

# RITE OF PASSAGE



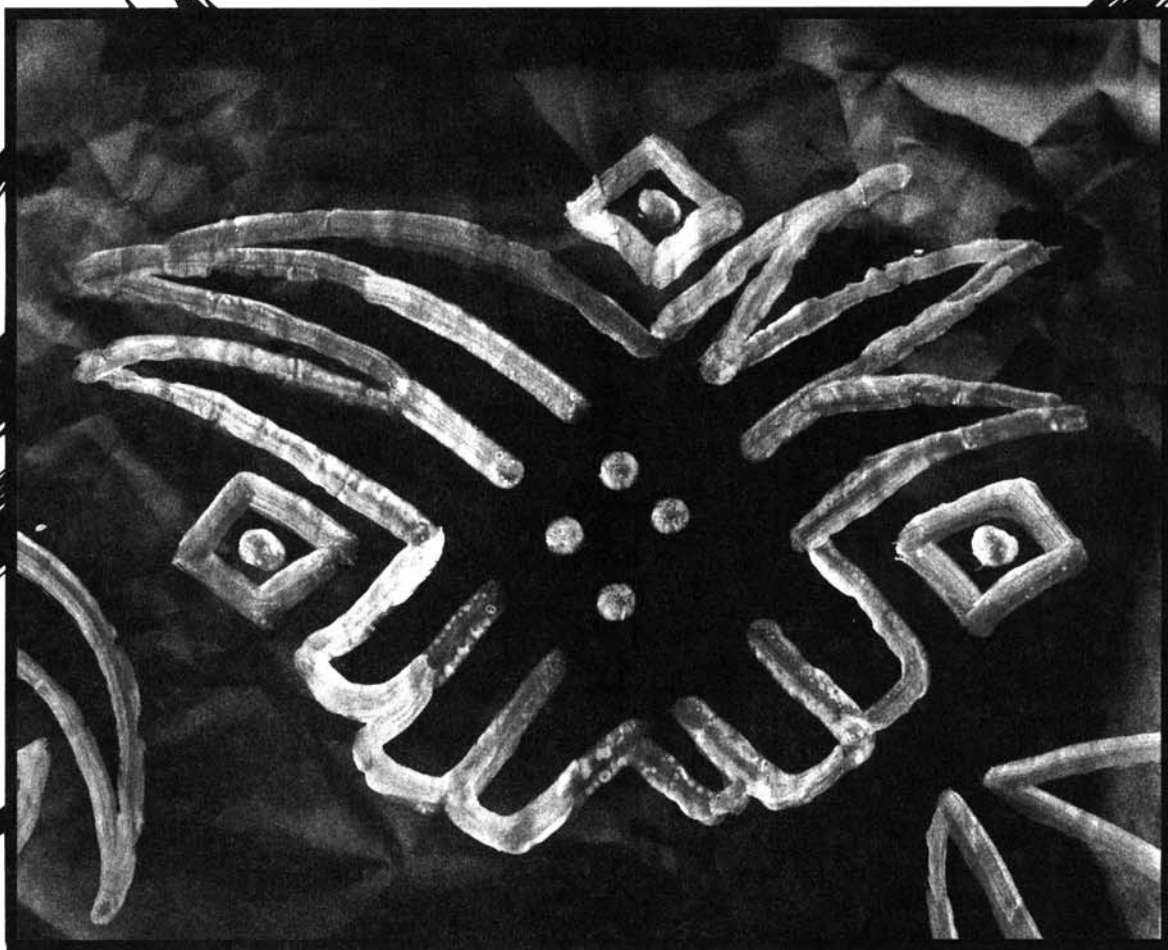
*The Introductory Story/Sourcebook  
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# RITE OF PASSAGE

*Through Danger Reborn*

*By Sam Chupp, William Hale & Rob Hatch*







## The Tale of My Passage

**T**his is the story of one of the many chapters of my life. Although I was educated in the society of man and hold several degrees, this does not reflect who I truly am, or even what I am. I am a creature of human legend, of mortal terror, as are all my kind. I am a werewolf. I am Garou.

In this, the autumn of my life, I seek to pass on some of my experiences to those who will follow the same path, the path of the blood which flows through our veins. I shall tell the tale of my rite of passage, of my journey to adulthood and what it means to be of the changing breed.

My name is Charles Steffan Pershing, though I am known as Blood-at-Dusk to the Children of Gaia, who are my tribe. I am originally from Los Angeles, although I had lived for the few years prior to this story in Baton Rouge. I was a product of the urban jungle and a nightmare to my parents. My father's career as a salesman, which allowed him little time for a family, and my mother's chronic alcohol abuse had enabled me to choose my own life, with minimal intervention from my parents. I had not always chosen wisely.

At a young age, I fell in with the "wrong crowd," and found nothing but desolation and anger in my soul. I turned to drugs to fill the void which I had become. I soon discovered that I could relieve the pain of others by introducing them to the virtues of cocaine, shining a light into the darkness of their existence.

In retrospect, I realize the disservice I had done these poor, lost souls who, like myself, were merely searching

for an answer in a questionable world. The instigator of my crime was an individual by the name of Jack (I still do not know his last name), who used my insecurities and need for acceptance for his own profit. I shall curse him and his lies for eternity.

I am an adult now, and I look back on the chapter of my life which was my youth with a bittersweet longing to rectify the sins I committed, although I know this can never be.

This is how I found truth in my life. Although it may seem incredible, it is no different than the long road which all must follow to find that place in the world which they call home.

All I can remember are the woman and the dog, more like a wolf by the size of it. It stared into my eyes with a wisdom that was more than canine, as if it knew something about me that I did not. Jack pulled his gun, but before he could fire, the wolf descended upon him in a collage of blood and fear and screams. I tried to help him—how he begged me to! Before I could quell my fear, a hand as large as the sky covered my face and darkness was my home.

I awoke in darkness. At least, I think I awoke. I was painfully aware of my physical self—I was cold and hungry and fear numbed me like snow on a December morn. The darkness was the razor edge between sleep and the waking world where life is insignificant.

As the fog in my brain subsided, I began to perceive breathing, course and labored. I was unsure if it was even



of human origin, though I could not muster the courage to ascertain its source. After an indefinite period of time a voice broke the stagnant void, a voice which overflowed with the same terror which had conquered my soul. Yet even with the discovery that I was not alone, I was given no comfort. In a matter of moments, another voice joined our duet of terror, and the three of us scrambled to solve the mystery put before us with a newfound strength in numbers.

Our search led us to believe that our prison was rectangular in shape, with a door at the far end, well sealed and beyond our ability to open. The putrid aroma of fish entrails permeated our nostrils and lent a feeling of doom to our endeavors.

The background noises changed several times, and we came to the conclusion that we were being transported by different means for each portion of our mysterious journey — first by truck, then by air, ship, and finally train.

I seem to remember spirits on that endless trek, spirits which spoke of courage and the hunt, of pride and the Garou. I dismissed these as illusions, nightmares which were not content to dwell in my sleeping world, but were determined to haunt my waking mind instead.

The doors burst open and the sunlight stabbed viciously at my eyes, without concern for my tears. We were herded from our confinement like cattle, and were given food and drink, which burned our empty stomachs.

Our abductors were rugged, and possessed a violent glare which subdued a great deal of my anger. They spoke of obedience and the respect due one's elders. I was too hungry to argue.

I was also cursed with another dilemma, a gnawing at my brain caused by my addiction to a white demonic powder, which I had long used as a crutch to hide my fears and weaknesses. Unknown to me at that time, this manmade poison could never compare to the fever which surged through my veins by my birthright; but this I shall address later. My hunger and my need to corrupt my body further with my addiction overwhelmed me.

I had never known such pain. In the corner of my eye I spied her, the woman who had instigated this suffering. Beside her sat the wolf I spoke of before, the same bright light burning behind those eyes. The woman gazed down at me and her smile told me that she understood the pain which enveloped my being. She was quite entertained.

We huddled in the van as it sped across the Alaskan countryside. Being a product of urban society, I had never witnessed such a beautiful sight. The greens and browns of the forest seemed to orbit my consciousness in an ethereal way. In the distance, built into a hill which I knew

to be our final destination, sat a cabin; squat and rustic in appearance, it emanated an aura which somehow soothed my companions and me with a sense of warmth.

As our captors led us up the path to the cabin entrance, I noticed a large American Indian totem with a moose at the top, followed by a frog and then a bear. I began to think that perhaps my fears were unwarranted.

Once inside, we found ourselves surrounded by a hive of activity. Jerky, cheeses, and homemade beer were served, all in great quantity, far surpassing anything I had ever tasted in the fast food establishments of my urban birth. We were quickly accepted into the fold as if we had lived there all of our lives.

An old woman rushed to me from the crowd and said she was my cousin. I was unsure of this, as no one in my family had ever spoken of having relatives this far north. Before I could question her on this, she wrapped her arms about me and I found solace in her embrace. It seemed that she held me a lifetime, that she had raised me for my short life of 16 years, and that I had never known anyone else. Then as suddenly as she had appeared, she vanished into the safety of the crowd which I so yearned to be part of.

Two others who had also been abducted now joined us, full of the same confusion which had plagued us for so long now.

I find it necessary at this time to introduce my companions. In the years that we have been together, they have become a part of me.

Horace Wu, a young man of Oriental descent, stood beside me now. He had introduced himself first during our trek to this place, and we stayed close to one another for comfort.

Bruce Conner and Travis Long stood in a corner by themselves. They were both from well-to-do families but were unhappy nonetheless; they were never as close to their parents as other children their age. They were as alone as I was.

In the corner, her frightened face in shadow, stood Zoe Parker, the youngest of us all. She was obviously a loner, and chose to speak to no one. In fact, up to this point, she had not even made eye contact with anyone in our group.

The crowd exited the room and we were left to stand before the one who remained. So great was his stature that his gaze froze my heart, and once again brought forth the tidal wave of terror I had managed to dam earlier. He spoke of the spirit-things my nightmares had told me of, yet his voice was thunder and shook the foundation of my soul. The word Garou, which I had heard earlier, fell from his lips like blood from a glorious battle wound, as he told us of the awakening we would soon participate in.

As the sun set, we were led down a trail to a stream. We waded across and came to a cave. Inside, ancient paintings decorated the cavern walls: scenes of the hunt, of family, of tribal companionship and death. A huge fire roared in the center, which scorched our faces and left our backs barren and cold. We joined hands and once more I felt calm, as if I had known these people all my life. These were not strangers I had been abducted with; these people were my family.

Something was behind me. It stalked around the circumference of our circle and panted, growled, prepared itself for the hunt of one's self which is the awakening.

Those who had brought us here began to chant, softly at first, but rising to a fevered pitch. As their howling reached a crescendo, they pushed us forward into the fire and the life I had known before became meaningless.

A great sleeping wolf stretched across the land as we rose high above the earth. She was bathed in fire and screamed in agony and I suddenly realized that the world was dying, that the areas engulfed in flame were the spoiled, wasted lands of mankind and his struggle to dominate nature. With this understanding, I felt a great sobbing build inside me and I felt shame for raping the land, enough shame for generations.

The moon sat in a huge chariot, pulled across the heavens by a woman who laughed maniacally to the wind. As one, we flew to intercept her and begged her to give meaning to this intense dream. She agreed, but only if we would each give her a dream within one lunar cycle. I, as well as my companions, agreed to her price, even though I could not remember what it was like to dream, for I had not done so since I first poisoned my body with that damnable white powder.

We found ourselves on green earth once more and seemed to be in the midst of a towering forest. A small path stretched to the edge of our sight. In the distance, a column of smoke rose to the sky. Since the path seemed to lead us in that direction, we chose to follow. Around the fire danced several creatures, half-man and half-wolf, that howled and screamed a primitive war-like symphony. They invited us to join them, and after a few moments of thought, we reluctantly did so.

As we danced around the fire they told us to evoke our rage, to summon the hidden fury which lies buried within each of us. I thought of my mother choosing to cradle a bottle of liquor rather than her own son. The tears welled up in my eyes. I suddenly realized that I ran around the fire on all fours, my soft fur the color of snow upon the damp ground. I looked at my friends and saw that they were no longer human, but had transformed to wolves as well.

I felt elated as never before. My blood coursed through my veins, a new untainted blood which enabled me to smell the crisp scent of my comrades' fur and to hear their hearts beat fiercely within their chests. I was free at last. Together we ran wild into the forest, completely relieved of all human bonds. For the first time, I was truly alive.

On a hill stood a great stag, its antlers enormous against the full moon. It bolted in a cloud of dust and fear, and we pursued with a passion passed down through a hundred generations of hunters. Realizing that he could not outrun the ravenous pack, he stopped and adopted a defensive posture. He fought fiercely, and the blood flowed from our wounds, but in time, the battle was ours. We fed hungrily on the blood of our victory.

We howled together that night, our voices and hearts as one with the night. I had finally found my family and my life. I was no longer a lost child in a cold world. Now I was part of nature's glorious design. The hunt was over. We cleansed our fur and huddled together for a much-needed rest. At last I could sleep in peace.

I awoke with the waves slapping the sides of the small fishing boat I now found myself in. I was cold and hungry, but this was soothed somewhat by my newfound knowledge of self. We were given warmer clothes and I took a few moments to transplant my personal possessions to my new wardrobe. We were also given food to assuage our ravenous hunger, and were told we had been in our dream for nearly a week, which explained the rumbling in our stomachs. Ahead of us lay an island, our destination. Here is where we would learn of ourselves and our pack, and learn what it was like to be Garou, to be a werewolves.

We were to be accompanied by an old wolf. It was nearly his time to pass on, and we were to care for him until that time came. Those who brought us here, our former captors, had removed the cold sting from their voices, which had been constantly present when they addressed us before. But this could not quite quell the apprehension I felt as the island drew closer.

To make matters worse, I removed the small vial of white powder I had been carrying in my pocket and, though my troubled brain protested, I uncomfortably handed it to the woman who had kidnapped me a lifetime ago (or so it seemed). I realized how much I would suffer for what I had just done — withdrawal symptoms show no mercy — but I felt the time had come to fight my own battles. She casually opened the vial and cast the contents to the torrid waters.

We anchored about 200 yards offshore and were suddenly told to get out. As disturbing as this news sounded,



we still had no intentions of arguing with our elders. We prepared ourselves as best we could and, grimaces firmly etched on our faces, dove overboard. As soon as I touched the water my breath was stolen from me by the choppy waves. The constant motion of the water was the only thing which kept it from turning to ice, as the temperature was far below freezing. I swam as fast and as hard as I could, but the island never came any closer. My breath was getting short and my muscles ached as the waves tossed me about like a child's toy. I could swim no longer, I was exhausted. I wrapped myself in this dark blanket of tranquillity and prepared for a long sleep. Blackness came to me as a friend.

I awoke. I was stiff and sore and covered with sand. I was soaked and overcome with a chill like I had never before known; but I was awake. I was alive, and this was far more than I had expected. I realized, by the expressions on my companions' faces, that they had risked themselves to save me. No one had ever done anything like that for me before. I was so flooded with emotion that I could not even speak. Once assured of my health, they wandered off to search for driftwood to build a fire, and spoke nothing of the incident. I huddled closer to the old wolf and relaxed as my friends performed a preliminary reconnaissance of the island.

As I recovered my strength, I joined them in their search for supplies and shelter. It was not long after that we discovered a cave. It was cold and dark, having been created by lava flows, but it would serve our purposes. We gathered the firewood we had found and, with my cigarette lighter, built a roaring fire to dry our clothes and warm our aching bodies.

We moved the old wolf closer to the fire, as he was shivering almost uncontrollably, and huddled closer ourselves, bathing in this blessed element. The cave was far deeper than the flickering light could reveal; we chose not to explore too deeply at this time. The walls were covered with ancient drawings, similar to the ones we had seen earlier, but a huge dragon-shaped creature decorated these walls, one which chased several doomed stick figures. This was not a comforting discovery.

After the flames had sufficiently thawed our blood, we thought it prudent to explore the island further. The old wolf was left in Wu's care, who chose not to accompany us due to his lack of shoes. The rest of us left the cave and headed south in hope of finding food and fresh water.

We had traveled only a short distance when we entered a forest. It was rather small, but we hoped it could provide the necessary supplies for our survival. After a short time, we stumbled upon a goat drinking from a small brook. So elated were we to find food that several of my compan-

ions, including myself, immediately gave chase to the young goat. It raced around a tree and disappeared into the forest, but this was not the only reason that we chose to end the chase.

Standing before us was a young man, no older than myself, covered in mud and foliage. He wielded a small spear but showed no signs of outright aggression, so we held our ground and did nothing to instigate violence.

The young man then raised his head to the sky and uttered a shrill cry which echoed across the small island, quickly summoning several other young men, dressed (or should I say undressed) very much like he was. They spoke very choppy, guttural English and possessed a fiery glance unlike any I had ever seen. They told us that the forest belonged to them and that we were not welcome. After several moments of arguing to deaf ears we decided to withdraw and ponder our future strategy in a less tense environment.

We headed north toward the cave, and before long, we came across another group, who made their home near an ancient volcano. They were covered in ash and some of them were lounging about in hot springs, which were warmed by an underground source.

They were much less apprehensive than the last group, and after a short conversation they invited us to join them in the softly bubbling water. They were hungry. It showed in their eyes and was obvious by their pinched, gaunt features. We learned that the Forest Dwellers, as they called the other clan, possessed a monopoly on the food and were quite reluctant to share. Thus, those who lived near the volcano were forced to steal food in order to survive. They brought to light other facts as well: they were Garou, along with the Forest Dwellers. They could not remember how long they had been there, only that it had been a struggle since the beginning. It seemed as if this was the only life they had ever known.

I began to wonder if this would be our fate as well. Together, my companions and I decided it would be prudent to find a way off the island, or at least find weapons to defend ourselves, as the Forest Dwellers would not give us food without a fight.

An idea suddenly struck me and, although it was quite extreme, I chose to discuss it with my companions nonetheless. After enlightening them, as well as the Volcano Dwellers, we made our way to the forest with fire in hand in order to initiate our plan.

We were "greeted" as warmly as the frigid ocean itself, but it was no less than we expected. When the Forest Dwellers had gathered I told them of our ultimatum. I

would give them the choice of either sharing food with all the inhabitants of the island, or I would bring fire to the land and we would all starve. The Forest Dwellers repeated time and time again that there was not enough food in the forest to feed everyone, but we stood our ground and, before much longer, they agreed to our terms and stalked angrily into the forest.

The Volcano Dwellers ran about the forest in triumphant joy, feeding themselves with wild abandon, as if they had not eaten for weeks. I knew that, at this point, we had to devise a method of rationing the food fairly or none of us would survive for long. My mind was filled with a thousand dark thoughts concerning the future, as I joined my companions in the forest to partake of a hard-earned evening meal.

Back in the cave, weariness crept upon us like a summer storm and within moments we found ourselves in the realm of dreams.

A chill wind caressed my being as I strolled across the forest floor. It was majestic and pure and untouched by human blasphemies. I felt as though I was intruding in this sacred place. A chariot thundered up the trail, a chariot that glistened and sparkled as if it was carved from ice, and as it drew closer, I saw that, in fact, it was. It moved of its own accord, and its passenger was a woman of ethereal beauty, with smooth, pale skin and milk-white hair.

The whole scene was one of immense beauty, not so much for the content of the dream, but for the simple fact that the dream was mine. It had been so long since I had dreamed; the tourniquet of cocaine had repressed my subconscious for so long that, until tonight, sleep had been nothing but a short escape from a horrible world.

The icy maiden invited me to join her on the chariot, and I was so overcome by her beauty that I found it impossible to refuse. We rode as the wind, and although it seemed the chariot stood still, the trees and surrounding foliage dashed by at dizzying speeds. A fine snow began to fall, clinging to my exposed flesh as if this was something more than a dream. My guide invited me to taste the newly fallen snow and I saw no reason not to oblige her. Yet, as soon as my tongue touched one of the flakes, it was immediately struck numb and I suddenly realized the cruelty which lay beneath her sky-blue eyes. A fine powder fell from the heavens, but it was not snow. It was pure cocaine.

She laughed and told me to give myself to the dream, to enjoy myself, but I refused. She quickly reminded me of the promise I had made in my dream of the awakening. At this point, I realized that this was Luna. She had come to claim payment for the pact I had made, but I could not

allow myself to fall back into that pit of addiction. I had to be strong. She frowned her disappointment and told me that I was not ready; then blackness stalked into my sleep and I found myself alone once again.

My dream was over, but as the darkness faded, I found myself observing my companions' dreams.

Horace Wu, or Raptor as he was known by the members of the pack, walked the streets of his native city of Calloon, a decadent walled city outside of Hong Kong. He was young, perhaps no older than six years. This seemed odd, for I had only met Raptor recently, and I knew him to be about the same age as myself. He appeared to be frail and lost, chased by the white slavers who had plagued this city for so many years. His expression was one of pure desperation. His flight took him from alley to alley, and he cried to the various denizens of the street to grant him salvation from his impending doom. His screams fell on deaf ears.

From a nearby alley, they pounced and wrestled young Horace to the ground. They carried the struggling boy to a nearby apartment and threw him into a closet. After several long moments the door opened and there stood Luna, the woman who had been the instigator of so much pain in my dream. She escorted him to an adjoining room and promptly tied him to a chair.

I pondered silently how she could be so cruel, but I could not intervene, for this was Horace's dream, not mine. I was forced to stand by and watch my friend's pain.

His rage was building; I could see the fire in his eyes as he rocked to and fro in an attempt to loosen his bonds. Blood erupted from his hands as claws extended from his fingertips. He voiced his anger and confusion with a blood-chilling scream, and all was dark once more.

The airport was teeming with the confused rush of humanity, as young Travis Long and his parents stood in line to purchase their tickets. It was obvious that they were preparing to move again, as was often the case for those who had chosen military service as a career. While standing in line, a small girl about the same age as Travis (six or seven), approached him, bouncing a colorful rubber ball. She asked him if he would like to play. At first he turned his back and ignored her completely, but after a few moments of consideration, he accepted her offer and stepped out of line to play.

An eternity passed in the mind of the child as they happily passed the ball to one another. Then the time came for the little girl to depart. She left the ball in the possession of Travis and quickly disappeared into the impatient crowd. Travis turned to rejoin his parents, only to discover that there was no one left in line. In fact, as he scanned the



rest of the airport, he found himself completely alone. His hollow sobs echoed through the deserted building.

He searched the concourse thoroughly, but could find no sign of his parents or anyone else. In the distance echoed the sound of someone methodically sweeping. He searched and searched, desperate to find this person, but no sign of the mysterious custodian was found. Travis raised his voice to the heavens and screamed for someone to rescue him from this solitude. His only answer was a flood of tears from his frightened eyes.

I could only guess that the small girl had been Luna, but I could not understand her part in the dream. I traveled swiftly through the tunnel of change once more and prepared my mind for the light which shone at the far end.

The doorbell rang and a well-dressed, rather pretty woman in her early 30s dashed to answer it. Waiting in the doorway was a very handsome man with a bouquet of roses, who had obviously come to escort her for the evening. She called for her son and the sound of footsteps came thumping down the staircase.

It was Austin Conner, and he looked just as young as my other companions when they had experienced their dreams. He rushed to the door to answer his mother's call but, upon arriving, screamed in terror.

He bolted back toward the staircase, crying that the individual who now stood in the doorway was the bogeyman, come to take him away. His mother flashed an embarrassed smile to the man and then yelled to Bruce to return immediately. The man dismissed the young boy's fear and ascended the staircase to retrieve the frightened child, only to discover, upon entering his room, that it seemed completely barren of occupants.

After a short search, the man found Bruce shaking in silent terror beneath his bed and brutally reached in to dislodge him. His voice became rough, like that of an animal, and an excess of hair sprouted from his face and hands. He growled at the boy to abandon his sanctuary or he would be hunted in his dreams for all eternity. Bruce screamed and sunk his teeth firmly into his assailant's flesh. The man-wolf bellowed a thunderous roar as the dark fog blinded me yet again.

Zoe Parker lay in a barren bed with no blankets and shivered as the night air assaulted her. The room was barren of all furnishings, which made her look small and frightened in the darkness. She was perhaps 12 or so, but her present situation gave one the impression of a small child, waiting for her mother to assure that there were no monsters under the bed.

The door opened, and in stepped Luna. This time, she was clad in a nurse's uniform with her hair securely

braided. She brought with her nothing but a hypodermic syringe and a cold gaze of indifference as she quietly strolled across the polished floor. She told Zoe that the solution in the syringe would make her more comfortable, would help her to sleep. Young Zoe was calm and rather reserved in her reply to the dream maiden, as she questioned the logic of the absence of blankets and compassion, refusing to allow the nurse to come any closer with the syringe.

The nurse reminded her of the promise we all had made earlier, that this dream belonged to her. Zoe breathed a sigh of resignation and thrust her arm forward so that the nurse could perform her duty. As the contents of the syringe flowed into her vein, the door to the waking world was suddenly thrust open, and I found myself in the cave once more.

It occurred to me, then, that Luna had not appeared to us in order to cause pain or to bring back horrible memories of our earlier years. She came to free us of this suffering, to have us live through our nightmares one last time, so that she might remove these horrors from us and take them to a far-off place where they would never harm us again.

I knew I had failed, and I suddenly realized the consequences of my failure. My pain would not be lifted from me; instead, I would be forced to ride the terror caused by the aftermath of poisoning my body. I felt something in my pocket and reached in to discover that Luna had left a small vial of the drug to tempt me with. I removed it and swiftly handed it to Zoe, asking her to keep it from me no matter how fiercely I begged her give it back. I would be strong. I would defeat my curse.

The old wolf was gone, replaced by his human incarnation, an old man with runes and sigils painted all over his body. They varied in color and were not unlike the paintings which we had seen carved on the cave walls. The runes suddenly grew brighter and began to illuminate the cave with a light which rivaled that of the dying fire. They lifted themselves from his tired old frame and floated freely about the cave with a mesmerizing glow. After all that we had experienced, we saw little reason to fear; we sat back to listen to the old man.

He spoke softly, and seemed to choose his words with great care. He told us that the runes represented the many spirits of Gaia, who is the earth and mother to us all. He spoke of the mark which we Garou carry deep within our souls, the mark which is the source of our powers, the very foundation of everything that we are. He gathered several pigments about him, explaining to us that we must look into ourselves to find that mark, and then use the pigments to draw it onto the palm of our left hand. We were not of

a mind to dismiss the wisdom of the old Garou, thus we made haste to follow his instructions.

I looked deep into the darkness which was my inner soul, and though it had long been barren of faith for anything in this world, I suddenly came across a light in the depths of that abyss. My delight in the discovery of this purity, which had eluded me for so long, gave my spirit wings which lifted me to the summit of joy.

I took the dyes which had been supplied to us, and sketched the symbol which rested in my soul upon my left hand: a wolf. Although it held no meaning to any human who would gaze upon it, and indeed would soon fade from my flesh, I was content in the knowledge that I had found a light within myself, a shining beacon of innocence that made me something more than human. Any who cannot see this wolf during their rites can never Change, and can never be Garou.

The old man then told us to gaze intently into the runes which spiraled above our heads, for they would teach us of Gaia and the powers she has granted each of us. The runes represented many of the cave paintings and included such symbols as a wolf howling, a flame, a lightning bolt, and a shield. As I stared into the depths of each one I learned the gifts they bestowed upon me.

The symbol of the wolf howling taught me the ability to summon my pack while in wolf form, while the claw sigil endowed me with the ability to make my claws razor-sharp. There were many others which possessed different powers, too numerous to detail.

These new powers thrilled me even though I was incapable, at the time, of assuming wolf form at my discretion. I believed its secret lay in the ability to invoke my rage, as was spoken of in the awakening.

I also understood that these powers were not granted to make me superior, but were meant to be used as tools to defend Gaia from the defilement of human society. I felt my body flood with a purpose, a primal need to be alive, to preserve the balance of nature which I had become an integral part of.

I moved closer to the warming fire, and as I glanced at the faces of my new family, I realized that a smile now brightened the grim expression that I had for a lifetime used as a weapon against a cold world.

We awoke once more to find that the wisdom of the old man-wolf had been nothing more than a dream within a dream. Nonetheless, we realized that our spirits had transcended that elusive realm of sleep, and were bestowed with a truth.

We awakened to bitter cold; the air was saturated with the residue of the fierce storm that had assaulted the island

the night before. The fire's embers had grown cold and the old wolf sat in the shadows of the cave, trembling from the morning chill. My body was numb and withdrawal pains echoed through my fevered brain.

**M**y companions decided to scrounge for drift wood, to light a fire to dry out with. Despite my pain, I refused to shirk my responsibilities. We searched the perimeter of the cave and returned with as much wood as we each could carry.

During our search, the wind began to rise off the water, and from the north end of the island strolled a woman. She was elegant yet sad, as the wind whipped at her gown. She addressed our pack, and as she spoke, a peaceful breeze blew from her lips. She was Sususura, the daughter of the north wind, whom many Garou had long followed as their primary spirit.

She said that she had come to relieve our suffering, to bring us food and to heal the wounded; and this she did, as sweet breads fell from the sky at her bidding. We consumed this gift with a passion forged of fear and confusion.

As her gentle eyes fell upon me, she quaked in sympathy. She realized the pain which stabbed at me. She called to her mother, the north wind, to end my suffering and to bring peace to my poisoned body. A bright glow illuminated her cupped hands and the small flask of bluish liquid that appeared within. She presented it to me, instructing me to drink. The pain conquered any apprehension I might have had, and I quickly drank.

I felt as if my soul had been flushed clean with stinging, icy water, and I was struck senseless by the intense chill. As the frigid feeling subsided, I felt fresh and new, as if I had never summoned the demon cocaine. My body sang with freedom as the psychological chains of addiction fell to the earth, to be carried away by the tides.

I would be my own master now, and would follow naught but the traditions of my newfound culture.

I was free.

She seemed pleased by my reaction, but her expression swiftly turned solemn as she spoke of what was to come. She advised us against summoning our rage, for a great dragon slept in the volcano, waiting to be awakened. She told us of the ferocity of the creature and begged that we remain calm in order to avoid loosing it upon the world. In our confusion we agreed, although we did not fully understand her warning. We believed the future would be our greatest ally.

We continued to scrounge the island for food. As we did so, we were surrounded by the pack who lived in the forest. They were in wolf form, and seemed quite agitated as they gazed down upon us. The leader stepped forward



and spoke of the lies which Sususura had told, warning us not to pay heed to such nonsense.

Austin became angered by the wolf's words and had no intention of suppressing his rage. Upon sensing this, the wolf issued a challenge of combat. Although Austin refused, the wolf pounced nonetheless.

The wolf was by far the superior in battle; he assumed the upper hand in short order. His huge claws ravaged the flesh of my brother, but I could not interfere. This was Austin's fight, not mine.

As the battle progressed, Austin could contain his rage no longer. He suddenly assumed the form of a wolf. The beast within his soul erupted forth in a frenzy of fur and anger. I realized that I too could not quell the rage which was inherent in my being. I swam in the anger that was my brother's, and although the battle was lost, in my heart, I applauded him for his courage and fearlessness.

His human form regained, he lay on the cold sand, blood clinging to his scarlet wounds. Zoe ran to his side and began licking his wounds. As quickly as they appeared, they began to withdraw from his flesh and were replaced by scars which glistened on his skin like trophies.

The pack of Forest Dwellers was gone now. I pondered the futility of their violent gesture as all became quiet once again.

The day passed slowly as we went about our mundane chores. Raptor fashioned a hunting sling out of available materials and Travis went to secure fish for our evening meal. Eventually, we all returned to the cave and shared the successes of our individual endeavors.

As the sun made its journey toward the west, the volcano began to rumble ominously. We thought it wise to leave our shelter, as it was originally formed by lava flows, long before our arrival.

We carried the old wolf from the cave and sought a vantage point to witness the disturbance. Smoke bellowed from the peak of the volcano. Both the Forest Dwellers and the Volcano Dwellers stood about, expectant expressions etched upon their faces. At this point, we discovered that each of the packs present had been charged with an old wolf to care for. The wolves waited at the foot of the volcano, for they knew their time had come. Our old teacher crawled away from us and took his place with the others to await the inevitable. I understood this to be a natural cycle. For every beginning, there must come an end.

The island shook violently and from the summit of the volcano erupted a great dragon, composed entirely of flame. It roared to the heavens. Even the winds changed their course to avoid it. It reached out and plucked up the

old wolves, one by one, and consumed them. As it did this, the other two packs howled ferociously, and freely gave their rage to the writhing fire-beast.

Yet another truth made itself known to me then: the tragic truth of passage.

The daughter of the north wind had appeared to us in order to secure her mother's place as our culture's primary spirit guide, although her time had come to an end. The ways of our people must change if we are to survive. It has come to the point where we must assume a more violent posture if we are to save Gaia from the atrocities of the humans. That is the purpose of the great rage-dragon; we must avenge Gaia or the world will soon perish. The dragon bathed in our anger, becoming regal and well-defined as we fed it the source of our beings. It looked upon each of us in the three packs and recognized us to be its own kind. Satisfied with our allegiance, it descended back into the depths.

On the shore awaited the boat which brought us here. Our elders rushed to embrace us.

Our rites of passage had ended and we would now be welcomed into the tribe, into the life to which we had always belonged.

Two other boats could be seen heading toward the island; I realized that the two other tribes had passed their tests as well.

As I stepped onto the boat, I looked back at the island which taught me so much; I would never forget this place where I had been reborn. Its lessons will be told to my great-grandchildren as bedtime stories. The legends will be sung by the bards of a hundred generations.

**W**e were taken back to the cabin where our adventure had begun so long ago, and were given a welcome not unlike that of conquering heroes. Clean clothes and hot food were provided, as our elders prepared us for the rites of presentation, the ceremony where we were to be adopted into the tribe and given the full rights and responsibilities of adult Garou.

Before the ceremony began, the tribal chief told us that we must choose a totem for the pack and one from among us to lead. We chose the rainbow dragon as our totem, as we believed that it embodied every aspect of what we are—six hearts which follow different paths to the same goal.

I volunteered to lead the pack, and none among us chose to defy my right to lead.

We were taken to the roaring bonfire at the center of the celebration and presented as equals. It was a glorious night

in my life, one which I shall always remember. It was not merely a ritual of joining, but also a testimony to my conquest over the evils of human society, to which I no longer belonged.

I also learned the moon sign that I had been born under: the half-moon. I was presented to one who would teach me

of the ways. My pack members were shown to their mentors as well and I spied their joy through the tongues of the roaring fire.

The rite lasted until dawn. As the sun shone brightly in the morning sky, weariness crept upon me like a spring rain. I secured a place to rest amid the revelry and prepared for a long nap. Sleep came swiftly and peacefully.



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**Bill** "Dazed & Confused" **Bridges**, for forgetting his own Natal day.

**Sam** "The Bearded One" **Chupp**, for not eating soup at work.

**Robert** "Mr. Slug" **Hatch**, for his shiny, slimy trails of green phosphorescent goo. Got any salt?

**Rene** "Bookend" **Lilly**, for avoiding the Stare of the *other* Bearded One on the ladder.

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**Josh** "Gender-blender" **Timbrook** for knowing the Ahroun's true sex.

**William** "Journeyman" **Hale**, for gaining another dot in PageMaker.

## Dedication

*This book is dedicated to the Legends of Cora-Ni, the Peaceful Lands of Lyr, and Brother Grom, wherever they are, whatever they're doing: you will always live in our hearts.*



# RITE OF PASSAGE

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# Introduction

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## Beginning Information

*"Soon Winter's angry claws scratched at the earth, and the First Ones decided that something must be done to strengthen their pups, for even as the First Ones had stood strong against the trials of the Wyrms, so must their pups, and their pups ever after until the days of the Apocalypse."*

*"And so the First Pack gathered their children together, and abandoned them hungry and naked in the frozen wastes, telling them to wear the skin of the Wolf, and to come back to the Pack only when they were as mighty as the First Ones."*

—Tale of the First Pack

Thus it was, croon the bards, for the First Pack and the first rite of passage. This supplement, *Rite of Passage*, is designed to help you, the Storyteller, run your first session of **Werewolf**. Included here is a complete story, written to enable you to run a fast-paced and hair-raising rite of passage.

"Legends of the Garou: The Tale of My Passage" offers a detailed look at the trials a particular Garou faces during his rite of passage.

The Introduction details specific information about the rites of passage for each of the 13 Tribes of the Garou.

Chapters One, Two and Three detail a rite of passage story which takes your players from the concrete jungles of New York City to the wilds of Canada and gives them a taste of the many possibilities inherent to the **Werewolf** setting.

The Appendix gives sample characters to use for play; character sheets for the important non-player characters are also included.

The story is designed for five or six beginning **Werewolf** players (not necessarily beginning roleplayers, although it would be simple to adapt to them—simply change the non-linear format to a straight linear story) and will expose the new characters to the wilderness, and their enemies: the Wyrms, vampires, humanity, Black Spiral Dancers, and even the city of Toronto.

The story will probably take about two to three sessions of play before you and your first pack resolve it. Be sure to set aside time in your first session to explain the rules.

This story often refers to the chronicle information in the back of the **Werewolf** rulebook, specifically Mother Larissa and the Sept of the Green (also known as the Little White Feet Sept). The Appendix provides you with five sample Garou characters ready to play. These characters have been playtested with the scenario, and are suited to it.

---

## Tribal Rites

Besides the bonds of blood, one other thing unites all Garou: the rite of passage. The rite is an initiation all adult Garou have survived — an initiation which marks them for life.

Some tribes see the rite of passage as a bloodbath, weeding out the weak and the infirm. Those who aren't worthy to defend Gaia do not survive it. Others view it as a profoundly spiritual



experience that greatly changes the lives and outlooks of the participants forever. Still others see it as an initiation into a path of high honor, a link to a bloodline of legendary glory.

---

## *Customs of the Rite*

The rite is a test first and foremost, and often causes hardship for its participants. Garou are placed together in a difficult situation and forced to learn how to live and work as a pack — or suffer the consequences. Few can survive for long without the aid and trust of the pack. Thus the rite serves as a test, not only for the individual, but for the pack as well.

There are many customs surrounding the rite of passage. Before a Garou completes the rite, she is referred to as a “pup.” Pups enjoy certain privileges which are honored by most of Garou society and reinforced through centuries of custom and Garou law. For instance, only a pup’s own tribe or pack may put her to death. She is protected from Garou justice by the Litany until she completes the rite of passage, although she can be forcibly detained until a rite can be arranged for her. These days, pups are rare and the tribes have begun to pay particular attention to protecting those who seem viable.

The pups also have many problems. They are often friendless and are usually ignored by the tribe before their rite. They are technically the lowest “caste” among the Garou. They are taken advantage of, manipulated, and ostracized. They are the butt of bad Ragabash jokes. They are teased, taunted, and generally disrespected. They are never heard in council, and if a pup speaks up no one is obligated to answer. They are required to learn ridiculous amounts of oral history, lore, and trivia, such as the names of the Three Greatest Garou Warriors. They are harried, hazed, kidded, taunted, and teased as a matter of course.

There is a curious double standard at work here. The Garou, for all the ill-treatment of their pups, expect them to function as full-grown Garou, especially during the course of their rite of passage. Essentially, the pups bear all of the responsibilities of being full-grown adult Garou, but have none of the authority or respect that comes with the title.

---

## *Coming Home*

The Garou trait does not always emerge with each birth among the Garou Kinfolk. In fact, it is becoming rarer and rarer in these final days. Still, each Garou Kinfolk is assigned a Kin-Fetch, a spirit that watches over her, waiting for signs of the inner wolf to show. When it seems that such a change is imminent, the Kin-Fetch will contact the nearest tribe member or sept to warn of a pup on the verge of First Change, or “The Firsting”.

The First Change is a brutal, violent happening that is incredibly painful and immensely satisfying at the same time. It is as if the Garou was asleep all the time before, and has only now awakened into the real world. Sometimes a team of Garou reaches the pup before the Change, sometimes after. Regardless, the pup is usually kidnapped and taken to a tribal caern to be indoctrinated in the gifts and forms of her birthright. If the First Change has already occurred, the “extraction team” usually stays to repair the Veil as necessary.

Usually, but not always, the time before the rite of passage is spent in study with the elders of the tribe or sept. It is during this time that Garou are taught their gifts and their inner nature, and taught to respect Gaia.

The rites of passage for some tribes begin with a period of contemplation; the pups meditate and reflect, preparing themselves spiritually for the experiences ahead. Other tribes’ rites begin without warning, taking the pup by surprise, for it is important to these tribes that a radical separation from the past be made.

The rite is usually held in some far-flung wilderness. However some wilderness-based tribes send their pups to the hellish, Wyrn-ridden cities, there to hunt and survive as best they can. This is usually where young pups have run-ins with the Kindred, as they are particularly vulnerable to attack at this time.

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## *The Traditions of the People*

Different tribes enact their rites differently. Some tribes feel that the Garou in the pups should be brought out through fire, famine, and fear. Others feel that it is important to first train their pups, and then test their mettle.

Below are some sample rites of passage for the various tribes. These are not comprehensive; they are simply representative of standard rites of passage for each tribe. When a sept composed of different tribes holds a rite of passage, such as in the story in this supplement, it will usually not involve a specific tribal totem or quest.

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## *Get of Fenris*

The Get are most brutal to their pups. They often cull packs they don’t feel are worthy to be of the Get — that is, they slay them outright or banish them to be ronin for the rest of their lives. They place those they don’t cull in bloody, violent, horrific rites of passage that are more like lynch mob scenes than anything else. The pups are turned loose and are hounded and hunted by the Get until they falter. At that point, they must prove their mettle by fighting their elders in pitched battles.

## Shadow Lords

The Shadow Lords also have very brutal rites of passage. They throw many potential Garou (even Kinfolk who have not exhibited signs of the Change) into a ring and force them to fight with weapons. Only the ones who win these fights are awarded adult Garou status; the rest have the Wolf taken out of them and are left to wander the world as soulless husks. They encourage leaders to organize teams to fight each other in these duels; if clever tactics result in an uneven contest...well, the natural order of existence is hardly known for its fairness either.

## Silent Striders

The Striders are dark and mysterious. None understand them completely. It is thought, however, that Silent Strider pups are often asked to carry a message into particularly dangerous territory or follow a Moon Bridge to an unexplored destination.

## Children of Gaia

The Children of Gaia have a very spiritually-oriented rite. Their pups go through a lunar month of ritual meditation, fasting, and preparation. During this time the pack is expected to discover its quest and its totem, if any. Then the rite of passage is culminated in a ritual which corresponds to one of the

solstices or equinoxes. The ritual itself invokes the Unicorn, who carries the pups to its realm, where it tests their hearts, souls and spirits.

An alternate rite places the pups in a secluded location with pups from other tribes. This tests not only their survival skills, but also their mediation abilities.

## Black Furies

The Black Furies call upon their totem, the Pegasus, to carry the pups on a quest. The quest usually involves reclaiming a particular caern that has been lost to the Wyrms, but might also involve rescuing a forgotten animal or preventing the rape of a woman caught by foul servants of the Wyrms.

## Fianna

Fianna have a Test of Wisdom, a Test of Luck, and a Test of Skill, and all three must be passed before adulthood is conferred on the pack. Often the Fey involve themselves in the Fianna rites. These tests reflect the intense amount of knowledge and training the Fianna expect from their pups, and they often undergo apprenticeships to tribal elders before they even attempt the rite. At times the Wild Hunt has appeared out of nowhere to protect a pack who got into trouble during the rite.





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## *Glass Walkers*

Glass Walkers see no reason why their pups should learn to hunt and kill. They want the pups to form packs on their own; the Walkers only require them to meet on a regular basis. At some point the Glass Walker elders will place the new pack in a very difficult situation (i.e. will get them involved in a vampire's plot, cause them to run afoul of a mage, etc.) and then expect them to make the best of it. They are allowed to use any and all resources they can scrounge up. Spirits watch the pack wherever they go and report back to the elders. Depending on their performance in the urban jungle, the elders will either vote the pack into the tribe, and thus give them their tribal names and computer access codes, or continue to test them. Thus there are a few older pups in the Glass Walkers who, bitter and short-sighted, go ronin without the benefit of a rite.

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## *Red Talons*

The Red Talons' rites often revolve around communing with nature and protecting the dwindling wolf population. Pups will often be assigned the task of rescuing a wolf from captivity or destroying bands of poachers. Survival skills in both the deep forests and the fringes of civilization are essential.

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## *Bone Gnawers*

Bone Gnawers are interested in developing the survival skills of their pups. Because of this, they will often arrange to have the pups abducted from the city and dumped somewhere completely different, there to survive and make their way back to the city. There is much honor in finding one's way back without help from other Garou. Of course, this is often how new Bone Gnawer tribes get started, as the pups sometimes stay in a new city rather than return to the old one.

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## *Uktena*

The Uktena use complex mystical rituals to set up strange "testing grounds" in the Umbra. Often the pups are sent to these domains, while elders supervise the rite, challenging the pack-

to-be in an almost laboratory-style fashion. Thereafter, the Master of the Rite gains a special title usable only by the pack he oversees. He is the pack's Warder; this position has special ritual significance.

Those that don't survive the rite of passage are mercifully slain with ritual silver, since the sanity-bending vistas that the Uktena evoke are enough to reduce the pups to gibbering half-wits if they fail.

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## *Wendigos*

The Wendigos take their pups as far north as possible and deposit them in frozen and desolate lands. Those that survive the trek back are welcomed with great joy and are treated as heroes for a week. Sometimes the Wendigos send their near-defenseless pups into the city to be challenged.

---

## *Silver Fangs*

The Silver Fangs perform a special rite which sends their pups back through the bloodline of the Garou, to inhabit the bodies of ancient and honored ancestors. While there, they face epic foes and experience the pure, pristine wilderness of the time before the Impergium. How well they enact their roles will determine how the tribe views them as a pack when they return to the present. This rite serves to keep the Silver Fangs firmly grounded in their heroic past.

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## *Stargazers*

Very few Stargazer packs are ever formed, and a significant number of Stargazers never join a pack. Their special rites of passage can be given to any number of Stargazer pups. The pups are ritually prepared and then placed in a specially constructed chamber. The chamber has a spiral ramp that gradually rises up and coils around itself three times. On this ramp are 21 separate riddles or puzzles, each represented by an object, a person who challenges the pup, or a spirit who is itself an Enigma. The pup (or pups...they can help each other if there is a pack of them) must answer each of these riddles correctly or the rite will be called off and the pup sent to study once again.

# *The Litany of the Return*

Who steps from the shadow?

*We, who are not now what we once were.*

Who comes in the night, cold and hungry?

*We, who do not hunger for prey or warmth, seek wisdom this night.*

Who comes before us wounded and dying?

*We who have fought the Wurm and yet live. We who tend our own.*

Who comes before the fire, nameless?

*We who are without a name, yet seek one.*

Who comes in the light of the rising moon?

*We who have fought the bitter battle.*

Who comes in the glory of our Mother?

*Your children once, but never again.*

Who comes before us as warriors, children no longer?

*We do. We are a pack.*

So let it be sung. So be it. Welcome.





# Chapter One: The Story

**T**his is a story about a rite of passage that goes wrong. Although designed specifically to start as a linear story, it quickly opens up into a completely non-linear format. The first part does not allow the characters much freedom; indeed, they are shuffled and chased and manipulated. This is much the way a rite of passage is supposed to work. However, after they are evicted from the Winter Wolf caern, the story opens up, and the players must decide on their own what to do. The world of the far north is open to their exploration.

There are many considerations you should keep in mind. First of all, the characters provided in the back of this supplement have all been playtested with this story — they may make a good choice for your players if they have never played Werewolf before (especially if they have never played a game in the Storyteller series!).

If the players wish to create their own characters, you need to be concerned with the choices they make. There should be one of each auspice represented if at all possible. You should not allow more than one lupus character, nor should you allow more than one Red Talon or Get of Fenris. However, the metropolitan nature of the Sept of the Green allows virtually any other combination of tribes, auspices and breeds among your pack of pups.

---

## *On the Forging of a Pack*

Although the characters have been thrust together in this situation, they may have known each other for some time. You may wish to have them decide how they relate to each other, and what they know about each other before you begin play. This will help provide your characters with a sense of companionship, if not outright friendliness. Of course, it is not necessary for your characters to like each other to be in the same pack.

A pack is more like a family than a group of buddies. You need to allow your players to forge their own group. The rite of passage is the fire which tempers the steel of the new pack — the shock of being thrust into an unpleasant and trying situation with others often causes Garou to make lasting bonds that eventually result in the special kinship between packmates.

---

## *The Secrets of the Garou*

Because your players may not have played Werewolf before, you may wish to have them make Intelligence + Etiquette rolls (difficulty 7 or 8) in order to give them hints about Garou society, thus reflecting the amount of training they have had on the subject. Perception + Etiquette rolls (difficulty 7) may also be used to correctly analyze a Garou social situation. Do not, however, give away story elements that will harm the flow of this story as a whole.

## Theme

The theme of this story is “coming of age”. That is what a rite of passage is all about. Tribal cultures throughout the world hold initiation ceremonies for their young, in order to induct them into the mysteries of the adult world — a world of responsibility and pain, but also of honor, glory and wisdom.

A Garou rite of passage initiates the young into the harsh role required of them by their culture: warriors of Gaia. This is a position of utmost responsibility, for the power a werewolf wields can be used all too easily to destroy. The risk of corruption is great when the enemy is corruption personified: the Wurm. Garou must be strong and able. There is no room for children among them, although the Ragabash would disagree...

## Mood

This story is meant to be a cross between a wild, swashbuckling rampage and a spooky “man against nature” story which requires the characters to make tough choices and rely only on themselves. You should generate fear and paranoia in your players and reward brave, direct actions over shrinking, cowardly ones. Whenever the characters stop to ponder and delay, hit them with a new problem or trouble. Let them understand that the world is moving around them (as it indeed is; see the section regarding the Pentex mine). If they dawdle figuring out what to do next, they will soon find that they have waited too long, and are now they in more trouble than they were before!



## Background

*Old longings nomadic leap,  
Chafing at customs chain;  
Again from its brumal sleep  
Wakens the ferine strain.*

—Jack London, *The Call of the Wild*

Many millennia ago, a great evil roamed the north — a foul spirit of the Wurm. Powerful beyond belief, this spirit, known as the Narlthus, reveled in the suffering it caused. Indeed, some say that this spirit was responsible for the great ice age that caused glaciers to descend from the pole and plow the ground into great furrows of ice. The power and malevolence of the Narlthus were such that it could not be contained by any fetish made of earth. The Garou were helpless before it.

However, a mighty shaman of the Wendigos realized that, although the Narlthus was anathema to the very body of Gaia, perhaps it could be bound into an object from beyond Gaia. She used her considerable gifts over the sky and attracted to herself a giant stone that floated in the heavens. The stone plummeted to the earth and, as it fell, the shaman forced the great evil spirit into it. As it was not of this earth, the stone was able to hold the Narlthus.

Unfortunately, even the sky-stone was not enough to totally imprison the spirit — the Narlthus was able to exert a slight effect upon the outside world, although it was very weak. Fortunately, the stone impacted the earth at sufficient velocity to gouge a deep crater in the side of a mountain. The crater gradually filled with rock and debris of various sorts, completely burying the huge, otherworldly stone.

The shaman was satisfied with what she had done, even though she noticed that the giant fetish (for that is what it was) grew in power on every New Moon and was able to corrupt creatures who ventured near it, infecting them with Banes. It also attracted other evil spirits who would come and lurk nearby. After she passed on, however, her tribe still watched over the stone, ensuring that it was not disturbed. As time passed by, and more earth was piled over the fetish, it grew gradually weaker until it entered into a deep slumber in its earthly crypt.

A few weeks ago, Grend Enterprises, a Canadian company, uncovered the giant fetish during a strip-mining operation designed to glean the uranium-rich deposits from the mountain. The find was logged and immediately picked up by the computers of Pentex Corporation's Acquisitions Department. Pentex's Special Services Department (consisting largely of Black Spiral Dancers) immediately investigated; these agents were nearly overwhelmed by the Wurm entity's spiritual cry for release. Grend Enterprises was immediately bought out by Pentex (with some “persuasion” from the Black Spirals).

Grend Enterprises has since tried diamond drills, acid, extremely high temperatures, and flash-freezing on the rock — to no avail. Nothing will harm it.



---

## Complications

Virtually everything was going according to plan. That is, until a pack of young Wendigo pups accidentally stumbled across the well-hidden valley where the operation was being conducted. The Wendigo pups managed to escape without direct confrontation, but mysteriously, did not report what they had found to any in their tribe.

Azaera, the vicious Black Spiral Dancer who headed the operation to free the Narlthus, sent Banes after the pups. The Banes came upon them unawares, for the pups knew not the ways of these dread spirits. The Banes planted a plan in their psyches, a plan calling for them to wait until their rite of passage was over before saying anything. They believed they would be able to return from their rite and lead the tribe into a glorious battle against Grend Enterprises.

Azaera knew the Wendigo pups would be exchanged with pups from New York, to complete a pact between the septs. She contacted Black Spiral Dancer assassins in that city and arranged to have them murder the Wendigo pups. She felt the Winter Wolf Sept would slay the young Green Sept pups in return, rather than allow their continued existence. Indeed, her pawn in the Winter Wolf sept, a young Ahroun named Icedagger, urged the leadership of the sept to slay the pups in their sleep.

Her plan was foiled by an error in judgment: trusting the Winter Wolf Sept to kill the pups. Now the Green Sept pups are the only flaw in an otherwise perfect tapestry of treachery she has woven.

The pups essentially have 10 days after the night they are exiled to explore unprovoked (unless they run into Grend Enterprises before that time). It is at that point that Azaera will make plans to take care of the pups in one way or another.

---

## Scene One: Hurry Up and Wait

*I am an only child  
Born of the Wild  
Riddled to spend my time  
Defending my land...*

—Indigo Girls, “Chickenman”

The characters have been staying for the past week in an abandoned warehouse 30 blocks from the Central Park caern, and they are going (understandably) a little stir crazy. They are supposed to be preparing themselves spiritually for the experience of the rite, but it is doubtful that this is what they are doing (after all, these are young people stuck in a boring situation in a cold, clammy warehouse with little else to do...an ideal meditation environment for Bone Gnawers perhaps, but no one else.). A battered radio plays tinny music. Lupus characters are likely to be curled up in the corner, sleeping.

The chatter and tense arguments generated by boredom are interrupted when Mother Larissa, the Bone Gnawer who runs the sept, strides into the warehouse; she is flanked by Timmy, her Ahroun protector.

Larissa cajoles the characters, pinches a few ears, and tells them they aren't worthy to undergo the rite. She then turns and leaves, walking surprisingly fast for her evident age. If they dawdle, Timmy growls at the characters, gruffly ordering them to follow Mother. Mother leads the characters down a path and into Central Park's Ramble; however, about halfway down a dark path in the Ramble, the characters realize they've been abandoned by Mother Larissa and are alone.

---

## Setting

The warehouse is big, dark, and empty. It is boring. Under-score that there is very little to do and that the characters have been warned not to leave. They have been in this warehouse for almost a week; their only meals have consisted of scanty rations of bread and water.

---

## Drama

The characters provide their own drama, possibly dwelling on the boredom of the situation and playing with each other. They will be stopped by an older Garou if they try to leave. Larissa is quite abrasive and appears very angry at the characters.

---

## Characters

Mother Larissa is detailed in the **Werewolf** rulebook (pages 257-8). Timmy is an Ahroun Bone Gnawer Homid, and he protects Larissa from harm.

---

## Scene Two: A Harrying Experience

The characters are chased about the Ramble in Central Park, and are run directly into the Moon Bridge. The Great White Mouse will only open the Moon Bridge on the night of the full moon (when light is brightest) or when someone comes near the Moon Bridge running in fear (he thinks he can save them this way); therefore, the sept elders have arranged for Larissa to lead the pups into the Ramble. They will chase the characters into the Moon Bridge portal as soon as it opens. To run this chase scene, review the Harrying rules from the Drama chapter.



## Drama

Of course, many things could go wrong during this scene. Mother Larissa doesn't want the pups to run out of the Ramble; that would violate her policy of keeping the Veil very thick in this area. She has thus authorized the harriers to use harsh, if not killing, force to stop the pups from running out of the Ramble. She would rather see a pup wounded than one running out in front of Tavern-on-the-Green.

The elders would much rather scare the pups than attack them, so it is possible that one of the characters may land a blow or two. This will be followed quickly by attacks from the harrier, which may result in the character becoming gravely wounded. If this occurs, Larissa takes the character's wounded form aside and heals her, then carries the character to the clearing where the Moon Bridge is to form.

You should allow the players to make rolls of Intelligence + Rituals (difficulty 8) to figure out what is going on; if they fail, tell them that it is often the practice among the Garou to cull pups that they feel are unworthy. If they gain three successes, tell them they are obviously being harried by a group of elder Garou.

If you really want to shake them up, have one of the harriers fire a silver bullet near their heads. That should get them going.

## Dialogue

The only sounds the characters should hear are snarls, growls, howls, and the rustling of the underbrush. You could, however, stage a speaking encounter with other Garou or humans who might be hiding there as well.

## Characters

### Harriers

Strength 4, Stamina 4, Dexterity 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Firearms 3

All harriers have the Silver Claws gift, and will use it if necessary, though they will attempt to avoid outright lethal blows. Most of them are in Crinos form, though some of them are in Homid form and carry rifles with silver bullets to fire over the characters' heads (not that the characters know that).

## Scene Three: Moon Bridge Over New York

The Moon Bridge opens and the characters travel through. A strange occurrence transpires, and they find themselves deep in Canada, in the caern of the Winter Wolf Sept, guarded by the Wendigo tribe. They are greeted and given a place to bed down for the night.

## Drama

All the harrying has forced the characters to appear in the clearing that is the domain of the Great White Mouse inside the Ramble. The Mouse will notice a group of fleeing and evidently terrified Garou, and will open the Moon Bridge portal for them. The Bridge appears as a blue globe that rises from the ground, swirling and crackling with energy. The globe expands, and an oval portal forms in the side facing the players. The portal is translucent and appears to lead into a tunnel which curves sharply up. They will feel a rush of cold air that floods out from the portal and then a breeze from the other direction as the pressure in the tunnel equalizes. The Mouse will hold the portal open as long as they stand there; soon, the Harriers will come to confront the characters. Have them make Rage rolls if they are confronted with the Harriers face-to-face; if they frenzy — wham! Into the Moon Bridge they go.

The characters get a sensation of ascension as they run through the Moon Bridge. The Bridge then levels out, and they begin to descend. The scent of wilderness is in the air ahead: cold, pure air, pine trees, and the like.

The characters see a tall man with night-black hair and piercing eyes. His features are distinctively Native American, and his voice is strong and clear. He is wearing traditional native clothing in addition to a heavy black coat. This Garou is the Warden of the caern, and he steps forward to speak.

After he has said his piece, he will lead the characters to a cozy cave chamber — their lodgings for the night.

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## Dialogue

The man says to them, “Welcome, pups of the Sept of the Green. I am the Warden of this caern. There is food and shelter for you. Tomorrow you will begin your rite of passage.” The Warden will not answer any other questions from the characters, rewarding any who ask with a chilling stare.

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## Scene Four: *This isn't the Hilton!*

The characters find lodging, sleep, and are awakened by howls of Garou in the middle of the night.

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## Drama

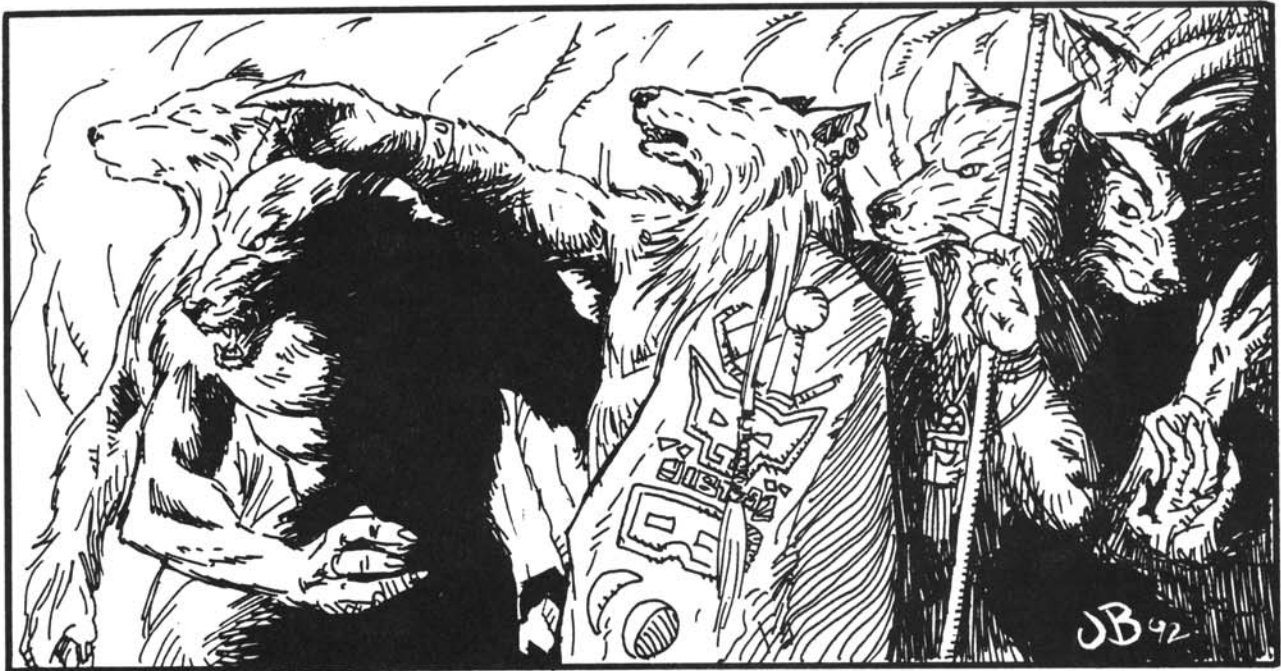
The characters are led to a cave, where they find a warm pot of venison stew over a banked fire in a pit. They will find warm wool blankets by the dozen, and a wool blanket has been hung over the mouth of the cavern to keep out the cold. This is winter, there is snow on the ground and the only warm place around is this cave. Since they have not had any decent food for some time, this stew will satisfy their hunger. It is also not a bad idea for them to catch some sleep. There is no need to post a guard, but if the characters want to, they certainly can.

Halfway through the night they are awakened by a horrible howl. It is long and mournful. Have any Philodox or Galliard characters roll Perception + Rituals to discover what kind of howl it is. It is, in fact, a Howl of Mourning. From the howl it is easy to see that some kind of awful tragedy has taken place. Then, a Howl of Calling the Pack is heard, sung in a way meant to summon the entire sept to the caern. Successfully rolling Intelligence + Primal-Urge (difficulty 7) will discern this.

A short time after this other howl occurs, the Warden will appear at the door of the cave and call for the characters to come out. Make careful note of what items they carry with them out of the cave, but do not call too much attention to this. This is the last time they will have access to the cave.







## Scene Five: *I have a bad feeling about this...*

The characters emerge from their cave to confront the Council of the sept. The five sept leaders, each Rank 4 in their particular auspice, are led by the Ahroun, who is the chief speaker. He tells the characters that they are to be evicted from the caern and that they are not to come back. A tense moment ensues when the characters are forced to leave by walking through a row of Garou arranged along a ramp leading to the caern's edge. Finally, the characters (barring any trouble) reach the caern's edge and beyond.

## Drama

When the characters emerge from the cave, they will instantly note the five huge Garou in the center of the caern, each a fine specimen of a particular auspice. The Ahroun will be the chief speaker, but in matters spiritual, the Theurge will speak. Players may roll Perception + Empathy (difficulty 6) to notice that the Philodox does not like this at all, and may be a future

ally to them. The Galliard is incredibly sad-looking and seems to be fighting back tears the entire time. The Ragabash is carefully watching the characters' reactions.

When the characters leave (if they do not leave, it becomes quickly obvious that they will be cut down with very little effort by the leaders), they will have to pass through the pairs of Garou lined along the ramp. One of these Garou is an Ahroun named Icedagger, who is quite foul-tempered and is trying to impress the other Garou in order to be allowed to advance to Rank 3. He will spit on any one metis in the group. If one of the pups attacks him, by custom he has a right to attack back, but the Ahroun leader will verbally stop him from doing so. Depending on how the metis character handles the slight, the sept as a whole may actually grow to respect her. She will have to stay her hand and return the slight with cool hatred in order to keep face among the Wendigos.

## Dialogue

The Ahroun leader speaks:

*"You are no longer welcome among us. Our spirits have cried out to us in the night. Our pups are dead, murdered by your people. By all the customs of the people, we are no longer obliged to complete your rite. The fact that you are pups protects you, however, for we may not kill you for your elders'*

*transgressions. Therefore you are cast out of this caern. Do not return, for if you do, you will no longer be protected by the Litany."*

If the characters complain that there is no way their leaders could have done that, the Theurge gives the Ahroun something and he holds it up. It is a subway token, the symbol of the Sept of the Green.

*"Our spirits found this on their bodies. That is proof enough for us."*

It should be obvious to the characters that they are not going to win an argument with the sept leader in front of his entire sept. It should be even more obvious that the characters are in very real danger should they do anything funny.

## Free to Wander

The characters have basically been led around by their noses for long enough in this story. Now they are literally free to go wherever they want to go. They may decide to go west into the great wilderness. They may decide to go north and get involved with the Pentex Corporation's mining operation there. They may decide to head east to the village of Kroder's Pass. They might journey south to the city of Toronto. Indeed, they may decide to enter and explore the Near Umbra here at the caern site. In each of these areas, they will discover elements of the larger story taking place here. The next chapter describes this story.

The most important story taking place, however, is the story that follows the characters, as they learn about themselves, their pack and the Garou during their rite of passage.





# Chapter Two: Plots

**T**he Garou believe that life is but one of many cycles, and that the spirits of the greatest Garou go round and round the Wheel of Life, repeatedly being reborn, living, dying, and being reborn again. Within this Wheel of Life there are many other wheels, cycles which cannot be easily detected or understood. The larger story in **Rite of Passage** is about one of these cycles: the cycle of a power which, once bound, now grows nascent again.

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## *The Five Talons of the Wyrn*

Legend states that, in the ancient days, the Wyrn sent five evil spirits, known as its Talons, to defeat the five Garou of the First Pack. Each Talon was powerful beyond belief, and it was only through the courage and teamwork of the First Pack that they were individually defeated.

Azaera believes it is her destiny to uncover and awaken each of these Five Talons, which are now imprisoned. Azaera sincerely believes the Narlthus to be one of the Five Talons, but it is possible that this is not the case.

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## *Meanwhile, Back At the Park*

The Sept of the Green is frantic. First of all, the pups that were entrusted to their care have been slaughtered. Shortly after the news came to the Winter Wolf Sept, they closed the caern of the

Winter Wolf to all traffic, spiritual or otherwise. They sealed the Bawn and have maintained a war-watch, expecting a direct attack from the Sept of the Green. This has prevented the Wendigos from receiving any spirit messengers from the Sept of the Green. Some of the Green's Silent Striders departed shortly thereafter with a message for the sept, but they haven't been heard from yet. There is no known technological method of contacting them, and the sept has no fixed permanent address. The Glass Walker chief has already tried to bribe Federal Express into sending a jeep with a package out to the caern, but to no avail.

Then, Larissa realized that the pups were probably in danger. All scryings and divinations have determined that they are, indeed, alive, but in grave danger. Perhaps they are being held prisoner! The Bone Gnawer leadership has almost universally decided to let the pack go unaided: if they survive they will prove themselves. However, the Get of Fenris and a few of the more warlike sept members (especially those who have tribal affiliations with the characters) want to send a war party through the Moon Bridge to rescue them.

The problem with this is time. Because the Wendigos have sealed their end of the Moon Bridge, it will only be usable again for a brief moment the next New Moon. So the pups have roughly 14 days to wait for help to arrive.

Meanwhile, Accolon, a Stargazer, descends from his lofty perch above New York City and brings the Sept of the Green ominous news of a great new power of the Wyrn being reborn

## Shelter

A shelter is easily constructed in the deep woods. Allow Intelligence + Survival rolls among the entire pack (difficulty 6), and total the number of successes. Compare the total to the chart below:

Successes	Level of Shelter
1-5	Poor shelter — roll Stamina + Survival (difficulty 6) to reduce the number of Health Levels lost due to cold (one per success). There is no way one can sleep in this shelter.
6-7	Good shelter — no roll required; however, the shelter must be rebuilt each time someone leaves. Good sleep is possible, however.
8-10	Near-permanent shelter — no roll required; shelter can last one or two days of exposure. Good sleep is possible.
11 +	Permanent shelter — no roll required; shelter can last indefinitely, and it is possible to keep a fire going inside the shelter for additional warmth and cooking. Excellent sleep is possible.

in the north. He travels into the Umbra to try and contact the characters and perhaps battle the newly born Wyrmling.

Therefore, during the story you, the Storyteller, may have either a Silent Strider from the sept, a messenger-spirit, or Accolon appear to the characters and tell them the tale of the Sept of the Green.

## Chronicle Spin-offs

**Rite of Passage** has been designed not only as a means to get a pack started but also to get the characters involved with the many aspects of Garou society and Garou life. You may want to use this setting as a jumping-off point for your ongoing chronicle.

## Area: The Wilderness

The characters will most likely interact first with this area. The wilderness is everywhere, and it is dark, strange, and mysterious in its desolation.

Below are a number of scenes you may run in the wilderness. It is not necessary to run them all, and they needn't connect in any particular order. Because of the open-ended structure of handling this part of the adventure you are free to choose which scenes seem appropriate for your players.

## General Environment

It is important to remember that it is very cold in the middle of winter in northern Canada — especially since the Wendigos, in their fury over the death of their pups, have summoned a storm of incredible proportions. Garou in Lupus, Hispo, or Crinos form who sleep in the cold without shelter will begin to receive Health Levels of damage, one per hour, and they will be aggravated because of the bitter cold. Garou in Glabro or Homid form will receive three aggravated wounds per hour because of the cold. Characters may resist this cold with Stamina + Survival rolls (difficulty 8). Remember that normal cold does not affect Garou in this way: this is a supernatural cold that penetrates the Garou's thick fur. A metis with the Hairless deformity (such as Whisperer; see the sample characters) who is in this situation is in great danger, unless he has warm winter clothes — he should receive one aggravated wound per hour of exposure regardless of whether he is sleeping or moving, and regardless of what form he is in. A shelter can be constructed, however (see insert).

Food is also a consideration. Garou may hunt using Perception + Primal-Urge as listed in the Drama chapter of the rulebook (difficulty 8 here in the dead of winter).

Water is easy enough to find, but eating snow makes one even colder (increase the difficulty of Stamina + Survival rolls by two) and so fire would be useful to get water to a decent temperature. Gifts like Create Element can be useful here. Note that any use of the homid gift Smell of Man will increase hunting difficulties to nine for two days.

Sleep is the final consideration for the Garou. Without at least good sleep, their Stamina will be effectively reduced by one per day of lost sleep. If this drops them to Stamina 0, they are exhausted and may collapse — they must make Stamina + Survival rolls once an hour to avoid passing out.

## The Blizzard

The blizzard begins about six hours after the characters leave the caern and continues for the next two days almost nonstop. Visibility in the blizzard is reduced to 10 feet, and movement in any bipedal form is reduced to half. In Hispo or Lupus forms, the characters may move normally through the blizzard conditions. In the afternoon and in the early morning there is a break in the snowfall and characters may spend that time hunting. You might allow the players to make Wits + Survival rolls (difficulty 4) to realize this.

## Encounters

The following scenes are some of the various encounters which can take place after the characters have been ejected from the Winter Wolf Sept. They can take place in any order, depending on how you wish to structure your game. The

Demon-Bear can be juxtaposed with Bill, which would make the characters extremely suspicious of Bill. Characters can stumble across the Glen right after fleeing from Icedagger and his pack, creating a mood of relief and rest on the heels of great travails.

However, the main plot involves the mining site and Azaera's attempt to awaken the Narlthus. You should use the encounters below as an introduction to what is going on in the area, but eventually, the characters should become involved in the Narlthus plot. Each encounter is part of an interlocking net of events that take place in the days following the characters' exile from the Winter Wolf Sept.

You decide, as a Storyteller, which of these encounters you wish to incorporate into your chronicle. While these encounters stand alone, it is up to you to weave them into one story, a continually moving plot that leads from one event into another in a seamless whole.

## The Demon-Bear

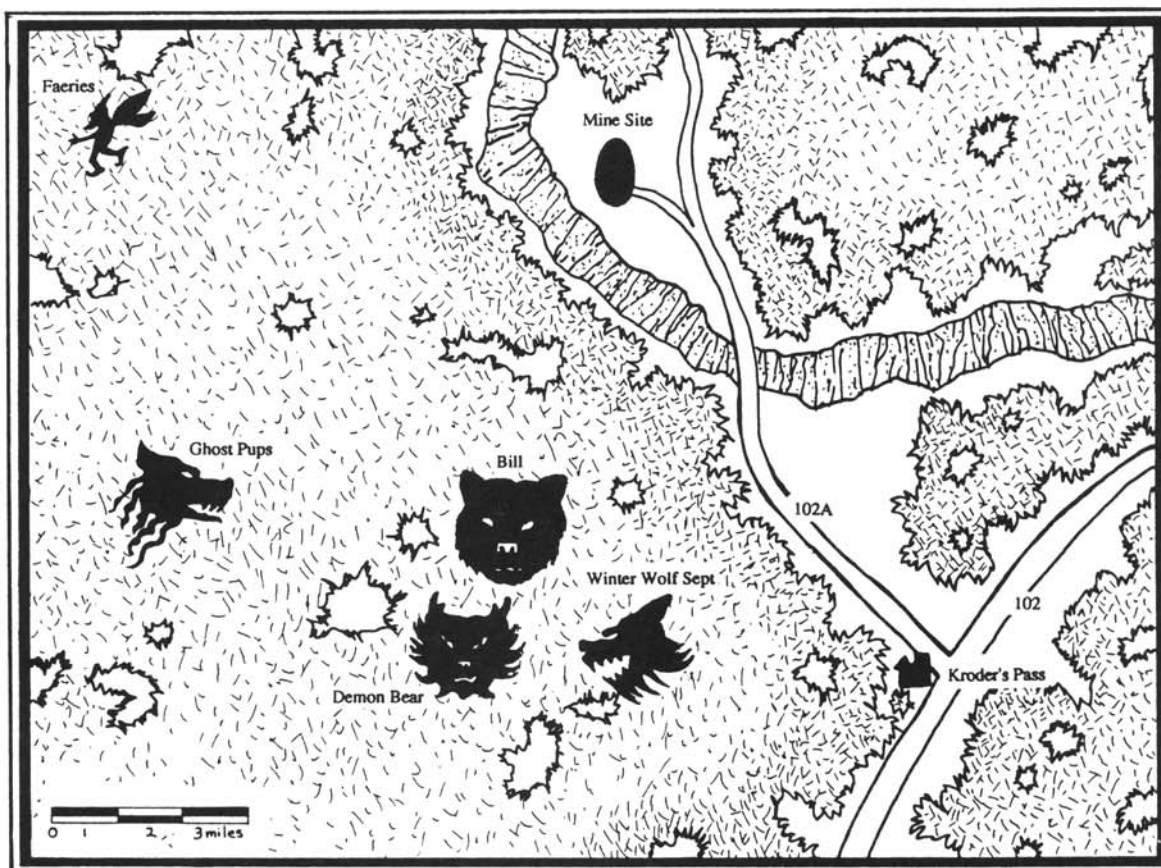
The characters are surprised (awakened?) by a bear possessed by a Bane spirit. Set this scene in a time and place when the characters are particularly vulnerable to attack. Perhaps they are asleep in a shelter, or have just been attacked by some other creature and are recovering. Use this scene to pick up the pace in the story when things seem to be drifting.

The giant demon bear blindly attacks the characters. Normally, this creature would be shy and avoid the strange scents of creatures like the Garou. Somewhere in its consciousness, it realizes that the Garou might release it from the torturous existence of being ridden by a Bane. It attacks with little regard for itself, using the Overbear maneuver and then switching to Bite when it can. Characters who use Sense Wurm on the bear will instantly understand its situation, and players who roll Perception + Animal Ken (difficulty 7) and score two or more successes will know that the bear seems to be controlled by something from within.

The characters may fight the bear and will probably kill it, thus releasing the Bane spirit. The Bane will instantly fly back to the nearest superior (probably Azaera in the mining camp) and inform her of the Garou's position, strength, and abilities.

The best way for the characters to deal with the bear is to enter the Umbra and face the Bane itself in spirit combat, who will be forced to fight. If the characters can kill the Bane in the Umbra, they will remain safe. Garou in the Umbra can use their claws or teeth, inflicting damage to the spirit's Power. When the spirit is reduced to 0 Power, it dissipates into the Umbra.

If the characters kill the Bear they must make Wits + Occult rolls in order to realize that the meat may be inedible. You may also choose to give them Gnosis rolls to see if they realize this immediately, or Intelligence + Rituals rolls to remember tales in which Bane-ridden animals have had strange diseases. The carcass of the bear will cause the characters to start losing one







point of Gnosis per hour until they are cured with a use of Mother's Touch or until they eliminate the meat (about eight hours). If they lose all their Gnosis points they will begin to lose Health Levels instead. If they reach Incapacitated, they will pass out and not awaken until the eight hours are up.

If the characters defeat the Bane, the bear will revert to its natural state and go lumbering off into the woods.

### *The Bear*

Str 6, Dex 5, Sta 7, Per 2, Int 1, Wts 1, Alertness 2, Brawl 5, Athletics 3. Eight Health Levels (OK, OK, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5, -5).

### *Bear-Bane*

Rage 8, Willpower 5, Gnosis 5, Power 20. Charms: Possession, Airt Sense. The Bane will attempt to give up the bear and flee if it appears to be losing. If Garou are in the Umbra, they can chase it down to prevent its escape.

## *The Son of the Bear*

The characters are discovered by a man who obviously knows what they are, even in wolf form. He is friendly and invites them back to his cabin, where they can experience the comforts of home and/or wait out the worst parts of the blizzard. They discover that Bill, as he calls himself, is a Son of the Bear,

or were-bear. Before they leave again, he asks that they swear not to speak to others about his existence.

Like the cavalry, Bill finds the characters, appearing as if out of nowhere. Bill sensed the young Garou's presence when they neared his territory and has been watching them closely for days. He is a very lonely person and is seeking companionship in the dead of winter. He speaks to the characters even if they are in different forms and tells them that he has a place "just over the hill" if they need help. Scent of the True Form will reveal that he is not as he seems, and three successes will tell the Gift-user that he is actually a bear in human form.

This is a good scene to play when your characters are tired of the wilderness, are hungry, sick, wounded, or otherwise in need of help. The cozy comfort offered by Bill's cabin will seem like a paradise after terrible hardships. But you should never allow the characters to totally relax: they should hear wolf-howls in the distance and perhaps distrust the open-hearted goodness that Bill offers.

Bill's house is very cozy and comfortable. Any Glass Walkers stuck in this chilly situation will certainly love the comfort of an actual dwelling and, luxury of luxuries, a huge lion-footed bathtub with hot running water. It is possible that even lupus characters will be interested in the warm bear-pelt rug by the fire. Bill lays out quite an impressive spread: freshly baked bread, fresh butter (there is a barn nearby), honey, jellies and jams, and a rewarmd, leftover, but still quite meaty,

haunch of venison. There is cool spring water and honey mead to drink.

Bill asks the characters to share stories by the hearth. If the characters tell him they are on their rite of passage without explaining further, then he will grow suddenly very angry and demand to know why the characters didn't say that before, and then instantly begin to worry about the fact that he has violated the rite. He can be calmed down with a careful explanation, however.

Bill is a very old were-bear and it is unwise to anger him. It is even more foolish to fight him. However, he can heal each character of four aggravated Health Levels; he can also cure them of diseases and restore their Stamina. In truth, no force or Garou can or will bother them while they are at Bill's place, and he allows them to wait out the rest of the blizzard with him.

Bill will not travel with them beyond the bounds of his lands, but he will give them directions to anywhere they are interested in going. Curiously enough, they will not be able to find Bill's house again after they leave the vicinity, as it is protected from discovery through Bill's magic.

This is the story Bill tells in exchange for a story from the characters:

*"Many, many years ago, before the white man came to this part of the world, there was a great tribe of the wind-walkers who dominated this land and ran it like an ice-ridden empire. The mightiest among these was a shaman called She-Cries-Ice, who fought a terrible evil spirit. This evil spirit was called the Narlthus and could not be bound into anything of this world. But She-Cries-Ice whispered to the sky and called down a stone from another world. The great shaman bound the Narlthus into this sky-stone, and it struck the mountain with great force, thus burying the Narlthus completely. Legend says that the mountain lies but north of here, and that one day, the Narlthus will rise again to defeat the children of She-Cries-Ice."*

Bill speaks in a gruff but kind voice. Juxtapose this with a rage-filled voice when he is angry.

Bill's statistics are provided in the Appendix.

## The Hunters

Icedagger is a wild, undisciplined warrior who has his own pack. The pack of Stormwinter is secretly dedicated to Grandfather Thunder; its totem spirit, a Stormcrow, continually sits on Icedagger's shoulder in the Umbra, whispering foreboding predictions and harsh commands. He is quite certain he can gain much Glory among his sept if he hunts the characters down, slays them, and brings their ears back. He personally wants his pack to be the vanguard, and he himself wants to be Executioner of the sept. He and his cohorts set off under cover of darkness to track down the characters and slay them where they find them.

This scene can be used to keep the pack moving. You should use foreshadowing and allow the characters to suspect that they hear approaching footsteps, etc.

In reality, however, Icedagger and his cohorts are much better stalkers than that. They will surprise the characters, coming up out of ambush-holes in the snow. They will attack with blinding speed and only instant flight will allow the characters a fair hope of living to fight another day; the pack will be too taken with its own power and might to truly put forth a gallant pursuit.

However, the Pack of Stormwinter is not a very wise one. It is possible to "circle around" in the Umbra as a pack and descend upon them (they make the mistake of wearing shiny earrings that could be used to "step sideways" from the Umbra). It is also possible to lure them in the direction of another danger or a protector (like Bill, who may intervene on the pack's behalf). Crafty characters may be able to separate the pack and take them one by one. This scene would make quite a climactic one if your group seems oriented towards the wilderness areas in this adventure: they could defeat Icedagger, force him to return with them and thus win honor in the eyes of the Wendigos (Icedagger is breaking with tradition and the Litany when he seeks to attack pups outright!).

However, if they do not defeat Icedagger, you can still continue the story. Have Bill or Accolon show up at the last moment to heal them and gird them for further battle.



**Icedagger's Pack** (contains as many members as you feel necessary to give the characters a tough fight)

Str 3, Sta 4, Dex 4, Per 4, Int 1, Wts 3

Alertness 2, Brawl 4, Primal-Urge 2, Dodge 2, Stealth 3, Survival 4, Enigmas 1, Rituals 1

Gifts: They are Rank 1 Wendigo Homids, each of a different auspice. They have four gifts apiece.

## The Glen

Even in deepest winter, the Umbra offers solace, comfort, and memories of past days of peace, as much as it offers danger, darkness, foulness, and despair. In this scene, the Garou step sideways, without their knowledge, into a Glen domain.

The place for this scene is when the characters are expecting something dark, horrible, and nasty. After all, they have been thrust out into a cruel, cold world, one where their enemies hunt them day and night, where the very air seems to lash out against them. Why shouldn't there be doom? Well, in this scene they get a taste of what they have been defending, what they stand to lose. They get a taste of Gaia at her best, her most pristine.

The characters pass down into a gully. Perhaps they are being chased, and are weary, bone-tired, and cold. They pass under a bramble of thorns that tear at their fur and are then confronted by a beautiful scene.



A hot spring pool serves as a centerpiece. Lush vegetation thrives around the pool, which is hot enough to melt the snow and ice around it. A tall rock wall shoots up from the forest floor, bordering the pool on one side. The sweet smell of spring earth is quite clear here. The characters have passed into the Umbra unawares, although they will notice with a Gnosis roll. This is a protected place, a place of pure beauty, where Gaia's power is strong. The characters automatically regain three points of Gnosis from bathing in the hot spring.

They can sleep the night here in the Glen and awaken the next day refreshed, but upon awakening the spring is gone and the Gauntlet separates them from the Umbra once again.

## The Past

Many pups have undergone their rites of passage in this wilderness, both Wendigos and, more recently, the Sept of the Green packs who came up from Manhattan.

The Wendigo rites are harsh and held in the dead of winter. Because of this, pups have died during their rites. The Wendigo is supposed to come and claim their spirits, but it has not in recent years.

The spirits of many Wendigo pups haunt these woods. Because they have not been taken beyond the clouds to the realm of the Wendigo, they have become bitter and hateful and vengeful. They will manifest and attack any Garou that journeys through the woods, but they will do it slowly.

They have the power to cause doubt and fear in the hearts of the Garou; they do this through whispering winds, movements in the trees, and strange scents on the wind. They will steal small objects from the characters, moving them quietly to other characters' possessions. They will particularly "pick on" metis and Ragabash characters.

The only way to banish these spirits from the area is to defeat them in the Umbra, for above all they wish to die in glorious combat. Alternately, a Theurge may be able to convince them to aid the pack in return for having a tribal Theurge aid them on their Final Journeys. They will not, however, pursue the characters if they leave the area, and characters can gain 25 Wisdom apiece if they manage to solve the riddle of the spirits and get a Theurge to deal with them.

### Vengeful Spirits

Rage: 8

Gnosis: 8

Willpower: 9

Power: 30

Charms: Materialize, Breath of the Rogue Wolf (as the Ahroun gift True Fear; Power Cost 1; causes a breeze that carries with it a strange wolfish scent, striking fear into Garou hearts — roll the spirit's Gnosis versus the target's Willpower), Taking the Forgotten (Power Cost 1; spirit rolls Gnosis versus



target's Perception + Alertness; any successes indicates the spirit has stolen whatever it was after).

They will manifest as ghostly, pale Garou in Crinos form; this costs them 16 Power points each. Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4, Brawl 3, Athletics 2, Dodge 1, Seven Health Levels. They will use Rake attacks.

The Gauntlet in this area is only four, if the characters wish to "step sideways" and do battle in the Umbra.

## Midwinter's Night

It is the middle of winter, the winter solstice, and the Garou soon discover that they are not alone in the wilderness. A group of wild faeries journeys from Arcadia to visit Gaia every solstice. They were instructed by the Wendigos to help with a rite of passage the next time they came, and they have not been told otherwise... obviously the Wendigos have been too busy preparing for war and mourning to attend to the chore of warning the Fey.

Faeries are notoriously curious about the Garou, and they are also notoriously unconcerned with the differences between them: to them, a werewolf is a werewolf. They can tell the difference between a pup and an adult, however. Two wyldling faeries, Barlithan and Hesper, are looking for pups to kidnap as part of their midwinter festival.

They have been given a silver lasso in order to accomplish this task. Fortunately for the Garou, this is faerie silver, and does not burn them. Unfortunately for them, the silver inhibits their ability to transform. They also have a magic bag into which they can pop Garou to carry back to the festival.

Barlithan and Hesper are nasty, ugly, disgusting toadlike faeries with growths of fur all over their bodies and gnarled, pocked, stained fangs. They are thin and wiry and quick, but stupid and near-sighted.

Both Barlithan and Hesper have identical Traits:

Str 4, Dex 4, Sta 3, Per 1, Int 1, Wts 4, Alertness 3, Melee (Lasso) 2, Primal-Urge 3. They locate the Garou's trail on any Perception + Primal-Urge success (difficulty 7). In order to lasso and wrestle a Garou into their bag they must first gain two more successes on an opposed Dexterity + Melee roll versus the Garou's Dexterity + Dodge (difficulty 7). This means that the Garou is lassoed and can no longer transform or take any aggressive action toward a faerie. They must score two more successes than the Garou on a Strength + Brawl roll versus the Garou's Strength + Brawl to bag them.

The bag is larger on the inside than it is on the outside (obviously). Inside the bag is a nearly complete collection of the John Norman "Gor" novels; a half-empty bottle of Listermint; hundreds of empty beer cans; a Sony Walkman CD player with no batteries; a CD: Flood by They Might Be Giants; and a button which says "Bite Me, Fan Boy." No one can escape the bag until it is upended by the holder. It can hold all of the pups

comfortably, and the air inside is somehow renewed so that it does not go stale.

The faeries will flee if the pups somehow disarm them or get into a really serious fight, winking out of existence with a pop and a faint smell of day-old beer.

Events might take an interesting turn if the faeries are only able to snatch one or two of the Garou and the rest of the pack has to rescue them from the Faerie Revel. They will have to follow the faeries back to their high-altitude mountain Revel and attempt a rescue.

The Garou have been kidnapped in order to provide the subject for a Faerie Hunt. Wild faeries ride even wilder faerie steeds on a hunt, chasing the characters overland like foxes. The details of this hunt are best left up to you. If you do not wish to descend into such pure fantasy, you may simply wish to have the faeries get the characters roaring drunk and play an immense amount of tricks on them, while perhaps providing some answers to questions they might have.

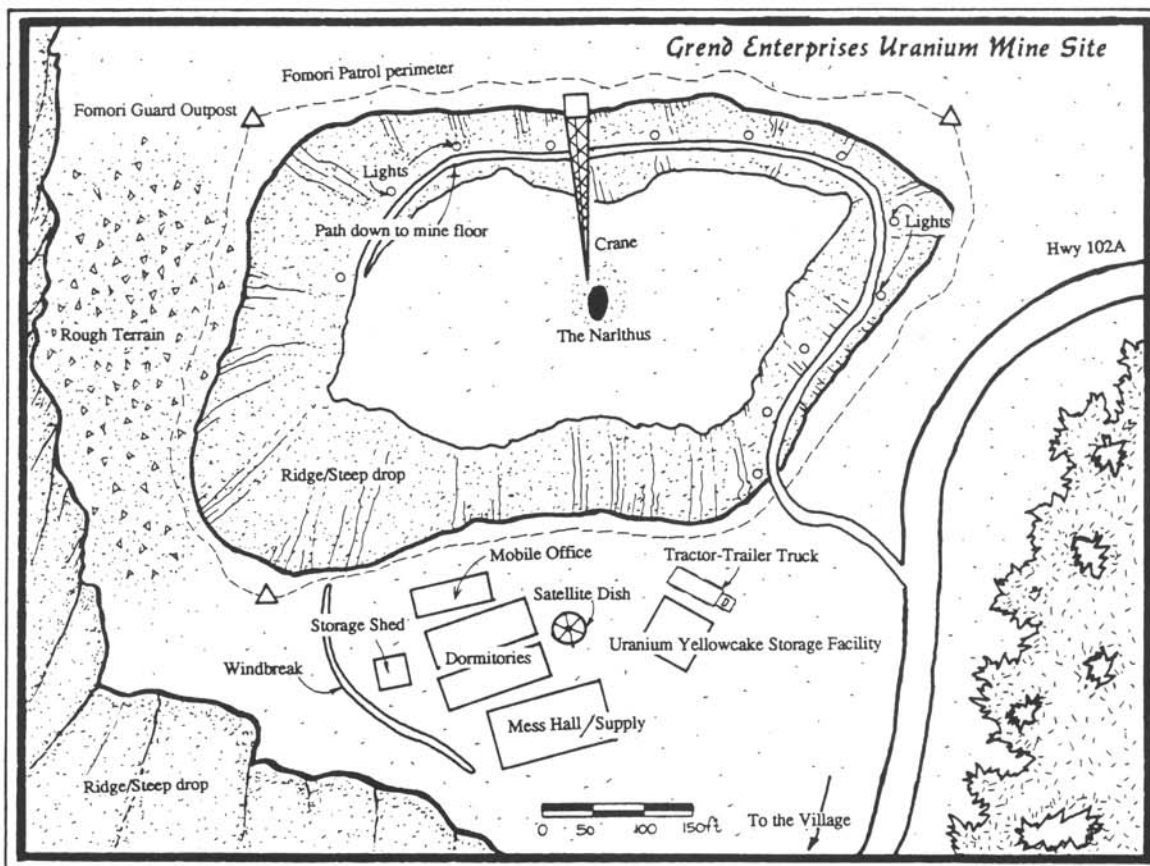
## The Strip Mine

Earlier, you read about the Pentex Corporation's acquisition of a strip mine where uranium and a giant evil fetish are buried. This section provides you with the information you need should your players be brave enough to investigate the strip mine.

Nestled on a hidden mountain ridge is a small strip mining complex. This ridge has an unusual vein of pure uranium, which was originally discovered by a geological exploration team. Grend Enterprises quickly obtained the land and mining rights to the vein.

Not long after the uranium find was logged with the Prince Albert Mining Authority, the data was sifted into a special holding file by Pentex Corporation computers, reviewed, and a special memo sent out. The next morning, Pentex Acquisitions began a major bid for Grend Enterprises, finally purchasing it through its Draco Holding Company, Ltd. in a surprise takeover. The *Toronto Register* ran a small item on Page 4 the next day congratulating the Werner Road Production Company for its altruistic donation of a new two-lane blacktop extending into the Northwest Territories as part of an effort to "revitalize" the area. (This road is designated "102A" on the map.)

The next day, a pack of Black Spiral Dancers ripped open the Gauntlet with their dark claws and stepped from the Umbra into the office of the site manager for Grend Enterprises. A tall, beautiful woman known only as Ms. Azaera sent her team of personnel (who had come with her through the Umbra) out to the mine, each with their own tasks. Many of the old mining management personnel were fired but placed on a special "relief fund" that silenced their protests. The site manager called his lawyer in Ontario and asked him to start divorce proceedings with his wife of 23 years, awarding full custody of his children to her. He set up a trust fund for their education and welfare and quietly vanished. Ms. Azaera spent most of the morning drawing pretty designs on him, her black claws



Player's Map will be found on page 40.

glowing neon blue, until he expired from loss of blood. His screams had been pleasurable enough, however, and Ms. Azaera began to feel as though the Black Wolf Ridge operation would be a success.

## The Mine

Uranium miners work seven-day-on, seven-day-off shifts. During those seven days they work 11 hours a day, even in deepest winter. The permafrost is nearly impossible to penetrate and special equipment has to be constantly kept warm in order to remain in working order. Frostbite and similar exposure problems are a constant danger.

Still, there is much money to be made here, uranium being an extremely rare element. However the real purpose behind Pentex's interest in this place is not in the profits from the uranium mine. It is the Narlthus.

Where there is radiation, there is the Wyrms. Sometimes it is sleeping. Sometimes it is rising. Sometimes it is bound, as in the case of the Black Wolf Mine. The Mine holds a dark and deadly secret, a huge meteorite that holds within it a great Wyrms spirit, perhaps one of the five Talons of the Wyrms that were torn from it so long ago.

## The Call of the Narlthus

Azaera has made it a personal quest to locate the Five Talons of the Wyrms before she sends her soul screaming into its maw. Somewhere in her tattered psyche she firmly believes that this will prevent her death and earn her a place as one of the Wyrms' greatest Banes. When she was newly-spawned, she fell into a Hellhole and found herself in a realm of fire and evil, much like Dante's Inferno.

There, Azaera was given a prophecy by a wizened old woman with snakes for eyes. The prophecy was that she would be responsible for uncovering great evil, and that if she looked in places where the Wyrms' fire was strongest, she would find what she sought. Then she was tortured and thrown out of Hell.

Ever since then, Azaera has heard the call of the Narlthus, whispering dark obscenities to her in the darkness. Before its call drives her further from sanity, she must find it and awaken the sleeping spirit within. This is why she risks all to uncover it, and this is what drives her every move.

## The Site

Sitting like a huge stone egg laid by some monstrous bird, the Narlthus' meteorite prison is nestled on the lowest levels of the hastily-carved strip mine. A crane is being constructed to lift the meteorite out of the mine. Along the rim of the mine is a plateau



where the mining facilities perch precariously, struggling for comfort against the whipping wind.

Some of these structures are new: they are dome-shaped and were constructed by the Pentex team after they arrived here. Some are the rest areas for the Black Spiral Dancers, who must sleep in total darkness, while the others are special crypts for the vampires she has sent for. Green sodium lights flood the area, casting a sickly pallor over the scene.

## *The Past: A Timeline*

Six months ago, Azaera began searching for the great source of Wyrn power located at the mining site. Three months ago, she found the first hint that there was something huge in the earth directly underneath. One month ago, she completely uncovered the Narlthus. However, at that time, the pups of the Winter Wolf Sept discovered the site while exploring the Black Wolf Ridge area.

Thinking quickly, Azaera ordered her minions not to slay the pups: such an action would bring the nearby Wendigo sept down on her operation like an avalanche. Instead, she inquired among the spirits near the sept and sent a call out to other Black Spiral septs for help and information concerning this potential threat to her operation.

Word came back of the arrangement between the Sept of the Green in Manhattan and the Winter Wolf Sept in the Northwest

Territories. The Black Spiral leaders in Manhattan also informed Azaera that they would be glad to aid her for a future boon. She traveled to Manhattan to arrange the kill and bargain with the leaders there. It was decided that the Black Spiral Dancers in Manhattan would receive the remnants of the Narlthus' prison once it was freed, thus being able to use it to capture the spirit-essences of the city's Leeches. Also, the possibility of a sept war involving the Green Sept would greatly increase the Black Spirals' ability to operate in Manhattan without fear of reprisal.

## *Incubation*

In the past few weeks, Azaera has tried to sunder the meteorite prison of the Narlthus and thus free it. She has tried everything from explosives to acid to lasers, and has incanted every opening-rite she knows. So far, no damage has been done to the outer shell, and no contact has been made with the Narlthus itself.

## *The Story Timeline*

Azaera actually does not notice when the day of the rite of passage dawns. She is too busy trying to hatch the Narlthus to ponder her Manhattan dealings further. In fact, that day, she flies via helicopter to Toronto to meet with a contact she has among the Sabbat there. Her helicopter is grounded for the next





two days due to a massive blizzard which strikes the Saskatchewan province and gives the characters even more time and cover. The fourth day she returns to the mining camp to check on the progress being made by her underlings and to supervise the construction of a haven for her new vampire friends. She spends the fifth through the 10th days traveling back and forth between Toronto and the site.

On the 10th day, however, she remembers the “loose end” she forgot: the characters. She will immediately attempt to locate them, but will be delayed by the arrival of a group of Sabbat Tremere Antitribu and their entourages. She will have to delegate the task of tracking and destroying the characters to her lesser minions.

On the 13th day after the characters arrive (the day before the new moon) she will make plans to move the Narlthus to a safer place where she can more carefully attempt to open it. If she has not captured or slain the characters by then, she will abandon looking for them and concentrate on moving the Narlthus — unless, of course, they interrupt her plans.

On the 14th day, the crane for the Narlthus will be complete and it will be moved onto a truck for transport to Toronto. Note that this is an excellent day for her to move the Narlthus, as all Wendigos in the area will be bracing for an attack through the Moon Bridge. The 14th day is also the day that Accolon arrives in the area, seeking to stop the Narlthus from being moved. Of course, even though he is a great Garou warrior, he is only one, and he will be slaughtered if he is not aided by someone —

perhaps the characters. It is also the day of the new moon, and the assault on the caern of the Winter Wolf Sept will begin by the Sept of the Green, its chief objective being to rescue the pups.

## *Interrupting the Timeline*

Characters may disrupt this timeline at any point. This disruption could be the result of their investigations at the mining campsite, or a result of their capture by underlings.

## *Investigating the Campsite*

Despite the bitter cold which tears at them (see the Wilderness chapter, under General Environment, for the weather conditions at this time), the characters will find that the blizzard is actually the best time to infiltrate the campsite. The campsite has many defenses, both physical and spiritual, which make it hard for the Garou to penetrate to learn the truth of the mining operation.

## *Site Defenses*

The passive physical defenses are alarms set on all the restricted zones (the armory, the Black Spiral Dancer sleep cocoons, the crypts). The active physical defenses are Fomori (Bane-ridden) guards armed with two silver rounds apiece in their assault rifles.

The site is hidden by a powerful rite that camouflages it from the outside (Perception + Primal-Urge rolls, difficulty 9, to see through the illusion). Many Banes have also been bound to this site and forced to search for Garou or any other intruders. They will report to Azaera directly if they detect any. If she is unavailable, they will report to one of her underlings, or, if no other leaders are available, to a Fomori guard.

As an added complication, many other Banes have been showing up simply to bask in the dark radiance of the uncovered Narlthus, which seems to be somehow attracting them. These unbound Banes are still quite willing to attack or fight any Garou they find in the Umbra nearby, even going so far as to follow them in hopes of spying on them and gaining a reward. Since the spirits are watching for Garou, they will notice any character on a Gnosis roll (base difficulty 9, -2 to the difficulty if any of the characters are in Crinos, Glabro, or Hispo forms, -3 if they any of them use gifts, and -3 if any of them enter the Umbra; all penalties are cumulative).

During the blizzard, of course, Azaera will be snowbound in Toronto for two days, and this is probably an ideal time for the characters to wander around in the camp, quietly discovering its nature and the Narlthus that dwells in the mine below. It is not a good idea to enter the Umbra in this place, as this action puts the Garou right in the middle of a Hellhole, where Banes will attack them unceasingly.

Another good time for the characters to enter the camp and look around is when Azaera is trying to incubate the Narlthus. During this time, her spiritual energies are focused on it, and the spirits she has bound to the site break free and no longer perform their tasks. A crafty character (or two) can sneak into the camp and even gain entry to one of the important mining facilities, such as the administration building (which is actually a trailer that's been permanently emplaced). The characters can thereby gain access to the computers in the building; with an Intelligence + Computer roll (difficulty 7) they might be able to gain the following information:

- 1 success: This mine has produced hardly any yellowcake in the past six months (yellowcake is uranium in ore form).
- 2 successes: Grend Enterprises has recently been taken over by Draco Holding Company, Ltd.
- 3 successes: Six months ago many of the personnel were laid off, and the site manager has vanished. The home office of Grend Enterprises has been trying to search for him.
- 4 successes: An entry of Azaera's diary. The characters discover she's a Black Spiral Dancer, and her dreams of finding the Five Talons of the Wyrms.
- 5 successes or more: An electronic mail letter outlining the deal with the Black Spiral Dancers of Manhattan that ties Azaera to the deaths of the Wendigo pups.

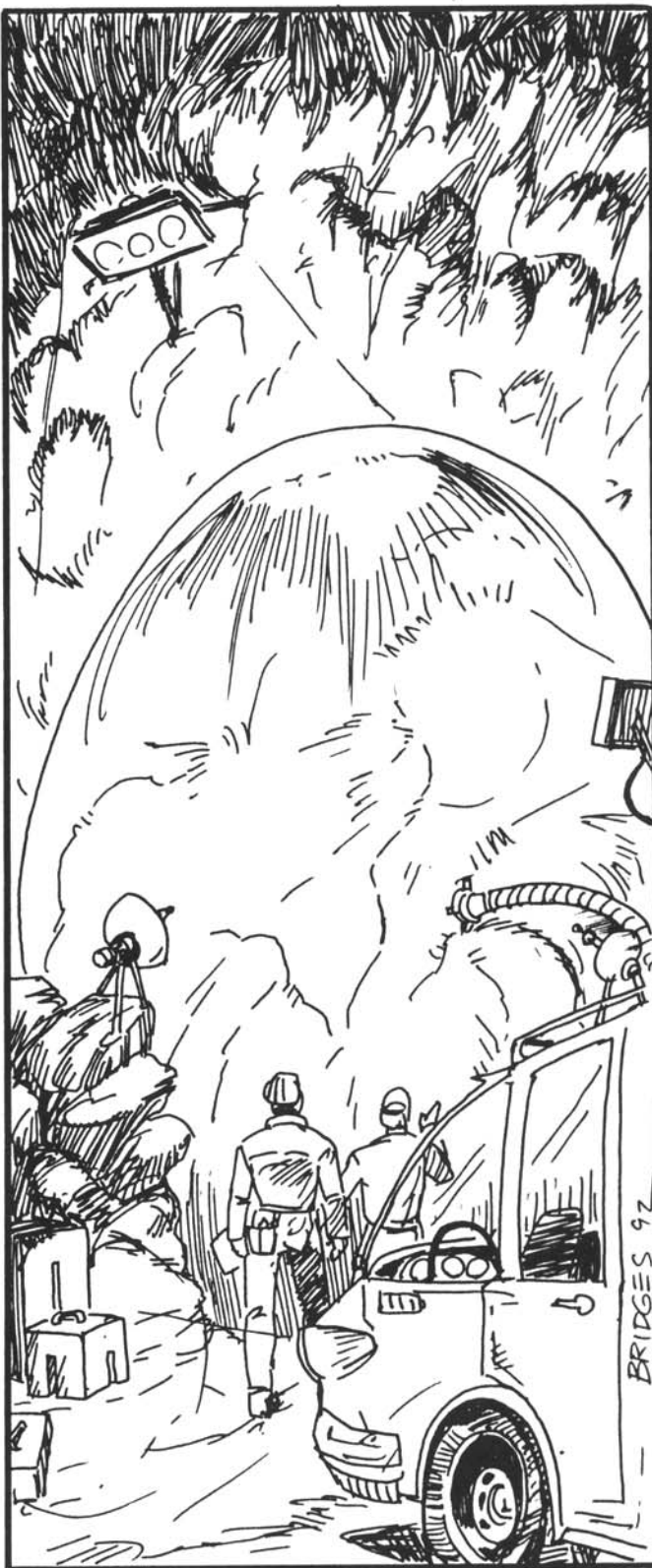
The characters can accumulate successes by spending 30 minutes per attempt after the first one. However, each attempt increases the risk of discovery: roll a die; on a 1-3 the characters are interrupted by a Black Spiral Dancer, returning to the trailer to fetch something.

With a Dexterity + Computer roll the characters can save any of this data to a 3.5 floppy disk in order to carry it back as proof. This must be done very quickly. Printing out the data would require about 30 more minutes, but because of the noise involved (it is a loud dot-matrix printer) there is a 1-5 chance of attracting attention to themselves. The data may be printed out anywhere: it is saved in an ASCII format on the floppy.

Characters may even be able to get in and out through the Umbra at this time, if they can remain unnoticed by the many Banes who flock around the area of the Narlthus.

## Consequences of Getting Caught

Fomori guards will confront the characters (in whatever form they are in) and tell them to submit or die. A silver bullet or two (remember the damage cannot be soaked and it is aggravated) may put an end to their objections. If they are



actually able to defeat the guards (not inconceivable), they should have a chance to get away as long as all they do is run.

Characters that are caught and submit are taken to Azaera. Azaera will try to intimidate the characters into telling what they have learned, even torturing them to find out what she wants to know. Then she will have them bound with silver-threaded rope (the pain is dull and throbbing; any Strength roll to break the bonds is at difficulty 9) and tossed in a locked storage shed. She will set one of her Black Spiral pack to guard them, along with two more Fomori guards and a Bane bound in the Umbra

Hopefully for the characters, this will be before the Sabbat Tremere arrive, because the Tremere would most likely love a blood feast — with the characters providing the main course. If denied that delicacy, they might suggest that the characters be sacrificed to the Narlthus in an attempt to awaken it, which will probably make sense to Azaera.

The best time, in fact, for an escape or rescue attempt involving the characters would be when the Tremere first arrive and Azaera is occupied with them. She actually has the guard on the characters “stand down,” so as not to draw attention to them; thus, only one Bane stands watch over the characters at this time, and that is in the Umbra.

You need to decide whether or not any particular mission into the site grounds succeeds, or partially succeeds, depending on the demands of the story at the time. Your characters could conceivably take the “Get of Fenris” route and barge into the

camp, attacking and screaming, killing and maiming, until they reach the Black Spirals. They might even succeed in convincing the Black Spirals that they are full-grown Garou, for they certainly do not look like pups at this point. Azaera will not abandon the Narlthus for any reason unless her life is in direct danger.

You may photocopy the map of the site from this book and give this to the players to help them plan their assault, scouting, or other activities involving the mine.

## Characters

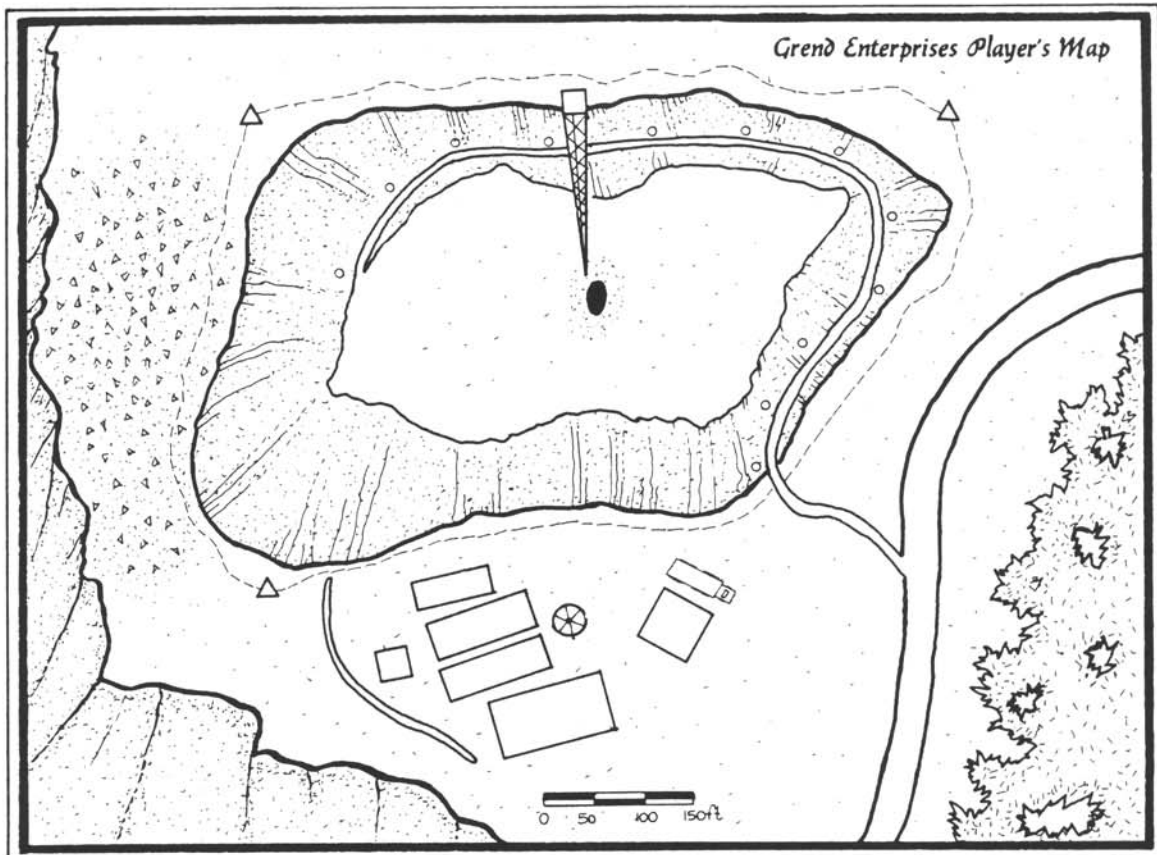
### *Black Spiral Dancer Pack*

There are six of them. Each of them is Rank 3.

Str 4, Dex 3, Sta 4, Cha 2, Mnp 3, App 1, Per 3, Int 2, Wts 4

Brawl 4, Alertness 3, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Enigmas 4, Occult 4, Rituals 3, Primal-Urge 3, Science 3, Computer 2, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Rage 9, Gnosis 6, Willpower 6

**Gifts:** All Black Spiral through Level 3, plus two others from this list: Persuasion, Eyes of the Cat, Mental Speech, Razor Claws, Inspiration, Fatal Flaw, Sense of the Prey, Control Complex Machine.





## Fomori

Since many Banes have been attracted by the uncovering of the Narlthus, Azaera has turned most of the miners who were left at the site into Fomori. Unfortunately for them, they have had most of their own souls drained as a result of the possession, so if the Banes are exorcised from them they will quickly die. The Fomori are unquestioningly loyal to the Black Spirals and to Azaera, although they do not retain much free will. Banes dislike being used in such ways, but the slow digestion of a mortal soul salves their hurt feelings about this.

Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Appearance 1, Perception 4, Intelligence 1, Wits 3

Brawl 4, Firearms 3, Alertness 4, Survival 2, Athletics 3, Occult 3 (the Fomori Leader has Leadership 3 and a Manipulation of 2)

Each Fomori is armed with a firearm (including two silver bullets). There are 12 Fomori total. Six of these have assault rifles, while the others have handguns. Fomori will gladly sacrifice their mortal hosts to save Black Spiral Dancers, and will enjoy flinging themselves wildly at Garou. Their irregular fanged teeth do aggravated wounds and may confuse the Garou into thinking they are vampires.

## Uranium Banes

There are many of these Banes wandering the camp. When Materialized, they look like malnourished children with bulging, green-glowing eyes. Their fingernails are long, doing aggravated damage in a Rake attack.

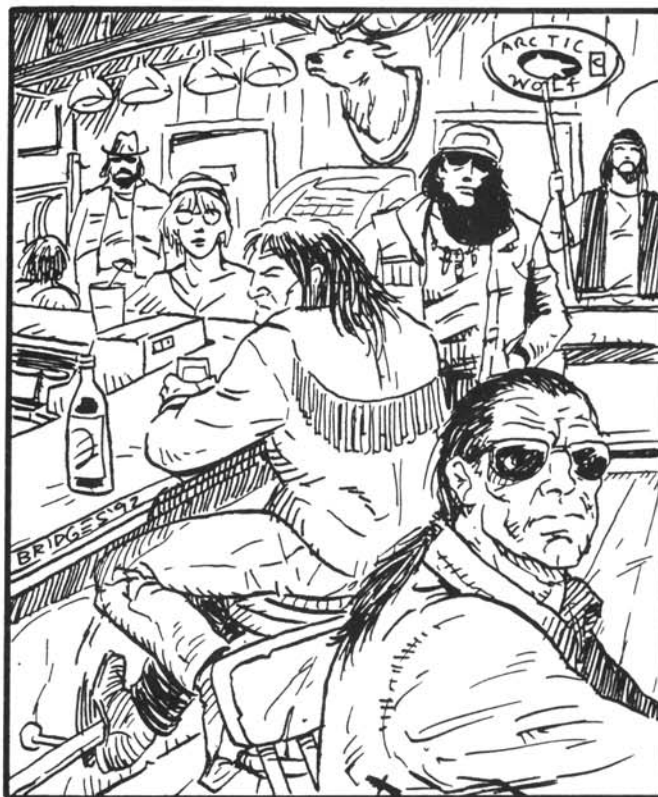
Rage 7, Willpower 7, Gnosis 6, Power 30, Charms: Materialize (Power Cost 12; Str 3, Dex 3, Sta 3, Brawl 3), Airt Sense, Kiss of Glowing Corruption (Power Cost 3; a successful Gnosis roll against the target's Stamina +3 will cause the target to lose a point of Stamina. This can be healed like an aggravated Health Wound.)

## The Village

Nestled in the fog-shrouded mountains of northern Saskatchewan, the village of Kroder's Pass evokes an aura of mystery and intrigue to all outsiders who enter. Although a mere 150 miles away from the metropolis of Toronto, the village seems to be a world of its own, alien yet somehow familiar in its rustic, simple charm.

The mists rise from the mountains and fall silently through the fields and forests of the village. The surrounding countryside is alive with the sounds of a thousand beasts, some of which are recognizable and some of which are not.

Settled in 1823, the current denizens are, for the most part, the direct descendants of the original settlers. Living as farmers and craftsmen since that time, the village has evolved a social ecology which is vehemently opposed to change and influence from the outside world. Travelers entering the township will



find their reception to be hospitable in terms of creature comforts, but the attitude from the natives will be chilly at best, as they are quite concerned as to the motives of visitors.

Despite their precautions to avoid change, the city is slowly moving into this beautiful land. The Pentex Corporation (in the guise of Omnicron Oil), in its relentless quest for a greater profit margin, has landed the first blow against this simple village. Having established a new, modern service station in the heart of the town, they quickly ran the former station out of business. This proved very beneficial to the tourist trade, but has had some horrible repercussions on some of the local residents.

One of these residents is Sylus Digvy, the former owner of the town service station, which has been put out of business. As his business waned, he sank deeper into depression and alcoholism and is now just a hollow shell of the man he used to be. He spends his days alone with his bottle and his memories, as if he is merely awaiting his time to leave this world, so that he might forget his failures. This encroachment into the wilderness has also taken a toll on the other denizens as well. The people of this village no longer have the privacy that they once had. The balance of the town is in grave danger.

The Sheriff, Joe Danson, looks upon these changes as necessary if the town is to survive although he feels as much apprehension as the rest of the village. Sheriff Danson has been in office for over 20 years and is respected by the populace. He ascended to office after his father died and no one ever thought to oppose his rightful place as the next sheriff. Robert Price, the

Mayor, spends most of his time fishing, as the duties of his office prove to be less stressful than same position in a larger city. Crime, with the exception of the occasional stolen chicken, is almost nonexistent; thus, those in positions of authority tend to lead a rather relaxed life.

The one diner in town, Luke's Place, is where most travelers and tourists go to unwind from their journeys and to enjoy wholesome, home-cooked meals. The diner is run by Luke Brown (thus the name) and is one of the few businesses which is thriving more now than before. One oddity of note is that the steak on the menu at Luke's Place can be prepared two different ways: raw, or cooked to order, with a separate price for each. Although this has never warranted notice by the natives, it has raised quite a few eyebrows among transients.

The urbanites would say that such testimonies to the old ways are swiftly dying and that small villages like Kroder's Pass will only last a few more years before the ever-expanding metropolises engulf them in their steel and concrete embraces. They say that such places are but a step away from extinction and will soon be only vague memories. The inhabitants of Kroder's Pass disagree. They all share a determination which comes from hard work and living close to the land. They will not give up their homes and their way of life without a fight.

The majority of the inhabitants of the village are Garou Kinfolk and have a tenacity unparalleled by mortal kind. They are quite accustomed to hardship, as that is their chosen way of life. Although the true blood of the werewolf does not run through their veins, they nonetheless have that same spirit of survival.

Travelers find the populace to be secretive, somewhat cold and callous to those who visit. They will never discuss the politics of the village with travelers. This is not a haven of quiet contemplation; it is a place of bitter struggle between man and beast. Those who visit here can feel the paradox which lives in the hearts of the inhabitants.

This is a place of great danger and the Storyteller should never let the players feel comfortable or safe to any extent. Every native encountered should make the characters feel uneasy, and if they are foolish enough to venture into the forests, the Storyteller should feel free to throw numerous dangerous situations at them.

There are many rumors in the cities near the area that some men who go into those woods around the village never return and those that do refrain from telling what they saw. Kroder's Pass and the surrounding forests have an infamous reputation for violence and mysterious deaths which are never investigated by the local authorities. Several years ago it had become a college dare that, before allowing a new member into a fraternity, the pledge had to spend one night in the forests which shield the village from the rest of the world. This is a tradition that died as quickly as it began when several young men disappeared and are yet to be heard from.

If the characters find themselves in the diner, they will attract the attention of a group of Garou of the Wendigo tribe. If they acknowledge the presence of the members of this tribe they will quickly provoke one hell of a barroom brawl. Although the Wendigos will not fight to the death, they will nonetheless be more than willing to put a few new scars on the player characters. If one of the players inadvertently or purposefully kills one of the Wendigos, they will swiftly change their attitudes and consider it a fight to the death. This is not something which the characters should look forward to, as these are well-trained Garou who have already suffered through the rites of passage.

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## *The Bane-Ridden*

A young boy, only eight years old, strayed too often near the Omnicron Oil service station and has picked up a Bane for his curiosity. The Bane is slowly eating the boy, who can now only lie on a bed and shake, sweating furiously. At times he sweats blood, at times green mucus. He is slowly wasting away.

The boy's mother, Diane, works at the diner and is terrified for her son. She is supposed to take him to Toronto or Saskatoon to see the doctor but has been unable to find the money to do so. She is afraid he is possessed by a demon and does not want to tell anyone (the Bane is most certainly affecting her judgment).

If one of the characters is nice to Diane or even notices her, have the character make a Perception + Empathy roll (difficulty 6) to try and determine the cause of her worry. If the character can trust a homid, he might be able to save her son's life, for the Bane has not yet eaten his soul. This might be an interesting subplot to run if your characters are tired of fighting. They will have to confront the Bane and scare it out of the boy, and perhaps bind it into a fetish, or attack it in the Umbra.

### *Wasting Bane*

Rage 7, Willpower 6, Gnosis 5, Power 35, Charms: Reform, Airt Sense, Wasting (Power Cost 2; the Bane can slowly chew away at the victim's Health. The Bane can use this Charm once per week, but must stay by the side of the victim the whole time; the victim will lose one Health Level until dead. The Bane then gains that victim's Willpower to add to its Power).

Note: The Bane does not have to Materialize to use its Wasting Charm; it does so from the safety of the Umbra. The Bane will try to flee as soon as the characters become involved, but must make a Gnosis roll (difficulty 8) to do so. This type of Bane is slothful when it is feeding. If the characters begin to directly attack it, it can leave without a roll (it will attempt to Reform if it has enough Power). If it reaches Azaera, she then will know where the characters are and what they have been doing.

## Leaving Kroder's Pass

If the characters feel the need to leave Kroder's Pass, they will be told that they may hitch a ride with one of the Pentex trucks which frequently travel through the village, or they might try their luck at hitching a ride with a passerby. If neither of these options appeal to the players, then there is one last alternative. In the garage of the alcoholic mechanic, Sylus Digvy, is a beautiful reminder of a much gentler age: a 1957 Chevy, candy apple red, in near-mint condition and wearing snow tires. The only problem is that the automobile is not quite rebuilt, as Sylus sank too deep into depression before he could finish assembling it and has not been motivated to do so since.

Sylus will allow the characters access to the automobile if they will promise to bring it back to him one day, as it once belonged to his father. If the players agree, he will give them the keys, then go back to his lonely existence; the players will see him no more. A Dexterity + Repair roll (difficulty 6) can be used to complete the construction of the car, but 10 successes are required. If no one has Repair, then a straight Dexterity roll can be made, but the difficulty is seven. Thus, it is mandatory that the players cooperate and pool their dice. If the players choose not to return the automobile, Sylus will not seek revenge although he will live his final days in a bit more shame than he would otherwise.



## Story Seeds for the Village

All of these encounters take place in or around the village of Kroder's Pass. These encounters can be used as many times as necessary. These are presented merely as ideas to keep the players on their toes, and they can be used or discarded at the Storyteller's option.

### The Tragic Lovers

Garou does not mate with Garou. That is a statement which is implanted in the mind of the werewolf from the start. It is a tragic scenario when two Garou fall in love, for there is nothing they can do to consummate their desires.

In the dark forests just outside Kroder's Pass there is a clearing. This clearing seems to refuse the sun on the brightest of days and exudes a feeling of gloom to all who find themselves here. It is here that two young Garou, cursed by their love for one another, took their lives to end their suffering and the need to embrace their passion.

Despite the double suicide, the essence of these two and their intense love still lives here among the trees. Players entering this area will hear the anguished whispers of the two lovers, and if they so much as sleep in the clearing, they will relive the tragedy of the lovers' passion in their dreams.

The blade which was used by these lovers still rests in the grove, tangled in the exposed roots of one of the taller trees. It is old and rusted and seems to be a channel to the shame which still consumes the two. The players can use a Gnosis point to release the spirits tied to the blade and set them free. Players who perform this action receive a point of Willpower.

### Pentex

The Pentex Corporation, in its ever-expanding greed, has begun raping the land just west of the village. The operation in progress is a systematic desecration of the land in order to build the first of many vacation areas in the Canadian wilderness. There are many ways that the characters may deal with this blasphemy, few of which are legal. This encounter has many possibilities for a creative Storyteller and could be used for a one-time encounter or could be expanded into a full chronicle.

### The Night Wolves

While wandering through the forests which surround the village, the players encounter a small pack of wolves that claims the area as its home and hunting grounds. Once encountered the pack will be quite friendly towards the players and will be more than happy to share their land and their kill with the Garou.

The wolves, in reality, are a group of Gangrel vampires who have claimed the land temporarily on their way to wherever else





their unending life may lead them. Although they will not show themselves in their true forms, an astute player may notice that the pack is never seen in the light of day and may begin wondering about the reason behind this.

If the players confront the pack with their suspicions, the Gangrel will assume their true forms and end the deception. Although they will not attack the players outright, they will defend themselves if necessary.

### *The Kidnappers*

A group of Garou who live in the surrounding forests manage to kidnap one of the players. Unfortunately for the player, the kidnappers are members of a rival tribe and their plans for the character are less than savory. If the players try to rescue their comrade they will meet fierce opposition from the tribe. This will make a great story for characters who enjoy combat.

### *The Ghosts*

In these dark forests, many have died while trying to complete the rites of passage and those who have failed in this undertaking seem to be forever bitter over their failure.

The players, throughout their stay in these dark woods, will be constantly assaulted by the restless spirits of those who have

come before them and lost their lives due to the curse of lycanthropy. These spirits will constantly remind them that, in the end, nothing but failure will greet them. Death awaits in every shadow, and those few who do survive will only inherit the curse to the full extent of its horrible paradox.

This is a scenario which will bring the tragedy which is the life of the werewolf to the forefront of the player's minds. Storytellers are encouraged to be as morbid as they choose, as this will add to the dark mood of the rite of passage.

### *The Umbral Guide*

One of the players inherits a spirit guide during the rites. This particular spirit can be either malevolent or benign depending upon the needs and the mood of the Storyteller and can prove to be a great obstacle for the players to overcome in order to learn to work together.

### *The Lover*

A young Garou relative who lives in the village becomes attracted to one of the players and stops at nothing to let her affections be known. This is a *Fatal Attraction*-type story which will give the players a true glimpse of the violent temper of the Garou and their kin if they do not get what they want.

If the character gives in to the charms of this star-struck would-be lover, the pair will have a rather happy relationship until the father, who is quite respected in Garou circles, finds out that his child has fallen for someone of Garou heritage. He will do anything necessary in order to separate the two lovers....even attempt to kill the player.

### *A Job Opportunity*

The players, upon discovering one of the many excavation sites of the Pentex Corporation, are given a job offer by the foreman of the site. This will test the prudence of the players, and perhaps give them a chance to terrorize the corporation from the inside.

### *Toronto*

The characters may journey to the city of Toronto for many reasons. They can hide aboard the truck which carries the Narlthus, and not reveal themselves until the fetish gets off-loaded at the Pentex branch office. Characters who are fleeing may travel through Toronto on their way back to the Sept of the Green; in this case, they may get caught up in events here.

Characters may well seek to lose themselves in the streets of Toronto. This is unlikely to happen. Although Toronto is the largest city in Canada, it is heavily controlled by both the Sabbat and the Black Spiral Dancers. Pentex Corporation is very

strong here, and has eyes and ears everywhere; there is also a small but efficient Sabbat Tremere Chantry.

If the characters have had run-ins with the Black Spiral Dancers or Azaera, the customs agents will be looking for them. If they try to cross the border into the United States, they will be detained by the agents "under suspicion of smuggling," while a team of Black Spiral Dancers is mustered to destroy them.

Everywhere the characters go in Toronto, the Storyteller should attempt to maintain a mood of paranoia — strange black limos will cruise silently by, slowing as they pass the characters; shadowy figures will be illuminated against the windows of the enormous skyscrapers, staring down; groups of men in black trenchcoats will hover just on the edge of vision, their collars partially obscuring their (Glabro?) faces.

Externally, Toronto is a very clean, glistening city of shiny office buildings and uncluttered subways. The characters can find plenty to do; there are clubs, theaters and museums, and the entire city radiates a very cosmopolitan ambience. A few encounters in Toronto are worthy of note:

## The Metro

Toronto's zoo, the Metro, is ranked among the 10 best in the world. It contains exotic animals from all over the globe, including a large display pen of wolves. If the characters take the time to study the wolves, they might notice (Perception + Animal Ken, difficulty 6) that one of the wolves, a large female, is behaving strangely and nervously. If this fact is noticed, a Wits + Empathy roll (difficulty 8) informs the pack that the wolf is displaying symptoms remarkably similar to Lunacy among humans.

The wolf is, in fact, a Lunatic — a Garou who never learned to shapeshift. The curators and zookeepers are concerned about her strange behavior, but are keeping her penned up with the others for now. If questioned, any of the zoo employees can tell the pack that this wolf was only recently brought in from the wild.

Characters may opt to help the Lunatic escape. How they accomplish this is up to them, but it requires a Charisma + Empathy roll (difficulty 8) to get the wolf to trust them. She will be able to speak to the characters with difficulty (she has never spoken before), but will have no gifts and will only be able to shapeshift if a) the ability is demonstrated to her and b) she spends a Rage point and makes a Stamina + Primal-Urge roll (difficulty 9).

If the Lunatic is freed and brought into Garou society, she will be a friend to the characters for life. She is (of course) of the lupus breed, has the potential to be of the Galliard auspice, and is of the Black Fury tribe by birth.

## Hit Squad

Toronto is, like many cities of the Northeast, largely controlled by the Sabbat sect of vampires. If the pack is blithely wandering around in Toronto without adequate mystical shield-



ing, the Tremere Antitribu Chantry located in the city will undoubtedly learn of their existence, using a spell which alerts them to Lupine presences. While the Sabbat may simply watch and wait to see what the pack hopes to accomplish, the sect will most likely send a group of its own out to deal with the intruders.

At some point during the night, when the pack is wandering in an unfamiliar section of the city, the Tremere Antitribu in charge of the Sabbat pack will cast a ritual to warp the appearance and dimensions of the streets in the area, causing the Garou pack to lose their way and hopefully stumble into a cul-de-sac (the leader of the pack must make a Perception + Primal-Urge roll against a difficulty of 9 to avoid this). Once the group is trapped, the Tremere will use her discipline of Weather Control to shroud the area in a thick fog and the group will attack from the shadows.

The Sabbat group consists of the following members:

### Janine (10th generation Tremere)

Str 2, Dex 2, Sta 3, Per 4, Int 4, Wts 3, Cha 4, Mnp 4, App 4  
Subterfuge 3, Leadership 3, Occult 4, Stealth 2, Dodge 2  
Thaumaturgy 3 (Weather Control 3, Flames 2, Mind 1),  
Auspex 2, Dominate 2  
Resources 1, Retainers 1 (ghoul cat familiar), Contacts 1  
Willpower 8

### *Andre (Ninth generation Gangrel)*

Str 3, Dex 4, Sta 4, Per 3, Int 2, Wts 2, Cha 1, Mnp 2, App 2  
Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 3, Stealth 3,  
Survival 3, Investigation 1  
Protean 4, Fortitude 2, Celerity 1  
Willpower 7

### *Skulk (10th generation Nosferatu)*

Str 5, Dex 4, Sta 3, Per 3, Int 2, Wts 3, Cha 2, Mnp 2, App 0  
Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Streetwise 3, Intimidation 3, Stealth 5,  
Melee 2  
Potence 2, Obfuscate 4, Animalism 1  
Willpower 6

### *Theo (12th generation Malkavian)*

Str 3, Dex 3, Sta 2, Per 3, Int 4, Wit 3, Cha 2, Mnp 4, App 2  
Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Subterfuge 3, Melee 3, Stealth 3  
Dominate 3, Auspex 2, Obfuscate 2  
Willpower 6

If you do not own **Vampire: The Masquerade**, the powers of the Vampires are as follows: Janine can alter the weather, hurl small flames at foes, telekinetically lift very small objects, sense danger and the moods of those she looks at, and mesmerize and command individuals whom she stares at. Andre can see in pitch darkness, merge with the earth, grow claws like a Garou, shapeshift into a wolf or bat, attack twice in a turn, and soak three levels of aggravated wounds. Skulk can turn invisible, change the features of his face (note that his real face is hideously deformed), speak to animals, and increase his Strength to 7. Theo can command individuals by gaze, hypnotically vanish from sight, and read the emotions and moods of any he looks at. Theo and Skulk are armed with silver knives.

Antitribu is the term used for those vampires of either Camarilla or Sabbat who turn against their sect by joining the opposition. A Malkavian (Camarilla) who joins the Sabbat is called a Malkavian Antitribu, while a Lasombra (Sabbat) who joins the Camarilla is called a Lasombra Antitribu.

## *The Branch Office*

This forbidding structure of black glass dominates the downtown Toronto skyline. Although theoretically rented out by many different corporate offices, in reality almost all the companies doing business from this location are held by Pentex. The few non-Pentex businesses here are made to feel

acutely uncomfortable, and most of them move out. The non-Pentex employees are often disturbed by the strange visitors, as well as the vaguely discomfiting sounds occasionally heard in the bowels of the building. If characters should somehow manage to interact with any of these individuals, they may learn various rumors that a lot of strange people have been riding the elevators to the upper suites where the Pentex VIPs work. If a character describes Azaera, the employees will remember her easily — “a real babe, but kinda freaky, you know?”

There are several hidden subbasements below the main corporate tower where various “guests” such as Black Spiral Dancers, Sabbat and worse reside when they visit the branch. A Bane is also bound to the building through a black prism implanted in the wall of one of the subbasements; every night at 10 PM the Bane is released to stalk the halls. The various employees, Pentex and otherwise, never work late here.

The characters may gain access to a terminal on the Pentex computer net, if they are lucky and can defeat the Corridor Bane. Treat this computer the same way as the one that is described under The Strip Mine, except the printing goes much faster and the difficulty to obtain information is one higher.

The Narlthus will be taken here for another attempt to hatch it, which fails. It will then be placed in a truck, which is parked in a large subbasement guarded by Black Spirals and Fomori. Azaera and the Board of Directors will adjourn to the boardroom on the top floor to discuss the next stage of their plan: transporting the Narlthus to the Black Spiral Dancers’ dark caern.

During this time, the characters may actually have a chance to assault the guards and drive the truck away. What they do then is up to them, but Azaera, Pentex and the Tremere Antitribu will all be hot on their tails. At this point you may want to have the characters run into Accolon, or a Silent Strider from the Sept of the Green. They will, however, have very little chance of surviving the hunt against them.

### *Corridor Bane*

Rage: 8  
Willpower: 8  
Gnosis: 7  
Power: 50

Charms: Materialize (Str 6, Dex 3, Sta 4, Brawl 3, Athletics 2), Airt Sense, Haunt Sense (Power Cost 2; this enables the Bane to mystically sense everything that is going on in the building to which it is bound)

The Bane Materializes as a hideous 8' tall humanoid figure with slimy green-gray flesh and blunt, rotten teeth.



# TIMELINE



DAYS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
WEATHER (WINTER)	AM N PM COLD									CLOUDY				
WINTER WOLF SEPT	AM N PM Receive The Pups	Eject The Pups Seal Bawn War Watch	Ice Daggers Begin Hunt											Brace For Attack
SEPT OF THE GREEN	AM N PM Send Out Pups/ WW Pups Killed	Silent Striders Dis- patched Accolon Leaves												Open Moonbridge To Winter Wolf Accolon Arrives At Mine Site
AZAERA	AM N PM Tries To Watch Narthus	Flies To Toronto			Return To Mine Site	Toronto		Mine Site	Toronto	Mine Site Receive Sabbat Send Out Party To Find Cubs			Ready To Move Narthus ↓	Load Narthus And Move
THE PUPS	AM N PM Arrive By Moonbridge At Winter Wolf Sept	Ejected By Sept												



# Chapter Three: Resolution

There are many complications inherent in the setting for *Rite of Passage*. This section seeks to tie all the possible story lines together so the Storyteller can conclude her story in a satisfying manner.

The story will progress according to the goals the players set for themselves. Most probably, this will boil down to three goals: 1. Survive and wait for rescue; 2. Find a way to go home; 3. Gain Renown and fight the Wyrn. The pack may change goals several times during the course of the story.

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## Goal: Survive and Wait for Rescue

### Hiding Out

It is possible for the Garou to hide in the snow and the wilderness, or in the village, or even Toronto. Icedagger and his pack will be the only ones hunting them specifically — that is, unless they have discovered what's going on at the strip mine. Of course, this is not a noble course of action, and it certainly won't win them any Renown within their sept. They will still have to undergo a "real" rite of passage and they will most likely

have a pretty boring game. You can perhaps shake them up and get them to alter their goals by having Icedagger, a Fomori, a disgruntled Wendigo, or even a vampire find their hiding place.

### Running

The characters may decide to run in whatever direction they can, hoping to elude danger and perhaps gain information later about their situation. You can "help" them through the story by turning them around (perhaps) and having them "run" into the village, the mine site, or even back to the caern.

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## Goal: Go Home

Note that the story does not have to end should they get home. There are many lakes in the area of the strip mine and it is possible for Mera (the spirit of Central Park) to open a Moon Bridge for the characters to go back, perhaps with a Garou hunting party, to attack the strip mine.

### Modern Transportation

The pack may make it to the village and procure transportation from there to Toronto, and from there to New York. They



should be hounded first by Wendigos, then by Fomori, and finally by the Sabbat in Toronto. Once they leave Toronto, however, they will be out of harm's way. If they make it back with little trouble, they should be treated as in Hiding Out, above.

## *The Moon Bridge*

The characters actually have a chance of using the Moon Bridge to get back to New York. In order to do this, however, they will have to enter the Umbra and sneak past the Wendigo watchers. They will have to convince the totem that guards the caern that they are truly innocent and that they deserve to go back to their home. The Winter Wolf is an icy totem of war not unlike Fenris. He will most likely listen to a lupus character who swears a blood-oath, especially if the player bears news of the strip mine and has already (unsuccessfully) presented her case to the Wendigos.

## *Entreating the Wendigos*

The Wendigos have very little patience. If they catch the pups coming back (either in the Umbra or on land) to the caern they will take them before the War Chief and he will ask them to explain themselves. If they can tell a really good story (perhaps showing them proof that the Black Spiral Dancers are active nearby, or what have you), it is possible that the Wendigos might change their course of action. Otherwise it is within their rights to imprison the characters as spies to be tried later when the crisis is over, or, if they fight, to kill them where they stand.

## *Finding Another Moon Bridge*

On a roll of Intelligence + Rituals (difficulty 7) the characters remember that the main Moon Bridges into and out of the Sept of the Green are through bodies of water, controlled by the water spirit Mera. They may be able to have Mera open a Moon Bridge to Central Park through one of the bodies of water in the area, especially one tied to Gaia or to the Garou (like the one in the Glen domain described in the Wilderness chapter.) Although the Rite of the Opened Bridge is one the characters must normally learn as adult Garou, they may bypass the rite by permanently sacrificing three points of Gnosis to call Mera to them; she will then open a temporary Moon Bridge back to New York.

Do not volunteer this information to the players; they must formulate this plan on their own. Realize that the sacrifice of three points of permanent Gnosis is enough to attract the

attention of any Gnosis-sensitive being in the area (spirits, any Theurges, any Black Spiral Dancers, especially Azaera). You might intimate to the players that it will be a great sacrifice to summon Mera here. Optionally you may require them to protect her.

## *Goal: Gain Renown and Fight the Wym*

There are ample opportunities for this in this setting. Wym-infected villains are found in large quantities. Refer to the individual story areas for these opportunities.

There is one foolhardy method, though: following Azaera into her caern.

## *Endgame: Into the Serpent's Den*

If the Garou fail to stop the Black Spiral Dancers from loading the Narlthus onto the truck, the stone will be shipped to the Toronto branch office (see Toronto). After three days, it will be taken to the docks and loaded onto a freighter headed into Lake Ontario.

Characters may still try to stop Azaera and the Narlthus, but their chances are much slimmer now. The freighter will be heavily guarded by Fomori and Black Spiral Dancers. Once the freighter is underway, the only way characters will be able to follow is in a small powerboat or the like. If Azaera detects the characters following her, she will use her Summon the Great Beast gift to call the Lake Lord from the slime of the lake-bottom.

As the characters move into the middle of the lake, the water will start to chop and heave. A great wave will shake the boat like a rat, and then a vast slimy coil will arc its way into the sky. The serpentine creature will tower above the boat, and high above them characters will hear the rasping of a circular mouth ringed with vampire-like fangs.

The Lake Lord is in reality an enormous lamprey, nearly 30' long. At Azaera's command it will attack the characters, seeking to latch onto them one by one and drink their blood. The Lake Lord, once attached to a character, does one automatic level of aggravated damage per turn until its grip is broken (resisted Strength roll). It will attempt to flee once its wound penalty reaches -5.

## *The Lake Lord*

Str 8, Dex 3, Sta 7, Per 2, Int 1, Wts 1

Swimming Speed 30 mph

Brawl 2, Athletics (swim) 1, Dodge 1

Health Chart: OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, -2, -5, -5, Incapacitated.

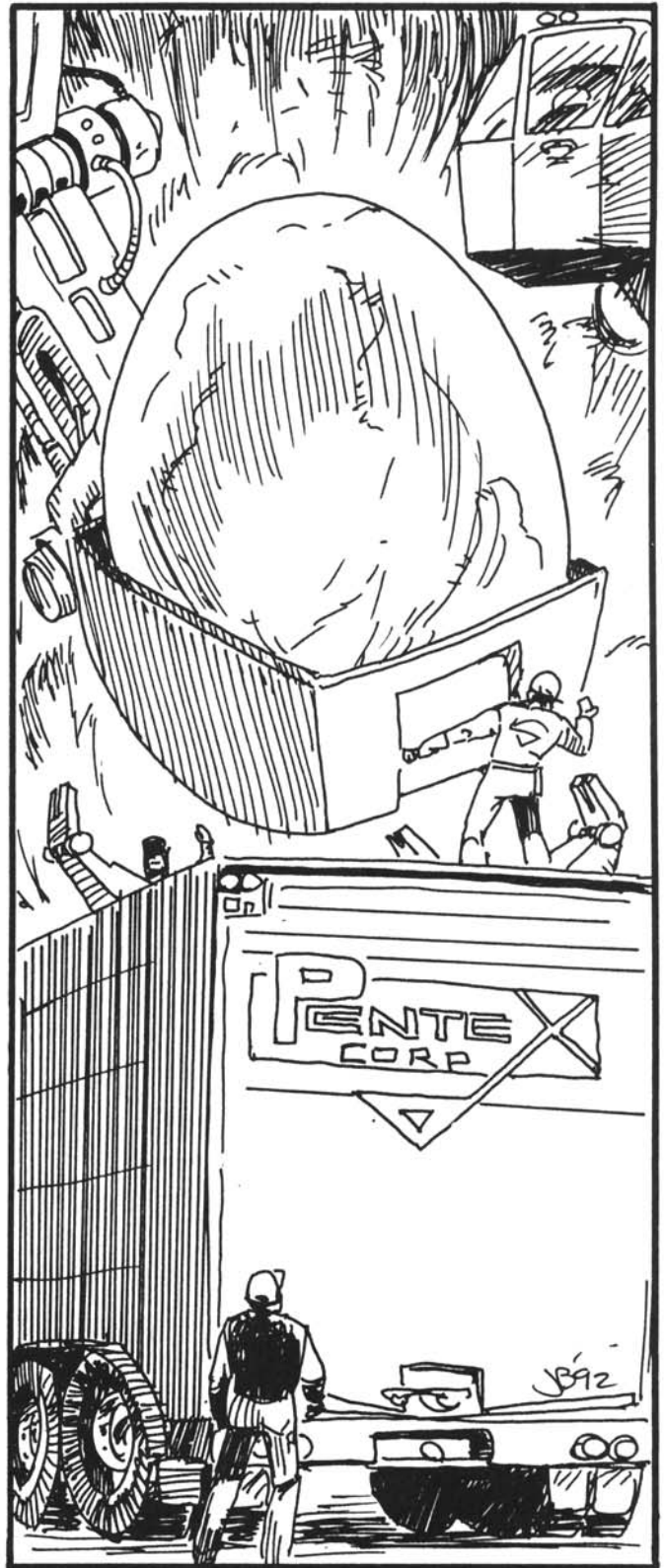
Once the freighter containing Azaera and the Narlthus gets about 100 miles into the lake, she will cast the Black Spiral Dancer version of the Rite of the Opened Bridge. A strange portal of black and ultraviolet light will open up in the middle of the water and the entire freighter will be swallowed up by it. The portal will remain open for five turns; if they do not follow the freighter in time, the pack will have to reopen the portal themselves. One among their number must know the Rite of the Opened Bridge, and must succeed in a Wits + Rituals roll (difficulty 9) before any other rolls are made simply to adapt the rite to function with a Black Spiral gate. The caster must also spend one Gnosis point, and, regardless of success, will lose 100 Honor points for "dabbling in black magic."

## *The Grotto*

This is not good. The invasion of a Black Spiral caern is not to be taken lightly even by the greatest of the Garou, and that is what these pups have just done. Although killing off an entire pack is seldom a good idea, the characters have had several chances by now to stop the Narlthus, and death may well be the reward for repeated failure.

The characters, upon crossing the portal, are nearly overwhelmed by a foul stench. Their boat (or driftwood, if the Lake Lord had anything to do with it) floats in a huge underground lagoon of sticky black water. There is a strange green fire all around from an algae that covers the walls and ceiling of the mammoth cavern. High overhead, stalactites loom like jagged talons. The freighter floats nearby. If characters look into the water, they see several slow, bloated albino fish swim nearby; a Perception + Animal Ken roll (difficulty 4) reveals that most of these fish are deformed or mutated in some way: three eyes, extra fins, no mouth, etc.

The characters are far underground, in a location of the Storyteller's choice, and are in the middle of a Level 4 Wyrn caern. The air is fetid, indeed barely breathable, and there is a high level of background radiation. These factors combine to inhibit the regenerative properties of the Garou; they are spending their bodies' energies to keep themselves alive and cannot spare any to heal wounds. Indeed, Garou in Homid form begin to lose one Health Level per turn, and had better transform to a hardier form quickly. Black Spiral Dancer foes are, naturally (or unnaturally), unaffected by the properties of the caern.





All Gnosis pools are halved, and all Gnosis and gift rolls are at a difficulty of two higher; the spiritual foulness of the area nearly prevents contact with Gaia. Entering the Umbra from this point is virtual suicide, as hordes of Banes infest the area; so is reopening the portal from this side. There may well be no way out.

The Storyteller is encouraged to put whatever she likes in this place; it is crawling with Black Spiral Dancers, Banes and viler things, like giant toxic slugs. The caern is a labyrinth of caves, many lit with the ceremonial bale-fires (treat as biochemical weapons for determining damage should characters contact the foul green flames). Whether there is a way out or not is up to the Storyteller, but it should be virtually impossible to attain. The characters may wander about as they will, and may even attempt to stop Azaera's rites in the central caverns, but at this point their demise is all but assured.

## The Inspiration

Although the rite of passage is important to Garou society, it is not an idle, stagnant ritual. There comes a time in each proper rite where the fire of the Garou engulfs the pups as a whole—where they experience the power of the blood of Gaia's greatest warriors, and realize the strength inherent in their fledgling pack. This inspiration is what makes the rite of passage, and is the central mystery of the rite. Having this experience is what makes an adult Garou out of a pup.

You can give a signal to your players that they have reached this point when you feel that they are responding as Garou to situations, not as players in a roleplaying game. This awakening can occur at any point during the story, but it should certainly occur just before or during a dramatically appropriate moment. You may even give them the benefits of Inspiration (as the Ahroun Gift) for the duration of the scene. After the inspiration, there is no longer any doubt: they have passed the rite whether their sept feels they have or not.

So, if the characters foolhardily decide to follow Azaera into her lair below the earth, they may receive their Inspiration just before their final battle.

## The Future

After running *Rite of Passage*, you have ample opportunity to incorporate the setting and central characters in your chronicle.

### Azaera

Azaera is a powerful adversary, one that should not perish in the tale told here. She can continue to show up in the pack's future life, to dog them and perhaps use them as pawns, continually plotting revenge. Having her as their enemy might even gain the pack Glory Renown, for she is indeed a terrible foe with excellent resources.



## *The Wendigos*

Contrary to their role in this story, the Wendigos are quite honorable and are not usually in the position of being the “bad guys.” In fact, they may prove to be future allies to the new pack, especially if the characters prove themselves in the Wendigos’ eyes. Who knows? Your pack may wish to join the Winter Wolf Sept after all is said and done. However, Icedagger (if he is still around) will continue to be a problem, especially if he is routed and shamed by the characters’ actions. You may wish to incorporate the Winter Wolf Sept into your future chronicle by bringing them up from time to time as visitors to the Sept of the Green.

## *The Narlthus*

The Narlthus could very easily become a recurring theme in your upcoming chronicle. You could decide it is an Infernal spirit, or a wizard’s soul, or even the essence of an Antediluvian vampire. You decide whether or not it is actually a Talon of the Wyrms, and, if it is, what does the Wyrms think about it — does the Wyrms lust for its return, or is it possible that even that dark entity wishes to have done with it?

## *The Five Talons*

You may even wish to make the Five Talons be objects of many stories to come, each one more powerful than the first. It is up to you to create the legends and stories that surround the other Four Talons, and the forms in which they currently exist. This could lead to an exciting “Indiana Jones”-style chronicle with the pack hopping the globe through Moon Bridges to get to the various Talons first.

## *Pentex Corporation*

If the characters succeed in breaking into the Pentex computers, they will unknowingly be placed on a special blacklist by Pentex Security. This list is a database of all known Garou “operatives” in the world. A group of Garou known only as the Monkeywrenchers are among these operatives, and they work worldwide specifically to target the various arms of Pentex and gum up its corporate works. You may use this information to link the characters up with a secret group of Monkeywrenchers operating in the area, which could be a jump-off point for an entire Monkeywrenching chronicle.



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## *The Sabbat*

If the characters manage to previously injure or slay any of the Sabbat mentioned in the story, the sect will surely seek retribution. Memories last long among the undead, and if their hate is great enough, they will risk all to hunt the werewolves. One day when the characters are feeble and weak, they may be visited by their undead enemies, seething with hate and clutching silver in their cold hands.

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## *The Sept of the Green*

If the characters manage to survive, prevent the Narlthus from being taken by Azaera, aid Accolon, and somehow divert a battle with the Winter Wolf Sept, they will receive high honors within the sept. They will all instantly be promoted to Rank 1 and each given a moderately powerful fetish suited to their particular auspice and tribe. Their Renown will grow, and for months afterward Galliards will sing of their activities around the fire. However, this will also spread information about them to the Black Spiral Dancers and other unsavory sorts who might interfere with their future.

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## *The Council of Peace*

If there is a major battle between septs, the new Pack will have to attend a Council of Peace sponsored by the Silver Fangs and Children of Gaia, who will be alerted to the fighting within a week after it happens. Silver Fang packs will arrive in the areas of the fighting and attempt to sort out the conflict as soon as possible. The Council will convene in a neutral place just outside Chicago, and attempt to understand the events that have transpired. The pack will be questioned about their motives and activities.

It is here that justice will be meted out to those who have broken the Litany and it is here that peace will be restored between the two septs. Perhaps the characters will even convince the Council of the Black Spiral Dancers' involvement in the murder of the Wendigo pups. The Council will appoint two Garou Warders to stay with the various septs in order to ensure that the word of the Council is upheld. Since the Storyteller ultimately decides what peace terms the two groups have, you can use this to your advantage to structure a chronicle around the decision of the Council.

Note that no matter what the sept may think, the Council has the authority to award any pup her adulthood rights and may do so if the sept has not, in the interest of justice.

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## *The Wilderness*

Your players may wish to utilize the wilderness setting in this story in your future chronicle. One way they can do this is to utilize Bill as a source of wisdom and healing power. Another is to perhaps try and start a caern of their own based around the Glen domain they found. Once peace is restored between the septs, it should be no problem for the characters to utilize the Moon Bridge into the Winter Wolf Sept to visit these areas. Alternately, you may wish to allow characters to travel through the watergates that Mera can open to some body of water near the setting.

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## *Accolon*

If Accolon is not killed in this story, you may wish to have him take the new pack under his wing as their mentor. If this happens, you can be sure that the characters will receive both great benefit from the association and be placed in great danger. Accolon has made deadly enemies over his long life, enemies who would love to get their hands on his charges in order to exact revenge on him. Even if Accolon dies, his Black Bowl may be bequeathed to the characters and they may have adventures involving it (see Accolon's character description).

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## *Bill of the Bear*

Bill can also serve as the focus for a chronicle involving the were-bears. Your characters may even choose the Bear Totem as their pack totem, which will put them in closer contact with Bill and other were-bears as a whole. The Children of the Bear were originally as powerful as the Garou, but fell into dishonor and were nearly eradicated by the Silver Fangs during a long and bloody war. Now there are few left. However they alone have secret lore which could result in the true healing of Gaia, the reforestation of the clearcut deadlands, and the restoration of the natural balance of things. Although this would require the pack to be secretive and become outlaws in their own culture, it would make for a very dramatic and intense chronicle. You may even wish to allow your players to generate Children of the Bear characters to play, modeling them on the Garou.

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## *Making the Story Fit Your Idea*

*Rite of Passage* was designed to be modular. If you do not want to tell stories about the Sept of the Green, you could easily "plug in" your own sept, with your own ideas. The Moon Bridge activated in the first part of the story is an old and

mysterious one that can reach past the 1000-mile mark (if necessary), enabling your pups to play this scenario even if their home sept is based in Tampa, Florida. (What an interesting contrast that would be!) Simply change all the events and rivalries between the septs to fit your chronicle, and you will have done the necessary work to make this story fit with your overall chronicle.

## *Rage Across New York*

However, if you enjoy playing with the Sept of the Green, you may wish to get our chronicle supplement, *Rage Across New York*, which will detail many of the people and plots in the Empire State. You can use this supplement as a jumping-off point for that particular chronicle with little or no extra work.



# Appendix: Characters

## Azaera

**Breed:** Homid

**Auspice:** Philodox

**Tribe:** Black Spiral Dancers

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

**Talents:** Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 4, Subterfuge 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Alertness 3

**Skills:** Stealth 4, Etiquette 2, Firearms 3, Drive 1, Leadership 4

**Knowledges:** Rituals 5, Occult 5, Law 4 (Garou), Enigmas 5

**Backgrounds:** Allies 5, Fetish 4, Rites 4, Past Life 4

**Gifts:** All from her breed and auspice through Level 4, all Black Spiral Dancer gifts except Patagia (see the **Werewolf** Appendix), Razor Claws, Howl of the Banshee, Gnaw, Paralyzing Stare, Call the Great Beast

Rage 8, Gnosis 8, Willpower 8

**Rank:** 5

**Renown:** Black Spiral Dancers do not gain Glory, Honor and Wisdom, but she has the equivalent of 250,000 Renown among her people.

**Rites:** Open Moon Bridge, Open Caern, others as needed. In general, assume that if Azaera needs to perform a rite (of Level 4 and below) to further the plot, she can.

**Fetishes:** Spirit Whistle

**Image:** A beautiful but impossibly cold woman in her early 30s with pale skin, green eyes and short blond hair. She is 5'9", 135# and wears nondescript dark clothing. In Crinos form she is as hideous as her homid form is beautiful: a twisted creature with glowing green pits for eyes, a nearly reptilian maw filled with sharklike fangs, and matted, light-gray fur.

**Background:** Alice was small when the dreams began. At night, she would run in slow motion through a dark, misty jungle with the bellowing of great beasts resonating in her ears. Others ran beside her, but she was afraid to turn her head and see what sort of creatures they were. Often Alice heard voices in her dreams, calling to her, inviting her to become one with them, and equally often she would wake up screaming when she glimpsed the voices' origin through the fog.

As she grew older, she began to accept the dreams—indeed, to relish them. At times she could not tell which was the dream: the dark jungle, or the old house with the silent stares of her parents and the cryptlike school filled with the mutterings of her classmates.

Once, she heard the whispers of her parents behind a locked door: their muttered concern for her health and stability, the fear that she might be “sick” like her great-grandmother, that mysterious relative about whom nothing

was spoken. Although she was yet young, she was old enough to know what the word "institution" meant.

Then the hag began to appear in her dreams. At first Alice thought it was one of the witches from her childhood books, but the decrepit old crone instead informed Alice that she was her great-grandmother, come from the Domain of the Wyrms to guide her Fostern. Her mother, her grandmother, all were fodder, fit only for passing the blood down. It was Alice who was the chosen one, who would one day bear the spawn of the Wyrms. Alice enjoyed talking to the old woman, even in the daytime, although it only increased the shocked glances of her parents.

She knew what she had to do. Wisdom, her great-grandmother said, could be garnered through the absorption of one's ancestors. And so one night Alice got a knife from the kitchen and crept oh-so-softly into her parents' bedroom. The house where she lived was quite isolated, so no one heard the screams or saw the bonfire that blazed against the night sky in the backyard or smelled the strange meat that Alice cooked around that fire for the satiation of her hunger.

With the first taste of the flesh came knowledge, and the Change. That night, Alice died and Azaera ran through the night, kenning for the pack in her skull and loping into the neighborhood below. She ate her fill from the houses of men before running into the far hills to join her brethren below the earth.



**Roleplaying Notes:** Appear quite capable and competent, at least at first. Switch from cool general to seductress to firebrand as the need arises. Then gradually break down and let the true sickness emerge. Change voices and mannerisms as needed or at random, but always show a decided preference for human flesh.

## Accolon

**Breed:** Homid

**Auspice:** Ahroun

**Tribe:** Stargazers

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

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Athletics 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation 2, Primal-Urge 2, Subterfuge 2

**Skills:** Animal Ken 4, Firearms 2, Melee 4 (Klaive), Leadership 2, Stealth 2, Survival 5

**Knowledges:** Enigmas 5, Investigation 2, Law 1, Linguistics 3, Medicine 3, Occult 4, Politics 1, Rituals 4, Science 4 (Astronomy)

**Backgrounds:** Rites 3, Contacts 2, Past Life 4, Fetish 5

**Gifts:** Sense Wyrms, Inner Strength, Merciful Blow, Preternatural Awareness, Persuasion, Razor Claws, Spirit of the Fray, Heart of Fury, Clenched Jaw, Strength of Will

Rage 4, Gnosis 9, Willpower 6

**Rank:** 4

**Renown:** 80000 Glory, 40000 Honor, 30000 Wisdom

**Rites:** Any he needs

**Fetishes:** Accolon has a Grand Klaive, which contains the spirit of a Ragabash packmate of his younger days, one with whom he shares a spirit bond. This gives him the ability to use the Ragabash gifts of Luna's Blessing (Level 4) and Thieving Talons of the Magpie (Level 5) at the extra cost of one Gnosis point per use. He also has a fetish called the Black Bowl, which is a 6' diameter obsidian bowl that reflects the stars and brings him prophecies. This bowl must be specially tended in order to remain powerful, and if Accolon dies it will be lost forever to the Garou.

**Image:** Accolon is a grizzled old man in homid form. His wolf forms are quite silvery as well.

**Background:** Accolon is one of the only Stargazers in the New York City area. He has procured a penthouse suite on top of a particularly high skyscraper and there, among Zen rock gardens, he contemplates the stars, whispering to the spirits of night to make his sight clearer. The light around his building is always a little dimmer when view from the outside. He has the literally the best view in the city, as the spirit-ward around his penthouse apartment forces light and air pollution back in a ring around it.

Accolon is a legend even among the Garou of the Sept of the Green. Kindred avoid his watchful stare at all costs. He is incredibly perceptive, but reclusive, and very protective of his sky-borne lair. They call him the Dragon of 86th Street because of his ferocity in defending his perch. Still, he has been instrumental in warning the Sept of problems and his prophecies are often well-heeded. He predicted when the Sabbat would invade Manhattan, and it was his vision that saw the Silver Fangs withdrawing their support for a caern in New York.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Think of a cross between a Zen master and a samurai: wise in the ways of others, but equally willing to sacrifice his own well-being on a whim. He is somewhat stubborn and isn't overly patient with the folly of pups.

**Note:** It is quite possible that Accolon could save the characters' lives. Of course, this is not recommended. Accolon is intended to be used as an example of Garou heroism. He throws himself into a desperate fight against Azaera at overwhelming odds. He is an old Garou, and ready to die should he have to fight the Wurm. It is quite certain that, if he fights Azaera alone, he will die. The characters will have no idea about this, and whether or not they help him in his fight against the Great Evil he has sensed should be totally their decision, uninfluenced by this knowledge.

## The Narlthus

A hungry and terrible spirit, the Narlthus is best left alone. Tricked by a crafty shaman many years ago, the Narlthus was bound into a meteorite and buried beneath a mountain. Slowly it has plotted, planned and attempted to contact the Wurm from within its mountain prison. Now the Wurm has sent its children to aid the fallen spirit.

The noisome presence of the Narlthus within its egg-shaped meteor has warped the earth around it, creating highly pure veins of uranium and other expensive radioactive elements. This is how it attracted Grend Enterprises, and when it was partially uncovered by a strip-mining operation, the Wurm ordered Pentex to buy Grend out.

The Narlthus needs the blood of the descendants of its vanquisher in order to escape its spirit-prison. Nothing else will do. You may decide to make this a part of this current story by having one of the characters be of the blood of his vanquisher. If the Narlthus is released, every Black Spiral Dancer, vampire, and Bane within 1000 miles will instantly know that a great evil has been released. Hundreds of Banes will instantly be consumed by it, as will all of the Blood Pools of any vampires present. It will take about a year to coalesce into a spirit with motive force and continuity, but by then it will be incredibly powerful. What it might do then is your decision, but it's certain that even Azaera would have a hard time controlling this beast. It is possible that the Narlthus might even be able to make a Realm of its own in the Umbra and become a major servitor of the very essence of the Wurm.

## Icedagger

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

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 2, Firearms 3, Melee 4 (Klaive), Leadership 4, Repair 1, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Investigation 1, Law 1, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Past Life 1, Pure Breed 1, Totem 2

Gifts: Persuasion, Razor Claws, Camouflage, Speak with Wind Spirits, The Falling Touch, Spirit of the Fray, Reshape Object

Rage 9, Gnosis 5, Willpower 5

**Rank:** 2

**Renown:** 15000 Glory, 2000 Honor, 3000 Wisdom

**Image:** As a homid, Icedagger has incredibly long pitch-black hair that streams down and is wildly unkempt. A patch of his scalp is shaved and shows off his nasty battle wound: a pure white scar he got from a claw swipe that also cut off half of his right ear. He is quite obviously proud of it even though it makes him look hideous.

**Background:** A young Ahroun Wendigo, Icedagger has already gotten a name for himself and his pack. The pack is quite violent, often going all the way to Toronto to hunt vampires and to get into deadly fights with gangs there. Icedagger has a necklace of Leech teeth around his waist and carries a Klaive of his own that sniffs out the Wurm like the Gift Sense Wurm.

However, Icedagger has become infected with the Wurm's corruption. His lust for power within the sept and his blood-thirstiness has made him open to possession by a Bane. This bane is under the direct control of Azaera. Azaera controls Icedagger through dreams, "thoughts," and temporary total possessions. Icedagger has come to relish the feeling of the Bane's strength entering him and has actually convinced himself it is some ancestral warrior-spirit inhabiting him.

Icedagger hates all minions of the Wurm and anyone he thinks is a minion, to his credit. If it could be proven to him that he is Bane-ridden he would probably commit suicide. Unfortunately the nature of his Bane is such that he may never see it, even when presented to him. Since his packmates all but idolize him, it is unlikely that he will be saved from the Bane's influence. If one of his pack could be convinced to look beyond his loyalty for the Ahroun, it is possible that he would be able to see the Bane's influence.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You are vicious, arrogant and power-hungry. These are your good points. Although you perceive yourself as an honorable warrior, in truth you would betray anyone and anything in your quest for power.



## Bill of the Bear

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

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Empathy 4, Expression 3, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge (Bear) 4

**Skills:** Animal Ken 4, Firearms 3, Melee (walking staff) 3, Performance 3, Repair 4, Stealth 3, Survival 5

**Knowledges:** Enigmas 4, Investigation 3, Law 3, Linguistics 3, Medicine 4, Occult 4, Politics 2, Rituals (Bear) 3, Science 2

**Forms:** Human: No Attribute Modifiers; Near-human: Strength +3, Stamina +3, Appearance -3, Manipulation -2, Intelligence -1; Half-Bear: Strength +5, Stamina +4, Dexterity -2, Perception -1; Near-Bear: Strength +4, Stamina +5, Dexterity -2, Wits -1; Bear: Strength +2, Stamina +3, Dexterity -1, Manipulation -3

**Backgrounds:** Fetish 5, Past Life 4

**Gifts:** Treat Bill as a Rank 5 Children of Gaia Moon Dancer Homid; he has any appropriate Gift, though he rarely displays his power, especially since it can reveal his position to some of the old Garou Watchers who still hunt for his kind.

Rage 5, Gnosis 9, Willpower 8

**Rank:** Equivalent of 6; no Renown as such among Garou



**Fetishes:** Horn of Fenris (see Below)

**Image:** A tall, broad, bearded man. Bill's face is weathered by time and tears.

**Background:** A Son of the Bear, Bill is one of the last were-bears in North America. He is a shaman, a spirit-drummer to be exact, who has survived many adventures and has fought his entire life against the Wyrms and its kind. He fell in love with a Daughter of the Wolf hundreds of years ago (were-bears are particularly long-lived) and as a result, betrayed his people, who were at war with the Garou at that time.

Bill has since found peace, but this peace is always tinged with sadness as he thinks of all the loves and family he has lost over the years. It is only a sense from the Bear itself that he must remain behind on Gaia, the last bastion of the Bear there, that keeps him from taking off on a great journey far into the Deep Umbra, perhaps there to find his ancestor-spirits.

Bill possesses an ancient Garou artifact from Norse times: a Horn of Fenris, a talisman which can be used to summon spirits of war. This horn can also summon avatars of the First Pack, the ancestors of all Garou, in addition to many other spirits of great warriors throughout history. If one of the characters particularly touches Bill's heart, he will give her the Horn, but will not tell her what it is, only that it must be blown in a time of immense trouble. He will tell her that the horn is brittle and old and may break with its next sounding. He will also say that he himself has tried to use it in the past year and has been unable to get it to work; he fears that the power has gone out of it or is waning from it. In truth, Bill cannot summon aid because he has no great need, and his ancestors are, in truth, angry at him for staying behind on a martyr mission.

If the characters use this horn at the dramatically appropriate moment then there is a distinct chance (Storyteller determines this based on how the pups are acting) that the First Pack will come to them, inhabit their bodies for a brief time, and wreak havoc on their enemies or save their skins. Of course, the Horn will definitely be shattered by this sounding and the Pack will more than likely leave the pups in a worse situation than they were in when they first used the horn.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You are gruff, but kind and eager for company. You contain your rage well, but when it does emerge it is a terrible thing to behold.

## Carmen

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

**Talents:** Alertness 4, Empathy 3, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4

**Skills:** Leadership 4, Stealth 3

**Knowledges:** Investigation 3, Occult 3, Medicine 2

**Gifts:** Treat her as a Rank 4 Shadow Lord Theurge Homid, with any gift she wants or that is appropriate.

**Disciplines:** Dominate 2, Thaumaturgy 4 (Spirit Thaumaturgy, Elemental Mastery, Path of Conjuring, Corruption), Auspex 3

**Image:** Carmen is a delicate-looking vampire with short black hair and piercing black eyes. She expects total submission to her will by all except those whom she respects, such as Azaera.

**Background:** Carmen is an eighth generation Sabbat Tremere Antitribu. Her meditations have warned her of a powerful force being reborn in the North, one protected with the strange Garou spirit-magic. She is intrigued by Black Spiral Dancers and quite entranced with Azaera, who is a role model of a sort for her. In fact, in her heart's heart, she has begun to trust Azaera.

She stays with her at the mine site and aids her in trying to open the Narlthus. She doesn't know much about the Wyrn but does believe that this thing may be somehow tied to Caine himself, and that it would greatly please her Sabbat masters to have her learn more of the Father of the Vampires.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Cold and aloof, but impressed by true power.

Carmen has with her five Gangrel Antitribu Sabbat who are her personal guards.

### *Gangrel Guards*

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

Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 3, Stealth 3, Survival 3, Invest. 1

Gifts: Razor Claws, Scent of the Prey (or you may use Disciplines, see below)

Forms: Gangrel may take the Lupus Form, with attendant modifiers.

Disciplines: Protean 4, Fortitude 2, Celerity 1

Willpower 7

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## *Sample Player Characters*

On the next 10 pages are sample characters, for use by players in the *Rite of Passage* story. These characters have been playtested with the game and work well in it, providing a good balance of character types. The Storyteller should, however, encourage players to create their own characters, thus ensuring that they are comfortable with their roles. Use these samples if they do not want to take the time for character creation or prefer not to create characters of their own.

Note that they will need to come to a consensus concerning their Pack Totem before they start play.

## Snarls-At-Fleas

Life under pine-shadows, passing of summer to winter, roam with the pack, taste the blood of the kill, the good earth tells you of prey. Over the rocks and the rivers you wander, hunting and fighting and mating, lords under the trees. Only the two-feet you fear, them and their hard shiny dwellings and hard shiny claws and the sticks that make fire and sting from afar like the wrath of a thousand hornets. Ever you fall back, far in the forest, ever the two-feet come — places once yours stink of two-feet, the rivers are black and they stink of two-feet, the trees fall under the claws of two-feet, who come in their numbers once more with their sticks of death.

Out of room, out of time, one by one your pack falls, their blood stains the soil for the joy of the carrion birds, and the rage rises like the river in summer, and you thirst for the throat of the despoilers. And the rage guts you inside, moves up your spine to your head, and it fills you with something you have never known. Known...know...this is the new thing. You knew, you understood, you were suddenly aware. Like the apple of legend, the rage and the fear blossomed into knowledge — of time, of self, of good and evil. And the hunters were evil, of that you were sure.

In a series of hit-and-run assaults, you led the poachers deep, deep into the woods, into a ravine only you knew about. You would die, true, but perhaps you could save your pack. As the crunch of the hunters' boots sounded on the rocks, you leapt snarling at your foes. You had not reckoned on the terrible speed of the bullets. Half a dozen hollowpoints slammed into you, rending you into a mass of bloody meat.

And you stood again. In awe, you felt the wounds close as if they had never been, the chunks of lead purge themselves from your body to rattle on the rocks like empty nutshells. You felt the furnace of your heartbeat booming, lifting you up, up, higher than you had ever been, higher than the hunters. For now you had two feet too. And hands, hands to rip aside the flimsy rifles and smash them to flinders. But your fangs and claws — ah, you still had those. They were the last sight the screaming poachers ever saw.

You tried to return to your pack, but they would not have you. To them, you had become as monstrous as the two-feet. Lonely, embittered, you wandered the woods in Crinos form, until a tabloid report about the Bigfoot brought others of your kind to take you with them. You followed them because you had nowhere else

to go, and learned that you were a Garou, one of the Get of Fenris. But no matter how hard you try to lose yourself in battle and bloodshed, in your heart you long for the pines and the pack of your youth.





# WEREWOLF

## The Apocalypse™

## Battle Scars:

## Attributes

## Physical

Wits                      ●●●●●

## Abilities

## Talents

## Knowledge

Science\_\_\_\_\_00000

## Advantages

## Backgrounds

## Gifts

## Renown

## Rage

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Health

Incapacitated ☐ ☐

## Rank

## Gnosis

## Combat

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

# Willpower

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Experience

Weapon	Damage	Difficulty
KLAIVE	ST+1	

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

## *Dirge (Janet Crowley)*

You had to fend for yourself at an early age — Mom was God knows where and Daddy dearest was usually on a couch making love to a bottle of Golden Grain. That was fine with you — you wouldn't have had it any other way. After all, your dad was usually too messed up to care when the calls from school started, the litany of teachers and administrators saying things like “antisocial tendencies” and “bully” and “behavioral disorder” and finally



“juvenile delinquent.” It wasn't your fault that all the damn kids pushed you around, wouldn't leave you alone, just 'cause you weren't like a lot of the other girls, and you had to push back, yeah, grind their faces into the wall till they shut the hell up. Nothing ever really mattered to Daddy, not the fights, not the tattoo or the nose ring, not the hooky or the nice new clothes and stuff that you started wearing despite the fact that he never gave you enough money to eat, let alone buy anything. Guess it finally mattered to the cops, though, when they hauled you off that store detective and booked you for aggravated assault and threw you in the adult PTD and all.

That was where he found you. Even though you had nothing but contempt for the damn fascist pigs, you knew not to argue when the detective with the burning green eyes and the knock-you-through-the-wall stare came and hauled you out of jail — “a mistake in processing,” he said. You still didn't argue, not even when he drove you out of the city and deep into the woods. Everything was a mistake, he said, your whole life — but now things have been put to rights, and you're where you belong, with your family. The Shadow Lords.

You didn't know what a Shadow Lord was, but it sounded cool. And it was — but more importantly, it was family. The tribe is your family, your church, your country; it is even more important to you than the band you play bass in. You will prove yourself to them on this rite of passage, or die trying.

# WEREWOLF

## The Apocalypse™

Name: DIRGE (JANET CROWLEY)

Player:

Chronicle:

Breed: HOMID

Auspice: GALLIARD

Tribe: SHADOW LORDS

Pack Totem:

Concept: LOYAL SOLDIER

Battle Scars:

### Attributes

#### Physical

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

#### Social

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

#### Mental

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

### Abilities

#### Talents

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

#### Skills

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

#### Knowledge

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

### Advantages

#### Backgrounds

PAST LIFE ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
PURE BREED ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
RESOURCES ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
PACK TOTEM ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Gifts

SMELL OF MAN ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
FATAL FLAW ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
BEAST SPEECH ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Gifts

☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Renown

Glory 200  
Honor 200  
Wisdom 100

#### Rank

#### Combat

Weapon	Damage	Difficulty

#### Rage

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Gnosis

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Health

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

#### Experience

☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐

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



## Linda Davis

Why can't people just be nicer? That was always your credo, even as a small child. You never had any of the urges most children had to pick on others or throw rocks or whatever — you never even swatted flies. Indeed, you developed an early respect for nature, and this, along with your natural altruism, fueled your interest in and concern for ecological issues.

You started doing volunteer work for Greenpeace at the age of 14, and continued your involvement with environmentalist groups into college; you also became the president of your school's chapter of Amnesty International.

Then came the protest. You were scheduled to help organize a demonstration at a new and allegedly unsafe chemical plant on the outskirts of town. The plant was owned by some big holding company whose name you never quite caught. Although ardent in your distaste for the plant's unethical practices, you were under the impression that the protest was supposed to be a peaceful endeavor, a simple exercise of one's First Amendment rights. However, a band of latecomers to the protest — a suspicious-looking fringe movement who called themselves the Green Knights or something — didn't see it that way.



Evidently, neither did the company's security force. You never knew who fired the first shot, but all of a sudden you were in the middle of a howling, trampling mob scene as the armored guards surged forward with gas grenades and the radicals answered with Uzis. Both sides seemed perfectly eager to sacrifice the peaceful protesters in their battle, and the last thing you remember seeing was the bright barrel of a security guard's shotgun in the high noon light, and your boyfriend shoving you to the ground. Then you heard a shot, and everything was dark and warm, and you tasted tears on your face — except it wasn't tears, it was the blood of your boyfriend as he lay twitching on the ground in front of you. You Changed for the first time then, and the quiet girl who had never killed a bug eviscerated the guard with four-inch talons.

The scene abruptly got even crazier, as the Veil went into effect and the homids on both sides scattered like panicked chickens. Fortunately, certain members of the Knights realized what you were and managed to calm you down enough to explain your situation to you. Your initial reaction was one of disbelief and horror, but after you realized that none of your friends who were at the protest could stand to be in the same room with you anymore, you called the number that one of the Knights had given you in desperation.

You were initiated into the ways of the Garou, where even now you desperately seek to save the planet and restrain the violent impulses of your brethren — as well as your own.

# WEREWOLF

## The Apocalypse™

Name: LINDA DAVIS

Player:

Chronicle:

Breed: HOMID

Auspice: PHILODOX

Tribe: CHILDREN OF GAIA

Pack Totem:

Concept: PEACE ACTIVIST

Battle Scars:

### Attributes

#### Physical

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

#### Social

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

#### Mental

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

### Abilities

#### Talents

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

#### Skills

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

#### Knowledge

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

### Advantages

#### Backgrounds

PAST LIFE ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
RESOURCES ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
PACK TOTEM ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Gifts

PERSUASION

SCENT OF THE TRUE FORM

MOTHER'S TOUCH

#### Gifts

#### Renown

Glory ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
Honor ☐☐☐☐☐☐  
Wisdom ☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Rank

#### Combat

Weapon	Damage	Difficulty

#### Rage

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Gnosis

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

#### Health

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

#### Experience

☐☐☐☐☐☐  
☐☐☐☐☐☐

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

# Whisperer

Cursed, cursed, cursed. From the wretched day of your illicit spawning you heard the term over and over and over. From the elders, who called you Mule and cuffed you for the slightest transgression. From the talons of the north wind, that so enjoyed slashing into your scrawny, hairless body. From the mocking voices that whispered in your skull since you were a cub, never ceasing, promising delight and power, showing only stark horror.

Quiet! you whispered to the voices. Away! you whispered to the tormenting spirits of rock and stream and cave and to the spirits of fouler things that rose to haunt you in the dark. The pack watched you as you muttered and in derision named you Whisperer. You did not care. The spirits had their own name for you.

You grew, and still the spirits would not leave you be. They whispered things to you, tales of horrors done in darkness, black prophecies of doom, and, every now and again, something useful, something you could whisper to the chieftain when he stood atop you and thereby stay the paw that would have otherwise dashed the life from your skull. Your information proved useful enough that you were reluctantly admitted into the community of Garou, though never accepted. One evening you were kicked awake and told that you were to join a pack forming in the area, that you would travel to the great city of the homids and undergo your rite of passage. Eager to leave that hellhole, you agreed. But nothing has changed. Your pack finds you useful, but they plot against you, you know they do. You can smell their treachery, and the voices warn you of their plots. One day soon, you may succumb and follow the voices, follow them down below, where there are others who may welcome you at last.





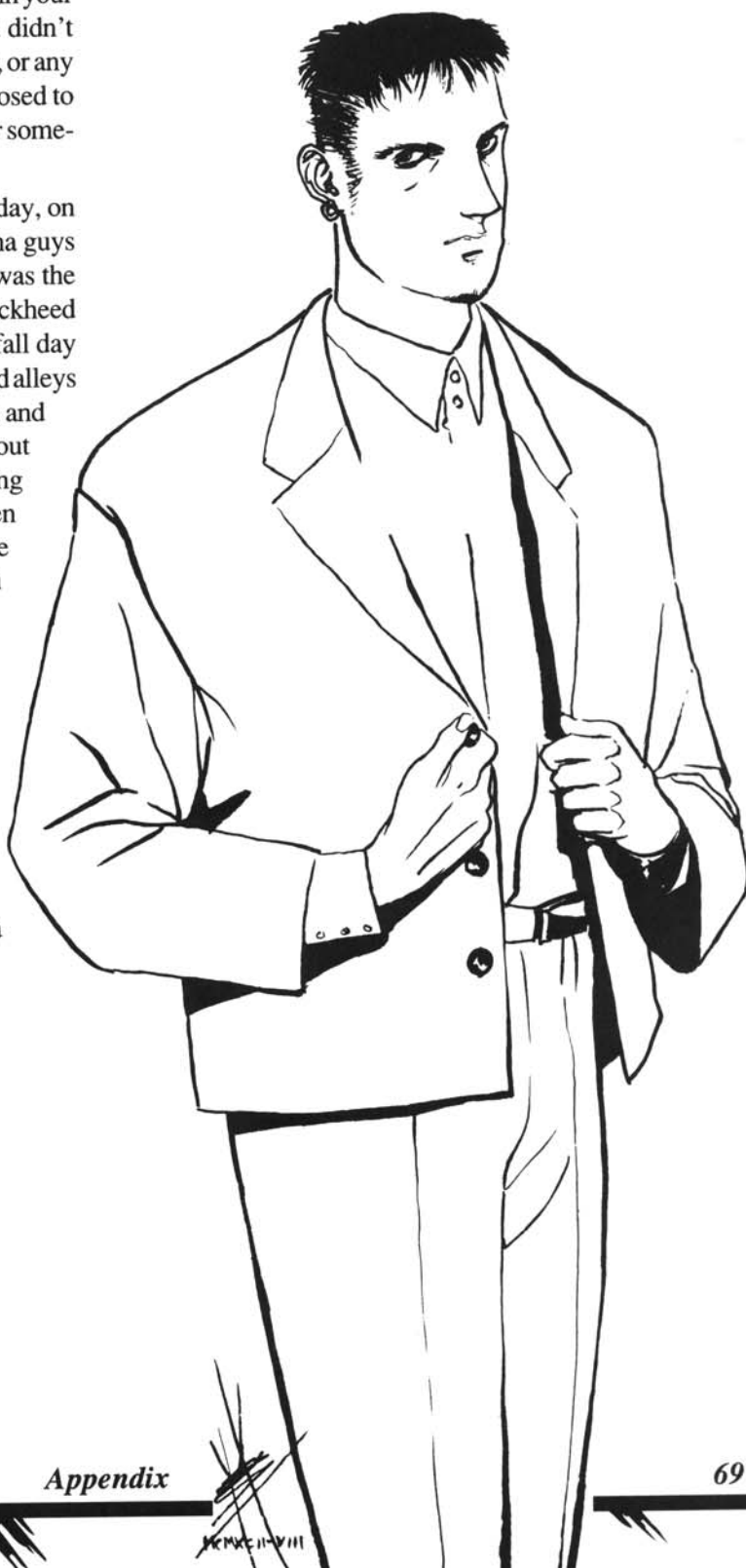
**Homid (Human):** No Stat Adjustments; Diff.: 6. **Glabro (Near Man):** Str. +2, Sta. +2, App. -1, Man. -1; Diff. 7. **Crinos (Wolf Man):** Str. +4, Sta. +3, Dex. +1, App. 0, Man. -3; Diff.: 6. **Hispo (Near Wolf):** Str.+3, Sta. +3, Dex. +2, Man. -3; Diff.: 7. **Lupus (Wolf):** Str. +1, Sta. +3, Dex.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

# Curtis Worrell

You don't know why all of this is going down. You were perfectly happy as a hum — homid, whatever. Just a kid, doing kid things — going to school, hanging out with your friends, ripping off the local convenience store, hacking into the school net, dealing every now and then. But then in the 10th grade you started weirding out, and you knew it wasn't a flashback when the computer in your data processing class started talking to you. You didn't want to know — not about the computer, or the car, or any of the other elementals. Weren't elementals supposed to be some kinda wiggid-out monsters from D&D or something?

Well, they were real, and that wasn't all. One day, on your way home from school, you noticed a buncha guys in dark suits and shades tailing you. Oh man, it was the Secret Service — they'd found out about that Lockheed stunt you pulled! You tried to run, but the crisp fall day turned into a nightmare of one-way streets and blind alleys and finally you lay in a pile of garbage, exhausted and at the mercy of a pack of huge dogs that appeared out of nowhere. And then one of the dogs started talking to you too. You were too fatigued to protest when one of the mirrorshaded men lifted you up off the asphalt and put you in the back of a limo, where you were joined by the talking dog.

Not that being in the Glass Walkers is all bad — there's the money, and the power, and the knowledge that you can trash anyone who dares to screw around with you. But lately you've been spending too much time out in the woods with a bunch of other Garou who've got some serious attitude problems. You'll go along with this rite of passage crap for now, out of fear mainly, but if the going gets tough, you're outta here, amigo.



# WEREWOLF

## The Apocalypse™

Name: CURTIS WORRELL Breed: HOMID

Player:

Auspice: RAGABASH

Pack Totem:

Chronicle:

Tribe: GLASS WALKERS

Concept: LAY ABOUT

Battle Scars:

### Attributes

#### Physical

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

#### Social

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

#### Mental

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

### Abilities

#### Talents

Alertness 00000  
Athletics ●●●●●  
Brawl ●●●●●  
Dodge ●●●●●  
Empathy ●●●●●  
Expression ●●●●●  
Intimidation 00000  
Primal-Urge 00000  
Streetwise ●●●●●  
Subterfuge ●●●●●

#### Skills

Animal Ken 00000  
Drive ●●●●●  
Etiquette ●●●●●  
Firearms ●●●●●  
Melee 00000  
Leadership 00000  
Performance 00000  
Repair ●●●●●  
Stealth ●●●●●  
Survival 00000

#### Knowledge

Computer ●●●●●  
Enigmas 00000  
Investigation 00000  
Law 00000  
Linguistics ●●●●●  
Medicine 00000  
Occult 00000  
Politics ●●●●●  
Rituals 00000  
Science ●●●●●

### Advantages

#### Backgrounds

RESOURCES ●●●●●  
CONTACTS ●●●●●  
PACK TOTEM ●●●●●  
FETISH (HARMONY FLUTE) ●●●●●  
00000

#### Gifts

CONTROL SIMPLE MACHINES  
PERSUASION  
BLUR OF THE MILKY EYE

#### Gifts

#### Renown

Glory 200  
Honor 100  
Wisdom 200

#### Rank

#### Combat

Weapon	Damage	Difficulty

#### Rage

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□□□

#### Gnosis

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□□□

#### Willpower

●●●●●●●●●●  
□□□□□□□□□□

#### Health

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

#### Experience

□□□□□□□□□□

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



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