



*A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse<sup>TM</sup>  
Tribebook 4*





**What are the Three Treasures of the Fianna?**

The secrets of songs that we sing,  
The secrets of brews that we make,  
The secrets of Fey we call Kin.

**What are the Three Fires of the Fianna?**

The fire in the head that inspires,  
The fire under cauldron that brews,  
The fire of moot that renews.

**What are the Three Dooms from Inside?**

The Rage that leaps out at brother and Kin,  
The Harano that chokes us all from within,  
The thing that is born when Garou join in sin.

From the gleam of the brow,  
Through the wood on the hill,  
By the airs of the glens,  
And the Land of the Young,  
We'll carry the tune.  
And we'll sing to the moon  
Towards the final ground  
When the days of our race  
Will end with the sun.

**Fianna Tribebook includes:**

- The history and culture of the Fianna
- A "Legends of the Garou" comic book
- Five ready-to-play character templates



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# 'BLEEDING HEART'



STORY BY: HARRY HECKEL

ART BY: BRIAN LEBLANC

THE MOON IS FULL TONIGHT. AN AHROUN'S MOON. THE MOON OF WAR. WAR. . . AND DEATH. TONIGHT, THE PACK'S GOING TO ATTACK THE GOLDEN LION, A PROTESTANT PUB IN BELFAST. THEY AREN'T WORRIED ABOUT THE CEASE-FIRE OR THE PEACE. THEY WANT VENGEANCE.

THEY'LL KILL SOME BROTHERHOOD OF HERNE KINFOLK. FIANNA KINFOLK.

JUST LIKE SHE WAS. . .  
JUST LIKE. . .

... GABRIELLE













THERE'S A LOT OF LOYALIST KINFOLK THERE TONIGHT. THEY'RE PLANNING SOMETHING.

GOOD. THEY WON'T BE DOING ANYTHING MUCH LONGER. REMEMBER THE MOTTO: TWO EYES FOR AN EYE.



AYE. DO YOU WANT TO WAIT FOR CONALL?

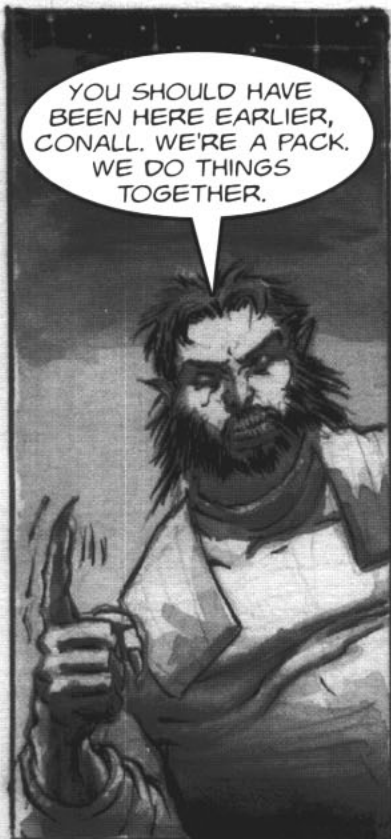


YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT, BRIGIT . .




.. ALTHOUGH YOU MIGHT WISH YOU HADN'T.













LISTEN TO ME. WE'VE MADE PROMISES AND TRIED PEACE BEFORE. EVERYTIME WE'VE GOTTEN BURNED. I'LL GIVE YOU PEACE TONIGHT, BUT IF THEY KILL ANY OF OUR KINFOLK ... THE BLOOD'S ON YOUR CLAWS. UNDERSTAND?



I UNDERSTAND. I KNOW WE'VE HEARD PROMISES BEFORE. IF IT HAPPENS ... I'LL BE WITH YOU, EAMON. I JUST WANT TO GIVE IT A CHANCE.



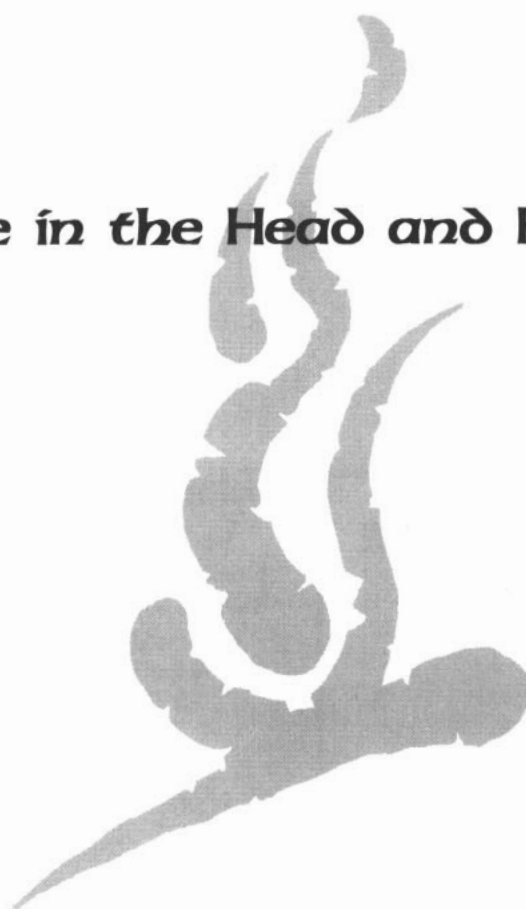
I LOOK ACROSS AT THE PUB, WHERE THE LOYALISTS ARE ARGUING AND STRUGGLING WITH THEIR FEARS. I WONDER IF WE WILL EVER TRUST EACH OTHER.



# LAVINA<sup>TM</sup>

## TRIBE BOOK

Fire in the Head and Heart



By Harry Heckel



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Aileen "Armand" Miles for defending Louis.

Kathy "Grand Inquisitor" Ryan for asking too many questions for the '95 calendar.

Larry "Aaarg!" Snelly for having too many words in his pictures.

Michelle "Heavy Metal" Prahler for letting us trash her apartment — party down, dudes!



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Because of the mature themes involved, reader discretion is advised.

## Thanks and Dedication

Special thanks to Heather Curatola, Alan Fisher, Robert Kaminsky, everyone at Dream Wizards, the First Pack of RhyDin, and Gray

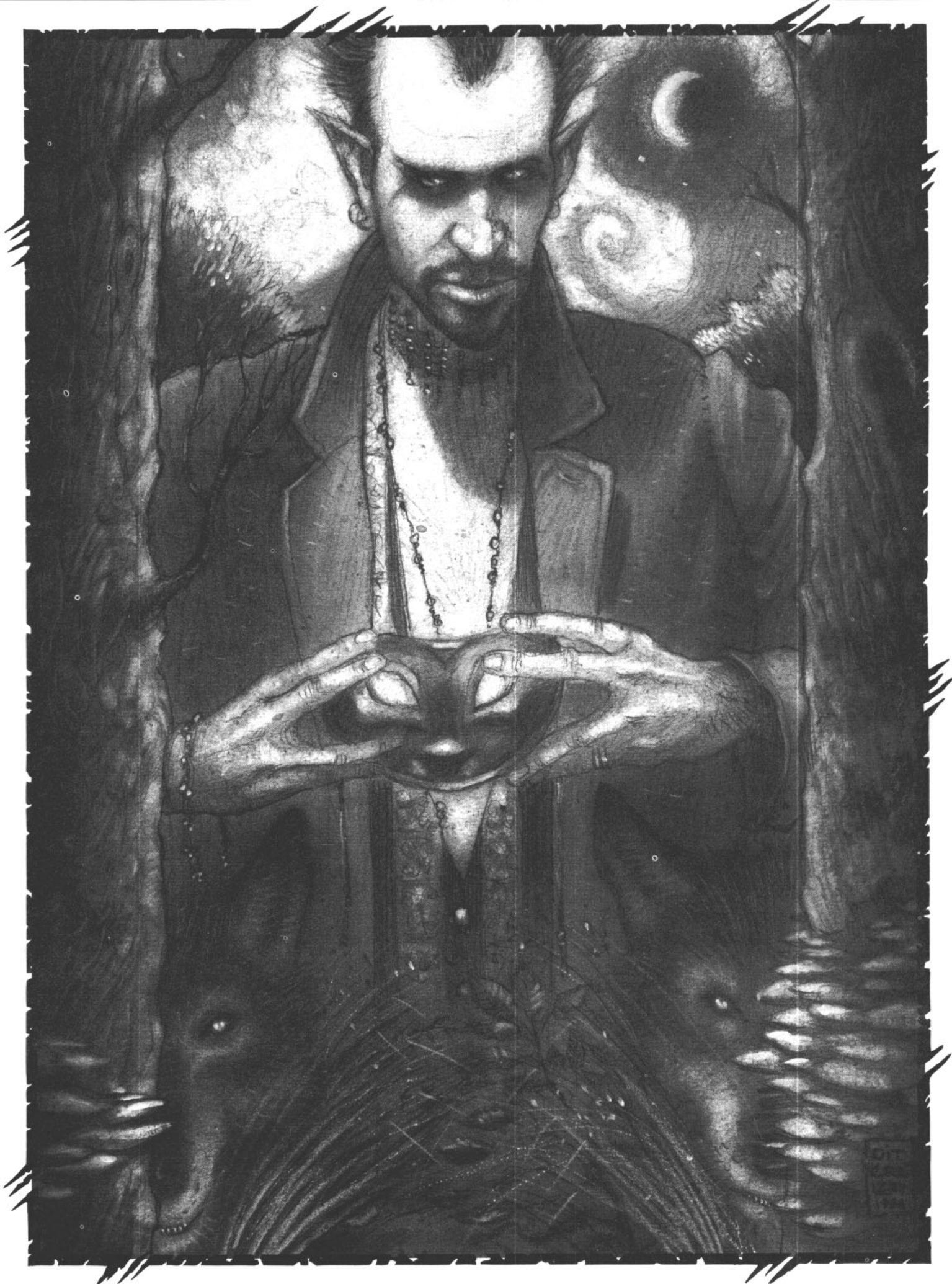
Dedicated to Daniel Greenberg for getting me started, and my father for everything.



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# Introduction: Slainte!

*'Frail crescent Moon, seven times I bow my head,  
Since of the night you are the mystic queen:  
May your sweet influence in her dews be shed!'  
So ran by heart the rune in secret said:  
Relic of heathen forebears centuries dead?  
Or just a child's, in play with the Unseen?  
— Walter de la Mare, "Benighted"*

**S**reetings and welcome!  
Sit your arse down here and relax. Get a drink if you'd like. I've got a long story to tell you. It's the story of our tribe, the epic of the Fianna. But before I begin, I want you to do something. Close your eyes and listen. Listen carefully.

What do you hear? Silence?

If that's all, then you aren't listening. There's always something to hear, if you young cubs would stop talking long enough to listen for it. That's what my uncle used to tell me.

The damn rumble of traffic and the buzz of streetlights are the sounds of the Weaver. The background noise humans spend their lives ignoring... that's the Song of Gaia. The sounds of the land. The buzz of the insects, the soft burlbling of water, these are the sounds of life, the sounds of Gaia. When the cold rhythms of the Weaver drown out the Song of Gaia, then you know the land's hurting.

Most Garou, even members of our tribe, don't understand our tribal name: Fianna. A few think it has to do with faerie,

but fewer still know that it was the name of the followers of Fionn mac Cumhail. You see, Fionn mac Cumhail, besides being a great hero and Kinfolk, was the protector of the land.

Now, the Irish Garou will tell you that's the whole story. They say our tribe exists to protect the Emerald Isle, and there you are. However, not all Fianna are Irish. We're more than the protectors of Erin. We're the guardians of Gaia. We take care of the lakes and streams. We watch over the ancient sites and the hollow hills. We not only protect the physical land, but the spirit of the world as well. That's why even the Brotherhood of Herne are Fianna.

Back to the tale I'll weave for you this evening... It's the story of our tribe, who we are and where we're going. But I'm only going to tell you part of it. The rest you'll have to discover for yourself. Our history is everywhere, even in the legends, moots and songs of all the other tribes. Half of their stories are just versions of ours. Don't worry, you'll have an uncle to help you sort it all out.

So, get a drink and listen well. All too soon this will be your story to tell...





# Chapter One: The Song of Our Tribe

*Time is a train  
Makes the future the past  
Leaves you standing in the station  
Your face pressed up against the glass  
— U2, "Zoo Station"*



et's start with who you are and how you got here. They're really the same thing. If you know who you are, then you know how you got here. And if you know how you got here, then you know who you are. It's a matter of history and family. Any Garou — or human for that matter — who doesn't know her family or her history can never completely know herself. Since you're a Fianna, there's a lot of history behind you, and most of it you'll never know as well as you should. But don't get upset, that's just the way things are.

We keep the most complete histories of all the tribes. Some Fianna Galliards can take one look at you and recite your lineage back to the days of the Romans. Our Songkeepers know enough poems and stories to fill all the libraries in the world. Even the other tribes respect our knowledge. If the Silver Fangs have a question about breeding or lineage, they come to one of our caerns for an answer. We've resolved many disputes about bloodlines and past lives at Grand Moots, although not always for the best. The truth can hurt.

I'll start this off by letting you in on a secret: we aren't half as good as we say we are. I mean, how could we really remember

as much as we say we do? Do you want to know how? Of course you do. I'll tell you: the songs are alive. That's right, they've transformed over the years of their own accord.

How's this? you ask. How can a song change on its own without the singer changing it? Because the singer don't create the song, the song creates itself, and a good singer knows that. The best singers know that they don't tell the stories, they find them. Aye, changing songs for the Changing Breed.

Surely you've heard many famous authors and poets say the same thing, that they don't write the story, it writes itself. That's Awen, the Muse. She's the one that doles out our inspiration and keeps the songs alive. Aye, there are some among us who say that songs are spirits, although these are the mad ones and don't get much listened to.

You see, all our stories about history and such, they're true. Truer than any facts you can find in some damn encyclopedia. That's 'cause our tales get to the core, the real truth behind the story. History is scraped away to reveal the truth beneath. History's an accident; truth is for real.

Oh, sure, our Galliards have been fighting for years over a few lines in a story, arguing over who's right and who's wrong. But it don't matter. It's the story that's right, and if

you listen with your heart, you'll know when you hear it talking to you.


We're not the tellers of tales, we're their vessels, the mouths through which they are given life and form. This is our great secret and our strength.

For instance, you've heard of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table? Well, you won't find any two septs of Fianna who tell the story the same way. The knights' names are changed, the parts about which of Arthur's warriors were Kinfolk and which were Garou and which were mere humans are changed. The characters change from heroes to villains, and the entire story is almost completely different coming from every different Galliard. It's truly amazing.

Some Fianna tell the story that Arthur and his knights were members of the Brotherhood of Herne. You may have heard some bad things about the Brotherhood, and I may tell you a bit worse, but that's mostly out of jealousy. Of all the branches of our tribe, they're the most successful, and all the evidence from our ancestor spirits shows that some of the Knights of the Round Table were indeed part of the Brotherhood.

But, you see, it doesn't matter so much which words you choose to tell a tale. Oh, there's a few elders would skin me for telling you this, but the important part of any story isn't the words. The important part is the inspiration that you feel when you hear the tale. It's what's at the heart of the story that really counts. Remember that as I start, because my words aren't the best, but the tales I share with you are...

## The Early Times

reeting to you, gem of the night!  
Beauty of the skies, gem of the night!  
Mother of the stars, gem of the night!  
Foster-child of the sun, gem of the night!  
Majesty of the stars, gem of the night!

— Scottish Gaelic traditional folk prayer,

"To the Moon"

We were the second tribe. I'll say it proudly and thrash any Garou who says otherwise. We descend from the first wolf who was so enthralled with the majesty of life that she threw her head back and gave a song to her passions. Yeah, the Silver Fangs came first, but it was an ancestor of the Fianna who let loose the first howl. That's why, unlike some of the other tribes, all of our oldest tales and legends use the wolf-tongue.

Our ancestor taught her wolf-brothers and sisters to sing. Many joined in, kenning the joy of life up to Luna, Gaia's sister. Our part in the chorus of the Song of Gaia echoed across the land and through the heavens.

And our voices were heard...

The Fey, the spirits of the land and the dream, heard our cries of joy, of love, of the hunt. We awakened them, drawing them out with our emotions. They came to us in a glimmer of moonbeams, from the shadows of the deep woods, in the sparkle of moonshine, from the magic inside mushrooms. They danced

to our songs, and they joined their voices with our own, inspiring us to greater harmonies. Can you imagine such times?

But the Fey were being pushed back by the migrations of humans. They beckoned us to join them, and we did. We left the other Garou and traveled with our Kinfolk to the lands of the Fey, far to the West. The Fey drew us away from the primal fires of our People, so dazzled were we by their beauty. We knew we had to go. Once we'd seen the Fey, our world grew too small. We had to follow.

But our departure was also sad. We sang for the other Garou for the last time, and they listened. A few responded with songs of their own, songs of loss and leave-taking. We took our pick of the flocks of Kinfolk, those with the strength of mind to face the Change, the strength of body to defeat our opponents, and the strength of spirit to help enforce the Impergium and protect Gaia. Faerie guides led us through the darkling woods and toward our destiny as a tribe.

How did we stray from our fellow Garou? Well, let your imagination carry you back to that primal time... Dream of the songs, the call of the Wyld, the dancing, the moonlight, the whirling bodies, the cries of passion... Imagine one of the sons of the moonlight, a Fey Prince, and a daughter of Gaia meeting eyes... each wondering what joys and secrets the other held. Ah, it must have been quite an age to be alive!

We are more than allies to the faeries; their blood courses through our veins. It's slight, and mixed with our own potent Garou blood, but it's there nonetheless. Some will tell you that we are the disinherited princes of Arcadia, the Kingdom of the Fey, while others deny our faerie heritage entirely. As my uncle always told me, when you hear two different sides to a tale, then the truth is probably somewhere in between. We are cousins to the Fey. You can see the touch of magic in the eyes of every Fianna, in the sparkle of blue or the flash of green.

You may have heard the tale of Brutus, the Trojan warrior who discovered Britain. That story symbolizes our journey across Europe, following the Fey as they were pushed further back by humans. As with most odysseys, not all our tribe completed the journey. Many settled with their Kinfolk in Brittany. Others decided to explore an ancient wood, far to the east. The descendants of these Fianna became the Wandering Rovers, the Celts of Europe.

After generations of wandering, our weary tribe finally splintered in Albion, or Britain. Many of our Kinfolk wished to stay in Britain, instead of traveling further. The Fianna who remained with them became the ancestors of the Brotherhood of Herne and the Dryn a drowd yn flaid, the Welsh Garou.

But we weren't the first Garou to reach Albion. A strange tribe, the White Howlers, were there before us. At first, we fought, and fought hard, pushing them and their Kin to the north, into the highlands. But later, we made our peace and became fast friends, even interbreeding with them. We still mourn their passing.

If you have one duty as a Fianna, it is this: eradicate all Black Spiral Dancers. Every damn one of them! No parley and no mercy! Damn twisted black dogs! They disgrace the memory of the White Howlers with every foul breath they





take! There is no greater glory than covering your claws with their accursed blood!

Wait, I need another drink. Ah! A word of warning to you: we're a moody lot. Our passions burn hotter than those of other tribes. Be careful of them, or else they'll govern you and strip you of your senses. You can feel more love and joy than others can imagine, but you can also know pain and sadness that push the limits of the heart and anger and rage that know no end.

Sorry about the aside. The thought of Black Spirals raises my ire.

## Erin

We finally reached Erin at the edge of the world. Ah, so beautiful a land it was — and still is, mind you. There we rejoiced to meet the Fey again, the Tuatha de Danaan, the tribe of Dana. There we found days of blessings and beauty.

As the Fey folk listened to our wolf-songs, we listened to their words. The faeries taught us of the power of names. When a thing gains a name, its spiritual strength grows. A place or object with a name becomes a source of inspiration. To protect things, places and people, from the Wyrms, we set about giving them names. When our warriors today call by name each ancient tree that witnessed the passions of our fathers and mothers, when they know each rock and stream as a brother, they fight to protect the land with all their hearts, and they are invincible.

We sing songs to remember these places, to strengthen Gaia. These are the Dindsenchas, the place name stories. They preserve the ancient song lines of the land.

Names hold the keys to power; that's why every Fianna has three names. The first is the name she is born with, the second is the name she receives from her sept as part of her Rite of Passage, and the third is a secret name, which she learns from Stag after her Rite of Passage. This last name you keep to yourself and tell no one except those you trust or love the most. For that name has power over you, and some will abuse it.

## The Time of the Impergium

*When your hand is in the dog's mouth, draw it out gently.*

— Irish proverb

The swell of our people was a burden to Erin. There wasn't enough food to feed the humans and all the animals. We increased our enforcement of the Impergium to maintain control of the population. We also promoted battles between tribes of our Kinfolk. These wars made them strong. When other Garou learned of our wisdom, they did the same with their flocks to help protect the Mother.

Many werewolves will tell you the Impergium was cruel, especially the Children of Gaia. That may be so, but looking at the world now, all the damage that the Weaver's children — humans — have done, all the lives they've taken and the land they've claimed, perhaps the Impergium was a lesser cruelty. Just something to think about.

## Ogham

Just like a name, a written word holds great power. When we first learned about the magic of writing, we used Ogham, a set of runes created by Druids. Those Druids were said to be mages. But we know they had help from the Fey in creating the runes. On the rare occasions when we write something down, even today, we still use the ancient Ogham. Warnings and secrets found at ruins and abandoned caerns are written in this secret language.

All Fianna who master our rites learn Ogham as part of their studies. When you get a chance to learn the runes, pay attention, because we rarely write something down unless it's too dangerous to say it.

## The Secret Language of the Dindsenchas

We have a secret language we use from ancient times to describe our lands. It's not a language of its own, but a poetic tongue of kennings.

I'll give you an example from an old favorite of mine, the Irish poem, "The Wooing of Emer." Here Cuchulainn describes a travel route: "From the cover of the sea, over the great Secret of the Tuatha de Danann, and the Foam of the Two Steeds of Emain Macha; over the Morrigu's Garden...", etc., etc.

Now, someone versed in the Dindsenchas' poet language would be able to follow the itinerary. If you learn your rites well, and pay attention to the land, you can learn this language. And let me tell you, you can't get anywhere among the elders if you don't know it. I mean, how can you ward a caern if you can't find it when an elder says to you: "Travel over the Breasts of Deirdre, past the Great Deed of Aengus and over the Shaming of Mac Og"?

Unlike other Garou, we did not hide ourselves from our Kinfolk. We told them the truth, hiding only dangerous knowledge of the Wyrms from them. Our Kin knew of our shapechanging.

We founded our caerns in sacred groves, where we worshipped Gaia. Many of the legends attributed to Druids are based on the sacrifices we made to enforce the Impergium. A few humans learned the lessons of nature even better than we did. These witchy men and women called themselves Verbenas. We knew they were thinking right, and so we allowed them to conduct the Impergium with us. Gaia blessed us and our people. Blood was spilled to maintain the Impergium, renew the land and give magick to the Verbenas.

We met other shapechangers, the Corax, the children of the raven, and they became our allies. Many of our Kin were theirs as well, and many heroes would choose between the blood of the wolf and the blood of the raven. These were the

Blessed Times. We were all allies, the Fey, the raven and the wolf, bound by the strongest tie of all, the tie of blood.

Of all Garou, the Wyrms feared us most, and to this day, it still does. Only the Children of Gaia have more friends than our tribe, and only the Bone Gnawers have suffered more than we. The Beast-of-War attacked our strongholds with its monsters, but we easily repelled them from the land. The Eater-of-Souls tried to crush our spirits, but we prevailed. We protected the body and the soul of the land.

## The Fomori Wars



As the other faces of the Wyrms met us on the field of battle, the Defiler Wyrms, with its twisted cunning, watched us and our alliances. It plotted and waited. Then, it concocted a terrible scheme. The Defiler knew that no force could defeat our people, except ourselves. So the despicable monster turned our own Kinfolk and their tribes against us.

The Defiler created the fomori. Some legends say that the fomori dwelled on Erin before we arrived, but those stories are tales made to hide the truth. Some of our septs refuse to admit that our own Kinfolk could have turned against us, but the fomori were among us. They were Kin to faerie and Garou. In the legends, the veins of many heroes run with the blood of both the fomor and the Tuatha de Danaan. These warriors had to struggle to resist the song of the Wyrms. When they could resist and chose the path of Gaia, they stood as an inspiration to all.

Some of our best Kinfolk warriors succumbed to the promises of the Defiler. My uncle always said that the path to corruption starts with the desire to do good, and he'd feed me the line about the road to Hell. A few humans were jealous of our prowess against the spawn of the Beast-of-War and wished to have the Change. Others were imperfect in some way; they had a weakness which separated them from the beauty of the land. These were easy prey for the Wyrms.

A few Garou, not least the Children of Gaia, will say that if we had treated the infirm as equals, the Defiler could not have corrupted them. I doubt it. If the body is corrupt, it reflects a weakness in the soul. This is why we treat our metis cubs so badly, because we know the weak body of the metis hides a weak heart, easily preyed upon by the Wyrms. The Wyrms whispered to the weak ones in the darkness, haunting their dreams. The Wyrms even afflicted the Fey, twisting some of their number. Some faeries tried to resist the Wyrms by plunging deeper into the Wyld, perhaps past the point of no return.

The Fomori Wars were the greatest struggle our tribe has ever fought. We almost lost. Our Ahrouns perished, our warrior Kin littered the land with their broken bodies, and we soaked the earth with our blood. The fomori had a powerful leader, a monster named Balor, with such great magic that he could kill with his gaze. Time and again peace was made as both sides tried to recover from the devastation. The fomori made us many promises, but broke every one.

We could defeat their magics with our spirit, and we could trade blows with their best. But we could not overcome our

own hearts. It was horrible to battle members of our own family who had fallen under the spell of the Wyrms. And even death could not stop our enemies. The Wyrms' forces would gather bodies from the field, both fomor and fallen Garou, and animate them to return to fight again and again.

If there's a lesson to be learned from these wars, it's this: Show no mercy to the Wyrms. Don't let the Defiler use your love or pity against you. If you love someone who's tainted, then kill her, for Gaia's sake, so that whatever part of her soul remains pure can return to the Mother before she's lost entirely.

The Celtic leaders learned to distrust outsiders during the Fomori Wars. Even an unknown kinsman had to prove himself before he could attend the war councils. The Celts started to test their leaders to make certain that they had no blemishes or marks of corruption. We did the same, ever ready with our claws if a member of our sept showed the signs of Wym-taint. Slowly, the traitorous fomori in our camps vanished. The same was not true of the Tuatha de Danaan, who struggled with treason throughout the wars.

We struck the heads from the bodies of our dead enemies, so that they would return to the land, instead of rising from the bogs to attack us again and again. We buried our own fallen in mounds or hid their bodies deep in the bogs where the spirits of the land could protect them. We continue these practices even today.

Our greatest allies in the Fomori Wars were the Corax. The ravens warned us of the fomori armies' movements. They spied on the camps of the enemy. In raging tempest, in darkest night, they always flew before us, warning us of evil. We remember their courage.

## **Nuada of the Silver Arm and Lugh of the Long Arm**

Still, the days grew dark for us. Nuada, king of the land and leader of the de Danaan, lost his arm in battle, and the people would no longer follow him. Instead, Breas the Beautiful, son of a fomor, became king. Breas submitted to Balor's demands for tribute, and he would have given up the land if it weren't for the words of the renowned bard Cairbre, a Galliard of our tribe, who continually spoke out against Breas. Finally, after a dream (some say sent by our Galliards), Nuada had a silver arm forged to replace his lost one.

Aye, a silver arm. Sounds pretty dangerous, huh? A Garou at least would think twice about doubting the potency of a guy with a silver arm.

Nuada resumed the throne, but Balor had taken Breas' reign as an opportunity to strengthen his armies. Balor planned to attack and sweep our people from the land. What's more, the Beast-of-War sent a creature spawned in the depths of Malfeas to Balor's side. This was the Cromh-Cruach, one of the foulest monsters to ever sully the breast of Gaia. Were it not for the hero Lugh, all might have been lost...

Lugh was the grandson of Balor, but unlike his grandfather, he was untainted by the Wyrms' evil. He had to pass many tests to enter the halls of Nuada, so great was the fear of our people. Yet, after undergoing such testing, none could doubt his skills. Lugh was learned in many disciplines and a warrior without par. Nuada had the young hero lead his men in the final battle of the Fomori Wars, the Second Battle of Moy Tura.

## **The Second Battle of Moy Tura**

There has never been another battle to equal the Second Battle of Moy Tura, save possibly the legendary Battle of Camlann. Nuada himself faced the dread Cromh-Cruach in single combat. Although Nuada slew the monster, he himself was slain by the Wym-beast. But the Cromh-Cruach did not triumph, for Nuada died in glory, untainted by the Wyrms' touch.

And then Lugh faced Balor, with the fate of Erin hanging in the balance. As the fomor turned to cast his gaze of death on Lugh, the hero took spear, the Lightning Spear, and hurled it with all his might at Balor's eye. The spear pierced Balor's eye, and down he went. Dead for good.

Then Lugh took out Balor's evil eye and claimed it as his own. But no more would it serve the Wyrms, for Lugh bathed it in the pure waters of Gaia and tamed it. Its power is ours now, thanks to him, and the Wyrms cringes whenever we deliver Balor's Gaze unto his minions.

With Balor vanquished and the Cromh-Cruach destroyed, the day went to the Tuatha de Danaan and our people. The wars against the fomori were over. We hunted them to the edge of the land and cast their remnants into the sea. Good riddance to them, the whole sorry lot of them.

## **The Promise**

After the Fomori Wars, the land was safe from the Wyrms. However, while we had fought with all our strength against the great foe, the Weaver kept spinning her web, unchecked. Our victory was short-lived. We could feel the land tear, as her webs separated the spirit from the world.

The Fey and the Tuatha de Danaan sadly departed Gaia. They said that the time of the human was upon the world. While fighting the fomori, we had failed to uphold the Impergium, because we needed warriors for our armies, and the ranks of the humans had swelled. As the Tuatha de Danaan left, they swore a promise to us under the light of the Crescent Moon. Listen well:

"Though we are both spirits of the Wyld, the Changelings and the Changing Breed, our alliance, our friendship, will never change. We will ever regard you as our cousins and never treat you differently. The bond of blood between us will remain as eternal and constant as the land, so long as our stories are told."

That is the Promise. To this day, the faerie folk may be fickle in how they appear to others and how they treat other beings, even other Garou, but with us, they remain the same.



They hold to the oldest traditions, and we treat them the same. And we keep their stories alive.

If you wish to show respect to our cousins, learn the Silver Record and the ancient ways. Never forget our heritage. We are like the Fey. Our bodies are ever-changing, but our spirit remains ever constant.

## The White Howlers



he White Howlers followed different ways, but we lived mostly in peace. When their songs joined with ours, there was never a sound more beautiful. We still warred with them at times, but it was for just and noble reasons.

Now, the Howlers, although they had a magic of their own, were afraid of the Fey and the Umbra, even though they wouldn't admit it. But in all other ways, they were a bold and confident tribe; they were our brothers and sisters.

Because we had destroyed the fomori in Erin, the Wyrms had but few shadows left in Britannia. We defeated them with the help of the White Howlers, and the Howlers grew confident in their abilities to best the Wyrms. But we grew worried when those of us who stayed on the continent, the Rovers, sent word of a new threat from the Wyrms, a greater threat than even the fomori. But the White Howlers remained confident, unfazed. Bloody cocky bastards, weren't they?

### The Lion of the White Howlers

The Lion was the most powerful totem of the White Howlers. Did you know that there were once lions across Europe? There were. But the Romans hunted them to extinction, just as evil swallowed the Howlers. Still, some of our packs take the Howlers' Lion as their totem, for Lion is the totem of Lugh, the sleeping hero, who will rise again when the Apocalypse comes.

## Rome



he Romans came to Albion, bearing the standard of the Wyrms. Vampiric centurions, fomori legionnaires and the war tactics of the Weaver decimated all who stood before them.

The old magics failed to stop the Romans from corrupting and changing the land. The Wyrms' legions left their roads like scars across the face of the Mother. They built fortresses to ward off the spirits of Gaia. We drove them away once, back across the sea, but they returned in greater numbers

with darker powers. Much to our shame, we failed to stem their foul tide.

Although our tribe never fell in battle, our people, our families could not hold against the Roman might. We retreated with our wounded and dying Kinfolk to our hidden caerns, determined to carry on the struggle from the forests and the fells. But the war was lost for us.

Many of the Fianna who lived in Albion refused to leave their homes and caerns, as did the wolves of Wales. Instead, the British wolves hid themselves and dedicated themselves to the great huntsman, Herne, to hide them in the night and keep them eternally vigilant against the Wyrms. They became the Brotherhood of Herne and dedicated themselves to hunting the Wyrms and defending the interests of Britain from its taint.

Most Fianna kept ready to protect the Emerald Isle. Our tribal leaders wanted to defend the land entrusted to us by the Fey, the land that was our home. The Brotherhood practiced guerrilla tactics, but could not stop Rome's legions. We could only pray to Gaia that the White Howlers had the strength to protect their peoples and homelands.

## Up from the Pit

The Howlers fought long and hard alongside the Picts, and our songs give them their due, but they did not have the strength to stop the Romans. The arms and machines of the Weaver were too much for their spirit allies and mystical runes. But they did not give up or retreat and hide, as we did. They entered the darkness of the Wyrms itself to continue the battle. And from that darkness none of them returned.

The White Howlers were consumed by their Rage and anger, by their hate for the Romans and their hate for the Wyrms and all that it meant. All was as the Wyrms desired. Those who returned from the pits beneath the hills were no longer singers of Gaia. They were the Black Spiral Dancers, a foul corruption of what they once had been. Even the thought of these creatures sickens me.

## The Resistance

The Brotherhood of Herne and the Welsh Fianna continued the struggle against the Roman invaders. The Scottish Fianna managed to hold the highlands against the Romans, even as they fought against the Black Spirals. We developed our first guerrilla tactics in this war — little must our ancestors have realized how much we would have to use those methods in the future. Time and again, we raised the banner of rebellion, only to be crushed beneath the legions and their dark allies. We paid in blood for our lessons in that war.

The Romans won many victories. They massacred our Kinfolk and raped the land. They tore roads through our forests, and built the cankers they called cities. They constructed walls from one side of the isle to the other to divide the conquered people from the free. We might have lost, but as in the Fomori Wars, we had allies.

## Boudicca

When the King of the Iceni tribe died, he left his kingdom to the Romans. The legions stole everything they could from the Iceni. They tortured the land, driving out the old nobility who had cherished it. Boudicca, widow to the king, was stripped of her lands and goods, flogged and forced to watch as a cohort of legionnaires raped her daughters. As her daughters were raped before her eyes, the queen experienced her First Change — she was Fianna.

Boudicca raised an army and captured the Roman city of Camulodonum, now called Colchester. When a Roman legion faced her forces in battle, she destroyed them. She marched on Londinium, now London, and she massacred seventy thousand Romans in righteous anger. A massive Roman army, supported by the Wyrms, finally came to Albion and crushed Boudicca's forces. Boudicca took her own life after the defeat, but she remained an inspiration to the Brotherhood of Herne in their fight against the Romans. Even today, she is revered by the Black Furies.

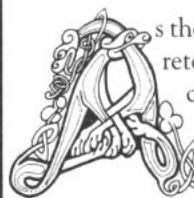
Two Garou tribes joined us in the battle against the Roman invaders: the Black Furies and the Get of Fenris. Now let me tell you, the Furies and the Get don't like each other much. The Get think the Furies are a pack of uppity bitches who don't know their place, and the ladies have never taken well to that sort of attitude. So, if they can agree to fight together against a common foe, you know the enemy has to be dangerous. The leaders of the Brotherhood of Herne made alliances with these tribes.

Now, while the Romans were dealing with all three groups, the Scottish Fianna up north had help from the Get of Fenris, whose Kinfolk had moved into the Orkneys. Together, they walloped the Black Spiral Dancers. Not that the Scottish Fianna needed the Get's help, mind you. No one who values his hide ever says a Scot isn't tough. But they won that war together, driving the Spirals out of the land or into hiding beneath the Roman cities.

Slowly, the raiders of Herne, along with the Get and Furies, took back Britannia. The Roman eagle never tasted Irish soil. Soon, barbarian Kinfolk led by the Get joined with some of our Kin to sweep down and bring the battle to the Romans.

The empire built on the ways of the Wyrms could not stand. The Romans finally fell apart. The Get of Fenris, along with their Kinfolk armies and their flocks, spread south to destroy the empire. We praised the Get in our songs, little knowing that we would soon wage war against them.

## The Coming of the Get



As the Roman influence faded in Britain, our tribe retook the West and North. When the Saxons came to eastern Britannia, we were content to live in peace with them and with the Get of Fenris who came with them. We welcomed the Get to our caerns as our sisters and brothers.

But those bastards — the Get and their Saxon Kin — took our hospitality and spat in our faces! The leaders of the Get called us weak for falling to the Romans, unworthy to protect the land. They pointed to the defilement of the White Howlers and blamed us for the coming of the dark dancers. They called us cowards and said we welcomed them to our feasts out of fear and weakness.

Why, if one of them were here right now, I'd show him some hospitality! I'd introduce him to my fist! And if he didn't have the courtesy to thank me for it, he'd meet my claws next! Damn bloody Get bastards, don't know their arses from their own heads! I'd say they were always thinking with their balls if they had any!

The bards say that no song can convey the rage of the Righs and the Councils of Song at the Get. Even worse, the Get were insulting members of the Brotherhood of Herne, the children and grandchildren of those who had stayed in Albion to wage war against the Romans through the long centuries. They were strong and proud, with ideals and inspiration, the descendants of those who had survived the occupation.

We fought the Saxon dogs and their Viking Kin for centuries. I'll give the Get this: They're too stupid to stop fighting. Of course, we weren't about to let them walk all over us. The problem we had wasn't the Get — although, let me tell you the Get can fight, even if we taught them a few lessons on the way — it was that our people and Kinfolk spent too much of their time fighting among themselves. Different tribes of humans warred with each other while we tried to unite them against the Get menace. A few times we arranged for a High King to rise up to unite the people, and more than a few times, the people found a High King all their own. But it wasn't enough to hold the heart of Britain.

We kept Wales in the south and west of Albion, and the Scottish highlands, and, of course, the Emerald Isle. But the tribes of men called the Angles and the Saxons, with their Get allies, took Britain from us, defeating the Brotherhood of Herne.

But they didn't have time to get cocky over their victory. After our struggles, we were both beaten down like two wolves chasing after the same hare in a blizzard, fighting with each other the entire time. The Get heard that there was some trouble back on the continent, and a few of our Whispering Rovers also said big things were about to happen...

# The Reign of the Silver Fangs



he Get and their flock, who had called us too weak to deserve the land, got their arses handed to them by the Silver Fangs and William the Conqueror. Though their flocks didn't leave, after the Norman Conquest, you couldn't have found one of the Get on the Isles if you lifted every stone. They'd keep raiding in their damned dragonships, but they'd never get another chance to rule. It was the Roman invasion all over again, except there were Silver Fangs instead of Spirals and French-speaking Normans instead of Latin-speaking Romans.

The Silver Fangs wanted the best breeding stock for their Kinfolk and felt they had the right to claim the Isles. The Fangs say Gaia gave them the right to rule, and rule they will, regardless of what the other tribes want. And I think we believed it, almost as much as they did. I mean, they were the most pure of the Garou, weren't they?

No matter what the Fangs are today, they had their act together then. They were lean and hungry to rule — not lazy, overconfident and at least half-mad. We fought them, but the struggle with the Get had drained us. The Brotherhood of Herne made a deal with the Silver Fangs and offered to share breeding stock if they'd help us expel the Get. The Fangs were smart as well as tough, and they agreed.

Oh, I've got some good jokes about the Silver Fangs, I do. But I can't repeat them here, not in this company. Look me up later, at the board, and maybe I'll tell 'em.

Where was I? Oh, yeah. Although the Fangs were ascendant in England, they couldn't take the Scottish highlands from our Kin. The Dryn a drowd yn flaid, the wolves of Wales, held lands in the West and the South against the Norman forces, although they paid tribute to the Fangs to keep their power. Eventually, the Welsh Garou started to let their Kinfolk mix with the English. In later years, the Kin of the Welsh Fianna would ascend to the throne of England, breaking a string of Fang Kinfolk rulers. One of the most famous of these would be known as Henry V.

Meanwhile, the Irish Fianna had spent their time fighting to hold Erin. The Get and their Viking Kinfolk had attacked her shores relentlessly. But in 1014, at the Battle of Clontarf, they settled the score with the Get and showed them whose land Erin really was. Our Irish packs grew confident in their battle prowess and that of their Kinfolk. A few of them mocked the Welsh and British Fianna for losing their lands to the Silver Fangs. Maybe they hoped to goad them into overthrowing the Fangs. Instead, it just made them angry.

# The Taking of Ireland

When the deposed Irish king Diarmaid Macmurchada asked King Henry II of England to help him regain his kingdom of Leinster, the eastern Fianna saw a chance to regain some pride. They recruited some Silver Fangs, who, unlike the Get, enjoyed good story and drink. In 1169, two years before Henry officially invaded, they went over with their Kinfolk and did what no one had ever done before... they conquered Erin.

The English nobles seized sections of the island and declared them fiefs of the crown. When Henry arrived in 1171, victory was all but complete. Of course, it helped that our Kinfolk didn't resist but so much, since the church had made Henry "Lord of Ireland" in 1155.

Despite the loss, it wasn't a tragedy from the Fianna perspective. If you have to lose, it's best to lose to your own tribe. The eastern Fianna treated their Irish cousins with respect and honor. Even the Silver Fangs were decent victors, and British Kinfolk of all tribes intermarried with Irish. Within a few years, the invaders were more Irish than anything, and even the English weren't so bad in those times. The Welsh even started the Eisteddfod festival for bards, a damn good talespinning event.

But while England certainly couldn't dictate the affairs of the nobles in Ireland, our Rights couldn't know how much pain and suffering would come of this conquest. Many songmasters will tell you that some few Fianna had visions of tragedy when they built Belfast, only six years after the invasion, but I don't believe them. Our tribe is full of visionaries who don't understand the difference between hindsight and foresight.

# The Middle Ages



Things got messy in the Isles for a few centuries. There were so many rebellions and wars that it would take a lifetime to sort them all out. The same things happened over and over again. The English conquered Scotland. The Scots rebelled and asserted their independence. Wales fell to England, but a king of Welsh blood took the English throne. Ireland rebelled, parts of the island became independent, and then fell back under the English yoke.

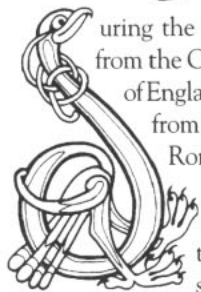
Throughout it all, England battled constantly with the French, and the people slowly lost their Celtic culture. I guess the Magna Carta is the most important thing that happened, but let me tell you, it depended on the king as to whether it was just a piece of paper or the law of the land.

The Fangs started inbreeding with the European nobility and went a bit crazy — along with most European leaders. We Fianna defended our lands and traditions as best we could, but the real threats that we faced had less to do with politics than religion.





## Religious Turmoil



during the reign of Henry VIII, the English separated from the Catholic Church and established the Church of England. The Irish parliament, which got its orders from England, severed the Church of Ireland from Rome and declared the King of England the ultimate religious authority, right up there next to God himself. If you became Protestant, you were loyal to the English, and if you stayed Catholic, you were an Irish nationalist.

Catholics were robbed and persecuted, and Protestants and English Loyalists reaped the benefits. We're still living with the results of this today, over four hundred and fifty years later. Henry VIII and his bastard daughter Elizabeth I did their best to stamp out Catholicism on the Emerald Isle, which just made the people cling to the Church all the harder. After all, we Fianna and our Kin have always had a reputation for being stubborn.

James I of England decided to settle the matter by sending English and Scottish Protestants to Ulster. With them came more than a few British Fianna. Things didn't go well. All it took was a few words, a few drinks, and emotions boiled over into violence. Thousands of Protestants were slaughtered, and the Catholics rebelled against England.

## Cromwell

*A curse upon you Oliver Cromwell*

*Who raped our mother land*

*I hope you're rotting down in hell for the horrors that you sent  
On our misfortune forefathers whom you robbed of their birthright  
To Hell or Connaught!*

*May you burn in Hell tonight!*

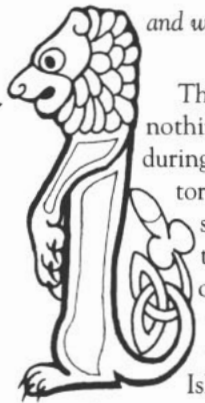
— The Pogues, "Ned of the Hill"

Oliver Cromwell was one of the most Wym-ridden men in history. Some may jump to defend him, but none of our tribe. We know the truth. He overthrew a weak monarchy, and he used Protestant religious fervor to inspire his Wym-tainted followers. After assuming power in place of the king in England, the Lord Protector turned his attention to Ireland.

He had no mercy for Catholics. His attacks on the Irish people were unimaginable. He spitted infants on pikes. He massacred thousands. He let the people starve. He burned their homes. He stole their money and locked them in prison. Everywhere, he sowed the seeds of anger and pain, tempting people with the Wym. I won't describe the details of all of his atrocities, but let's just say that Malfeas can't be much worse than Ireland under Cromwell. When that man died, Gaia wept in relief.

Yeah, he's another one I'd like to get my hands on. I hear there are rumors that his ghost don't rest easy, and that it's wandering about haunting some places. And I've known Fianna that've waited up all night at the Parliament House just waiting for his restless spirit to show its face. God help him if we ever find a way to track him down in the lands of the dead...

# The Webs of the Weaver



and without rent to you.

— Irish toast

Though religion tore our people apart, it was nothing compared to the suffering we endured during the Industrial Revolution, when the Weaver tore our world itself asunder. In Britain, they started destroying the forests. Now, we knew that we had been losing forest, but it vanished overnight when industry came. In Ireland too, all the hardwood forests were decimated. Our howls of mourning echoed across the Isles. We had failed as caretakers of Gaia.

The Fangs couldn't do anything, although they claimed to have influence. We were all powerless before the masses of humanity. Railroad tracks, like badly stitched wounds, were laid through the remains of ancient groves where we had enforced the Impergium. The face of Britain changed.

When Scotland officially joined England in 1707, the British Empire blossomed. Explorers traveled around the world, trading and conquering, adding colonies to the British crown. Many of our Kin went to work in factories and textile mills. We labored next to the Kin of the Bone Gnawers, while the Silver Fangs and the Glass Walkers took advantage of it all. As industry advanced in Britain, life grew immeasurably worse in Ireland.

Our Kinfolk in Ireland didn't fall so deeply under the spell of the Weaver. Instead, they tried to keep the spider's webs away, but the people suffered all the same. The Wyrms made an insidious attempt to destroy us. By the end of the 1700s, rich British citizens had bought almost all the land in Ireland. The Irish were renters who build peat moss huts and grew potatoes to survive. Out of desperation for extra hands and a desire for happiness, people married early and had many children. The population boomed, just as power was concentrated in the hands of fewer and fewer people.

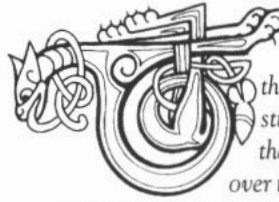
The British landlords brutally exploited our Kin to feed the growing British Empire. The Brotherhood of Herne supported the growth of the Empire, as did the Dryn a drowd yn flaid. The Brotherhood believed they had a duty to hunt the ends of the earth to drive out the Wyrms and felt that the situation in Ireland was the fault of the Irish Fianna.

Bastards! I've not yet forgiven them for that, and that's why you'll hear me spill a few unkind words for the Brotherhood of Herne. Some Irish Fianna appealed to the Silver Fangs, but they pled in vain. Neither they nor their Kin cared to help Ireland. They were far too concerned with their twisted dreams of empire and the sweet taste of their own power. Bloody pogues!

But the Silver Fangs were at a loss when it came to the early Glass Walkers and their Kin. The Walkers took advantage of the great merchant houses and trading companies.

The Silver Fangs were desperate to retain any control they could, so they boosted their egos by helping the Walkers. As for the Glass Walkers, they cared about nothing save their profits. To this day, we have little respect for those servants of the Weaver who call themselves Garou.

## The Great Flight



he poverty of the Irish peasantry is on the extreme verge of human misery; their cottages would scarce serve for pig sties even in Scotland; and their rags seem the very refuse of a sheep, and are spread over their bodies with such an ingenious variety of wretchedness that you would think nothing but some sort of perverted taste could have assembled so many shreds together.

— Sir Walter Scott

God put the blight on the potato, but England put the hunger upon Ireland

— Irish saying

Life in Ireland was terrible for our Kin — we couldn't blame them for wanting to leave. They fled in droves to America and Australia. Many traveled to England and Scotland in search of work. Nothing did much good. A few were successful in America and Australia, but most ended up working under conditions that were only marginally better than those they had found at home.

Many urban workers in Scotland were Irish. They suffered terribly as our councils debated the plight of our Kin, not realizing that the worst tragedy was yet to come. It was a shameful time, let me tell you.

We had thought things couldn't get much worse for ourselves and our Kinfolk. But then, the Eater-of-Souls lashed out. You see, all of our people in Ireland lived off of one plant: the potato. The Wyrms let the land swell with the masses of humanity — then it took the potato away. In 1845 and 1846, we suffered the first of the blights. Then, there was another in 1848, and yet another in 1851.

Unless you experienced the blight in the Irish countryside in a past life, you can't imagine the horror that ensued. Thousands starved to death. Disease spread through communities. The Eater-of-Souls opened the peoples' heart to corruption. There were incidents of cannibalism. Villages fed off the rotting carcasses of starved animals. Bodies lay on the hills with grass stuffed in their mouths, a testament to their desperation. One person in four died during the famine.

Oh, it was terrible! Breaks my heart even now to talk of it! Ah, and you can believe we suffered with every one of them. But many of us turned to the Wyrms. Fianna fought Fianna for food. Caerns withered away because we no longer had the numbers to care for them. The Wyrms tormented us relentlessly. The Silver Fangs and Glass Walkers turned a blind eye to our plight. While our people died of want, they grew yet fatter on the fruits of our labor. So, we did the only thing we could. We fled the Emerald Isle with our Kinfolk. Most who left knew they would never see her shores again.

It makes me shake with rage to this day, thinking back on it all. Curse the damn Wyrms and all its works! Oh, if I could travel back in time, I would be splitting the heads of many a money-grubbing landowner!

Ah, but what's past is past, right? Wrong! Don't ever forget our past. Ever. Even if there's no revenge to be had, there are souls who died that deserve to be remembered.

Like all the attempts before to destroy us, the blight only strengthened our spirit. The Wyrms forced many of us from our homes, but it couldn't take our homes out of our hearts.

## America

*Thousands are sailing  
Across the western ocean  
To a land of opportunity  
That some of them will never see*

— The Pogues, "Thousands are Sailing"

America opened its doors to us. We swelled the ranks of the urban poor, but we found the paws of the Bone Gnawers open to us. They helped us survive in the cities. The Children of Gaia gave us aid wherever they could. The Black Furies took care of our mothers and daughters, even if they dealt harshly with a few of our merrier lads in the process. We were survivors, and we slowly clawed our way out of the pit of despair that the Wyrms had dug for us.

A toast to all them that helped us! May you never lack for a song on a cold night. Just call us, we'll be there for you.

We found ourselves fighting in America, on both sides of the law. Ever hear about Irish gangsters? Well, the Glass Walkers learned about them the hard way.

## The Struggles Begin



You can only kick a dog so long before it bites back. And wolves take to being kicked far less than dogs. The Irish Fianna did what they could to cure the country's ills. People stopped harvesting potatoes and started turning land into pasture. Early marriage stopped, and the population slowly came under control. But the British taxes and rents never stopped. When a countryman couldn't pay his taxes, his family was evicted and his house burned to the ground. We and our Kin couldn't take it; we lashed out. The Grandchildren of Fionn led the way, and guerrilla warfare started in Ireland.

The British Fianna and their Kin weren't happy about our little war, though even the Brotherhood of Heme admitted that things were bad in the Emerald Isle. They blamed us, blamed our Irish patriotism and stubbornness. They wanted the Irish to hail the Union Jack. They claimed the flag represented all Fianna and our Celtic Kinfolk. As the humans fought, so did we.

The elders tried to bring peace, but our packs just developed fiercer and fiercer rivalries. The best efforts to make peace within our tribe came from an alliance of the Silver Fangs and

the Children of Gaia. The Fangs were tired of dealing with us, I guess. They wanted the fighting to stop so they could devote more time to the rest of their crumbling empire. The Children just wanted peace for its own sake. Unfortunately, they made the situation worse before they made it better.

A movement started in England to give Ireland home rule. But the Loyalists and Protestants in Ulster refused to submit to the rule of the mostly Catholic majority. They started to arm themselves. By December of 1913, the Ulsterites had an army of volunteers that may have numbered as many as 100,000.

The Parliament in London passed the Irish Home Rule bill in 1914. The Protestants refused to accept Catholic rule. Full civil war might have broken out right then and there, except for one thing. World War I broke out in Europe, and the British suspended the Irish Home Rule Bill.

## The Great War



Many Garou believed the Great War heralded the Apocalypse. The Wyrms-inspired gas weapons, the trench warfare, it all reeked of corruption. The seeds the Wyrms had sown across Europe finally sprouted. Many members of our tribe fought in the war, one or two flew biplanes. We even had a few heroes. I don't know if you've heard of T.E. Lawrence, but we claim him as our Kin.

Many of our elders were thankful for the war. Bad as it was, it got our packs' minds off killing each other and back to killing members of the Get and whoever else was fighting on the other side. I'm not saying we should be proud of killing the Get. A lot of Fianna died in the war, and the Silver Fangs lost their European hegemony. On the other hand, we did win...

## Easter Revolution

Then, on Easter 1916, a group of Irish nationalists rose up in Dublin. They thought the time to strike was right, believing that the U.K. was too busy with the Great War to bother with Erin. The rising started in the Dublin General Post Office.

After British gunboats shelled Dublin for a week, our elders gave up on hopes that things would settle down at the end of the war. The British executed all the leaders of the Easter revolution; it's said that their ghosts still haunt the Post Office. My packmate swears she saw one of them once.

After the Great War, the British ignored the question of Irish home rule. Instead, they left our Irish kin to settle things, which they started to do in a bloody guerrilla war. A few years later, in 1922, the British Parliament finally granted southern Ireland home rule, dividing the Emerald Isle into a Catholic Ireland and a mostly Protestant Northern Ireland.





## The War to End Empires

After the resolution of the Irish question — as unsatisfactory as it was — and the end of the Great War, our tribe was bone-weary of armed conflict. The questions of the day became questions of money and living conditions. Working conditions were still horrible for many of our Kin, both in Europe and America. We hailed Bone Gnawer efforts to improve working conditions and did our best to improve things.

Times were rough. And then the Great Depression hit. Strangely, it didn't bother us as much as some other tribes. I mean, some Glass Walkers even leapt out of buildings at the thought of poverty. As bad as the Depression was, it wasn't any worse than what we had endured over the last century. Our Kin were tough as nails.

Then, we heard a stirring in the protectorates of the Get. Rumors spread of visions of a coming darkness seen by the Theurges. A Grand Council of Song came together to debate these premonitions, but no one could convince the Sept of Tara of the danger.

We didn't want war. We were tired of fighting. Our tribe didn't want to see it coming, so we ignored most of the signs. A few screamed Apocalypse. But you know what? I think at least half of our tribe had decided that if it was the Apoca-

lypse, then damn it, we were ready. If the Apocalypse was coming, then let it come so we can finish fighting and get around to the "Goodbye, Wyrn!" party! It's not a good attitude, but it's very Fianna.

Hitler came to power in Germany, and Stalin held the reins of the Soviet Union. Evil rose like a storm in the east. We started to prepare for war, because we knew that war wasn't far off. No Fianna, Irish, Scots, Welsh, English, or American thought Hitler wasn't evil. Some of our Kin were fooled, but not us. Even the Silver Fangs warned other Garou about the short madman with the mustache. But little did anyone know how many Get would fall into line behind the swastika.

Now, even though the Nazis wooed us Irish and told us how we could break British rule, we stood on the side of the British in World War II. Oh, it was bloody hard for some of the Grandchildren of Fionn to take, all right. Nonetheless, the Irish Fianna didn't fight enthusiastically until late in the war, when they could no longer ignore the stench of the Wyrn.

However, by then, most Fianna didn't live in Ireland. More Fianna lived in the U.K. than the Emerald Isle, and nearly as many lived in America. And that's not counting the Fianna in Australia and South Africa who were itching for a fight. The descendants of the transported Fianna are rough customers, and even a Shadow Lord'll think twice before shouting orders around one.

Our tribe operated in the Underground, sabotaging Nazi supplies behind the lines, supporting the Resistance in France and the Netherlands, even going over to help matters

in Eastern Europe and Russia. At times, even the Silver Fangs appreciated our aid in defending their protectorates. They say the best way to talk to a Fang is in a foxhole when neither of you thinks you'll get out alive. Those in-bred aristocrats even knew how to drink then.

The worst part of the war was the Blitz. How terrified do you think the average British citizen would have been if he could have seen what was lurking in the Umbra in those bomb shelters? On the homefront, we fought claw-to-claw against the Black Spirals, who had developed a nasty tendency to prey on unsuspecting humans hiding in the tunnels beneath London. Wyrmspawn sought out fear and hate in our Kin, and fomori again walked the isles. Many caerns were destroyed, especially those in the cities.

Finally, the Blitzkrieg stalled. The tide of war turned. The Get turned on their Nazi masters as the other tribes redoubled their efforts against the foe.

When the war finally ended, Gaia had paid a terrible cost. Many Garou were dead, and of those few left, most had lost their caerns. Unexploded shells covered the land. The British Empire had collapsed during the war, but except for the most ardent members of the Brotherhood of Herne, we didn't care. We realized that in our own way, we had been as arrogant as the Get, claiming protectorates that belonged to the Bone Gnawers, the Silent Striders or the Stargazers. After the war we realized that we, just like our cousins across the empire, had been used by the Silver Fangs to realize their dreams of wealth and power.

## The Shadow of the Wyrms



The most terrifying legacy of the Second World War is the nuclear bomb. A few Old Ones have told me they think the whole reason the Wyrms started World War II was so humanity would create the bomb. I personally don't believe it. I think Hitler started World War II for his own mad reasons. The Wyrms doesn't cause all of the wrongs in the world. Nonetheless, nuclear terror was the order of the day in the Cold War.

Now, we come to Jack Kennedy. JFK. Most Garou will tell you that President Kennedy was just a man, not Kinfolk in the slightest. Well, no matter what the others say, the American Fianna claim him as their own, and if you dare suggest otherwise, you will get tossed from any Fianna caern

in the U.S. Of course, they don't always like to claim the rest of the Kennedy clan, and they certainly don't count "Ah-nold" among their own.

But the Wyrms' minions killed President Kennedy. I don't know how, but they did. There are a lot of theories, but I haven't heard any that contain enough truth for my taste.

## The Troubles



*Every man has to die  
But it's written in the starlight  
And every line in your palm  
We're fools to make war  
On our brothers in arms*

— Dire Straits, "Brother in Arms"

During the Cold War, Ireland seceded from the British Commonwealth. On April 18, 1949, the Republic of Ireland was established. After a few bitter decades, the Republic chose to recognize British rule in Northern Ireland, on the condition that the majority agreed.

In the 1970s, the Troubles, as we call the conflict between Catholics and Protestants, got worse in Northern Ireland. The Irish Republican Army and Protestant paramilitaries were at each other's throats. The Grandchildren of Fionn and the Brotherhood of Herne were fools enough to let themselves be drawn into the conflict. It's been a long, bloody fight that's torn all Fianna down. I don't care if your blood comes from a Welsh, Scottish, or English line and you've lived all your life in America, Australia, or somewhere else a world away. The Troubles have hurt our entire tribe. Brother fighting sister, pack against pack, it's hard to understand and even harder to bear.

Finally, today, there may be a chance for peace. I just hope, no matter how many times they fail to make peace in Northern Ireland, that they keep trying. And they will.

If you learn only one thing from the long and muddled history of our tribe, it's this: We're tied to the land and the people who live there. We are the caretakers of Gaia. If we fail ourselves, we fail Gaia, and the Wyrms wins. But if we stay true to ourselves, it'll all work out for the best. Never give up your love or your hope.

*Encumbered forever by desire and ambition*

*There's a hunger still unsatisfied*

*Our weary eyes still stray to the horizon*

*Though down this road we've been so many times*

— Pink Floyd, "High Hopes"





# Chapter Two: The Ways of Our People

*May you have the hindsight to know where you've been, the foresight to know where you're going, and the insight to know when you're going too far.*

— Irish toast



We have the oldest culture of any Garou, except for maybe the Star-gazers and of course, the Red Talons. We all trace back to the Celts. Some of us are Welsh, others Scottish. We're English, and we're Irish. Most of us are Americans or Aussies. A few are even Spanish, German and Czech. But we're all Fianna. We all trace our culture back to the first Celtic peoples, the Fey and a few wolves howling at the moon. We argue over bits of our history, but we remember our roots.

## Kinfolk Ties



*oving each other like sister and brother,  
Sister and brother, sister and brother,  
Loving each other like sister and brother,  
About the merry-ma-tanzie.*

— Anonymous folk song, "The Merry-ma-Tanzie"

We Fianna have a special relationship with our Kinfolk. We are much more open with our Kin than most tribes. Our Kin are our family. Our parents are Kinfolk, so are our brothers and sisters. We take lovers and mates

from our Kin. They're part of our tribe. We defend them as part of our septs, and a few Kin have even joined packs. You can't break the Veil by talking to your Kinfolk, at least if you're Fianna. We need Kin we can trust, and we invite Kin to our moots.

Now, having said that, we do exercise a bit of discretion. We don't invite our crazy aunts to visit caerns, or change into Crinos in front of small children. We also know we have a problem controlling our emotions. Don't stay around Kin if you're upset. Letting loose the Beast and ripping open your relatives is a good way to ruin a fine party. Treasure your family, and protect them, from yourself and anything else that comes along.

# Values



here are some things that hold true for all Fianna. We share the same basic beliefs about what brings a Garou renown. This system of values, which we developed, holds true for all Garou. Here's what it means to us.

## Honor

The most important part of any Fianna's renown is Honor. A Fianna without Honor is nothing. Honor reflects not only on the individual, but on her pack, her sept, and her Kin, including her uncle. There are two ways to gain Honor in our society. First, obey the Litany. Second, do good for others, and if someone does good for you, return that good twofold. By the same token, we've long believed that if someone does you wrong, you return that wrong twice over. That last part is changing, though. If the Troubles have taught us anything, it's that sometimes it's better to return good for ill.

Give all that you can to the land, to your Kin, to your pack, and your Righ or packleader, and make sure that when you die, all your debts are paid. If your packmate dishonors another, then it's your responsibility to make it right, just as much as it is his; you are tied to your pack.

## Glory

Our idea of Glory is simple. Destroy your enemies, and you will win renown. Despite the Litany, it's a tradition among our tribe to give the first part of the kill to the slayer in recognition of his victory. However, it's also honorable for the slayer to offer the first part back to his Righ or pack leader. Sometimes, making the offer to one's love is acceptable as well.

## Wisdom

As loremasters to all Garou, we Fianna prize wisdom. For a cub, wisdom is memorizing the tales of the ancient heroes, learning the Silver Record, knowing your lineage and that of your packmates, and exploring the mysteries of the Umbra. We particularly honor those who discover new knowledge about the Fey, or those who uncover the truths about ancient legends.

## Humor



s I've said, we have a problem with our passions. When we feel something, it consumes us. I don't know if you've heard about the Galliards who act out past events and get so caught up in their roles that when it's time for opponents to fight in the play, they start ripping into each other? No? Well, it happens, and I hope you never have to see it, but if you live long enough, you will.

We can't control our passions, and frankly, we don't want to. If you start shutting off your feelings, then you lose a bit of yourself and the wonder of life. You can't experience the good things if you close yourself off from the bad. On the other hand, we sure as hell can't go berserk when we see a movie we don't like or listen to a speaker we disagree with. If you live life like that, it'll be violent — and short. Just try going up to an Ahroun who ticks you off and tell her what you really think of her. You'll get the message real quick.

Instead, we use humor to express ourselves without bloodshed. There's nothing sharper than a good wit. If you don't like something or someone, make fun of it or him. Get a good laugh, and maybe the jerk will see the absurdity of his position. We laugh in the face of danger, and joke in the grip of fear. We make fun of ourselves when we're depressed and sinking into Harano. And when most of us lack the patience or will to use humor, thank the Mother for Ragabash!

I've seen more fights between Ahrouns stopped by a quick Ragabash than anything else. Learn to laugh out your feelings, it's the best way to go. Black humor, sarcasm, riddles, puns, light jokes — it all has its place. Don't feel self-conscious either. A bad joke's better than none at all, and you'll never tell good jokes until you've told your share of stinkers.

Humor puts a damper on our wild tempers and wakes us up when we're about to do something stupid. Of course, it sometimes makes us do stupid things, when jokes are taken too far. But that's the price you pay, I suppose.

## Camps



visions in our tribe go back to ancient days, when clans fought each other, counties warred against each other, and our tribe split to watch over different flocks of Kinfolk. Time may have helped bring our Kinfolk together — though you can't tell with the Troubles sometimes — but it's done nothing but break our tribe apart.

We Fianna always find something to cleave to, and when we make up our minds, there's no way to change them. If there were naught but two

## The Song

I'm going to get a bit sappy for a moment, so brace yourself.

We are tied, body and spirit, to the Song of Life. Gaia sings out Her joy to all of existence, and Her singing gives us life. In these days, the Weaver tries to control Her Song and weaken its intensity. The Wyrms wants naught but silence — or worse yet, discord.

The Song of Life is in our passions. We hear it in our lover's voice, taste it in our brews, and see the Song in the morning sunrise. It's our Song, because we are all part of Gaia, and each one of us has a voice to add to the chorus.



Fianna left in the world, one of them would take one position, and the other would take the opposite out of sheer perversity. That's the way we are.

Let me tell you a bit about some of the bigger camps, so you don't fall in with the wrong crowd.

## Grandchildren of Fionn

You'll hear the legends of Fionn Mac Cumhail, the ancient hero of Erin, if you haven't already. Well, some of us aren't content just to listen to legends. They hear the story of the Fianna, the warrior band of Fionn, and want to live the myth. So, they sign up with the Grandchildren of Fionn.

You won't meet many more rugged lads and lasses than the Grandchildren. They travel around looking for a cause and a good scrap. They don't care about politics, they just like the fight. You can see it in their eyes. Sometimes they work for favors or funds, but half the time, they're simply looking for trouble to rear its ugly head so they can take turns trying to tear it off. I don't know what's more frightening, watching those blokes in action, with their guns and Klaives, or watching the sparkle in the eyes of a Grandchild Galliard when she sings about their latest victory.

Lucky for us, between the British army and the paras, the Grandchildren don't have to go far for a good fight. There are a couple of Grandchildren who've gotten a bit rabid about the whole thing. And to make matters more entertaining, a few of our other camps — like the Brotherhood of Herne — have their own political beliefs.

## The Voice of a Grandchild of Fionn

*You have a problem, friend? Well, me and my mates here, we'll handle whatever it is... We've been a bit bored of late. Got some drink? Good stuff? Well, maybe we can make this a freebie. After all, it's been a week or two since we saw any real action. We're getting a bit restless. And we have a rep to protect. It's all part of tradition. Except for the machine guns, of course.*

## Eire Fundamentalists

Tell your Kinfolk to lock their doors at night if you ever cross a member of the Eire Fundamentalists. They're more than a bit crazed. They believe the world should go back to the Impergium, starting with Ireland. They want to control the human population. They say human babies are screaming loud enough to drown out the Song of Gaia. So, the first thing they think needs to be done is to cull the human population to prehistorical levels. In their minds, there's a lot of killing to be done.

Don't get it stuck in your head that you can talk them out of what they're planning to do. They're all too mad for that. They let their hate for humanity eat them up inside. And I'll



let you in on a little secret. Quite a few of them end up going down the same road the Howlers followed.

The biggest headache for the rest of us is that the Fundamentalists don't believe in keeping the Veil. You know, if it weren't for this camp of ours, a good third of all so-called terrorist attack reports would vanish.

If you're wondering why we put up with them, the answer is we usually don't. However, at big moots with other tribes, they love to crawl out of the woodwork, to the cheers of the Get of Fenris and the Red Talons, who agree with them just for the pleasure of starting a fight.

## Words with an Éire Fundamentalist

*Can't you feel it? They're everywhere. You look at the sky at night — you can't see the stars because of their cities. You take a breath of air and their pollutants choke you. I'm not saying that all humans have to die. Just 90% or so of them. It's past time to take Ireland and Gaia back. And I'm going to do it... or die trying. Let the humans fear. When will you join us... and rage?*

## Children of Dîre

Now, despite the fact that there aren't any Fianna who can't fight, some few of us can really get down and dirty. The Children of Dîre are the most vicious warriors you'll ever meet. They're all lupus, and not many wolves live in Ireland and the United Kingdom these days. Even in the U.S., wolves are scarce. But they've survived. Aye, and the survivors are tougher than spit.

The Children of Dîre prefer to hunt in Hispo form. But don't underestimate them. Dîres have tremendous cunning. They'll get their enemies, one way or the other. No mercy, no cowardice. They'll do or die. Never irritate one or let any friend of yours annoy a Child of Dîre, even a Ragabash. They only understand violence. They're what becomes of a humorless Fianna. A warning to you — always keep a laugh at your side.

The other thing that the Children of Dîre do well is howl. They make some of the best songs — rich and pure as only a song in the wolf-tongue can be. Their cries for the lost wolves of Europe will shatter your heart.

## The Howl of A Child of Dîre

*Gaia, give our pack strength. Make our enemies weak, and send fear into their hearts. Weaken their flesh, and protect the throats of our packmates. We will not fail you, Mother. Tonight, the fallen wolves are avenged!*

## Whispering Rovers

These Fianna are descended primarily from Celts in ancient Gaul, otherwise known as France. They claim no land as their own and travel eastern and central Europe in bands they call

bundles. They depend greatly on one another for survival. Like gypsies, these Garou are forever mobile, never staying in one place for more than a week or so.

The Rovers maintain an intimate knowledge of the European continent and are sought when such knowledge is need by other Fianna or even other tribes. They are also employed as scouts in Fianna war parties, due to their innate understanding of both woodland and urban environments.

## A Chat with a Whispering Rover

*What do you want to know? I can draw up a quick map of all the caerns between here and the Polish border if you need them. Look, no matter what it is, I've been there and done that. If it's a scouting job against the Get you want... well, I've only got one question. What are we waiting for?*

## Brotherhood of Herne

The Brotherhood of Herne consists almost entirely of Garou of British descent. It's really more a bloodline than a camp. However, these Garou stand as allies to the Provincial Army and are thus enemy to many Irish Fianna, especially members of the Grandchildren of Fionn. In fact, the war between the Brotherhood of Herne and the Grandchildren of Fionn has been the greatest threat to Fianna security for over a hundred years, despite the Council of Song pleading for peace and unity within the tribe.

The Brotherhood of Herne tends to be very loyal to the British ideals of imperialism, no matter how outdated and absurd they might be. Most of them are ready to see the Troubles in Northern Ireland get a bit worse, so they can step in and take over in the name of peace.

However, there's much more to the Brotherhood than the conflict with the Irish Fianna. They believe in protecting Britain and hunting the Wyrms wherever it lives and breeds. British imperialism let the Brotherhood destroy Wyrms strongholds all over the world. Although few admit it, many former colonies are better off after British rule than they were before.

Like other Fianna, the Brotherhood of Herne consider their land sacred. They were the first guerrilla warfare experts in the tribe, waging war against the Romans. Many heroes of English history were members of the Brotherhood or their Kin. Several members of this camp are Welsh and Scottish as well as English.

## The Speech of a Brother of Herne

*If the Grandchildren of Fionn would stop fighting with us and work together a bit, we could get on with the real problems of our tribe, like fighting the Wyrms. If we give the Wyrms a chance to take hold anywhere in the world, then one day we'll face yet another Reich, another Roman Empire. I don't think that's such a good idea in this nuclear age.*

# The Tuatha de Fionn (The Children of Finn)

The Tuatha de Fionn consider themselves distant relatives of the faeries. They make pilgrimages to the Arcadia Gateway in the Umbra every seven years, where they meet with representatives of the lords and ladies of the Fey. The Tuatha de Fionn are the best-loved of all the Fianna by the faerie court. They know many secrets of the Changelings, and some Garou say they have the power to use faerie magic. This camp also holds to some of the oldest Celtic traditions, including many long forgotten by most Fianna.

## The Words of a Tuatha de Fionn

*If we wish to remain strong, we must revere our faerie heritage. We are cousins of the Fey, and together, with their magics and our strength, neither Weaver machine nor Wyrn monster can stand against us. Respect the old ways; they will serve you best.*

## The Songkeepers

Dedicated to music in all its forms, the Songkeepers are a loose-knit camp made up mostly of Fianna Galliards, but all tribes and auspices are invited to join them. The Songkeepers travel between caerns in the fashion of ancient bards and add to the Silver Record with songs about what they see. They are universally respected, and no one refuses them hospitality, especially in exchange for a good drinking song.

## The Tale of a Songkeeper

*Well, this is a nice caern you have, steeped in tradition. It reminds me of a story first told by the legendary Amergin. Eh? You haven't heard any of Amergin's poetry? I'd tell you some, if I just had something to wet my throat. You have few brews here? Wonderful. Ah, well, you're in for quite a treat tonight...*

## The Totem: Stag



Our totem is Stag. He is the strength of the land, master of fertility, lord of the cycle of life and the mate of Gaia. The secrets of the Stag are many, and his powers are great. When he dies, his blood fertilizes the land, and a new stag rises up to take his place. Although he lives and dies, he is reborn anew in each passing generation, and possesses an eternal spirit.

Stag most often appears to us in the form of the Wild Huntsman, who leads us against the minions of the Wyrn. When the Wild Hunt calls, we gladly answer with howls to rend the night as we race to keep up with the Huntsman.

Stag guides us to wisdom as well. As the white hart, he is elusive; none can catch him save the wind. We give chase, and he always escapes, but he leads us to the miracles. Sometimes we discover a lost cub, other times a forgotten caern. We know that when the white stag appears to us, we must give chase.

Stag is our own inner strength. He is the passion which hides within our hearts, the part of us that remains unknowable until it is tested. Stag has ties to the Fey; our bards claim that the faeries revered Stag as their totem before he chose us as his children.

## Breeds



So much of our view of Gaia depends on our breed. Blood means much to our people. Those of lupus stock are cherished for their rare wolf blood, the homids govern our tribe, and the metis... they do their part as best they can. We make certain that the metis cubs contribute as much as they are able.

## Lupus

Unlike many tribes, we do not suffer a rift between homid and lupus. Lupus members of our tribe are precious, and we try to protect wolves whenever we can. The lupus have much to teach their homid brethren, and many of our most ancient songs and rites are in the wolf-tongue.

## Homid

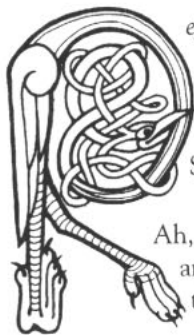
Like most other tribes, Garou of homid stock dominate. Homids are the best known among the Fianna, the ones most likely to have their tales told in our songs simply because there are so many of them. However, the homid Fianna also create the most strife for the tribe. If we were all lupus, would the Troubles have affected us at all? It is the duty of the homids to atone for the crimes of humanity against Gaia.

## Metis

Our tribe takes a dim view of metis. If a body is corrupt or twisted, then the same is true of the spirit. Many tribes go soft on their metis cubs, especially in this day and age. They don't understand that they weaken themselves by doing this. Better to have a fit Kin in a pack than a metis.

A metis may never become a Righ or serve on a Council of Song. A Righ may never appoint a metis as Tanaiste, heir and second, because the metis doesn't have the physical purity to serve. Many of our septs let the young cubs tease their metis brothers and sisters in order to strengthen the spirits of the misshapen Garou. One thing's for certain: If a cub can survive being a metis of our tribe, he'll be able to endure the worst temptations of the Wyrn.

# Moots



*ejoice in the sunrise*

*Dance to the moonlight*

*Dance to the storm*

— Hothouse Flowers, "Dance to the Storm"

We Fianna are at our best during our moots. Ah, the dances, the songs, the companionship, and of course, the drink. Makes me thirsty just thinking about it.

Some tribes don't know how to hold a good moot, but we've mastered the practice over the ages. We hold moots often, gathering our packs together and even bringing our Kinfolk with us. We're more open than most tribes and allow our Kinfolk to attend our moots often. It's the job of the Council of Song, the attendants to our Righs, to organize the moots.

Every sept of Fianna holds moots differently. It depends on the camp and the tradition they follow. A moot held by Fianna in Wales is different from one held in Australia. But there are three basic aspects to our moots.

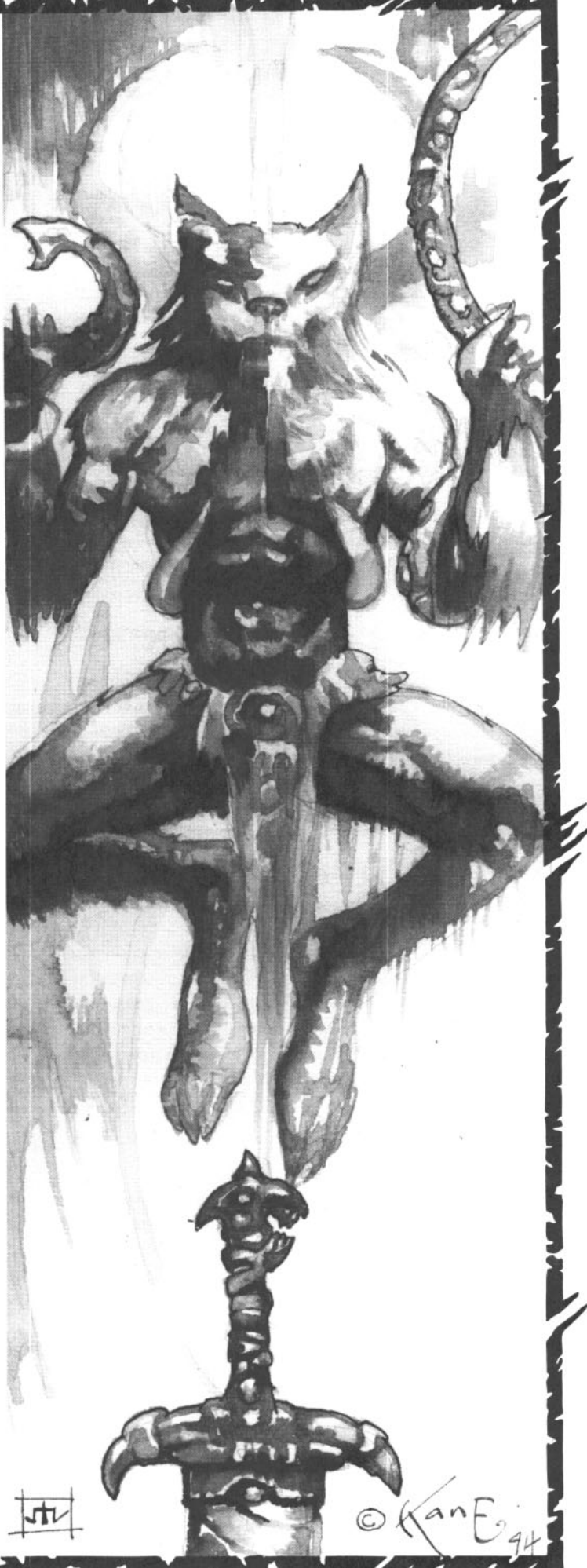
First, a moot is a time for our people to gather and choose leaders. The moot provides an opportunity for grievances to be settled and for renown to be measured. It serves as a time for us to retell the old stories and share new ones. It keeps the tribe together.

Second, the moot gives us a time to pay our respects to Gaia and the spirits that guide us. It gives us time to commune with our cousins, the Fey. It helps us renew our spirit.

Finally, and most importantly, the moot lets us relax and enjoy life. We are a passionate tribe. We need our parties! Life is tough. Struggling against the Wurm is hard enough, if you don't remember why life's worth living, then you can't fight to defend it. We love to drink, fight and love (that's why we invite our Kinfolk along).

It is at moot that we compete for the highest positions of honor in our tribe, the Chair of Poetry, the Chair of Song and the Chair of Stories. It's one thing to be a famous Righ and all, but to hold one of the Chairs — now that's an honor. Every year, at the Grand Moot at Tara, the Chairs go up for contest. Now, most of the time, the previous winner is good enough to keep his chair for a few years going, although the greatest keep it for life. But when a young rival wins the Chair — now that's an occasion for a party!

Other tribes always try to get into our moots. We have a certain rep. I think the worst of the lot, when it comes to getting in without an invite, are the Bone Gnawers. But, hey, if they enjoy themselves, the more the merrier. It's rare we have a moot with anything so secret that none can see. On those few occasions that we do, we protect our caerns well enough to keep visitors away. The Fey have an amazing talent for getting potential intruders lost in the woods.





## Fionn Mac Cumhail's Tests of the Fianna

We've long had an initiation test which we used in ancient times to discover early on which of our Kin was born true and would become Garou. These tests assured that an applicant to the Fianna fighting band of Fionn Mac Cumhail would live up to Garou heritage, whether he was Garou or Kinfolk. We often use these tests today as part of a cub's Rite of Passage.

- The applicant must be versed in the 12 Books of Poetry. Yep, that's right, book learning! You can't just be a warrior — you got to carry the wisdom of the people with you.
- The applicant is buried to her mid-section in the earth. She must then defend herself with but a shield and a hazel stick against nine warriors who cast spears at her. If she is wounded, she fails.
- The applicant's hair is woven into braids, and he is then chased through the woods. If he is caught, a braid of his hair is disturbed, or a stick snaps underfoot, he fails.
- The applicant must be able to pull a thorn from her foot while running without slackening her pace.
- And many more nigh-impossible feats at the choice of the ritemaster. Their severity depends, of course, on whether he likes you or not.

## Fianna Calendar

*These are the days of the endless summer*

*These are the days, the time is now*

*There's no past, there's only future*

*There's only here, there's only now*

— Van the Man, "These are the Days"

Our Councils of Song set the dates of our great moots according to the changing seasons of the ancient Celtic calendar. Solstice moots occur on the longest and shortest nights of the year. Equinox moots take place whenever the length of the night equals the length of the day before it.

Other, more festive moots are called whenever a Council of Song feels the sept needs spiritual and physical renewal. All our moots occur between sundown and sunrise. All septs have their own variations on moots, and I'd advise you to visit as many as you can.

Our moots all require special rites to get things going. If you want to be a ritemaster someday, I recommend you pay attention and learn them when you're at moot.

## The Changing Seasons

*Everything within my dwelling or in my possession,  
All kine and crops, all flocks and corn,  
From Hallow Eve to Beltane Eve,  
With goodly progress and gentle blessing,  
From sea to sea, and every river mouth,*

— Anonymous folk song, "The Beltane Blessing"

These are the four greatest moots of the Fianna calendar. Of them, Imbolc is considered the most important. All Fianna are expected to show up at their local seasonal moot and participate.

**Imbolc (Feb 1 - Feb 2):** The most widely and rigidly practiced of the Fianna moots, we use this ceremony to drink faerie brew and travel to the Umbra, where the Fey show us signs and clues about the year to come. Imbolc marks the change from Winter to Spring.

**Beltane (May 1 - May 2):** Still widely celebrated in different forms throughout Europe as May Day, Beltane is a fertility rite. Great fires are lit at night, and the Fianna salute Gaia and all Her glory. The Fey come and dance with the Garou around the Beltane fires, and it is a time for lovers to meet. More violations of the Litany occur on this night than any other, so the elders maintain a constant eye on the cubs. Many Fianna bring their Kinfolk to Beltane celebrations. Beltane marks the transition from Spring to Summer.

**Lughnassa (August 1-2):** This night celebrates Lugh and his victory over the first fomori. It is a night for telling tales of glory and a time to recover from the wounds of the year. It marks the end of Summer and the beginning of Fall.

**Samhain (Oct 31-Nov 1):** This marks the end of the Fianna calendar. During the night of Samhain, we believe that it becomes easier for spirits to enter the material world. We spend this moot reciting the Silver Record and paying homage to the spirits of our ancestors. Usually we hold a great feast on this night to celebrate life as well.

## Solstice Ceremonies

**Winter Solstice:** At Winter Solstice, the Fianna gather and have a festival of light, sometimes with candles, other times with bonfires. This is a time for poetry and song. Many septs follow the tradition of calling the Wild Hunt on the first Full Moon after the Winter Solstice to drive the Wyrms from the land.

**Summer Solstice:** The Summer Solstice marks the peak of faerie magic during the year. This moot is often a solemn affair (compared to most Fianna moots) where great rites are performed to aid the septs and packs. Many elders create fetishes at Summer Solstice.

## Equinox Ceremonies

**Spring Equinox:** In spring, we celebrate the reawakening of the land. For most Fianna, it is a time of feasting as the influence of the Wyrms wanes. Spring Equinox is a victory party in honor of the defeat of winter and the return of life.

**Autumn Equinox:** The Autumn Equinox is a time of rest after the harvests of the land. Like the Spring equinox, it tends to be a glorious party.

## The Litany

### Garou Shall Not Mate With Garou

Ahem. This part of the Litany has gotten more of us in trouble than any other. The body is sacred. Gaia creates us to be perfect. We test our bodies and our minds, and strive to take care of ourselves. And a metis can't ever achieve that natural perfection of the body.

Now, it's natural for two young pups who play together, fight together, drink together, and dance together to feel desire, passion, even love for one another. But it is wrong to bring a metis into the world. That's the way it is. Look, when you must slake your passions, then find one of our Kinfolk, stare into his eyes for a while, and just do what comes naturally.

### Combat the Wyrms Wherever It Dwells And Whenever It Breeds

We were the first tribe the Wyrms tried to destroy, and we'll be the loudest at his wake when the Apocalypse comes. The Wyrms declared war on us, and we don't run from a fight. The fomori aren't gone; they live in every person the Wyrms corrupts. The Defiler made our Kinfolk suffer so it could break their spirits and enter their hearts. The Wyrms twisted the White Howlers, our brothers, into the Black Spiral Dancers. But did we let that get to us? Hell, yes!

Destroy the Wyrms wherever you find it and show no mercy to the tainted.

### Respect the Territory of Another

Land is important to us. The body of our Mother gives us strength and nourishment, and she takes us back when we die. All Garou should respect the territory of others. We take this part of the Litany even further. Not only must you respect the territory of another, but you must respect your own territory. We are caretakers of Gaia. We must care for the land, just as she cares for us. Remain ever vigilant against the predations of the Weaver or Wyrms.

## Languages

We use our own languages when we hold moots. We also speak in our own tongues to protect our secrets from outsiders. But we Fianna use many different languages. After all, most tales are best told in a tongue that suits their mood.

**Irish Gaelic:** We consider this our most traditional language, and many Fianna like to hold their moots in Irish. Even American-born Fianna often take the time to learn Irish Gaelic so they can drop a few words and impress others.

**Scots Gaelic:** The Fianna of Scotland and their descendants use this language. They take as much pride in using Scots Gaelic as the Irish do in using their language. Speakers of Scots and Irish Gaelic can sometimes understand bits of the other language, but they are almost two separate tongues.

**Welsh:** The Fianna of Wales have always been a little distant from their cousins. The Welsh spoken by the Dryn a drowd yn flaidd is very different from the Gaelic tongues, though it springs from the same Celtic mother-tongue.

**English:** Virtually all Fianna speak at least a little English. Although common English ruins some of the mystery and atmosphere of a rite, at least all our young cubs can understand it. English is commonly used for moots in England and her former colonies. We also use English to communicate with Fianna around the world.

Fianna elders sometimes cultivate an archaic style of Anglo-Irish with Gaelic syntax. For instance, you might say, "I've got a bad feeling about this," while an elder might instead say, "It is a bad feelin that is on me now." Or you'd say, "You piss me off," and the elder would say, "It is anger that you have on me." Instead of, "Do you speak Irish?" an elder might ask, "Do you have the Gaelic?" Yeah, it's weird to hear 'em talk like that at first, but it's natural after a while, and you might start picking it up yourself.

**Garou:** The Garou tongue is used in many caerns as a common tongue. More septs have started holding moots using the Garou tongue as so many caerns are now shared by members of several tribes.

The Fianna gave the Garou many of the words in the Garou tongue, such as airt and caern. We call the Garou tongue *Amharm* (pronounced ah-run), which is Irish Gaelic for "song." Some other Garou have adopted this term, but most use the traditional name, which is more wolf howl than word, and means "speak."

**Wolf:** The most ancient songs of the Fianna are sung in the wolf tongue. A few older septs use the wolf tongue for traditional reasons, claiming it's the purest all languages.



## Accept an Honorable Surrender

There are too few Garou left, and each one we lose is another the Wyrn doesn't have to fight. This part of the Litany is especially important to us, because we have so long made a habit fighting amongst ourselves. It's an ancient Celtic tradition. To compensate, not only do we accept surrender, but we treat our vanquished foe as honored guests. We tell many stories of lasting friendships that came from fights. Also remember, there is no shame in surrender. Fight the good fight, but if you lose, do it with dignity, and buy the victor a round at the board.

## Submission to Those of Higher Station

We've always respected our leaders. If you won't give the other members of your sept — your leaders and peers alike — the respect they're due, then you don't deserve their respect. It's that simple. But remember, nobody's above a good jibe now and then.

## The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

Now, I know I said earlier that we Fianna have a tradition of giving the first part of the kill to the slayer. But you can

expect a good beating if you tear in to your kill without waiting for your elders to offer it to you. Pups who don't show proper respect for their elders grow up with tattered ears.

## Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

We are human and wolf. Both are our Kinfolk. We don't eat our own flesh, and we don't eat theirs, either. To eat the flesh of a human or a wolf is a sign of madness and Wyrn taint, and it tastes lousy besides — at least, that's what I've heard.

## Respect for Those Beneath Ye — All are of Gaia

Everything is part of a cycle. Spring turns to summer, and summer turns to winter. We grow old. We die. All that matters are our deeds and how others remember us. If you spend your time cuffing cubs and puffing yourself up, then when those cubs meet in a Council of Song, and you're a pile of moldering bones, you won't be remembered well. And who'll toast you at your wake?





## **The Veil Shall Not be Lifted**

Unlike many tribes, we're fairly open with our Kinfolk. Nonetheless, we've seen too many caerns destroyed or desecrated by archaeologists and historians. If anyone finds out about werewolves, then it's over for us. Just as the wolf was hunted from the Isles, so will humans hunt us across the globe. And then Gaia will have no defenders. If you violate this part of the Litany, your own packmates will tear out your throat.

## **Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness**

There's a time for everything, and when a warrior's too old to serve his tribe, then it's time for him to return to the Well of Life. It's better to die in battle, fighting for something you believe in, than to rot slowly into a shameful grave. Most of our heroes head into the Umbra when their time comes. Perhaps you will as well.

## **The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time During Peace**

We believe that strong leaders make a strong tribe. No one can become leader without winning a challenge. In peacetime, any member of the tribe may challenge the leader. But I'll warn you right now: Garou who spend their time making challenges instead of winning renown don't stay leaders for long, even if they do manage to win a challenge or two.

## **The Leader May Not Be Challenged During Wartime**

In time of war, no pack may stand divided and yet triumph over the Wyrn. This part of the Litany is critical. We don't have time to settle affairs among ourselves when we're busy settling them with our enemies. If something happens to our Righ, then the Tanaiste takes over, so that in wartime at least, our prowess is not hampered by the loss of our leader

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

It is the sacred duty of every Fianna to protect the land. Caerns are the most hallowed places of Gaia, and we must be willing to give our lives to protect them. Never allow a caern to be violated, through action or inaction. You'd just as soon piss in your beer. Again, should you betray a caern, your brothers and sisters will slay you as you stand.

## Leadership



Our system of leadership is based on ancient traditions. A Righ, or warleader, commands each sept. Each Righ has a Council of Song made up of Philodox and Galliards who speak to her of the ancient legends and advise her on important matters. Members of the Council of Song serve as the officers of a sept, and the Council organizes rites and moots.

Rights lead their septs, but the Rights in turn recognize the warleaders of more powerful septs as their betters. This spiral of leadership continues up to the most important sept at Tara, which is led by the Ar-Righ, nominally the leader of the entire tribe. However, his claim doesn't carry much weight outside Ireland anymore.

All Rights, with the approval of their Council of Song, select a Taniaste. If the Righ falls, then the Taniaste serves as her successor, if she can pass the tests of the Council of Song. This prevents conflicts within a sept during time of war. Sometimes, the Taniaste of one sept is Righ of a smaller sept.

A new Righ must pass a number of arduous tests, both mental and physical. He must prove himself to be in the peak of physical health. He must know the Silver Record and the legends of our tribe. He must be quick-witted to jest and answer riddles. He must endure pain and show strength and speed enough to defeat the mightiest enemies. We test our leaders to make sure that they are the best among us — strong, quick and wise — and capable of protecting the sept.

## Fostering



When a young cub comes to the attention of the sept, he is fostered to an older Garou. In ancient times, fostering occurred between different septs. While this is still the case in some areas, most fostering today happens within a single sept. The fostered cub refers to her surrogate parent as aunt or uncle.

Fostering is an ancient Celtic practice, and it lives on in the Fianna traditions of the uncle. The uncle has a respon-

sibility to the tribe to make certain that the young Garou grows up well and honors his pack and sept. The behavior of the young Garou reflects on her uncle — her Honor affects his renown. For all practical purposes, the tribe sees the young Garou as the child of her uncle.

The uncle must do his best to strengthen and teach the young Fianna, so that the young one will become an asset to the tribe. But the young Garou is not required or expected to return the good done to her by her uncle; instead, she is expected to give of herself to the next generation.

A fosterling's uncle is usually the cub's closest blood relative at the sept. If a cub has no blood relatives, then the Council of Song chooses an uncle. Most Fianna consider it an honor to be asked to foster a cub. Elders who have never fostered a cub are not as respected as those who have.

Metis cubs are rarely fostered. Instead, they are solely the responsibility of their blood parents. If a metis' parents fail to care for their child, we send the cub to a caern of the Children of Gaia.

## The Apocalypse



These are the last days. It is the Time of the Wyrn. With each day that passes, the Apocalypse draws closer. Unlike many tribes, we don't look on the Apocalypse as the end of the world or even the end of the Garou.

In all of our legends and myths there are cycles; cycles of life and cycles of death. The Apocalypse is just the end of one cycle and the beginning of another. Gaia will not die as long as one Garou can raise a claw in her defense. It is like the death of the Stag. When the Stag dies, he gives up his blood to renew the world. So, then, the blood of the Garou who fall in the Final Days will renew the spirit of the world.

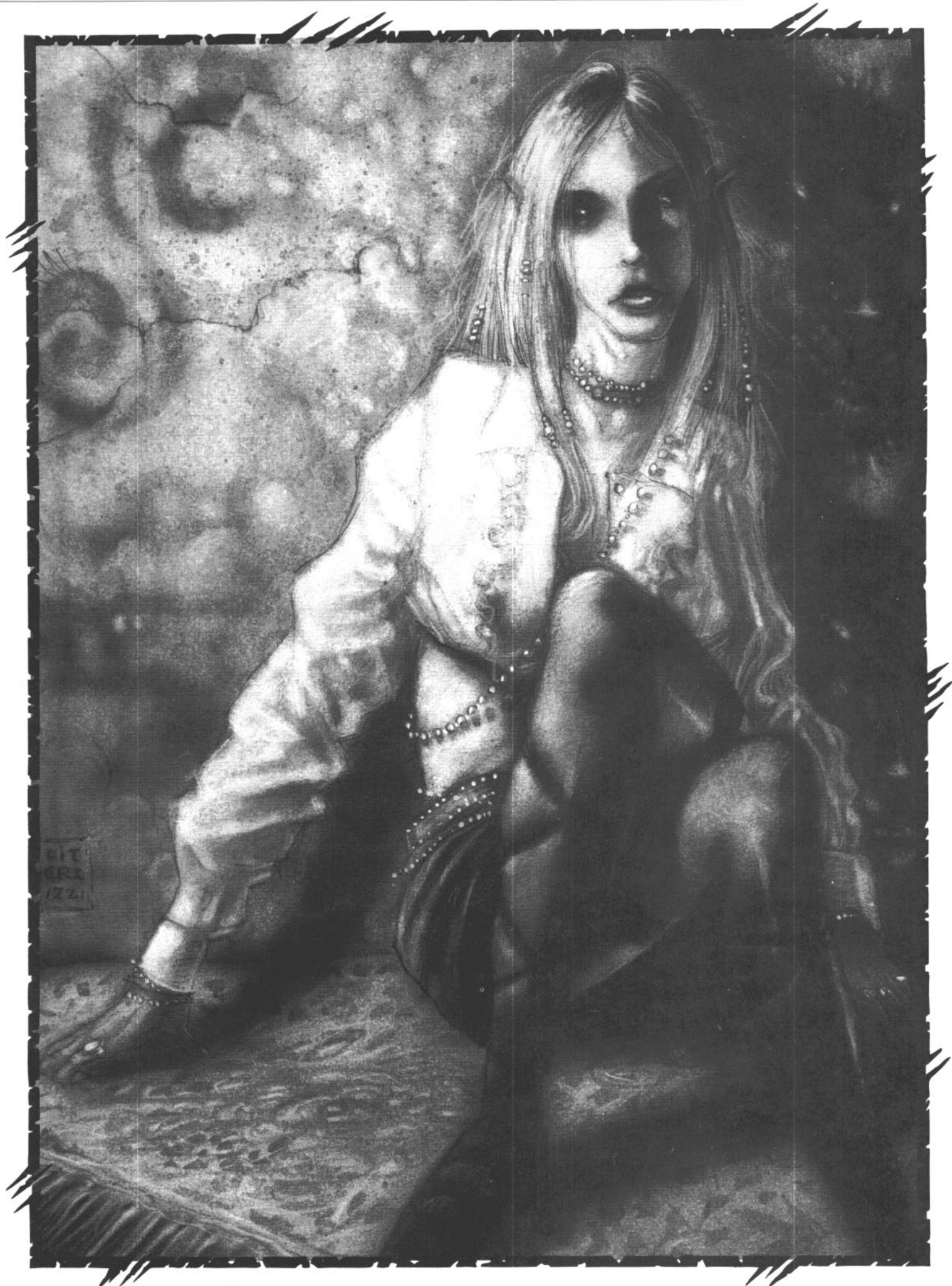
The Wyrn cannot destroy us as long as we have hope in our hearts. The key to surviving the Apocalypse is to prepare ourselves and believe in our hearts that we will triumph. This is why we celebrate life — in revels, in dance and in song — because we know that we must keep our spirits strong. As our spirits stay strong, so do we strengthen the spirit of Gaia.

When the final hour draws nigh, our fallen ancestors — Garou and Kinfolk — will rise from the land. Lugh, who slew Balor, will return. The banner of King Arthur will fly again. The warriors of legend will join with us at the last battle against the Wyrn. With our ancestors at our side, we cannot fail. We'll all sing and dance over the corpse of the Wyrn. For Auld Lang Synge.

Do not fear the Apocalypse. Prepare yourself, and live every moment to the fullest. When the end comes, with it comes a new beginning.

*May you have warm words on a cold evening, a full moon on a dark night, and a smooth road all the way to your door.*

— Irish toast





# Chapter Three: Across the Waters

*My Lord, this is our first offense but not our last. If you will be easy with us this once, we promise, on our word, as gentlemen, to try to do better next time, and next time — sure we won't be fools to get caught.*

—attributed to the Irish prisoner Thomas Meagher, future governor of Montana, before he was sentenced to transportation for treason against the British crown



The Celtic people have traveled since the beginning of time. We wandered across Europe from Greece — maybe even India, some say — before we got to Britannia and Erin. Some of our people kept traveling. We've spread across the globe with the British Empire. We've gone for different reasons. Some went for glory, others to serve our sentences, others because of wanderlust, but most for the hopes and dreams of a better life. Everywhere our Kin have traveled, we've followed.

## Where are the Fianna? Ireland



*In a land so beautiful  
You just can't ever leave  
Like a lover, she's so wonderful  
But she only makes you grieve*

— Grayson Hughes, "Hard Life"

Most Fianna consider Ireland their true home. The history and magic of the land is in every tree and every river. Fianna around the world know that when they set foot on Irish soil, they've come home. There's not a hill or plain or bog in Ireland that isn't part of a Fianna bawn.

## The Dying Times

In the past, forests blanketed the British Isles. As the number of humans on the islands increased, they cut the forests down to build houses, roads and ships. These forests were the homes of many creatures, including the great Irish deer and the wolves.

As the woods vanished, so did the animals. Shepherds, farmers and noblemen alike hunted and killed the wolves. They used the Irish wolfhound to help exterminate our wolf brothers. We protected our human flocks, but could not save the wolf packs.

To this day, we aid wolves wherever possible. A number of Fianna have traveled to Alaska to try to stop the shooting of wolves from the air. Other members of our tribe work with the Red Talons to guard wolf populations around the world. Many Fianna work with environmental organizations to stop the slaughter of wolves and defend Gaia through peaceful means.

## Wales

The wolves of Wales, the Dryn a drowd yn flaid, are a strange branch of the Fianna. Descended from Cymric Kinfolk, they keep to themselves, fighting their own battles against the Black Spiral Dancers and the Weaver. Some say the Welsh Garou have a bit too much faerie blood in their veins for their own good.

The Dryn a drowd yn flaid have strong ties to the Brotherhood of Herne, and they tend to side with the British Fianna against the Irish in most disputes. Many Welsh Galliards feel the Irish abandoned them during the Roman invasion, and they haven't forgiven them yet.

## Scotland

The Scottish Fianna are some of the toughest Garou who have ever lived. Descended from the wolves and Irish Fianna who took the Pictlands from the Black Spirals, with a heavy mix of Irish workers who came to work in the mills, the Scottish Fianna have potent blood and powerful traditions. Rivalries between Scottish Garou tend to form along a line north and south of the Firth.

Scottish Fianna are renowned for their swordsmanship and fetish smithing. One of the greatest heroes of the Scottish Fianna is William Wallace, who, with Robert the Bruce, rebelled against the English crown and liberated Scotland.

They're a very clannish folk, and get along better with the Get of Fenris than the rest of us. The Get found out early on that you just don't piss a Scot off.

## England

The English Fianna are the wealthiest and most influential members of our tribe. They all have relations to old families, and many have bred with Silver Fang Kin. They also are some of the

most fervent hunters of the Wyrn. Members of the Brotherhood of Herne, the dominant English Fianna camp, have tracked the Wyrn to the far edges of the earth.

## The United States

There may be as many Fianna in the United States as in the United Kingdom. Since the 1800s, many Kin have migrated to the United States in hope of a better life, and the Fianna have gone with them. Most European Fianna think of the Americans as poor cousins who don't understand their own history and legends. However, the American Fianna have shown strengths of their own.

They actually have a more romantic view of our history than many Irish Fianna, and have taught them a thing or two when it comes to songs about longing for Erin. Not a dry eye in the house, if you know what I mean.

Few Garou have gotten along so well with their fellow tribes as the New World Fianna. The American Fianna have strong alliances with the Bone Gnawers. They usually celebrate Super Bowl Sunday — the biggest American feast day of the year — together, and share the general American love of sport. Oh, yeah, we've gotten into scraps with them over it — I mean, who hasn't tumbled for their team? But we've come out pals in the end.

## Boston, Massachusetts

This city in the northeastern United States has become a center for Fianna activity. It's no accident that some of the best microbreweries on the continent started in the area. Several Boston pubs are fronts for Fianna meeting sites. It's rumored that one even stands above a caern where everyone knows your name. Most of the Fianna around Boston are proud of their Irish descent. They tend to support the Grandchildren of Fionn and more than a few have done their part to aid in the Troubles. Very little goes on in Boston that doesn't come to the attention of the Fianna. In fact, one tale suggests that the vampire lords of Boston were Fey-struck and driven mad when they tried to attack the Garou.

## Australia

The Australian Fianna have little liking for the Silver Fangs and their English cousins, who they feel condemned their ancestors. They've adapted well to the land down under, and the Dreamtime has shown their Galliards and Theurges many mysteries.

## The Continent

If a werewolf travels to all the caerns in Europe, he'll discover a number of Fianna who seem very different from their relatives in the United Kingdom and Ireland. These are the descendants of the Whispering Rovers and earlier Celtic peoples. Some of them are so different that they can barely be considered Fianna, but instead belong to their own unique cultures.

## The Rest of the World

Wherever there was a British colony, there are Fianna today. Cyprus, India, Canada, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Belize and many, many other countries are inhabited by Fianna. These Fianna have very different perspectives from those who live on the Isles, but they still share the Fianna heritage and remember their past lives.

## Beyond the World

Many Fianna travel to our Umbral homeland, a repository of Celtic spirit, where they find renewal. A pack of Tuatha de Fionn have even established a permanent caern there. But the most important part of the Umbra for the Fianna is the Arcadia Gateway.

## Arcadia Gateway

Protected by strange twisting Moon Paths, the Arcadia Gateway is an Umbral Realm that contains the gate to the land of the Fey. The faeries hold two ancient castles in their realm, the bright castle of Lord Lysander of the Seelie Court, and a dark castle rumored to be controlled by an exiled faerie princess of the Unseelie court. Most of the realm is a thick forest, where pixies and brownies play tricks on any who enter. We believe the Gateway holds many secrets about the Fey and our own Fey-natures.

## Attitudes Toward Other Tribes



ell, we aren't the only Garou in the world, thank Gaia. We get along better than most with the other tribes. If only we could get along as well amongst ourselves. Generally, if you meet someone, give her the benefit of the doubt. If she does well by you, do well by her. And if she screws you over, make sure she can't do it again.

## Black Furies

The Furies have a lot of the right attitudes about things, but there are more than a few messed-up lassies in that bunch. They're tough — that you have to admire — and they keep the worship of the Mother alive, but it doesn't take much to know that men and women both have their own types of magic, and one without the other can't do half as much as they can together.

Fellas who want to dance with a Fury — and many get that thought in their head — ought to do so with caution, or else they're liable to go missing their manhood.

## Bone Gnawers

Let me tell you something: these blokes have a bad rap they just don't deserve. They understand loyalty and friendship as well as we do, and somehow — I don't pretend to understand it — they manage to find Gaia even in the heart of the Weaver.

Let me tell you this: you know what the best thing is about cities? You can almost always find a Gnawer around when you need one. Make friends with the Bone Gnawers, and you'll never need fear entering even the worst urban wasteland.

## Children of Gaia

Peace-loving, wonderful mates, they understand what love is about, although they can take it a bit too far. Their problem is that they're a bit too nice. I mean, if it smells like a snake, looks like a snake, and sounds like a snake, you don't reach down to pet it — you bash its head in right good. Then you bloody well can look at it.

The Children of Gaia aren't willing to fight with fire, unless you can get them riled up. Still, we try and look out for them, 'cause we'd rather drink with them than with the damn Get. But they don't always get a good ethnic joke.

## Get of Fenris

Speaking of the Get, did you know they once called themselves the Cubs of Fenris? We named them the Get cause they weren't worthy of anything else. 'Course, they liked that better, sick sado-masochistic macho Nazi lot. I mean, there just isn't much worse than the Get.

We have a lot of history with them, and you can sometimes find one or two worth sitting down and drinking with, for they do know how to drink, and some few can even tell a good story. One Get by himself may be okay, but together they're a nasty lot. And they think the harp is a sissy instrument — screw 'em. They can't grasp beauty.

One of the Get once told me that the best way to die is to leap down the throat of the enemy and choke the Wyrmbestie. Well, if any of them want to volunteer, I'll be glad to help stuff 'em in. That way we can be rid of the Wyrmbestie and the Get at once, and the world'll be a much nicer place.

## Glass Walkers

Here's another that we're better off without. Most Glass Walkers are into crime or anything else that makes a profit. Big business never did us any favors, and the Glass Walkers' sense of capitalism and love of cities is something I don't think we'll ever understand...

As far as crime goes, well, some may not be proud of it, but our Kin and more than a few Fianna packs have set up their own criminal organizations.





## Red Talons

These wolves need to lighten up. Killing people won't solve anything, it'll just stain the soil with more innocent blood. Gaia knows all our claws have more than enough blood on them. You have to feel sorry for the Talons, though. They've lost everything they believed in. If we lost all our Kin, well, we don't have to look any farther than the Eire Fundamentalists to see what could happen. For the Talons, the Apocalypse has already come.

## Shadow Lords

These tight-arses tried to take over Europe during the Dark Ages. And you know what? They fell flat on their faces. The Shadow Lords are no more than a bunch of irritating whelps. If the Silver Fangs or anyone else ever ask us to help put them in their place, we'll be more than happy to oblige.

## Silent Striders

A strange lot, the Striders... The Rovers like them, and I've been to a few parties where they dropped in all mysterious and unannounced. Some of 'em are like the gypsies, and they're worth sharing a good drink with. Keep an eye on your things, though. Some Striders are just weird. It's hard to explain. They ask a lot of questions and keep trying to look into old burial mounds. The secret to the Striders is keep on their good side — and keep your good eye on them.

## Silver Fangs

The poor Silver Fangs, you've got to wonder how they managed to survive all these years. Some say they are all just prematurely gray. The Mother knows I'd go bald if I were one of them, what with the other tribes looking to me for help or resenting the hell out of me. Some are more than a bit mad, but I wonder sometimes... I've spoken to many who seemed a bit off, and it bothers me. I don't think it's just thin blood. Anyhow, they know their history, respect our knowledge of the Silver Record, and make wonderful drunks if you can get them to take off those pompous stuffed shirts of theirs.

## Stargazers

The Stargazers are a funny set of blokes. They practice their asceticism and look for the world outside, when all the time life surrounds them, waiting for them to experience it. But they are reliable sorts, with unusual wisdom and experience. Like us and the Fangs, they are aware of history, although their view of the cycles of life doesn't always mesh with our own. Get them to loosen up, and pay attention to what they say.

## Uktena

Creepy fellas, the Uktena. Constantly puttering around in magical things that any smart wolf should keep his snout clear of. They seem jealous of our relationship with the Fey,

and you know they'd love to learn the secrets of our Gifts. We have a lot in common with them, though. Both our peoples have suffered oppression, and we've both lost a brother tribe. They could be strong allies against the Black Spiral Dancers.

## Wendigo

Well, if they want to fight about the New World, they shouldn't start with us. It was conquered long before we started coming across the ocean. We understand how they feel — the Brits conquered Erin and have dominated her for 700 years! But, if they want to scrap, let's do it.

## Other Shapeshifters

The Corax are our allies and our brethren. As for the rest, we keep our distance. The Moloké are the spitting image of the Wym. And no one can trust the Bastet, or anyone else so afraid of getting dirty, for that matter.

## Vampires

Few things in this world are as vile and twisted as the Leeches. These creatures run the cities. They literally sap the life blood from their victims. Some are a pathetic, miserable lot, but they'll often as not tear your heart out if you open it to them. The best way to deal with a Leech is to shred him to pieces, and let Gaia sort out the mess.

## Mages

We have strong ties to the Verbena. We shared our secrets of spirituality and Gaia with them, and they took that

knowledge to levels beyond even the wisest Garou. They helped us practice the Impergium through human sacrifice, and sadly, they've gotten a poor rap for it. We consider the Verbena among our strongest allies.

As for other mages, be wary. There are some who worship the Weaver and its devices. Fear them. Others are pawns of the Wym itself. A few seem inspired by the Fey — they're called Marauders — but they do not care for the precious magicks of the land. Instead, they abuse them. Many mages covet caerns, so keep your eyes open when you're around them. Most of their ilk are best left alone.

## Wraiths

Listen, as far as ghosts go... avoid them. There are some out there, and they have a nasty tendency to appear in front of our leaders during times of crisis — at least that's how the bards tell it. Be warned. Let the dead have their peace. And if you ever hear a thin wail echo across the night, beware. That's the call of the Banshee, and someone's going to die.

## Faeries

The faeries are our distant cousins, and some of them, those with human blood, are trapped here. They are the Changelings, and they are in some ways like us. If you ever meet a faerie, remember you owe him, and he owes you. Stand by and protect them, but be warned, not all faeries are safe to be around. Beware the Unseelie courts and their dark minions.

*riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay, brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Howth Castle and Environs.*

— James Joyce, *Finnegan's Wake*





# Appendix One: Powers

*Good they are at man-slaying,  
Melodious in the ale house,  
Masterly at making songs,  
Skilled at playing fidchell.*

— Anonymous folk rhyme, "The Hosts of Faery"



The Fianna have many secrets and special powers unknown to other tribes. Their long traditions and association with other supernatural beings, such as the Fey and the Verbenas, have taught them much.

## Tribal Weakness (Optional)

An optional rule was introduced in the first *Werewolf* Tribebook: tribal weaknesses. These are quirks each member of a particular tribe possesses, usually due to the social or even genetic nature of the tribe. Weaknesses should not always be enforced. There are some situations where a Bone Gnawer may not suffer a higher difficulty on Social rolls. These situations may be rare, but they can occur. For instance, Black Furies suffer from inborn anger against men, but a Black Fury may not feel anger toward a man whom she trusts.

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

## Fianna Weakness

Low Self-Control: +1 difficulty for Willpower rolls

The Fianna often find it hard to rule their passions. They ride the emotional waves of anger, joy and melancholia. Most find it hard to govern themselves enough to shake off their moods.

Fianna players may roleplay this tribal weakness by having their characters feel everything intensely, turning the character into a frothing, boiling cauldron of emotion.

## Merits and Flaws

### Voice of the Songbird (3 point Merit)

Fianna with this Merit possesses a beautiful voice that haunts his listeners. On any Social rolls involving speaking or singing, he gains one automatic success. Wildlife also respond to his voice, and his songs will inspire most animals to join the singing.

## Pain of the Past (4 point Flaw)

You suffered terribly in a Past Life. Flashbacks haunt you continually, especially when you are in pain. Whenever a Fianna with this Flaw takes damage, he must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 6) to avoid collapsing from Past Life flashbacks of starvation or torture. This collapse only lasts for a turn, but on a botch, it may last much longer. The Fianna must have the Past Life Background to purchase this Flaw.

## Geas (1-7 point Flaw)

A Fianna may take a Geas, or prohibition, as a Flaw. If she violates this prohibition, she loses the ability to shift forms or suffers some other penalty, such as -1 to all combat Dice Pools for a story. The level of the Flaw depends on how common the Geas is and the nature of the penalty. The players and Storyteller should feel free to create their own Geases.

- May not enter a city (2-3 pts, depending on the chronicle).
- May not slay a fellow Garou, save for Black Spirals (2 pt.).
- May not harm a fellow Garou, save for Black Spirals (3-4 pt.).

## Abilities

### Faerie Lore (Knowledge)

You possess information pertaining to faeries. You know something about the Seelie and Unseelie courts and the great kingdom of Arcadia. You also have a good chance of identifying faerie spirits.

- **Novice:** Your knowledge is largely speculation and hearsay.
- **Practiced:** You know some facts.
- **Competent:** You possess a general knowledge of faerie ways.
- **Expert:** You possess extensive knowledge of the Fey.
- **Master:** You truly understand how little you know of these creatures.

**Possessed by:** Faeries, Fianna, Occultists, Vampires, Mages, Witch-Hunters

**Specialties:** Enchanting Music, Faerie Food, Spirit Allies, Arcadia, Arcadia Gateway, Changelings

## Poet's Language

The Fianna language of kennings is used in almost all their great songs and their Dindsechas, or place name songs. These kennings can be used in any language, but there are accepted conventions for using them. The Rituals Knowledge is useful for composing songs using accepted kennings, but it is Expression or Performance that determines how well they are used.

## New Fianna Gifts

**Faerie Light (Level One)** — With this Gift, a Fianna can create a wisp of ghostly light, usually white, green, or faint blue in color. She can direct the glow to move, but the light isn't strong enough to illuminate more than three feet around the Garou. Some Fianna like to use this Gift to make their eyes flash green or blue. Ragabash love to create tricks with Faerie Light. This Gift is taught by marsh spirits and faeries.

**System:** The Garou rolls Wits + Enigmas against a difficulty of 6. The light appears anywhere the Fianna chooses, as long as it is within line of sight. It may float slowly at about 10 yards per turn. The Gift lasts for one turn per success, unless a Gnosis point is spent, in which case, the Faerie Light remains in effect for an entire scene.

• **Ceridwen's Blood (Level Two)** — Blood has a power within it. With this Gift, a Fianna can tap the life-force within her own blood to restore a fallen ally. However, by doing so, she must suffer the wounds she heals. This Gift is taught by spirits allied to Stag.

**System:** The Garou can heal an injured target by spilling her own blood (a small cut will do) and rolling Stamina + Medicine against a difficulty of 8. One wound level is healed per success. However, the Gift-user suffers a number of wounds equal to the amount healed — she cannot soak this damage. The Fianna can heal aggravated wounds by spending a Gnosis point, although she will only take non-aggravated wounds in exchange.

• **Howl of the Unseen (Level Two)** — The Fianna have strong ties to the Umbra. A member of the tribe with this Gift may howl in the Umbra or in the Realm and have her kenning echo on the other side of the Gauntlet. This Gift is taught by the spirits of animals that make loud noises but remain unseen, such as crickets and frogs.

**System:** The Garou must spend a Gnosis point to activate this Gift. He may speak or howl for a full turn, and his voice will be heard on both sides of the Gauntlet. The Storyteller is free to determine how much the Garou can say in one turn. Consider timing the player as he speaks for five seconds (if he speaks too fast and you can't understand what he says, then neither can anyone listening).

• **Luck of the Irish (Level Two)** — This Gift gives the Fianna a supernatural streak of luck. Mundane effects include finding four leaf clovers, bills lying on the sidewalk, plump sleeping rabbits waiting to be caught for supper and minor fortunate coincidences. This Gift is taught by a faerie spirit.

**System:** The Garou spends one Gnosis point. She may then reroll any failed or botched roll. This Gift is usable only once per scene. Other minimal, although beneficial, effects may occur at the Storyteller's whim.

• **Warp Spasm (Level Four)** — Many tales of Cuchulain state he would glow in combat, radiating a great heat. At the end of a battle, women would dump water over his body to

cool him down. This Gift causes the user to radiate a tremendous heat, igniting nearby flammable items and melting metal. The aura only works while the Fianna is in a berserk frenzy. At the end of the frenzy, the Fianna cools off. This Gift is taught by Fianna ancestor spirits.

**System:** The Garou spends one point of Rage to activate this Gift, after which she will automatically go into a Berserk Frenzy. All flammable material she touches bursts into flame. Her hand to hand attacks do two aggravated wounds of damage in addition to regular attack damage.

• **Sleep of the Hero (Level Six)** — This powerful Gift has been invoked many times in Fianna history. When a great hero (Rank 5 or higher) dies in battle, the Fianna take the body and dedicate it to the land. This Gift forms a bond between the Fianna and the land and the spirit of the hero. The champion's life returns, but he remains in a deep sleep, not to awaken until the Apocalypse. The target must be placed somewhere in the earth, such as a cave, or within a burial mound. During this sleep, the hero is unaffected by the elements and does not need to breathe. This Gift is taught by Fianna ancestor spirits.

**System:** The Garou spends two points of Gnosis and rolls Intelligence + Rituals against a difficulty of 9. If she succeeds, the life comes back into the hero and he falls into a deep sleep, usually after having a chance to say a few last words. If the wielder of this Gift receives five or more successes, then the hero may awaken and return to the caern at any time of great crisis, at the Storyteller's option.

## Tuatha de Fionn Gift

• **Sense the Unnatural (Level Three)** — As the Lupus level two Gift in *Werewolf: The Apocalypse*. The Tuatha de Fionn have long delved into magic and have gained the ability to sense its presence.

## Songkeeper Gift

• **Cairbre's Tongue (Level Three)** — This Gift was used by the ancient songmaster Galliard Cairbre to show his people the corruption of Breas the Beautiful. By speaking out harshly against or satirize someone who is Wyrmtainted, the possessor of this Gift will cause the Wyrmtaint to appear as splotches on his target's face, lowering the target's Appearance. This Gift is taught by faeries and Fianna ancestor spirits.

**System:** The Garou using this Gift must spend a Gnosis point, then roll Manipulation + Performance against a difficulty of the opponent's Willpower. If the roll succeeds, and the target is Wyrmtainted, then she loses a point of Appearance for every success as incriminating blotches spread across her face and body. These marks last for a scene. If the roll fails, or the target is not Wyrmtainted, nothing happens.

## Rites

### Rite of Inspiration, or "Awen's Blessing" (Level One Mystical)

This rite is used by a Fianna who is seeking inspiration for a poem, song, story or any artistic endeavor. The Garou must eat boiled pork while lying down in a dark room with his eyes covered and a stone on his stomach. If successful, he will be granted an idea or some solution to a problem he was facing in his art.

### Rite of the Solstice (Level One Caern Rite)

This moot rite must be learned to conduct a solstice rite (at the Winter or Summer solstice). More information on solstice moots can be found in Chapter Two.

### Rite of the Equinox (Level One Caern Rite)

This must be learned to conduct an equinox rite (at the Spring or Autumn equinox). More information on these equinox moots can be found in Chapter Two.

### Rites of the Changing Seasons (each Level Three Caern Rite)

Each major moot on the Fianna calendar, is distinguished by a specialized rite. There is a Rite of Samhain, a Rite of Imbolc, etc. For more details on the moots, see Chapter Two of the *Fianna Tribebook* and the example of Imbolc in the *Werewolf Storytellers Handbook*.

## Sacred Directions

The Fianna recognize five sacred directions in their rites. Each direction, besides having a quality associated with it, has a part of Ireland it governs also. Fianna caerns are often divided into representations of these areas. For example, when the Theurges gather, it is in the western part of the caern.

Direction	Qualities	Irish Province
West	Knowledge, Druidic wisdom (Theurge)	Connacht
North	War (Ahroun)	Ulster
East	Money, Wealth (Ragabash)	Leinster
South	Music, Song (Galliard)	Munster
Center	Sovereignty, Kingship (Philodox)	Tara



# Fetishes

The Fianna have many legends about powerful magical items that transcended the limits of most fetishes. Fetishes like Excaliber, the Spear of Destiny and the Holy Grail (or Cauldron of Life) are artifacts and cannot be purchased by player characters; they must be found through adventure. It is up to the Storyteller to decide whether or not these items can be obtained and their powers within her chronicle.

Below are listed some more common, although still quite unusual, fetishes known to the Fianna.

## The Lightning Spear

Level 5, Gnosis 6

This ancient spear transforms into a bolt of lightning when activated and thrown at an enemy. It does four dice of aggravated damage if it hits and automatically returns to the hand of its possessor, turning back into a solid spear.

## Pipes of Terror

Level 4, Gnosis 6

This is a finely woven bag and set of well-crafted pipes. When the bagpipes are played and successfully activated (they do not have to be played well), all Wyrms spirits within hearing range must check their Willpower (difficulty 6) or flee in terror.

## Torc of Wisdom

Level 3, Gnosis 5

When activated, this torc increases a Garou's permanent Willpower, Rage or Gnosis (choose only one) by one point (one dot on the character sheet) until the end of the scene. Multiple torcs do not have cumulative effects.

## Knotwork

The Fianna have created many types of knots for binding spirits. Each of these knots can hold a different type of spirit (for a look at the vast array of Celtic knotwork, visit a library or bookstore). If a Garou botches when activating the knotwork, the knot unravels and the spirit is freed.

## Knot of Protection

Level 3, Gnosis 7

When activated, this knot automatically soaks the first wound level of damage taken by a Fianna in any given turn. This knot contains a turtle or stone spirit.

## Tattoos

Much like Knotwork, Fianna may give themselves tattoos of woad and bind spirits within them.

## Tattoo of Protection

Level 3, Gnosis 7

See Knot of Protection, above. If the Garou botches her activation roll, the tattoo flares and vanishes from her skin.

# Talens

The Fianna have learned many lessons about magic and spirit. They can tap into the power of the land to create numerous talens.

Brews are the most common talens among the Fianna. Here are a few of the more popular Fianna draughts.

## Gaia's Best

Gnosis 7

The absolute peak of Fianna brewing. Only a master brewer can make Gaia's Best. The ingredients are kept secret, and an apprentice brewer must pass many arduous tests before she learns the ancient methods of brewing. All that most Fianna know is that it takes years of work to make Gaia's Best.

The drinker must make a Stamina roll against the Gnosis of the brew. If he fails, he immediately falls into a deep sleep, filled with wonderful dreams of happy childhood memories and faeries.

If he botches, he stays asleep for a full day and doesn't rise under any circumstances.

If the drinker succeeds, he regains all his Willpower and Rage points, and becomes very happy. All his physical attributes rise by one for the next 24 hours. The effects of multiple draughts of Gaia's Best aren't cumulative. In any event, a few mouthfuls of this will send even the most hardy Ahroun reeling, regardless of her Stamina.

## Unicorn's Milk

Gnosis 6

This drink is passed around during tense meetings to help the assembly relax. The drinker must make a Willpower roll against the Gnosis of the drink. If the drinker is successful, this elixir raises the difficulties of all Rage rolls by two.

If a drinker fails his roll, he loses a Rage point. If he botches, then he loses all but one of his Rage points, and he becomes a happy, philosophical drunk. The Fianna refer to this state as being comfortably numb.

In order to make Unicorn's Milk, the brewer must find a piece of hair from a unicorn's mane, usually gotten by traveling to the Children of Gaia homeland.

## Faerie Fyre

Gnosis 7

This drink is especially favored by Fianna, because it gives a hot rush and makes the eyes of the drinker glow slightly.

A Garou who drinks Faerie Fyre must make a Willpower roll against the Gnosis of the draught. Failure means that all Willpower rolls increase in difficulty by one (+2 if the Storyteller is using the Fianna Tribal Weakness; see above). A botch means the drinker gets completely drunk and wild, acting on her basic passions, completely uninhibited. Faerie Fyre is called Wyld Wine by some Fianna.

## War Whiskey

Gnosis 6

War whiskey is a harsh drink that explodes in the throat and burns all the way down. Some Fianna packs like to take a few shots before battle.

The imbibor rolls Willpower against the Gnosis of the drink. If successful, she can ignore the first wound level of damage she suffers in combat. If she fails the roll, then all Rage roll difficulties are reduced by one for the rest of the scene. If she botches, then she frenzies immediately.

## Totems

### Totem of Respect

#### Lion

(see also *Werewolf Player's Guide*, pg. 130)

**Background Cost:** 4

Proud and strong, Lion is the master of all he surveys, remaining ever vigilant of the Wyrms. He is the beast of Lugh, the slayer of Balor. Lion seeks vengeance on those who slew his children, and he saves a special anger for the Black Spirals who turned from him. Children of the Lion are especially hated by Black Spiral Dancers, but they are liked by the Bastet, most Fianna and Silver Fangs.

**Traits:** Lion's packs gain three points of Honor and Animal Ken 3. They also receive -1 to their difficulties when impressing elders.

**Ban:** Children of the Lion must protect helpless animals from danger.

### Totems of War

#### Boar

**Background Cost:** 5

The savage and powerful boar is feared by many hunters. With its ferocity and anger, it will fight long after weaker warriors fall in battle. Many combative young packs chose Boar as their totem.

**Traits:** Boar gives his Children an extra point of Stamina and Brawl 2.

**Ban:** Children of Boar must never hunt or eat boars.

### Herne the Hunter

**Background Cost:** 4

Herne is the horned master of the hunt. He stalks the Wyrms across the land and unleashes his packs to destroy it. Herne is the favored totem of many British Fianna, who see him as an aggressive version of Stag.

**Traits:** Herne gives his Children an extra point of Stealth and Survival and the Gift Sense Wyrms.

**Ban:** Herne's packs must always attack minions of the Wyrms, no matter what the odds.

## Totems of Wisdom

### The American Dream

**Background Cost:** 8

Only those born in the 1950s or 1960s can become Children of the American Dream. Prior to the '50s, the Dream was not strong enough to mark children as its own, and after the '60s, the American Dream lost much of its power. A child of the American Dream gains the following benefits: so long as he is in the United States of America, he never becomes lost. In addition, even if he is abroad, Americans make an extra effort to help him. The Storyteller may have Ma and Pa America show up just as the character is about to be thrown in jail, pay his bail, and give him money to buy a bus ticket back home. Difficulties involving interactions with public officials, government officials, or police — anyone who has sworn an oath to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America — are decreased by three.

The downside to this totem is that devotees must make a Stamina + Survival roll (difficulty 7) each month to avoid becoming instantly addicted to something of the Storyteller's choosing (television, beer, cigarettes, etc.). They also begin to adopt a swaggering demeanor, tell other people what to do, and often cheat at cards, taxes and games. If a devotee ever leaves the U.S., this effect increases, and a Child of the American Dream living overseas only requires three successes to frenzy.

American Fianna, as well as Silver Fangs, Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers receive five points of Honor renown when they ally with this totem. Non-American Garou, especially Silver Fangs, Black Furies and Shadow Lords, lose three points of Honor for making such an alliance, and will be marked by their own tribes as potential problems.

Many Fianna who came to the U.S. shared the Bone Gnawer tribe's vision of the American Dream. They believed in hope and opportunity, a chance to better themselves and their station. There are still a large number of American Fianna packs who still place their faith in the American Dream.

### Merlin

**Background Cost:** 5

A merlin is a small bird of prey, a miniature hawk. Sharp-witted and dangerous, Merlin knows many secrets. Merlin understands magic, and, despite her small size, Merlin hunts the Wyrms with enormous ferocity and courage.

**Traits:** Merlin gives her children an extra point of Occult, Rituals, Enigmas and Primal-Urge.

**Ban:** Merlin commands her packs never to destroy knowledge.

## Rooster

**Background Cost:** 3

The loud, echoing crow of the Rooster announces the sunrise and warns of the coming of the Wyrn. He watches for danger and uses his bright plumage to scare off threats. Rooster is a proud totem, though his reputation suffers because most Garou only think of him as a barnyard animal. He is more popular among British and continental Fianna.

**Gifts:** Rooster gives all his Children the Gift Sense Wyrn.

**Ban:** None of his children may eat domesticated animals.

## Fianna Renown Rules (Optional)

### Honor

The Celts have long held that the status of the individual reflects on the status of the group. If a Fianna gains or loses 3 or more temporary points of Honor, then her Fianna packmates may also gain or lose a point of Honor. This gives Fianna characters lots of reasons to make sure every member of the group stays honorable.

### Wisdom

Fianna who learn the Faerie Lore Knowledge (see above), or who discover something of significance to the Silver Record, may gain an extra point of Wisdom renown in addition to any other awards, at the Storyteller's discretion.

## Legends of the Fianna

To learn more about the legends of the Fianna, go to your local library. There are several sources of Celtic legends

which, with a little adaptation, can easily become true tales of the Fianna. Remember, each Fianna sept tells the stories a bit differently. Feel free to make your own interpretations. The history presented in this book takes liberties with Celtic myth to work it into the World of Darkness. Here are some of the oldest sources for Celtic myths:

## Irish Sources

There are three main Irish cycles of legends. The first is the epic of the Tuatha De Danaan (the people of the goddess Dana), which is part of the *Book of Invasions* or the *Book of Conquests*. It describes the invasions of Ireland by different peoples and includes a different version of the Fomori Wars than that presented in this book.

The second cycle focuses on Cuchulain. It describes his life, including his tutelage by the warrior woman Scathach and his love for Emer. His legend provides a great deal of useful material for **Werewolf** chronicles. Part of this cycle is covered in the *Tain Bo Cuailnge*, or the *Cattle-Raid of Cooley*.

To the Fianna, the most important cycle of legends is the Fenian cycle, which details the life of Fionn mac Cumhail. In this legend, Fionn, an Irish king, gathers together a band of warriors known as the Fianna.

## Welsh Sources

The *Mabinogion* contains many stories from Welsh legend and myth. This includes some early tales of King Arthur. It is the best source of Welsh mythology, although it was written in the Middle Ages, although some of the tales can be traced to Roman times or earlier.



# Appendix Two: Lads n' Lasses

*O warlike man, rise that you might be great.*  
— “The Wasting Sickness of Cuchulain”



The Fianna share a common Celtic heritage, whether they are Irish, Scottish or Welsh. But they have split into all types of camps and individuals: modern Druids, street punks, aristocrats, vagabonds and gangsters. Here are five ready-to-play character templates.



# Roving Ragabash

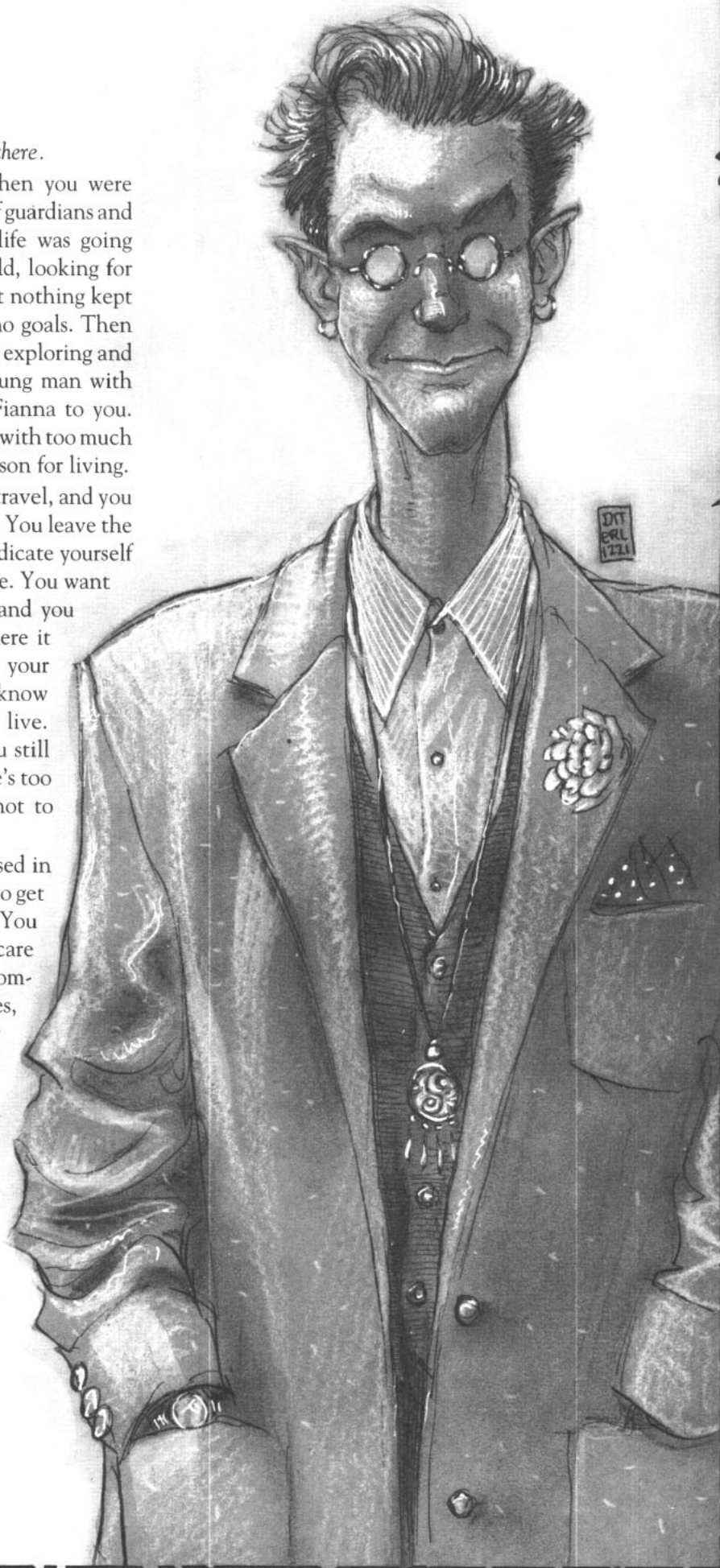
**Quote:** *If I haven't been there, it ain't there.*

**Prelude:** Both your parents died when you were young. After you went through a series of guardians and finally got access to your trust fund, life was going nowhere. You traveled around the world, looking for excitement, adventure, spontaneity, but nothing kept your attention. You had passions, but no goals. Then you had your First Change. You stopped exploring and started running. Luckily, you met a young man with bright green eyes who explained the Fianna to you. Overnight, you changed from a little girl with too much money to a woman with goals and a reason for living.

**Concept:** You still jetset and love to travel, and you enjoy bankrolling your pack's vacations. You leave the investments to the accountants; you dedicate yourself to whatever cause seems best at the time. You want desperately to explore all of creation, and you have a tendency to poke your nose where it doesn't belong. Some might consider your attitude toward life hedonistic, but you know that most people are afraid to really live. You've seen almost everything, and you still want to see more. Life is short, and there's too much time spent fighting the Wyrms not to have a good time while you can.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You are well-versed in all sorts of trivia. You know just enough to get yourself in trouble, but that's fun, isn't it? You love to spend money on people you care about, but not if it makes them feel uncomfortable. You've had lots of acquaintances, but few friends in your life. Your packmates are very dear to you, and you'd do almost anything for them.

**Equipment:** Cellular phone, yacht, credit cards galore, lots of clothes



# FANNA™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid  
Auspice: Ragabash  
Camp: Whispering Rover

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Roving Ragabash

## 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

Resources ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Gifts

Smell of Man ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Blur of the Milky Eye ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Persuasion ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Open Seal ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Gifts

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

### Renown

Glory  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Honor

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Wisdom

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Rank

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Rage

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Gnosis

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Willpower

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Health

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

### Weakness

LOW SELF-CONTROL:  
+1 DIFFICULTY FOR  
WILLPOWER ROLLS



# Fey-Struck Garou

**Quote:** *They are among us, my brothers and sisters. We must join their dances with our songs.*

**Prelude:** You still remember the first time you saw the lights bobbing in the forest. You were angry when everyone told you that you had a wonderful imagination, but didn't believe you, so one night, you snuck out on your own.

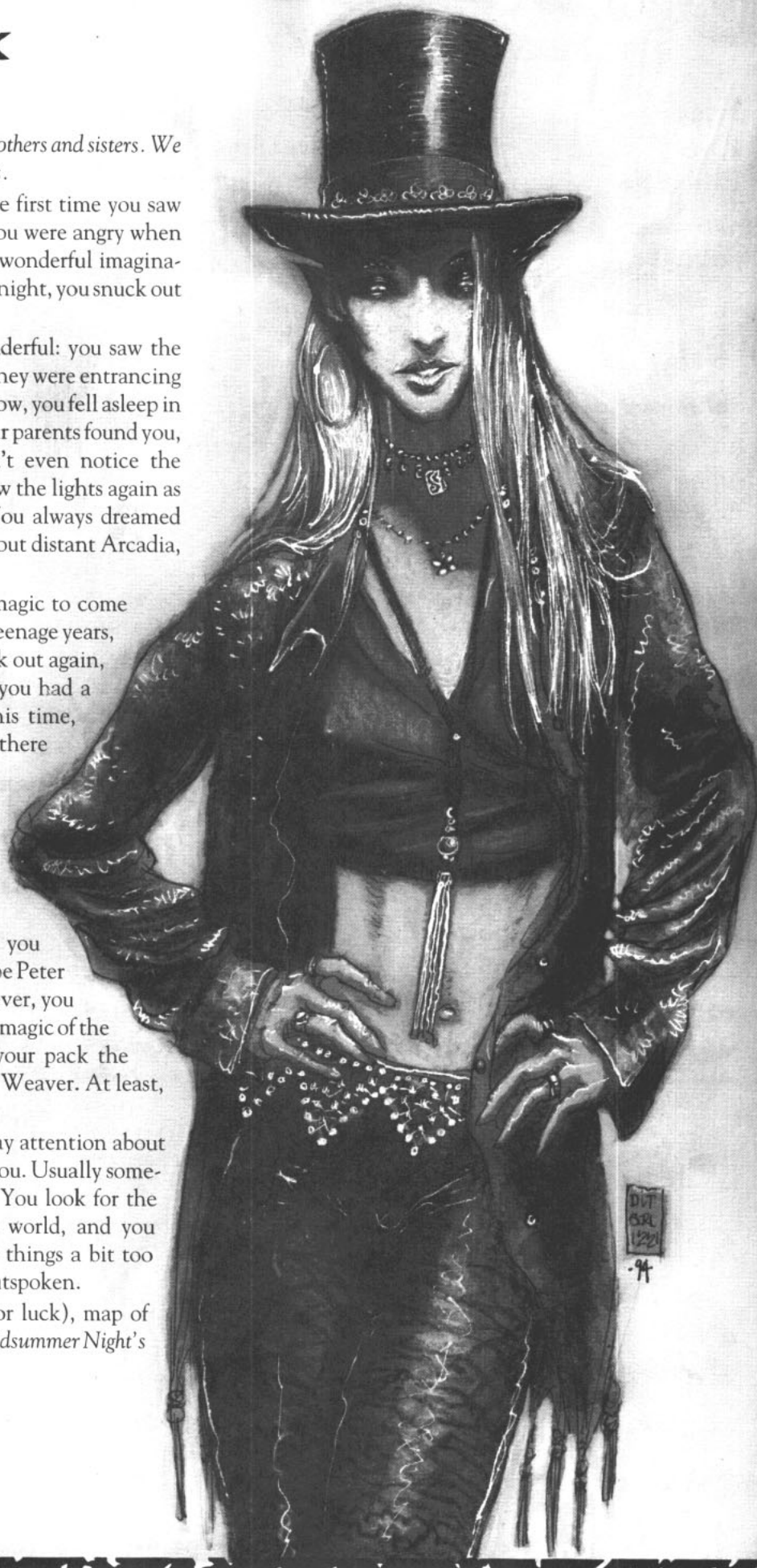
You discovered something wonderful: you saw the Fey. At least, you're sure you did. They were entrancing and frightening all at once. Somehow, you fell asleep in the woods. The next day, when your parents found you, they weren't amused. They didn't even notice the circle of mushrooms. You never saw the lights again as a child, except in your dreams. You always dreamed about them. You even dreamed about distant Arcadia, land of the Fey.

Still, you kept waiting for the magic to come back. Finally, as you entered your teenage years, you saw the lights again. You snuck out again, and unlike when you were little, you had a key to get back inside. Except this time, instead of faeries in the woods, there were huge wolves.

**Concept:** You are a perpetual dreamer. When you look around, you notice things others don't, like the shapes of sky between the leaves of the trees. You've been to the Arcadia Gateway once, and you long to go back again. You want to be Peter Pan and never ever grow up. However, you aren't completely impractical. The magic of the Fey will also give the land and your pack the power to defeat the Wurm and the Weaver. At least, you believe it will.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You only pay attention about half the time when people talk to you. Usually something important is on your mind. You look for the magic hidden everywhere in the world, and you assume magical, faerie reasons for things a bit too often. You are spontaneous and outspoken.

**Equipment:** Four leaf clover (for luck), map of local ley lines, tattered copy of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.



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# FANNA

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid  
Auspice: Theurge  
Camp: Tuatha de Fionn

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Fey-Struck Garou

## 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 ●●●○○  
Rite of the Questing Stone ●○○○○  
Rite of Talisman Dedication ●○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

**Gifts**  
Persuasion  
Spirit Speech  
Faerie Light

**Gifts**

## Renown

**Glory**  
○○○○○  
□□□□□  
**Honor**  
○○○○○  
□□□□□  
**Wisdom**  
●●●○○  
□□□□□

## Rage

●●○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□  
**Gnosis**  
●●●○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□

## Health

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

**Rank**

## Willpower

●●●○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□

## Weakness

LOW SELF-CONTROL:  
+1 DIFFICULTY FOR  
WILLPOWER ROLLS

# Black Rose

**Quote:** Centuries of suffering make a tribe strong. Even the Wyrms cannot make us endure anything we have not already survived.

**Prelude:** You are the child of a Fianna and another Garou. A few members of the sept tease you and say that your father was a Bone Gnawer. You don't really care. You know your mother and father loved each other, and your mother loves you. She taught you the Litany and the Silver Record. She taught you the names of things, and most importantly, she taught you how to sing and howl. Your deformity haunts you every day, although you've learned to compensate. You are blind.

**Concept:** You have a strong sense of who you are and where you come from, and powerful Past Lives. Your blindness makes a fun joke. This way, you can't see all the suffering in the world. You travel and sing like many Songkeepers, and you cling to the hope that one day, like your mother, you'll truly fall in love. Your favorite story is that of Cuchulain and Emer.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You carry yourself with confidence, probably to hide your insecurity about being a blind metis. You love being a Songkeeper. You find a beauty in songs and poetry that nothing can take away.

**Special:** Due to your blindness, you automatically fail all rolls involving vision. You often use your wolf senses to compensate, and the Storyteller may allow you to make smell rolls (Perception + Primal-Urge) even when you are in Homid form. Note: the character sheet lists the Blindness Flaw from the **Werewolf Players Guide**.

**Equipment:** Flute, rose-colored glasses





# FIANNA

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Metis  
Auspice: Philodox  
Camp: Song Keeper

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Black Rose

## Attributes

### Physical

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

### Social

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

### Mental

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

## Abilities

### Talents

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

### Skills

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

### Knowledge

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

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Allies ●○○○○  
Mentor (Mother) ●○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Gifts

Sense Wurm  
Resist Pain  
Persuasion  
Truth of Gaia

### Gifts

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## Renown

### Glory

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Honor

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

### Wisdom

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Rank

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Rage

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

## Gnosis

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

## Willpower

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

## Health

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

## Weakness

LOW SELF-CONTROL:  
+1 DIFFICULTY FOR  
WILLPOWER ROLLS

# Warrior's Inspiration

**Quote:** *If you need to know why you fight, I've got plenty of answers.*

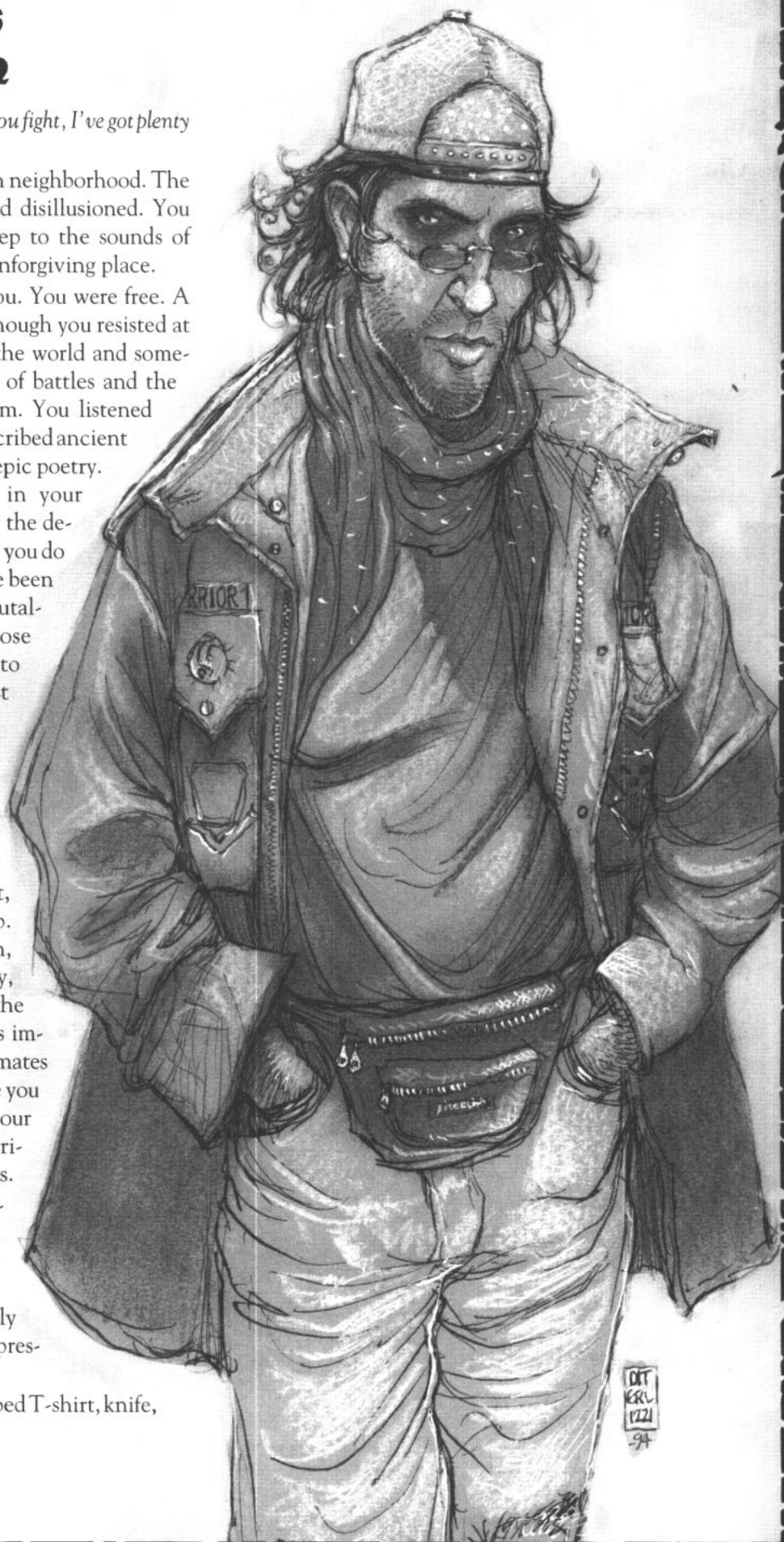
**Prelude:** You grew up in a rough neighborhood. The people around you were poor and disillusioned. You knew orphans, and you fell asleep to the sounds of gunfire. The world was a bleak, unforgiving place.

Then the Fianna kidnapped you. You were free. A new world opened up for you, although you resisted at first. Still, there was a magic in the world and something lasting. There were stories of battles and the eternal struggle against the Wyrn. You listened with open ears as the Galliards described ancient wars and love stories and recited epic poetry. You tried to hold everything in your memory, but you don't remember the details of most of the tales. However, you do remember the spirit of what you've been told. If you can recapture your brutalized childhood spirit, then those around you can find the strength to relive those legends. You don't just want to hear stories of honor and glory. You want to live them.

**Concept:** You see yourself as the emotional guardian of your pack. If spirits ever flag, you're responsible for raising them again. Your tongue can be sharp or soft, and you aren't afraid to speak up. Part of you wants to be an Ahroun, but you know that in your own way, the fighting you do to preserve the hearts of your packmates is just as important, especially since your packmates are Fianna. You love moots, where you get a chance to dance and sing to your heart's content. Your greatest triumphs come from inspiring others.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You are confident and friendly, always willing to work with others. You like your human form best and enjoy wearing sexy clothes, although you hardly want others to get the wrong impression.

**Equipment:** Leather jacket, ripped T-shirt, knife, small pistol





Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Breed: Homid Pack Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Player: \_\_\_\_\_ Auspice: Galliard Pack Totem: \_\_\_\_\_  
Chronicle: \_\_\_\_\_ Camp: Grandchildren of Fionn Concept: Warrior's Inspiration

## 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

Contacts \_\_\_\_\_ ●●○○○  
Pure Breed \_\_\_\_\_ ●●○○○  
\_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○  
\_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○  
\_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○

### Gifts

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Mindsight \_\_\_\_\_  
Resist Toxin \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### Gifts

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### Renown

Glory  
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □  
Honor  
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □  
Wisdom  
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Rage

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □  
Gnosis  
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Health

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

### Willpower

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

### Weakness

LOW SELF-CONTROL:  
+1 DIFFICULTY FOR  
WILLPOWER ROLLS

### Rank



# Red Wolf

**Quote:** All blood is red.

**Prelude:** You were born behind bars in a zoo. You had an easy life; people fed you and made sure you got all your shots. You grew bigger than most of the other wolves, and although the Alpha put you in your place a few times,

he knew his days as pack leader would soon end. The Alpha female was already afraid of you, although she tried to hide it. You knew that she would be your mate soon. You fought the Alpha, and he fell beneath your teeth. It was his time, he was old. Then, you felt a stinging pain in your side, then another and another. Soon, the world swam around you and you collapsed.

When you awoke, you were in a separate cage. You didn't understand. You had beaten the Alpha, the pack was yours. The humans shouldn't get involved. Then, a human unlocked the door to your cage. You snarled and lunged. If a human wanted your pack, he would have to earn it. The huge red-haired man caught you in mid-air, and you could tell by his scent that there was something different about him. He tossed you aside as though you were a cub. You were about to attack again, but he changed from a man to a large cross between man and wolf, and suddenly you wanted to be a cub again. You paused, and he cuffed you with a huge claw. You felt anger burn up in you, then something strange happened. Your bones cracked, and suddenly, your muscles felt more powerful. The huge wolf looked smaller, but there were more wolf-things. They swarmed you and brought you to the caern.

**Concept:** At the caern, you learned of your Fianna heritage. You also learned the truth about wolves and men. Man had all but exterminated the packs. You were kept alive to amuse humans, not out of fear. You want to end the shame and suffering of your fellow wolves and open all the cages. The day will come when the call of the wolf instills terror in humans again, when no one will mistake a wolf for a dog. But first, you must defeat the true enemies, the Wyrms and the Weaver. The hunting grounds are much wider now.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You tend to answer questions with grunts and growls and prefer your wolf forms over your human ones. You don't hate individual humans, but you despise humanity as a whole. You want to be pack Alpha, but you understand that the Alphas of Fianna packs aren't like the Alpha from the zoo. This frustrates you, and the songs and legends intimidate you, although you'd never admit it.

**Equipment:** You don't need anything



# FANNA

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus  
Auspice: Ahroun  
Camp:

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Red Wolf

## Attributes

### Physical

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

### Social

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

### Mental

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

## Abilities

### Talents

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

### Skills

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

### Knowledge

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

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Allies ●○○○○  
Past Life ●●○○○  
Pure Breed ●●○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Gifts

Heightened Senses  
Razor Claws  
Resist Toxin  
Leap of the Kangaroo

### Gifts

## Renown

### Glory

●●○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Honor

●○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Wisdom

○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Rank

□□□□□□□□□□

## Rage

●●●●●○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Gnosis

●●●●●○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Health

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

## Weakness

LOW SELF-CONTROL:  
+1 DIFFICULTY FOR  
WILLPOWER ROLLS

# Appendix Three: The Dreamers

## The Legend of the Hound of Ulster



If you know no other legends of the Fianna, save of course the tales of Fionn mac Cumhail, then learn this one, and learn it well, young cub, because 'til this day, there's never been a man alive who could best the Hound of Ulster, Cuchulain.

It was a time long ago, when King Conchubar ruled Ulster from his court in the palace of Emain Macha. One night, after a great feast to celebrate the wedding of his sister Dectire to Saultim mac Roig, Dectire fell into an enchanted sleep. During the

night as she slept, she was carried off by a Kami spirit who served Lugh.

A year later, during another feast, a flock of birds led by the Corax came to Emain Macha and devoured all the food, inciting the men of Ulster to anger. They pursued the birds across the land. Finally, night fell, and the men encountered a cottage, where a young man offered them his hospitality. He was the Kami of Lugh. During the night, the men heard the screams of a woman. In the morning, they discovered Dectire and her newborn son. She told them that she had sent the birds to call them so that they would return her and her child to Emain Macha. After they returned, King Conchubar decided that the child would remain with Dectire and her husband Saultim until he was of age. Dectire named her son Setanta.





One day, as Conchubar was setting out to attend the feast of the great smith, Culain, he saw a group of boys playing on the green of Emain Macha. One boy played against "three fifties of boys," and the boys could not stop him. Conchubar asked about this boy and discovered that the boy was Setanta, his nephew. The king asked the boy to come with him to the feast, but Setanta wanted to finish playing. Setanta told the king that he would follow the chariot tracks later. Conchubar laughed and set out for the house of Culain.

After the king arrived, Culain the smith asked him if any more were to follow. Conchubar answered no, forgetting Setanta. Culain let loose his great hound, one of the last dire wolves of Ireland, and renowned throughout the land for its savagery and cruelty.

Young Setanta finished playing and followed the chariot tracks to Culain's home. The wolf heard him approach, and rushed to attack the intruder, howling loudly. It leaped upon Setanta and tried to devour him.

According to the human stories, Setanta threw his game ball with enough force that it entered the wolf's mouth and passed through its body. What really happened was that Setanta underwent his First Change as the wolf leaped upon him. Suddenly, Setanta was a Crinos, filled with Rage. He tore into the wolf, splitting the beast open and smashing it to the ground.

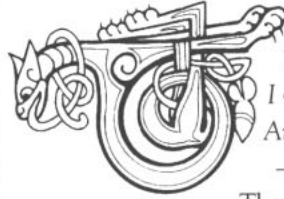
Hearing the sounds of the savage combat, the feasters came running. King Conchubar and his men found the boy, seemingly unhurt, next to the bloody body of the wolf. The men asked Setanta what had happened, but he wasn't sure. He told the men that he only remembered throwing the ball at the beast. Luckily for Setanta, one of the guests, a druid named Cathbad, was a Fianna himself and quickly recognized the potential of the young Ahroun.

When Culain the smith saw his hound dead, he exploded with anger. He ordered Setanta to leave his house. Setanta quickly promised Culain that he would find a pup to replace the dead hound, and until he did, he would guard Culain's home himself.

Conchubar and his men agreed that the youth's promise was fair. Before anyone else could speak, Cathbad the Druid named the boy Cuchulain, the Hound of Culain. And that was how the great hero received his name.

Cathbad secretly took Cuchulain to his sept, and there taught the boy the ways of the Fianna. Cuchulain went on to become one of the greatest heroes ever seen by man or Garou, feared by all on the battlefield for his transformations and Rage. This is but the beginning of the tales of the hero of the Red Branch, the Hound of Ulster.

## Cuin the Wanderer



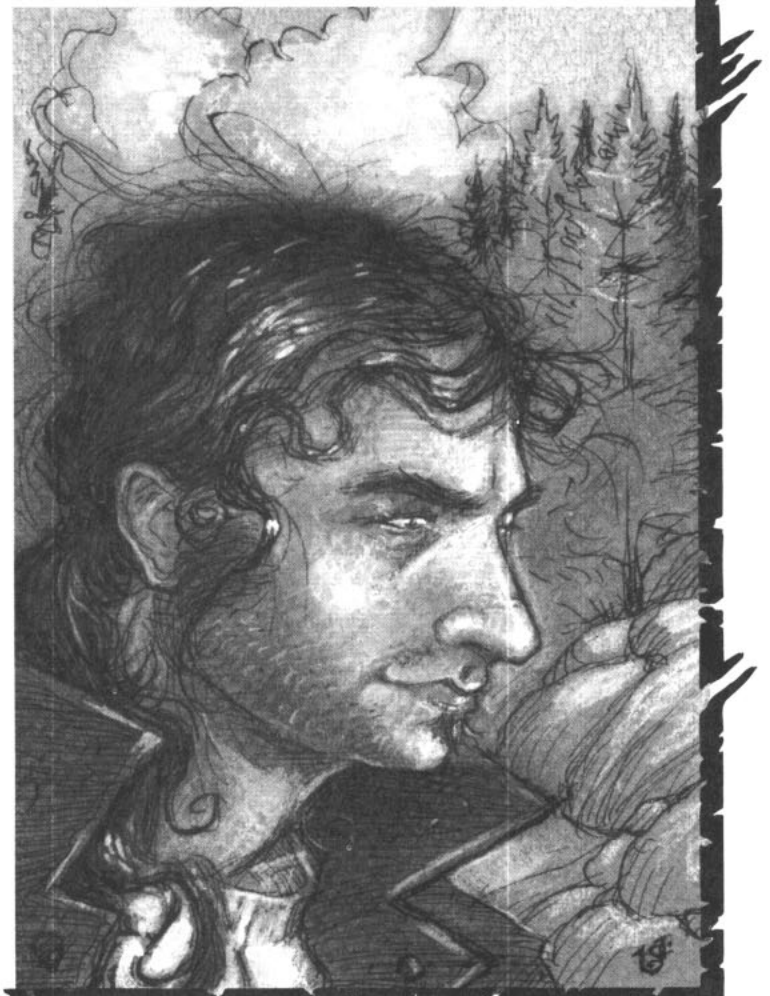
though I am old with wandering  
Through hollow and hilly land,  
I will find where she has gone,  
And kiss her lips and take her hands.

—W.B. Yeats, "Song of Wandering Aengus"

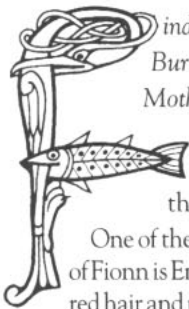
The man who would take the name Cuin was always a strange one, even for a Garou. He was born in America, somewhere near Massachusetts. They say Cuin used to wander, exploring the deep woods, investigating the old houses and churches. Unlike most Garou, Cuin was never kidnapped by his own kind. The young lad just wandered one day into a caern, passing the warders, and asked where he belonged. The sept leader saw the sign of the Crescent Moon in the boy's eyes.

When Cuin first ventured into the Umbra, the lad found the Moon Paths to the Fianna Homeland without a guide. He traveled to the Arcadia Gateway, and may have ventured beyond to the courts of the Fey. A few believe the lad was part Changeling, part Garou, but I wouldn't say that.

He travels out in the Umbra, a wanderer without a caern to call home. Stories about Cuin have grown over the years. A few believe he saw the heart of the Wyld. Others claim he ventured beyond into the Lands of Death and returned. They say he searches for something, but what, no one knows. If you ever see him, you'll know Cuin. He has a wolf-coat of the darkest black and eyes that blaze with an emerald light, even in the deepest pits of the Wyrms.



## Emira Ruith-an-Eas



Find the cost of freedom  
Buried in the ground  
Mother Earth will swallow you  
Lay your body down

— Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young, "Find the Cost of Freedom"

One of the most dangerous members of the Grandchildren of Fionn is Emira, a woman with flashing green eyes, beautiful red hair and possibly the best demolitions skills of any Garou. Emira has spent her entire life learning the art of terrorism. She could take apart a car before most people know how to drive.

After she was taken for her Rite of Passage, Emira was torn between her human lover and her Fianna pack. Then, soldiers killed her lover as he reached for his wallet, which they thought might be a gun. He died in her arms. Her Rage knew no bounds. She swore vengeance on the British and convinced her packmates to do the same. But the assaults her pack made in retaliation drew the attention of the Wyrms. Black Spiral Dancers and corrupt fomori attacked her caern. Her pack scattered to the four winds.

Now, Emira travels, working as a mercenary for any cause she believes in. Any time bombs go off outside a dictator's residence or a military target is mysteriously attacked, the Grandchildren know it's Emira, trying to make them pay for her lost love.



# Patricia McKinnon




When Patricia was young, her mother fled Northern Ireland to settle in Salisbury, England. Patricia always knew she was different from the other girls. She enjoyed visiting the White Horse and Stonehenge. She always heard voices and had dreams after she visited them.

After her Change, Patricia quickly gained renown as a Galliard. Her songs were among the most beautiful ever heard in England. When the Troubles in Northern Ireland escalated, Patricia felt the call of her home. She went back to try to stop the violence and bloodshed.

Patricia McKinnon wages a war in Northern Ireland to protect the innocent, Catholic and Protestant alike. Her songs have gathered werewolves from many tribes together, including members of the Children of Gaia, the Silver Fangs, and the Black Furies. Several terrorist attacks planned by loyalists and IRA members alike have ended on the tips of her claws. Both the Brotherhood of Herne and the Grandchildren of Fionn have tried to stop her, but to no avail.

One story about her claims that she was surrounded by members of the Grandchildren of Fionn, who planned to kill her. She made a last request for them to listen to her song. She sang about the atrocities of the Troubles, about the violence, and about the young children without fathers, the wives without husbands and the pain in all their hearts. Her voice moved even these hardened terrorists to weeping, and they left her in peace.





*The Wyrms devour the world  
Garou fall beneath its coils  
Only the strongest can survive  
Only the greatest can conquer  
When will you Rage?*

# RAGE

*Werewolf: The Apocalypse  
Trading Card Game coming  
May 5 from White Wolf.*

It has been said that as the Apocalypse draws nearer, Garou will fight Garou. Werewolves will war with their own kind, battling for dominance and glory. Now, the 13 tribes are gathering as they prepare to turn their anger inward — against brother, against sister, against packmate. And out of this trial by fire, only the toughest will survive to fight the Wyrms.

**Rage** is a trading card game of savage combat. Players pit their werewolves against each other in brutal war, using supernatural powers, summoning spirit allies and wielding mystical fetishes. The werewolf pack with the most Renown wins, whether through destroying creatures of the Wyrms or defeating the other player's werewolves!

**Features:**

- Over 300 collectible cards, illustrated in full-color by hot comic and game artists.
- A game for two or more players.
- Fast and furious game play using a new rules system which allows players to choose the length of their games.
- Designed by the co-creators of *Jyhad™*, **RAGE** is the second World of Darkness game to be translated into cards.

JK KANE · 1994 ·

# FANNA™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed:  
Auspice:  
Camp:

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength \_\_\_\_\_ ●○○○○  
Dexterity \_\_\_\_\_ ●○○○○  
Stamina \_\_\_\_\_ ●○○○○

### Social

Charisma \_\_\_\_\_ ●○○○○  
Manipulation \_\_\_\_\_ ●○○○○  
Appearance \_\_\_\_\_ ●○○○○

### Mental

Perception \_\_\_\_\_ ●○○○○  
Intelligence \_\_\_\_\_ ●○○○○  
Wits \_\_\_\_\_ ●○○○○

## Abilities

### Talents

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

### Skills

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

### Knowledge

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

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

\_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○  
\_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○  
\_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○  
\_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○  
\_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○

### Gifts

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\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### Gifts

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\_\_\_\_\_

## Renown

### Glory

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Honor

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Wisdom

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Rank

\_\_\_\_\_

## Rage

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Gnosis

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Willpower

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Health

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

## Weakness

LOW SELF-CONTROL:  
+1 DIFFICULTY FOR  
WILLPOWER ROLLS

# FANNA™

Homid

Glabro

Crinos

Hispo

Lupus

No  
Change

Strength (+2) \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina (+2) \_\_\_\_\_

Appearance (-1) \_\_\_\_\_

Manipulation (-1) \_\_\_\_\_

Difficulty: 6

Strength (+4) \_\_\_\_\_

Dexterity (+1) \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina (+3) \_\_\_\_\_

Appearance 0

Manipulation (-3) \_\_\_\_\_

Difficulty: 7

Strength (+3) \_\_\_\_\_

Dexterity (+2) \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina (+3) \_\_\_\_\_

Manipulation (-3) \_\_\_\_\_

Difficulty: 7

Strength (+1) \_\_\_\_\_

Dexterity (+2) \_\_\_\_\_

Stamina (+2) \_\_\_\_\_

Manipulation (-3) \_\_\_\_\_

Difficulty: 6

## INCITE DELIRIUM IN HUMANS

### Other Traits

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

### Fetishes

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

### Rites

_____
_____
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## Combat

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

### Brawling Chart

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

† These maneuvers do aggravated damage.

Armor: \_\_\_\_\_



# FANNA™

Nature:

Demeanor:

## Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

## Expanded Background

Allies

Resources

Contacts

Pure Breed

Kinfolk

Past Life

Aunt/Uncle

Pack Totem

### Possessions

Gear (Carried) \_\_\_\_\_

Equipment (Owned) \_\_\_\_\_

### Sept

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Caern Location \_\_\_\_\_

Level \_\_\_\_\_ Type \_\_\_\_\_

Totem \_\_\_\_\_

Leader \_\_\_\_\_

### Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From: \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL SPENT: \_\_\_\_\_

Spent On: \_\_\_\_\_

# FIANNA™

## History

Prelude

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## Description

Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Hair \_\_\_\_\_  
Eyes \_\_\_\_\_  
Race \_\_\_\_\_  
Nationality \_\_\_\_\_  
Sex \_\_\_\_\_

	Height	Weight
Homid		
Glabro		
Crinos		
Hispo		
Lupus		

\_\_\_\_\_

Battle Scars \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Metis Deformity \_\_\_\_\_

## Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch

