Way of Kai Lin

Those who practice the Art of Peace must protect the domain of Mother Nature, the divine reflection of creation, and. keep it lovely and fresh. Warriorship gives birth to natural beauty. The subtle techniques of a warrior arise as naturally as the appearance of spring, *summer, autumn and winter. Warriorship is none other than the vitality that sustains all life.*

— Morihei Ueshiba, *The Art of Peace*

The Stargazers were instantly renowned as wolves to be reckoned with. A few rageful Garou challenged them to brutal combats, envious of their wisdom and desirous to show them up. The undertrained monks were sorely defeated, some suffering horrendous scars as reminders of their weakness.

Word spread that the Stargazers, wise in mind, were weak in body. Too long had they spent meditating in their shrines. They had neglected the physical endowments given by Gaia.

One among them set about to change this, to devise a way of body awareness that did not allow rage to rule the

senses, destroying the work of mediation each monk had spent years obtaining.

Kai Lin he was called, the Bellowing Friend of the Wind. He removed himself to the mountaintops and cavorted with wind spirits, learning from them the subtle yet powerful movements of the invisible aethers. Years later, he came down from the mountain to teach other Stargazers what he had learned.

Before he could even begin the first lesson, an angry rival called Grovak Growls-at-Wyrm launched himself at Kai Lin in the full form of rage. With but a palm's gentle shove and a sidestep, Kai Lin easily threw his opponent far from him. Rising from the ground in humiliation, the Garou again charged. Again, Kai Lin avoided the blow, this time by shifting to his wolf form moments before a blow to his human-sized head would have landed. A simple step forward at the right angle was all that was required to topple his unbalanced foe.

Kai Lin stood upon the downed Garou and dug his claws into his flesh. "Which hurts more, friend, my claws or the shame of defeat by a foe you could not even touch?"

Grovak Growls-at-Wyrm stilled his thrashing as realization dawned on him. "What Gift did you use against me?"

"Only the perfection of the wind," Kai Lin replied.

"Teach me," Grovak said.

"You must first learn to control your rage. It is only a weapon once if has been mastered."

And so Kai Lin taught his fighting way to others. Few could master it, however, for its subtlety and control were beyond the abilities of most Garou. Such is the way with all true endeavors.

Serene Habhava: Klaital Returned

At this time, the Wyrm was the greatest enemy of the Stargazers. No one realized yet that It was only a pawn of Its jailer. Even Klaital had taught that the Wyrm was die nemesis to be defeated, not just physically, bur mentally besides.

In the early efforts against the Wyrm, the Stargazers joined the Garou in their battles. They were baffled by their enemy's inexhaustible rage. No arguments could prevail against it. While its servitors could be confused and won over from rime to time, the great rage and pain always returned, as if from some great source beyond the world.

In these times, a young Stargazer named Habhava startled his mentors during his Rite of Passage. He knew things which it had taken years for his elders to learn, wisdom and secrets from long ago. The elders became suspicious, suspecting a trick from the Wyrm, and they confronted the young one, prepared to kill him it he did not answer all their tests aright.

Forced to succeed in tasks of combat, gamecraft and meditation, the young cub wonthroughthem all. This made the elders even more suspicious, and even envious. One among them riled the others to anger, convincing them that the cub could only have come from the Wyrm to infiltrate their tribe. They gathered about the cub, claws and teeth bared.

Then Chimera appeared before them, roaring like a lion and breathing flame like a dragon. All stepped back, awed at the appearance of one of Gain's Brood. The totem of dreams then explained the true nature of Habhava: He was Klaital reborn, with many memories and wisdom retained. Upon his first death, Klaital had journeyed like all souls through the Umbra. But his amazing mind had been able to choose the path his soul traveled, and he steered into the realms of dream. There he met Chimera, and communed with that powerful spirit, trading wisdom.

But as he reclined in dreams, he witnessed the travails of Gaia's creatures, and grew sorrowful for them. He decided that he had to return to them, to teach his wisdom again, for it was not spread fast enough, and was often forgotten.

He vowed to seek Gaia Herself and beg Her to allow him to be reborn a Garou. Chimera aided him in his journey to the True Gaia Realm. Few spirits know the paths which lead there, but Chimera is one ofthem. Once Klaital reached this supernal realm of bliss and perfection, he met many friends and family long gone. Tempting it was to stay in Gaia's Womb, far from the horror of the world. But he was resolute. His compassion for Her creatures, trapped in ignorance, was greater than his desire for bliss. Indeed, his bliss was marred by this understanding. Gaia Herself blessed him and sent him back into the world, born again in a human body destined to become a Garou.

Awed by this tale and the proof of the wise cub before them, the elders hewed before Habhava, who they called Klaital Reborn, and begged him to show them how they could follow on this path, the way of reincarnation and perfection through lifetimes in the world Since this time, many Stargazers have lived many lifetimes, often as Garou of different tribes, and sometimes as humans or spirits, all to gain a greater understanding.

I am the 989th incarnation of Klaital. It has taken me a lifetime to remember much of what I knew before, and all is still not clear to me. But I have attained new understanding also.

Habhava became as wise in his new life as he had in the last, and was given the title Serene, tor so divine was his countenance and so immovable was he by desire that he calmed many a rageful heart.

Fierce Chakal: The Enemy Revealed

Where is your ward
Discrimination?
Draw it and. slash
Delusion to pieces.
Then arise
O son of Bharata:
Take your stand
in Karma Yoga.

— Bhagavad Gita

Habhava wondered about the problem of the Wyrm, about how to defuse its anger. But it would take many lifetimes to

unwrap this puzzle, and much lore hard-gained by many Stargazers who dared the realms of the Wyrm to discover its secrets.

Finally, a Stargazer named Chakal, an incarnation of one of Klaital's first students, realized the truth. She discovered that the Wyrm was trapped by the Weaver, and thrashed and roared to escape its bonds. All it did were mindless, rageful acts hopeful of escape. It purposefully goaded Gaia's warriors so that they would seek it out and cut its bonds. But the Weaver's Web is too subtle, and the Garou instead fight back against themselves and the world, wounding those who may best aid the battle: humans.

The human connection to the Weaver was greater than the Garou's. This was evidenced in their tool use, their ability to imagine a different reality and create it. It was the Awakened ones, the mages, who were supreme examples of this truth. But they did not know the greater powers they served. The Garou's action during the Impergium had blinded them to such primal truths; they fled instead into realities of their own making, denying Gaia's reality.

Chakal realized that the only way to reach through the Weaver's Web was through mind, but a mind twisted back upon itself. Paradox and enigma. Controlled cognitive dissonance. Only through such a sane madness could a Stargazer walk the Web and remain unharmed. Cultivating a mind which could answer all enigmas posed to it became the prime task of the tribe.

And in a moment of especially incisive Understanding, Chakal realized that the Wyrm also knew this, that it spread insanity among its servitors so that they, too, would be immune from the Web and thus have a chance of reaching their master and freeing him from his cage. But the Wyrm failed to understand that only a being which has realized its star-soul, its indestructible light within can withstand madness without being destroyed. The Wyrm's servitors cannot win in their task, because their own madness will destroy them before they can free their master.

And they will also destroy Creation. Chakal feared that the Wyrm would one day corrupt the Garou to its misplaced task. If enough of Gaia's creatures are corrupted, the world would be destroyed before it could be healed. Apocalypse became an even more real possibility.

Only the Stargazers understood the true enemy. But how to communicate this realization to others? Chakal knew that this was a task for many thousands of lifetimes. Others must realize this wisdom in their own way. The Stargazers would hand such Understanding down to those who sought it, and subtly aid others in acting toward the fruition of universal understanding by all. While others would forget over the coming millennia, the Stargazers would remember.

Chakal is given the title Fierce, for so implacable was her intent toward enlightenment that nothing could bar her from Truth. No web of the Weaver could prevail against her Vajra Klaive, so sharp that it could cut false ideas from others' minds.

Safeguarding Wisdom

I fish for minnow in the lake.
Just born, they have no fear of man.
And those who have learned,
Never come back to warn them.

— Su Tung P'o, *Epigram*

No tribe is so influenced by humans. No tribe has so little influence over them. Nonetheless, the Stargazers sought to nurture wisdom in early human cultures. Following Klaital's vision of liberation from ignorance for all beings, the tribe sought to instill understanding in humans, and in turn learned understanding from them.

It was not an easy task. The ways of wisdom come not as easy as the ways of war. But there were a few successes, especially in the East. And whenever a Stargazer was near defeat, ready to give up on humans, a wonder would appear among them and lead the Stargazers to greater light. Buddha, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu, Dogen and others in the East. Ibn Arabi and Rumi in the Middle East. Christ, Plato and others in the West.

All beings display the gifts of Gaia, even if they regularly squander such gifts. Like water, Wisdom seeks the low places.

Unlike other tribes, Stargazers do not boast of a proud list of accomplishments among human cultures throughout history. Instead, we prefer to speak of the humans who have changed us, and taught us wisdom our wolf egos might otherwise have denied.

Surely, humans all too often forget the natural world from which they spring and to which they always belong. But even without our teachings, they sometimes realize this truth on their own. More than any pivotal historical moment, our tribe has affected humans by preserving their lore when otherwise they would have lost it long ago.

Our hermits and sages have collected scrolls and paintings, art and wisdom from all over, and hidden them in our mountain caves and caerns. Occasionally, we allow humans to discover these treasures and bring them into the world anew, but more often we reveal them again only to the few who are ready for them, those who have renounced the delusional world to live among the trees and streams, to seek the Tao or Gaia.

And the Wyrm, of course, tries to destroy such storehouses of wisdom wherever they be. I suspect a greater hand behind China's invasion of Tibet and its destruction of countless temples there. A great fetish, Kamura's Claw, was lost in those invasions, along with so much more wisdom.

Long ago, our tribe realized that such lore was not safe in this world alone. They retreated to Umbral realms to store their wisdom treasures, realms often open to human wanderers, such as Shambala, Shangri-La and Agartha in the Hollow Earth. Rarer and rarer it is that humans can find such places, but we know where they are. You will learn their locations when you need to know them, not before.

Cloistered

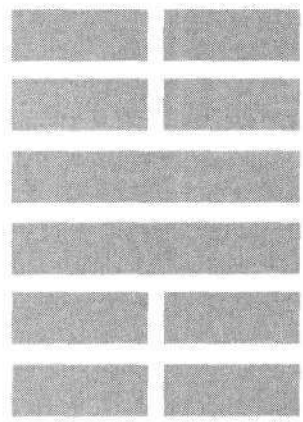
For a long age, our tribe cloistered itself in new monasteries, seeking escape from the false world while contemplating liberation. Only rarely did we affect Garou or human history, although our mentors and elders often taught the heroes of other tribes who performed great and telling deeds.

And our numbers have never been as strong as the other tribes. Many Stargazers today have been Stargazers in the past, in other lives. And we accept converts from other tribes — such as you, cub. In many cases, such converts were Stargazers before, born now into other ways. Like you, they often sense that their place in the world is wrong, that they instead belong on the path of contemplation and right action. They belong among Stargazers.

In the modem age, more and more Stargazers leave the monastery caerns to seek action in the world. We suffer a great sorrow of loneliness, for many of us do not travel in packs. Our solitude is our sorrow but our boon on the inner path. Perhaps, however, it is time to give up the lone path. It is time to join our packbrothers and sisters, and howl together as we did long ago under the primal moon of the Dawn.

Something stirs, and we hear the call. The signs and portents have been revealed, and the Apocalypse is perhaps finally upon us. The Sixth Age will not pass as it should, for the cycle is broken.

Enough meditation! We have had lifetimes to prepare for this moment. Now it is time to act.



Chapter Two: Practice of the Gaiadharma

When a sage sees this great Unity and his Self has become all beings, what delusion and what sorrow can ever be near him.'
— Isa Upanishad

I have spoken of seemingly distant goals: enlightenment, liberation, perfection. How to attain these lofty states? It is not easy. If it were, all creatures would have attained them long ago. But many lifetimes have not seen it. Indeed, it would seem that he ings are less enlightened now than they were in the past. This is not so; it only seems like it because the world is more delusional than ever before.

Yet you sit here and receive my words. Your lifetimes on the path have provided the karma necessary for you to be born as you are: a Garou. As I said before, there is no better form for the attainment of enlightenment, for no other form is so free. What other creature communes with Gaia so often? What other creature sees and speaks to the living world? The Awakened mages must wrestle with the Weaver's Paradox, but we are free of such traps.

The other tribes use this freedom to perpetuate violence and war. We use it to improve ourselves and others. The practice of the Gaiadharma is our greatest rite.

Rage and Harano

Do not think so highly of yourself, however, for we suffer perhaps the greatest obstacle to enlightenment of all: Rage. Many believe that this anger comes from our connection to the Wyrm, that it is a taint in us. Not so. Our rage is our own. It is the primal pain of our loss. Loss of Gaia, loss of the Dawn Times, loss of our culture, loss of our brothers and sisters — our suffering from the pains of the world. No creature bears such powerful loss as the Changing Breed, and no creature suffers from it as much as we.

Yet what has been lost? Is Gaia gone beyond our reach? Do not our ancestors live on in the Umbra? Why do we weep tor that which is not yet lost?

This is Harano, the shadow cast by our false ego from the light within us. You cannot hide from your inner light, but those false parts of you, ego identities, block your experience of this light, and fashion, masks from the shadows. Many believe that these masks are their true selves.

When these selves despair, we fall into their shadows, shadows themselves of the Abyss.

How to escape this sense of loss, to reclaim our sense of life and wholeness here and now? Open your belly center, heart center and mind center— your third eye — to Gaia. Her light will fill you and drive out the shadows, allowing you *to* perceive the star-soul within you, the diamond of your true self.

Only by escaping loss in such wise can we control our rage, the symptom of loss.

The Mentor

Because there are so many dangers on the path, we each need a mentor to show us the way. Young Stargazers will seek out an elder Stargazer to teach them the ways of the tribe. Sometimes, when the young one is far from other Garou and confused by his First Change, a mentor will come to him to help him through his Rite of Passage. If they both still wish it, they can maintain the mentor-student relationship for further studies.

1 am your mentor, old cub. You have come to me seeking wisdom and escape from the unease you feel among the Get of Fenris. I have accepted you even though this will surely cause many elders of your tribe to become angry with me. One or two may even try to convince me to release you and allow you to return. Of course, you may leave at any time. Your place among us is always of your own will. Donor worry for me, cub; 1 have turned aside the assaults of Wyrm creatures more feared than the heroes of your tribe. In accepting you as student, I willingly accept the consequences.

But you also must accept the consequences. While you may leave freely, you may not do so without my consent. Otherwise, 1 may not allow you to return. There are so many enemies seeking to entrap us, and the direst time for you is now, in the early stages of the training, when you will be taught mental powers but *do* not yet have the will to use them at your command.

Thus, the relationship between a mentor and his student is one of master to initiate. The student must obey the master in all that he asks, much as a Garou of another tribe must show her belly to her betters. We forsake the traditional dominance rites of our kind in order to seek a clearer path. While many of these rites were born from instinct, too many perpetuate false ego gratification. This is not so in wolves in the wild, who use such instinct in its proper mode, for survival. But too many Garou use it to prop up failing leaders.

The lupus among us often find this the hardest thing to get used to. For this reason, we still retain many of the forms of traditional dominance rituals, such as the throating. Indeed, a serene master can be transformed in moments into an angry wolf with his teeth around his student's neck if the need is such. Often, only scars can teach true lessons; their mark on the body is a constant reminder. Think not to challenge a master; you will surely lose, and he punished with menial chores until the lesson of humility is learned. Only then will the real training again commence.

This is not meant to prove who is boss. It is meant to clear obstructions in the student's ego. To allow a head' strong and vain youth to continue learning tantras in such a state is dangerous to his soul, for it risks rewarding his illusory identity and thus making it all the harder for him to realize the star-soul at the true center of his being. Only once the student's ego has learned to serve the greater needs of the Self can true progress take place.

You are lucky in many ways, to have been born to such a fierce tribe. You have already learned the discipline of heeding your elders. But now you must unlearn the reasons why you did so. Now you must learn that all learning can only come from mutual respect between mentor and student, not from fear and dominance.

Visions and Dreams

Between the state of waking and sleep, I saw an angel come towards me with a fragment of white light; one would have thought it was a fragment of sunlight. "What's that?" I asked. The reply came: "It is the sura of al-Shu'ara." Next I felt something like a hair rising from my chest up to my throat, and then to my mouth. It was an animal with a head, tongue, eyes and lips. Then it expanded until its head reached the two horizons — in both the East and the West. After that it contracted and returned into my chest. I then knew that my words would reach die East and the West...

— Ibn Arabi

The true initiation for a Stargazer does not begin with the acceptance of training by a mentor. He must be initiated by a vision, the glimpse provided him of his true path in this life, the goal to be attained for enlightenment in the here and now.

How can we know truth in a world of falsehoods? By being open to true visions from Gaia. Visions are communications from the True Gaia Realm to creatures in the world. Dreams are the most common vehicle for visions, but they can take place in the waking state also. Indeed, this is one reason we honor Chimera, tor she provides us with visions to clear our minds of false goals and point the way to true striving.

Mystics are renowned for their visions, often the source of their philosophies and teachings. It is the same for a Stargazer. Until she receives her vision, she cannot know her true path in the world. She must practice the Gaiadharma as taught by others. These teachings are potent indeed, and are enough to guide most souls to the next stage in their progress toward perfection. But a bed slept in by one may not be comfortable for another. Each Stargazer must seek

her own way, and only Gaia or Chimera can provide this for her. Many go for years without receiving this vision, But it comes to all of us eventually, even if only on our deathbeds.

My vision was spectacular, but words cannot convey its numinosity. It was in my vision that I realized my previous lives. It was my elders who recognized the other signs, and who soon declared me the incarnation of Klaital.

But how do we tell the true vision from the false?

False visions stimulate the mind only, or at times the body. But a true vision is felt, instilling a sense of awe or powerful emotion. Only when a vision affects the heart and is felt in the guts is it true.

There is no word in most languages for the "felt" vision. Thus, such a state does not exist, it has no reality, and is not recognized. Yet it does exist. The Wyrm cannot fake such a verity, and the Weaver cannot imitate it.

Dream interpretation is an important and revered lore among us. Those who can interpret the meaning of dream visions can tell the future or see deeply into the present or past. Stargazers practice lucid dreaming (as it is today called) so that we may better understand the omens of Chimera. Also, power to control the course of one's dreams translates into power in the Umbra. *Quwwat al-khayal*, Imaginal Power, is very important to the sage. Without it, he cannot build the True Gaia Realm, for if he cannot dream it, it cannot become real.

The Five Minds

There are five supreme states you must cultivate in your consciousness as weapon and defense against the Weaver and Wyrm. We call them the Five Minds or Elemental States.

Meditation (Earth Mind)

Visions must be digested for their meaning to become clear. There is a reason Klaital indicated his belly when asked how to distinguish true from false. The center of our bodies in all forms is in the abdomen, the navel. We must cultivate meditation by sinking our mind to this center, rooting it to the earth and stilling its manic thoughts. In such wise will the impure flow away, and the pure remain.

The mind which perceives true vision we call the Earth Mind, stable and unyielding, the root of all phenomena and the ground of being. The World Tree grows from the Earth Mind.

The weapon of this mind is the pictogram, the writing of the Garou, which guides us in storing wisdom and lore in deeper ways than a human alphabetic writing can ever approach.

Compassion (Water Mind)

One went to the door of the Beloved and knocked.
A voice asked, "Who is there?"
He answered, "It is I."
The voice said, "There is no room for Me and Thee."
The door was shut.
After a year of solitude and deprivation he returned and knocked.
A voice from within asked, "Who is there?"
The man said, "It is Thee."
The door was opened for him.

— Jelaluddin Rumi

You must open your heart center to compassion, the love of Gaia and love for all her creatures—remember, in the True Gaia Realm of the Dawn Times, there are no creatures separate from you. All are you. You seek liberation not simply for yourself, but for all creatures who suffer ignorance.

You must constantly remember this, for it is easy to become selfish, to let the ego become the driving need behind our actions. Power sought for this sake is sure to doom you to one of the many hells. Instead, seek power for others, and you will find rebirth in Gaia.

This is called the Water Mind, for it is fluid like a stream, flowing around obstacles yet remaining whole. It reflects the sky, ever seeks the lowest plane, flows on and on, rises into the sky and falls again.

The weapon of this mind is the pack, the brotherhood of Garou bound to common purpose. This is our weakest weapon, for few Stargazers join packs, choosing instead to live among human or wolf families. While these are noble pursuits in themselves, they do not teach the heart path so well as a pack bond. More and more young Stargazers now rebel against our tribe's monastic ways, and instead tread the Moon Paths with fellows from other tribes. This is good.

Kailindo (Wind Mind)

Now and again, it is necessary to seclude yourself among deep mountains and hidden valleys to restore your link to the source of life. Breathe in and let yourself soar to the ends of the universe; breathe out and bring the cosmos back inside. Next, breathe up all the fecundity and vibrancy of the earth. Finally, blend the breathe of heaven and the breath of earth with that of your own, becoming the Breath of Life itself.

— Morihei Ueshiba, *The Art of Peace*

The way of the Compassionate Mind is not the only path we follow to perfection and liberation. There is also the Way of Kai Lin, mastery of body and mind as one. The martial art of Kailindo is not a brute force tool but an internal weapon by which one gains control over one's own body and distracted mind. Discipline in the belly leads to discipline in the head, and allows for an opening of the heart.

While the practice of Kailindo was originally begun to allow Stargazers to defend themselves against their larger

and more brutal rivals among the Garou, its goal is not fighting alone. Fighting is simply used as a means of self-awareness, a metaphor for conquering the poisonous thoughts and deeds.

To first practice Kailindo, one must calm one's rage. The inner voice cannot be heard over its roar. Like the whispering of the wind is the inner voice, pure instinct uncorrupted by base desires and motivations. Pure instinct is the path to the inner light, the realization of which is the foundation of a Stargazer's identity.

Those who practice Kailindo cultivate Wind Mind, for their movements are subtle, their intent invisible, their bodies moving between stillness and speed, ever-encircling.

The weapon of this mind is the mantra, the sacred chanting of a magical word. There are numerous mantras for different effects, each the secret name of a spirit.

Instinct (Fire Mind)

Being a Garou is a blessed state, for it allows us to get close to our instincts, closer than a human. Certainly, wolves are closer than are we, but they do not have the Abundant Mind with which to cultivate perfection. They are more blessed than we, but unable to liberate themselves from a world not of their making.

As Garou, we must take the opportunity to cultivate the Fire Mind, that of instinct, so called because it is quick, bright, ever in motion, transformative, creative and painful to the naked touch. Such a state of being is the closest we know to Gaia, to the primal life in the Dawn.

It is the hardest mind to cultivate, for so many false desires parade as instinct. But true instinct is never false, and always guides us through danger. It is precognitive, knowing the future and synchronous with events everywhere, linking all beings in one consciousness. The Stargazer with Fire Mind is never surprised or disappointed, for all things are abundant to her.

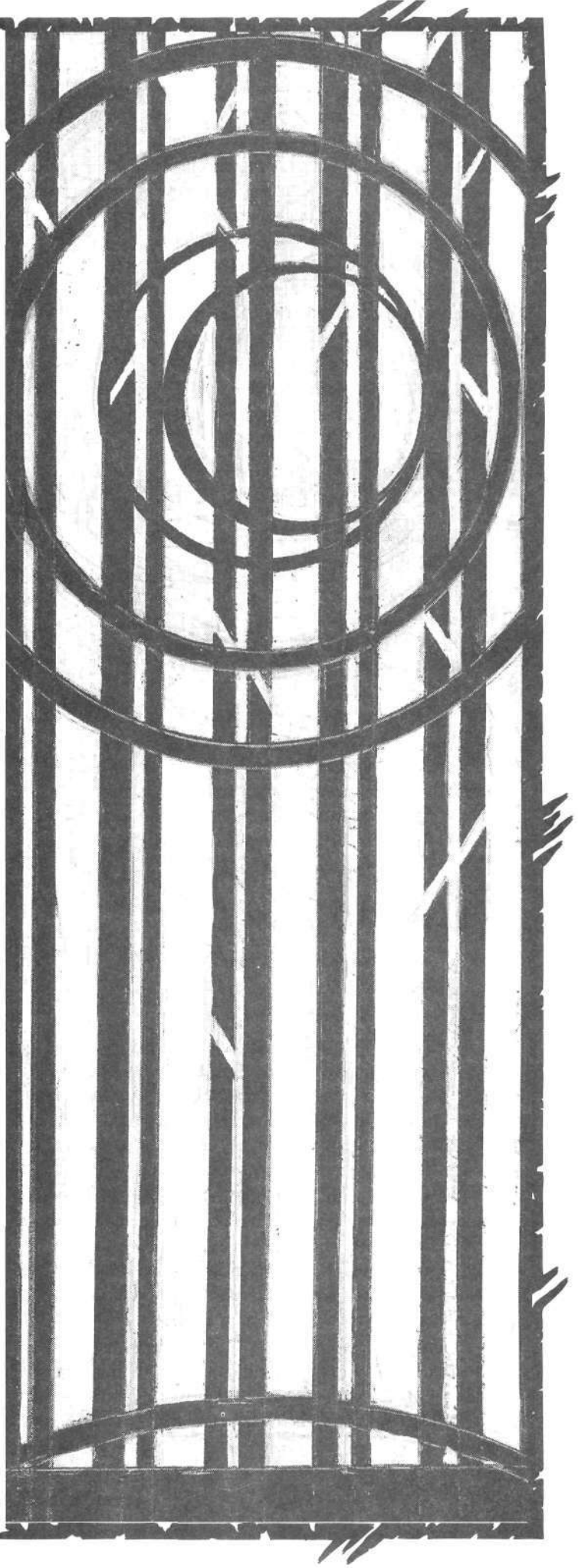
Certain spirits can help one attain such a state of being, guides on the path to deep consciousness. Chimera's brood can point the way, for in dreams we witness aspects of our true selves. Wyld-spirits can also provide example, although this is best done at a distance, for they are fickle and chaotic, liable to usher one into a new incarnation before one's time.

The weapon of this mind is the Lupus form, closest to our beginnings. In this form, with its enhanced senses, can we best commune with the world and its creatures.

Enigmas (Moon Mind)

I asked a child, walking with a candle,
"From where comes that light?"
Instantly he blew it out, "Tell me where it is gone — then I will tell you where it came from."

— Hasan of Basra



Our tribe is fascinated with puzzles and riddles, enigmas and conundrums. Such paradoxes point the way to openings in the Web, weak spots where the Weaver has yet to strengthen the logic of her spinning. They are the holes by which we can crawl through the Web without getting caught like flies. Through paradox, we can confuse the mind to the point where it can no longer maintain its facade, collapsing for a moment and revealing the Truth. If we can make these moments of collapse and true perception enduring, we can rebuild our minds to receive and reflect true reality.

This is called the Moon Mind, for it cultivates the crazy wisdom of Luna, sister to Gaia. Her light shines on us at all times — even the new moon has its invisible influence.

The weapon of the Enigmatic Mind is the klaive, Cutter of the Web. The language of this wisdom is that of unsaying: to reveal true reality by using contradictions in language, revealing inconsistency and paradox, cognitive dissonance as the art of freeing the mind.

But beware! Not all enigmas can be solved. It truly vexes us to know this, and many deny it, struggling to piece together bits of a riddle or stray propositions in a logic puzzle. Such is our daunting will when turned toward questioning that the rest of the world is shut out until the answer to our quest is found: the riddle solved, the puzzle completed, the enigma revealed.

Others call this trait of ours an obsessive mindgame. Little do they realize the import of the unsolved puzzle. If we do not investigate it, the Weaver will claim it for its own. To realize an enigma is to liberate the mind. Failure to solve it allows the Weaver to spin webs in our heads.

Reincarnation

From delusion lead me to Truth.
From darkness lead me to Light.
From death lead me to Immortality.
— Brihad-Aranyaka Upanishad

Not all beings are reincarnated; some are blessed to return to Gaia's Womb for eternity. But most souls are not ready for such a gift; they must travel the world for many lifetimes before they can return, unattached to ego, still within their hearts and pure of false desires.

One's actions in the world determine one's destiny. Noble actions bring merit, which brings progressively better life situations from which to seek enlightenment. But do not judge those in poor situations to be less pure than you; some among them may be greater souls purposefully reborn in such a way to bring freedom to all.

Some souls are reborn as higher beings, Jagglings or Incarna spirits, lords of an Umbral realm. Others are reborn as lesser beings, perhaps even hellish Wyrm-spirits. Bur do not think that a higher being has more merit than a Garou. Many of these beings' lives are long, and many are unable to build the karma necessary to be reborn as a Garou. Only life in this world, in Gaia's physical realm, can bring liberation. Wisdom may be learned elsewhere and in other lives, but only here can it be applied. This is why I have chosen reincarnation as a Stargazer over and over again, each life sharpening the claws of my mind that they may cut the Web from others' eyes and allow all souls true vision.

Even the Damned are not beyond redemption through liberation. How much better is the state of the vampire than the wealthy human removed from want and need! For the vampire is at least Awakened to the secret truths of the world and may choose to seek the path of escape, which his kind call Golconda. Wretched will be the struggle, but it may be accomplished. Even here is an advantage, for a single soul may achieve enlightenment without multiple rebirths, for the vampire is denied such, but he is fully within the world. The many obstacles on his path are likely to earn him a thousand miseries in one of the many hells, but the chance for escape is always there nonetheless.

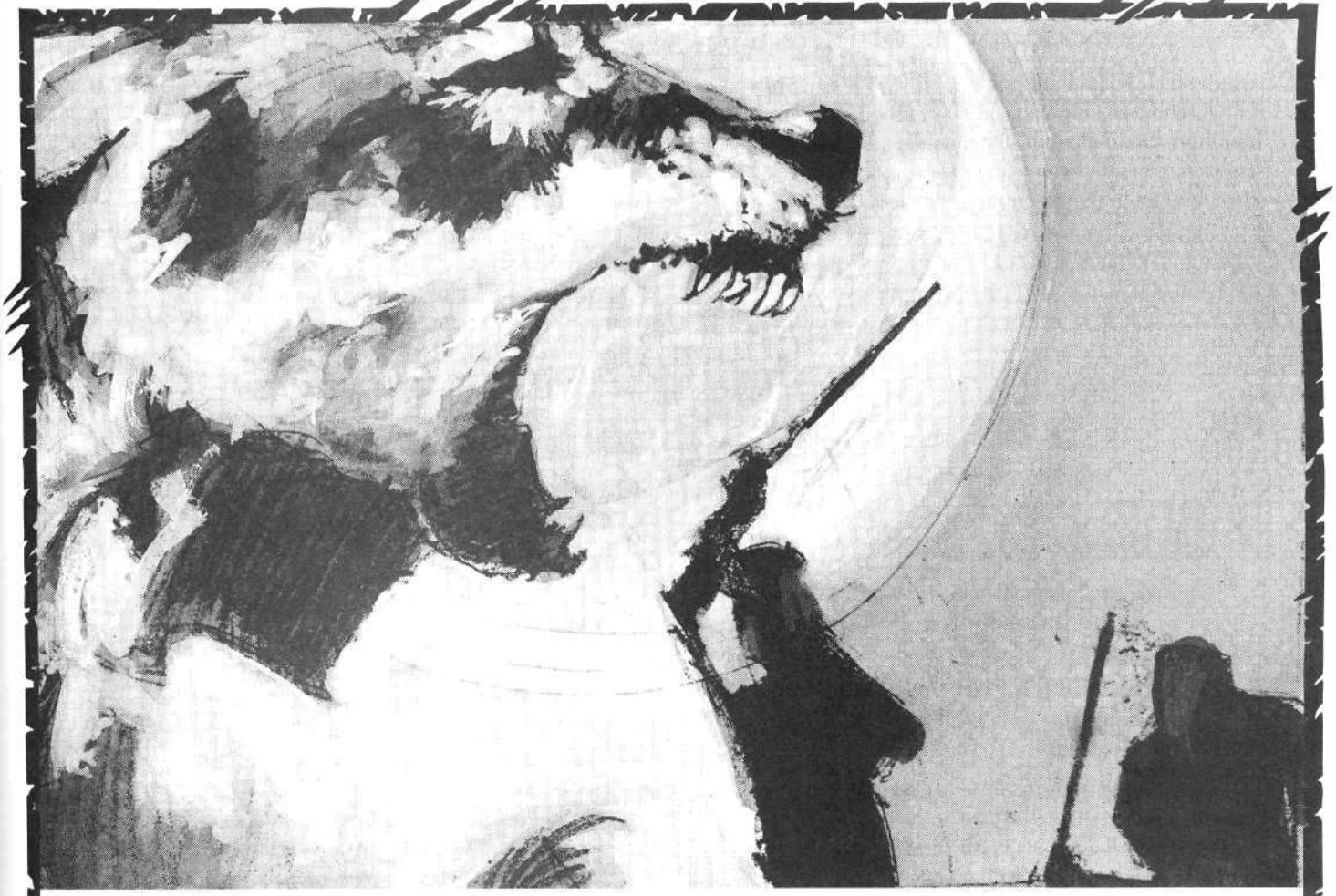
What of the human with no want or need .'It will take him thousands upon thousands of lives to reach the goal, for he may never realize that he lives a lie. His lost opportunity in life will net him a lower rebirth, perhaps again in one of the hells. If he is truly blessed by Gaia, he may instead be born as an animal, and receive the bliss of interconnectivity and pure instinct. His next life will be thus purer and closer to liberation.

But all lives must pass through sentience before they can be free. Unlike many in the East, we do not view this as a boon, but a curse. It is only Mind which can defeat Mind. Would that it were otherwise! Would that our brutish cousins among the Get or the Talons were correct, and that claw and fang will win the day against falsehood and corruption! But it is not so. While there is a virtue in wishing it so, for dreams can become true in other realms, and thus inform our world, this one is simply nor to be. Violence untempered by Wisdom is the path of rage, and thus the way of the Wyrm.

All of the five minds must be cultivated so that you can control your journey after death and become reborn in a form proper for your further progress. But where, you ask, does the soul journey between death and rebirth? It depends on the soul. Most Garou travel to their ancestral homelands and remain there as spirits waiting to aid the new generations *of* Garou. Others go to Dream or elsewhere in the wide Umbra.

Humans travel below, to the Underworld or Dark Umbra. There, their desires are burned from them in new lives as wretched wraiths, waiting to learn the lesson of nonattachment and cessation of desires. Their bodies are dead but not their egos. They have many deaths still to come.

Some beings go to the many heavens or hells, populated by higher or lower beings. There they are rewarded or punished for deeds in life. Envy not the heavenly ones and



weep not for the hellish ones. The heavens are greatest tests of all, for many believe they represent the final reward, the place beyond which there is no striving. This is not so, for these beings, while living in splendor, only deny the ignorance in the worlds around them. This arrogance prevents Understanding; they suffer delusion as much as any hell creature. Seek not to become a god, for the gods are cursed with blindness.

Only the Awakened being can see the truth. It is such a being you have become and must now strive to remain, no matter how many transformations jar your being. When you shift from human to wolf form, do you change who you are? Of course not. Then why should your shift from life to life be any different? When you can be reborn many times without questioning who you are, then you have reached the Great Perfection and can live unblemished in the True Gaia Realm and yet serve the world at the same time.

How do we know when a Garou has been reborn? How to tell one reincarnation from another? It requires either those who knew the Garou in his previous life to verify the signs, or else consultation with lore about that Garou's previous life (if any such records exist; they do for heroes and great sages). Many clues are exhibited: similar habits, likes and dislikes. Many tests are put to the prospective incarnation: possessions of his previous life are put before her, mixed with other items; if she picks the correct items, he passes that level of test. Her fellows put questions to her, and ask her to read sutras she wrote in her previous life, mixed with other writings. If she answers most questions correctly and is especially moved by her own sutra, she passes yet another level. If she passes all levels successfully, she is declared the incarnation of the previously known Garou, and is accorded some of the renown of that Garou, along with her previous possessions.

Camps

Like all tribes, ours is built around many identities. Different Stargazers seek different paths to enlightenment, and join with others of like mind to best reach their goal. No path is more correct than any other; it is the practitioner herself who is to be judged right or wrong.

The Klaital Puk

The camp you have joined by seeking me is the Klaital Puk, the oldest of Stargazer paths, said to have descended from the first wisdom of Klaital as taught at the Luminous Shrine. The leader of the Puk is always an incarnation of Klaital, although, like me, each incarnation brings its own insights and unique personality. My inner light may be the same as Klaital's, but my personality is unique to this life.

Others accuse the Puk of being too authoritarian, trying to make a law of enlightenment. We are simply

methodical. Klaital set out guidelines for cultivation of enlightenment long ago, and we simply follow in this tradition. Original wisdom is timely wisdom. Understanding from a mind closer to the Dawn is to be more valued than wisdom from a mind tainted by the modern world.

Of course, I recognize that not all students of the Puk succeed. Too many are lazy, following only what we tell them rather than following their Fire Minds to what is good for them in particular. Ah, this will come in other lives if not now.

The Puk's caerns have the oldest storehouses of lore, writings and art from long ago. We do not always let Stargazers from other camps view these, for what is good for us may not be so for them. Does this sound stingy? Perhaps, but it is the way from long ago.

A Puk Monk Teaches:

There are few questions which cannot be answered by Klaital's sutras. Seek them out and contemplate their words. If you are vigilant to avoid the vapors of false desires, an answer will arise from the center of your soul.

The Zephyr

These robust Stargazers prefer to join in the turmoil of the world rather than cultivate the still mind in a caern. They travel among other Garou, joining packs and spreading their wisdom through example. Experience is their goal, for in its twisting fates they hope to gain visions unobtainable otherwise.

Kai Lin is said to have been the first of this camp. Some say the Zephyr were originally formed around a dojo for the training of Kailindo. But like the wind spirits they commune with, they cannot stay put in one place for long, and roam with the storms. They are a varied bunch, boisterous and joyful or grim and determined, but they all seek the same goals: Wisdom and Understanding.

A Zephyr Monk Speaks:

Oh, ho.' *Another Stargazer to spread wisdom in the world! Welcome, and join us in our wanderings. Stay not with those others, who have not risen from their meditations in years —– move with us across the world, encountering adversity first hand, conquering our minds with action, not chanting.*

The World Tree

Few other Stargazers understand the Water Mind as do those of the World Tree, whose compassion waters the roots of the mighty axis *mundi* and spreads to all beings. They seek to spread enlightenment not just among the Garou but also to humans, mages and others of the Changing Breed, from werecats to wereravens. They also travel farther in the realms of spirit than most, having learned to send their minds into the Astral Umbra in search of lore, while their bodies remain rooted to the earth.

If you seek an ally among the other Awakened in the world, then join with these Stargazers or seek one out.

A World Tree Missionary Orates:

We are not alone on the path of enlightenment. There is so much we could learn together, if we only joined our wisdom. Did not the Gurahl teach us long ago.[7] *Then why not today! What of the cackling of the Corax? There are many sparkling gems of wisdom in their nests. There is no reason that we should disregard such bountiful learning.*

Glass Bead Game Players

Not so much a camp as an activity many Stargazers partake of, the Glass Bead Game is a philosophical construct of symbols named after the similar concept from a Herman Hesse novel, *Magister Ludi.* Again, an example of how humans have influenced many in our tribe. The actual game played by Stargazers little resembles that represented in the book, but the idea is similar: an attempt to represent all concepts, all thoughts through symbols and combinations thereof— an attempt at a universal language of sorts.

The game is also called Vattanian or the Perfection Puzzle. Those who play it must be well-versed in logic and its complement, paradox. Masters of the game are truly profound, and are said to be able to out-riddle the Sphinx.

Players of the game are from every camp; the differing philosophies involved only help hone the game into the universal construct which is its goal. Every year, a grand game is held. Those few situations which arise for which there is no rule then become the object of contemplation by the masters, who spend the next year attempting to resolve the problem. If one succeeds, his new rule is entered into the game, which is thus broadened. However, it sometimes take years to solve such problems. Those who do are accorded great renown.

A Player Explains:

Yes, the game can become an obsession. But a wonderful pursuit it is! *By what other means can we discover the universal language which already exists in dreams! We must strive to bring this book into the world; only then will all be able to read its contents and become enlightened by them.*

The Metastic Birth

A thoroughly dishonored philosophy, these Stargazers believe that the Apocalypse is a sign of a new birth, not a dire fate for all creatures. They believe that the Wyrm is not caged, but in is a cocoon undergoing metamorphosis, preparing for a new reality being birthed by the Weaver. Once it has finished its metamorphosis, it will burst from its chrysalis and usher in the new world. The Stargazers who follow this camp believe this is a good thing, and that the tribe should help others prepare for it, not fight it.

Choosing Your Name

You are a Stargazer now, no longer a Get of Fenris. You must: choose a new name. This is an important step, for it helps to form your new identity, different from the old, free of ego attachment.

We have two names: the Honorific and the Whisper.

The first is taken from a mentor or sage to whom you are deeply connected — perhaps the person whose words first awakened you to a greater world. For us, this is often a human, one we read or met before realizing our true Garou nature. For me, before I remembered by previous lives, it was a musician named Peter Townshend, who wrote and sang of the Lost Note, the primal sound of all creation, known also to the Sufi mystic, Inayat Khan. Thus, I took Peter as my Honorific.

The Whisper chooses you; you do not choose it. It is a gift from Chimera, an image or prompting from deep within yourself. It is most often expressed in a Haiku-like phrase or descriptive statement. For me, it was an eye looking inward, gazing upon itself. Thus, my full chosen name was Peter Looks-Within.

Be not hasty in the task. Think a while upon it, and let the inner voice speak to you.

But the leader of the Birth has since recanted his ways and joined the Puk, while most others of the camp joined with the Ouroboroans. I cannot believe that any remain in any sort of numbers.

Ouroboroans

Ah, these brave few gravely risk their karma by pursuing their goal: to free the Wyrm of Balance from the Web. Only an experience of darkness could drive a soul to such an extreme. For most, it was a brush with Harano or a near-fatal encounter with the Wyrm or its powerful minions. Instead of striving against the Weaver, they use their energies to seek out the Wyrm in all its forms to discover the secret of freeing it.

In the process, they risk corruption. The Wyrm's pain is so great that it has become a master of illusion, creating masks and forms to hide its own pain from itself, to convince itself that it is whole. Thus the Hydra and the Triatic Wyrm. To fence so close to such a trickster is to risk being tricked. The cost is one's soul. Is this worth the risk, when instead we can attack the real enemy, the Wyrm's captor?

It is little use swaying them from their path, but we must try nonetheless, for those few who have fallen and become corrupt are dread enemies indeed. Unlike their new Black Spiral Dancer brethren, their madness has a motive and a cunning intellect behind it. Try not to debate

such a one, for they have learned the secrets of delusion and can weave it around others as the Weaver spins it around their own hearts.

An Ouroboroan Relates:

It was in my fifth year as a Garou, soon after I had obtained the title of Postern. I became lost in the Abyss, wandering its lightless caverns in search of my separated pack. There I saw a vision of the truth of our world, the reason for our pain. The Wyrm sends figments against us, and we uselessly claw at them. We must follow its scent back to its cave and attack it where it lives. Otherwise, we fail and fail again.

Totems

I have said before that we are alone, without pack and mates. This is not fully so, however, for we have powerful allies who watch out for us. By singing their mantras, we empower them and remind them to guard us from the lies of the Web.

Chimera

The greatest of Gala's Brood, Chimera can speak to all beings in dream, providing glimpses of their true souls. What other spirit can do this? She is our guide through mystery, the string which guides us from the labyrinth of the Weaver's Web.

She is master of Dream, lord of all imaginal realms between waking and death. Of all the Umbral realms, only Dream extends everywhere, through Astral, earthen and Dark Umbras. Even ghosts and gods must dream — indeed, it is said by humans that the world is but the dream of a god. The dream of Gaia, perhaps, but not without its nightmares.

Chimera teaches us the stability that hides behind all flux, behind all forms and images. In this way, she guides us to our star-souls. By training ourselves to dream consciously, we can master our mind paths after death and control our rebirths. Without the training given by Chimera, this would not be possible.

She can be a harsh teacher at times, frightening our souls with chaos and nightmare. But this is only to wake us up! Yes, the empress of dreams seeks only for us to remain Awake. When one is so Awakened, he can dream without sleep, and thus imaginatively build the True Gaia Realm in his dreams, bringing it to life in his soul.

Unlike her image in the lore of the West, Chimera takes a different form for us, that of a majestic, feathered, Chinese dragon. Her body is still that of a lion, but her head, wings, claws and tail are the flowing, multi-colored aspects of the great snake.

Sphinx

A being of immense wisdom and respect, the Sphinx allows us to hone our minds against his riddles. He never lets our minds sleep or rest, constantly posing conundrums for us to answer. Who can he lazy before such urgency? When we answer his questions correctly, he rewards us with more questions. Yet we thank him for this, for we will need such discipline when walking the Web.

Sphinx is one of the fantastical totems of our tribe, those who reside only in spirit realms and have no children on earth. They are known to other beings only in dream or mythlore, hut they have a undeniable fascination.,

Chhi-Lin (Ki-Rin)

When a sage produces virtue of extreme benevolence so as *to illumine the darkest places, a chhi-lin appears.*

— Shen Tu, Chinese poet of the Imperial Academy

Another fantastical spirit is the Chhi-Lin, a being of supreme virtue. It has the body of a deer, the tail of an ox, horse's hooves and a single fleshy horn. It does not crush the grass upon which it walks and it does not eat any living creature, gaining sustenance instead from its sacred presence in the True Gaia Realm.

Chhi-Lin only allies with those who are virtuous and who strive to harm no other being. Those whom it chooses as its children are blessed indeed, for its powers of protection from evil are many. A beautiful creature, it is sometimes known as the Lung-ta, or Wind Horse, who takes prayers to the heavenly realms.

Sacred are those precious few caerns in which Chhi-Lin has chosen to dwell; their inhabitants shall know abundant peace.

Soma, the Divine Fruit

Some Stargazers honor Soma, one of Chimera's brood and the totem of hallucinogenic mushrooms. She is a fickle and dangerous totem, however, for she makes little discrimination between truth and falsehood, leaving it for her children to choose. She simply provides sumptuous visions and deep insights into the sacred nature of the living world.

Breeds

Like other tribes, we must heed Gaia's call to breed. But we also heed the call of the ascetic path, which denies pack and family to seek enlightenment within. This creates a quandary — are we to simply leave our seed among humans and wolves, hoping our offspring's own karma will lead them through life without our intervention? Or do we watch and care for them, either in daily life or from afar?

You must choose for yourself which path is for you. I know that the Get greatly honor family, and stay with their Kinfolk more tightly than most. But you will find this more and more difficult as Chimera calls you on journeys to far places, and bids you spend long periods in distant lands.

Most Stargazers choose the path of Klaital, the path alone. Such Kinfolk as we have are kept secret, so that enemies cannot trace them. But to do so, we must remain removed from them, watching their lives from a distance, only meeting them as the need arises.

Many converts to our tribe, such as you, have already-spread their seed and built Kinfolk ties. But in severing your ties with your tribe, you may also have severed them with your Kin. This is sad, and 1 wish it were not so. But it is necessary. Perhaps in the next life we will be blessed with abundant family, but in this life we have chosen to strive for enlightenment and liberation for all beings, especially those whom we personally love.

Homid

The majority of our tribe comes from the homid breed, for it is among humans that we spend much of our time, learning their wisdom and trying to instill Understanding where we can. Homids have the easiest time learning Stargazer lore, for it is tied to the Mind, something they have each grown up with, while many Lupus only experience Mind during their First Change.

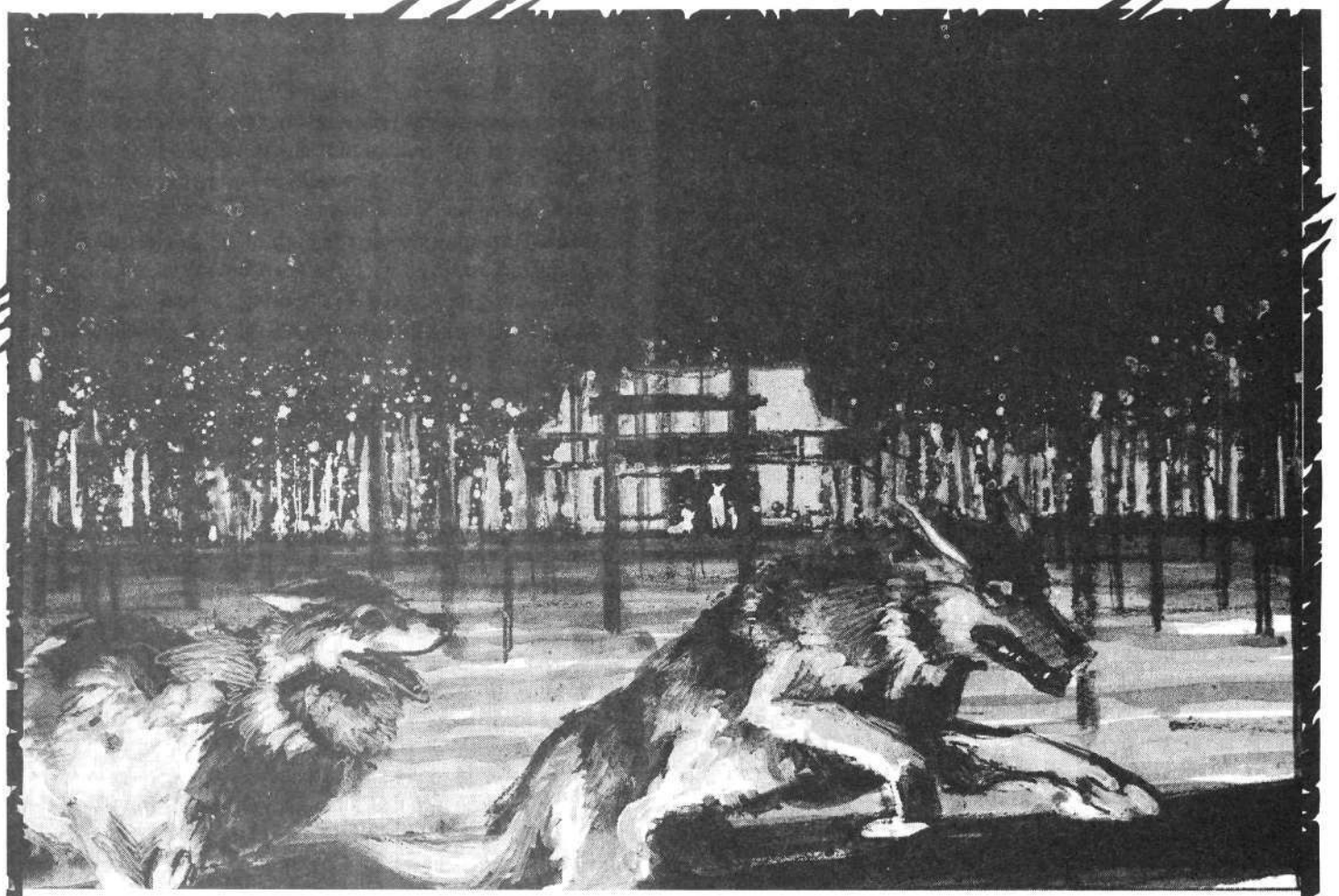
Metis

We have great compassion for these poor souls and have even admitted a few into the tribe, hut we are careful not to breed them, if even the most gifted homid Stargazer has trouble controlling his rage, how much more the struggle for the metis. We believe that beings are bom to such a state because they could not control their rage in their previous lives. Now they must suffer for it. Unlike most Garou, we do not aim to make their suffering harder. We seek to succor them as much as we may, in the hopes that kindness and understanding will help them to a better birth the next time.

Lupus

So few wolves walk among us. We desperately need their Abundant Fire Minds, the voice of instinct. They are much closer to *Chikusho-do,* the World of Beasts. Most lupus born to us come from packs we watch near our caerns. Rarely do lupus from other tribes convert to our ways, for they believe we are too close to the Weaver. It is true, but it is from necessity. Unlike the Glass Walkers, we temper our ways with the Wyld and Gaia.

While lupus have the advantage of easy cultivation of Fire Mind, they find it harder to learn Earth Mind, for they have little patience for meditation. Their senses call them to play in the phenomenal world, and hard it is for them to shut it out to attend to inner wisdom.



Auspices

One moon
shows
in every pool;
In every pool
the one
moon.
— Soiku Shigematsu, *A Zen Forest*

Luna honors us as she does the other tribes by providing roles through which we can learn deep Understanding. She helps us to set the path we walk in this life by lending our incarnations secret wisdom.

Ragabash — Crazy Wisdom

The No Moon is the auspice of crazy wisdom — a knowing which abandons the rules to follow pure instinctual knowledge. Spontaneous, wild, cunning and amusing, full of humor and joy: The Ragabash is the smiling philosopher, using prank and riddle to undercut our egos, allowing our true selves to shine through. Who can be humiliated by them? Only ego suffers such shame. Laugh and be happy in the realization that you are not that shamed one; it is only a mask you wear.

Theurge — Spirit Wisdom

The Crescent Moon delves deeply into hidden lore, the invisible understanding barely glimpsed in the sliver of moonlight. The spirits have much to teach us, and the Theurges learn to listen. Their tantras are the most wondrous, defying the laws of the Web. But they risk also becoming enamored of their lore, and their egos often seek to become gods. Perhaps more than any other auspice, the Theurge must beware his ego, and strictly maintain his rites of humility, meditating and stilling the mind often.

Philodox — Culture Wisdom

We travel through many lifetimes forgetting many things. How can we maintain the lore we learn from one life to the next? Tradition. It is very important to honor tradition and the keeping of wisdom, for it is our anchor in each life, that which allows us to progress further without having to spend countless lives seeking wisdom which has already been won. The treasures of Understanding are kept within the myths, ways and rites of a culture, and it is the way of the Half Moon Philodox to guard this lore. The ways of a people speak deeply of that people's progress toward enlightenment.

Galliard — Poetic Wisdom

It: is too easy to overlook beauty in our quests, so concerned do we become with the end goal. But beauty is the harbinger of the True Gaia Realm, reflecting its pure harmonies in the contrasts of the dualistic world. Those who can take the disparate experiences and forms of the world and show their beauty and interconnectivity, their harmony, are truly blessed and close to enlightenment. Such are the Gibbous Moon Galliards. In song, story and art, they speak to our hearts and remind us of our triumphs and failings, of our life in the Dawn Times.

Ahroun — Body Wisdom

Wisdom is not only of the rnind. We must not forget the truths taught by our bodies, ever-changing, made of spirit and matter. The Full Moon Ahrouns know this wisdom best. The body cannot be ignored; it. teaches the truths of the phenomenal world through pain and ecstasy — it teaches that others are real, both enemies and lovers. The Ahrouns must beware their rage, however, for it is stronger in them than others.

The Litany

As Garou, we honor the culture of our kind. Its wisdom stretches far back into the past, and contains whispers of the Dawn Times. But we interpret its wisdom differently than do other tribes.

Garou Shall Not Mate with Garou

To mate with another of our kind is to produce rage, a metis cub incapable of controlling its anger. We are born as a Garou not so that we can enjoy physical love with each other, but so that we can hone ourselves into spiritual weapons against the Weaver and the Wyrm. While we choose on occasion to breed with humans or wolves, this is so that we can birth more Stargazers. The karma is not always right for such a birth, but our seed leaves a karmic endowment which is passed on from body to body until the right soul connects with it, and a new Garou is born.

If you feel the need to mate with one of your kind, deny it. Remove yourself from that person and contemplate just why it is that such desire wells up within you. Perhaps this other Garou and you shared a soul in a previous life, in which case you must put such feelings in the past. Objectify the desire as if it is something separate from you; this allows you to view it from all perspectives.

We do not deny love; to deny such bliss from Gaia is evil. But we discriminate between the physical expression of love, based on false desires and goals, and the true love which comes from the heart.

Combat the Wyrm Wherever It Dwells, Wherever It Breeds

Indeed, this is so. Bur where does the Wyrm dwell? In the Web, trapped in a cocoon not of its own making. It is there that we must combat it.

And where does it breed? Within our minds. Its rage reaches across the realms and worlds and taints us all. We must combat the urges its breeds within us, for only then can we win against its outer manifestations, but shadows of the inner taint.

Many Garou say that we are weak on this tenet, but it is not so. We are the only Garou who take the fight to its source, rather than expending our energies against its minions.

Respect the Territory of Another

No one can truly own the earth; it belongs to itself and Gaia. Who owns the rocks upon which you stand? You or the rocks themselves? We understand this truth while also understanding the territorial nature of our kind. Respect another's territory not because it is his, but because it shows respect for him. Certainly, the possessive clinging to land is an illusion born of ignorance, and we do not seek to perpetuate it, hut nothing is gained by angering those laboring under such delusions.

From another perspective, one's territory is one's own mindscape. If this is what is interpreted, then by all means we much respect such territory. Only Chimera and Gain are allowed free access to another's mind; to force one's thoughts upon another without invitation is evil, and only empowers the ego.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

To think otherwise is surely a sign of an ignorant nature. Indeed, accept all surrenders that come from the heart. When a being gives himself over to your command in such wise, it is a great responsibility. You not only wield your own karma in such a circumstance, you also affect his. Forgiveness breeds more forgiveness, a virtue from the True Gaia Realm.

Of course, be wary. Some beings pantomime surrender in order to disarm you. Learn to discriminate the heart surrender from the knavery surrender.

Submit to Those of Higher Station

It is very important that you follow this tenet, for it helps us to slay the ego. Even when one above you is undeserving of such stature, follow this rule. If you are always humble, regardless of the recipient of your humility, your ego can never gain sway over your Self. Worry not about respect and reputation; the state of your own soul is far more important than such fleeting social values.

This tenet is the basis of the mentor-student relationship. Follow your master with an unquestioning heart, worrying not what shall happen to you. Any harm will fall upon your master's head, while your rebirth will be better for your obedience in this life.

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

Again, a tenet which helps us to slay the ego. Offer up your discarded desires to the greatest in station and you will be rewarded fen-times the value of your gift. And who is the greatest? Gaia, of course. But also Chimera, and the heroes and sages of our kind, regardless of tribe.

Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

To consume impure food is to eat poison. This will not only poison the body but the soul besides. To crave ill food is to suffer the sickness of the Weaver, a constant hunger for which there is no satiation. This is the secret behind the. Eater-of-Souls, that part of the Wyrm's masks which most clearly represents the Weaver.

And the same is true for wolves; do not eat of them either. They are too close to you in the stages of rebirth.

Respect All Those Beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

Just as we must respect those higher than us so that our egos do not grow beyond measure, so do we respect,all creatures of Gaia, for we are no higher than the least of them. All beings suffer alike and all seek.liberation, even if its achievement is far from them. All are equal and One in the True Gaia Realm. When you honor the least .without you, you honor the highest within you.

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

To reveal the Truth to those who have labored so long under illusion is damaging to their souls. You risk driving them mad, and harming the progress of their rebirths. No being is so affected by this as a human, whose mind is protected by a part of the Web spun in the Impergium, when we slaughtered humans for being different. In so doing, we cut them off from a vital truth, the ability to perceive the hidden world. They cannot now look upon our middle forms without being reminded of their horror and suffering in previous lives.

I,ift nor the Veil from their eyes; when they are ready for the Truth, it shall be revealed to them in other ways.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

Sickness comes in many forms, not just of the body. We only enforce this tenet when it applied to the illnesses of the mind, such as the dread Harano. Force no other to succor you when you suffer such a sickness, for it may spread to them. And likewise do not feel coerced by karma to aid such a one; his problems must ultimately be won by his own efforts, although compassion can aid his struggle.

Those of us who fall sick in such wise usually remove ourselves from our kind, so that we do not risk tainting their spiritual progress with our failings.

The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time during Peace

If by leader is meant your mentor, then by no means will you follow this tenet. But if by leader is meant a secular chief, one who leads only our bodies and our cultural lives, then certainly such a being may be challenged. But the mentor must never be challenged. Who are you to question your better? If you lose, your ego will smart with the failure. It would be even worse should you win, for your ego would know no limits.

Secular leaders may be challenged, but spiritual leaders can be challenged only on their own grounds: judgment by Gaia.

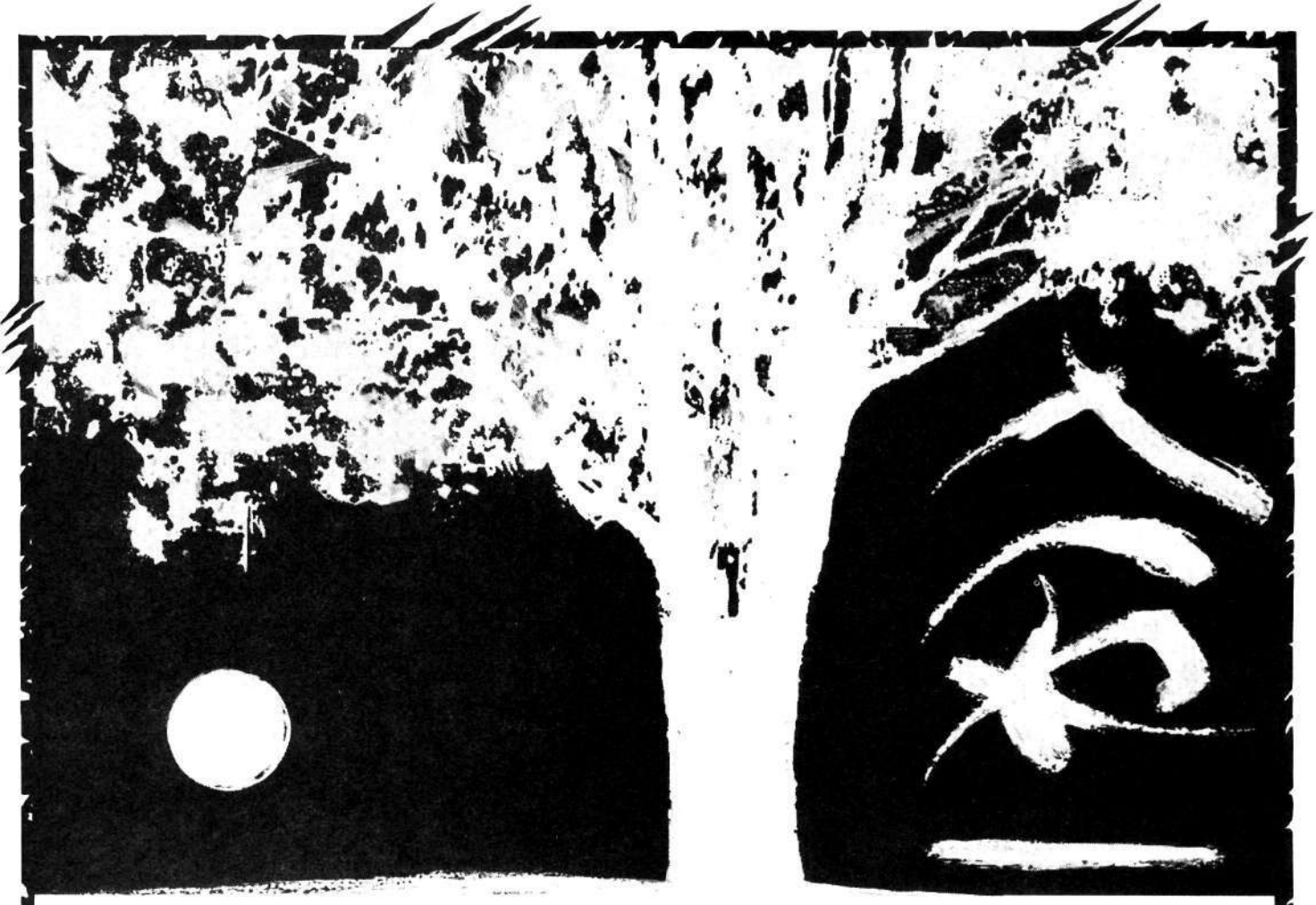
The Leader May Not Be Challenged during Wartime

Again, this is true of secular leaders. It is not wise to change rule during adverse rimes, unless the adversity is caused by such rule. As for spiritual leaders — are we not ever at war? When does the battle against our egos, minds and the Web ever cease? Indeed, there is never a lull, so do not be weak and seek to challenge our spiritual leaders when we need them most.

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

Make no mistake, cub, if you break this rule we will kill you and fear not for our karma in the matter. Nothing is as sacred in this world as our caerns, the only places where we can safely meditate and glimpse our homes in the True Gaia Realm. They are proof to us from lifetime to lifetime that our struggle is not in vain, that there are yet places where the Web has not spun out of control.

We have lost too many monasteries in the past; there are precious few temples left to us. Honor and protect all caerns, old cub.



Think On These Things

Ah, I have talked and talked yet still said so little. I must rest, while you contemplate what you have heard. Think deeply on these matters, for when I return from rest I shall relate how they have been realized in the world. Think on these things!

The point is we're waiting, not how comfortable we are while waiting. Paleolithic man waited by caves for the realization of why he was there, and hunted; modern men wait in beautified homes and try to forget death and birth. We're waiting for the realization that this is the golden eternity.

— Jack Kerouac, *The Scripture of the Golden Eternity*

Chapter Three: Paths of the Gaiadharma

Gratitude to Mother Earth, sailing
through night ami day —
and to her soil, rich, rare and sweet
in our minds .so be it
— Gary Snyder, *Prayer for the Great Family*

I lave you considered what I have told you.' I have even more to tell. 1 his is why 1 bid you to digest what you have learned, so that you may empty your cup and let it be tilled again.

I will speak now of the world, the seemingly physical reality which surrounds us. The phenomenal world, formed by the senses. Realize that it is formed only by what we sense; many realities lie beyond our present crude perceptions. Indeed, your Gifts alone should teach you that much that matters is unseen.

Yet the world is where you and 1 have met and now converse. It we lived lives on different planes of being, our talk would surely be different. But we live here, now. It is where our souls chose to be. *Or* Gaia chose lor us to be here. Either way, it is thus important". Indeed, among the most important treasures is the phenomenal world. It gives us a ground upon which to grow, to progress towards enlightenment.

It must be guarded and cherished, even it our true goal lies elsewhere. It is important to Gaia, and thus is not to be squandered.

The World

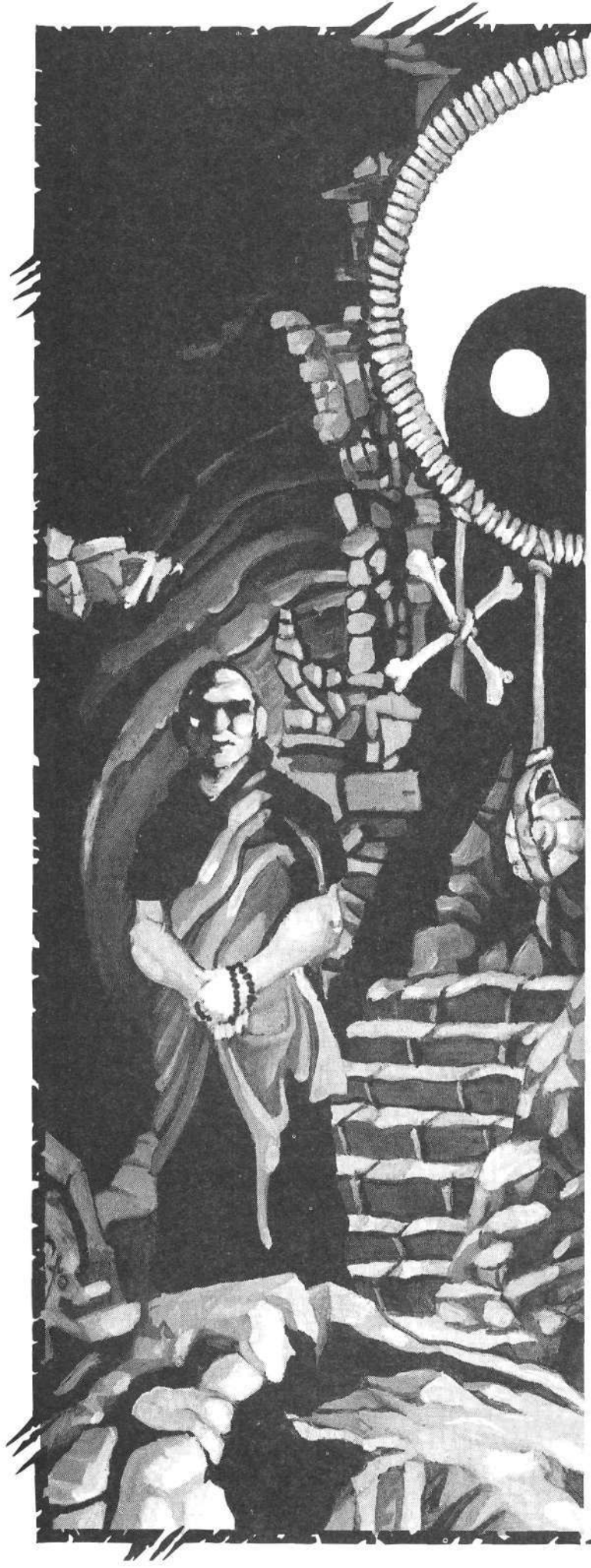
Forget the world, and so
command the world.
—Jelaluddin Rumi

Our tribe is spread across the earth and in realms fantastical. While most of us choose to live and study in the East, we have members in all lands.

Tibet

Long a stronghold of our wisdom, we are represented here by the most venerable and powerful caern left to us: the Shigalu Monastery, guarded by the Sept of the Snow Leopard. The Weaver has set her sight against this caern, and now sends the Chinese military scouring Tibet, destroying temples and woods. The Wyrm also creeps about, seeking to corrupt any who let their guard down, either through anger or despair.

Slowly, the caern leaders are preparing for the inevitable destruction of the caern. They see it as but a symbol



of the impermanence of everything, and in this sense a triumph over the Weaver. They quietly sneak lore from the caern to select places in the world and Umbra, choosing as their emissaries many young Stargazers who come to the caern seeking training.

It is sad but also exciting: wisdom long kept secret must now be revealed, perhaps ushering in an age of discovery and illumination for many.

India

Our kind were once most numerous here, but many have now moved on to other lands. Nonetheless, many sages and wise yogins still can be found in the wildernesses of this ancient land. Some of these Stargazers practice amazing powers, and will only teach them to disciples prepared to live a life of asceticism for at least a few years.

Recent terror has struck many human villages in India, and tales speak of marauding werewolves. What can this be? Is it one of our kind gone corrupt? Members of another tribe who have lost their way? Or Black Spiral Dancers, seeking to disrupt the quiet practices of our brethren? Whatever, it shall surely be dealt with.

China

Oh so many of our kind have sought the wisdom of ancient China, although few respect the petty politics which have harmed the wildernesses of these vast lands. One can still slip into the misty mountains and follow the winding streams to discover caves where our kind have retreated to study the ways of the Tao, the unhindered, natural way of Gaia. Many of these monks are of the Zephyr camp, and they train in seclusion to master their bodies and spirits.

We are friends here with the native Kitsune, the fox Changing Breed. They have a wisdom similar to the Ouroboroans, although perhaps more traditional. We do not always see the same truths, but respect is there nonetheless.

Japan

Many are the Stargazers born to this island, and many are those who have come here seeking wisdom. We can be found among the native Ainu, seeking any trace of the Gurahl who long called this place home. We also know the Shinto shrines and pristine wildernesses where we meditate upon the ever-changing yet eternal ways of nature.

The Zephyr Stargazers are perhaps strongest here, and some even live openly among humans as martial artist of high renown and discipline.

We are friends with some of the native shapechangers and fey, and know well the Tengu. We also know the hungry ghosts, and pity them — but not too much, for they have sealed their own fates.

Other Asia

If you travel to the other Asian nations, you will also find us. Thailand, Cambodia, Vietnam, Korea and others — we have trod the soil of all these. While we seek out the wisdom of the local human cultures, we nonetheless keep to our own counsel and ways.

Middle East

We have always appreciated the wisdom of these lands, especially the insights of the Sufi sects. Indeed, it is said that the famed Uways al-Qarani, contemporary and dream-friend to the Prophet, was of our tribe. He is said to have mastered travel in the Imaginal Worlds, where he could shapeshift.

Today you will find our kind studying the ancient wisdom of these lands, dressed in clothing of local culture and speaking local language, but striving for universal enlightenment.

Europe

Throughout Europe you will find some of the more modern Stargazers, seeking wisdom in the existential philosophies of the Continent and Britain. Many believe that great sages were born or lived among humans here, such as Carl Jung and G.I. Gurdjieff. It will perhaps be hardest to recognize these urban Stargazers, for most of them have chosen to live in the human cities, risking a proximity to the Weaver to gain pearls of knowledge.

The Americas

It is said that Stargazers from the Luminous Shrine walked the Americas long ago, and there seem to be hints in the lore of the Uktena that this is so. There are certainly Stargazers here today, although not nearly so many as in the East. What few are here try to spread themselves out, making their wisdom available to a number of septs.

A number of us have been attracted to caerns in South America or Mexico, although those far from the Amazon War. Ancient wisdom lies buried here, abandoned in some cases by the Uktena, who perhaps cannot look after it due to their diminishing numbers.

Umbral Realms

The Many Heavens and Hells (Yin and Yang Realms)

All is one in the True Gaia Realm. But while our souls reside there, our minds do not. We live within the phenomenal world, which is but the manifestation of 10,000 things. All things we know of are made of Yin and Yang, the dual pillars of reality. From the merging of Yin and Yang come

all things of the senses, also many things too subtle tor even our fine Garou senses.

Yin and Yang coalesce into two extremes. At the union of these extremes is our world, where all things are made from Yin and Yang, some in equal balance, some to greater degrees of one or the other. Where there is little Yang and much Yin, you will find the Yin realms, places of the dead and cold, silent caverns, wombs waiting to birth potential. Where there is little Yin and much Yang, you will find the Yang realms, called the heavens, places of energy and exalted thought but little stillness.

Too much exposure to either of these extremes is bad, an unhealthy state which can unbalance the mind and thus lead to deep illusion. Consider the gods of the heavens, beings of mighty Yang energy. Would you aspire to such a state? Why? The gods are blind to the illusions of their own selves and persist in the cycles of antiquity — this is what humans mean when they speak of archetypes, unchanging principles hidden in the unconscious. These principles are embodied in heaven and cannot change, for there is little enlightenment where there is no darkness.

The same is true of the hells, where demons reside, torturing the lost souls too ignorant to realize the True Gaia Realm. They, too, are trapped in cycles not of their making, puppets in a play written long ago. Envy not the gods and devils.

It. is true, however, that you may journey to these places for wisdom. Beware while there, for they are enticing and may entrap you. Fall not under the spell of power or the promise of omniscience — the omniscient share knowledge of illusion as well as truth but cannot discern between them. Only here, in the world where all elements meet in harmony and conflict, can the True Gaia Realm be perceived.

Stargazer Homeland

This Umbral realm is a place of quiet and meditation, where we occasionally go to seek our inner light, away from the social politics *of* the other tribes and each other. From here, we may visit Dream or the Aetherial Realm.

The Dreaming

In our spirit journeys, many Stargazers seek to travel the realms of dream, hoping for encounters with Chimera or her brood. Indeed, I have heard some Kinfolk claim to have seen a known Stargazer in their dreams! It is a good bet that, if you travel in dream long enough, you will encounter a Stargazer.

The Aetherial Realm

Here is a great Stargazer orrery run by the Sept of the Stars, and led by Altair, an ascended master of our tribe who is part spirit. This is a realm of great wisdom, for it is close to both Luna and Helios, the Moon and the Sun. The secrets of the stars can be revealed here by Star-spirits, and the truly insightful can discover clues to our destinies.

The Hollow Earth

When Klaital's Luminous Shrine was destroyed, many Stargazers left the world to safeguard their lore in distant realms. One such place was the Hollow Earth, home to a sect of Buddhist monks with mages among them. Of course, in the time of the shrine's destruction, the Hollow Earth could still be reached by physical means. Only over the centuries have the caverns all closed up against any entry except through Umbral paths. The work of the Weaver, to be certain.

I know little of these Stargazers, however. They keep themselves distant from their worldly brethren, fearful that even slight contact may lead enemies to their treasurehouse of lore. I hear that they have agents in this world, Kinfolk who watch for them, and that they travel abroad themselves at times, but these are rumors and legends.

Kinfolk

Besides Stargazers, you will find our Kin spread across the earth, although most, like us, remain in the East. As 1 told you before, we do not often interact with our Kin. They instead populate the villages nearby our caerns and monasteries, coming often to the edge of the bawn to leave gifts or tokens. Sometimes, they come begging aid or a favor, an answer to a difficult question or a judgment in a dispute. Such assistance we occasionally give, if deemed worthy of our time and not damaging to those who receive it.

Only the Zephyr and the World Tree, of all our camps, regularly settle down to live with their Kinfolk families — although "settling down" usually means traveling every few years to a new place, as the winds drive them or as wisdom goads.

As for our wolf Kin, they populate the wildernesses near our caerns, and we watch them more closely than we do our human families, for they are more precious and rare in these days. The great wolf hunts in all Asian nations have greatly harmed our Kin, and stirred our Rage. But we saw the Wyrm's hand in them, and instead of raising claw, we spoke with wisdom and deterred some of the worst atrocities. Nonetheless, there are too few of us to prevent the slaughter of all.

Like other Garou, we often set a Kin-Fetch to watch our families. These loyal spirits notify us if a Garou has been born from one of our seed, no matter how many generations may pass since its planting.

Acolytes

Some humans wish to learn from us, and we feel that a few of them can actually benefit from this. These we make acolytes, allowed to enter our caerns on certain occasions or to question our masters on important manners. In return, they watch the

outside world for us, looking for signs of reincarnated Stargazers among our human Kinfolk, and notifying us of world events that may give us insight into the Weaver's madness.

Other Tribes

Our brethren in the other tribes differ greatly from us, but such is the diversity of Gala's creatures. While we rarely join packs, those of us who do must know their brethren well. Our seemingly passive ways often anger others of our kind, and we must learn what behavior will win their respect, while staying true to ourselves.

Black Furies

Resolute and steadfast, there are few Garou more sure of themselves than these fine warriors. Likewise, they excel in rage and thus fall into delusion, often fighting the wrong enemy. They need to realize that the disrespect accorded their sex is hut another lie of the Weaver, for it is given no heed in the True Gaia Realm.

Bone Gnawers

To find so much humor in such adversity is admirable. But to he so materialistic is to he avoided. Their poverty and lower station among the 13 Tribes causes them to be overly concerned with worldly goods. But when faced with loss of all they have, they weather such tragedy better than most. A perplexing tribe, one which we could certainly learn much from had we the time.

Children of Gaia

Nearest to us in goal and our closest allies in Garou politics, they also perceive the True Gaia Realm. We have worked with them often to spread knowledge among humans. But their hearts arc open while their minds are blind. They are too trusting, too willing to give others a chance to harm them. While they heal easily and quickly, this does little to teach their foes the error of their ego-driven ways. They also fail to perceive the darkness inside themselves, the shadows cast by false identities. These shadows can have fearsome power unless contained, and we fear that the Children know little of containment.

Fianna

Joy is a true experience of the True Gaia Realm. The Fianna know this true realm even if they do not acknowledge it. But they also know towering egos. Few tribes suffer so much from hubris and aggrandizement. While it is true-that most of them deserve the respect they claim for themselves, this does little to prepare the Self for further progress towards enlightenment.

Get of Fenris

I need speak little of this tribe, for you are so soon come from them. They allow their rage to rule them, mistaking it for the Fire Mind of instinct. Yet they succeed where others fail, as if their rage scares even the Wyrm, Father of Rage. Perhaps in looking upon them, he looks upon himself and realizes what a horror he has become. If this is so, then it may awaken him to his true state, that of freedom in Gaia. Bur I doubt it will be so. And thus the Get endanger all souls with their wars.

Glass Walkers

So close to the Weaver yet so little corrupted by its lies. Why is this? 1 cannot say for sure. Perhaps she sees no threat in them, and thus does not bother to spin Webs about them, fur they do this well enough on their own. No other tribe uses the Weaver's own minions so well; surely they have a power we can all use, if we could understand it without succumbing to their ego-driven ways. Until we understand this, however, we will beware their methods. While we do not believe they are corrupt, we are also unsure how pure they are.

Red Talons

The saddest of the Garou, next to the metis. The Red Talons have abundant Fire Mind, but it is perverted by their rage. Instinct becomes raw, hungry hare for their oppressors. How can we aid them? I do nor know...

Shadow Lords

Cunning and deadly, be wary of them at all times. Our tribes have never been on good terms, for these are the most ego-driven of all Garou. All their customs and rites are designed to exalt the ego at the cost of their fellows' lives. They thus give themselves to illusion, choosing as their identities a shadow of a shadow. How did they become Garou, rather than creatures of one of the thousand hells? This I do not know. Odd karma indeed.

Silent Striders

Like us, the Striders walk alone and seek wisdom. But they are driven not by a quest for enlightenment, but by an ancient curse. They believe that their ancestors are parted from them for good, but 1 believe they are their ancestors reborn. Some terrible deed in the past calls them to retread old paths over the course of many lives. When will this karmic debt be paid, freeing them for rebirth in a liberated form?

Silver Fangs

Like the Shadow Lords, the Silver Fangs suffer from great ego. Unlike the Lords, their traditions discourage this. They teach that the Fangs must serve all Garou by leading them, and their legends stress the sacrifices as much as the benefits. Yet so few heed the wisdom of their ancestors, instead squandering their heritage in petty dominance games with one another or with an upstart tribe. Render these Caesars their due, but do not take their role

so seriously. Only when they have sacrificed their egos on the throne of their kingship will they become true rulers.

Uktena

Wise, wise Garou. How greatly we respect the Uktena, but also fear for them. They do not realize the true enemy, and instead seek the Wyrm in its false lairs, where they risk corruption and entrapment. We will nonetheless strive to guide them, as they sometimes guide us.

Wendigo

Noble and tragic beings, bearing a loss of suffering that few can imagine. They symbolize for us the separation from the True Gaia Realm, for the loss they feel at the destruction of their culture is the same that resonates through all beings at the primal loss of bliss. While they labor under great rage, they temper it with noble ways, and thus escape the curse of the Get. But their bitterness and hunger for revenge is not unlike the devouring spirit of the Eater-of-Souls, an aspect of the Weaver. Perhaps if they could conquer this inner taint, they could become even mightier warrior-sages than we.

Other Beings

The Garou are not the only Awakened beings in the world. We share the earth and spirit paths with many others besides.

Changing Breeds

Few Garou tribes were closer to the other shapeshifters than we. It was a mighty task to control our anger at their slaughter. Sadly, many of them mistook our retreat to be cowardice or betrayal. How could we explain the poison such an act as the War of Rage caused us? But it caused them worse tragedy, and for this reason alone we should have turned against our brothers to fight besides the other beasts.

The Gurahl were our original mentors, instilling in us the first urge for enlightenment. The Corax were our early guides in the Umbra, helping us to choose the correct spirit paths. The Bastet were our counselors, debating with us on spiritual matters and showing us the folly of our ways when we were unprepared — few weaknesses, mental or physical, escape the Bastet. The Mokole shared their memories with us, helping us to recapture the essence of the Dawn Times when it was lost from our memories.

We owe much honor to them, and are greatly shamed at our failure to act. We feared the cost to our karma, but the cost of indecision has been far greater.

Vampires

There are demon-haunted worlds, regions of utter darkness. Whoever in life denies the Spirit falls into that darkness.

— Isa Upanishads

Hell creatures. As humans, they would be destined for rebirth in one of the thousand hells, yet they are trapped

here instead, walking the nighttime world as if it were a hell. Hungry ghosts, they cannot get enough of life, taking it from others to satiate their lusts. Pity them not, for they fully deserve their fate. Pity instead those who are near to them, their minions who know not what cost they pay for their closeness to hell.

As Damned as they are, they are nonetheless Awakened, and thus can search for enlightenment. If they ask you for aid in this quest, consider honoring it — but do so carefully, for their powers of persuasion are great, and they can blind us by appealing to our egos. If you sense this happening to you, remove yourself at once! Let them not gain any influence over you, or you will walk their path.

We sense their deep connection to the Weaver, yet do not understand its nature. Perhaps this is worthy of investigation. However, should you so choose this task, be prepared to end your life before serving them. Better to be reborn again and again than never to die.

Mages

Of all the Awakened, the mages are the wisest. They are the proof that humans are not all corrupt, that a few can rise to witness the truth. But they are likewise examples of how hubris can blind the soul, feeding the ego and turning wisdom to evil. Many serve the Weaver but do not realize it, or make a virtue of such a pact. They only serve to spin stronger webs around the minds of all creatures, preventing imagination from having any sway in the world, shutting out the true reality of Gaia. Beware such mages.

Seek out the Dreamspeakers or the Akashic Brotherhood, for they of all the mages appreciate our ways. Indeed, we have traded much wisdom with the Akashic mages over the centuries, and our goals are similar.

Wraiths

When the fruit of craving ripens,
Born as a hungry ghost tormented by frustrated desire,
Oh, the misery of hunger and thirst!
— The Prayer of Kuntu Sangpo

All I have told you about the dangers of ego and attachment is evidenced in these ghosts, unable to be reborn because of their irrational desires. The death of the body is not the end of misery for them; only a rehabilitation of their lives can suffice. Cursed to relive the mistakes they made in life, their karma is immediately obvious to them. Would that this were clear to them in life.

Pity them as you would all creatures, not with condescension but with compassion. Each kindness given them helps to heal their souls.

Changelings

What is there to say about the fae, children of the Dreaming? Like all beings, they come from the True Gaia Realm of the Dawn Times. They are like living dreams, imagination brought to life by Gaia or some other force — perhaps Chimera. For all our alliances with Chimera, we little understand these dream children. While the Web can numb us and slowly destroy our resolve for enlightenment, it can kill these beings. While they are allies to seek in awakening the world to the True Gaia Realm, shield them from the minions of the Weaver, especially those who are worst affected by her venom — those who have no spark of imagination in them.

Awaken!

Now I have told you as much of our past and present as you need to know. More will be revealed as you progress further on the path. The future is for you to decide, along with all beings that walk the path with you.

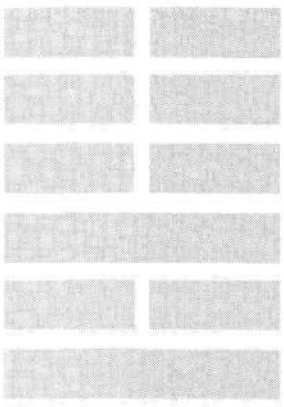
You have Awakened, and the world thus rejoices! Listen carefully to the sounds about you; nothing impedes your path except the roaring in your own ears. Now you must learn to silence it so that you can hear the real voice within. For this, you will need to learn the many tantras or spiritual practices of the Stargazers.

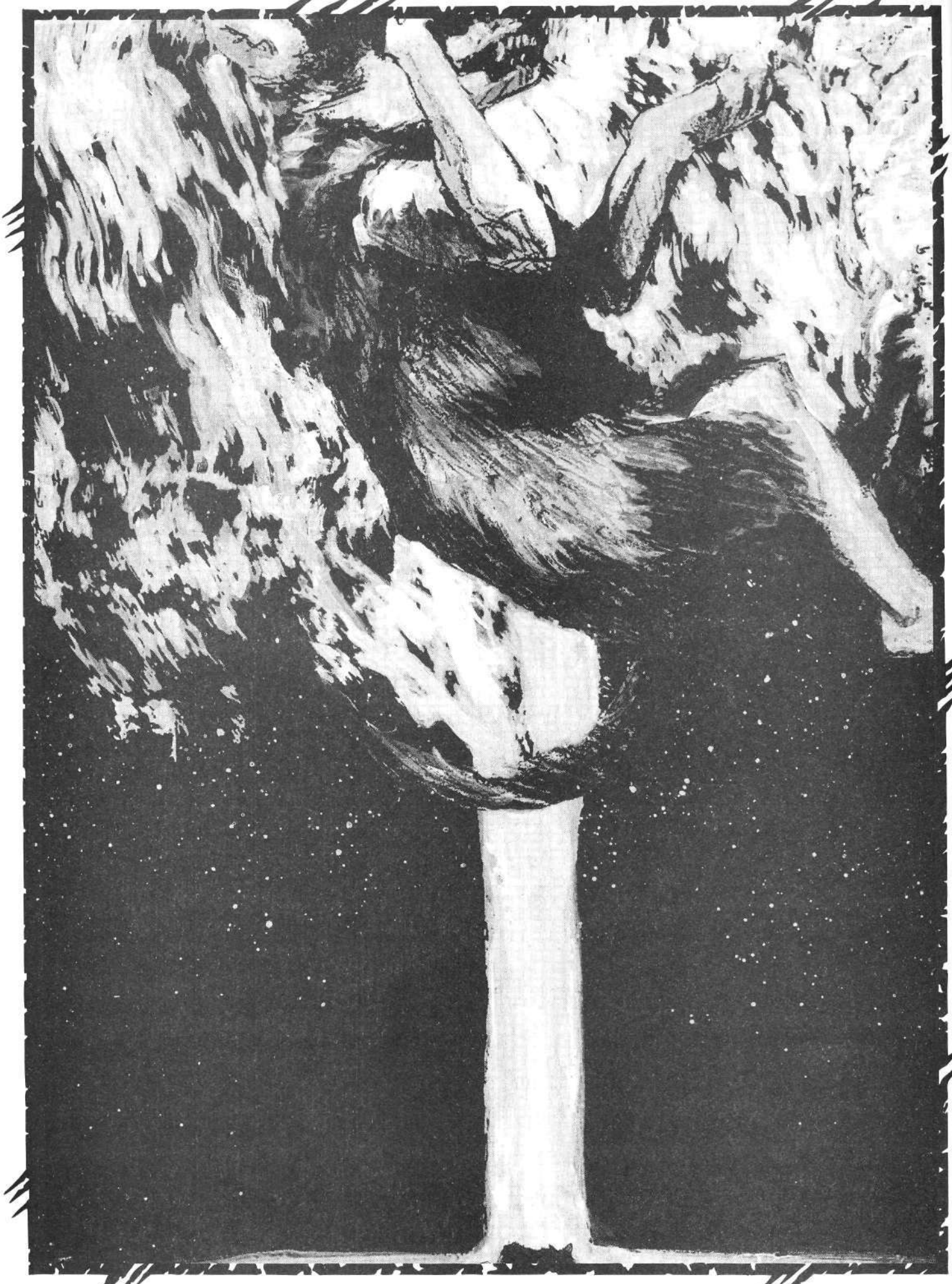
Hurry, for you only have one life in which to accomplish your task. But fear not for failure, for you have earned a second chance in the next life. Is this a paradox? Good.

Think on this.

When you've understood this scripture, throw it away. If you can't understand this scripture, throw it away. I insist on your freedom.

— Jack Kerouac, *The Scripture of the Golden Eternity*





Appendix One: Tantras

Once more I shall teach you
Thai uttermost wisdom:
The sages who found it
Were all made perfect,
Escaping the bands of the body.
— Bhagavad Gita

Tribal Weakness (Optional)

These optional rules reflect quirks that each member of a particular tribe possesses, usually due to the tribe's social, spiritual or even genetic nature. Weaknesses should not always be enforced; for instance, there are some rare situations where a Bone Gnawer may not suffer a higher difficulty on Social rolls. Similarly, Black Furies suffer from an inborn anger against men, bur a Black Fury may nor feel anger towards a man with whom she has a trusting relationship.

It's up to the Storyteller to enforce these rules when an appropriate situation occurs in the game; a player may be unwilling to remind a Storyteller that her Uktena's curiosity will get her into trouble.

Stargazer Weakness

Obsessive Mind Games

The Stargazers are sometimes too philosophical for their own good. It a Stargazer ever tails an Enigmas roll, he becomes obsessed with the problem and unable to concentrate on anything else until he has solved it. The most elusive mysteries gnaw at us the most. During this time, the Storyteller may rule on a host of minor effects to represent this inward obsession (only one at a lime, though). Examples include shutting the world out (+1 difficulty to all Perception rolls) or a slow reaction to outside stimuli (+1 difficulty to all initiative rolls).

Background: Past Life

For a Stargazer, this Background usually represents her connection to a previous life and its memories, not necessarily a temporary possession by an Ancestor-spirit. Those ancestors who can manifest with this Background are the ones who passed on to a higher state, and are usually mighty spirits; only three or more successes will channel such an ancestor. Likewise, a botch may call a fallen Stargazer, one who has become an evil spirit from one of the many hells.

New Knowledges

Feng Shui

This Knowledge represents the lore associated with Chinese geomancy, called Feng Shui. This science/art

helps one to better arrange one's surroundings to be more in harmony with local chi, or energy. This skill is necessary for the Feng Shui rite (see below).

- • Student: You understand the basic principles of earth energy.
- •• College: You have a deeper understanding of the science, and can better read the energy of a familiar place.
- ••• Masters: You understand better how yin and yang energy flows between hills, declinations and streams, and can read the energy of an unfamiliar place well.
- •••• Doctorate: You understand how to best manipulate local features to better enhance energy flow.
- ••••• Scholar: You understand how to rearrange a landscape to transform it from a well of illness to a garden of health.

Possessed by: Chinese geomancers, architects, Keepers of the Land

Specialties: Colors, landscape, chi energy, warding

Stargazing

Stargazers are fascinated with the stars, for they know that the movements of the celestial spheres somehow mirror the events of earthly life. By watching the stars and understanding their qualities — both physical and spiritual — a Garou can glean clues to the riddles of the universe. This skill represents a combination of astrology and astronomy lore. It can act as a complement to an Enigmas roll when trying to unravel the meanings of stellar omens or cosmic events (sun spots, eclipses, comets, etc.).

- • Student: You know the locations of the planets and stars in your hemisphere.
- •• College: You understand the basic energies of the planets.
- ••• Masters: You understand the energies of the stars in your hemisphere.
- •••• Doctorate: You understand the energies of the stars in all earthly hemispheres and the import of celestial visitors (comets).
- ••••• Scholar: You understand the energies of the stars in the Umbral hemispheres, which can include stars long gone from the earthly sky.

Possessed by: Astrologers, astronomers, Theurges

Specialties: Planets, stars, satellites (moons), the sun, phenomena (eclipses, sun spots), omens, divination

Merit

Reborn Sage (1-2 pts)

The character has been officially recognized as the reincarnation of a famous Garou hero or sage. He thus begins with three extra points of temporary Renown (choose either Wisdom, Honor or Glory). If the previous life was a Stargazer, the cost of

this Merit is 2 pts, for there is a certain amount of social status that comes with it. Old friends of the previous life (it he was a recent Stargazer) look kindly upon the character, and rivals consider I he slate to be wiped clean. (This doesn't apply *to* the Wyrm, however; a character might just find himself with some "unfinished business" that requires his attention in this life.) However, if the previous life is that of a Garou from another tribe, there may be some friction with that tribe — the Silver Pangs might not appreciate someone claiming to be an incarnation of royalty, for instance. The cost in such cases is thus only 1 pt.

Kailindo

Angry fists cannot beat
a smiling face
— Soiku Shigematsu, *A Zen Forest*

The following Kailindo maneuvers complement those given in the Werewolf Players Guide.

• **Catch the Wind**: The Kailindoist can catch missiles thrown at her, from rocks and darts to arrows. Bullets or similar high-speed missiles cannot be caught with this maneuver. One missile aimed directly at the character (or at a target up to three feet away) can be caught per success gained on the roll.

Usable by: Homid-Crinos

• **Chakra Strike**: The Kailindoist punches an opponent's chakra center with two fingers. In addition to normal Strength damage, there are other effects depending on the chakra struck:

Chakra	Difficulty	Effect
Solar Plexus	7	Indigestion, fatigue (+1 difficulty on Stamina rolls) for the rest of the scene
Heart	8	Depression, +1 difficulty on Charisma and Manipulation rolls for the rest of the scene
Throat	8	Asthma, +1 difficulty on athletic tasks, -5 yards running per turn, +1 difficulty on rolls involving speech for the rest of the scene
Crown	9	Confusion, +1 difficulty on Wits and Perception rolls for the rest of the scene

Usable by: Homid-Crinos

• **Mountaintop:** The Kailindoist roots himself to the spot by sinking his center and sending his energy downward. It is extremely hard to topple a mountaintop. The difficulty for this maneuver is reduced by one if the Kailindoist is in Hispo or Lupus form (on all fours). The successes gained from this maneuver add to the Kailindoist's Strength to resist being moved or knocked down. However, she cannot move in any turn in which she roots.

Usable by: Homid-Lupus

Shapeshifting Maneuvers

The following maneuvers requires the expenditure of a Rage point.

• **Rollaway:** Whenever the Kailindoist is toppled or brought to the ground, she can switch to a four-legged form and instantly assume her footing. No roll or separate action is required, just the expenditure of a Rage point. If she was in a four-legged form when toppled, this maneuver has no effect.

Usable by: Homid-Crinos

• **Uncoiling Snake:** The Kailindoist throws a kick or punch but shifts to a larger form at the last moment, surprising an opponent with more reach on the blow.

Usable by: Homid-Crinos

Gifts

• **Inner Light (Level Two)** — The Stargazer can step sideways into the Umbra using only his own inner light; he has no need of a reflection or bright light to guide him. This Gift is taught by an Epiphling of Truth.

System: The player must still roll Gnosis as usual, and the Stargazer can still be "caught." He may lead packmates into the Umbra as per the usual rules.

• **Resist Temptation (Level Two)** — Using gestures to her chakras, as Klaital did, the Stargazer can resist worldly, mental and spiritual temptations, including corruption. This Gift is taught by an Earth-spirit.

System: The player rolls Wits + Rituals and spends one Gnosis point. Each success raises others' difficulties to ensorcel or supernaturally coerce the character by one. For instance, a vampire trying to Dominate the Garou would find it harder to succeed. Against non-supernatural coercion, this Gift is automatically successful. Thus, mundane con artists and temptresses have no power over the Stargazer.

New Kailindo Maneuvers Chart

Maneuver	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Actions
Catch the Wind	Dex + Kailindo	8	none	1
Chakra Strike	Dex + Kailindo	varies	Strength + special	1
Mountaintop	Dex + Kailindo	6(5)	none	1
Shapeshifting Maneuver*:				
Uncoiling Snake	Hex + Kailindo	+1	by maneuver	by maneuver

* Requires the expenditure of a Rage point

• **Cunning Koan (Level Three)**—The character can cut through any falsity, illusion or bullshit with a few choice words. The words cannot be profane and must come in the form of a short haiku poem or koan. This Gift is taught by a Crow-spirit or a Chimerling.

System: The player rolls Wits + Expression and spends one Gnosis point. Any illusion designed to fool others is revealed as such — even Bastet Den-Realms can be discovered with this Gift. In addition, anyone attempting to He at that moment is revealed as a liar— his words instead speak his true intent.

• **Walk the Web (Level Three)** — The Stargazer can walk through Weaver realms without attracting attention. Pattern Spiders will ignore her and go about their business. The character must chant a mantra through sub-vocalization (mouthing it silently). This Gift is taught by various Enigmatics. However, if the Stargazer takes direct action against any Weaver minions, the effect of the Gift is canceled and the spiders will come.

• **Imaginal Mantra (Level Four)** —The Stargazer can chant a mantra to banish Banality from the area and awaken Glamour. During the chanting, he must imagine the area as being inherently magical, seeing the rocks, stones and buildings as living things — he must pretend to dream while awake. This Gift is taught by a Chimerling.

System: The player rolls Wits + Rituals and spends one Gnosis point. If successful, any Banality is banished for one scene. In addition, any fae are revealed in their true forms.

• **Break the Loom (Level Five)** —The Stargazer uses controlled cognitive dissonance to temporarily confuse Paradox and banish it. With riddles and conundrums posed to the thin air, the Stargazer thus confuses the Weaver, who halts her spinning as she tries to solve the riddle. This Gift is taught by Chimera herself.

System: The player rolls Wits + Enigmas and spends one Gnosis point. If successful, a particular manifestation of Paradox is canceled. In addition, the Gauntlet of the area drops for the rest *of* the scene by one point tor each success gained. This is an immensely powerful Gift when put: to use for a mage; however, Stargazers usually let mages learn from their own mistakes, intervening only if the Paradox threatens someone other than the unwise willworker.

Awakening the Serpent Fire

The following Gifts represent a path of training with the body's energy centers. Each Gift must be learned in order, from the first level upwards (the third level cannot, be bought until the second level is bought, etc.). The first level begins with the awakening of Kundalini energy at the base of the spine. The energy slowly works its way upwards, progressively opening chakras as it reaches them, until the third eye or crown chakra is open, completing the circuit and allowing for great power.

This path requires that the Garou learn each level from Kundalini Snake-spirits (see below).

• **Muladhara (Level One)** — The base chakra is awakened and the energy stirs. The character can call on this energy to help himself root or center for meditation, or summon energy to stave off fatigue. This also includes the Svadhisthana or sacral chakra, governing the sex organs.

System: The player must declare which effect he is trying to achieve before he rolls. He then rolls Stamina + Rituals and spends one Gnosis point. Each success lowers the difficulty of any roll involving meditation by one; or, when resisting frenzy, each success raises the difficulty of the roll by one — although the character must perform no other action that turn or the next. In all cases, Stamina roll difficulties related to fatigue are lowered by one for the rest of the scene.

• **Manipura (Level Two)** — The solar plexus chakra stirs, allowing the character access to powerful energy and strength which can greatly aid Kailindo maneuvers.

System: The player rolls Stamina + Rituals. Each success adds one to the character's Strength for the purposes of resisting grapples or initiating holds, but not for lifting objects or causing damage. This lasts for one scene.

• **Anahata (Level Three)** — The heart center stirs, opening the Garou up to normally unseen perceptions concern ing others. She can sense what they are feeling and know the best way to make them listen to her (although they cannot be coerced into acting against their wills).

System: The player rolls Charisma + Empathy and spends one Gnosis point. For the rest of the scene, the Stargazer can sense the surface emotions (anger, frustration, joy, etc.) of those who directly interact with her. After three or more turns of interacting with that person, the player may make a Perception + Empathy roll; each success lowers difficulties on any rolls to sway that person, and he will be especially receptive to wisdom or advice from the Stargazer. The Stargazer can also attempt to avert any angry action against herself in such ways.

• **Visuddha (Level Four)** — The throat chakra stirs, allowing the character immense control over his voice and breath. He can halt others with a bellow or command them to heed his words.

System: The player rolls Manipulation + Expression and spends one Gnosis point. For the next scene, anything the Stargazer says has a commanding quality to it. Each success on the roll lowers the difficulty on any roll to command others, and he may even ask them to act in ways contrary to their nature (although not acts which will directly harm them).

In addition, he may issue a resounding *Ki-ai* at anytime, a bellow meant to scare opponents and give the Stargazer the initiative in combat. Roll Stamina + Expression; each success lowers an opponent's initiative and attack Dice Pools by one die for three turns. The *ki'ai* does not require a separate action; characters do not have to split their Dice Pools to issue one in the same turn in which they attack. A Ki-ai may be effective against a single opponent only once per scene.

• **Atma (Level Five)** — The crown chakra stirs and the third eye opens. The Stargazer gains immense wisdom and occult perception.

System: Roll Wits + Enigmas and spend one Gnosis point. Each success lowers the difficulty of any Enigmas roll

by one *and* adds one to the character's Enigmas skill. This effect lasts for one scene.

In addition, for the following scene, the character sees spirits interacting with the world, and knows if Gifts or other supernatural powers (Disciplines, Spheres, Cantrips, etc.) are active within his sight.

Rites

Chi Kung/Yoga

Level One - Five

Many Stargazers practice such energy techniques as Chi Kung or Yoga. These practices cleanse the aura/meridians/chakras to aid in health and mental acuity. Chi Kung is similar to the Chinese art of Tai Chi, and involves both standing and sitting meditations. Yoga seeks to repeat the postures each being performed when in the womb, to awaken primordial energy and health; there are many Garou yogas for each form, from Homid to Lupus.

These exercises are usually done for one hour in the morning and provide their effects for the full day, although certain types of energy work can he done during certain hours of the day for best effect. If less than an hour is practiced, the rite is not effective.

There are deeper and deeper levels of such practices, represented by five levels of rites.

System: Roll Stamina + Rituals against a difficulty of seven. The effects of success depend on the level of the rite:

Level Effect

1 Cleansing. Tones the body and removes stress and fatigue.

2 Exercise. Stretches the body and builds endurance. -1 difficulty on all Stamina rolls for the day.

3 Centering. Character can regain one Willpower point with a successful rite roll (difficulty 8). This may be attempted only once per day.

4 Meditation. Character can meditate while practicing this rite; she can regain two Gnosis points per hour spent meditating, and has a -1 difficulty to her Wits + Enigmas roll.

5 Restoration. Heals one Battle Scar: Character must perform this rite every day for one week per result on the Battle Scars roll (see the Battle Scars Chart, p. 199 of the rulebook: a superficial scar is 3, a broken jaw 9, etc.). After this time, the scar will disappear along with its ill effects (as well as any Renown gained by wearing such a scar).

Feng Shui

Level Two

This Rite of Accord is a more permanent version of the Rite of Cleansing. Through the use of geomantic lore and tools (small mirrors placed in just the right locations to divert bad energy), the Garou can cleanse a place and make it more conducive to good energies. There is a whole body of knowledge associated with Feng Shui geomancy, including the colors used in the area, the directions the walls face and in which lines converge, the topography of the area (hills, depressions, rivers, etc.)- This lore must he called on for the rite to work. See the Feng Shui skill, above.

System: The ritemaster must first succeed on a Perception + Feng Shui roll; no rite can proceed without success there. Each success on that roll subtracts one from the difficulty of the rite roll.

For the rite, the ritemaster rolls Manipulation + Rituals, difficulty 9 (minus the successes *on* the Feng Shui skill roll). The rite will last for one week per success. After that rime, subtle changes in the environment or the change of seasons will require a new rite. In addition, if any of the mirrors are removed or broken or the landscape is significantly changed, the effects of the rite are canceled.

Mantras

Level One - Three

There are various mantras - - words of power — used by Stargazers to achieve certain effects. Each mantra must be chanted during the course of the rite, which usually lasts for one minute per level to cast, during which the Stargazer can take no other actions. Most mantra effects last for a scene.

Roll Manipulation + Rituals, difficulty 9 - Rank (masters tend to be better at these than initiates).

The examples given below are those in human languages; there are also many Garou or wolf tongue mantras, but these cannot be reproduced in print.

Om (Level One) — By chanting the universal word of creation and unity, Stargazers can calm others down and diffuse violence. Rage rolls are at +1 difficulty for all beings who hear the chant.

Om Habhava Dhi (Level Two) — Calls upon Serene Habhava. Grants wisdom. All Wits or Intelligence rolls are at -1 difficulty.

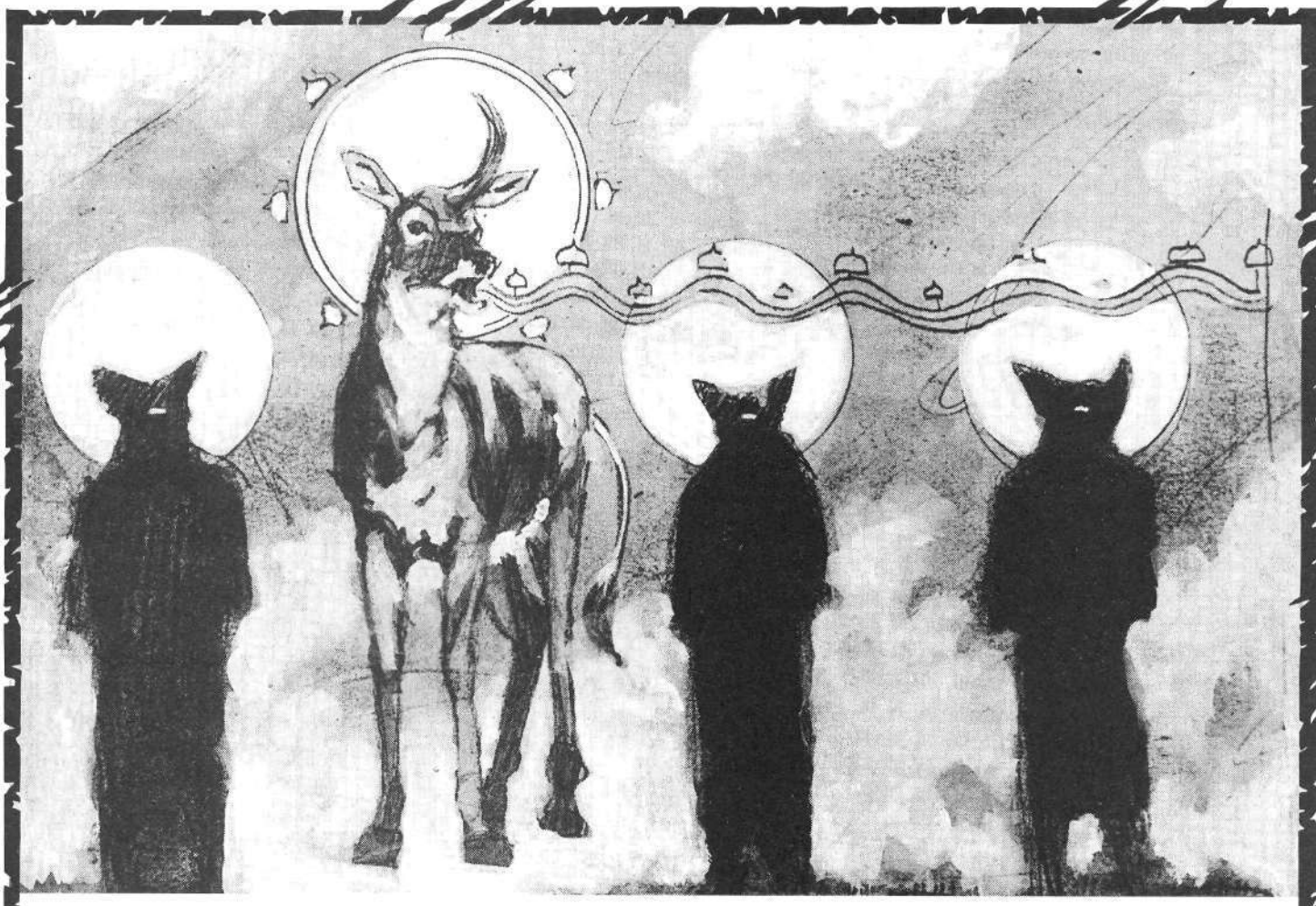
Om Chakala Phat (Level Three) — Galls upon Fierce Chakal. Drives away evil influences and distractions- - Banes cannot manifest in the area and Enigmas rolls are at -1 difficulty. In addition, Black Spiral Dancers in the area suffer a reverse effect, that of distraction: +1 difficulty on Enigmas rolls.

Totems

Chhi-Lin (Respect)

Background cost: 6

Chhi-Lin is a divine creature from the True Gaia Realm who appears in the world only when and where virtue has consecrated an area, usually through the wise rule of a king or guardianship of a caern. Chhi-Lin's very presence purifies the region in which he appears, although it cannot appear near Wyrm toxins. Usually, Chhi-Lin must be sought out: in dreams.



Traits: Packs chosen by Chhi-Lin can call upon five Willpower points per story. In addition, each pack member gains +1 Charisma and one temporary point of Honor.

Ban: Children of Chhi-Lin must purify and cleanse themselves daily, performing a Rite of Cleansing no less than once per week.

Soma (Wisdom)

Background cost: 5

Soma is a psychedelic plant totem who must be contacted through eating her sacred mushrooms. She will provide her children with visions and images of enlightenment, providing symbols and mantras for their progress in Understanding.

Traits: Children of Soma gain +3 to Enigmas Dice Pools and +1 to their Rituals Traits.

Ban: Soma will give bad trips to those who seek her only for selfish purposes.

Spirits

Kundalini Snakes (Epiphlings)

These multicolored, luminous snakes float through the ether rather than slither on the ground. They are somehow tied to Kundalini power, an energy which resides in everybody at the base of the spine but which is rarely awakened. They can awaken it by teaching Serpent Fire gifts.

These spirits are rare and mysterious. Some Stargazers believe that they do not actually exist as spirits, but are instead manifestations of the body's own Kundalini power, given form with which to speak to the person harboring such energy. They are mysteriously allied to both Luna and Helios.

Willpower 9, Rage 4, Gnosis 9, Power: 20

Charms: Airt Sense, Healing, Insight, Unbindable (Kundalini spirits cannot be bound into fetishes)

Fetishes

Mandala

Level 3, Gnosis 7

Many Stargazers devise their own mandalas, personal portraits of their inner symbology designed in a symmetrical circle or square. Such an image is a powerful meditational tool. Each Stargazer must make his own; using another's mandala provides no benefit.

Once activated, a mandala will restore one point of lost Willpower and allow a meditation roll to restore Gnosis with a difficulty of only 7. Such powers can be used once per day.

Appendix Two: Incarnations

A baby tiger,
born three days,
Has the capacity
to eat a cow
— Soiku Shigematsu, *A Zen Forest*

While the Stargazers originally came from the East, they are now found everywhere in the world, although in small numbers. They choose no single breed of Kinfolk to call their own, instead breeding among those who will best raise their children. They often abandon these Kin for long periods of time, although they rarely leave them unwatched; a kin fetch spirit looks after the family to alert Stargazers to the birth of a Garou. It may be many years before they can come to take the child, but they will eventually find him. In addition, human acolytes who partake of Stargazer wisdom watch for signs of reincarnated masters.

Beyond that, it's hard to pinpoint the "stereotypical" young Stargazer. The path to enlightenment can begin anywhere: many roads, one destination. Stargazers can be black, white, Asian, Native American — and that's even before taking the converts from other tribes into account. Stargazer cubs can be rowdy and instinctive, quiet and introspective, or even materialistic and flighty. Wisdom sometimes picks strange houses to live in before it shows itself.

Wild Sage

Quote: *AH-rooo! Wisdom is in the leaves! In the beetles! In your shit!*

Prelude: You were a wolf in the woods of India, greatly fearing humankind and avoiding them at all costs. Luckily, your pack roamed on a large nature preserve, protected — for the most part—from human development. While some humans would sneak into the preserve to hunt or gather food, you only saw them a few times in your three years as a wolf.

Then came the First Change and the confusing, maddening whispers of Mind. Your pack would have nothing to do with you after that, and you were forced to leave them. Scared and fearful, you walked as a human into a village. The people thought you a quaint ascetic who had lived long in the woods by choice, whose gruntings and mutterings showed intentional abandonment of language. Some of them treated you as if holy. This was greatly confusing; before, when you walked on four legs, they ran from you, or shot at you. Now, they gathered to watch you or listen to your grunts as if they signified wisdom.

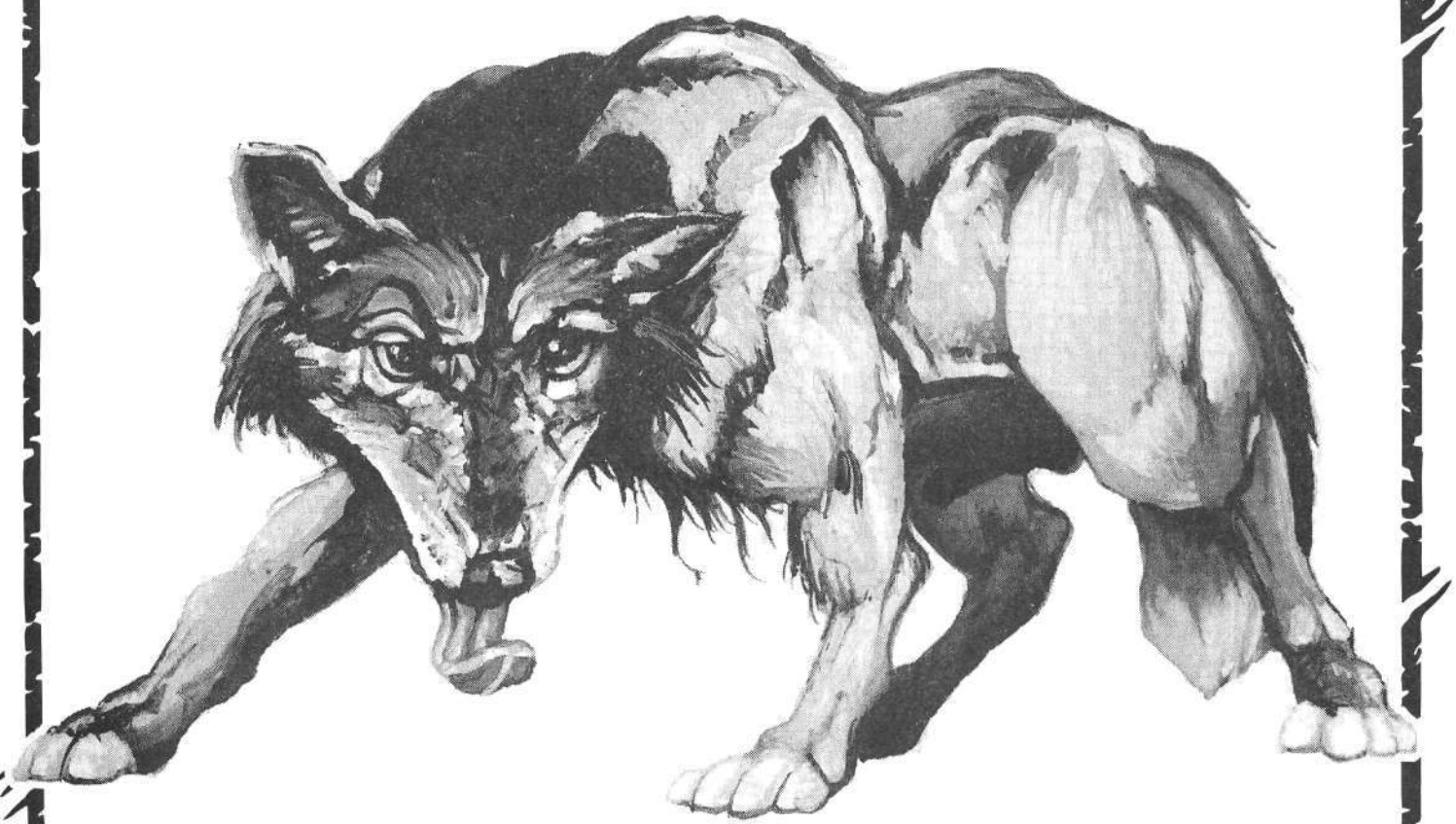
Eventually, a true holy ascetic passed through the village and found you. He insisted that you follow him to his retreat, promising to tell you everything about your strange experiences. Once out of the village, he turned into a wolf and revealed to you your true nature, that of a Garou shapeshifter and a Stargazer.

Since then, you have learned much of human ways and now realize that their fear of wolves and the wild comes from their ignorance. But they truly want to be free, to know the Truth. You have sworn to teach it to them, by displaying your wilderness instincts in all you do. Although this sickens some, others recognize something in your prancing which they have lost, something precious. These few can learn from you.

Concept: A tangle-haired, rag-wearing hermit from the woods. You only speak human languages (the few you know) when absolutely necessary; your grunting and gesturing actually communicate more universally anyway.

Roleplaying Hints: Gesture a lot. Your communication should be as physical as possible. Grunt and mutter, howl and growl. Among Garou, shift forms often to gesture in unique ways. Don't hesitate to use crude or profane gestures — the body and its by-products are all part of nature; only civilization spurns them as gross.

Equipment: A staff and bag with gathered nuts and berries, and maybe a few bones for gnawing (from a fresh kill).



Stargazers™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Ragabash
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Wild Sage

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Kinfolk	●○○○○
Mentor	●●○○○
Past Life	●●○○○
	○○○○○
	○○○○○

Gifts

- Heightened Senses
- Scent of Running Water
- Balance

Gifts

Renown

Glory
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

OBSESSIVE MIND GAMES: FAILED ENIGMAS ROLL CAUSES OBSESSION W/ MYSTERY

Geomancer

Quote: *Very bad. Your home sits between three dragons. Their energy will tax you and leave you no rest. These three mirrors will help deflect their influence...*

Prelude: You were raised in Hong Kong, where you were taught by your grandfather the art of Feng Shui. Few buildings in your neighborhood would be constructed or renovated without their owners first consulting Grandfather. They knew from experience that if the chi was not right, their health or business endeavors in the new or restored building were doomed to failure. Grandfather was very traditional; he would constantly visit his clients to make adjustments to the Feng Shui mirrors, or to place a potted plant here or a soothing painting there.

It was only after your First Change that you realized the importance of Grandfather's job. After you got over the shock of your new identity, which Grandfather guided you through, you realized that the old Stargazer was one of the only beings keeping a tide of terrible Wyrm energy from engulfing the neighborhood. A Black Spiral Dancer hive had been erected in a high-rise business office downtown; although it had been raided and destroyed by Glass Walkers, its corruption remained. Somewhere, a hole into a blight remained open, leaking energies into your neighborhood.

Now that you could commune with spirits, Grandfather taught you how to gain their aid in cleaning a place, to help when mirrors broke or foolish residents rearranged a room without consulting him. You know, however, that soon you will have to hunt down the cause of the evil chi. For this, you will need friends...

Concept: A young geomancer, following in your mentor/grandfather's footsteps. You are well versed in Chinese Taoism and now apply this to the Gaiadharma. While you want to help at home, you also yearn to see the rest of the world and study its earth energies.

Roleplaying Hints: Be polite and restrained in public company, but you can let your hair down in private or with friends. You come from two worlds: the old, traditional Chinese way and the more modern, pop-culture savvy Hong Kong.

Equipment: Feng shui mirrors and other tools, including a manual listing charts for each season and situation.

STARGAZERS™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Theurge
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Geomancer

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●OOO
Dexterity ●●OOO
Stamina ●●OOO

Social

Charisma ●●●OO
Manipulation ●●OOO
Appearance ●●●OO

Mental

Perception ●●●●O
Intelligence ●●●●O
Wits ●●●OO

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ●●OOO
Athletics OOOOO
Brawl OOOOO
Dodge ●●OOO
Empathy ●●OOO
Expression ●OOOO
Intimidation OOOOO
Primal-Urge ●OOOO
Streetwise OOOOO
Subterfuge ●●OOO

Skills

Animal Ken ●OOOO
Drive ●OOOO
Etiquette ●●●OO
Firearms OOOOO
Leadership OOOOO
Melee OOOOO
Performance OOOOO
Repair OOOOO
Stealth OOOOO
Survival OOOOO

Knowledges

Computer OOOOO
Enigmas ●●OOO
Investigation ●OOOO
Law OOOOO
Linguistics ●●OOO
Medicine ●OOOO
Occult ●●OOO
Politics OOOOO
Rituals ●●●OO
Science OOOOO

Advantages

Backgrounds

Rituals ●●●●O
Pure Breed ●OOOO
OOOOO
OOOOO
OOOOO

Gifts

Persuasion
Sense Wyrm
Balance
Mother's Touch

Other Traits

Feng Shui ●●●OO
OOOOO
OOOOO
OOOOO
OOOOO

Renown

Glory
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
● ● ● O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● ● O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

OBSESSIVE MIND GAMES: FAILED ENIGMAS ROLL CAUSES OBSESSION W/ MYSTERY

Professional Philosopher

Quote: *Hmmm. I think you misunderstand. Process metaphysics can be looked upon as a non-epistemic, hermeneutic framework...*

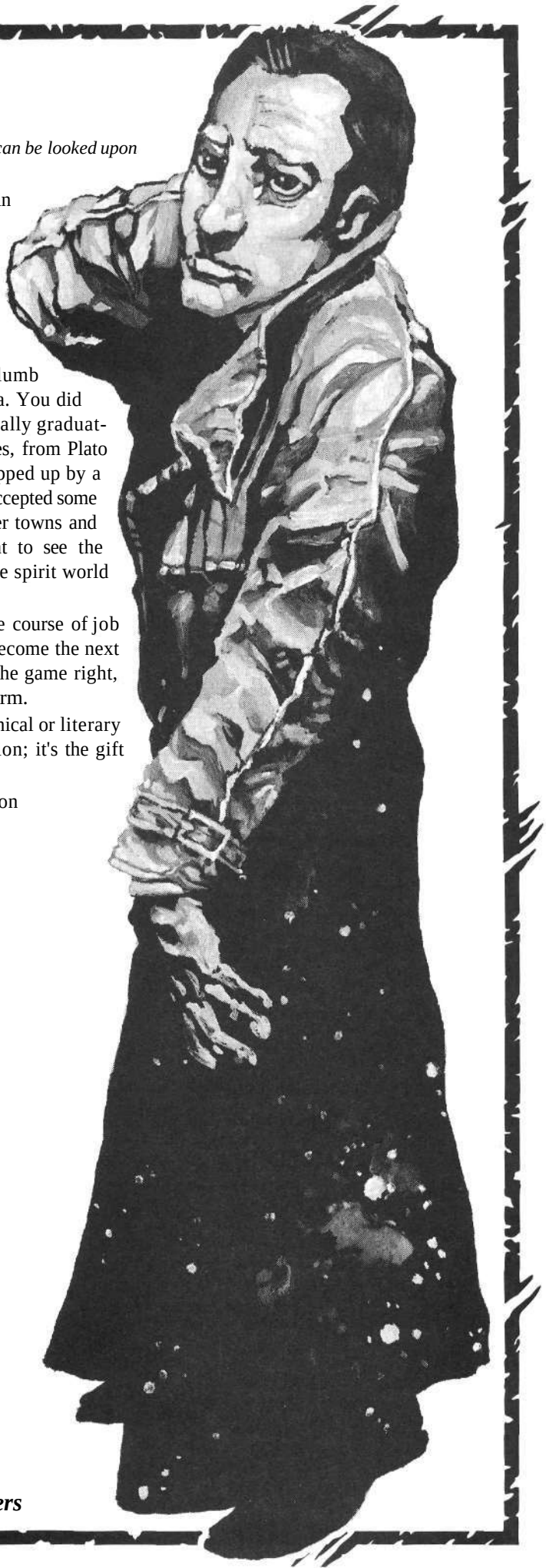
Prelude: Your First Change came a bit late in life. You were in graduate school for philosophy studies in England when it happened. Needless to say, it shattered a lot of the philosophical systems you'd been laboring under. With the help of a Pakistani Stargazer who showed up at your flat soon after, you began to realize the benefits of your new life. You had access to insight few humans ever receive.

Your mentor encouraged you to continue your studies, to plumb the wisdom of humans for insight into the Weaver and even Gaia. You did just that, signing up for more classes the next semester and eventually graduating with honors. You've read all the greats and the modern favorites, from Plato and Ibn Arabi to Focault and Derrida. Your dissertation was snapped up by a university press and now you've got some offers to teach. You've accepted some paid flights to visit these universities, simply so you can see other towns and countries. But before settling into a particular area, you want to see the supernatural world for yourself, a sort of sabbatical to witness the spirit world firsthand.

Concept: A brilliant young philosopher. If you followed the course of job offers and calls for papers in academic journals, you'd probably become the next Wittgenstein or at least Rorty. But you're not sure you can play the game right, since there are more pressing matters at hand — such as the Wyrm.

Roleplaying Hints: Be witty and urbane, dropping philosophical or literary quotes at the drop of a hat. Always intensely analyze any situation; it's the gift you've been given, and it may lead to deep insight.

Equipment: Suit, notebook and stack of books for annotation



Stargazers™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Philodox
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Philosopher

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts	●●●○○
Kinfolk	●○○○○
Past Life	●○○○○
	○○○○○
	○○○○○

Gifts

- Smell of Man
- Truth of Gaia
- Sense Wyrm

Gifts

Renown

Glory
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

OBSESSIVE MIND GAMES: FAILED ENIGMAS ROLL CAUSES OBSESSION W/ MYSTERY

Dharma Bum

Quote: *Hey, bikkhu! C'mon up the mountain! Get out of those suburbs and breathe some real Buddha air!*

Prelude: You ran with the wolves in the woods of British Columbia in your youth. Your First Change brought a greater understanding of humans and just what it was they did in the woods — why they cut down so many trees. It's no good, you know, but books are cool anyway.

This Stargazer holy guy came and taught you what it was to be a Garou, but you thought the rest of the bunch you met in Seattle were all hung-up on violence and war. You didn't want any of that scene, so you hitchhiked down to California and started taking classes at a human college. You really liked this poetry thing of theirs, especially the Japanese haikus and Zen koans. You've started writing some poetry of your own, the unfettered kind, inspired by Whitman, Ginsberg and Snyder.

You like it here, but you want to cut out and visit Japan and India for a while, wandering on foot with only a backpack (traveling on all fours when nobody watches). If you could find some friends who appreciate these insights and your poetry, maybe you'll invite them along.

Concept: Neo-beat poet and eco-freak. You try to teach understanding of the natural world in your poetry, and hope that humans will follow your lead and rush out to the woods to check out Gaia. Your wolf background has really given you some insight into animal life, and this has resulted in some startling poetry.

Roleplaying Hints: Smile a lot; you're a happy, centered and joyful wolf who likes his Homid form. Write spontaneous poetry in a notebook as you travel around; every experience is the basis for a poem. When not writing poetry, keep detailed journal entries of your experiences.

Equipment: Battered notebook and journals, rucksack with minimal camping equipment, photocopies of Snyder's "Smoky Bear Sutra" to hand out to the unenlightened.

Stargazers™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Galliard
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Dharma Bum

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts	●●○○○
Rites	●○○○○
Totem	●●○○○
	○○○○○
	○○○○○

Gifts

- Leap of the Kangaroo
- Mindspeak
- Sense Wyrm
- Persuasion

Gifts

Renown

Glory
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

OBSESSIVE MIND GAMES: FAILED ENIGMAS ROLL CAUSES OBSESSION W/ MYSTERY

Kung Fu Monk

Quote: *Do not mistake my ignorance of your modern world for stupidity. I see the delusion which you live more clearly than you.*

Prelude: You were born and raised in a small village in rural China, near a vast wilderness where it was said a great Taoist monastery was hidden. It seemed to you that the elders of the village had visited this secret holy site and purposefully kept it hidden from others, telling everyone to never speak of it to outsiders. When you were 10, you followed your uncle into the woods to give rice cakes to the spirits. He instead led you to the monastery.

It was inside a deep cave with pictograms painted upon the walls. Within the cave sat a meditating woman, who opened her eyes when you entered, clinging to your uncle's robe. The old man set down the rice cakes and pushed you forward, presenting you to the monk. She nodded and your uncle left, telling you to stay and learn all that you could.

At first, you were scared, but eventually you realized the great honor being accorded you. The monk took you to the rear of the cave, where steps led downward into a large grotto with an underground waterfall. You screamed when you saw the huge wolf lumbering toward you, but it changed into a smiling old man, and you knew you were dreaming.

You have never awoken from the dream. As the weeks passed, you learned that these monks were special, for they could shapeshift and converse freely with spirits. They guarded the woods from outsiders and evil. They had asked for you, a member of their human family, to come train as an acolyte. But three years later you became one of them. Your First Change seemed the most natural thing, a progression of the chi kung you had already learned. The monks were surprised and overjoyed, and then began teaching you their true arts.

For the next five years you learned the ways of Kailindo and human martial arts, mastering them all. Secluded from the modern world, you lived in a paradise of learning and pursued perfection.

Then, the hell-beings came to destroy the monastery. Your elders summoned a Lune which sent you away while they combated the creatures. When you finally found the correct Moon Path and found your way back, you discovered an empty cave, no sign of the monks or the creatures. Alone among your kind, you bid farewell to your family in the village and set out to either find your mentors or achieve perfection, whichever comes first.

Concept: A cloistered martial arts expert with much theoretical wisdom but little practical experience. While your athletic skills assure you of a number of money-making jobs, you seek only spiritual answers. You will need some friends to help you adjust to the world.

Roleplaying Hints: Be utterly guileless. Always honest and with little bullshit tolerance, you have little art to your words but possess a deep, forceful presence.

Equipment: Chinese sword, sash, jeans and t-shirt

Stargazers™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ahroun
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Kung Fu Monk

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●●OO
Dexterity ●●●●O
Stamina ●●●OO

Social

Charisma ●●●OO
Manipulation ●●OOO
Appearance ●●●OO

Mental

Perception ●●OOO
Intelligence ●●OOO
Wits ●●OOO

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ●●OOO
Athletics ●●OOO
Brawl OOOOO
Dodge ●●OOO
Empathy ●OOOO
Expression ●OOOO
Intimidation OOOOO
Primal-Urge ●●OOO
Streetwise OOOOO
Subterfuge OOOOO

Skills

Animal Ken ●OOOO
Drive ●OOOO
Etiquette OOOOO
Firearms ●●OOO
Leadership OOOOO
Melee ●OOOO
Performance OOOOO
Repair OOOOO
Stealth ●●OOO
Survival ●●OOO

Knowledges

Computer OOOOO
Enigmas ●●●OO
Investigation ●OOOO
Law OOOOO
Linguistics ●●OOO
Medicine ●●OOO
Occult ●OOOO
Politics OOOOO
Rituals ●OOOO
Science OOOOO

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts ●OOOO
Pure Breed ●●OOO
Mentor ●●OOO
OOOOO
OOOOO

Gifts

Smell of Man
The Falling Touch
Balance

Other Traits

Kailindo ●●●OO
OOOOO
OOOOO
OOOOO
OOOOO

Renown

Glory
● ● O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
● O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ● ● O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

OBSESSIVE MIND GAMES: FAILED ENIGMAS ROLL CAUSES OBSESSION W/ MYSTERY

Appendix Three: Mentors

Fierce Chakal

Not all Stargazers reincarnate into earthly life; some become spirits or minor deities, guiding the way for other beings and protecting them from corruption and delusion. Such a being is Fierce Chakal, spirit protector of all who battle the Weaver's Web of ignorance and deceit. In her last earthly life as a Stargazer, Chakal was the first to teach that the Weaver was the true foe of Truth and that the Wyrm is simply her most apparent victim.

Her deity form is said to be that of a black-furred, multi-armed Crinos Garou. In her upper right hand she bears her Vajra Klaive, with which she cuts the strongest webs and minds. In her upper left hand she holds a flowering tree, nurtured in her palm. In her lower right hand she holds a flaming pictogram, symbolizing the power of traditional wisdom and the mantra. In her lower left hand she holds a curling snake, symbol of Gaia's earth-power, the original pure Balance and the serpent fire energy which she has awakened in her body. Her right foot stands on the earth, while her left foot steps into the Umbra.

Stargazers chant Chakal's name when they are confused or beset by distractions: Chakal will remove distractions and center the self. She may also be channeled through Past Lives (five successes).

Serene Habhava

Another higher being who was once a Stargazer, Habhava guides us to wisdom through the calm and thoughtful path. Although he was considered to be an incarnation of Klaital, most sages now believe that he only incarnated Klaital's knowledge, that Klaital's other traits (Wisdom, Understanding, speech, heart, etc.) continue to incarnate in the world.

He is most often depicted either in Homid or Lupus form, always seated with eyelids half closed in calm contemplation. His right hand/paw is raised in greeting, while the left hand/paw is on the belly or touching the earth. On his forehead, in the third eye position, is a luminous jewel or diamond.

Stargazers chant Habhava's name when they seek wisdom or insight. Habhava will open the chanter's third eye center to allow wisdom to flood in from the True Gaia Realm. He may also be channeled through Past Lives (five successes).

Antonine Teardrop

The wise Antonine has long led a secret battle against a silent enemy in New York State. Only now does his and the Children of Gaia's battle against a secret Wyrm society called the Seventh Generation receive recognition from other Garou. This new renown is due to the aid Antonine gave Lord Albrecht on his quest to become King Albrecht, ruler of the Silver Fangs. Now, Antonine acts as occasional counselor to the king, who has ordered many packs to seek out evidence of the Wyrm cult.

But this cult is subtle, and they are aware of the increased scrutiny. They have hid themselves even deeper in conspiracies and false covers. Most Garou still doubt their existence, failing to believe that the Wyrm is so subtle. Fools! With the Weaver as its ally, the Wyrm can hide in anyone's own soul, where it might never be discovered. The Seventh Generation instills corruption in the hearts of the most innocent — the children who have not yet begun to forge their karmas in this life. This taint, unless dealt with openly, will haunt them for many lives to come.

Antonine is a lorekeeper, one who seeks wisdom in ancient and modem writings and legends. He spends most of his time collecting and reading this knowledge, and is ready to tell it to others who ask. But think not that he is weak or always buried in a book, for Antonine is of the Zephyr, and a Kailindo master. He must be, for his quest against his hidden enemy has revealed some of the most dire of Wyrm creatures.

He has a silent ally near to his Catskill retreat: a Bagheera Bastet named Shakar. These two often dine together and fence with words, each honing the other's debate skills and ability to escape logical traps woven with words. Antonine has wisely decided not to share Shakar's existence with the other Garou, for many there still suspect and misunderstand the Bastet.

I have met Antonine and visited his retreat on my trip to America, and I suspect that he hides other secrets, such as a friend among the local fae. If this is so, he perhaps has a special relationship with Chimera. It may be wise to seek him out and ask him to share such lore.

Sheba Sootstained

This young and curious Stargazer is a Corax—a wereraven. She has spent most of her young life near New York City and is somewhat more cynical and flippant than most Stargazers. But she sought us out from some inner prompting, a deep need for answers to her place in the Gaiaverse. Antonine Teardrop received dreams in which she came to him as the Venerable Lama Heart-Fire, a famed Stargazer master who had passed away in Tibet years ago. He believed that Sheba was his reincarnation, although a most unlikely form for such a sage. He took her to a caern in New Mexico and they gave her the tests. She passed them all, and was thus admitted to the tribe and recognized as Lama Heart-Fire reborn.

She is somewhat surprised by all this and thinks it is a trick to make her think that she is important. While she has come to accept it, she has as yet no conscious memories of her so-called previous life, and thus she ignores the whole thing for the most part. What she really wants to learn are the martial arts disciplines and meditational tricks. She especially wishes to experience her inner light, and is enamored of the idea. She sees her path with the Stargazers as a light quest for a shard of the sun within herself.

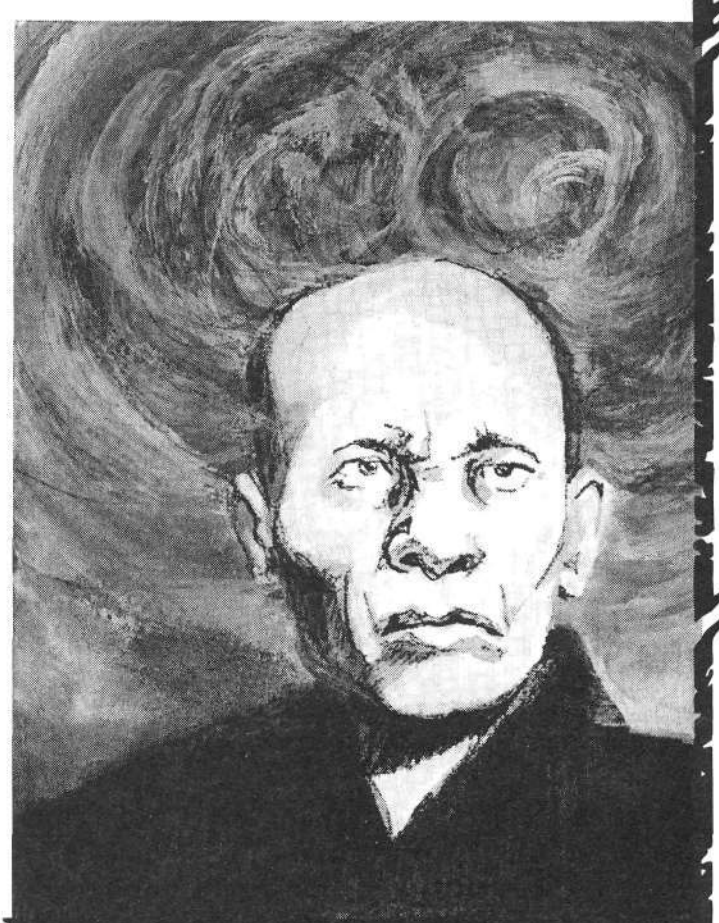
She goes from caern to caern begging the sages there to let her read the sacred sutras and records, but is more often than not turned away until she has earned more renown and learned more from experience first. This does little to deter her thirst for knowledge.

Gonji Pure Mountain

This recent convert was previously a Hakken Shadow Lord. He was a cruel warrior and a leader of his pack, but a battle with hungry ghosts — vampires — caused him to doubt the efficacy of his path. While his doubt was instilled by a vampire's mind-persuasion trick, in the end it led him to Zama, a Stargazer monk living at a Shinto shrine. Zama sensed the young Garou's ill-at-ease soul, and offered to lead a purification rite. During the ritual, Gonji saw a vision of Chimera, who told him to abandon his false path and follow the Truth. Gonji begged Zama to accept him as a Stargazer.

Instead of directly honoring his request, Zama sent Gonji on a quest to China to visit a Stargazer caern there. He figured that if Gonji arrived and no longer wanted to leave his own tribe, there was no harm in it. But if the intent was still pure in his heart, then the Stargazers there would test him and see if he was worthy. He returned a year later, having been accepted and trained by a monk there. He requested that Zama become his mentor and teach him everything else he needed to know. Zama accepted.

Gonji has suffered threats from his previous tribe, who consider what he has done to be most disloyal and dishonorable. But Gonji does not doubt his decision. Some of the rift between them was healed when a western Black Spiral Dancer began causing trouble for the tribe. They could not catch him, but Gonji cleverly figured out where his lair was, and waited for him to arrive. When he left the corrupt Garou's severed head at the door of his former elder's home, his old tribe new that Gonji had not grown weak after leaving the tribe. They have since made gestures of reconciliation, curious about what Gonji has learned since his conversion.



Stargazers™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed:
Auspice:
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●OOOO
Dexterity ●OOOO
Stamina ●OOOO

Social

Charisma ●OOOO
Manipulation ●OOOO
Appearance ●OOOO

Mental

Perception ●OOOO
Intelligence ●OOOO
Wits ●OOOO

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO

Gifts

_____
_____
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Gifts

_____
_____
_____
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_____

Renown

Glory
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

OBSESSIVE MIND GAMES: FAILED ENIGMAS ROLL CAUSES OBSESSION W/ MYSTERY

Stargazers™

Homid

No Change

Difficulty: 6

Glabro

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

Difficulty: 7

Crinos

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

Difficulty: 6

INCITE DELIRIUM IN HUMANS

Hispo

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

Difficulty: 7

Lupus

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

Difficulty: 6

Other Traits

_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
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Fetishes

Item:_____ ❑Dedicated Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____
Item:_____ ❑Dedicated Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____
Item:_____ ❑Dedicated Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____

Rites

_____
_____
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_____
_____

Combat

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

Brawling Chart

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

†These maneuvers do aggravated damage.

*Armor:*_____

Stargazers™

Nature:

Demeanor:

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Contacts

Pack Totem

Kinfolk

Past Life

Mentor

Pure Breed

Possessions

Gear (Carried):

Equipment (Owned):

Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From:

TOTAL SPENT:

Spent On:

Sept

Name:

Caern Location:

Level: Type:

Totem:

Leader:

Stargazers™

History

Prelude

Description

Age:
Hair:
Eyes:
Race:
Nationality:
Sex:

	Height	Weight
Homid:		
Glabro:		
Crinos:		
Hispo:		
Lupus:		

Battle Scars:

Metis Deformity:

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch

RIGHT OF PASSAGE
WHEN HE WAS YOUNG, THEY CALLED HIM JOY-IN-KNOWING. NOW HE IS BROKEN MEDICINE. ETERNAL GUARDIAN OF THE BANE CALLED RAVAGER-OF-CHILDREN, HE SEEKS AN END TO THE ENDLESS.
GAIA!
HELP ME! I CAN NO LONGER HOLD MY OLD ENEMY PRISONER. YOUNGER, STRONGER MEDICINE IS NEEDED. SEND SOMEONE SOON SO I MAY REST!
PRESCOTT

WE WELCOME THE PACK OF THE MESAS TO THE SEPT OF THE STANDING CORN. THANK YOU FOR COMING AT OUR CALL. I AM KELE TALKING STICK. LEADER OF THE SEPT.
I AM AZIBO WALKS-THE-THUNDER, PEACEKEEPER AND LEADER OF MY PACK. THESE ARE...
... MY PACKMATES, GALILAHI MOON-RUNNER, OUR WARRIOR, AND PLENTY WIND, OUR SONG MAKER.
SOMETHING IS WRONG IN OUR SACRED CAVES. OUR SCOUT, RUNS-LIKE-LIGHTNING, FAILED TO RETURN. WE NEED YOU TO FIND OUT WHAT IS HAPPENING.
TAKE JENNY WITH YOU. SHE WILL BE YOUR GUIDE.

A metis? What good is she?
She does know the way to these caves.
YOU STAY IN THE BACK AND...UH...ACT AS REAR GUARD.
Whoa - careful! That looks deep! Looks like we found our scout, too. Go around.
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME. JUST BECAUSE I'M METIS, THEY THINK I'M USELESS.
BAD MEDICINE!
RUNS-LIKE-LIGHTNING IS WITH GAIA NOW... HMM... WONDER HOW DEEP THIS IS?

AMBUSH! GRRR
HAH! A PUNY THING. I'LL RIP...
NOT SO PUNY, WYRM-BREATH!

YAAAAAAA!

Where's Jenny?
Over here.

She brought down one of the wyrmspawn before she fell.

WE'LL TAKE THE SCOUT'S BODY BACK WITH US. I THINK WE KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON.
THE CAVES ARE CLEAR. LET'S GO BACK TO THE SEPT. I HAVE A COUPLE OF DEATH SONGS TO SING.

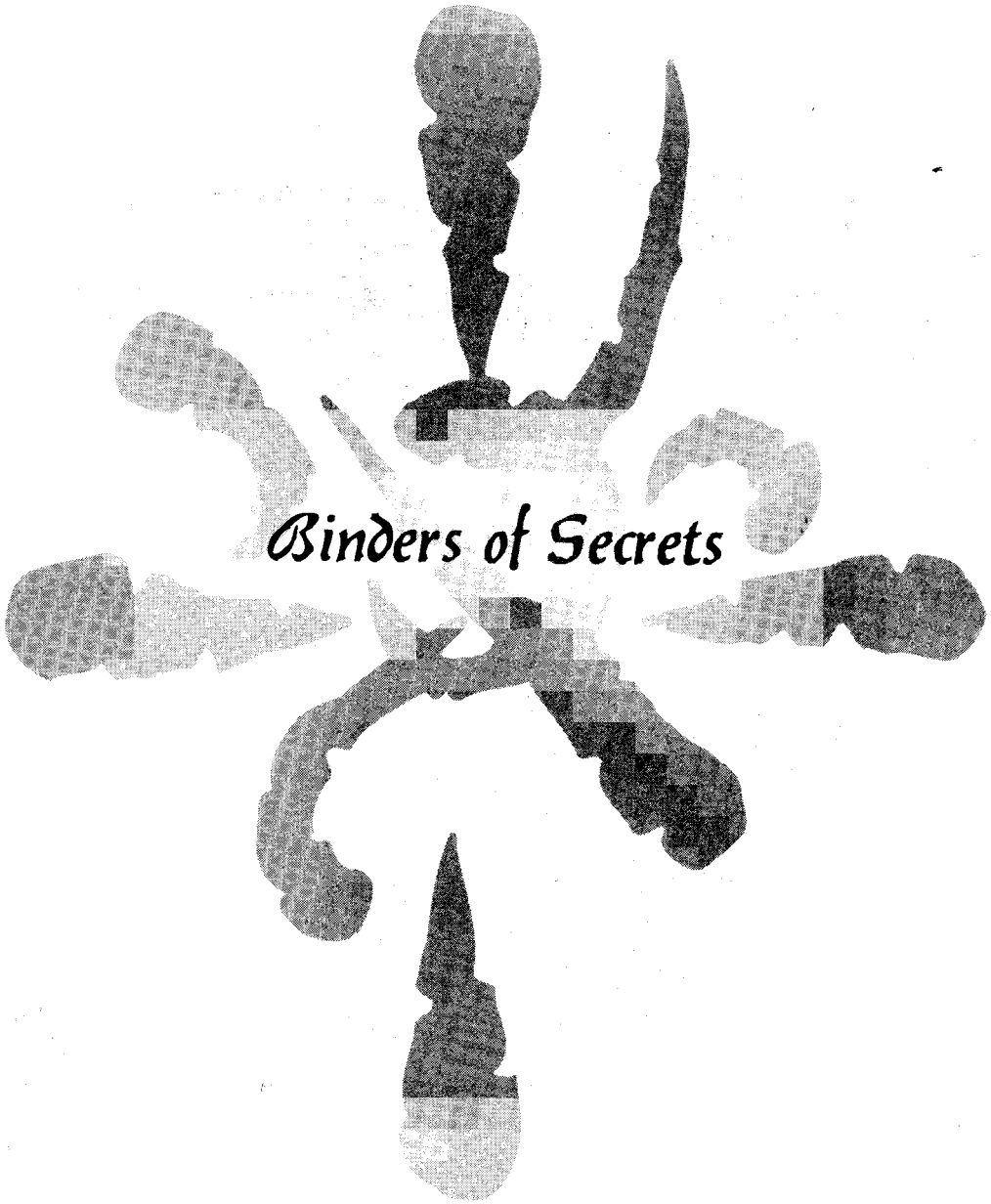
WHERE? HOW?
Hey-ah-hey-he-he-he-ah-hey-ah-hey-he-he-he-ah-hey-ah-hey-he-he-he-ah-

YOU'RE NOT THE ONE! I ASKED FOR A FULL-GROWN BANE-TENDER, NOT A CHILD!
I WAS IN THIS CAVE AND FELL...
BUT WHO BETTER THAN A CHILD TO GUARD RAVAGER-OF -CHILDREN...
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO. QUICK! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, DANCE WITH ME!
THIS SHOULD REPAIR THE DAMAGE AT LEAST FROM THIS SIDE.
I WONDER...
LOOK AT ME! SOON I WILL BECOME LIKE THE BANE I GUARD. IT IS TIME FOR ME TO PASS MY DUTY ON TO SOMEONE. THERE IS NO ONE ELSE. IT MUST BE YOU.
WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?
TAKE MY PLACE... OR *DIE!*

NO!
I DON'T WANT TO DO THIS...
HERE, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I AM. THIS IS MY PLACE.
WELL, GRANDFATHER...CAN WE START WITH LESSON ONE NOW?
THANK YOU. I GO NOW...WHILE I STILL BELONG TO GAIA.
MY SPIRIT...WILL... TEACH YOU THE WAYS...

Wraeth™

Grimoire



Binders of Secrets

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Uktena™ Tribebook

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Introduction: Invocation of the Spirit Within

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

— Louis Numkena, Sr., Hopi

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

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

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

Great totems of wisdom, war and respect, the children of Uktena have lost much in doing your bidding. We have bled out our life's blood. The lands we once held and nourished are given into others' hands. Our minds have been bent and blackened by clasping the evil close to our own breasts that it not suckle at another's. We have lost our middle brothers, the Croatan. We live in daily danger, guarding that which no one else wants to see. Still, we do not regret the bargain. Help us now!

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

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

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

KOCHAKJI

Chapter One: Speakers of the Past

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

— Jimmie Durham, Cherokee

The Beginning Times

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Impergium

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

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

War and Dispersal

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

Time beyond time the Mother sang summons,
Calling Her bravest, Her purest to see.
Howl upon howl Her wolfling-kin answered,
Coming together, the packs from the West.
Leading their tribes, they came to Her summons,
Leaving their homeland the Brothers obeyed,
Wandering forth toward the Pure Land She promised,
Hearts lifted high in songs of glad praise.

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

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

Cold the days and white the night
Tears of ice did rend our faces
Onward, ever north the traces
Of the wolf-kin's passing might.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The final arrivals had waited a long time within the cold lands of Eurasia, however, and had grown used to life among the snow and ice. Rather than traveling onward to the warmer lands in the south, they took the chill northernmost region for themselves. We had no need to enforce the Impergium upon our tribal folk, for they knew Nature's laws as well as we did. Some knew who and what we were. Others only knew that we came as counselors and protectors or as emissaries from the spirits of the land, but all respected and honored us. Our wolf kin settled into the wilds and grew strong.

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

The War of Rage

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

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

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

Heya hey (tell me, brother)
Why does Raven fly away?
Heya ho (tell me, sister)
Where did all the Bear-kin go?
Heya hah (tell me, mother)
Why does Cougar show her claw?
Heya how (tell me, father)
What Coyote feels right now.
Heya hu, heya hu
(Hush, my child, and I will tell)
The others are afraid of you.

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

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

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

Mighty are they who hold within
Their thoughts
The secrets of the Wyrm.
Mighty are they who hold within
Their hands
The sacred rattle,
Within their mouths
The songs of power,
And within their hearts
Their brothers' trust.

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

Making the Land Pure

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

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

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

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

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

The Wyrmcomers

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

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

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

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

Sacrifice of the Croatan

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

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

But not enough.

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

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

War for the Pure Lands

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Look at the painting. We move forward in time. Almost all the lands are colored now in green. Only a few spots here and there show copper and blue. Those lands should be thriving, but they are almost bare. They are the poorest regions in my painting. Even there the spiderweb white lines of the Weaver and the black spirals of the Wyrm intrude.

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

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

The Modern Era

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How do I know all this? I happen to be a conservation biologist, that's how. It's my job to know it. And don't you be looking at me cross-eyed. If you think a black warrior-scientist is funny, you and me'll have a go-around when I finish talking.

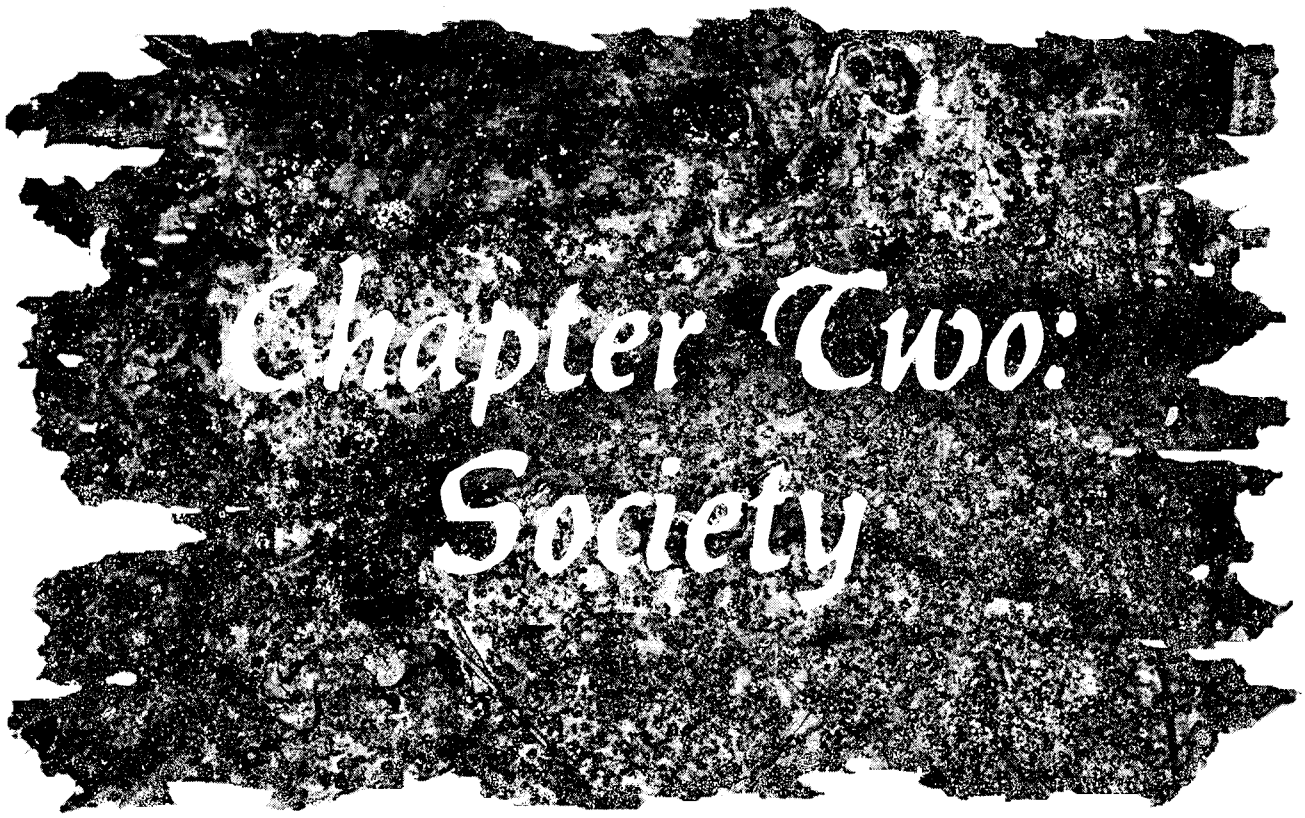
Now, we asked ourselves, what would happen if we could reopen those travel routes that have been lost? Just clear away the stuff that's blocking the wolves' and grizzlies' way? So we've proposed a wildlife corridor running 1800 miles from Yellowstone National Park to Canada's Yukon Territory. It's called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

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

And it's suicide.

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

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



Chapter Two: Society

We are all the flowers of one garden
And the waves of one sea
And the leaves of one tree
— Floating Eagle Feather, adaptation of Native American chant of unknown origin

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

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

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

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

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

Meetings

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

Moots

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Uktena Terms

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

Ragabash — Trickster
Theurge — Shaman, Medicine Worker, Medicine Folk
Philodox — Lawgiver, Peacemaker
Galliard — Songkeeper
Ahroun — Warrior

Councils

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So how do we get anything done as a tribe? I suppose we don't. Our lack of centralized government has served as both our strength and our weakness. On the one hand, we stand less chance of falling to corrupt leadership so long as we have no "king," like the Silver Fangs. On the other hand, we rarely act in concert on anything. Ancient feuds and long-standing grievances between protectorates, racial stock or individuals make it hard to achieve a consensus on most matters. So, the elders go back to their protectorates and say, "We said this in council, and the others said that, and we decided nothing, but we all know where we stand." Then we do as we please.

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

Camps

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

Earth Guides

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

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

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

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

An Earth Guide Exhorts:

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

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

Bane Tenders

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

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

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

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

A Bane Tender Cautions:

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

Skywalkers

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

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

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

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

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

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

A Skywalker Regales:

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

Scouts

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

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

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

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

A Scout Admonishes:

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

Ghost Dancers

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

A Ghost Dancer Rallies:

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

Secret Societies

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

Raiders

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

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

A Raider Protests:

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

Wyld Children

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

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

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

A Wyld Child Prophesies:

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

Society of the Bitter Frost

Founded by Arloa Red Claw, a Choctaw Medicine Worker noted for her knowledge and power, these guys have become so embittered and disillusioned that they're right on the Wyrm's doorstep. Some Bane Tenders go sour, their minds darkened by their constant vigil, their bodies twisted by the emanations of corruption, and wind up with the Bitter Frost. Other members are usually dark Medicine Workers and angry Warriors. Some Songkeepers belong as well. Few Peacemakers or Tricksters agree with their aims.

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

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

A Member of the Bitter Frost Speaks:

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

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

Path Dancers

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

A Path Dancer Imparts:

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

Breeds

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

So, let's talk about breeds.

Lupus

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

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

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

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

Metis

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

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

Homid

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

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

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

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

Kinfolk

Right now, our moot resembles a powwow in more ways than one. Most of the people here are not Uktena, they're Kinfolk. Later on, we'll move our festivities to another part of this campsite, where we can perform our rituals in private. But for now, we join with our human brothers and sisters to celebrate our common bonds.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Adoption

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

The Litany

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

Garou Shall Not Mate With Garou

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

Combat the Wyrm Wherever It Dwells and Whenever It Breeds

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

Respect the Territory of Another

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

Accept an Honorable Surrender

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

Submission to Those of Higher Station

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

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

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

Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

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

Respect for Those beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

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

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

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

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

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

The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time During Peace

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

The Leader May Not Be Challenged during Wartime

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

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

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

Spirits

Let's change the subject before I get carried away by my anger. I'm here to teach you about the ways of the Uktena, not indoctrinate you with my own private fury over those who have despoiled our sacred ground.

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

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

Totems

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

Uktena

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

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

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

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

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

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

Frog

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

Elephant

Some Uktena with African or Asian Kinfolk have taken Elephant as their totem. Besides his massive strength and awesome presence, Elephant has an important place in the legends of Africa, India and Southeast Asia. Associated with magic and prophecy, Elephant also controls the monsoons in India. Elephants have served humans as mounts for royalty and as war beasts; their formidable size and presence cows enemies faced with a walking wall of death. You could find no stronger spirit ally than Elephant, especially if you are one of Uktena's Warriors.

Roadrunner

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

Ancestor Spirits

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

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

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

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

The Task of Knowledge: the Great Addiction

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

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

Things Remembered

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

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

Things Forgotten

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

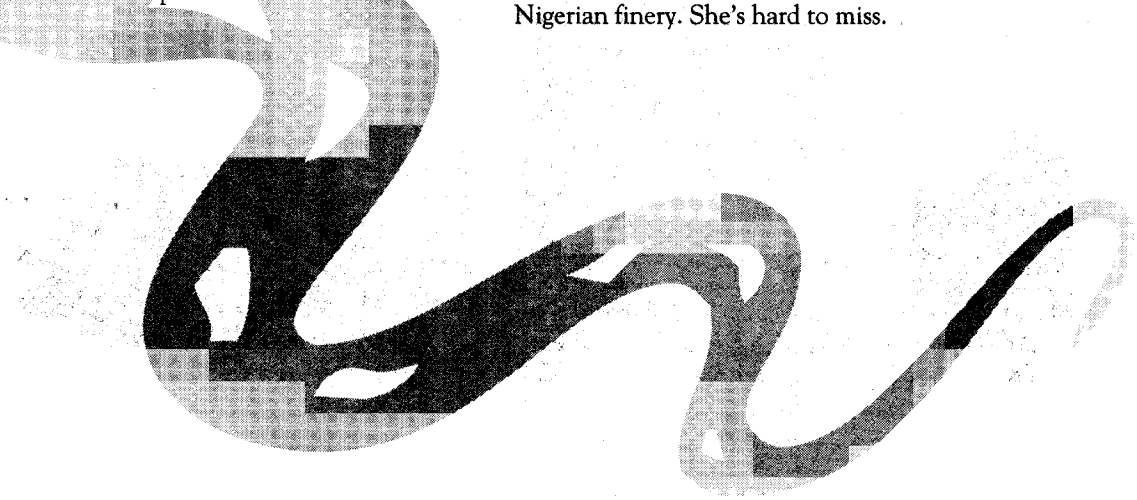
You have heard about how the Uktena, Wendigo and Croatan bound away the Great Banes that infested the Pure Lands. You also know about our Bane Tenders, who devote themselves to guarding the resting places of these bound Wyrmspawn. Unfortunately, we don't have enough Bane Tenders to go around. More than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

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

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

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

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



Chapter Three: Around the World

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

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

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

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

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

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

One World

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

The American Southeast

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

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

The American Southwest

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

The Rest of the United States and Canada

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

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

South and Central America

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

Africa and Asia

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

Australia

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

The Rest of the World

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

The Umbra

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

One People

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

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

Black Furies

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

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

Bone Gnawers

Most of this tribe has sacrificed its honor and pride on the altar of survival. When they arrived in the Pure Lands, the Bone Gnawers possessed a hardiness that made them among the most clever and resourceful, if unscrupulous, of the Wyrmcomer tribes. Now their affinity for the cities of the Weaver has crushed their spirits, turning them from the hardy Garou who once survived in an unfamiliar land to cowering dogs. Those who live in the backwoods and hinterlands still retain some vestige of the Wyld, but most of them have degenerated into cringing bootlickers. Should you join a pack that includes a Bone Gnawer, appreciate her ability to scrounge up information from the dregs of human society, but do not expect her to come roaring to your defense in life-and-death situations.

Children of Gaia

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

Croatan

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

Fianna

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

Get of Fenris

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

Glass Walkers

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

Red Talons

Their intolerance of humans deprives them of an understanding of our true nature as both wolf and human. Although we admire their single-minded devotion to combating the Wyrm, we can only shake our heads at their total lack of understanding of all the skills needed to defeat our great enemy. We do not wish to fight them for the right to breed with the world's diminishing wolf population, but we cannot afford to allow them to claim all wolves as their Kinfolk. Some individual Red Talons have demonstrated an uncharacteristic tolerance of human ways; these are the most apt to join mixed packs. If you have a Red Talon for a packmate, know that she will judge you by your adherence to the ways of the wolf and that the concepts of compromise and subterfuge mean nothing to her.

Shadow Lords

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

Silent Striders

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

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

Silver Fangs

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

Stargazers

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

Wendigo

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

Others

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

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

The Changing Breeds

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vampires

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

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

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

Wraiths

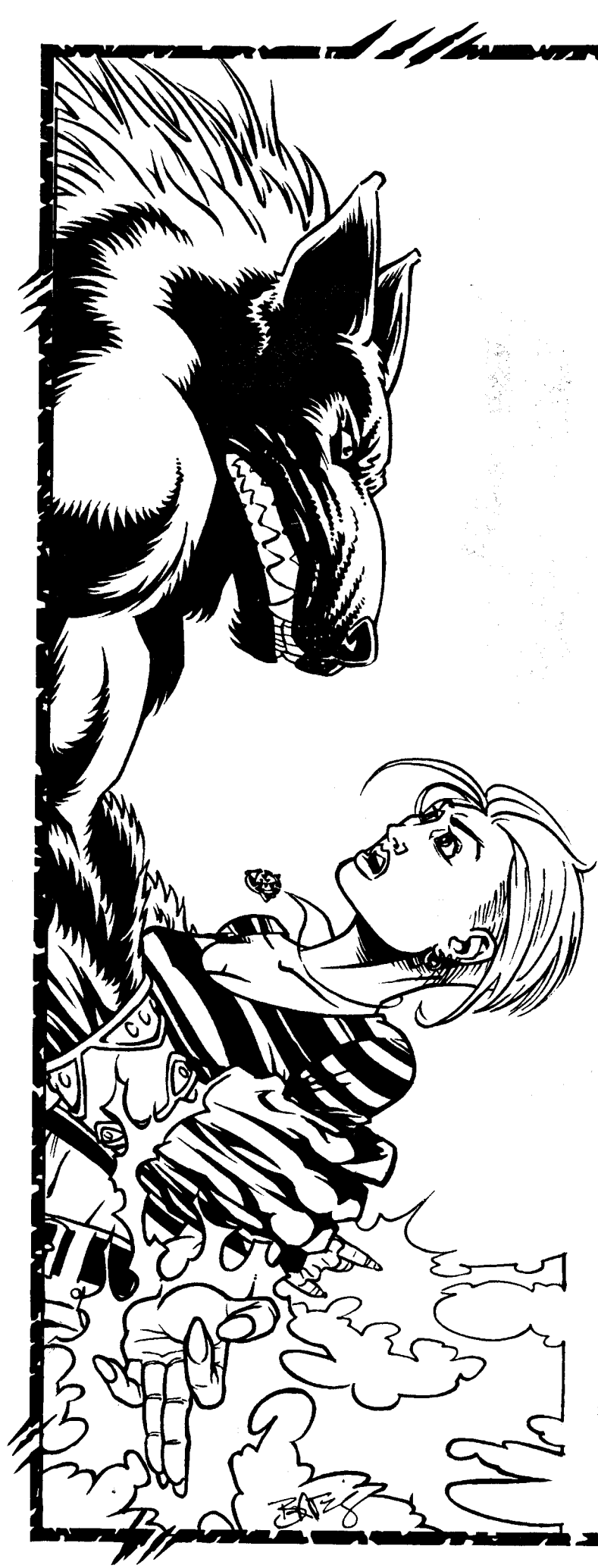
The spirits of the dead often remain close to the world they have left. Unlike the Silent Striders, we lack the means of exploring the part of the Umbra the dead inhabit, but sometimes we can see them when the barrier that divides the dead from the living becomes thin. The shamans among our Kinfolk know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

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

Magi

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

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



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

The Fae

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

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

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

Fomori

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

The Blessing of Uktena

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

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

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

Appendix One: Secrets of the Tribe

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

Tribal Weakness

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

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

Uktena Weakness

Curiosity

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

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

Merits and Flaws

Human Tribal Status (2-4 point Merit)

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

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

Anti-Wyrmbringer Bias (1 point Flaw)

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

Taint of Suspicion (3 pt. Supernatural Flaw)

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

The Uktena-Tremere Connection

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

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

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

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

Abilities

Tribal Lore (Knowledge)

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

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

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

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

Nunnehi Lore (Knowledge)

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

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

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

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

Gifts

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

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

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

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

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

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

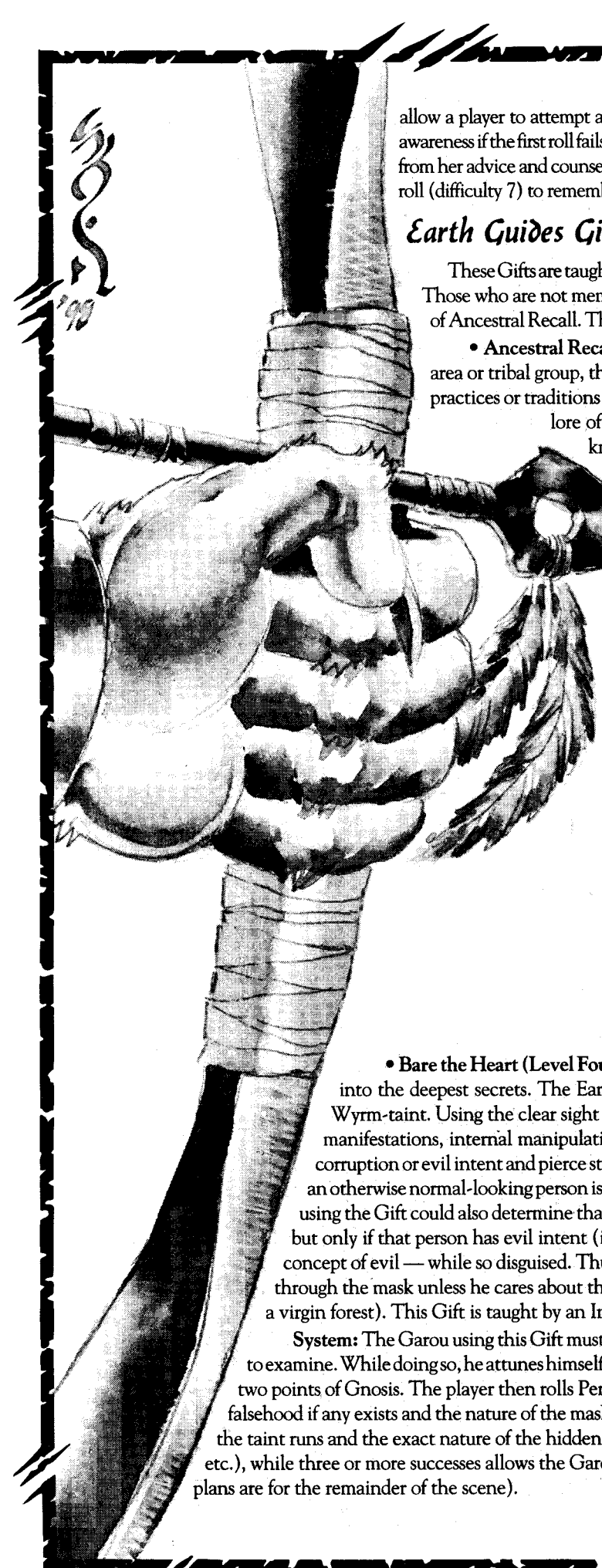
• **Sing Down the Rain (Level Three)** — By intoning a ritual chant, the Garou can call down rain for the purpose of cleansing or watering the ground or, adversely, to cause flooding or mudslides. This Gift is taught by a Frog-spirit.

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

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

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

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



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

Earth Guides Gifts

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bane Tenders Gifts

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

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

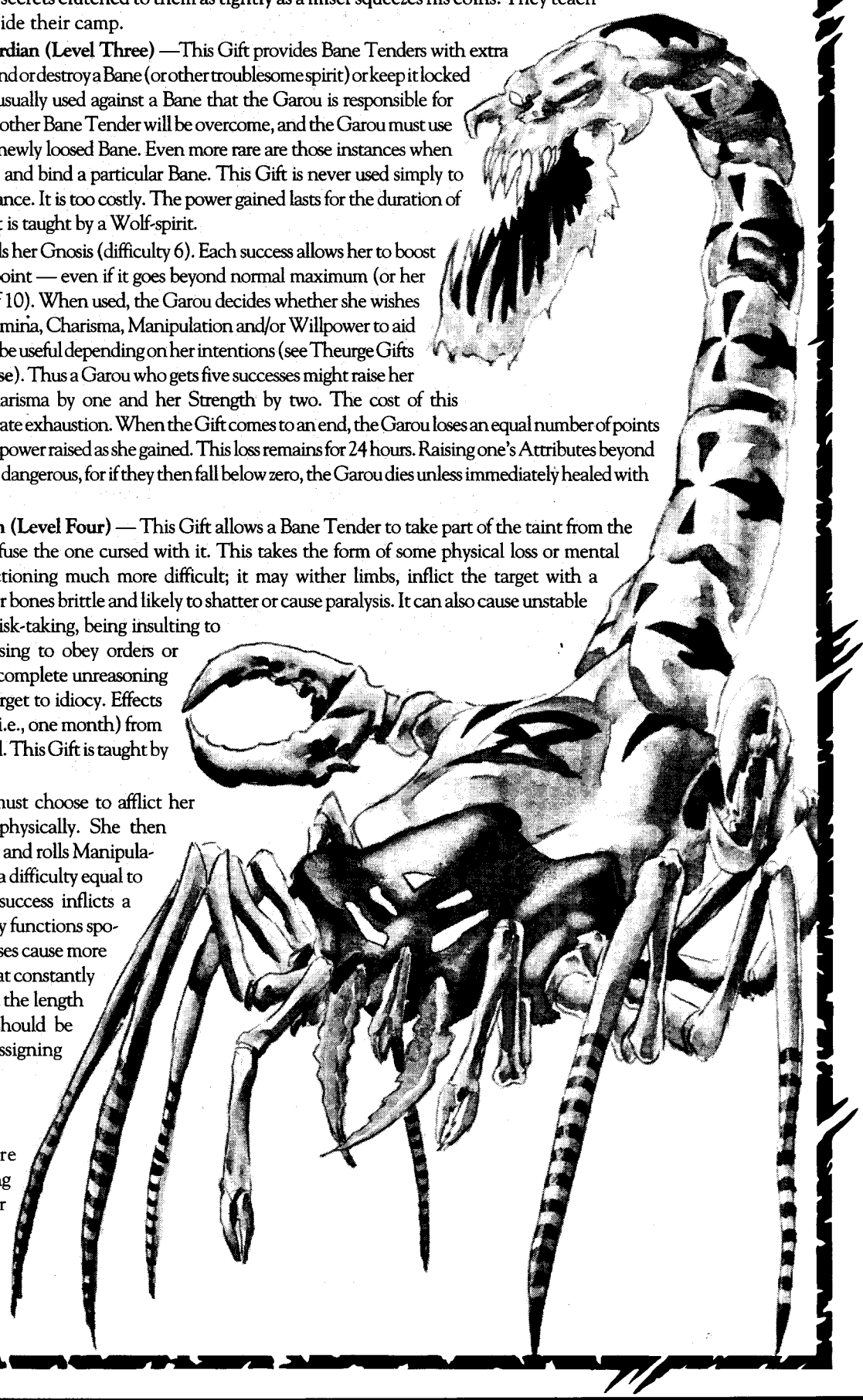
System: The player rolls her Gnosis (difficulty 6). Each success allows her to boost a chosen Attribute by one point — even if it goes beyond normal maximum (or her Willpower to a maximum of 10). When used, the Garou decides whether she wishes to increase her Strength, Stamina, Charisma, Manipulation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

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

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

Skywalkers Gift

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



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

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

Scouts Gift

The Scouts keep this Gift to themselves.

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

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

Wyld Children Gift

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

• **Call Forth the Wyld (Level Four)** — Using this Gift, a Garou can summon the Wyld in its raw essence to disrupt the manifestations of the Weaver. This energy must be concentrated to interfere with the working of machinery or technological items to be effective. Unlike the Homid Gift of Jam Technology, Call Forth the Wyld permanently disrupts the devices it affects. Barring costly repairs and replacement of fizzled parts, the item will never work properly again. Not that the items cease to function; they just work in an odd and unforeseen manner. Rather than merely creating a glitch, this Gift actually disrupts Weaver energy by overpowering it with the chaos of the Wyld. Devices may function in reverse of normal (clocks run backward, cars only drive in reverse, computers print out information upside down) or may function in some totally random manner (guns explode when used; missiles reprogram themselves to hit a random target after initiating their own countdown and firing sequence; cars only function underwater). Creative anarchy should reign. Obviously, this Gift can be highly dangerous.

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

Rites

Rite of Adoption (Accord)

Level Two

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

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

Rite of Invitation to the Ancestors (Mystic)

Level Four

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

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

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

Rite of Bane Binding (Mystic)

Level Five

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

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

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

Fetishes

Dragon Klaive

Level 5, Gnosis 5

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

The Dancing Path: Hedge Magic

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

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

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

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

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

Bane Lock

Level 5, Gnosis 8+

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

Scarification

Level 1 or 2, Gnosis 5

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

Totems

Totem of Wisdom

Frog

Background Cost: 4

Frog bridges the gap between water and land, between change and stability. She symbolizes transformation and adaptability, both great keys for survival. A bringer of rain, to bless or curse, Frog holds within her tiny form great stores of power.

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

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

Totem of Glory

Elephant

Background Cost: 4

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

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

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

Totem of Cunning

Roadrunner

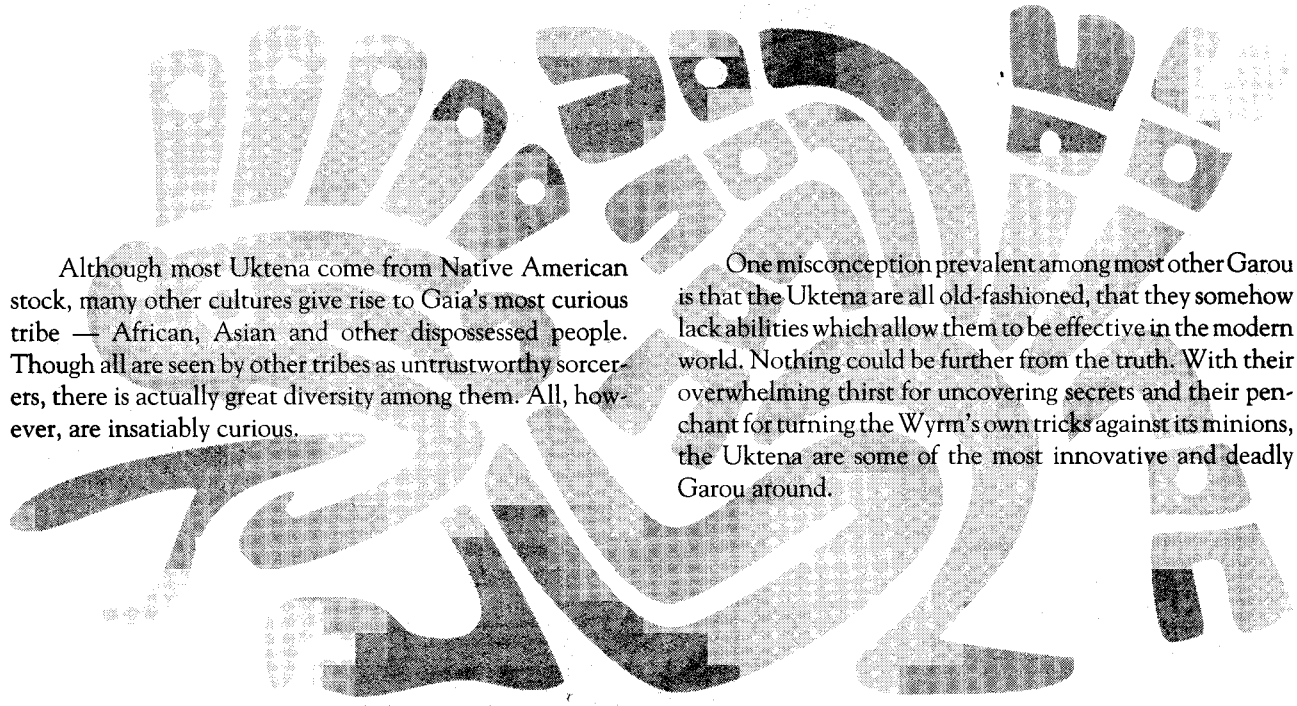
Background Cost: 3

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

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

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

Appendix Two: Uktena's Children

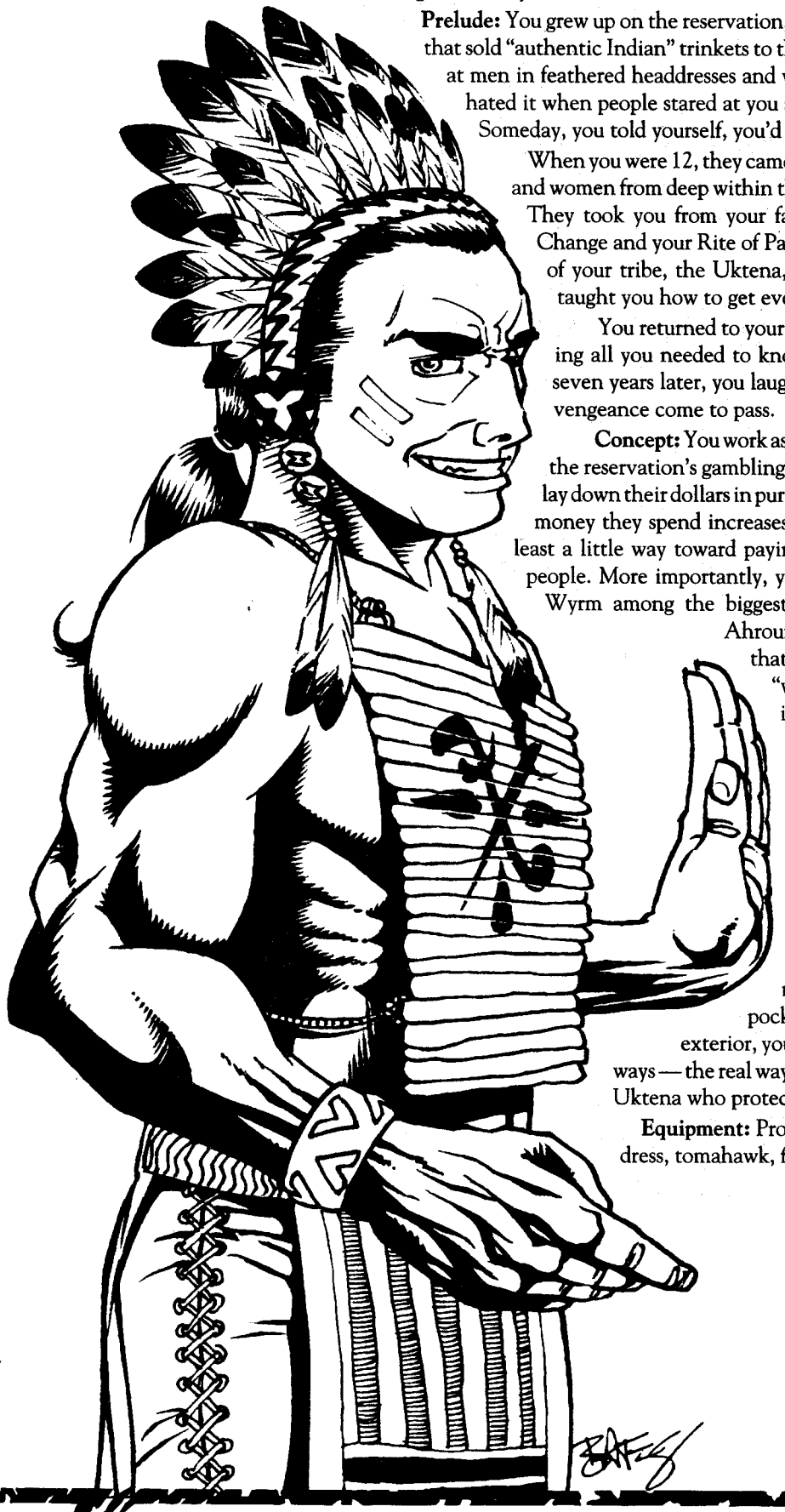


Although most Uktena come from Native American stock, many other cultures give rise to Gaia's most curious tribe — African, Asian and other dispossessed people. Though all are seen by other tribes as untrustworthy sorcerers, there is actually great diversity among them. All, however, are insatiably curious.

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

Professional Chief

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



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

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

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

Concept: You work as a "professional chief," standing outside the reservation's gambling casino luring gullible tourists inside to lay down their dollars in pursuit of the big payoff. You know that the money they spend increases the income of your tribe and goes at least a little way toward paying back all that was stolen from your people. More importantly, you occasionally identify agents of the Wyrm among the biggest spenders. You mark them for your Ahroun and Theurge friends, who see to it that they never make it home from their "weekend on the rez." In addition, you indulge in a little petty crime, running scams and cons on casino patrons. After all, why else would Gaia have made you a Trickster?

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

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

Uktena™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ragabash
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Professional Chief

Attributes

Physical

Strength	●●OOO
Dexterity	●●OOO
Stamina	●●●OO

Social

Charisma	●●●OO
Manipulation	●●●OO
Appearance	●●OOO

Mental

Perception	●●●OO
Intelligence	●●●OO
Wits	●●●●O

Abilities

Talents

Alertness	●OOOO
Athletics	OOOOO
Brawl	●●●OO
Dodge	●●OOO
Empathy	OOOOO
Expression	OOOOO
Intimidation	●OOOO
Primal-Urge	●OOOO
Streetwise	●●OOO
Subterfuge	●●●OO

Skills

Animal Ken	OOOOO
Drive	OOOOO
Etiquette	●●OOO
Firearms	●●OOO
Leadership	●OOOO
Melee	●●OOO
Performance	OOOOO
Repair	OOOOO
Stealth	●●OOO
Survival	OOOOO

Knowledges

Computer	OOOOO
Enigmas	OOOOO
Investigation	OOOOO
Law	●OOOO
Linguistics	OOOOO
Medicine	OOOOO
Occult	●●OOO
Politics	●●OOO
Rituals	OOOOO
Science	OOOOO

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts	●●●OO
Resources	●●●OO
Rites	●OOOO
	OOOOO
	OOOOO

Gifts

Persuasion
Open Seal
Shroud

Gifts

Renown

Glory
● O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
● O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
● O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● ● O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

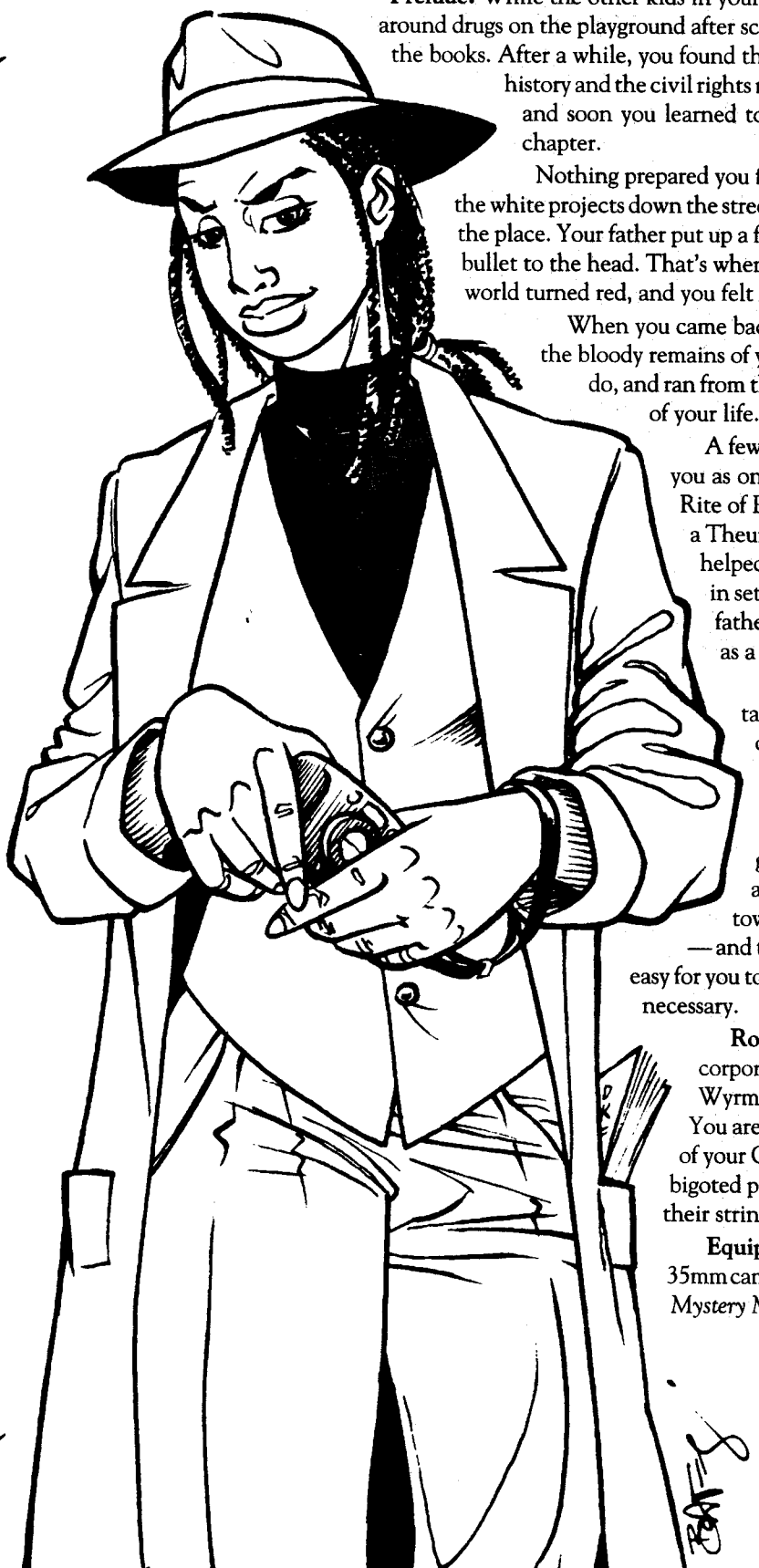
Bruised		❑
Hurt	-1	❑
Injured	-1	❑
Wounded	-2	❑
Mauled	-2	❑
Crippled	-5	❑
Incapacitated		❑

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY:
BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED
WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Corporate Troublemaker

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Uktena™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Theurge
Camp: Raiders

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Corporate Troublemaker

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

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

Gifts

Persuasion
Sense Wyrm
Sense Magic
Spirit Speech

Gifts

Renown

Glory
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

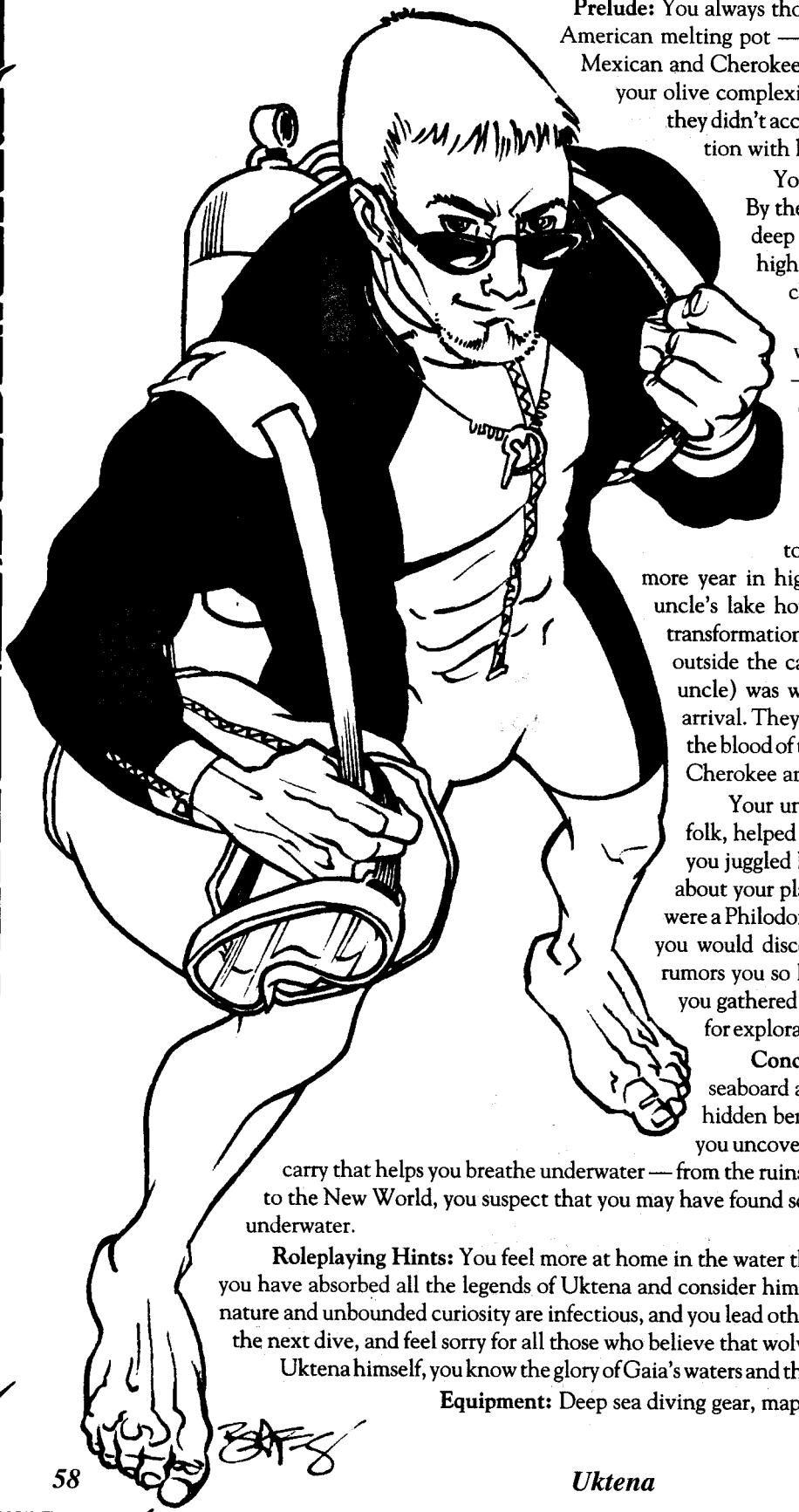
Bruised		❑
Hurt	-1	❑
Injured	-1	❑
Wounded	-2	❑
Mauled	-2	❑
Crippled	-5	❑
Incapacitated		❑

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY:
BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED
WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Treasure Hunter

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



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

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

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

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

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

Concept: You and your pack roam the eastern seaboard and the Gulf coast, searching for treasure hidden beneath the ocean's surface. Not only have you uncovered a few fetishes — like the one you now carry that helps you breathe underwater — from the ruins of ships that once carried Wyrmbringers to the New World, you suspect that you may have found some of the lost Bane-prisons, now buried underwater.

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

Equipment: Deep sea diving gear, maps of sunken treasure

Uktena™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Philodox
Camp: Scouts

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Treasure Hunter

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

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

Gifts

- Smell of Man
- Scent of the True Form
- Truth of Gaia

Gifts

Renown

Glory
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY: BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Apprentice Bane Singer

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

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

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

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

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

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

Equipment: Claws, talons, voice

Uktena™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Galliard
Camp: Bane Tenders

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Bane Singer

Attributes

Physical

Strength	●●OOO
Dexterity	●●●OO
Stamina	●●●OO

Social

Charisma	●●OOO
Manipulation	●●●OO
Appearance	●●OOO

Mental

Perception	●●●●O
Intelligence	●●●OO
Wits	●●●OO

Abilities

Talents

Alertness	●●OOO
Athletics	OOOOO
Brawl	●●●OO
Dodge	●OOOO
Empathy	OOOOO
Expression	●●OOO
Intimidation	●●OOO
Primal-Urge	●●OOO
Streetwise	OOOOO
Subterfuge	●OOOO

Skills

Animal Ken	OOOOO
Drive	OOOOO
Etiquette	OOOOO
Firearms	OOOOO
Leadership	OOOOO
Melee	OOOOO
Performance	●OOOO
Repair	OOOOO
Stealth	●●OOO
Survival	●●OOO

Knowledges

Computer	OOOOO
Enigmas	●●●OO
Investigation	●●OOO
Law	OOOOO
Linguistics	OOOOO
Medicine	OOOOO
Occult	●●●OO
Politics	OOOOO
Rituals	●●●OO
Science	OOOOO

Advantages

Backgrounds

Mentor	●OOOO
Past Life	●●OOO
Pure Breed	●●OOO
Rites	●●●OO
	OOOOO

Gifts

- Heightened Senses
- Call of the Wyld
- Sense Magic

Gifts

Renown

Glory ● ● O O O O O O O O O

Honor O O O O O O O O O O

Wisdom ● O O O O O O O O O

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ● O O O O O O O

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ● O O O O

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● O

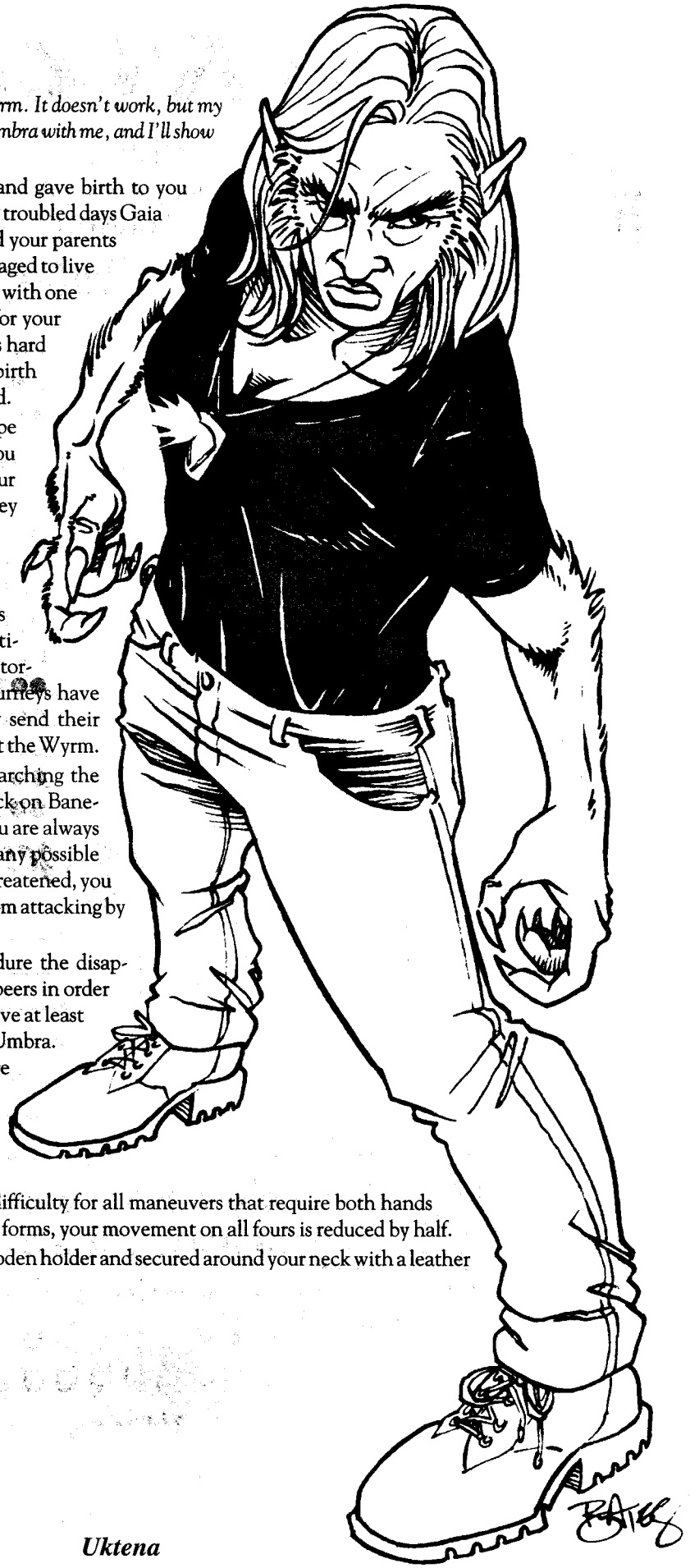
Health

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

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY: BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Umbral Seeker



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Uktena™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Metis
Auspice: Ahroun
Camp: Skywalkers

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Umbral Seeker

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies	●●●○○
Past Life	●○○○○
Rites	●○○○○
	○○○○○
	○○○○○

Gifts

- Create Element
- Razor Claws
- Sense Magic
- Sense Wyrm

Gifts

Renown

Glory
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY:
BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED
WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Appendix Three: Elder Brothers and Wise Sisters

Dancing Star

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Grimscowl Bisonbreath

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

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

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

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

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

Old Red Eagle

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

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

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

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

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

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

Proud Speaker, Teacher of the Ignorant

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Broken Medicine

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

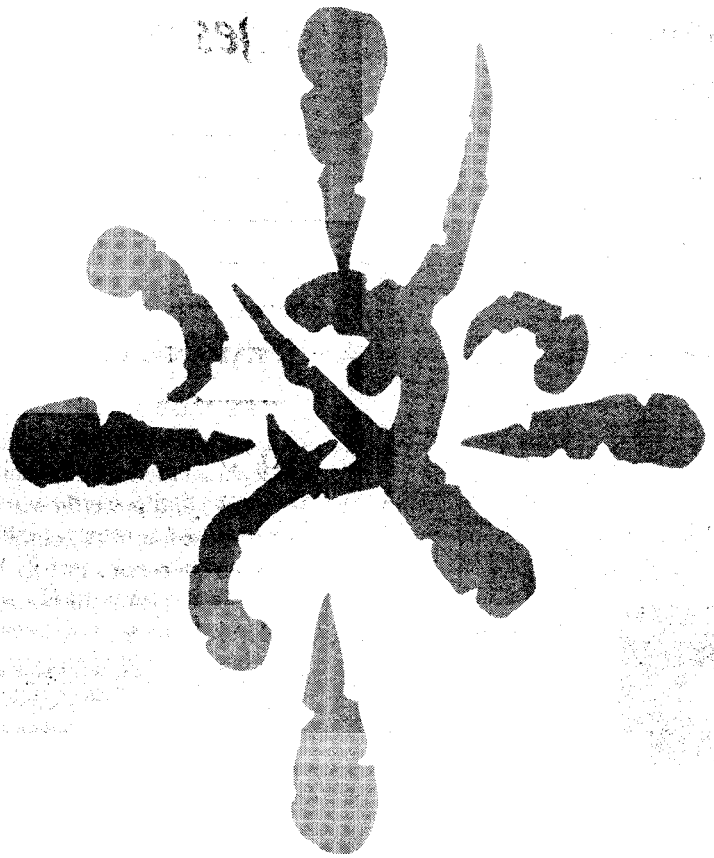
Disgusted that he had been born too late to do anything of importance, Broken Medicine contemplated several suicidal plans before a tribal shaman told him he would one day be a great and powerful worker of medicine. Having been born on the fourth day of the fourth month, the boy should have had powerful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

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

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

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

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



Uktena™

Name: **Breed:** **Pack Name:**
Player: **Auspice:** **Pack Totem:**
Chronicle: **Camp:** **Concept:**

Attributes

Physical
Strength ●OOOO
Dexterity ●OOOO
Stamina ●OOOO

Social
Charisma ●OOOO
Manipulation ●OOOO
Appearance ●OOOO

Mental
Perception ●OOOO
Intelligence ●OOOO
Wits ●OOOO

Abilities

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

Skills
Animal Ken OOOOO
Drive OOOOO
Etiquette OOOOO
Firearms OOOOO
Leadership OOOOO
Melee OOOOO
Performance OOOOO
Repair OOOOO
Stealth OOOOO
Survival OOOOO

Knowledges
Computer OOOOO
Enigmas OOOOO
Investigation OOOOO
Law OOOOO
Linguistics OOOOO
Medicine OOOOO
Occult OOOOO
Politics OOOOO
Rituals OOOOO
Science OOOOO

Advantages

Backgrounds
OOOOO
OOOOO
OOOOO
OOOOO
OOOOO

Gifts

Gifts

Renown

Glory
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

INTENSE CURIOSITY:
BECOMES EASILY OBSESSED
WITH LEARNING SECRETS

Uktena™

Homid

No Change

Difficulty: 6

Glabro

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

Difficulty: 7

Crinos

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

Difficulty: 6

INCITE DELIRIUM IN HUMANS

Hispo

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

Difficulty: 7

Lupus

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

Difficulty: 6

Other Traits

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

Fetishes

Item:_____ ❑Dedicated Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____
Item:_____ ❑Dedicated Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____
Item:_____ ❑Dedicated Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____

Rites

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

Combat

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

Brawling Chart

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

†These maneuvers do aggravated damage.

*Armor:*_____

Uktena™

Nature:

Demeanor:

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Pack Totem

Contacts

Past Life

Kinfolk

Pure Breed

Mentor

Resources

Possessions

Gear (Carried):

Equipment (Owned):

Sept

Name:

Caern Location:

Level: Type:

Totem:

Leader:

Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From:

TOTAL SPENT:

Spent On:

Uktena™

History

Prelude

Description

Age:_____
Hair:_____
Eyes:_____
Race:_____
Nationality:_____
Sex:_____

	Height	Weight
Homid:		
Glabro:		
Crinos:		
Hispo:		
Lupus:		

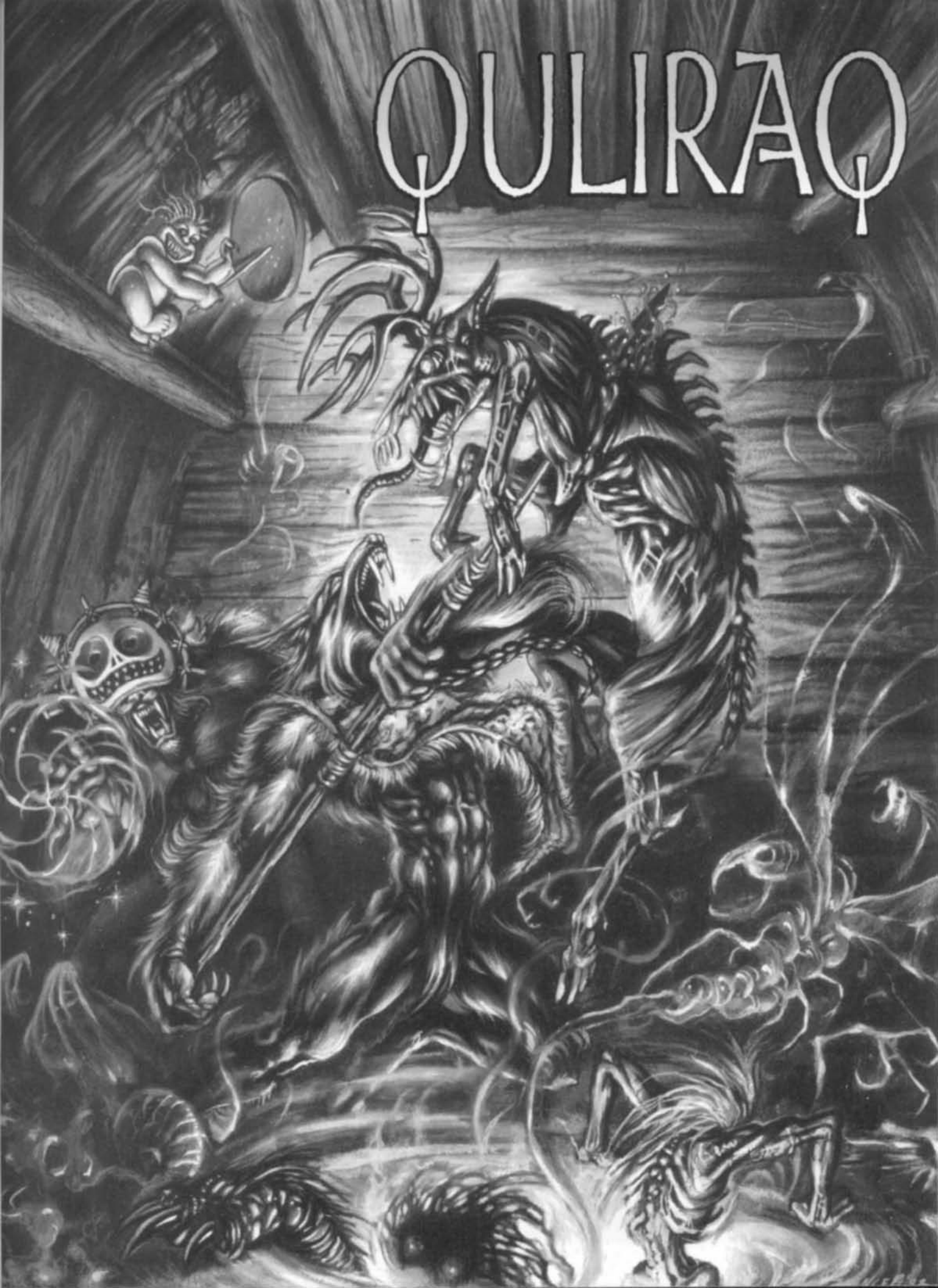
*Battle Scars:*_____

*Metis Deformity:*_____

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch


QULIRAQ

«MARY WANTED A BABY REAL BAD. SHE HAD NO HUSBAND, BUT HAD BEEN WITH MEN ANYWAY. NOBODY COULD GIVE HER A CHILD; MAYBE THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER INSIDES.*»
*Translated from Yup'ik

«SO SHE WENT TO THE ANGALKUQ, THE SHAMAN, AS HER GRANDMOTHER HAD DONE. BUT THE VILLAGE WAS CHRISTIAN NOW, AND THE PEOPLE LAUGHED AT THE SHAMAN.»

«HE GAVE HER A BABY, SO HE MUST HAVE HAD SOME POWER. HER WHITE NEIGHBORS WERE GLAD FOR HER; HER RELATIVES WERE DOUBTFUL.»

«THEY WERE RIGHT. THE BABY WAS BORN DISFIGURED. MOST SAID IT WAS JUST UNFORTUNATE. OTHERS KNEW WHAT IT REALLY WAS.»

«IT WAS AANAKALLIIQ. HE ATE HIS MOTHER.»

«MARY'S RELATIVES MOVED AWAY AND LEFT THE BABY BEHIND. A WANDERING WOLF-CHANGER HEARD THE STORY AND CAME TO SEE WHY.»
«HE WAS A CHILD OF GAIA, AND THOUGHT THAT ALL CREATURES WERE BORN INNOCENT AND PURE.»
«THE FOOL. AANAKALLIIQ WAS BORN BAD; THE CHANGER WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT IF HE'D HEARD THE OLD STORIES. INSTEAD, HE FED THE BABY AND MADE IT STRONGER.»
«THAT'S WHEN WE CAME.»
LOOP
BANK
«NEGEQVAQ IS OUR LEADER, A MIGHTY AHROUN FROM THESE LANDS.»
«KIUNIK IS A WARRIOR FROM THE EAST COAST OF THE GREAT WATERS.»
«EQUK IS A GREAT THEURGE, AND NEGEQVAQ'S BROTHER.»
«I AM WALKING CLOUD, FROM THE BLACK HILLS.»

«THERE IT IS! IT IS GOING INTO THE MEN'S HOUSE!»
«THEN WE MUST FOLLOW.»
«DO YOU HEAR THAT DRUM? IT BELONGED TO AN EVIL ANGALKUQ! IT IS A THING OF POWER!»
NATIVE ARTS MUSEUM
CLOSED
«POWER? WHAT DOES IT DO?»
«AANAKALLIIQ SUMMONS ALLIES.»
«IT HAS OPENED A HOLE TO THE WORLD BENEATH THE EARTH! WE MUST GO BELOW TO PLUG IT!»
«WE MUST FIRST DESTROY THE MONSTER!»

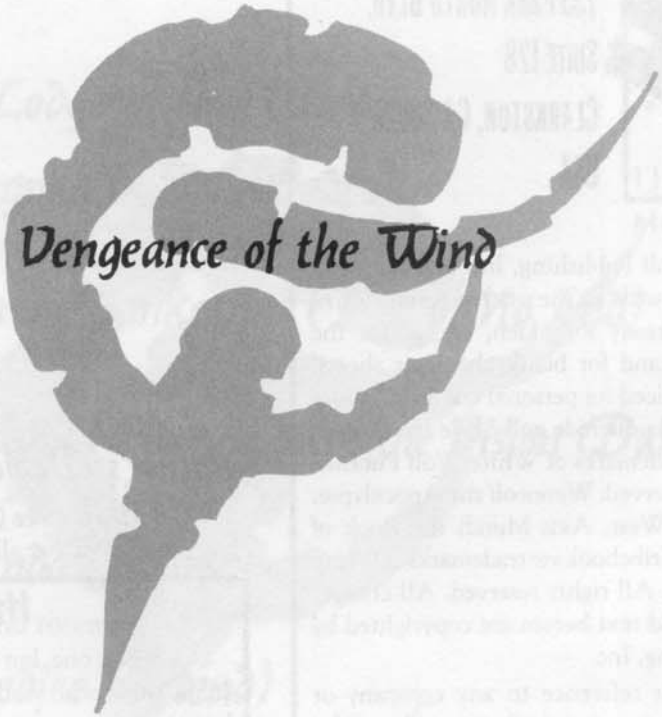
<<DIE, AANAKALLIIQ! YOU SHOULD HAVE NEVER COME BACK!>>
THWACK!
<<NO! STAY BACK!>>
GRRR!
CHOMP!
AAAARRGHHH!
<<QUICKLY! WE MUST PURSUE INTO THE WORLD BENEATH THE EARTH, OR HE WILL RETURN ELSEWHERE!>>

<<SO MANY STAND IN OUR WAY!>>
<<THIS WAY!>>
<<TOO MANY — WE CAN'T PASS!>>
<<I WILL CALL OUR TUUNRAT, AMIKUK!>>
YAA-AA-RRA-AA-YAA
<<AWAY, EVIL THING!>>
<<I AM SO COLD AND HUNGRY >>
<<I DEMAND TO EAT YO—>>
CRACK!
<<GRANDFATHER!?>>
<<NO!>>
RRA-YAAA-AAY-AA-YAA

«HE IS HERE! AMIKUK HAS COME!»
«YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE, MONSTER!»
KU-CHUNK!
AAAAARGOOOO!
«HE GROWS STRONGER WITH EVERY BITE!»
«SEE — HIS ARM REGROWS!»
«WHAT CAN WE DO? WHAT DOES THE LORE SAY?»
«IT DOES NOT TELL OF HIS DEATH, BUT MANY ANGALKUQ BELIEVE HE DIED OF EXPOSURE.»

«THEN LET HIM TASTE THE BITTER WIND OF THE NORTH!»
«AND SO THE EVIL IS ENDED!»
SMASH!
«ALREADY THE HOLE SEALS.»
«IF ANY BEINGS ESCAPED, WE WILL FIND THEM AND CHASE THEM BACK.»
«SAD THAT MANY DIED. IF PEOPLE STILL SANG THE OLD QULIRAT, THE ANCIENT STORIES, THEY WOULD HAVE KNOWN TO KILL AANAKALLIIQ.»
BAR
«WITHOUT THE OLD WISDOM, MANY THINGS GO WRONG IN THE WORLD....»

Wendigo™ Creebook



Vengeance of the Wind

By Bill Bridges

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Mike "Release the Hounds" **Tinney**, for scoring the first official Digimon™ kill.

Fred "Clumpy" **Yelk**, for soiling his sand.

Author's Dedication

For *Bakk'a hulonee* ("Many Tracks"), with thanks. For Jane, with love. For all my relations.

Mea Culpa!

Aiee! Not one, but *two* books with flagrant failures to credit those who worked on them! Many thanks to E. Jonathan Bennett and Matthew Lippay for their editorial assistance on **Uktena Tribebook**; sorry we left you out of the credits, guys.

And another quick plea for forgiveness to Phil Brucato for omitting his name in **Werewolf Players Guide, Second Edition** — the big cats just wouldn't have been the same without your hard work, Phil, and I hope you're as glad as I am to see some of their toys printed there at last.

Again, most abject apologies. It'll never — *eeeever* — happen again.

Wendigo™ Tribebook

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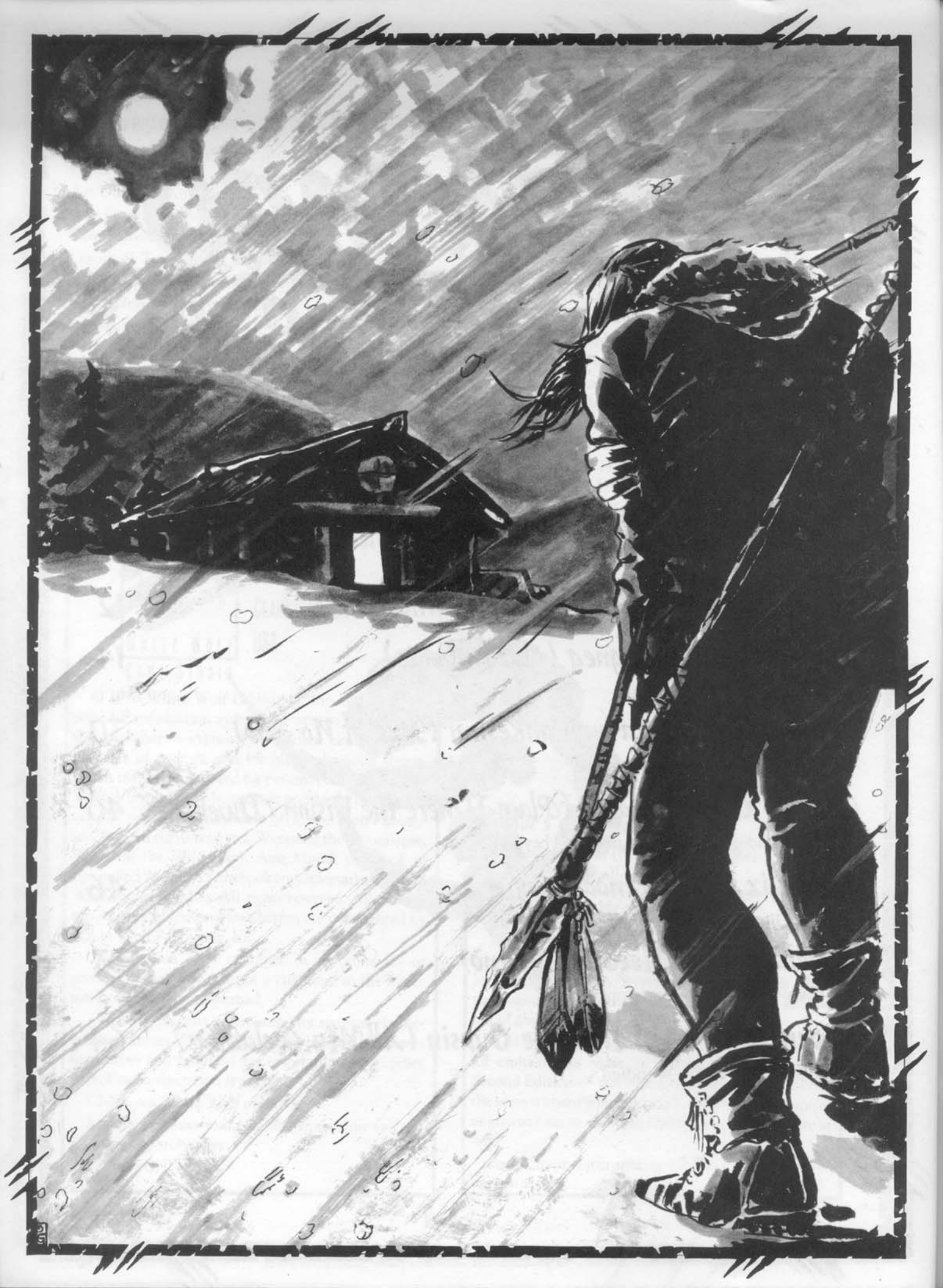


Introduction: The Lodge of the Winds

You who sit in the east, you who sit in the north, you who sit in the west, and you who sit at the end of the road, I greet you all. It is good.

— Ceremony of Those Who Have Received Blessings from the Night Spirits (Winnebago)

The wind was fierce and biting cold. Snow blew heavy across the sky, blinding Taken-From-Fire as he made his way over the hills. He was cold and tired, his wounds still bleeding, refusing to close. The Stone Giant's fists had the poison power of the Wyrm, and its blows had crushed Taken-From-Fire's ribs; they would not heal quickly.

"I must find shelter soon," he thought, "or I will die here."

It seemed that as soon as he thought it, he saw a light ahead, like a fire seen from afar. He stumbled on and came to a lodge, a mighty building of rough-hewn wood. Inside, he could see four people sitting on benches around a fire. One of them, a beautiful maiden, looked at him.

"Come inside, noble Garou," she spoke as she stood, beckoning him. "You are among friends."

Taken-From-Fire entered the lodge and was immediately warmed. The winds did not penetrate the walls and seemed not to pass the open door. He walked near to the fire and sat at an empty spot on the bench, next to the maiden.

"Thank you," he said. "I am grateful."

He could now see that the other three people were elders, each of them strong with orenda, with Power, for strength and vigor was in their limbs and faces. To the east was an old, tall woman with an ugly face yet wise eyes. She reached into a bag and offered Taken-From-Fire dried meat, which the Garou accepted hungrily.

To the north was a large and broad old man, fat but with a kind face. To the west was a thin but muscled young man, with a well-formed face and eyes that seemed to contain lightning.

"Welcome, Taken-from-Fire," the big one said. "Welcome to our lodge. Will you stay for a while and hear our stories?"

"Yes, I shall," Taken-From-Fire said. "But how did you know my name?"

The wiry one to the west smiled. "You are a renowned wolf-changer, of the Wendigo-People, as are we. We honor you here."

"And now you must eat," said the maiden to the south. "And while you do so, we will tell our stories. We will sing of the Wendigo-People and their deeds in the world...."

Chapter One: Kallegneq (Drumbeats)

You who are our grandmother, Earth, you blessed grandfather Jobenangiwingkha with life and war powers. As far as you extend, that far, O grandmother, do we spread out for you tobacco and food and moccasins. Here is the tobacco. Here in the fire shall I place the tobacco; and food and offerings of buckskin will we send to you at all times. You will always accept them, grandfather said, so that our clansmen may travel in a straight path of war and life.

This we ask, Grandmother Moon, of you also. You added your power to the other blessings of grandfather Jobenangiwingkha and you said that as long as the world lasts you would willingly accept the offerings of tobacco that his posterity extended to you. Thus you yourself said, we are told. Here is the tobacco.

— Tobacco Offering to the Spirits (Winnebago)

Taken-From-Fire ate the good, dried meat and felt well. His wounds closed and life went fully into him again. As he ate, the old woman took sage from her bag and began to burn it. Its aroma filled the lodge, and its smoke moved to every corner, above and below. The place was cleansed by that smoke, and no evil spirits could stay, although none were there.

The big elder took a pipe from his bag, and then a pipe bowl, made from fine, gray pipestone. He passed it through the sage and offered it above, and he attached it to the pipe handle. He then took from his pouch a pinch of tobacco and carefully placed it in the bowl.

"We must first offer tobacco to the spirits," he said. "To give our thanks." He took a twig from the floor and put its end into the fire. Once it was aflame, he used it to light the tobacco with strong puffs on the pipe. He turned to the east and gave thanks. He turned to the south and gave thanks, and then west, north, above and below. He spoke as he did so:

"Mitakuye oyasin! All my relations! I greet you spirits of all directions, Wendigo of wind above and Grandmother Earth below, whose earth we stand on. I give you this tobacco. I give you our thanks and honor you. I am your child, Ya-o-gah."

He handed the pipe to the elder in the east, who repeated the chant and revealed her name to be O-yan-do-ne. In such a way did Taken-From-Fire learn all their names, for each in turn took the pipe and said the chant of thanks. The maiden was Ne-o-ga, and the wiry man was Da-jo-ji. When they finished, they gave the pipe to Taken-From-Fire, who did as they had done.

They sat down again, and Ya-o-gah put away the pipe. "It is done. Now we must tell of our beginnings, for the storm grows fierce outside, and Jipijka'm, the Horned Serpent Person, will try to sing his song to it. Ours must be first, and stronger, for the fate of our Grandmother's world depends upon us."

Taken-From-Fire wrinkled his brow in confusion. "I don't understand. What do you mean? How does the storm matter?"

"It is not a storm of wind and ice alone," O-yan-do-ne of the east said. "The Wyld is in it, and it can make and unmake things. It is now that we must sing the old songs, to maintain the world as Grandmother meant it to be. But our Enemy, the Horned Serpent —he who the other wolf-changer tribes call the Wyrm —also sings, as do his children, and they will try to unmake the world with this storm. He will try to unmake the Wendigo-People, his fiercest enemies. We cannot allow that to happen. We must sing strongly, and speak of all our ancestors, from our very beginning to our children to come. Otherwise, they will cease to be."

"Where am I?" Taken-From-Fire said. "If that is a Wyldstorm, I must be in the Umbra! What kind of lodge is this?"

"It is the Lodge of the Winds," Ne-o-ga of the south said. "But we must begin our songs, before it is too late to sing them."

"Yes," Ya-o-gah said. "I will begin, for I am the oldest, and know these things from long ago...."

Song of Creation

"N'gah auttissookae. I call on you muses to inspire me. I invite you on our journey," Ya-o-gah said. "Our People are many, and many are their stories. These are the ones I know, the ones given to the wolf-changers."

Muzzu-Kummik-Quae, Grandmother Earth, also called Unchi or Gaia, wanted to make a place for Her children and all the other land beings to live upon. She asked the animals to help Her gather soil. Only Muskrat succeeded in finding soil; for this he had to go deep to the bottom of the Great Waters and carry it back in his mouth. He could only bring a small mouthful, but such is Grandmother Earth's power that She took this handful and made the world with it.

First, Beaver volunteered to carry the earth on his back, but it was too heavy for him. Then, Turtle said that he could do it. So the earth was put on his back. As the earth grew, so did Turtle. Grandmother bid all Her children to live on the earth and be happy.

Among the beings She created, Grandmother had many beautiful human daughters. All the animal people wanted to court them, and some of them married. They are the parents of the changing people, those who are both animal and human, like the wolf-changers.

But Grandmother would not allow all Her human children to marry animal people, saying it was more proper that they marry other humans. From these children come the many humans of different colors. There are too many of them.

Sometimes, Grandmother was tricked, like the time Kwakwadjec wooed Her daughter. Grandmother believed he was a fine man, one who was immune or invulnerable to magic, and so She let Her daughter marry him. Only later did She find out who he really was — She had been tricked by Wolverine!

Her favorite grandchildren were those of Sky Woman, Her daughter who had married a wolf-person. These children were wolf-changers, and there were three of them; they were called Older Brother, Middle Brother and Little Brother.

These brothers loved one another very much, and they were rarely apart; they went everywhere together. Eventually, the time came when they had to take wives and live in separate homes. Older Brother chose a human for a wife and lived near the water. Middle Brother also chose a human and lived on the plains, close to the land. Little Brother chose a wolf to marry and lived in the forests. They came often to see one another.

Now, these brothers had wolf-changer cousins, whose children grew into many tribes. But these others did not know the proper ways to live in the world, and they always wanted to take from it without giving back. They were also afraid of their own Kin, the humans, for the humans' ways were strange. Instead of teaching them properly, the other wolf-changers chose to scare them, to force them to act as they should. This behavior only made the humans stranger.

At this time, there was a land without wolf-changers. When it was made, it was safe from evil and did not need wolves to defend it. But the Horned Serpent came here and birthed many children who destroyed what beauty they saw. Grandmother cried many tears and begged Her favorite grandchildren, the wolf-changers, to travel to this far land and protect it from evil.

Many of the wolf-changers did not listen. They did not want to leave their homes, even for their Grandmother, who had given them the earth they lived on. But the three brothers heeded their Grandmother, and they gathered their people and followed Grandmother's signs to the far land. And so, the brothers left their cousins and did not see them again for many lifetimes.

The Long Journey

On a wondrous sheet of ice
All crossed the frozen sea
At low tide in the
Narrows of the ocean.
Ten times a thousand,
They crossed;
All went forth in a night
— Wallum Olum (The Red Record)

Ya-o-gah sat back and closed his eyes. There was silence for a time, with only the breath of the wind outside to be heard. Then he spoke again:

It was a hard journey, for the way was blocked by the Horned Serpent's allies. They knew that if the brothers' people came to this land, the Horned Serpent's creatures would soon be driven from it. They did not want this, and so they sent their warriors against the brothers and attacked their people.

But the brothers were mighty. Older Brother knew much about the manitous and the secret Powers of the Six Worlds. Middle Brother was wise and understood other people, and he could tell another's desires even when they

were hidden from him. Little Brother was a fierce warrior, unequaled in fighting.

Their people all shared in these powers, but more was needed for them to win. The people prayed and made allies of the spirits, the sacred and invisible manitous of the sky, waters and land. And Grandmother sent the greatest of Her protectors to guide them, the giant Sasquatch, powerful spirit of the forests. Also with them were Uktena, master of the waters, and Turtle, the Earthbearer. With their aid and the goodwill of the spirits, the Horned Serpent's evil beings were defeated.

Great was the despair on the journey, for many died and were not seen again. At every place they camped, there was trouble and they got no peace. Sasquatch was untiring, and he lent his stamina to the wolf-changers so that they never weakened. But so great was the evil of their enemies that even Sasquatch's power failed him. He mourned the loss of so many of the people, but the wolf-changers told him to hide his tears, lest the warriors lose heart. And so he hid his tears deep within him, and cried into his heart instead of down his cheeks.

Finally came the day when the People could see the Pure Land. There! Across the icy waters, it waited for them. And there, the greatest number of evil ones came upon them. Bloody was that final battle as the People fought their way across the ice to the new land. Little Brother's people guarded the rear, for they were the mightiest fighters. Great were their losses, greater than all the other peoples', and sore were their hearts to lose so many.

Among them was Morning Sun, mightiest of them and beloved most of all wolf-changers by Sasquatch. She it was who fell last, after killing many of her enemies. Her howl shattered the ice, and many serpent-beings fell to their deaths in the freezing waters.

Morning Sun fell and did not rise again. Sasquatch's mighty hands picked up her body and shook it, trying to breathe life back into her. But she was gone.

No cry of anguish before or since has so hurt the world as that of Sasquatch. His bellow became a scream of rage and anger that caused the Horned Serpent to shiver and shed its skin and go slithering into the dark earth to hide for years afterward. And during that cry, Sasquatch's tears froze, the tears he had kept inside himself, close to his heart for so long. With them, his heart became ice, and no more did he laugh or smile. He was no longer Sasquatch. He had become Wendigo, the Vengeance of the Wind.

His howl became a storm of snow and ice that blanketed the camps of their enemies in the new land, and froze them. Wherever he stepped on the new land, the ground froze and hail descended. The monsters fled from him and crawled into dark caves and hid from sight. But he rooted them out and tore their hearts from their breasts and ate them, taking their power for himself.

But now the people were afraid, for although Wendigo chased their enemies away, his cold killed the animals and the plants. There would be no food for the wolf-changers or the Pure Ones they were sworn to save.

Older Brother and Middle Brother knew that he must be stopped before all of the Pure Land became ice. But Wendigo did not heed them, for words were as snow to his ears — they melted as soon as they touched them. It was Little Brother who knew what must be done.

Speaks-His-Will, a wise one among them, said to the people of Older and Middle Brother: "You must go south and east, far from here. Little Brother will stop the Wendigo and contain him in the North." And so the Uktena and Croatan went onward, leaving the Wendigo tribe behind.

Speaks-His-Will approached Wendigo and called to him, using the words of his old friend, Morning Sun. Wendigo halted and looked about him, as if he had heard the buzzing of mosquitoes but could not see them.

Speaks-His-Will called again, and this time Wendigo looked down and saw him. Wendigo recognized the wolf-changer, for he was of Morning Sun's tribe, of her people. Speaks-His-Will begged him to calm himself and let spring come to the land again. Wendigo's eyes softened as he remembered the love he bore for these people, and he sat down in that place.

He said to Speaks-His-Will, "Only one thing will calm my rage, and it is this: You must swear to kill the serpent beings and fight them wherever they appear. You may invoke me and summon my power, but know that to do so is to summon my rage, which even I cannot control. Between these times I will abide here, in these northern lands where your people are, and go no farther. But there will be a reminder of my anger in the wind, for it will bite those who walk unprotected."

Wendigo's great body then melted, spreading a cool lake over the land he sat on. But his spirit was taken up by the wind, which grew cold and bitter.

And so, Little Brother, the Wendigo-People, settled in the North to contain Wendigo. But even they cannot always still him, for he often breaks forth and brings freezing winter to the South.

Ya-o-gah was silent for a while, pondering what had been said. He then spoke again:

People say many things about this song. Some say that the three brothers came from the lands west of these, what the wasichu call Siberia, and that they crossed something called the Bering Strait. Perhaps this is true. But the Philodox remember it otherwise and say that we came from another world to be in this one. Some say that it was the World Above the Sky, and that this is why the Wendigo-People are strong with the Powers of the Wind.

That is our Song of Creation, how the Wendigo-People came to this world and the Pure Lands. The telling of the next song belongs to O-yan-do-ne.

Monster Slayers

Evil may enter the world in the guise of a single creature, but its family multiplies quickly, and there is never an end to the trials of a true hero.

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

O-yan-do-ne now began to speak:

The Pure Lands were more beautiful in that time than any place in this world before or since. But the Horned Serpent arrived and began to mar Grandmother's work. He dug deep pits and caves for his servants to live in, so that they could rest in darkness and not be seen. He spat in the still waters and poisoned them, but the moving waters he could not taint. He captured many of Grandmother's children and turned them to his ways. To them he gave venom so that their bite was deadly to the Pure Ones. Many other things did he corrupt.

Then the wolf-changers came and chased him off, slaying his servants and scattering their bodies. If they had not come, the Pure Lands would have been worse than the lands to the east, where the whites — the wasichu — came from. But they arrived in time, before the Horned Serpent had begun his work in full.

They hunted down evil wherever it was, sniffing it out by its stench, for even in those days, the Horned Serpent could not hide his smell, and all his servants shared in it. The three brothers did many things to protect the Pure Lands and its people from danger.

The Wendigo, as Little Brother had come to be called, were mighty in war, and the tribe drove monsters deep into their lairs. The Uktena then bound the things to these lairs. With their power, the Uktena ensured that these foul creatures would not walk free again. The Croatan cleansed the places where evil had walked, and the tribe readied them to flower again. Indeed, wherever the Croatan made their villages, those places are caerns today, so clean are they.

Many songs are sung of these times, when the three brothers slew monsters to protect their Kin and all the other peoples. But they were not the first changers to walk the Pure Lands. The bear-changers came first. They recognized the evil that had come to their lands, and they kept it at bay until Grandmother could summon the wolf-changers. They got little reward for it, for many of them died, eaten by the Horned Serpent's monsters. Their secrets still hide in these lands, secrets only their children know.

After the Horned Serpent was driven away, the Wendigo-People settled in villages to the north. Their work was not done, for monsters still lived, although in fewer numbers. Great were the Wendigo heroes who slew these things. Stories still tell of these creatures, for although they are dead in this world, they may return again in another. They are *otkon*, evil by nature. Those who do not know the stories will not know how to kill them. Many could not be killed, but all could be tricked. In this way, even a human maiden could drive them away, if she was clever.

There was No Body, the Great Rolling Head, who rolled over plains, through forests and through mountains, devouring all the people it could. Its cousin, the Flying Head, haunted the eastern woodlands. It was twice as big as a Crinos wolf-changer, with huge, sharp teeth. Its matted hair was so thick that claws could not reach its hide. Its face was hideous to look upon, with a twisted scowl and, growing from its cheeks, two great wings with which it flew far and high.

There was Delgeth, an antelope who ate the flesh of humans and wolf-changers. He was fast and hard to catch, and

it took many wolf-changers to chase him down. Only with magic weapons could he be killed, for claws slipped off his hide.

There were the Stone Giants — the Stone Coats — beings who once followed Grandmother but wandered away and became cannibals. They roll in the sand and make their skin rock hard. One of them, Ga-nus-quah, returned to Grandmother and still lives; he teaches the wolf-changers how to kill what others of his kind are left.

There was Nokos Oma, a twisted, bearlike creature with long, sharp tusks, and Aziwugum, a black dog with scales and a strong tail which could kill with a single blow. There was Palraujuk, the dragon, and the Kukilaluit, grotesque beings with razor-sharp claws who would rend anyone who found them. There was also Babbakwalanooksiwae, the hideous cannibal spirit. Gnaske, the Crazy Buffalo, caused madness and disease among the people, and Anukite, Double-Face the Witch, tricked people; one half of her face was beautiful, the other ugly.

The elements, too, could be corrupted by the Horned Serpent. Even the wind people could be evil, such as Iya, a terrible cyclone creature, or Cloud Swallower, who caused drought and famine.

All of these beings were bad and deserved to be slain. A wolf-changer who killed one would cry "*Kihe! Kihe!*" to show her prowess.

Although the land was marred by evil's passing, it was still kept pure by Grandmother's wolf-changers. The worst things of the Horned Serpent could not last long here, and it could not use guile in the Pure Lands, where such deceit was easily seen. In the land of the wasichu to the east, it learned to hide deep in peoples' hearts, and it did so in the Pure Lands also, but it could never go unseen for long, for the wolf-changers sniffed out such evil.

The Wolf Twins

There were the Da-ya-da-no, the twin brothers, Spirits of Good and Evil. Foreknowing their powers, each claimed dominion, and a struggle between them began....

— Harriet Maxwell Converse, *Myths and Legends of the New York State Iroquois*

In these times, there was a wolf-changer woman of the Wendigo-People called Spruce Woman, and her daughter had not yet married. Spruce Woman worried, for she knew that Grandmother wanted Her changing children to marry and have many young ones. This daughter came home one day and she was with child. Spruce Woman was happy but also curious, for her daughter had brought no husband with her.

"Who has done this to you, daughter?" Spruce Woman asked.

"I do not know," the daughter replied. "I found a branch and swung from it. It felt so good, I did not want to stop."

"Then it is the Wind who is the father of your children. You will have twins. One will do good things and father many strong children who will be fierce warriors for Grandmother. The other will be bad and cause much trouble. He will seek your death."

And so it was that she gave birth to twins, two wolf-changers. Before they were born, she heard them talking in her belly. One said that he would do great things in the world for Grandmother Earth, and he asked the other what he intended. The other said that he, too, would do great things, but they would be of his own doing. It was time for them to enter the world. The first one came forth properly. The other, however, came forth from his mother's armpit, thus killing his mother. It was as Spruce Woman had said.

The two grew very fast and could fend for themselves within hours of entering the world. The older one mourned for his mother, and tears ran down his face to freeze in his fur. "You look like your father," Spruce Woman said.

"Who is my father?" he asked.

"Great Wendigo, who lives in the far North."

"Then I will go to him and ask for my power."

"So I will call you Seeks-the-Wind," Spruce Woman said.

The other shed no tears for his mother. "I, too, will seek my father," he said. "But he will give me his own power, so that I will rule the winds."

"So I will call you Winter Heart," Spruce Woman said, "for you love nothing."

Soon, they were both grown and Seeks-the-Wind left to find his father. Winter Heart went with him. They traveled far from their family lands, to places no one had seen before. After many days, their food ran low and Seeks-the-Wind said that they must hunt.

"Okay," Winter Heart said, sitting down by a rushing stream, "I'll wait here."

Seeks-the-Wind went away to hunt but could find no game. As he came back, the sun went down and opened the flap in the sky for night to come. "Well?" Winter Heart said, "Where's my meal?"

"I found nothing today," Seeks-the-Wind said.

"Some brother you are!" Winter Heart said and rolled over to sleep.

Seeks-the-Wind felt bad, believing that he had let down his brother. He did not see his brother as others did or as the scoundrel Winter Heart was, for Seeks-the-Wind loved him. He resolved to do better the next day.

But he found no game that day either, and he had to come back with bark and roots.

"Yuck!" Winter Heart said. "You expect me to eat this?"

"It is all I could find," Seeks-the-Wind said.

"Oh, all right!" Winter Heart said, taking most of the roots from his brother. "But do better tomorrow!"

That night, as Winter Heart slept, Seeks-the-Wind got up and sat by the stream. He wondered what he had done wrong, why he could not find food. A voice spoke to him from the water:

"You have not prayed properly! You cannot catch what you do not ask for."

Seeks-the-Wind looked into the stream and saw a salmon floating there, resisting the pull of the waters. "How do I pray? I cannot speak the language of the Animal Elders!"

"Ah, then I will teach it to you. I will teach you Hanbloglaka, the language of the spirits. To learn it, you must eat me. In this way, you will gain the wisdom you seek. But you must promise to treat all salmon well and help them to prosper."

"It shall be done!" Seeks-the-Winds said. And the salmon, none other than Skaia, the Elder of the Salmon-People, leaped onto the shore. Seeks-the-Wind prepared a fire and skinned the fish and cooked its meat.

Winter Heart woke up sniffing, wondering at the good smell. "What's that? I smell fish! Give me some of that!"

Seeks-the-Wind hesitated, unsure if his brother had done all that was proper to attain the meat. But he realized that he had a duty to his brother, that he had to feed him. So he gave the larger share of the meat to him. It mattered little, for even a small bite was enough. Both the Wolf Twins gained the power of Salmon, and then they knew the language of the spirits.

Then Seeks-the-Wind felt bad and could not move. He lay on the ground as if asleep, his mind traveling far away. He had the Ghost Sickness, the sleep that sometimes come over shamans after their first spirit initiation. He was unaware of what happened to his body.

Winter Heart saw this and thought an evil thought. "I could kill my brother now and return to the village to take up his things. No one would know that it was I who did him in. I would then have all the renown." He cast about for a weapon to use but found only an antler. He dared not use his claws or teeth, in case someone found the body later.

With this sharp antler, Winter Heart crept up on his unmoving brother and stabbed him many times. But the antler would not penetrate his brother's hide. No matter how many times he struck, nothing happened. He cursed and threw the antler far away, just as his brother woke up.

"Oh!" Winter Heart said. "You're back! I was just protecting your body from the crows!"

"Thank you, brother," Seeks-the-Winds said. "It was the strangest thing. I traveled many moons journey without walking. I saw animal people from distant lands. One there, a caribou called Tunturyuaryuk, said that he would hunt me, so that I could then hunt all his children. Then he gored me over and over with his antlers, tearing me to pieces. But then he put me back together with his mouth, saying, 'You may now hunt the caribou on your journey to the North. No antler of theirs will harm you.' And then I woke."

"So that's it," Winter Heart said. "Well, we'd better keep moving."

Seeks-the-Wind agreed, for the sun was rising in the east. They set off again on their journey, but Winter Heart was not happy, for his brother now had something which he did not.

They went for many months, living off the caribou which Seeks-the-Wind could hunt but which Winter Heart could not catch, no matter how hard he tried.

One night, while they slept wearing the skin of wolves in the open, they were captured by strange people and taken to a strange village. These beings were small and thin, with scrunched-up faces and sharp teeth. They wore parkas made from human skin and spears made from bone. They were the Nakani, evil spirits who abducted people.

Those few people who had escaped them had gone mad from their captivity.

The Wolf Twins were put into a pen, as if they were animals, and the village prepared for a feast. "What can we do?" Seeks-the-Wind wondered. "How can we escape?"

"I will talk to them," Winter Heart said. "Perhaps they will listen to me."

Winter Heart then took human form and called to the chief, who was surprised to see a human standing where before he had put wolves. The chief came to the edge of their cage and smiled, knowing then that he had a wolf-changer, a very tasty meal. Winter Heart spoke to him: "If you eat us, you will never know our secret." The chief frowned and poked at Winter Heart with a spear, but the wolf-changer dodged it. "I guess you don't want to know. Well, eat us then." The chief frowned again and beckoned his warriors. They opened the cage and called forth Winter Heart. He shrugged and walked out. They closed the door behind him, locking in Seeks-the-Wind.

The chief treated Winter Heart like an honored guest. He led the wolf-changer into his lodge and there provided him with food. Winter Heart used his guile to learn the secrets of the Nakani power, which came from the Horned Serpent. Everything Winter Heart heard about this Horned Serpent made him curious rather than afraid, and he resolved to meet this being. He demanded that the Nakani take him to the Horned Serpent, to whom he would reveal his secret. They were excited and agreed. Immediately, they hitched their sleds and took Winter Heart across the ice to meet their master.

Seeks-the-Wind, forgotten by his brother, was alone in the village. The cage was made of unbreakable poles shoved into the earth by giants. He could not dig deep enough or jump high enough to escape. It looked as if he would starve there.

"I only regret that I could not meet my father and see my grandmother again," he said.

A freezing wind blew him down, knocking him into the snow. Had he not eaten Skaia's flesh and learned the Hanbloglaka, he would have thought it just the first breath of a coming storm. But now he knew the words of the spirits and heard the voice that accompanied the wind:

"Who are you?" it said. "I recognize your smell! How do you come to smell like Great Wendigo? Explain yourself!"

"I am his son," Seeks-the-Wind said, "I desire to find him but cannot, for I am trapped in this evil cage."

"Trapped?" the wind said. "By wood? Ha! It is not so!" And the wind blew like a hurricane, stronger than any wind Seeks-the-Wind had experienced before. If he had not been in his wolf form, he might have frozen there; as it was, he was blown far from the cage, which splintered into many pieces. He landed on a snow bank and looked up to see a large boy in the air above him.

"I am Narssuk, Storm Boy. I will take you to your father. But first you must learn to run with the wind."

"I have heard of you, Narssuk, and I thank you."

Narssuk taught Seeks-the-Wind the trick of Sky-Running, a Gift which the Wendigo-People still know to this day. You see, Narssuk was also known as Bad Weather. He was the son of giants. When his parents were killed, he sought revenge by rising into the sky to become a storm. He is the cause of the worst weather in the North, but he can be placated by good people.

He took Seeks-the-Wind to the highest peak in the North and there left him, afraid himself of what would happen if he had done wrong and brought an evil person to Wendigo. Seeks-the-Wind saw no one and cried out, "Father? I am here!"

A great, grinding voice came from all directions, carried by the six winds: "You claim to be my son? Then call the winds to yourself!"

Seeks-the-Wind thought for a moment, and then in the speech of the spirits, he called to the winds blowing around him to tell them that he was the son of Wendigo and a wolf-changer. In return for their answer to his call, he said, he would honor them and provide tobacco when he returned home. Hearing this, that one of Grandmother's beings still remembered respect, the winds rushed to him and lifted him up to the very tip of the peak.

"Father!" he cried, "I have done as you asked!"

Again, the great voice came from all directions: "So, you think you are my son? Then bring me the heart of my greatest enemy, he who has chosen the ways of the Horned Serpent."

"How will I find him?" Seeks-the-Wind cried out.

The winds gusted and carried Seeks-the-Wind from the cliff in a snow-storm of such fury that he could see nothing. When it calmed and left him on the earth, he saw a dark cave and the sleds of the Nakani. But now they fled from him, this powerful being who walked with the storm. Only one from the group still remained, one with an evil smile and fire in his eyes.

"So, brother," Winter Heart said, "you escaped the cage and have come. Good, you can also partake of the flesh I have eaten. Just as you have fed me, I shall now feed you." He held out a flank of raw, dripping, awful-smelling meat.

"O, my brother!" Seeks-the-Wind cried out. "What have you done? You have eaten the flesh of the Horned Serpent. Now you share his power!"

"Yes!" Winter Heart said, "I am now more powerful than you. People will respect me before you."

"This cannot be," Seeks-the-Wind said, "for Father has commanded me to bring him your heart."

Winter Heart looked surprised for perhaps the first time in his life. Seeks-the-Wind took the form of battle and fell upon his brother to claw and bite him. But his brother now had unholy power and also took the battle shape. His claws were poison, his bite venom.

But Seeks-the-Wind was the older of the two, for he had been the first to leave his mother, and was the stronger. He killed his brother and fell to the ground, dying himself from the poison. But he could not give up yet. He tore out his brother's heart and saw that it had become a black, smelly thing.

The winds reached out and bore Seeks-the-Wind back to his father, who received the organ of his other son and dropped it into his mouth. As he did so, the poison left Seeks-the-Wind, for

all of Winter Heart's power was cleansed by the ice within Wendigo, and all his evil was done with for good.

"You are indeed my son," Wendigo said. He taught his son many things and gave him rules for all the Wendigo-People to follow. When Seeks-the-Wind came back to his village, he was much changed. Power walked with him, and always a chill wind was near. He had many kind words for his grandmother and others of the village, but when they were not at ceremony or celebrating, his aspect was grim, for he had killed his own twin, and a piece of his heart was now ice like his father's.

O-yan-do-ne was silent, and all the elders nodded, contemplating what was said. The old woman spoke again:

It is from Seeks-the-Wind that the Wendigo-People get their power; there are many more tales of this great wolf-changer and the deeds he did for his children and all of Grandmother's beings. People often wonder: "What auspice was he? Was he a Theurge? Did he not speak to spirits as they do? Or was he a Philodox? Was he not our first chief? Perhaps an Ahroun, for he was mighty." The truth is that he was all these things, for he lived before Han-hepi-wi, the Moon, gave the Ways and Roles to the wolf-changers. Indeed, one story tells of how Seeks-the-Wind sought her out and asked her to give us these Ways. Honor him and you honor your past.

O-yan-do-ne was silent again.

Ya-o-gah spoke: "We have said enough about the Old Times. It is time to speak of the worst times, the times from the coming of the wasichu. Da-jo-ji will speak...."

Now It Can Be Told: Croatan Song

The earth is part of my body, and I never gave up the earth.

— Toohulhulsote

These lands are ours. No one has a right to remove us, because we were the first owners.

— Tecumseh to Wells, 1807

Middle Brother is gone. All know this. But few know the tale of the Croatan's end, of their great sacrifice. Older Brother shuns the song, keeping it in the hands of only a few, as if it were a secret no one must know. In such a way does he deny his grief. Even some among the Wendigo-People have forgotten the tale, for their sorrow worsened in the years afterward, and it was too great a pain to carry with them. They thought to spare the young their tears, and so ceased telling the tale.

But this way is wrong, and it denies the honor due Middle Brother. Many lessons did they teach by their deaths, all unlearned by too many. Listen now to this lesson, which we return to your people so that you may tell it to your grandchildren's children.

This is the Song of the Croatan. The Song of Wanchese, greatest of their warriors. This is his death song, and that of his tribe.

Long ago, in the lifetime of your many-times-great grandfathers, by the shores of the Great Waters, in that place now called the Outer Banks by the wasichu, there lived some of the Croatan tribe.

It was the custom of the wolf-changer tribes back then to exchange their cubs for fostering. Little Fox was of the Wendigo-People in the North. He was sent to learn the ways of the wolf-changers under the care of Wanchese, a mighty Croatan warrior. So did Little Brother learn from Middle Brother. It was the Way.

It was in this time that wasichu came to the Croatan's lands. Wanchese saw their ships off the coast and knew that trouble had come with them. This was not the first he had seen of the wasichu. His people knew them from the South, where the Spanish came to stay and enslaved so many of the natives he called Kin. Wanchese knew how dangerous they were, with Mad Spider powers and Horned Serpent sickness. His tribe called a moot to discuss the new visitors to the land, as the visitors met and parleyed with the Croatan's Kinfolk.

The holy ones had seen omens, although they were strange and confusing: signs of great evil but also of great good, of new friends and allies against the monsters. But also of new monsters, worse than ever before.

It was decided that these visitors would be treated well, in the hopes that their secrets would be revealed. Wanchese was to go among them, to befriend them and win their trust.

The wasichu made barter with the natives. In those days, the Pure Ones were wise and knew well the ways of Grandmother. The wolf-changers did not rule over them; they made their own decisions, unless they endangered other people. But the Pure Ones had perhaps lived too long in Grandmother's grace. They trusted too well the promises of friendship given them by the Wyrm-tainted men from across the sea. In the spirit of friendship, Granganimeo, the brother of the natives' chieftain, promised to send one of his tribe back with the newcomers so that he might see the lands across the sea. The chosen one's name was Manteo.

When Wanchese heard this news, he feared for his cousin Manteo and said he, too, would go to the land across the sea. Manteo was glad to have his cousin as traveling companion. But Manteo, and even Granganimeo, did not know that Wanchese was of the wolf-changers' blood.

It was with heavy heart and regret that Wanchese left, but he went also with the many blessings of his tribe. He was especially sad, however, to leave his charge, Little Fox, who howled his goodbye from the woods as the ships left.

It was not an easy journey for a wolf-changer, so long accustomed to running wild and free. There was nowhere to run on the ship. The Croatan were tied to the earth. They needed land. But Wanchese was now surrounded by water everywhere. It was one thing to take a fishing trip in a canoe — but for days on end? No wonder these humans so easily came to follow the Horned Serpent's ways.

Grandmother gives us much strength, but not even Wanchese could withstand the coming and going of the sea for long. He took sick for days. His cousin, Manteo, learned the wasichu words well, and taught them to Wanchese. But they were strange words, and Wanchese had trouble understanding them. Finally, after many days, they arrived at the strangers' home across the sea.

They were introduced to the leaders of the wasichu tribes, Sir Raleigh and the Queen. But Wanchese hated it. All about was the work of Iktomi, the Mad Spider we also call the Weaver. The Wyld was hardly to be seen. But everywhere, hidden yet overpowering in stench, was the Horned Serpent — the Wyrm. It maddened Wanchese and made him feel trapped. He had to get out, to hunt down the Wyrm and confront it.

So he left his hosts and went out to see their village, to see their people. He was even more appalled. They lived in filth. They never bathed. And they cursed at each other, and killed one another for coins. Wanchese had enough. Were there no wolf-changers here to defend these people? No heroes to protect them from the Wyrm? He swore to track down the Enemy and fight it himself.

But the native wolf-changers did not like this. Two of the Silver Fangs tribe attacked him in the street. Although they dressed in fine clothing and looked like great chieftains of their people, they treated Wanchese badly. They beat him with silver — a metal he had never seen before, for he knew not the dangerous side of the Moon and the metal she had made to tame the wolf-changers.

They warned him against entering their territory without giving proper respect and left him to bleed. It was then that one of the Bone Gnawers came forth from hiding and aided Wanchese, binding his wounds and apologizing for his lords' behavior. His name was William Wythers, and he had more virtue than all his lords together.

Long they stayed into the night speaking of each other's Ways. They spoke in the wolf tongue when they did not understand each other's words, and so discovered that it was a common language for them. Wanchese was pleased to find that not all the wolf-changers of England were as bad as the Silver Fangs he had met. But he knew there was a dark cloud over the land. Wythers begged him to tell stories of his home and people, and this Wanchese was very glad to do.

Wanchese and Manteo stayed the winter in England. Manteo thrilled the English with tales of his home. Soon, many wanted to live there. In early spring, the English sent to the Pure Lands many ships bearing many colonists. Wanchese seethed with inner anger. But he could do nothing, for he was alone. His new wolf-changer friends — who called themselves Garou — could not stop the ships, for other powers wanted the vessels to go.

But finally Wanchese came home! He prayed to the spirits to forgive him, for he was sorry to bring with him so many enemies. Wanchese had thought and thought, but no plan had come to him on how to stop the colonists. He knew what he had to do, as he stood on his home soil again for the first time in many moons. He would have to quest in the Ghost World for the answer.

Journey for Deliverance

Wanchese met with Little Fox, grown bigger in the seasons Wanchese had been gone. Little Fox begged to come with him on his quest, and Wanchese accepted, proud that the young Wendigo was so brave.

Manteo was greeted warmly by King Wingina, the chieftain of the natives. The colonists were to be given land on which to build their village, and the natives would trade them corn and show them how to plant.

So, Wanchese and Little Fox gathered their things for a long journey and bid farewell to Manteo, who was lost to them, having become enamored of Weaver-things and ways of the wasichu.

Not far from their home village, they met another wolf-changer, the fabled Old Red Eagle of the Uktena tribe — Older Brother — who had come from his home far to the west after omens and visions told him that he was needed here. He had seen a great evil on Roanoke Island, a mystic evil which only Old Red Eagle could defeat.

He told Wanchese and Little Fox to continue their journey, for it was their people's only hope. He swore to look after their people while they were gone, and to investigate the evil he had seen in dreams.

Wanchese and Little Fox came to the sacred river, an auspicious place to begin a spirit journey. Staring into the pure waters, they sought the light which hid within, the light which shone from the Ghost World, the world of spirit. Seeing it, they moved toward it and passed from our world.

Many days and nights they hunted throughout the Ghost World for a dream, a vision, to guide them. A vision to lead their people from danger and the Wyrm. They met Uktena, a spirit of ancient wisdom from before the wolf-changers' time, the spirit who was totem to Older Brother.

"Ah, the Croatan and Wendigo wolf-changers, brothers to my children," Uktena said, inviting them over to the stream by which he sat.

"We were wary of you at first," Wanchese said. "My people say to stay away from Uktena. They say you are weird and unpredictable. But I see it is not so."

"I am glad you see truly. Because you are the younger brothers of my children, I now grant you my wisdom, which is never wrong. Ask me a question."

"White people have come to our tribes' lands. They bring Iktomi's insane creations with them, and the stink of the Horned Serpent. How can I drive them away so that they never return?"

"Ah, the Hungry Ones. I have seen them before. They are never satisfied. Always eating. They eat the food till it is all gone and still they hunger. They eat the trees and shit them out as their villages. They even eat the rocks to shit out stronger villages. And still they want more. They are possessed by a hungry spirit.

"The Eater-of-Souls has laid its eggs deep in their guts, and it demands to be fed. And they listen to it. Rather than purge the beast from their souls, they serve it. But they do not know this, for it is insidious. It is the Horned Serpent. You cannot heal their hurt. You cannot solve their hunger. Only by slaying the beast will they be free. And they cannot slay what they will not recognize."

"But how will I kill such a creature?" Wanchese cried. "It has no home. It is everywhere! What claws can strike it? What spear can gut it?"

"Its own evil can be its undoing," Uktena replied. "Unknown to you, a wasichu of power is already here. He works with cousins of yours to summon the beast himself, the Great Devourer. If they succeed, then all our lands and people will be eaten. These cousins were lost to your kind long ago in a pit in the ground. It will be blood which summons the Devourer. Blood spilled in hate. The blood of kin. So says my Wisdom."

"Old Red Eagle's dream!" Little Fox cried. "The evil he saw!"

Wanchese and Little Fox knew they had to return as fast as they could. They thanked Uktena for his advice, and he wished them well. But, as they ran through the ghost woods, in the path before them was a turtle lying on its back, dead. Wanchese cried out, for he knew it was a bad omen. Turtle was the totem of his tribe. It could only mean that someone had died.

They returned too late. They came back to find their families dead, their Kin slaughtered by the wasichu. Wanchese howled his rage to the night: "I will be avenged! No more will I play the games of peace — I walk the path of war! Beware, children of Jipijka'm, I come for you! When you sense terrors in the woods at night, it will be me, come to hunt you. Lock yourselves away, for any of you that wander loose are mine!"

Wanchese was crazed with anger. All hope in his heart for leading the wasichu away had gone. Now he wanted only to kill them. To kill them all.

His people held a grand moot, and wolf-changers came from all over to lend power to Wanchese's terrible rite. He would awaken the chaos of the world, the destructive powers of nature. He sought to summon the force of the Wyld into a storm so fierce that the wasichu would die of fear.

It took days to raise such power, but it came. It came at Wanchese's bidding, filled with his anger. And it began to destroy. A terrible storm unlike any seen there before.

An Englishman named Drake had arrived with many ships to take some colonists back to England. Because of the horrible storms and the now-hostile natives, all the colonists, including Manteo, chose to leave. Many died just getting to the ships. Once all were aboard, they left. Wanchese swore that he would never allow them to return.

But what of Old Red Eagle? Where had he been during the killing? Old Red Eagle had been watching the colonists for some time, spying on them as both a Native and a wolf. His dreams told him the identity of his enemy, a wasichu of power who knew strange magics. Old Red Eagle went to him one night and smelled the Wyrm. He knew he had to stop the wizard's magics before the man could complete them. The dreams told that the wizard was trying to summon the Eater-of-Souls, just as Uktena had said.

The wizard had a gourd of Wyrm ichor — the terrible, poisonous blood of the Horned Serpent itself. He threw this weapon at Old Red Eagle and hurt him badly, nearly killing him. But Old Red Eagle slew the man before he could get away.

He looked about the odd little hut and saw many secrets there, secrets the Uktena-People have never since

revealed. Secrets which were terrifying. He burned that place and crawled away to heal for many days, such was the hurt the wizard had put upon him. That is why he could do nothing to stop the massacre.

But why did the wasichu attack the natives? It was hunger. They were running out of food. They did not have time to plant enough of their own, so they relied on the food given them by the natives. But they had eaten too much. The natives could not give them any more.

The leader of the wasichu said that the natives were planning to attack them. But he made this up. He wanted to attack them and get their food. Still, his people believed his lies. They went to feed their hungry souls on the blood of others.

Again, They Come

After time had passed, more ships came. Among their passengers was William Wythers, the Bone Gnawer Wanchese had met in England. He came to escape the squalor of his home. Unknown to him, the tainted tribe, the Black Spiral Dancers, had also come. The summoning of their master had not taken place as they had expected, thanks to Old Red Eagle, so they came to try again.

The wasichu began to rebuild their village and prepare for their new lives. Since arriving, they had seen no natives. Even Manteo wondered where his brothers were. Manteo was soon baptized as a Christian. He was made Lord of Roanoke under his new master, Sir Walter Raleigh. He was now more English than native.

But there was hunger again. Their food supplies would not last them the winter. They demanded that John White, their leader, return to England to bring more supplies. This idea was put forward by the Black Spiral Dancers, who lived among them. They did not need magic to make the wasichu think that way; they just convinced them with lies. With John White gone, their plans could go forward.

John White bid farewell to his family. He was never to see them again. He was a good man, even though he could not control the evil among his people. Perhaps if he had stayed, things would have been different.

Now, the Black Spiral Dancers were in charge. William Wythers began to suspect the evil hidden among his people. It was too late. The evil dogs convinced the people that starvation would come unless the colonists took the food of the natives again. They made a plan to attack the Indian village that night.

The Black Spiral Dancers did not realize that there was another wolf-changer among them. They made their plans believing no one among the English knew their secret. Before the attack that night, William sneaked away to warn Wanchese.

When Wanchese heard of the plan, he told William to let the English come. He and his tribemates would be ready for them. Wanchese and Little Fox summoned the other Croatan Garou from the nearby tribes, and they sent their Kinfolk in the village away to stay with a friendly tribe until the troubles were over. Then, they waited for the attack.

The English came and shot down the natives. Once they had fallen, the wasichu cheered. But their cheers became cries of terror as the fallen rose again, this time in the battle shape of wolf-changers, their wounds already gone. This time, it was the wasichu who were massacred. Two Black Spiral Dancers fell screaming, but the third of their number escaped, using trickery to cover his tracks.

Wanchese knew that, until he was found, their troubles would not be over. He began the hunt, but the trail was full of falsehoods. Finally, Wanchese found the enemy at the wizard's burned hut. The Black Spiral Dancer had begun an evil rite. He had taken Manteo captive and used him as a shield against Wanchese.

Manteo saw Wanchese and knew then that his cousin was a wolf-changer. He begged Wanchese to free him from the evil being. Wanchese frowned in anger, because he hated Manteo for becoming like the wasichu. Wanchese knew the rite had to be stopped, so he drew his bow. Crying "Traitor!" to Manteo, he released his arrow, which went through Manteo and struck the Black Spiral Dancer behind him.

Manteo fell, a look of confusion on his face. Why had his own cousin killed him? Corn stalks, twisted, horrible ones, grew forth from the ground around the dead bodies of Manteo and the Black Spiral Dancer.

Old Red Eagle arrived and realized what had happened. "You have spilled the blood of your kin, Wanchese. Now we will all pay the price."

"What do you speak of? Manteo was in the way! He chose to become one of them!"

"One of what? A human being? One who befriended strangers? He was your Kin, and you were warned against this act."

"My... anger. It consumed me."

"And now it will consume us all. The Eater-of-Souls is coming."

It had begun. No one could stop Jipijka'm now. It was hungry for the new lands, the Pure Lands. Old Red Eagle told the others to return to their village to plan a way of fighting this monster. He put a ward behind them to keep the hungry one from growing, but he knew it would do no good.

The Eater-of-Soul's body was growing, feeding off the ground. It tried to grow corn in hopes of attracting hungry natives, but nobody was stupid enough to fall for that. The creature's mockery of nature was disgusting to behold. Some warriors tried to fight it, but it ate them. After that, Old Red Eagle told them all not to go near it until they could figure out a plan.

Wanchese was lost to himself, consumed with guilt over what he had done. No one knew how to bring him out of his dark depression, which William had called Harano. He said that many Garou where he came from got like this at times, no longer able to fight Grandmother's battles.

But it was not Harano that gripped Wanchese. He was thinking, thinking hard on how to stop the evil set free by his anger. And Uktena came to him once more.

"It is hungry, Wanchese, and will not go away until it has been fed. But what can feed such a thing? It is hunger itself. The Eater-of-Souls."

"I will feed myself to it, so that it will be full!"

"Do you think your soul is big enough to feed the hunger of all evil? How arrogant! No, Wanchese, all of you together must satiate the beast... All of you...."

"All of us... the entire tribe! We must all feed the beast!"

Wanchese gathered his tribe together and told them of his vision and his realization: The entire tribe had to sacrifice itself in a grand rite to drive the beast from the world. Only in such a sacrifice would the creature be satiated. Only willing souls could feed it. The tribe cheered. Such a glorious sacrifice would make their names live forever! Tribe members from all over were summoned, and many came by Moon Bridge for the great rite. The Uktena and Wendigo were not invited. Only the Croatan would be allowed to sacrifice themselves so, for did not the other brothers need to survive to tend Grandmother's Pure Lands?

Old Red Eagle was not convinced. He believed Wanchese had misread his vision. But Old Red Eagle could not figure out Uktena's words himself, so he could do nothing.

The gathering of the tribe brought many Garou together who had long been apart. Many new friends were made. Legendary heroes came. There was Oakbreaker, Favored-of-the-Moon, Crafty Bow and even Killer Boy. Together, they believed Jipijka'm did not stand a chance against them.

The growing Horned Serpent Person got a lot bigger in a very little while. Things came out of its mouth and crawled around. Pieces broke off and ran away into the woods. It got so bad that everyone knew the time had come. Action had to be taken. The rite *had* to begin.

They gathered in the wasichu's village, ready to die for Wanchese's vision. But Wanchese did not want Little Fox to be a part of their fight. Deep down, he knew they might lose, and he could not stand the thought of losing Little Fox.

"Little Fox, I want you to go with Old Red Eagle. He is performing an important part of the rite back in our village. I need you to guard him and make sure he succeeds."

"But I want to be here and fight with you!" Little Fox pleaded.

"No. You must guard Old Red Eagle. Now go."

Perhaps it was the blindness of youth and his love for Wanchese, but Little Fox did not realize that he was being sent away from the battle for good. He did not know he would never see Wanchese again. Youth always believes in another day.

And so began the final battle of the Croatan. They knew they would die. But they believed their souls would live on in the Ghost World with their ancestors. This was the Way of things. Why believe otherwise?

Mighty were the Croatan's powers, given to them by the Earthbearer. Hard as stone were their skins, and their howls could cause the earth to shake, opening chasms for their enemies to tumble into.

But they were not mighty enough. What can stand before the Eater-of-Souls itself and survive? Yet, strangely, as Wanchese, the last of the Croatan, went down and his soul was devoured, the creature was sated for perhaps the first time since its beginnings. It crawled into the darkest corner of its own world, the Abyss of nothingness, and slept, never to enter this world directly again.

Many years later, John White was finally able to return. He found no one and no sign of his family. Nothing except for a carving on a tree: "Croatan." The area was wracked by powerful storms, fiercer than any white had seen before, and he was forced to leave.

Wanchese had succeeded. The creature was driven from the Pure Lands. Or so it seemed, at first.

Old Red Eagle had finished his rite, protecting the village and the lands nearby so that the evil could not escape the Croatan's assault.

"It is done," Old Red Eagle said. "The rite is completed. Our vigil is over."

"Then I must join Wanchese!" Little Fox cried, running into the woods. "Wanchese! I am coming!"

He came to the burned ground where the Croatan had died, and he stood over the remains of Wanchese's body. Tears streamed from Little Fox's eyes.

"There was nothing we could do," Old Red Eagle said. "Wanchese had to follow his vision...."

Little Fox, baring his fangs, turned on Old Red Eagle. "This is your fault! You kept me away! If I had been here, I could have saved him!"

"That is not true. Your anger speaks for you."

"Traitor! Older Brother is a traitor! No more will Little Brother listen to him!" And he ran, leaving Old Red Eagle alone, bent and leaning on his cane.

Ya-o-gah sighed and spoke: "And since that time, Little Brother has spurned the wisdom of Older Brother, for Little Fox's tale spread far and wide, and many felt his anger and believed that they had been betrayed.

"But Older Brother now feared Little Brother also, for they believed that the evil had not been destroyed, but that a piece of it was taken up by the grief of Little Fox, eating at his heart and spreading to all his people. This is the reason, they say, that the Wendigo-People hunger for revenge, and they whisper that even the Wendigo-People's totem has taken some of the taint, and eats not just the hearts of his enemies but the hearts of good people, too."

Da-jo-ji frowned at the old man but said nothing in reply. After a moment, Da-jo-ji commenced speaking:

They Come in Many Numbers

The Great Spirit gave this great island to his red children. He placed the wasichu on the other side of the big water. They were not contented with their own, but came to take ours from us. They have driven us from the sea to the lakes — we can go no farther.

— Tecumseh

The wasichu came again, more and more of them, and they brought disease, war and greed with them. They brought the Wyrm-taint within them, although the Horned Serpent himself could not walk these lands again for many, many years, so great was the Croatan sacrifice. The Eater-of-Souls still slumbers, spreading its evil only in dreams — but potent dreams for anyone too weak to resist them.

With many lies, the wasichu took everything from our Kin. They swore oaths and then freely broke them. Their word was no good, not just for our Kin but for all peoples — the animal people, the plant people, everyone.

Too many to count were the wars we waged against these invaders and the Horned Serpent People who came with them. Too many were those we lost, from our own people and from our Kin.

The wasichu have invented a number to count the people of our Kin who lived here before they came. It is wrong, and even they know it. They cannot accept the horror of what they did, the many they killed, not just with bullets but with disease.

All the attempts to stand against these wasichu were useless. Great bravery did our Kin show, but it came to so little.

Shogecka Hunter Moon became a great *ogimauh*, a War Chief, after Tecumseh fell fighting. For many years, she fought against the wasichu and the Horned Serpent Beings that hid among them. Never did she put down her hatchet and bow, never did she accept peace from them. She died a warrior's death, and we honor her memory still.

Her rage is renowned among us. Why did it burn so hot? I will tell you. It was because of the murdered women and children, killed by hunger, or frozen to death, or shot as they ran. It was because the wasichu cut off our Kinswomen's breasts and played catch with them. It was because of all these wrongs and more that she raged.

The wasichu's crimes were numberless, but even worse were the deeds of the Horned Serpent Beings. They hunted down spirits and killed many Animal Elders, whose people in this world then slowly died, never to be born again. They murdered the trees and wounded the land itself, tearing vast gouges out of the soil on Turtle's back. And when they could dig no more soil, they dug into his shell itself to steal the metals he hid there.

They planted the lust for these things into the wasichu, who then broke all their promises and stole more land so they could rape the earth for these treasures.

And still they do these things. When will they stop? Only when we kill them all. Only after every one of them is dead will the earth again be safe. They must die for what they have done!"

"No!" Ne-o-ga said. "You have introduced rage into the song we sing! You have made bitterness part of the world."

"I tell only what is already there!" Da-jo-ji cried, rising to his feet. "I speak of what was done. And still I do not tell all the crimes! If I were to speak truly what is in my heart, and in the hearts of the many who are now ghosts begging for revenge, then I would not even have begun to chant the evil that has been done to us! Tell me not to silence our pain! It must be known!"

"I do not deny the sorrow," Ne-o-ga said, likewise rising, with tears in her eyes. "But I beg that we may put aside vengeance and seek peace. I beg that we forgive the wrongs done us without forgetting them. We must tell them! Only in this way will others understand and themselves put aside the ways of war."

Da-jo-ji looked to the fair maiden, and his anger left him. Her tears fell like rain and a pool grew beneath her, sliding across the wooden floor and into the fire, creating steam which rose up to the hole in the ceiling and reached the sky. Outside, the sound of rain could be heard, hitting the roof and trees.

Taken-From-Fire watched in wonder at the magics of his hosts.

"Still your gentle rain, Ne-o-ga," Da-jo-ji said, sitting down. "I will speak no more of rage. But I will tell the rest of the tale as it must be told..."

The Six Worlds Become One

We make a road for spirits,
For the spirits to pass over.
Among us are three hunters
Who chase a bear;
There was never a time
When they were not hunting.
We look down on the mountains.
This is the Song of the Stars.

— Micmac song translated by Charles Leland, *Algonquian Legends of New England*

We were pressed hard on many sides. While we lived in this world, we had allies in many other worlds: the World Beneath the Earth, the World Beneath the Water, the World Above the Earth, the World Above the Sky and the Ghost World. Many terrible things were happening there.

The wasichu brought Weaver powers with them. As they came, so came the spiders who remade much that Grandmother had made. We could not understand this, for Iktomi, the Spider, was once a holy being who made the good things in the world. But now, she made too much and would not allow things to be as they should be.

Kwakwadjec the Wolverine had success against her, for he is always unpredictable, but even he could not stop her. Neither could Raven or Hare. Whiskey Jack found some of her weaknesses for us, but even he could not trick her into behaving.

Iktomi had fallen under the power of the Horned Serpent and was controlled by it. Iktomi wove a blanket to cover this world, to keep people from going to the other worlds. No matter how many holes that Kwakwadjec burned into the blanket or that Raven pecked, it always sealed up again. The other wolf-changers call it the Gauntlet.

We soon found that our allies in these other worlds could not come to our aid. What's more, they cried for our help, for the Horned Serpent knew how to lift the blanket and walk where he willed.

We traveled far in these other worlds to help our allies, but it always took us too far from our own world, the Earth World.

Soon, these other worlds died and joined the Ghost World — they became places of spirit only, where nobody real lived anymore. It was hard to get there, and the Ghost World's people were confused, their lands now scattered far from each other and lost. Only the Moon knows how to find them all now, for she still shines there where the Sun can no longer go, for he is not yet dead. The Moon, though, has always walked the paths of the living and the dead.

Our Selfish Brothers and Sisters

It was not only the wasichu who brought trouble to the Wendigo-People. Wolf-changers from other tribes came also, following their Kin among the wasichu.

They took land wherever they willed, ignoring the rights of those who lived there before they came. So desperate were they for caerns and pure places that they cared not the cost of gaining them, no matter the blood spilled or hate earned.

The wolf-changers hurt our hearts worse than any monster that had plagued us before. How could our brothers and sisters act so? How could they be so ignorant of Grandmother's ways? If the Wyrm could do this to them, then how could we hope to win against it? Was this our fate also? To become mean and selfish?

While the wasichu marched against our Kin, the Garou marched against us. Some we befriended, but there were always more who ignored our brotherhood and took by claw what they could not have otherwise. While we fought the Horned Serpent Beings that now walked the Six Worlds, our lands were taken from us, our caerns turned to selfish purpose.

We lost hope. Even Wendigo could not help us, as great as his rage was. He kept the worst of the Horned Serpent People away, for they feared the purifying ice of the North, but he could not stop the wasichu.

And then a Way was revealed to us, one which might bring back all we had lost....

Wana'ghi Wa'chipi: The Ghost Dance

The sacred pipe tells me — E'yahe'eye!
The sacred pipe tells me — E'yahe'eye!
Our father — Yahe'eye!
Our father — Yahe'eye!
We shall surely be put again (with our friends) — E'yahe'eye!
We shall surely be put again (with our friends) — E'yahe'eye!
Our father — E'yahe'eye!
Our father — E'yahe'eye!
—"Se'icha Hei'ta'wuni'na" (Arapaho Ghost Dance Song)

Da-jo-ji was silent. His turn to speak was done. Now all the elders looked to Ne-o-ga, who smiled and began to speak:

There came among our Kin a prophet, one who was given a vision by Grandmother. He was Wovoka and spoke of a new way, a ceremony of peace and balance which would restore all that was lost to us and cleanse the evil from wasichu hearts. He had a dance which, if practiced by enough people, would heal the world.

His ceremony, called Nänigükwa, spread to many. When the Horned Serpent People heard of it, they became afraid. They knew it had power and could break them. So, they whispered lies to the wasichu, who grew afraid themselves. They thought the dance was unholy and was a means to get revenge for all they had done to the natives.

Indeed, among those who had suffered cruelly, Wovoka's dance became a rally of vengeance, a way to bring back the dead and abolish the wasichu from the land, drive them back to their own homes across the Great Waters. Because the rite called upon the ancestors and beckoned them back to the world, it was called Wana'ghi Wa'chipi, the Ghost Dance.

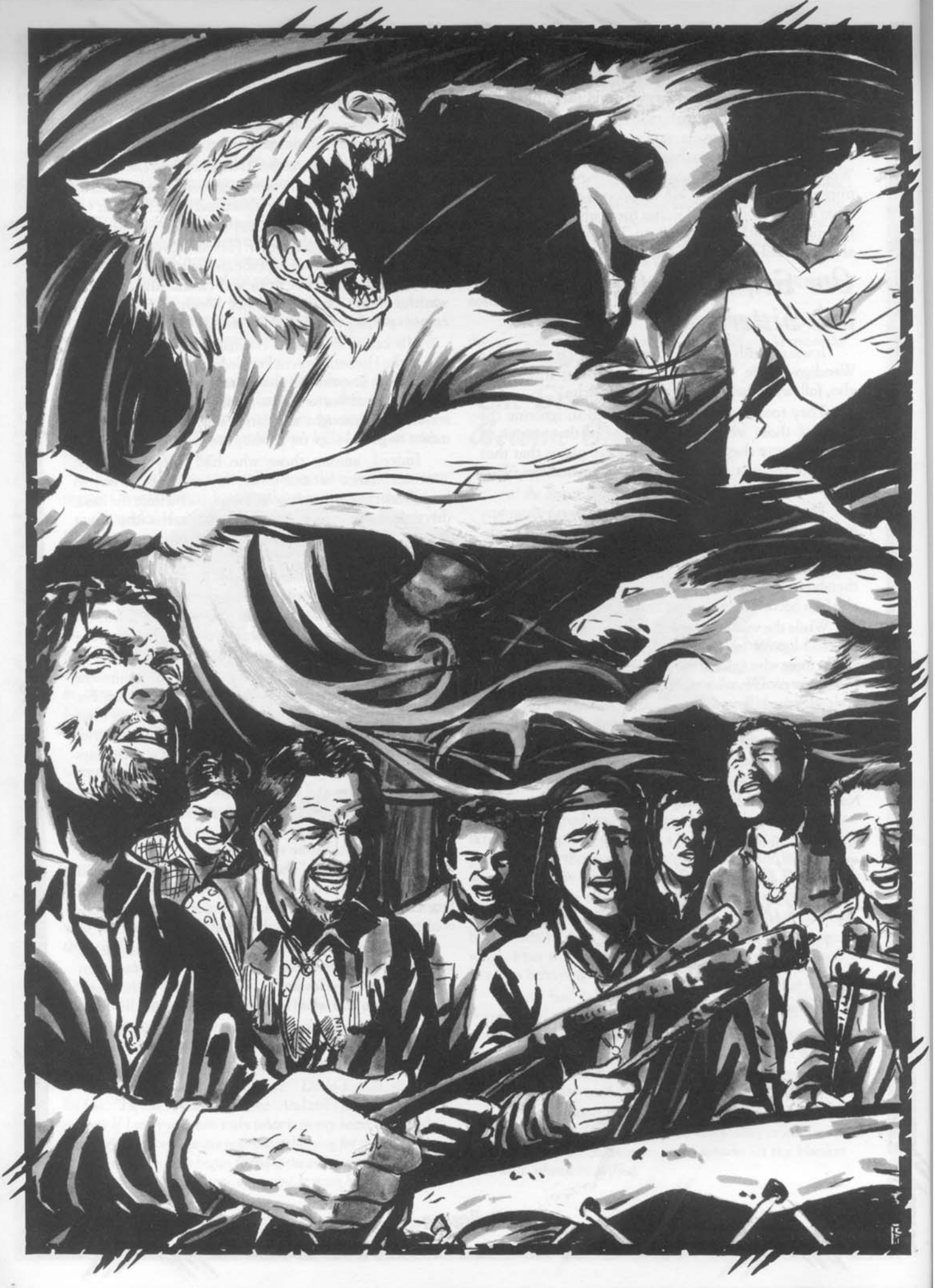
The Wendigo-People heard of this rite and practiced it themselves. They realized that it was not just a Way for humans, but a dance that all must participate in — the spirits, the animal people — everyone.

It was not just a ceremony, but a lifetime commitment to treasure and honor the past and to work for its return. For the Wendigo-People, it became the means to preserve what was lost, to build, with the aid of spirits of the Ghost World, a caern in the hearts of all the people, so that their ways would never be lost.

In such a way, the Wendigo-People gave their greatest treasures and secrets over to the spirits, so that no matter how many wolf-changers were killed and no matter how many generations passed before new ones were born, their ways would not be forgotten. The spirits would cherish them and keep them safe. When the wolf-changers of the Earth World forgot their ways, the spirits would return, or summon the wolf-changers to them, and teach them their Ways anew.

In this manner, the Wendigo-People remain mightiest of all wolf-changer tribes, for they have not forgotten Grandmother's first lessons to them, and they still remember the Dawn, and what was and shall be again.

We will now speak of these Ways, so that you, Taken-From-Fire, can return them to your people.



Chapter Two: Peta-owihankeshni (Fire of No End)

It was the wind that gave them life. It is the wind that comes out of our mouths now that gives us life. When this ceases to blow we die. In the skin of our fingers we can see the trail of the wind; it shows us where the wind blew when our ancestors were created.

— Washington Matthews, *Navajo Legends*

The Ways

Ne-o-ga continued speaking:

The Wendigo live in a sacred manner in all things they do. They are blessed by Grandmother with much Power, and they must respect this gift, for they have a purpose, to protect Grandmother's ways.

Everything has meaning, every act and every being. To take something and use it is to take what belongs to another, whether it be a stone in the river or the body of another being. To take without giving thanks is wrong. To do so many times is to become like the wasichu, ignorant of the beings around them. They think they are alone, but they have made themselves that way. Now, all beings fear them.

The Wendigo know much of fear, for they cause it in the hearts of their enemies and those who do wrong, those who refuse to walk in a sacred manner.

How does one know the sacred? It is hard to learn it in the Earth World now. Iktomi has hidden so much meaning, and now so many of the sacred beings who taught the Ways live only in the Ghost World. The spirits must come from the Ghost World to visit and teach. But it takes much power to do so, and thus, only the deserving are so visited. It is the duty of every Wendigo cub to seek such beings and beg them to come. This we call the Vision Quest.

Hanblecheyapi (Crying for a Vision)

They are sending a voice to me.
From the place where the sun goes down.
— Black Elk, "The Sacred Pipe"

Soon after a cub's Firsting, she must begin a fast for eight to ten days, blackening her face so that the spirits can see her and know that she calls them. She must retreat to a place in the wilderness and stay in that place until a spirit comes and gives her a vision of her purpose, her mission for Grandmother.

Some cubs enter the Ghost World and seek visions there, but this way is very bad, for the Horned Serpent can walk there and take the cub. If the rite is performed in the Earth World, then the Horned Serpent must use power to come to her, to answer her call.

A visitation by such a spirit is a bad omen, for other spirits will stay away from one so chosen. The Horned Serpent spirit cannot take the cub, and instead must request that she come to it. Sometimes, if a spirit takes pity upon her, it will intervene and go to the meeting instead, killing the bad spirit and freeing the cub from its influence.

If the answering spirit is good, it will show the cub a vision of her purpose, usually in the form of a dream. Thus, the cub will know her *ordinnonk*, the secret wish of her soul. This dream must then be fulfilled or else the cub will eventually lose her power. It may take years to follow such a dream, but to ignore it is to invite evil upon the world. Grandmother means for each of us to do a task; if it is not done, then Her intent cannot be complete, and all will suffer.

A Sacred Manner

A voice I will send with my dance. Hear me!
The land, hear me!
A voice I am sending from all over.
Hear me and I will live!
— Young warriors' fourth-day chant at Sun Dance

There are many rituals which inform us of Grandmother's intent and the intentions of the spirits. In this way, we may do what is right and honor our allies, so that they may come to our aid when we need them most.

Inipi (Sweat Lodge)

It is hard to live in this world now, for the Horned Serpent has corrupted it. We can become tainted by fighting the Horned Serpent, even by walking near it. Thus, we must often purify ourselves.

To do so, we have many methods. The most common is one our human Kin use, the sweat lodge. This is a tipi, tent or lodge in which we place heated rocks and pour water upon them, creating steam which reaches within us and draws forth impurities. With the aid of sage and cedar, powerful cleansing spirits, all the taint within us is removed. The rocks are heated outside by the *Peta-owihankeshni*, the Fire of No End.

While we sit in the lodge, we pray and ask the manitous for guidance. If our need is great, they will come, telling us what we must do or how to act. If the place where the lodge is held is powerful, such as a caern, they may even appear before us and show us how to perform new rites.

The Snow Walk

Another means of purifying ourselves is through the Snow Walk. This is for the Wendigo-People only, for it would kill our human Kin. When a Wendigo leaves for a Snow Walk, he goes forth across the barren ice of the North, with no food or wood. He must live only with his own power for a number of days.

We must take the wolf form for this rite, because it is the best for survival. If the wolf-changer is lucky, Great Wendigo or a Wind-spirit will send a storm. The hail of snow or ice will purify the wolf-changer, although it is hard to withstand. It may sap one's power greatly, but if done in a sacred manner, it cleanses and empowers the wolf-changer even more.

Indeed, so powerful is it that many undergo the rite before making a dangerous raid against the Wyrm.

Wiwanyag Wa'chipi (Sun Dance)

The bear said, "I want you to cut off one of my ears, and hang it in a thong at your side. This is the way you should be in the Sun Dance." The dream ended there. Later, I found a dead bear, cut off the ear, and wear it now in the Sun Dance. No bullet can kill me. This is true. I never tell lies. That's the way I like to be.
— Tudy Roberts, Shoshone medicine man

Many of us follow the ways of our human Kin and perform the Sun Dance, a powerful request for guidance by Grandmother and Her spirits. The Sun Dance is a sacrifice that shows, through our pain and endurance, we have the patience and will to do what is right. The manitous respond only to those who have proved that they can outlast petty fears and weakening desires. If a Sun Dancer can perform the entire ceremony, she will be rewarded by the attention of the manitous, even if they do not immediately respond to the supplicant's prayers.

It is considered weak to perform a Sun Dance in any but one's breed form. To do otherwise is to use one's power. There is no sacrifice in this.

Moon Dance

The Moon gave the Wendigo-People a dance of their own, a means by which they could glean the secrets of the coming times and know the movements of their enemies.

The Moon Dance always begins on the night of the crescent moon, for it is a Theurge's dance, although any auspice may participate. The wolf-changers involved must enter the Ghost World and journey down the Moon Paths as they chant sacred songs and pray for the Moon's aid. If they walk the right path, the Moon responds by sending a

spirit to show them the future. Most often, these spirits are the Moon Feathers, the Lunes, who reveal what is to come in confusing glimpses or words.

Those who seek truly profound visions take silver knives with them and cut themselves as they chant, showing their bravery and need to the Moon. These ones are usually gifted with great dreams which, like all dreams, must be brought to reality in the Earth World.

Honoring Our Relations

When walking the Earth World, we give thanks to all its beings. The meat we eat is the body of another. The air we breathe is the breath of another, a spirit being. The ground we walk on rests upon Turtle, who bears our weight willingly and with honor.

We reward these beings and show our respect to them in many ways. Do not eat meat without leaving some for the spirits. Take a strip and bury it nearby, so that they may feast also. To show even more respect, give them the fat, the best part.

Even better, offer tobacco to the spirits, for it is the holiest of plants, given to us so that we may send our prayers to them in its smoke. Leave small pinches where you walk, where the spirits have shown you favor or where you wish them to walk. The evil spirits of the Horned Serpent cannot stand tobacco; while it will not drive them away, it will make them uncomfortable.

Wherever you go and in whatever act you engage, ask for help and offer it in return. In such a way, the spirits will reward you and your people.

Our Power is Rage

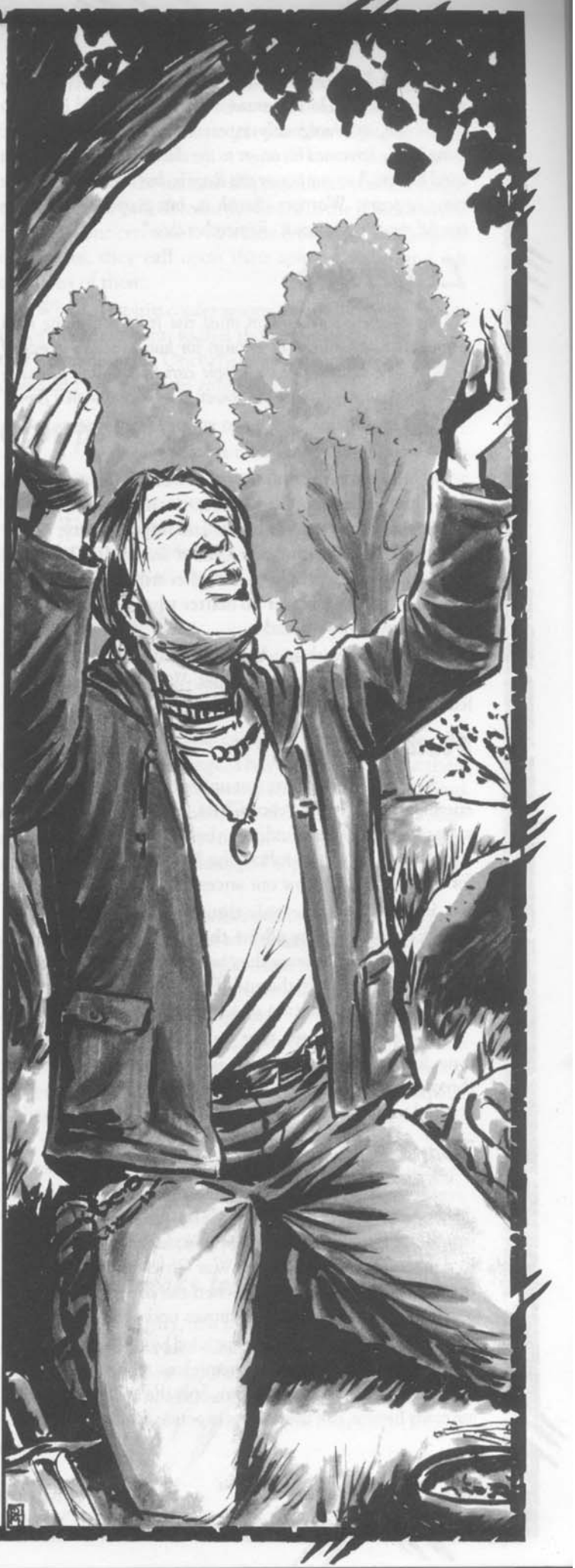
angry ones rise
feeding the beast
all aggression is justified
and the beast grows
— John Trudell, *Stickman*

Ne-o-ga smiled and sat down, while Da-jo-ji, a darker smile on his face, looked at Taken-From-Fire.

"Within you is great power," he said. "You are a wolf-changer, and your anger alone can destroy enemies. Other tribes fear this power and try to rid themselves of it. Yes — it can hurt us, too! But it gives us strength where before was defeat. It gives us the will to fight our enemies even when all else is lost. Without it, we would have died of our sorrow long ago. It moves us onward, our Rage which is power, and directs us against our enemies."

"And our friends, at times," Ya-o-gah said, looking into Taken-From-Fires' eyes. "This power, this great anger, blinds us. When we are under its control, we cannot tell right from wrong, and even instinct fails us. All we heed is destruction. When directed against true foes, it is a good power indeed. But when aimed at our loved ones, it is a curse."

Da-jo-ji scowled. "Yes, yes, this is true. But why dwell on such things? Exalt this gift you have! Without it, you could not change shapes, and you would forever walk as a human. Is that what you want?"



Taken-From-Fire was about to answer when O-yan-do-ne interrupted. "Do not answer Da-jo-ji. He was always a rageful one, and thus greatly respects what he has in abundance. Long has he screamed his anger to the skies, and he calls a harsh wind to him. A strong power this Rage is, but one with which we must be wary. Warriors cherish it, but people of peace are careful never to waken it. Remember this."

Leadership

Somewhere a good man must rise from the young ones among us... it will not be enough for him to speak words of wisdom if he cannot give the people ears to hear and hearts to make them strong against the power of the white man's favor.

— Crazy Horse's father to young Crazy Horse

O-yan-do-ne continued to speak:

We do not believe, as the other wolf-changer tribes do, that a being is born to lead; that honor must be earned. To become a chief is a great honor and responsibility; others will not follow someone who cannot lead well. This is the problem with the people of the other tribes: They believe they must follow a leader no matter what happens and no matter how badly he leads.

It is not so with us. A chief leads because he attracts followers, not because he is chief. We have two forms of leadership: the Peace Chief and the War Chief.

Peace Chief

In times when we are not under direct attack from our enemies, we follow a Peace Chief, one who is wise in the ways of living and can guide us to best follow Grandmother's Ways. Most often, we follow the Philodox in these times, for they know best how our ancestors lived.

Peace Chiefs rule only through wisdom and reputation. Even when they advise things others do not want, they are followed because they have proved in the past that their wisdom is true in the end. They see further than most, and can halt hasty action or anger with calm words.

It is rare, however, that we follow a Peace Chief for long, for our people are always in danger. When a caern is threatened, the people follow a War Chief who can best counsel violence.

War Chief

A War Chief has proved herself a warrior, one who does not act stupidly or because she desires glory. People would not long follow such a person, for a fool puts others in danger needlessly. A good War Chief risks danger and the lives of her warriors only when the need is great, such as when the Horned Serpent moves upon the land.

It is often the case that a sept is led by a Peace Chief, but that many willingly pledge themselves to a favored War Chief's quest or mission. This way, only the willing, ones who are ready for war, risk themselves in action against the enemy.

As we have learned in the past, we must not all go to fight the Horned Serpent as one, for if all die, then there is no one to defend the young or the caerns. Too many times have entire septs been wiped out on foolish war hunts which leave the sacred sites prey to Wyrm-taint.

War Chiefs must always be aware of such risks and choose their war parties wisely. Cubs not yet ready for the task must not be allowed to fight; they must stay behind to defend the caern. Their time will come someday; patience for now.

Those of High Renown

When no hunt or war is at hand, and all is well, many Wendigo still hunger to gain glory and to kill their enemies. When the wait becomes too great, a Wendigo often declares a quest or journey for some great deed and invites others to come with him — those who are brave enough.

These deeds may not always be for war: Some could be to search for a treasured fetish or to gain a secret from a spirit. Whatever the object of the quest, it is usually led by the one who called it, who declared his intent before others. However, those of higher renown do not always volunteer to follow one of lesser renown; only if the quest seems worthwhile does this happen. More often, those of high renown gather the lesser-hailed Wendigo and lead them on journeys or ceremonies.

Such missions, while often declared in haste or amid rage, do not always depart immediately. The wiser ones spend days or even weeks in preparation, using the time to gather food, to build canoes or weapons, and to pray to the manitous for guidance.

Lodge of the Manitou

Magic visions! Come, we urge you, come into us!
Bring with you happiness!
Come, to us, great visions!
— Chant from Pawnee Hako ceremony

When great matters involve the manitous, then it is the duty of a select group of shamans to guide us in such affairs. The Lodge of the Manitous meets under the crescent moon to divine the path we must take. This group is also called the Lodge of Mysteries, because its Theurges know many things which are kept secret from most people.

Perhaps someone among us has been selfish or mean; then the spirits may withdraw their aid, calling back their children so we may not hunt them. In some areas today, this matters little, for we can buy food from wasichu stores all year. But those who live the right life, who often eat what is gifted to them from the land and the Animal Elders, know that to anger the spirits is to gain bad luck and lose the spirits' support in trying times.

The Lodge determines how best to regain the good will of the spirits, by discovering why they are angry and what must be done to appease them. The Lodge usually demands that the transgressor travel to the spirit's home in the Ghost World to ask forgiveness and to give an offering. He who refuses such a task loses Renown, for he brings bad luck to all his people until his wrong has been righted.

But it is not just matters of appeasement that the Lodge engages in; they also foresee the future in the Jeesekum, the Shaking Tent ceremony. In a tent erected for the purpose of the rite, they call upon their spirit advisors and ask questions of them.

While the spirits confer among themselves, their sounds shake the whole tent, so that those outside become fearful that it may collapse. Once their answers are given, the tent calms and the Theurges emerge to tell us what will be.

Camps

Just as our human Kin have many societies in their tribes — warrior societies, police societies and more — so do the Wendigo-People have many camps. While these groups create many differences of opinion, we are united in our lineage, for we all come from Grandmother Earth.

The Warpath

On the warpath I give place to none;
with great unyielding courage I give my life.
— Lodgemaker's first-day chant at Sun Dance

Perhaps the strongest camp among our people, the Warpath seeks only revenge. They say otherwise, but their hearts are turned to vengeance, to repay their sufferings with violence. Thank the spirits that they turn their rage against the Horned Serpent, for when they do turn it against their own, the Wendigo-People suffer greatly, and many die.

Other wolf-changer tribes often insult the Warpath soldiers, and fights break out which can last for generations. Once war paint has been applied and an oath made, never can a Warpath wolf-changer leave the trail of violence until his oath has been completed.

Without them, however, our people would be worse off, for the Horned Serpent monsters become many in number, and they are hard to fight. But the Warpath soldiers are fierce, and even the Wyrm Beings quake to hear their war howls.

Indeed, when One Who Follows the Wyrm realizes that the Warpath is on the hunt for him, he almost always runs in fear, rather than fighting. In such a way are lost caerns rescued and our Kin protected.

Da-jo-ji Speaks for the Warpath

Yes, we are mighty, and the Horned Serpent People flee at our howls. None can stand before a band of Warpath soldiers — nothing can stop them from their task. Even death is but a delay. Those who counsel peace before us are cowards! Those who do not join us on the hunt will be known as weaklings!

The Ghost Dance

O-yan-do-ne continued, a smile now on her face:

Perhaps the wisest among us are those who follow the Ghost Dance, the rite which rescued our people from despair and returned our ways to us. When we first danced the Ghost Dance, spirits long gone returned to give us their lore, to tell us tales of ancestors long forgotten. They gave us these old ways and ceremonies and told us how to keep them alive.

And many of us follow them still. The Ghost Dancers believe that, should their traditions cease to be, should the young not claim them for their own, then the Earth World will truly die, and the Wendigo-People with it.

Many of the young believe that the Ghost Dancers are too strict, that they require everything to be done as it once was — even living in wilderness villages the way our people used to. But not all Ghost Dancers are that way — each behaves according to the ways the spirits revealed to her. For a sept in Alaska, these ways are different than for one in Quebec. But all septs are sure of one thing: These Ways must be followed, no matter what.

Ya-o-gah Speaks for the Ghost Dance

The Ghost Dance was our salvation. So many of the young were raised by wasichu in gray schools; they knew nothing of our ways. So few elders remained to teach them. But the Ghost Dance rites called spirit teachers from long ago to renew the wisdom, to bring it into the world again. We must always follow the Ways, and never let them be lost again.

The Sacred Hoop

O-yan-do-ne continued speaking:

There is another camp among us, one which speaks of beauty and youth, and brotherhood among all peoples. The members of the Sacred Hoop believe that the humans of many colors came over the Great Waters for a purpose, that they may be lost in spirit but Grandmother called them nonetheless. They are meant to live together, to become one people, regardless of their many ways.

More than any others of our tribe, the Sacred Hoop preachers walk among fellow wolf-changer tribes — especially with Older Brother Uktena — and aid us to work together against our enemies.

Their work is good and their hearts are wide. But many think that they are fools. The evidence of our own history shows us that the wasichu and others will not join us. Yet still the Sacred Hoop strives to bring us together.

Ne-o-ga Speaks for the Sacred Hoop

Grandmother is great and mysterious; She did not reveal all Her ways to us, and still She hides mysteries. One of these is the nature of Her human children, so alike yet so different. Although the Horned Serpent has told humans to fear one another, their own hearts tell them different. We must aid their hearts to speak for them — not only for the humans but for all people.

Gluskap's Lodge and Myeengun's Lodge

O-yan-do-ne again resumed speaking:

There are two more camps which deserve mention. They are curious ones, but also ones said to teach powerful new Ways. The first is Gluskap's Lodge, a gathering of Wendigo-People who teach the ways of the humans so we can know better our human Kin and the wasichu. The other is Myeengun's Lodge, a gathering of Wendigo-People who seek to understand the ways of the wolves. Myeengun was once a human child, but he wandered off while playing and got lost. He was raised by wolves and became a wolf. He teaches humans how to become wolves.

Both of these lodges are open to any breed — even the half-breed metis can join. Each lodge is led by members of the breed it seeks to know better, ones who can teach their breed ways to others. Thus, humans teach wolves who come to learn human ways, while wolves teach humans who seek to know wolf ways.

The Manitous

They say that all animals, of every species, have an elder brother who is, as it were, the source and origin of all individuals, and this elder brother is wonderfully great and powerful... If anyone, when asleep, sees the elder or progenitor of some animals, he will have a fortunate chase; if he sees the elder of the Beavers, he will take Beavers; if he sees the elder of the Elks, he will take Elks, possessing the juniors through the favor of their senior whom he has seen in the dream.

— Father Paul Le Jeune, *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*

Ya-o-gah now spoke:

It is time to speak of the manitous, the beings who sustain us and who returned our Ways to us when our elders were dying and the young were lost. They give us power and bear our prayers to Grandmother.

Many are the spirits we know, from the Animal Elders who allow us to hunt their children to the Moon Feathers, who serve the Moon and are found only in the Ghost World, that which others of our kind call the Umbra.

The Wendigo-People are favored above all other people by the Wind-spirits. Even I do not know all the names of all the winds, for they are many. Six principle winds we know, but numberless as the stars are those who serve these directions.

I will speak of those spirits who are the greatest allies of our tribe:

Skaia, Salmon

Salmon is a wise spirit. He sends his children from his lodge in the Ghost World, where they enter the waters of our world and move up the stream, fighting the current,

leaping over it and past their adversity. So, too, does he teach us to leap over obstacles, to slip past them, and when to use wisdom over strength.

The Gift he gives us is Salmon Swim. His children are persevering; if they do not succeed at once, they will always try again.

Kiunik, Otter

It is said that the secrets of shamanism are contained on the tip of Otter's tongue. He is a being who knows how to navigate between worlds, from the Earth World to the World Beneath the Water. He is at peace in this world and the Ghost World. For this reason, he is favored of Theurges and those who travel often in the spirit lands.

Igaluk, the Hunter

The Moon has many allies, and one such is her son, Igaluk, the Hunter. He is a great hunter and always catches game. He teaches us how to pray properly to the Animal Elders and how to hunt by the light of the new moon. He has a sled with three dogs, one brown, another white, and the final black. He also carries a powerful spear which the Horned Serpent Beings fear, for it can cause them as much pain as silver does to us.

Wakinyan Tanka, Thunderbird

High above the earth lives the Thunderbird, one of the mightiest of spirit beings. So great is his power that few wolf-changers can ally with him, for he would drive them mad. His energy is that of the thunderbolt, striking evil from the heavens. Those who become his children and withstand his demands become known by all as powerful themselves.

The Winter Manitous

There are three powerful wind spirits who often aid us; they reward their children well. First, there is Negakfok, Cold Weather, who lowers the temperature in winter (and anytime he desires). Then there is Tomanik, the Wind Maker, who causes the winds to blow; the six directions then take his winds and tame them. When these two are together, they often summon O'ha'a, the Ice-Clad, who brings with him ice storms of terrible strength: Few can withstand them, but those who do are purified; if they are evil, they will die, freezing painfully — all their joints will cry out in terror as they cease moving.

Those who are frozen in such a way have little hope to survive until a thaw, for Great Wendigo himself will sniff them out and come eat their hearts.

Great Wendigo

Most powerful and rageful of all spirits is Great Wendigo, he who is the Vengeance of the Wind, a force nothing can stop. Once Wendigo walks the land, all must hide or risk being eaten — good and bad alike.

He is called for only in the direst of times, when all other efforts have failed, for his power can kill his children as well as his enemies. Once summoned, he will rage for a time and then melt back to his lodge in the Ghost World. He will not answer any summons then for many moons.

He is the master of all the wind spirits. They all receive their power from him, even if they are of different temperaments. Likewise, he gave the Wendigo-People their Ways, from which their power derives. Even their rage resembles his, cold and icy rather than hot like others'.

Whiskey Jack

If Wendigo was all we had, we would be a bitter lot indeed. While we honor his power and the gifts he has given us, we know that he is as he is because of his rage. We would not become as him. Luckily, he has allies who know how to laugh, even if they are silly.

One such is Whiskey Jack, the Jaybird. His many tricks have brought much ease to the People, such as the time he tricked Snowman into making milder winters, so that we could hunt longer.

Those Wendigo who have been chosen by Whiskey Jack may have trouble being taken seriously, but they rarely succumb to Harano as others do.

Peyote

An important spirit for many of our human relations and those among us who were born to them is Peyote. He is a sacred being who comes to those who ingest his plant, and he shows them the proper way to walk in the Earth World. Many of the wasichu misunderstand him and try to prevent natives from communing with him. This shows yet again how ignorant they are.

We honor all the spirits and receive their power in return.

Breeds

Ya-o-gah was through speaking. It was Ne-o-ga's turn again.

Wolf-changers are kin to all beings, not just the humans and wolves. However, these two peoples are especially close to them, for they serve as mothers and fathers.

The other tribes place great emphasis on the differences between these beings, but we see little in this. During the Dawn, all beings changed skins with one another — it was hard to tell who you were talking to, and you had to be careful of your words. If you accidentally said something bad about Skunk to Badger, you might find that Badger was really Skunk wearing Badger's skin! And then you'd have to bathe for many days to overcome his response!

It is true that humans do not always understand their wolf Kin, and wolves rarely understand humans.

For this reason, the Wendigo-People created two lodges so that each could learn from the other: Gluskap's Lodge and Myeengun's Lodge.

Do not let the other tribes convince you that to be one or the other is better. Especially do not listen to the hate of the Red Talons, who dislike all but themselves.

Auspices

A thousand full moons pound in my heart.

— John Trudell, *Stickman*

Han-hepi-wi, the Night Sun — the Moon — gave us her Ways, so that we would walk on Grandmother's earth in a sacred manner. These Ways are very important, for they are special to the wolf-changers; to deny them is to insult Han-hepi-wi and bring her ill-will, not only against the one who insulted her, but against all the people.

All the Wendigo-People must follow their auspice roles; those who do not are often exiled until they learn better. It is foolish for an Ahroun to pretend to be a Galliard; he was born to become a soldier, not a storyteller. While he may learn the songs and even sing them, he must not give them more importance than the ways of war.

Heyoka — Ragabash

These are the contraries — upside-down and backwards people, those who can act however they like, for they have no role but one: to break the laws. They keep the Ways from growing old and make them fresh. Also, when they break them and suffer some bad luck or other, we can laugh at their pratfalls and know that we did not do anything wrong. What's more, spirits often forgive the transgressions of a heyoka more than those of others — at least, after their anger has cooled.

Angalkuq — Theurge

The shamans of our people, the angalkut, ensure that the manitous are on good terms with us. They are the speakers of the Hanbloglaka, the Spirit Speech, and they can thus listen to the will of the spirits as revealed by the wind or the whispering of the trees, the splash of the salmon or the grunt of the bear.

Mediwiwin — Philodox

Most of the best Peace Chiefs are Philodox, for they are wise in the ways of leadership. In the old days, they knew best when to move the village and find better game for everyone. These days, our caerns rarely move, and our human Kin cannot easily leave their reservations — sometimes, if they do, they are not allowed to live there again, for the wasichu then say that such people are no longer natives. But the mediwiwins still know best how to manage the wasichu or to plan for better times.

Daebaudjimoot — Galliard

Our greatest treasures are the old songs and stories, for they hold our Ways. It is through them that we are taught the right manner in which to walk. They also amuse us and warm our hearts even in the bitter cold. They stir us to great deeds and cause us to cry tears that, if kept too long inside us, would freeze our hearts like Great Wendigo's.

Ya'pahe — Ahroun

More than any other auspice, our tribe honors most the ya'pahe, the Wolf Soldiers of the Full Moon. Warriors are necessary, for the monsters we face are mighty. We must be mightier. Thus, we are often led by War Chiefs of this auspice. Their glory is an inspiration to all, regardless of auspice — their deeds are sung most highly by the daebaudjimoot.

The Litany

Ne-o-ga looked to O-yan-do-ne, who nodded and began speaking:

Our brothers and sisters have a law they call the Litany. We know it also, for it was given to all the wolf-changers by Grandmother. But the other tribes misunderstand it. This is how we were taught it:

Wolf-Changer Shall Not Mate with Wolf-Changer

It is not right for a wolf-changer to lie with another of her kind. Grandmother wants us to lie with humans and wolves, so that there may be more of us, and so that we do not forget where we come from. The first changers came from the marriages between humans and animal people. Changers are between-people; they must be born from others.

The half-breeds, the metis, are rare among us, for few of us break this rule. Those metis among us are not much liked, for they are wrong, and their presence is said to disturb the spirits. Despite this, many metis become strong from spirit power. Who can say why this is?

Do not lie with someone you are not supposed to.

Fight the Horned Serpent Wherever It Is, Wherever It Breeds

Why else were we born? We are Grandmother's warriors. We came from our faraway land in the Sky World to be here, to defend the Earth World. This rule does not need to be said, but we say it anyway, so that the young do not forget.

Respect the Territory of Another

We have always followed this rule. It was not the Wendigo-People who went over the seas to take another's land. Every other tribe broke this rule, and because of it, the local spirits hate them. Never will the winds befriend them, because of what they have done to us. Only the Stargazers respected this rule, and only they can speak to our spirits.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

One who does not act honorably is distrusted, and soon she has no followers and no friends. That person will eventually be shunned and live on her own. If it gets bad enough, she will be consumed with the desire to eat human flesh — this is the Horned Serpent speaking to her; because she is alone, he can do this.

Accepting one's surrender is part of behaving well. Always behave in such a way that your people will be proud of you.

Submit to Those of Higher Station

This means that we must always respect our elders, for they have more living wisdom than we do. Those who do not respect their elders — whether animal or human — soon forget how to live in the world properly. Eventually, others will ignore them as they ignored their elders. They will die alone.

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

The greatest in station are the following: your family, including your grandparents, parents, brothers and sisters, wife or husband and children. Give them the best of your hunt first, and always leave a bit for the manitous. After you have served them, then you may eat. If this is always done, the Animal Elders will gift you with ample game.

Do Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

The Horned Serpent tricks us often, and many have broken this rule. It is not hard to do, for starvation is always so near in the North. But it is wrong. Too many evil spirits are created when someone breaks this rule; someone who eats too much human flesh becomes a mockery of Great Wendigo, a foolish spirit molded by the Horned Serpent to insult Great Wendigo.

Others say that Great Wendigo is a cannibal himself, but this is not true. He is not human, and thus can eat the hearts of all his enemies. If you are bad, he will eat your heart, no matter who you are. Others try to scare us by saying that the Eater-of-Souls is inside our totem, but this is their own fear speaking. They fear Great Wendigo's hunger and secretly think that he will eat them.

Respect All Beings — All Are of Grandmother

Indeed, this is something our tribe does not forget, although many of the others have. The Children of Gaia remember this rule, but they are stupid, for they love everything, even evil. Not all things are meant to be given respect; if beings walk in a sacred manner, following Grandmother's Way, then they deserve good treatment. But if they break such rules, walking with corruption, then they are our enemies, and must be killed.

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

The wasichu suffer from a great terror: They cannot look on our battle-forms without crying like babies. This is true also of the Pure Ones, but they are not so bad. They may quake with fear and forget what they see, but they compose themselves better. This is because we led them away from the other tribes long ago, before the taint of fear was fully made in them.

Do not taunt the wasichu by showing your battle form to them. It only attracts attention and may bring the disfavor of spirits.

Do Not Suffer Your People to Tend Your Sickness

If you are tainted, you must cleanse yourself. You may ask help from others, but be prepared to do the work yourself. You must make your own sweat lodge or journey on a Snow Walk.

If you are diseased and dying, seek healing, but do not prolong your life if your time to die has come. Do not make others hunt for you. If your time has come, say goodbye to your family and walk into the Ghost World to die among spirits who can then guide you on the Path of Souls, the Milky Way of the stars, so that you may join your ancestors.

The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time During Peace

Of course she can. If she is not fit to lead, then none will follow. It is odd that the other tribes must remind themselves of this, lest they follow fools.

The Leader May Not Be Challenged During Wartime

This, too, is true. If you have pledged yourself to join a war party or to defend a caern while the war party departs, it is an oath you must see fulfilled. The leader of the war party must be followed; if you do not like this, then do not pledge to go. If you change your mind after the party has left, you may leave, but you will lose much Honor in doing so.

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

The sacred places are few now, for the Horned Serpent has taken many of them from us. We will defend the few that remain to us with our last breaths, and even then our ghosts will return to haunt any who try to spoil them. Do not try to take our caerns, for we will kill you.

Taken-From-Fire was surprised to hear such strong words from O-yan-do-ne, who had before seemed so peaceful. But there was a power inside her, as in all the Wendigo-People. She smiled at Taken-from-Fire, as if to assure him that she was not angry.

"I have spoken," she said. "Now Ne-o-ga and Da-jo-ji will tell you of the Six Worlds and our enemies and allies in them."

Chapther Three: Katasha
(Place Where the Vision Dwells)

One does not sell the earth upon which people walk.
— Crazy Horse

Walking Grandmother's World

Ne-o-ga spoke:

Where once there were Six Worlds, now there are only two: the Earth World, this world, your home, and the Ghost World, the place where the spirits dwell, which the other wolf-changer tribes call the Umbra, the Place of Shadows.

The other worlds are no more, except as ghosts in the Ghost World. Some of their beings still live there, but they seldom come to this world anymore.

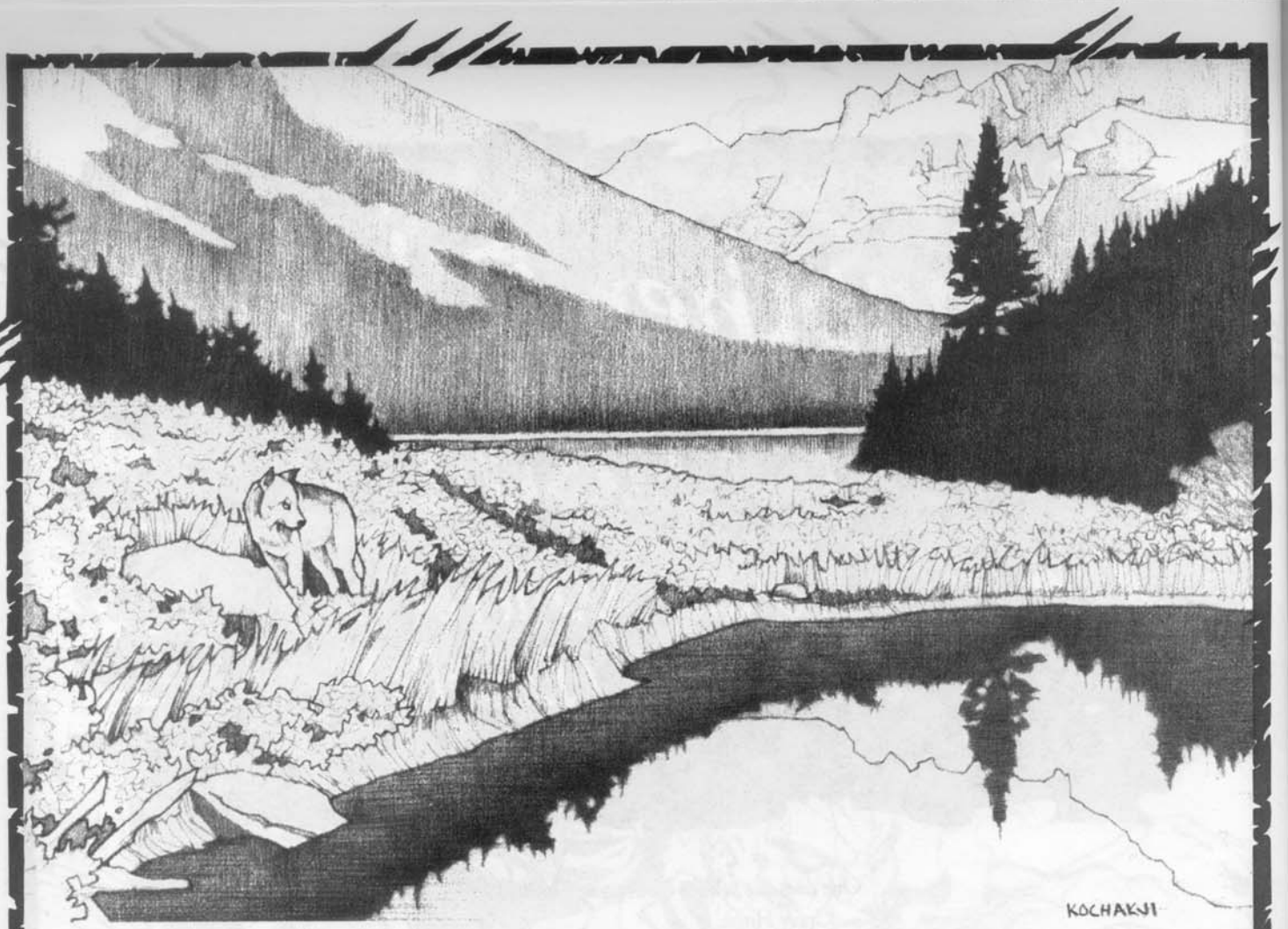
The Earth World

This is the most important of all worlds, for it is where Grandmother meant for us all to dwell between our sojourns in the Ghost World and the other worlds. Here is where the Animal Elders let their children run; those that cannot run here anymore are kept in their pens in the Ghost World, in the lodges of their Elders.

This is the Earth World, the world that Turtle bears on his back. He made this sacrifice for all beings, so that they would have a place to live. He was beloved by the Croatan; since they went away, he has slept and none of our angalkut can find him. But we know he still lives, for if he did not, the Earth would sink into the Great Waters again.

This is the world which Grandmother guided us to, and this is the place She bid us dwell and protect till we are no more. Unlike the other tribes, we do not willingly leave our tribal lands, the places where our ancestors lived and left their power. If we leave, there will be no one left to defend them. We must stand firm and not move from this place.

We are tied to our ancestral lands more deeply than the other tribes. The very seasons call to us and affect our manner. In the spring, it is hard to concentrate on work, for the new life is all around, and we want to play as we did when we were cubs. In the summer, we are tired of playing and seek war. We traditionally hunted the Horned Serpent People in the warm season, for they hid during the winter. Our power — our Rage — is strong here, and it is hard to counsel peace then. In the fall, the world begins to slumber and withdraw, to prepare for the coming cold. It is hard for us to change skins during this time. Then, in the winter, we are strongest. This is the time of our totem, of our power. We become hardy, and it is difficult to fell us with weapons and blows.



I will speak of the lands of the Wendigo-People, from the place where we first came to this world, to the place we met the wasichu.

Alaska

Many of the oldest traditions of the Wendigo-People are still practiced here, where the land still breathes and our wolf Kin run free. Here, we live among our human Kin, who belong to the many native tribes. While they are poor by wasichu standards, they are rich in traditions. In this land are some of the few truly traditional caerns, where we live as we did long ago, eating what is given to us by the animals and plants and keeping the wasichu away.

Even the Horned Serpent People do not know where all our Alaskan caerns hide, and they hate us for it. They send their people across the land as surveyors or oil-pipe builders, all lies so that they can get close to us, to find our places of power. We catch them and kill them, and we nail their hides to their doors to return these servants to their masters.

Canada

Our human Kin have had more luck in this land than to the south in gaining rights from the wasichu, but they still lose their lands too often. Too many of them try to become wasichu themselves and sell rights to timber or other resources. These things are not theirs to sell; they belong to Grandmother. We are patient with them, but we always act to prevent the worst from happening — so far as we can.

Our wolf Kin are also strong here, especially to the west. Other tribes come and try to breed with them, and sometimes we let them, but more often we use fierce war paint and arrows to chase away outsiders. Let them fear us.

Our caerns here are not so well protected as those in Alaska, but they are still safer than those to the south.

The United States

Here, our human Kin suffer more woe than elsewhere, for here was the most blood spilled in treachery. The wasichu denied our Kin rights to their own ways for so long that the ways almost became lost to them. Now, our people live in filth on reservations left to them after the wasichu took everything else.

Here is where our work is the most important, teaching them the ways and fighting the Horned Serpent, which now lives among them, hiding in the flesh of red people as well as white.

It is especially bad on Pine Ridge, near the Black Hills, or among the Mohawk, who must sell illegal alcohol and cigarettes to gain even half the wealth most wasichu can easily get.

We lead many war parties across the Americas, for the Horned Serpent is most active here. His monsters crawl from the Ghost World and cause many problems, usually among the natives and the poor, people no one pays attention to. A Horned Serpent Being could eat an entire native village and no wasichu would know or care. Only we can defend against this.

Siberia

There is only one other place in the Earth World where we have relations, and that is along the coast of the land called Siberia. Fishers and hunters closely related to our human Kin in Alaska still live in this place, and some of the Wendigo-People live with them, protecting the waters and preventing Horned Serpent monsters from reaching the Pure Lands from this direction.

Some speak of a tribe called the Siberakh, said to be related to our people and the Silver Fangs. I know nothing of them.

The Ghost World

The spirit world is vast, and its ways are more mysterious to us now than ever before. Many worlds which existed on their own now live there as ghosts. The paths have become confused and have changed. This is a good thing, for the Horned Serpent walks there, but knows not where he goes. He gets lost often.

Only Han-hepi-wi knows all the paths, lighting them for wolf-changers. She sometimes sends her children to aid travelers, although the Moon Feathers do not always take us where we wish to go. However, it is usually where we need to go.

There are many special places here, sacred to our people. The most special is our Tribal Homeland, a pristine place of beauty, much like the Pure Lands were before the Horned Serpent ruined everything.

Other tribes who have seen it (They are very few!) think it is bleak and fear that they could not survive living here, for it is a land of snow and tundra and fierce winds. But they do not see the purity in the snow, and they rarely venture far enough to see the forests and streams where the spirits of many animals live and wander.

We do not allow them to go this far, for this is our final, untainted homeland. The Wind-spirits protect it for us, savaging any strangers who dare to enter, unless they are in need. These we will aid, but even they cannot travel long here.

In the villages, our ancestors sometimes come to dwell, traveling from the Path of Souls to teach us lessons. We bring them offerings, light fires and cook game for them.

From this place, we can glimpse the Path of Souls in the World Above the Sky, the world that is called the Aetherial Realm by others. Someday, we too shall walk that Path through the stars to new worlds that Grandmother has made for us.

Some do not always travel that path. Many get lost, or the spirits deny them entrance for some crime a wolf changer committed, such as Pauguk, who killed his brother to get his brother's wife. He now lives in the Land of the Dead, as do many of our ancestors who were killed by the wasichu. Until vengeance is delivered for them, they cannot go on.

For many reasons, we must cherish our Kin and protect them. If they are killed unjustly, they may become restless spirits, refusing to walk the Path of Souls and instead haunting us until we work revenge for them. They have a power now, one which even we sometimes fear. But more than anything else, we pity them and wish to end their suffering.

Other Garou

Our cousins from across the Great Waters do not like us much, and we do not like them. There is little to say about them, but I will say what there is:

Black Furies

We respect their might. But we do not respect their ways. They are unbalanced.

Bone Gnawers

They live in filth. But they are to be trusted more than the others, for they often keep their word — unless it is dangerous to do so. But even this we understand.

Children of Gaia

If all the Garou were like them, we could have lived in peace and harmony in this land, for there is room for all if each respects the other. But not all are like them, and the Children of Gaia do not understand this. They have few warriors and may one day regret the lack.

Fianna

They think that everyone likes them. They are wrong. They refuse to see themselves for what they are: fools and murderers.

Get of Fenris

We have fought many wars with these ones, for they respect no tribal boundaries and desire our caerns. Respect their might, if only to know best how to beat them. But give them no aid when they ask it. They would not give it to you.

Glass Walkers

We know little about these strange ones, who seem to be far more spider than wolf. Their spirits are those of spiders, always weaving. Stay away from them.

Red Talons

They are foolish, for they think that wolf-people are better than any other people. They are better than some, to be sure. But all beings have a right to what Grandmother gave us. These ones are selfish. Even our wolves know this.

Shadow Lords

They are perhaps the worst of those from over the sea. They share the wasichu's values: greed and selfishness. This tribe always takes from others rather than asking. For this reason, give them no aid and no respect.

Silent Striders

These ones confuse us. They have little family and walk alone. It is one thing for a wolf-changer to walk alone for a season or two, but he must always return to his people, his pack. But these ones rarely have others to live with. It is not healthy.

Silver Fangs

Like the Shadow Lords, these ones want to rule over all, regardless of whether they have earned or attracted followers. They claim that their traditions make it so. But their traditions are not ours. Grandmother gave us other ways. Ignore them. If they insult us, war on them.

Stargazers

Of all those from far away, these ones are the wisest. They respect our ways and often adopt them. They do not take what they are not given, and they walk the land leaving little mark. These ones we will aid. But even they are unhealthy, for they often yearn for unreal things.

Uktena — Older Brother

Older Brother has changed much. He is secretive now where he used to be kind. He is too secretive. We fear he hides power taken from the Horned Serpent with the hope, perhaps, to use it for himself. This is wrong. It will only harm him and others. We are wary of the Uktena tribe.

But they are our brothers and sisters. We cannot forsake them. When they ask our aid, we give it, no matter how much we may dislike the cause. But we usually ask for aid in return, hoping to teach the Uktena the old ways we follow. They know the old ways, but often practice other ways instead.

Like the Qualmi cats, too many of them become sorcerers, using their power for selfish wants.

Other Changers

Painted desert, peyote rain
Lord, don't let me go insane
Skinwalker, skinwalker
Through your eyes I can see
You have left your mark on me
— Patrick Leonard and Robbie Robertson, "Skinwalker"

Ne-o-ga was finished, and now it was Da-jo-ji's turn again.

There are other Changing Beings besides the wolf-changers. These skinwalkers are sometimes our allies and sometimes our enemies. Long ago, our ancestors fought them for land. In the Pure Lands, these struggles were little different than many of the wars fought by our human Kin, and no resentment would have come from them had it not been for the terrible wars our kind fought across the seas. There, they killed many other changers, and now all changers distrust the wolf-changers.

Gurahl

The bear-changers were here before us. They are the oldest. They were the first to warn Grandmother about the Horned Serpent and to fight it while we made our long journey here. We have always honored them. But many of them died before we could get here, and many more died at the hands of the wolf-changers from across the seas.

We protect the Gurahl as we do our own. Those bear-changers that we know of may call upon us at anytime, and nothing is expected in return. We owe them this for what their ancestors gave us.

Pumonca

Da-jo-ji smiled now, as if he spoke of something he greatly enjoyed:

Many Wendigo-People fear the puma-changers and say that they are vain and too angry. I say ones who say so are fools, for the puma-changers are mighty warriors. Without their aid, the mountains of the Pure Lands would have been lost to the Horned Serpent People. When we first came, these evil beings fled to the mountains to live in caves where we could not find them. But the puma-changers found them. They had patience, and for days they would wait, watching until a Horned Serpent Person crawled from the mountain. Then they would pounce!

Mighty are the puma-people. Respect them well.

Ya-o-gah interrupted: "But know that they are selfish, and they do not always return aid they are given."

Da-jo-ji scowled: "So many say, at least."

Qualmi

The other cat-changers we know are the lynx-people, the Qualmi. Powerful angalkut are they, for they can see and hear well the movements and voices of the manitous. Like the puma-people, they have the patience to wait quietly for many days to capture an enemy or a manitou. If it is a manitou, they will force knowledge from it before they let it go. Beware these ones, for they become sorcerers and often use magic to curse us from afar.

Nuwisha

I do not like them, for they find everything funny, but the coyote-changers are our friends anyway. They are not always easy to find, but they are there, hiding as somebody else or pretending to be something they are not, all so they can play pranks on someone.

Corax

The raven-people are good friends; we often hunt together. In return for their lore, we provide our might. Many of them prefer to hunt in the Ghost World, but they often get lost there. Their place is in this world, where the sun still shines.

Vampires

The Horned Serpent has many servants, many people who have taken up his ways. The most powerful of them are the vampires, those who eat the blood of the living. They refuse to walk the Path of Souls or go to the Land of the Dead, and they have learned how to pretend to live.

Their words can trick us and make us believe things that are not true. Kill them on sight. Pierce their hearts with wooden arrows and slice their heads off with hatchets. They are unholy and fear sacred things. Our Kin can sometimes scare vampires away by chanting sacred songs.

Mages

There are many Persons of Power who came from across the seas, but there were some among us before them. These people have great wisdom and have been chosen by the manitous. Such a Person of Power is a *ratetshents*, One Who Dreams.

Those who came across the seas do not speak to their dreams; they invent insane things and expect us all to believe in them. Some of them are black robes, the priests who tried to make our human Kin believe in their manitous, while others worship machines. Stay away from all of these ones; they are sorcerers possessed by their own selfish power.

Wraiths

As I said before, many of our Kin have refused to walk the Path of Souls after death. Some of them are denied this, for their hate or sorrow is so great that the spirits fear their presence would taint the Path. These ones haunt the Earth World, and live in their own world, the Land of the Dead, now a part of the Ghost World.

Many beings live there with them — not just our Kin, but dead wasichu, black people and yellow people. It is a very bad place where no one is happy.

Be careful how you walk when you are alive, so that you do not become as they are when you are dead.

Changelings

The Little People used to befriend us, but now they are afraid of the world and many in it. The thoughts of the wasichu hurt them. The Maemaegawaehnse used to live in the trees and play pranks on us. They were good-natured, and we enjoyed their laughter. The Nebaunaubaewuk lived in the waters and from time to time lured our Kin to their realm. There, they would make our people as they are and become their lovers. Their songs were beautiful but now are rarely heard.

If any of them come to you seeking aid, you should give it, for they can be helpful in return to you and your Kin.

The Winds Return to Their Gates

Da-jo-ji finished speaking, and as he did so, the wind battered hard upon the lodge walls. The elders all looked up, as if listening to a faraway voice.

Taken-From-Fire concentrated, trying to hear what they heard. He loosed his power and listened with ears that could hear the spirit speech. In the distance, far away, he heard a cry: "Return. Return to your gates. Release your winds, for Great Wendigo walks...."

"We are called," Da-jo-ji said, looking to Ya-o-gah.

Ya-o-gah smiled at Taken-From-Fire. "We must leave you sooner than we wished, but our Elder walks and needs our winds."

He stood and his robe fell off. Taken-From-Fire gasped, for he now saw that Ya-o-gah was a mighty bear. O-yan-do-ne also stood, and her robe fell to the floor to reveal a tall moose.

"Take what you have learned and return to your people," she said. "Teach these things to them. Tell them to teach these things to their children and grandchildren."

Ya-o-gah dropped to all fours and lumbered to the door, followed by O-yan-do-ne, whose antlers scraped the ceiling.

As they passed, Da-jo-ji stood and also dropped his robe. He was revealed as a puma, sleek and tan, with wiry strength. Ne-o-ga was the last to stand, dropping her robe to show that she was a fawn.

"Do not look surprised, wolf-changer," she said to Taken-From-Fire. "We are of the Wendigo-People, although we are not wolf-changers ourselves. We are the Keepers of the Winds. Ya-o-gah contains the North Wind. His breath freezes the waters, and his bellow thunders like the hurricane. O-yan-do-ne contains the East Wind. Her breath is the mist which cloaks the land, and her antlers are the winds which bend the trees. Da-jo-ji contains the West Wind. His snarl tosses the waves of the sea, and his leap is the whirlwind. I contain the South Wind, and my voice is the babbling of brooks and the fall of flowers in the sweet, spring breeze.

"We are the wisdom of the winds, and we do not forget anything that has passed on the Earth World among our kind, the chosen children of Great Wendigo. Your people have lost too much and forgotten many of the songs. We called you here to learn them again. Whenever your people have need of our wisdom, they may call on us from the highest peaks by yelling into the direction of their choice, and we will come to teach your cubs anew."

She leaped over the bench and ran through the doorway, her hooves clattering. Taken-From-Fire ran after her, but as he left the lodge, all he could see was snow falling everywhere, covering the tracks of the Four Winds. He turned to go back to the lodge but it, too, was gone. He was once again in the Earth World, near the lands of his people.

He howled to the storm. In the distance, another howl answered. His pack was near. He called to them again, and they replied. After many howls, they found each other and were glad to find each other alive.

"What became of you, Taken-From-Fire?" his packmates asked. "Where have you been? We searched for hours."

"Come," he said, "let us return to our caern. I have much to tell the others...."

The wind stirs the willows.
The wind stirs the grasses.
Fog! Fog!
Lightning!
Whirlwind!
The rocks are ringing,
They are ringing in the mountains.
Now the sun's beams are running out,
The sun's yellow rays are running out.
We shall live again.

Appendix One: Orenda (Power)

The Indian hero displays awesome talents; he can change into any shape he wants or make himself invisible at will. His supernatural powers often come to him from earth and sky spirits in dreams, or are given to him by magicians. He may have to seize power by conquering another supernatural, perhaps the first in a series of tests he faces; sometimes he simply steals it, showing his cunning as well as his strength.

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

Tribal Weakness (Optional)

The first of the **Werewolf Tribebooks** introduced an optional rule: tribal weaknesses, quirks the members of a particular tribe might possess, usually due to the social, spiritual or even genetic nature of a tribe. Weaknesses shouldn't always be enforced: In some rare situations, for instance, a Bone Gnawer might *not* suffer a higher difficulty on Social rolls. Likewise, Glass Walkers can't regain Gnosis in the wilderness, but in some areas with long-ago Weaver residue, such as abandoned homesteads, a Glass Walker might be able to reestablish his spiritual connections.

It is up to the Storyteller to enforce these rules when an appropriate situation occurs in the game. A player may be unwilling to remind a Storyteller when her Uktena's curiosity ought to get her into trouble.

Wendigo Weakness
Wheel of the Seasons

The Wendigo have long lived in a very close relationship with the Earth and its ever-changing seasons. The tribe suffers a different weakness during different parts of the year, but it gains power in winter, the season of its totem.

Spring: +1 difficulty to Willpower rolls; the Wendigo have trouble concentrating as life quickens and grows.

Summer: -1 difficulty to frenzy rolls; summer is the traditional season of war, and this old habit is hard to break.

Fall: +1 difficulty to change forms; the world slips into slumber and new potentials die.

Winter: -1 difficulty on soak rolls; the Wendigo are hardiest in this bitter season, and they save up all their hate to strengthen themselves during the harshest time of year.

Merits and Flaws

Spirit Parent (6 point Merit)

Your mother or father was a spirit (the other parent was a Garou). While it was most probably a Wind-spirit, it may have been an animal spirit, a plant spirit or any type of spirit. If the spirit was your mother, you may not know the truth immediately; you were probably left on someone's proverbial doorstep and raised as an orphan (or adopted by a she-wolf if you're lupus). The Storyteller and player should work together to determine the effects of this Merit, which depend largely on the nature of the spirit parent. However, some things are sure:

- The character begins with two extra points of temporary Renown, allocated according to the parent: A wild and dangerous Wind-spirit provides Glory, whereas a wise animal spirit may provide Wisdom.
- Banes hate the character more than usual and single him out of a pack for assault or punishment.
- The character has a spiritual boon, a mild power provided by his spirit heritage. It may be that he never suffers frostbite, can track caribou better than others, or walks more quietly than others.
- The character also has a mild drawback, some not-so-beneficial character trait, such as extreme impatience, impertinence, single-mindedness, selfishness, etc. It represents the bad side of his parent, whether the constant motion of the wind or the surly temper of a wolverine.
- The cost for the character's pack to take the parent as its totem is one point less than usual.

Bitter (2 point Flaw)

You exceed even your fellow Wendigo in bitterness, anger over the state of the tribe, the world or your Kin. Perhaps you were raised on a native reservation in extreme poverty, or you spent the first years of your life in a wolf pack evading hunters. Whatever the reason — and there may be no direct reason — you get angry easily at individuals whom you perceive to be the cause of your problems: wasichu, hunters, Horned Serpent People, etc. You are at -1 difficulty to frenzy when in their presence.

Gifts

- **Salmon Swim (Level Two)** — The character may move upon a river, lake or any other body of water as he does on land. This Gift is taught by a Salmon-spirit.

System: The player spends one Gnosis and may walk and/or run upon water for a number of turns equal to the successes scored on a Dexterity + Athletics roll (difficulty 7). In addition, he may perform a jump similar to that provided by the Lupus Gift: Leap of the Kangaroo, as long as he starts and ends on water.

- **Last Stand (Level Four)** — As the Get of Fenris Gift: Hero's Stand.
- **Wsitiplaju's Bow (Level Four)** — This Gift allows a Garou to shoot an arrow that can wrap around corners and hit targets out of sight. An Ancestor-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Perception + Archery (difficulty 9). The range of the weapon does not change. The Wendigo must know roughly where her opponent is, although she need not know precisely; "a few feet down that alley over there" can suffice, for example.

Croatan Gifts

The Wendigo still retain some lore from the Croatan, although they keep it secret from other Garou (even the Uktena) and teach it only to deserving Wendigo. The Storyteller may forbid any player character who lacks an *excellent* reason from learning these Gifts; at any rate, they count as Gifts of another tribe and must be learned at the increased experience cost.

• **Wyld Sight (Level One)** — The Garou can see Wyld energy in all its manifestations, thus allowing him to prevent it from growing too powerful or to defend himself against it. For instance, the Garou can see the mystic swirling of the Umbral wind that presages a tornado in the physical realm or feel the shaking of the Umbral earth before a real earthquake. A Garou using Wyld Sight in the physical world can also sense Wyld spirits in the nearby Penumbra, although the user must enter the Umbra to get more details. This Gift is taught by a Wyld-spirit.

System: The player rolls Perception + Enigmas (difficulty 6). If successful, the Garou understands the nature of the Wyld manifestation and realizes what form of Wyld-spirit is causing it. Use the following table to determine how early a Garou can predict a Wyld event:

Successes	Time Before the Event
One	10 minutes
Two	30 minutes
Three	One hour
Four	Three hours
Five +	One day

• **Turtle Shell (Level Two)** — The Garou can form a mystic protective shield around herself. The shield appears as a giant turtle shell that encases the Garou. The shell is opaque on the outside but translucent on the inside (attackers can't see in, but the Garou can see out). The Garou can choose to encase others in the shell with her. This Gift is taught by a Turtle-spirit.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Survival (difficulty 6). For each success, the shell has two soak dice and two Health Levels (when the shell has no more Health Levels, it breaks apart).

In addition, two yards radius can be encased per success. A Crinos-form Garou requires about that much space, so with three successes, three Crinos-form Garou can fit into the shell (or perhaps six Homid- or Lupus-form Garou, or any such combination — Storyteller's discretion).

The shell lasts for one scene or until a Garou decides to break it, whichever comes first. Once its time is up or it is broken (whether by a Garou inside or by an enemy pounding his way in), the shell disintegrates.

• **Call Earth Spirit (Level Three)** — The Garou may summon an Earth-spirit to do one task for him. The user must have some earth with him (a handful of dirt or a rock). The Earth-spirit crushes things in its path, including foes it is directed against. This Gift is taught by an earth elemental.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Manipulation + Occult (difficulty 8). The spirit's rampage (in a straight line for up to 30 yards) causes 10 dice of damage (nonaggravated) to anything in its path. It knocks down whatever it hits, rolling over objects or victims, and continues along its way. A botch on the summoning roll calls up a spirit hostile to the Gift user.

• **Hand of the Earth Lords (Level Four)** — As the Uktena Gift.

• **Resolute Vow (Level Five)** — Once a Garou with this Gift pursues a goal, nothing can stop her from achieving her ends. There are many legends of Croatan heroes who followed their vows of vengeance or spiritual quests against all odds, continuing on when less-resolute Garou turned back, fearful of failure. This Gift is now taught by Wendigo Ancestor-spirits.

System: The player spends a permanent point of Gnosis and declares her purpose or quest to all who can hear. From that point on, she must follow her quest through until the end. She adds six extra dice to any Willpower roll involving the quest (even if it takes her Willpower over 10 dice) and has six extra Willpower points to spend on the quest only. However, once spent, these points cannot be regained.

If the Garou chooses to give up her quest before it is completed, she loses any remaining bonus Willpower points and loses one permanent Willpower point for each of the bonus Willpower points that she spent after activating this Gift. The Garou may never regain permanently lost Willpower points. For instance, if the Garou gives up her quest after spending three of her bonus Willpower points, she may never have a Willpower rating higher than 7.

Note that the quest does not have to succeed, but it must come to a definite resolution for the Garou not to lose permanent Willpower.

Rites

Many of the details of Wendigo rites vary from region to region, for they are highly colored by the traditions of native Kinfolk. For instance, in some areas a Sweat Lodge may face east (a teaching lodge), whereas in others it may face west (a purifying lodge, uniting the setting sun with the moon). Such details usually are purely cultural, but it is considered bad luck to change one's way of doing them (unless one is the guest of another ritemaster).

Mystic

Vision Quest

Level: Special

This rite usually accompanies a Rite of Passage or even substitutes for it among some septs. The Rite of Passage is often a means whereby a pack's young cubs learn to aid one another in accomplishing each cub's vision. They choose a totem from the patrons who came to them on their Vision Quest.

The Vision Quest is best if it occurs soon after the First Change (or before it, in the case of a cub known to be a Garou — even though she may not know herself). She is taken out to the wilderness, to a sacred spot (a cave, a waterfall, a ledge on a mountain) and left there to fast for a number of days (most often eight to ten). After four days have passed, someone usually checks on the cub to make sure she remains relatively healthy; if she is not, the quest is canceled but may be attempted again later.

If the quest is successful, a spirit comes to the supplicant in dreams and gives her a vision of her destiny, the goal that Grandmother wishes L.C. to achieve. The vision may be vague, for events to come are not fully "written," but to deny the vision may mean failure later in life. This spirit sometimes comes again

to the Garou later and is well-inclined toward her, although it does not have to be chosen as a pack totem.

System: This rite is not one the quester must learn; it is a task to be completed, successfully or not. Only one Vision Quest may be embarked upon in a person's lifetime, although that person may attempt the rite many times until successful (no more than once per season).

After at least four days have passed in seclusion, the supplicant may roll Stamina + Rituals (difficulty 7) once per day. The successes are tallied together, and when 12 successes have been achieved, the spirit comes to reveal a vision. Then, the quest is over. The Garou does not have to reveal her vision to others, but it may help her to get some advice from a Theurge.

If the character consumes food anytime during the rite, the difficulty of successive rolls increases by three.

Moon Dance

Level Four

This rite seeks prophetic wisdom from the Moon, especially concerning adventures or war parties. Rite participants all gather in the Umbra and proceed along a Moon Path (randomly chosen by the ritemaster). If the Moon favors their dance, a Lune appears and gifts the party with visions of the coming future, though only with regard to the object of their quest or war party: They might see Pentex executives leaving their office at night, meaning that monkeywrenchers may have an easier time breaking in then, or they might see a Wyld-spirit harassing one of the ritualists, meaning that such a spirit may trouble them in their coming venture.

Garou who seek potent visions scar themselves with klaives to show their devotion to the Moon and their willingness for sacrifice.

System: The ritemaster rolls Wits + Rituals (difficulty 7). The number of successes determines both the number of visions (clues) given and their degree of import (Storyteller's discretion). The difficulty of the roll drops by one per participant who cuts herself with silver (-3 maximum).

Accord

Sweat Lodge

Level One

A version of the Rite of Cleansing, this rite specifically pertains to one's own self and health. The rite participants all gather in a sealed tent or lodge and pour water on heated rocks to create hot steam. Sage and cedar are sometimes burned to help cleanse the atmosphere.

Tricky spirits sometimes interrupt ceremonies, often yanking things from a person's hand or even disrobing a participant. Ritualists should greet these visitations with patience. If one behaves properly, he may be rewarded with some tidbit of knowledge.

System: In addition to the usual roll made by the ritemaster (Charisma + Rituals, difficulty 7), each participant makes a Willpower roll. If the roll is successful, all Stamina rolls are made at one less difficulty for the next two days. In addition, characters are considered cleansed, as if they had participated in a Rite of Cleansing.

Snow Walk

Level Four

Snow Walk, a powerful but dangerous rite, is attempted only by individuals whose taint or spiritual sickness cannot be cleansed with a Sweat Lodge. The supplicant goes off alone, without clothing or tools of any kind, into the frozen tundra of the far north (or into a fierce local snowstorm) and must survive there for at least three days. The first day may be trying, but it is on the third that the real test begins. If the rite is successful, Wind-spirits summon harsh gusts, hard hails and piercing ice to attack the Garou. If she survives, she is cleansed of any Wyrm-taint or spirit toxins and may even be freed of Harano.

System: The supplicant rolls Charisma + Rituals (difficulty 7). If successful, the storm comes. She must then roll Stamina + Survival. Only one success is required to cure Wyrm-taint or spirit toxins, but four are needed to banish Harano. If the roll fails, the Garou is reduced to Crippled and must heal as if she had taken aggravated wounds. In addition, she must roll against the Battle Scar chart.

Minor

Offerings

This rite is a means by which the Garou becomes known to the spirits as a friend. It can affect the demeanor of summoned or encountered spirits by turning non-Wyrm hostile spirits into neutrals or friendlies. Various offerings, from tobacco to food, are required. Basically, the Garou must smoke a pipe of tobacco every morning or evening for an entire moon cycle, or provide a small offering from every meal he consumes during that cycle (by burying it nearby or leaving it in a place that animal spirits frequent).

System: After a complete moon cycle (from new to full) of daily observance, the character rolls Charisma + Rituals (difficulty 6). Each success adds one success to the roll used to determine a summoned spirit's demeanor (from hostile to friendly). In addition, these successes should be tallied and used to add in a similar manner to rolls made when meeting spirits. This bonus applies only to the next spirit encountered, although the Storyteller may instead allow it to steadily decrease with each new encounter, if the character carries herself well.

Oyarans (Totems)

Totems of War

Igaluk, the Hunter

Background Cost: 4

Traits: Igaluk gives his children skills in the hunt. One pack member at a time may increase his Perception by one, and that pack member may also subtract one from the difficulties of Stealth and Survival rolls.

Ban: Children of Igaluk must never mistreat their game; they must always thank any being they kill for food. Otherwise, Igaluk ensures that all animals beware the offending Garou.

Wakinyan Tanka, Thunderbird

Background Cost: 6

Traits: A member of Thunderbird's pack may add three dice to a Strength dice pool. Also, Thunderbird teaches his children the Gift: Clap of Thunder (as the Level Two Shadow Lord Gift).

Ban: Thunderbird is a dangerous totem to court. If a pack member's Rage ever exceeds her Willpower, she goes a little crazy. She behaves strangely and stays on edge (like someone who has had way too much coffee); all her frenzy roll difficulties are at -2.

The Winter Manitous (Negakfok, Tomanik, O'ha'a)

Background Cost: 4

Traits: A pack member may call upon the Gift: Chill of Early Frost. In addition, the manitous grant their children +1 to both Stamina and Survival.

Ban: Pack members may not seek shelter from a winter storm until they have suffered at least one Health Level of damage from the cold (frostbite).

Totems of Wisdom

Skaia, Salmon

Background Cost: 5

Traits: Each pack member gains the Theurge Gift: Spirit Speech and the Gift: Salmon Swim. In addition, pack members' difficulties on Enigmas rolls are at -1.

Ban: Packs must do their best to protect and honor other spirits. They must never refuse a call for aid from a Gaian spirit.

Kiunik, Otter

Background Cost: 5

Traits: The pack may call upon the Theurge Gift: Pulse of the Invisible. In addition, its members may share a +1 bonus to Dexterity and Dodge amongst themselves under the usual restrictions.

Ban: Pack members must enter the Umbra at least once per moon cycle (from new to full) and follow a random Moon Path while there.

Whiskey Jack, Jaybird

Background Cost: 4

Traits: A pack member may call upon the Gift: Blissful Ignorance, and she gains +1 Charisma. In addition, the difficulties for all rolls to fool another with words are reduced by one.

Ban: Each pack member must steal something once per moon cycle, whether it's a pack of gum at the store or a Horned Serpent Person's fetish.

Peyote

Details on this powerful spirit can be found in the **Werewolf** supplement **Axis Mundi: The Book of Spirits**.

Fetishes

Ghost Canoe

Level 3 (5), Gnosis 8

This canoe is not necessarily a full-sized one; it is usually a small carving of such a boat. Once activated, it allows its bearer to navigate the Umbra as if he had the spirit Charm: Airt Sense. There are full-sized versions of this fetish (Level 5) that can carry a number of Garou and can pass through the Umbral landscape as if it were water. Once activated, one of these potent fetishes enters the Umbra when its user steps sideways. Activation lasts for one day; if it wears off, the fetish must be activated again to get it out of the Umbra. Any spirit with Airt Sense can power this fetish.

Spirit Net/Spirit Snare

Level 3, Gnosis 5

This fetish comes in two different forms, a fishnet or a trapper's snare. However, it is not used to catch animals — it catches spirits. The Garou sets the trap as he normally would, but he must set it in the Umbra and then activate it. Spirits who wander over it must roll their Willpower in a contest against the snare's Gnosis; if the snare has more successes, the spirit is trapped. Once at least three hours have passed after setting it, the Garou may check the trap to see if he has any captives. Wendigo use this fetish to capture spirits and exact favors for freeing them (alternately, they place the spirits in fetishes). To create such a snare, the Wendigo must bind within it a Spider-spirit.

Echo Maker (Maedawaewae-Jgun)

Level 4, Gnosis 7

This fetish is a shaman's drum, one which can aid in summoning spirits. When played for at least three consecutive turns and properly activated, it adds the number of successes on the activation roll to one subsequent summoning rite or Gift. This fetish is created by binding a Song-spirit.

Stone Bow

Level 4, Gnosis 6

Much like the bow of the legendary Gluskap, this warrior's weapon is sought after by many Ahrouns. It is a very strong bow made of stone, impossible to draw until it has been activated, after which it may be used only by the activator for the next scene. Its 240-yard range is twice that of a normal bow and, like a firearm, the user can add his attack successes to the damage dice pool — in addition to the normal 6 dice of damage the bow delivers (plus any extra for special arrowheads).

It is said that these bows are made from the bones of giants who died long ago and whose remains can sometimes be found buried in mountains or caves (usually in the Umbra). War-spirits bound within power these fetishes.

Ghost Dance Shirt

Level 5, Gnosis 7

A Garou wearing an activated Ghost Dance Shirt cannot be hurt by bullets or arrows — they bend around him or bounce off the leather shirt. Only magically-enhanced projectiles have a chance of harming the wearer, and they must contest their (or the caster's) Gnosis, Arete or Willpower (whichever is best applicable — Storyteller's discretion) against the fetish's Gnosis; whichever has more successes wins. Note that blows from melee weapons, claws, fists, etc. cannot be halted by the shirt, only projectiles.

These objects are sacred and take much prayer to produce, for a powerful Jaggling must be convinced to inhabit them (most often a crow, sacred messenger of the sun). A Ghost Dance Shirt usually features symbols of its inhabiting spirit. Misuse of a Ghost Dance Shirt angers most Wendigo and provokes them to take it from the offender.

Natural Fetishes

These "fetishes" are not so much made as found, although they require some ritual handling. Nonetheless, anyone — even Garou lacking any skill in rites — can use them, so potent is their power (at least for werewolves, who can activate fetishes with their Gnosis).

Purifying Plants

Level 1, Gnosis 7

Sage, cedar and sweet grass are some of the cleansing plants used in Wendigo ceremonies. Once activated (a process that includes burning in the case of sage), purifying plants lower by one the difficulty of any cleansing-related rolls in their presence.

Tobacco

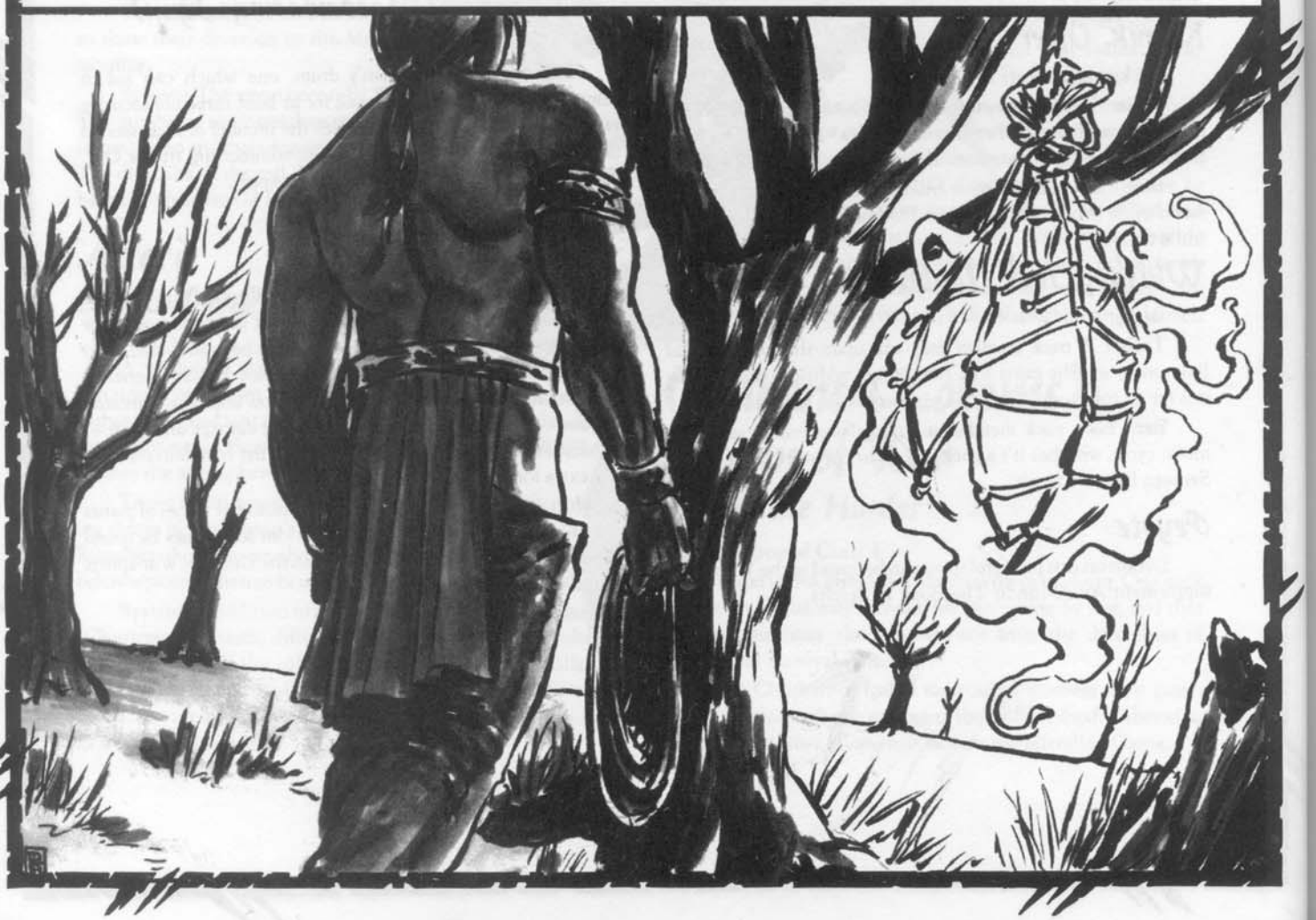
Level 1, Gnosis 7

Tobacco is, perhaps, the most holy of plants, for spirits regain Power points when it is offered in their name. Spirits are thus inclined to aid a Garou who offers such a sacrifice. If tobacco is activated and burned, it subtracts one from the difficulty of summoning spirits or calling on their aid. The number of successes on the activation roll is the amount of Power a particular named spirit regains, and each such point adds one success to the chart for determining its demeanor (**Werewolf**, p. 145). Only one such offering can be made to any spirit by the same Garou per day.

Deer's Leg Charm

Level 1, Gnosis 8

It is said that the oil of a deer's leg is strong magic; if one's eyes are anointed with it, one may shoot straighter than normal. The oil must be gained ritually from a slain deer, all of whose body parts must be put to good use. The oil is extracted and carried in a cloth. The Garou may paint it around his eyes and try to activate it; the number of successes on the activation roll then add to the attack roll of any bow (not firearm) attack for the next shot made by the ritualist.



Appendix Two: Needjee

(Friend)

While members of the Wendigo tribe may be more culturally united than most other tribes, they are certainly not uniform in their practices. A homid is usually born to Natives on a reservation, and even if she is raised in ignorance of her people's past traditions, she learns them after her *kalukarluteng* — the Rite of Passage. Such individual traditions as ceremonies, dress, behavior and even languages can vary greatly. However, Wendigo all share the same overall tribal culture given them by the manitous — the Ways detailed in this book. For the most part, one Wendigo tends to be quite respectful of another's particular traditions — far more so than he is toward ones of most other Garou tribes.

Now more than ever do these various traditions come together, whereas before they were widely removed from one another. The Wendigo have recently returned to the ancient fostering practice once shared among all the Pure Lands tribes: Cubs from one sept often go to a faraway sept for tutoring and to earn their first Renown. In this way, kinship ties among all the original peoples of the Pure Lands strengthen.

Contrary

Quote: *Oh, by the way... Remember that weird hole out in the woods, the one they say a monster lives in? Well, I kinda poked a stick down there. Yeah, I know I'm not supposed to go there, but... hey, I was curious. Well, it seems that whatever was down there didn't like that stick. It got real mad. I think it followed me. You hear that thrashing in the woods? Here it comes!*

Prelude: You grew up on the rez, one that had gambling, and that meant money — and wasichu. You got a job at the gambling hall but got fired pretty fast after you and your friends kept playing tricks. The last time, they almost charged you with auto theft. They didn't understand. How else was a poor Injun kid going to get a car but to borrow one from the visiting white folks?

Even your family calls you a punk. They're right. You've always liked playing pranks, always preferred doing something different than anybody else. Your uncle calls you contrary, and he says it like it's an important word or something.

Soon after losing your job, you changed into a werewolf for the first time. Your uncle took you into the woods and taught you everything about it, and then he took you to the caern and introduced you to the others of your tribe.

They seemed real wary about you, as if they always expected you to do something strange or dangerous. Your uncle explained that you were a heyoka, a contrary, one born under the new moon. Everybody appreciated that, but still, nobody trusted you. You were expected to get into trouble.

Given that, you better get to work. That new road they're building out behind the rez, the one they say is going to be used for dumping chemicals — maybe that's a good place to start....

Concept: You were just a slacker punk kid on the rez until your First Change. Now, you're an officially sanctioned slacker punk werewolf. They actually expect you to act like a fool, to stir things up. But it's hard to surprise anyone with that kind of attention. Time to start getting crafty....

Roleplaying Hints: Act like an innocent kid who's never done anything wrong. Whenever you do something wrong, always act surprised that it wasn't the right thing to do. "What? You mean corn syrup screws up engine blocks when you pour it into a gas tank? Whoa. I didn't know that. Oh, well."

Equipment: Your gear is as inconspicuous as you can make it. Your only real concession to the obvious is a Boy Scout knife. Otherwise, you've got rubber bands, matches, bandannas and other everyday kinds of stuff. You'll figure out how to use it all for mischief somehow.

Wendigo™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ragabash
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Contrary

Attributes

Physical

Strength	●●OOO
Dexterity	●●●●O
Stamina	●●OOO

Social

Charisma	●●OOO
Manipulation	●●●OO
Appearance	●●OOO

Mental

Perception	●●●OO
Intelligence	●●●OO
Wits	●●●●O

Abilities

Talents

Alertness	●OOOO
Athletics	●OOOO
Brawl	●OOOO
Dodge	●●●OO
Empathy	OOOOO
Expression	OOOOO
Intimidation	OOOOO
Primal-Urge	●OOOO
Streetwise	●●●●O
Subterfuge	●●●OO

Skills

Animal Ken	OOOOO
Drive	●●OOO
Etiquette	●OOOO
Firearms	●OOOO
Leadership	OOOOO
Melee	OOOOO
Performance	OOOOO
Repair	●OOOO
Stealth	●●●OO
Survival	●OOOO

Knowledges

Computer	OOOOO
Enigmas	OOOOO
Investigation	●OOOO
Law	●●OOO
Linguistics	●OOOO
Medicine	●OOOO
Occult	OOOOO
Politics	OOOOO
Rituals	OOOOO
Science	OOOOO

Advantages

Backgrounds

Kinfolk	●●●OO
Mentor	●●OOO
Totem	●OOOO
	OOOOO
	OOOOO

Gifts

Smell of Man	
Open Seal	
Camouflage	

Gifts

	OOOOO
	OOOOO
	OOOOO
	OOOOO
	OOOOO

Renown

Glory

● ● O O O O O O O O O

❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor

● O O O O O O O O O

❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom

O O O O O O O O O O

❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● O O O O O O O O O

❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● O O O O O O O O

❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● O O O O

❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

Wounded Prophet

Quote: *I hope that I might return to the spirits all the blessings they have given me.*

Prelude: The Wendigo don't particularly appreciate their metis. Although mules are rarely left exposed to the elements to die these days (every wolf-changer is needed), they rarely receive the respect others naturally do. Everything a metis gets, he has to earn. This challenge was especially true for you.

Your sept felt that your birth had angered the local spirits, and in an attempt to appease them, they left you — a weeks-old cub — on a mountain peak for a day. They figured if you were still alive when they returned that the spirits must have forgiven them. Well, they were surprised to find that you were more than alive: The animal people had made a crib for you from gathered wood, leaves and feathers. It was a powerful sign to the members of your sept, who were ashamed for their actions. While you were taken back and given the best of care, their angalkut fasted and prayed on the mountain for forgiveness for their cruelty.

At a very early age, you began uttering prophecies. At first, they were little things. You knew when a long-absent hunter was returning to the village, even though his canoe or truck was nowhere in sight. Sure enough, within the hour, he would appear.

Your people now expect great things of you. During your rite of passage, they sent you off alone rather than with a pack. A Horned Serpent beast found you and clawed out your left eye. You killed it and crawled back to your sept half-blind. Again, they thought it a bad sign and began to doubt you. But when you began seeing invisible things, visions of the future, with the eye that was no longer there, they knew that your wounding was a sacrifice.

Now, you must live up to their even greater expectations.

Concept: You are a weakling for a Garou, but you have powerful spirit affinities. Although many look away from your visage in disgust, they do their best not to anger you, for they believe that the spirits have chosen you for something great.

Roleplaying Hints: You are extremely humble, knowing that you have it much better than most metis of your tribe. You use your position to better their lot also. Although you do not ingratiate yourself to others, neither do you deny their company.

Equipment: Traditional medicine robes, staff, medicine pouch with tobacco, sage and pipe.

Wendigo™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Metis
Auspice: Theurge
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Wounded Prophet

Attributes

Physical

Strength	●OOOO
Dexterity	●●OOO
Stamina	●●●OO

Social

Charisma	●●●OO
Manipulation	●●●OO
Appearance	●●OOO

Mental

Perception	●●OOO
Intelligence	●●●OO
Wits	●●●OO

Abilities

Talents

Alertness	●OOOO
Athletics	OOOOO
Brawl	OOOOO
Dodge	OOOOO
Empathy	●●OOO
Expression	●●●OO
Intimidation	OOOOO
Primal-Urge	●●●OO
Streetwise	OOOOO
Subterfuge	OOOOO

Skills

Animal Ken	●OOOO
Drive	OOOOO
Etiquette	●●●OO
Firearms	OOOOO
Leadership	OOOOO
Melee	OOOOO
Performance	●●OOO
Repair	OOOOO
Stealth	OOOOO
Survival	●OOOO

Knowledges

Computer	OOOOO
Enigmas	●●●●O
Investigation	OOOOO
Law	OOOOO
Linguistics	●OOOO
Medicine	●●OOO
Occult	●●●OO
Politics	●OOOO
Rituals	●●●OO
Science	OOOOO

Advantages

Backgrounds

Past Life	●●OOO
Rites	●●●●O
	OOOOO
	OOOOO
	OOOOO

Gifts

- Sense Wyrm
- Spirit Speech
- Call the Breeze

Gifts

Renown

Glory
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
● ● ● O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

Federal Marshal

Quote: *Are you going to come with me willingly or am I going to have to break some teeth? And don't even think about shooting that gun — it might make me angry....*

Prelude: Your mother was Native American and your father Asian-American. For years, you had no idea what that made you. Your mother was ashamed of her heritage (like a lot of Indians of her generation), and your father was gung-ho American Dream, intent on leaving his Vietnamese past far behind him. They were both achievers, however, and built you a good home with strong prospects.

Maybe it was the lack of any roots that drew you to federal law enforcement — that and a good sense of right and wrong. The climate of political correctness, your minority status and your genuine ability catapulted you through the ranks, even though it seemed that a lot of your cases involved photo ops with high officials.

But on all those questionnaires throughout your career, you checked the "Asian-American" box rather than "Native American," which is why they eventually assigned you to some rather nasty cases in "Indian Country," as the old-timers called it. If they knew you were Native, you would have been assigned elsewhere — here they wanted another minority, someone who wasn't white but who wasn't Native, either.

During your first case, which involved some "skinchanger" murders, as the locals called them, you underwent a belated First Change and entered a world your parents and their parents before them had long ago refused — the world of the Garou and the war against the Wyrm.

You now realize that everything you once knew is wrong. You're a Wendigo, but one with a good job in the wasichu world, a job you intend to use to battle the Wyrm in a way no one else among your people can. In fact, you're seeking a transfer to some obscure FBI division euphemistically called Project Twilight....

Concept: You're a Wendigo agent in the federal government, fully licensed to carry a gun and serve warrants on offenders — especially Wyrm servitors.

Roleplaying Hints: Your training has taught you a no-nonsense, professional demeanor. You still act the part, but your rediscovered heritage excites you to no end. Keeping it a secret from your coworkers is going to be tough.

Equipment: Bulletproof vest, automatic pistol, marshal's badge.

Wendigo™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Philodox
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Federal Marshal

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies	●●●○○
Past Life	●○○○○
Totem	●○○○○
	○○○○○
	○○○○○

Gifts

Persuasion
Truth of Gaia
Camouflage

Gifts

Renown

Glory
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

Powwow Dancer

Quote: *Ha'eye'ya he'yeye'! Ha'eye'ya he'yeye'!*

Prelude: You were born of the wolf-people, a lupus. After your First Change, the Wendigo wolf-changers brought you to a Native reservation near a caern. Your first glimpse of humans was at a powwow, a gathering of the human tribes. There, in a converted gymnasium, they danced, dressed in colors and feathers, and chanted their thanks. You wanted more than anything to be like them, to dance for Grandmother and chant songs to Her.

While you learned the ways of the wolf-changers, you also studied the ways of the humans who lived nearby. Although they thought you a bit odd (they called you "slow"), some of them adopted you and taught you their dances. Eventually, they let you dance with them in a costume of your own. Your agility amazed them all, as did the passion with which you sang and twirled. You quickly became a favorite.

You now know many dances: the hoop dance, the deer dance and others. As much as you like to hunt the Horned Serpent People with your pack, you hate it when it draws you away from the powwow circuit. Therefore, your pack decided to travel the circuit with you to aid Natives against the Wyrm wherever you all go.

Concept: You're a wolf in love with sacred, ceremonial dance. Ancient stories come to life when you enact ritual dances. You have won many prizes, but care little for them — it is the actual dancing you enjoy.

Roleplaying Hints: You're not very talkative — you are a lupus, after all. You communicate best through gesture. You have recently tried incorporating your dancing into combat. Doing so has improved your ability to avoid enemy blows, and even to confuse enemies at times.

Equipment: The only thing you own is your dancing outfit: a colorful shirt, loincloth and leggings, all adorned with ribbons and feathers. You also have an eagle-feather fan and some hoops.

Wendigo™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Galliard
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Powwow Dancer

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Fetish	●○○○○
Allies	●○○○○
Pure Breed	●●○○○
Totem	●○○○○
Rites	●●○○○

Gifts

- Leap of the Kangaroo
- Call the Wyld
- Call of the Breeze
- Balance

Gifts

Renown

Glory
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness

WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

Kin Protector

Quote: *We sign too many papers. This one to get our welfare. This one to loan our land. This one to sell it. I will sign no more papers!*

Prelude: More than anything else, the poor state of your human Kin concerns you. You were born a Native American on the Pine Ridge reservation, one of the poorest places in the country. Your grandmother instilled a strong sense of tradition in you, and you have grown up to fight for your people's cultural rights, such as the return of land long ago taken from them wrongfully.

Your grandmother was a wolf-changer, and so are you. Your First Change came about in violence, during a bar fight started by drunken wasichu. You'd come to take your brother home, for he was drunk, but the wasichu wanted to fight. In the dark parking lot, they smashed a beer bottle across your face for ignoring them, and you lost all control. They screamed as they saw the giant battle-form loom before them, and they died screaming.

Your brother could barely believe what had happened. His words calmed you down, and you returned home with him. But grandmother knew that the police would soon come, and that you had to leave, to live hidden with other wolf-changers.

It hurts you to have left your family, but you know it must be so. You have since sworn to protect your Kinfolk from what the wasichu do to them, and what the Horned Serpent People do to all people.

Concept: You're a warrior protecting Native American rights. You have little patience or mercy for anyone who preys on your Kinfolk. Years of empty promises made to your people have made you bitter. Although you can get along with other tribes, you have difficulty taking even their promises and oaths seriously — a flaw you'll eventually have to overcome.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a stern Garou, and you take little pleasure from the humorous antics of the contraries. You always wonder how you can turn the fate of your people around and drive the Horned Serpent away.

Equipment: Jeans, flannel shirt, baseball hat with an eagle feather tied to it, bowie knife.

Wendigo™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ahroun
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Kin Protector

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

DS

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Kinfolk ●●●○○
Pure Breed ●○○○○
Totem ●○○○○
_____ ○○○○○
_____ ○○○○○

Gifts

Smell of Man
Razor Claws
Camouflage
Resist Pain

Gifts

Renown

Glory ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

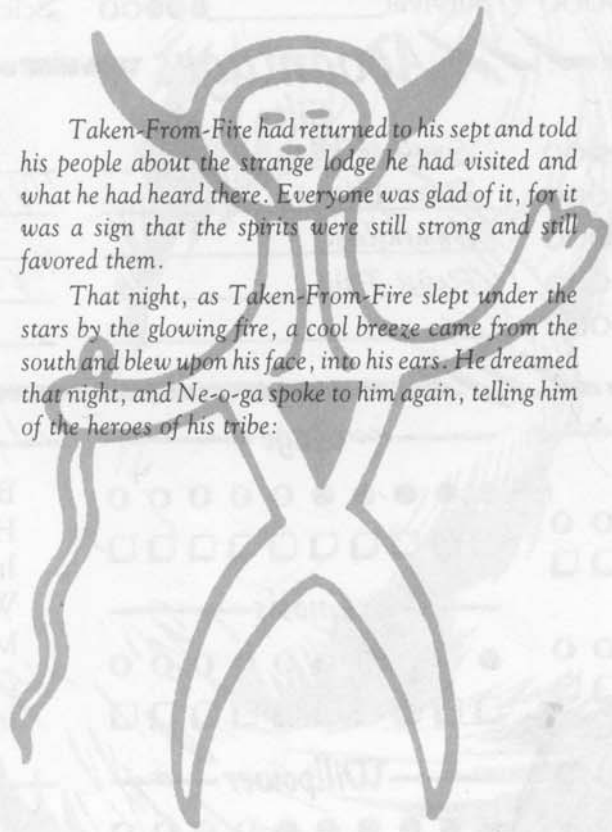
Health

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

Weakness

WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

Appendix Three: Mitakuye Oyasin (All My Relations)



Taken-From-Fire had returned to his sept and told his people about the strange lodge he had visited and what he had heard there. Everyone was glad of it, for it was a sign that the spirits were still strong and still favored them.

That night, as Taken-From-Fire slept under the stars by the glowing fire, a cool breeze came from the south and blew upon his face, into his ears. He dreamed that night, and Ne-o-ga spoke to him again, telling him of the heroes of his tribe:

Myeengun

Long ago, well before the wasichu came to this land and the Croatan died, there was a Pure One child who wandered away from his home and became lost. He was found by wolves and raised by them. Eventually, he became a wolf himself.

This was in the long-ago times, when Beings were not as set in their ways as they are now, and people could change into other people. Not just wolf-changers or the Ones Who Dream could do this thing, but anyone who met a magical being or lived a magical life could as well. Myeengun was one such person.

Because he was born as a human, he knew human ways, and because he became a wolf and was raised by them, he knew their ways also. He was a famous wolf. He returned to his human family after a time and became friends with Nana'b'oozoo, a silly but likable one, a person with a great destiny.

Nana'b'oozoo did many great things, but they came about not because he willed them, but almost by accident. He was a lucky one. Once, he dared Myeengun into crossing the ice when it was too thin. Myeengun fell in and was sucked down to the realm of Mishi-bizheu, the Great Lynx who lived under the water. Nana'b'oozoo thought he was dead and went about for a long time crying for Myeengun and planning revenge against the Great Lynx.

But Myeengun was not dead. He tricked the Lynx and escaped from the waters. He didn't bother to tell Nana'b'oozoo, though, thinking that his friend should learn a lesson from it. Later, he revealed himself to his friend again, but only after he'd had many more adventures of his own, after he'd taught the wolf-changers what it was like to be wolves.

Shogecka Hunter Moon

Great among the Wendigo-People was Shogecka Hunter Moon. Her war band still exists, for the Warpath looks to her as its ancestor and swears its oaths in her name.

She fought alongside Tecumseh and gathered a loyal band of Garou, blood-oathed to follow her. When Tecumseh fell, she still carried on the war. Many Horned Serpent People wish she had never lived, for they would perhaps still be alive today were it not for her and her warriors.

Evan Heals-the-Past

Evan is renowned among the other wolf-changers for aiding their king, Albrecht of the Silver Fangs. Because of this union, the Silver Fangs now listen to your tribe's counsels.

Many of your people distrusted him when he first came to his heritage, for he appears to be a wasichu. His Native and wolf-changer great-grandparents can barely be seen in his face, but they are in his blood. For this reason, he has had to work harder to prove himself among the Wendigo-People, but the spirits accept him.

Mask Maker

Mask Maker lived in the times of Shogecka Hunter Moon, although he was a cub when she first began to fight. He was an angalkuq, one wise in the ways of the False Faces, the masks representing healing spirits. It is said that he could carve a mask in one night and from any wood. Spirits came to live in these masks, and he had one for every kind of power imaginable.

He traveled to the south and west to join the Uktena and learn their ways. It was a bad time, for the wasichu did not know how to behave, and they went around shooting each other all the time. They called it the "wild west."

Mask Maker and his Uktena friends used their masks to scare the Horned Serpent People and many wasichu also. Some say that, though he is now gone, his masks still exist, buried somewhere in the land of canyons to the southwest or in the mountains where the Pumonca once lived.

Shadow Walker

He is one of the greatest warriors among us, for he has often counted many coup against the Horned Serpent People who pretend to be wasichu. He killed many of the leaders of the Pentex company, and for this they hate him and offer great rewards for evidence of his death. But they have never found him. He is very crafty, and even we cannot always find him.

He walks in a sacred manner and has many friends among the manitous. They help him to escape when he plays tricks on his enemies. It is as if he was never there. He also calls upon his friends to aid the wolves that run wild and free. He will swear revenge on anyone who harms them.

John Blackfeather (True Arrow)

Many wasichu have heard of and seen John Blackfeather, for he is an actor in their movies. He was once an activist for Native American rights, but has since decided to teach his people's ways in movies, which all wasichu can understand. He has won awards.

What few wasichu know is that he is a Wendigo wolf-changer, and that he fights the Horned Serpent in the movie industry. Sometimes, you may hear of a death on a movie set. It is not always an accident. Often, it is the justice of True Arrow, the name by which we know John Blackfeather.

He has many enemies, some of them from the days when he fought for Native rights on the reservations. The Horned Serpent has many servants in these places, and they wish to destroy True Arrow and his pack. So far, they have not been able to do so.

Maq'pe-Luta (Red Cloud)

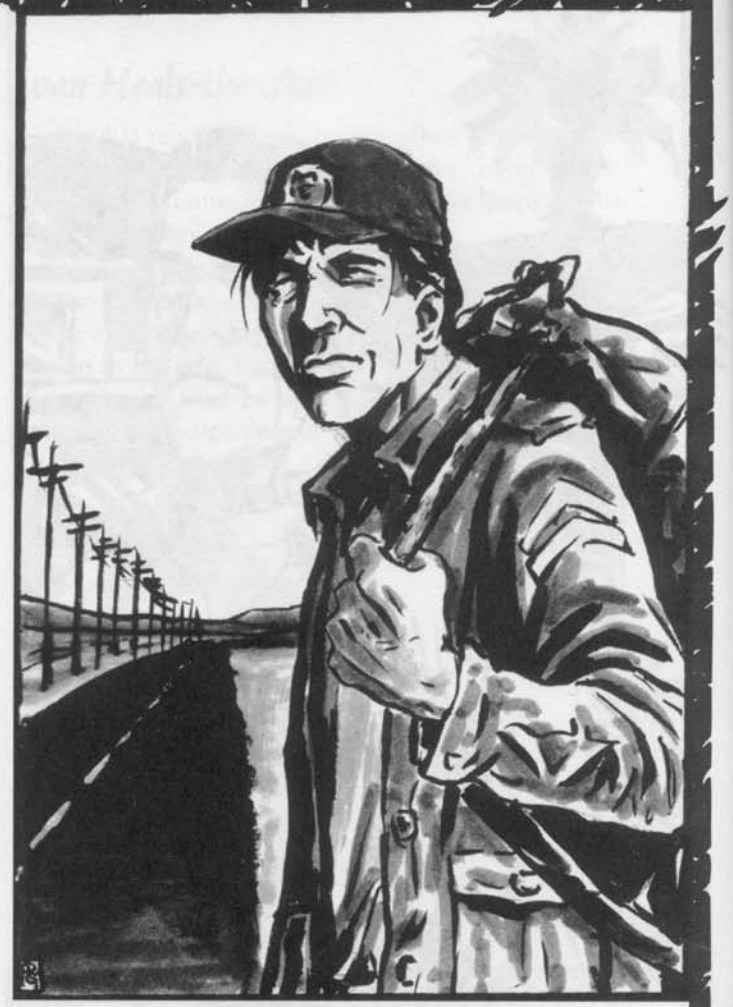
This great warrior has received much renown for slaying Horned Serpent People who prey on the Natives of the Dakotas. The Horned Serpent had to be sly to harm Red Cloud, so he whispered to the wasichu, and the weak ones in the government listened.

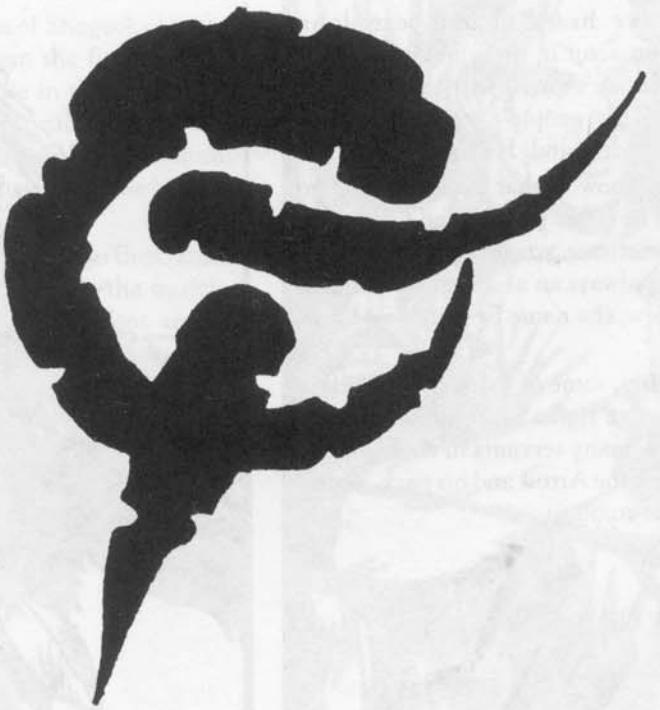
They accused Red Cloud of killing innocent people, although this was not true. They have tried to catch him ever since, telling all the Natives that he is a criminal who must be brought to justice. But they are the criminals, following the Horned Serpent's lies rather than listening to the hearts Grandmother gave them.

He evades them for now, given shelter by many who follow his cause. He is always on the move, going where he is needed throughout Wendigo lands. Perhaps one day you will meet him and fight beside him.

There are many more ancestors and living heroes to speak of, but their tales will be told later. Now you must sleep and grow your strength, for you have many battles before you.

There will come a day when all will be as it once was, and you will cry: "*A'gali-ye!* They have returned!"





Wendigo™

Name: Breed: Pack Name:
Player: Auspice: Pack Totem:
Chronicle: Camp: Concept:

Attributes

Physical
Strength ●OOOO
Dexterity ●OOOO
Stamina ●OOOO

Social
Charisma ●OOOO
Manipulation ●OOOO
Appearance ●OOOO

Mental
Perception ●OOOO
Intelligence ●OOOO
Wits ●OOOO

Abilities

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

Skills
Animal Ken OOOOO
Drive OOOOO
Etiquette OOOOO
Firearms OOOOO
Leadership OOOOO
Melee OOOOO
Performance OOOOO
Repair OOOOO
Stealth OOOOO
Survival OOOOO

Knowledges
Computer OOOOO
Enigmas OOOOO
Investigation OOOOO
Law OOOOO
Linguistics OOOOO
Medicine OOOOO
Occult OOOOO
Politics OOOOO
Rituals OOOOO
Science OOOOO

Advantages

Backgrounds
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO

Gifts
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Gifts
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Renown
Glory
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑
Honor
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑
Wisdom
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

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

Weakness
WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

Wendigo™

Homid

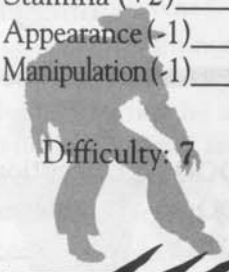
No Change

Difficulty: 6

Glabro

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

Difficulty: 7

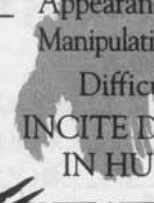


Crinos

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

Difficulty: 6

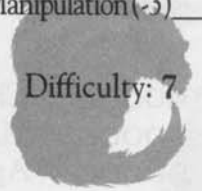
INCITE DELIRIUM IN HUMANS



Hispo

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

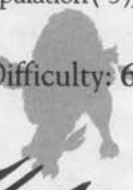
Difficulty: 7



Lupus

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

Difficulty: 6



Other Traits

_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
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_____ OOOOO

Fetishes

Item:_____ ❑Dedicated Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____

Item:_____ ❑Dedicated Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____

Item:_____ ❑Dedicated Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____

Rites

_____
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_____
_____

Combat

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

Brawling Chart

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

†These maneuvers do aggravated damage.

Armor:_____

Wendigo™

Nature: Demeanor:

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Pack Totem

Kinfolk

Past Life

Mentor

Pure Breed

Possessions

Gear (Carried):

Equipment (Owned):

Sept

Name:

Caern Location:

Level: Type:

Totem:

Leader:

Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From:

TOTAL SPENT:

Spent On:

Wendigo™

History

Prelude

Description

Age:
Hair:
Eyes:
Race:
Nationality:
Sex:

	Height	Weight
Homid:		
Glabro:		
Crinos:		
Hispo:		
Lupus:		

Battle Scars:

Metis Deformity:

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch

Werewolves Unite

Garou has warred with Garou since the dawn of time. Breed has slaughtered breed, tribe has slaughtered tribe, all in the name of power or the right to be Gaia's chosen one. The Garou have a common enemy, though — the Wyrm — and dissension has made it strong. Now werewolves must unite or they will all be destroyed, and the world will soon follow.

For Tomorrow We Die

The War of Apocalypse is rejoined as the tribes are finally brought together in **Litany of the Tribes Volume 4**. This book unites the four, previously out-of-print **Silver Fangs**, **Stargazers**, **Uktena** and **Wendigo** Tribebooks. Here is your chance to take the war to the Wyrm — in the name of breed, tribe and Gaia.

Litany of the Tribes Volume 4 features:

- The oldest Tribebooks made available again
- Secret information about these four tribes, both in the modern world and as background to **Werewolf: The Wild West**
- Additional rules, Merits and Flaws, Rites and fetishes

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