

GET OF ENRIS

TRIBEBOOK



*A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™
Tribebook 5*

SGT. RAGE AND HIS KILLING COMMANDOS IN: **THE FALL OF THE WAR WOLVES!**

I MAY BE GET, YOU NAZI FIG. . .
BUT I'M *ALL AMERICAN!*

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RON SPENCER ©



FOR GAIA, FENRIS AND COUNTRY! KILL THE NAZI COWARDS!





SARGE! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!



THERE AREN'T ENOUGH STEEL DOORS IN THE *WORLD* TO HELP HITLER'S CRONIES NOW! LET'S TAKE 'EM DOWN, BOYS!



SOMETHING *STINKS* DOWN HERE! SMELLS LIKE *WYRM* AND *FEAR*! LET'S GIVE 'EM REASON TO BE *AFRAID*!



SARGE! LOOK OUT! IT MAY BE A TRAP!



BLUT-KRIEG! SO *THIS* IS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN *HIDING*!

AMERIKANER SCHWEIN!
YOU'VE *BETRAYED* THE GET
OF FENRIS! IF YOU WOULD
FIGHT FOR THE IMPURE
ONES, YOU ARE NO BETTER
THAN THEY ARE!



BETTER FIGHTING WITH THE JEWS THAN
TRYING TO *KILL OFF* WHOLE RACES!
HOW CAN YOU CALL YOURSELF GET...

WHEN YOU FIGHT ON THE
SIDE OF *ADOLF* AND HIS
WYRM-PATROLS!?!
WHEN YOU USE *GAS*
CHAMBERS TO DO YOUR
FIGHTING?



YOU'RE ALL JUST *COWARDS*!

COWARDS?! NOW YOU WILL *DIE*!!



IT'LL TAKE *MORE* THAN
A FEW *RATZIS* TO KILL
US, BLUT-KRIEG!



GIVE US YOUR *BEST SHOT*, YOU
TRAITOROUS FIEND! WE'LL SHOW YOU
WHAT IT *MEANS* TO BE GET!

KILL THE AMERICAN DOGS, MY *WAR*
WOLVES! IN THE NAME OF HITLER, *KILL*
THEM *ALL*! FENRIS UBER ALLES!!



EAT HOT *SILVER*, TRAITOR!

YOU DIE NOW, RAGE!
FOR DER FUHRER!

JA! FOR DER FUHRER!

BLUT-KRIEG! IT DOESN'T HAVE
TO BE THIS WAY!
WE SHOULD *FIGHT* TOGETHER
AGAINST THE *WYRM*!

MEIN GOTT!!! AARRGH!

YOU'RE *LOSING*, BLUT-
KRIEG! FENRIS IS ON
OUR SIDE!
SURRENDER NOW, AND
WE'LL *SPARE* YOUR
LIVES!

NOT *TODAY*, NAZI!



HEH HEE HEH, DER LITTLE
METIS VANTS TO FIGHT ME--

IEEARGGH!



WATCH WHO YOU'RE
CALLIN' *LITTLE*, FRITZ!



MY EYES! MY EYES!



MY EYE -- ULK!



YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED
TO *REASON*, BLUT-KRIEG!

RARRGH!



BUT INSTEAD YOU TOOK THE *COWARD*
WAY! THERE'S NO HONOR IN GENOCIDE
AGAINST DEFENSELESS PEASANTS



YOU'VE TURNED YOUR BACK ON FENRIS, THE
GET OF FENRIS AND EVEN GAIA! FOR YOUR
TREACHERY, THE ONLY PENALTY ...



... IS DEATH! WHO'S NEXT?!?



...EN. NOT SO *EASILY*, HERR RAGE.



SARGE! LOOK OUT!



THE DIRTY RAT'S STILL--

DIE, RAGE! DIE!

K-BOM!!



YOU SHOT CORPORAL! NAZI SCUM!



I'LL...



... SEE...



... YOU...



... BURN...



... IN...



... HELL!!!!!!



CORPORAL? HOLD ON, KID!!

AAARRRGH!



YOU DID REAL *GOOD* KID!
DON'T TRY TO MOVE.

SARGE... (KOFF)...
D-DID WE GET THEM?



YEAH, CORPORAL. WE
GOT THOSE BASTARDS.

HEY, SARGE...
(KOFF KOFF)
YOU LET MARY
KNOW... YOU
TELL HER THAT
... (KOFF)



YOU TELL HER THAT I...
LOVED HER...
(KOFF KOFF-GASP)



I'LL TELL HER *MORE* THAN THAT.
I'LL TELL HER YOU DIED A *HERO*.
YOU DIED LIKE A *MAN*.



YOU MAY ONLY HAVE BEEN A
METIS, CORPORAL RUNT, BUT YOU
DIED THE BEST WAY POSSIBLE.



YOU DIED FOR YOUR COUNTRY.
YOU DIED LIKE A
GET OF FENRIS!

NEXT STAR-SPANGLED ISSUE
SGT. RAGE AND HIS KILLING
COMMANDOS MEET HITLER
FACE-TO-FACE!

Get Off ENRIS™

TRIBE BOOK

Of Axe and Claw

by James Moore

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Sarah "Churchmouse" Timbrook as in "quiet as a...."



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Author's Dedication

The author would like to thank Keith Winkler for all of his assistance and enthusiasm, and Bill Bridges for making certain I didn't step on too many toes. Thanks also to my wife, Bonnie "The Black Furies are superior to the Get" Moore, for being a patient soul in an impatient world. Also to my entire family, for being fabulous Get of Fenris role models, though not quite as extreme.

This book is dedicated to the memory of Karl Edward Wagner. You died too soon, sir. Take Asgard by storm!

Get of Fenris™

TRIBE BOOK

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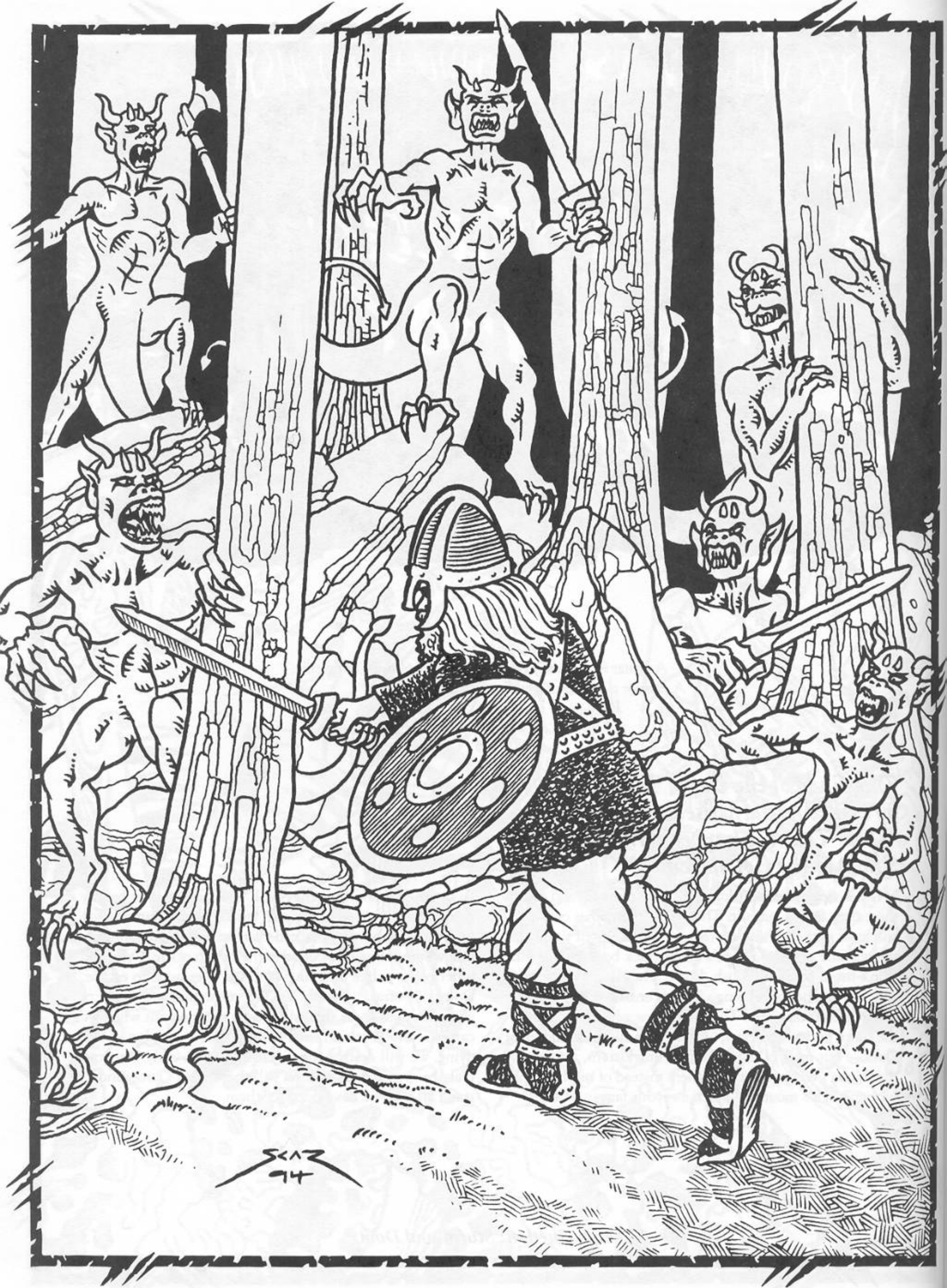
Introduction: Sturm und Dom (Storm and Doom)

*A fighter is one who fights simply for the pleasure of fighting.
A warrior is one who fights because he must.*
—Japanese saying

The Saga of the Get of Fenris, as told by Erik-Westfal-Wisetongue-Speaks- With-Truth, Thunder of Mjolnir, Skald of the Get of Fenris

Listen up, you morons! There's a lot to learn, and only a short time left to learn it. There are other tribes of Garou, and most of them think we're mad, that we fight simply for the pleasure of feeling a foe's bones crack beneath our fists. Don't listen to their foolish drivel! They don't understand the glory and honor of being a Get of Fenris, nor do they truly comprehend Ragnarok. There are a few who come close — the Black Furies, and even, Gaia help us all, the Children of Gaia — but most of them are mewling kittens, waiting for the Wurm's teeth to come to them instead of reaching into Jormangundr's mouth to pluck away his fangs.

Let them believe as they will. Let them call us by any names they choose. They are weak. Their opinions are useless. They haven't realized that we are all going to die, that we are going to be buried in the stench of the Wurm and suffer pains unlike anything we could ever hope to escape. Do not be afraid of death. Do not cower at the thought of pain. Revel in these things! Live for the moment when we can face the Wurm in final combat and know that in our dying, we will destroy the Great Devourer. Only then can Gaia be at peace. Only then will the weaker Garou understand all that we have done for them.



Chapter One: Dreyrugr Spor (Bloody Pawprints)

That was early in the beginning times, when the gods had not yet created Midgard and built Valhalla.

— The Edda of Snorri Sturluson (trans. by Keith Winkler)

The Fimbul Winter — the Final Winter — comes. The Fenris Winter is almost here. Learn your lessons well, know the faces of your enemies and know their weaknesses. Know the feel of fomori fangs in your flesh, and the touch of a Leech's fangs in your throat. Know the mages for what they are and how they can twist the world to do their bidding. Seek your enemies and fight them well, for only in facing your foes can you understand the truth about their lies.

Find combat where others would flee, and feel the Rage burn brightly, for the Fenris Winter will be cold, and you will need your Rage to warm you. Learn the soft spots of the Wyrmlings and be ready to use those secrets to your advantage, for the time of the Final Winter is near. Some have seen it in the Spirit World: their breath mists over in the coming cold. The prophecies will be fulfilled. Great Fenris will be free, and with him we will paint the world red with the blood of our enemies.

The Distant Past

Where do we come from? We come from Germany, from Scandinavia, from Iceland, and from a dozen other parts of the world. The history of our roving is as much a part of our heritage as anything the humans write about our Kinfolk in their history books.

We were not the first Garou, but we will be the last. Some say that we are merely a branch that evolved from the Silver Fangs. Few have said this to the face of any Get and lived to brag about the insult. We know better. Ages ago, Great Fenris created us as a favor to Gaia. Gaia was displeased by the humans who slaughtered her wolf children, wearing their skins for warmth and leaving the meat to rot or feed the carrion crows. The humans rarely slaughtered the wolves for food or survival. Instead, they killed for sport and to prove their paltry valor.

Fenris called us his Get, and demanded that we serve as Gaia's Claws, destroying the weak and feeding on the corrupt. In those days, Fenris still roamed free and often led his children in glorious bloody battles. From him, we learned how best to cull the weak from the flocks of humans. Humans fell before us, victims of the Impergium.

But we were both wolf and human. We learned many of the ways of the Nordic people, those who were the strongest and fiercest, those who resisted the Impergium well. We learned to live among them, to fight with them, and we chose from them the Kinfolk we deemed worthy. Does this sound arrogant to you? It should, for we are the Get of Fenris and our destiny is to kill Jormangundr in the time of Ragnarok.

From the first days, the Ahrouns have led us, for they are the strongest and the most savage. There are many who feel this is wrong, that others should be allowed to lead the tribe. I say to you what has always been said to the whiners: If you can take the leader down in honorable combat, than you can lead us.

The greatest heroes of Viking lore were actually Get of Fenris. We have tolerated the dilution of the truth among the humans only for the sake of the Concord. I can see it in your eyes... you feel that the Concord was a mistake. Many agree with you, but the decision was made before our time of power.

But I am getting ahead of myself. The Get of Fenris have been around longer even than the Vikings. The tales are a great deal older than you might imagine. They go much farther back than human archaeologists believe. They say the Norsemen were not really a cohesive people until 200 B.C., but this is wrong. We kept the Weaver from our Kinfolk longer than most tribes protected their flocks, and thus our people left no writing or proof of their ways until later. We are proud that we are thus able to hide the oldest secrets from the human scientists.

We walked the earth and roamed the barren wastes of the Northlands hundreds of years before the Iron Age. We have changed a lot along the way. In those times, we were simply called the Sons of the Wolf, or the Fenrir.

When our tribe arrived in the north, they discovered weak humans. If these humans were to be part of our flocks, they had to be hardened. Thus we began our lessons. We taught them to coat their hearts with ice, and let only the fires of their own hearths melt it. For dangers lurked everywhere, and a weak heart asked for death. Only among family and pack can one relax. All others are to be distrusted.

There were a few Garou in the area, but they were weak, like the humans, and we destroyed them. No one is certain, but many believe they were leftovers from the so called Pure Ones. Back in those days, when the Northlands were still in the grip of the Ice Age, the lands were harsh and food was hard to find. The Garou in the area had even given up on hunting properly, and kept their herds penned in, destroying the balance that Gaia had created. The Fenrir took the ways of the local Garou as signs of the Wyrms, and slaughtered many, driving others far from the lands we had claimed as our own. Some of the elders in the tribe say there were White Howlers among those we drove away. More likely, they were Fianna. If they were Howlers, then it is good we were rid of them before they could corrupt our chosen home.

The Demands of Fenris

Now you're messing with a son of a bitch.

— Nazareth, "Hair of the Dog"

Not long after we settled in the north, Fenris came to make a few demands. He called for weapons made of metal, and so we learned to smelt bronze. He demanded that we improve our fighting skills, and, to keep Fenris happy, we did just that. There was no one who could match us, but that did not matter. The Wyrms started playing dirty around the same time and, as Banes

and other creatures started creeping around in the woods, we got our first taste of the Wyrms' blood. Leeches lurked in the area, fleeing from other parts of Europe, and we taught them that they did not belong here.

The Bronze Age was hard on the Fenrir, but that was to be expected. Those who fell in battle were remembered in song and poem, and great moots were held in their honor. Those who died a coward's death were stricken from all of our records, the oral and the rare written ones as well. There is no place in the tribe for cowards. This much has not changed since those ancient times.

Our ancestors followed Gaia's plan as well, cultivating forests in areas that had been all but barren, making certain that the Wyld had a chance to grow strong again after the Ice Age—the punishment Gaia had to use to stave off the Wyrms' foul advances. In those days the Weaver was almost unknown.

The faeries grew strong in the area, and we became friends with some of them, and enemies with others. Around the same time, we were getting familiar with iron weapons, a trick that the Dvergar—the Dwarves—taught us well. We made bitter enemies among the Trolls and the Jotunn—the Giants. Both groups felt they were better than us, more qualified to watch over the land and willing to smash our Kinfolk in the process. Most of you already understand how important our Kinfolk are these days. They were just as important back then. So when the Jotunn came in raids to steal our women, we smashed them back down.



In the Iron Age, we perfected our ways as the true warriors of Gaia. Everything before that was just a game in comparison. The Wyrms' minions came in force, this time working in unison, often ruled by Leeches. They brought iron of their own, and silver as well. For a few centuries, it was uncertain who would hold the land. But in the end, we held out, and put the Wyrms in retreat. For a short time...

The Roman Invasions

The Romans tried to conquer our southern lands. We had a Rotagar — a Ragabash — who ran around from place to place, never staying where he belonged. He came to the aid of Arminius when the Romans started getting nasty. There was a tribe of humans, called the Cherusci, that the Rotagar watched over. While they were good Kinfolk, both savage and remorseless in combat, they had no Get with them at the time the Romans came. They lived in the nasty, rough terrain of the Teutoburg Forest.

Well, Publius Quinctillius Varus, a pompous general with a snotty name, came to the area with three full legions under his command, and got ready to march right over the people in the area. When the New Moon learned of the attack, he decided to give the people a little help.

He called on the leaders of the area septs and asked for any pups in need of the Rite of Passage. He found seven total. The pups were joined together in combat in order to help the Cherusci. That was the first time a Rite of Passage among the Get was a joint challenge instead of a solitary quest, but it wouldn't be the last. None of the legions survived.

Arminius pointed out to the seven rankless Garou a narrow canyon through which the Roman soldiers had to pass in order to reach his tribe's land: the perfect site for an ambush. The human tribesmen, lining the walls above the canyon, watched over the Get of Fenris as they met the approaching legions, prepared to pick off the survivors of the pups' fury. The legends say Arminius' tribe had only a few dozen to worry about.

The Fall

The Roman Empire fell hard because the Get of Fenris, along with the Black Furies and the Fianna, brought the Wyrms-ridden empire to its knees. A long series of battles against the Romans unified our tribes for the first time in centuries. We had found others who were enraged by the foul, crushing weight of the Wyrms' personal army.

I see I need to explain myself here; I can see the confusion in your eyes. We have always been aware of the other tribes, and we have been allied with some; but we seldom bothered with the others in those distant times. We were busy establishing ourselves as a power in the Northlands. There were Get in other parts of the world — in Russia and Gaul — but they were emissaries, not leaders.

The Fianna and the Black Furies fought well, and for a time we were close allies. But the relationship ended after we crushed the Wyrms' Empire, and the other tribes attempted to force

their own beliefs upon us. We were too set in our ways, and they were too set in theirs. There could never have been a long-time alliance, for the other tribes refused to acknowledge our superiority. We had too many problems to settle in our own lands to teach them the error of their ways.

The End of the Mythic Age

Just when things seemed their worst, the first of our tribe to call himself a Get of Fenris came around to set things right. He was favored by Fenris, there is no doubt about that. When the Roman Legions were trying to force their way into our lands, along with the Leeches and the Wyrmlings, a brave Garou was chosen by Fenris to lead us in glorious bloody combat.

He came from Denmark, bringing with him everlasting honor and glory that are examples to us all. His full Garou name was Get-of-Fenris-Slays-Grendel. In the human legends, he is known simply as Beowulf.

No one can say for certain what Grendel was, but the nasty creature served the Wyrms and worked with the Leeches. It even worked with mages, and supposedly could call upon the dead to do its bidding. Some say Beowulf actually faced Grendel alone, after his entire pack was torn apart by the Wyrmling. Others say he was the only one to survive the battle against Grendel. No one knows for sure. But he did tear the monster apart, and killed the foul thing's mother, too. With Beowulf leading the way, there was no doubt that our time had come.

It was in this time that the Fey fled their homes all over the world. Only a few still remain. Do not harm them unless they stink of the Wyrms. They were our allies once, and the time will come when we shall join with them again.

The forces of Jormangundr were driven back, and the Get learned to fight together in those times, learned to understand the importance of military strategy and to appreciate the feel of a good weapon in a blood-stained paw. However, some Leeches still remained deep in the woods; they are still there today. That will change in time. They will soon know the fury of the Get, and learn the meaning of fear.

Get-of-Fenris-Slays-Grendel's most important accomplishment was to drive the mages out of the Black Forest. There was a place of mage power in the Schwarzwald, where they used the blood of Kinfolk and Garou alike to hide their secrets and to steal power from our kind. Beowulf learned of the Verbena witches. He traveled to Germany from his native home in Denmark. By that point, he was the leader of both his pack and the entire tribe. Beowulf ordered the witches to flee. They scoffed at his threats, casting fires from the sky with the aim to destroy him. He was grievously wounded, but this did not stop him from calling the Get to arms and leading the battle to drive the witches away from the Black Forest.

Many years later, Beowulf died a hero's death. The humans say he battled the Fire Dragon to save the Geats, his human tribe. They are right. Get-of-Fenris-Slays-Grendel died to save



the Fenrir from one of the Great Zmei, the Forgotten Dragon Who is Nameless. The Silver Fang of Russia claim it was but a baby that Beowulf killed, but we know it was the greatest of all the Zmei yet, more powerful than the Silver Fang can imagine. If Beowulf had not killed the monster, it would have carved its name across the world. But Beowulf was triumphant. The creature was destroyed and its name with it, as our Godi had bidden for reasons of their own.

To honor this greatest of heroes, the Fenrir changed the name of their tribe to the Get of Fenris. When Get-of-Fenris-Slays-Grendel died, the newly-named Get of Fenris found themselves without a leader, and so Great Fenris called upon the Ahrouns to do battle. Each pack, each sept, selected a champion from among their numbers. The combatants met beneath a harvest moon, and all fought as fiercely as any Get ever. When the struggle was finished, only one champion was left standing. He earned the right to lead us all, and was called Blood-Rage from that day forward. His Great-Grandson, Erik Thorvaldson, called Eric the Red, later discovered Greenland, and claimed it for the Get of Fenris.

The Viking Era (750–1050 AD)

When the Vikings came into power, we were there with them. The other tribes ignored the Get of Fenris up until that point, but no longer would we be treated as a lesser tribe. Once again, Fenris made himself known to us. He demanded that we begin culling the weak of other lands, for the other tribes had become lax in this purpose. By then, the Get were physically superior to most other Garou: we were stronger, and our life in the north had prepared us to survive even the harshest living conditions.

We moved into all parts of Europe, testing the strength of other Garou, slaying those too weak to hold their caerns, and celebrating with the ones who matched us in ferocity. We traveled with our Viking Kinfolk, using their raids to cover our own retributions. Meanwhile, we culled the weak from the lands we raided.

Leif Eriksson, son of Eric the Red, went as far as America in those times. Many claim he was lost, and landed there by mistake, but the Get know better. Leif knew where America was because a Kinfolk of his, Bjarni Herjolfsson, had actually gotten lost, and had come upon this land of the "Pure Ones." The Pure Ones took offense to the Kinfolk of the Get, and chased them away.

Leif took the insult personally, as all good Get are offended by attacks against their Kinfolk. Fenris had demanded that we cull the weak from all the lands, and so Leif took this opportunity to challenge the naive Native Americans. Leif and his pack swept into the Pure Lands. They remained there for three years, smashing down all attackers until they were certain their point had been made. You'll hear that the Vikings were driven away from America, fearing for their lives, but that is not the case. They stayed only long enough to track down and destroy all the fools who had assaulted their Kinfolk.

Other Vikings came to the Americas, but they left of their own volition when they realized the lands held nothing of great value. The Skraelings, the ones who called themselves the Pure Ones, were filthy little savages who had nothing better to offer than a few furs in trade. No Get or Viking ever needed to trade for a fur, so we left.

We made friends and enemies alike in Europe. We joined with those of our tribe who had never settled in the Northlands, and reaffirmed our alliance with the Silver Fangs, who by virtue of their pure breeding had traditionally been the leaders over even our tribe in intra-tribal matters. They were weaker than us by then, but they were also wise and noble, well prepared to lead the other tribes.

We reintroduced ourselves to the Romans — or what remained of them — and avenged ourselves against their earlier attempts to conquer our lands. We would have overwhelmed them completely, if not for the Black Furies. There was no love lost between our tribes, for they had grown proud and foolhardy since the fall of the Roman Empire. They deny it now, but it was only because we felt sorry for the bitch-wolves that we spared them the worst of our wrath. I've heard talk about how we supposedly helped the humans burn Black Furies as witches, and I can tell you matter-of-factly that those tales are nothing but lies; the Get of Fenris are warriors, and even the craftiest Rotagar would never stoop that low.

The Red Talons met our standards as warriors, but had to be forced to leave our Kinfolk alone. There were a few bloody battles between our tribes, but in the long run we came to an understanding. We have much in common with the Red Talons: we both know how to use our Rage as a tool for combat, and we both understand the need for slowing the humans' expansion.

Britain and the Get of Fenris

Eventually we made our way to the British Isles, and it was a damned good thing we arrived when we did. No sooner had we smashed down the human resistance in the area, claiming land as our own and rescuing several caerns, then the Wyrms made its presence known in the worst possible way. The Wyrms-corrupted Black Spiral Dancers were attempting to expand their Scottish stronghold, forcing the Fianna away from their own caerns and bringing every foul creature they could with them. If it had not been for our presence, the Fianna would have fallen before them.

Now, I need to explain a little here. The White Howlers were brave warriors, and they had done many great deeds in their time. They and the Fianna had much in common. We have always respected the Fianna as worthy enemies — weaker than us, certainly, but worthy enough opponents. They believe, as we do, that the only way to win a war is to actually fight the battles. They drink too much, and they spend too much time singing happy songs and sleeping with whatever will have them, but they are almost capable warriors when the need arises. And I say almost because they didn't manage to drive the Romans away, but instead were forced into subjugation.

Rather than suffer this fate, the Howlers sent their best forward to fight the Wyrms in a battle to the finish. They failed. All either died or surrendered to the Wyrms. The White Howlers were gone when we arrived in Britain, their Kinfolk stunted and warped by the Wyrms. They were weak. We remember the Howlers no longer. Their name is as dirt.

The Fianna proved themselves to us in those days. Despite their love of song and drink, they exchanged their harps for weapons when the time came to drive the Dancers back into the Wyrms pits from which they had come. Since then, however, the Fianna have repeatedly proven themselves to be drunkards and fools.

Many Get and Fianna died in those battles, but their deaths were necessary to stop the Black Spiral Dancers from destroying all of Britain. Most Get, and I, myself, included, believe that if we had not been sent by Fenris to cull the weaklings of other tribes, if we had not moved outward from Scandinavia, the Fianna would have been forced into the service of Jormangandr. They let themselves fall too often to the vices the Wyrms has set forth. They still need watching over.

The time of the Vikings was glorious, but all things, both good and bad alike, must eventually come to an end. The Vikings were not prepared for the world at large. They spread themselves too thin. In time, they lost control of many of the lands they had held so strongly, and so were forced to leave them. In some cases the Get left with them, returning to the Northlands, but in others, we stayed behind to maintain our vigil against the Wyrms. Many Get live in Britain even today. They are a deadly lot indeed. They must be, for the Wyrms is still strong in many parts of the British Isles.

There are still parts of Europe where people are primarily blond-haired and blue-eyed, and in those areas where our Kinfolk live we are still strong. Despite what many have said about us, we do not seek war with the other tribes. We simply make certain they are strong enough to face the final battle that lies ahead. Also, we do not tolerate insults from lesser tribes. There are too many who are willing to throw insults our way.

The Binding of Fenris

No one can give an exact date, but at some time during the reign of the Vikings, Great Fenris was barred from returning to the Gaia-Realm. He was forced to stay in the Umbra and guide us from afar. While he could send Avatars to our aid, he could no longer come himself to teach us.

Most agree that this was a result of the Wyrms' foul operations, a plan that worked too well. Few of the Incarna are free to walk here anymore; instead, they are forced to use us as their physical warriors. Do not view as a sign of weakness; instead, think of it as a sign of the Wyrms' power. Many claim that the mages had something to do with the division of the worlds, and with the imprisonment of Fenris and the other totems. I do not believe this. They are only humans, and most do not understand the mysteries of the separated worlds.

Fenris was bound through treachery. The legends say that when Great Fenris came and told us to cull the weak from other lands, one among us, called Tyr, stood and said that we had no right to do so. He claimed that the time for war was over, and threw down his sword. Fenris contemplated Tyr's words, and then asked him if he would prefer to live without his guidance. Tyr imagined how life without Great Fenris would be, and begged forgiveness for his actions. I should explain that he had help in his decision: many of the Get offered to make an example of him by way of apology to the Wolf-Father.

Fenris demanded a sacrifice, and Tyr offered to give his hand. Fenris then bit the hand off, and by that allowed that Tyr was forgiven. But Tyr went on whining about his paw long after, bearing resentment in his heart. For this reason, he was seduced to the Wyrms' ways. Later, begging to speak with Great Fenris, he led the Wyrms' minions into Fenris' lair, and they bound the Wolf-Father in chains, thus preventing him from entering Gaia's realm again.

The Delirium fear has caused the humans to warp the truth of this tale. To them, Great Fenris is a monster, righteously bound by the simpering, so-called gods. This act was led by Tyr, who is supposedly a hero for losing his hand in the process. It never ceases to surprise me how foolish humans are, how their fear leads them to create all sorts of false truths. Only weaklings could believe Fenris was a monster, rather than our great leader.

I have seen Garou torn to pieces for daring to call another of the Get by Tyr's name, and if you ever want to commit suicide, that's probably one of the best ways to do it. From that day forth, Fenris has demanded that those he chooses must continue to pay the price for Tyr's folly. The Hand of Tyr are the most savage of all Get of Fenris. They concentrate on fighting against the Wyrms in the foulest places. Never doubt that the Hand of Tyr is fearless; they must be to overcome the name they have chosen for themselves.

The Rifts

I heard screamin' and bullwhips

Cracking

How long? How Long?

— Neil Young, "Southern Man"

The first split in relations between the Get of Fenris came when the settlers in America broke away from Great Britain. There were a good number of the Get in the Colonies, some from Germany and Scandinavia and some from Britain. We had little trouble recognizing each other. We settled in areas where we could live in the climates we were used to. The area that would later become the New England states was ideal for us, and despite a few arguments with the Wendigo tribe—we won, for they had grown soft over the centuries—we were happy.

But when our American Kinfolk decided they needed to war against Britain, we did as we have always done and stood ready to fight with them. This did not make the Get of Fenris in

Britain happy, but there was little they could do from across the ocean. A few came with the reinforcement troops sent over by the humans, and attempted to explain their position to us in traditional Get fashion. You can still find the places where they are buried, but you have to look closely.

The arguments lasted sometime, and feelings were hurt. No surprise; the Get hate to lose more than just about anything. But eventually the rift was repaired and communications started again. Besides, we were still too damned busy dealing with the "Pure Ones" to hold grudges, and the British Get still had the Dancers to worry about.

As a result, when the Fangs of Garm arose to stop the more determined Get from wiping out the Native American tribes, we were divided once more. The Fangs of Garm were strongest in Michigan and the Midwest, and the camp would have been very short-lived had they not reminded us of the Croatan tribe's great sacrifice. Though for some Get the idea of listening to reason is almost foreign, we do understand the need to remember the valiant, even if they are from weaker tribes. For the sake of the Croatan, the Get permitted the Wendigo and Uktena to live. We did not, however, make their lives easier as a result of this decision. Great Fenris gave us a mission, and we will continue with that mission until Ragnarok is nothing but a distant memory.

The Get of Fenris also played their part in the shaping of the United States and Canada, though our involvement in Canadian affairs was rather limited. Canada suits the Get of Fenris. The land is often harsh and the winters are brutal, so much like the Northlands we came from. Also, the wolf population still permits us a fair number of wolf Kinfolk.

The second fracture in Get relations came after the Civil War. The war was primarily a human conflict; the Get joined in the conflict whenever their Kinfolk needed protection or as a cover in fighting the Wyrms.

It was after the war that yet another division occurred. After the abolition of slavery, a few Get decided they were tired of having to deal with the lesser races. They formed a camp called the Swords of Heimdall. Many of this camp bore the taint of the Wyrms in many cases, though others were simply confused, and willing to follow the fools who cried for blood.

Be sure of this: The Get of Fenris are warriors. We thrive on combat and live to crush our foes. But there are those among us who believe that combat is everything. They are the ones who give us a bad name. Certainly, we should not tolerate the cowardly, nor should we tolerate the minions of the Wyrms. But there are some who will find any excuse for combat, and if no valid excuses are available, they will invent tales to justify their actions.

I do not see this as a fault so much as a part of our nature. The blood of heroes runs in our veins, and as times change and the world becomes more civilized, with more conveniences and fewer direct threats, the Get of Fenris must start looking for fights. This mentality has faded some over the years, but there are still a few who would see battle simply for the sake of battle. At the time of the Civil War, there were simply not enough

enemies in the south to make some Get happy. The Wyrms were learning new tricks, and hiding itself better: The Pure Ones had fled to the west to escape our attempts to make them stronger, and the humans slaves had been broken by chains and whips, fodder for the Wyrms' worst temptations. How can a man be made strong when he is broken? There was simply not enough violence to satisfy the Rage of some Get.

For a time, the Get were forced to fight one another, for many Get saw the taint of the Swords of Heimdall. It was the westward expansion, more than anything else, that halted this rivalry. There was simply too much else to do, too many other important tasks awaiting us. Many of the Get took to the west and fought against the Wendigo and Uktena again. The lands were harsh and suited well our need to struggle. Here, we could set up our holdings and raise strong families.

In time, the wounds of our inner division healed and again the Get spoke to one another with words instead of claws. But the scar caused by Heimdall's Sword remains, and is still in danger of infection from Jormangundr's poisons.

World War I

The American Get decided not to fight in this war. What's this, you say? A Get ignoring a war? But to the American Get, it was a human problem. Their Kinfolk were not involved — at least, not at first — and so there was no reason for them to be.

However, Scandinavia and Germany fought against each other, and the Get in both these lands believed their Kinfolk were right. They allowed themselves to be drawn into human affairs, and that is always a mistake.

The American Get chose not to make matters worse, even when our own Kinfolk were sent to fight in the war. There were matters to deal with here, especially toward the west, where Leeches were trying to swarm into the continent. In Mexico, the Uktena called for help and we gave what we could. The people in the United States were trying to decide too many things about themselves, and we opted to stay in the country and make certain that no one went too far down the trackless path of the Wyrms.

Besides, the war soon became an excuse to reinstitute the Impergium in Europe. The American Get knew this experiment would be short-lived. But another chance would come...

World War II

There's somethin' wrong with the world today

I don't know what it is

Something's wrong with our eyes

— Aerosmith, "Livin' On The Edge"

A final rift broke the Get of Fenris into many camps during the Second World War. For the first time, the

division between Get went beyond mere skirmishes and evolved into a full-scale conflict. Times had been very difficult for the Get in Germany before the war started. The Get of Europe were torn apart, for many believed the propaganda of Adolf Hitler, and joined his conquest to see an end to all races that were not pure.

Let's get this straight: The Get are not racial bigots; we just don't like to see our Kinfolk spread too thinly. We kept ourselves separated from others for a long time, for we wanted our Kinfolk to be strong as well. Perhaps too strong. Some Get do believe that genocide is a rational way to protect our Kinfolk, but they are only a small portion of our tribe. Genocide is cowardly and pathetic. Our duty is not to destroy the weak, but to make the weak stronger. Jormangundr is not picky; he will find allies anywhere, even among our own. We are superior because we strive for perfection, not for the skin color or the religious beliefs of our Kinfolk.

While a few Get fell to the Wyrms, sucked in by stupid human propaganda, none can argue that their methods were so cowardly as to fall below the likes of even the most conniving Shadow Lords. Great Fenris had long ago charged us to cull the weakest from all tribes, and hone the survivors to become as great as we are. What Hitler and the Get who joined him wanted was nothing less than the extermination of entire races, both Garou and human alike.

The Get of Germany who did not follow the little madman called to the American Get and even traveled by Moon Bridge to plead their case. I will note, however, that they did not call on the U.S. and British Get until they realized that they were losing the battle against Hitler's great army. We then joined with other tribes as seldom before, and marched upon our homelands with the weight of our Rage burning in our hearts.

Of course, there were practical reasons why we had to stop our own, for if we did not, the retribution of the other tribes would have been terrible. It is foolish to believe that we could have killed so many of their flock and not seen a reaction from them. The Silver Fangs were once more a paragon of their former glory, rallying the Garou about them to stop our German brethren. Even the Shadow Lords were to be feared, for they had lost more of their Kinfolk to Hitler's marches than any of us, and the desire for revenge seethed within them. And some of the tribes used the war to once again wage the Impergium. Woe to any troops caught in the no-man's land where the Red Talons hunted.

The Get who followed Hitler were many, but far more opposed him. The war was brutal, and the loss to both sides was almost too much for the tribe to handle, but in the end, we made most of the Get see their mistake. Once the German Get learned of the concentration camps and the terrors performed on Garou by the Nazi's scientists, they turned away from the mouth of Jormangundr and returned to the proper ways.

The Get Today

Brothers will fight and they will kill each other,

Cousins will commit incest,

The battles will be hard for heroes,

and great whoredom will abound.

Age of the battle axe, age of the sword,

Shields split by violence.

Age of the storm, age of the wolf

All of this shall come to pass before the world falls into ruin

— The Edda of Snorri Sturluson (trans. by Keith Winkler)

The mission set before us by Great Fenris is not easy, nor should it be. We have made our lives into a conquest of any tribe too weak to stop us, and our brutal ways have made us strong. While other tribes ran and hid, we always stood ready to face the enemies of Gaia, and we have watched those enemies fall. We have challenged all of the other tribes, and we have seen the ones that are weak: the Wendigo, the Black Spiral Dancers, the Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers. They fear us because we are strong. They accuse us of brutality because they are unprepared for the challenges we set before them, because we alone refuse to hide from combat when the time comes for bloodshed.

The other tribes claim that we are mindless killing machines, but they spend too much time scheming in dark rooms and trying to sneak past the Wyrms instead of simply tearing Jormangundr's putrid heart from his chest! The Warriors of Gaia must never be weak. Even as we long for peace we must call for war. Let the other tribes play their foolish political games, let them thrive like cockroaches in the hearts of the Scabs, growing soft because they no longer understand the need to hunt and to kill. Let them breed with weaker races and raise their young as "civilized people." In the end they will understand that we are right, that there can be no peace without sacrifice, that there can be no pleasure without pain.

We will lead them in battle and they will follow us as they always have, fearing the threats we know are commonplace because they have never sought the Wyrms in its own foul nest.

We will bring the war to them. We will call them forth for Ragnarok and show them the ways of combat. We will watch them run and hide, fearing for their worthless hides while we bathe in the blood of the Wyrms and feast on the entrails of Jormangundr's followers. Those few who are worthy will fight with us, and we will accept them as family. Those who die a coward's death shall lay unburied in the fields of battle, reviled and despised as weaklings.

Ragnarok is upon us, and the time for friendship is past. Those who would flee from us must be destroyed, for surely they would fall to Jormangundr's wiles. Those that would fight us must be taught the error of their ways, and those who ignore us must be made to remember that we are here, no matter the cost. Those who would be our leaders must prove themselves in honorable combat.

Have no fear of death, for beyond death there is Valhalla. Valhalla, where Fenris waits for us, calling to his Get and

sharpening the weapons that will help us in the final conflict. For each of us that falls, Ragnarok comes one moment closer. Do not fear Ragnarok. Instead, prepare for it. Know that Ragnarok is your destiny and the final time when Jormangundr will fall before our might.

The Get are divided; they fight among themselves as well as among the other Garou. Some demand the Impergium be brought back; some have even started enforcing it again. This is the first sign of Ragnarok. The metis population among Garou increases. Perhaps this increase is brought about by too long a time away from Kinfolk and too much time with packs of mixed heritage. This too is a sign of Ragnarok. The Garou must fight against greater odds than ever before, and they must fight Pentex, the greatest whore to capitalism that has ever existed. These too are signs. So far as the Get of Fenris is concerned, Ragnarok is coming.

It would be presumptuous to say that we are the only ones who have seen the signs, for most Garou openly admit that the Apocalypse is here. Are we simply following the majority in this case and drawing upon facts from our own beliefs to find support for our fears? I don't think so. I believe that the final times are indeed upon us. The human Vikings had many legends about Ragnarok, and in many ways they coincide with our own. Both agree that, in the final days, Great Fenris will be released from his bonds, although the Vikings considered this a bad thing. No one can honestly blame them for their fear: the genetic memory of the Impergium is still strong.

Ragnarok is when Great Fenris will finally be freed from the chains that hold him back, where the Wolf will again know the taste of raw meat and the feel of bones shattering beneath his awesome fangs. We are the Get of Fenris, the children of the Dire Wolf.

Fenris will be released, and as our own sayings tell, he will call forth the Fenris Winter, called the Fimbul Winter by the humans, and he will slay Wotan, the greatest of the Viking gods. But let us not forget that the Vikings, despite their many admirable qualities, were only human. Because they did not understand the meaning of Wotan, they could not understand the necessity for his destruction. He was the greatest of their gods, but he is also the bringer of death. Wotan is another name for Man. He is a god of the humans. The prophecies say simply that Fenris will destroy the humans. The most likely means for this destruction is, of course, the Get of Fenris.

In last few decades, almost all signs from the Rite of the Three Wells have revealed the same image again and again. This image scares some of the Get, but not all of us are frightened by it. The image shows Fenris consuming Wotan. Both comprise countless thousands of beings: Fenris is an amalgamation of our tribe, and Wotan contains the sum of humanity. The death of Wotan does not necessarily mean the literal death of all humans. It could just as well mean the end of the domination of the human race on Gaia. Only time will tell which interpretation is correct.

But enough of that. The Get are separated, and the time of Ragnarok is near. Some fools in the Get believe we will be reunited as one tribe after Ragnarok. This new tribe will

allegedly lead us out of danger and into safety, destroying the Wyrms along the way.

These same dreamers claim that the Get as a whole have refused women the right to fight as Modi — Ahroun — for the tribe. I will make clear to you right now what has always been clear to the Get who follow their traditions properly: The females among our tribe have the same rights as the males. Just like the males, they must prove themselves worthy of any title they fight for. Auspice is auspice; if a woman is born under the full moon and is not called an Ahroun, that is her choice. It is not something that any self-respecting Get would force on her. Regardless of auspice, we are all warriors first. Even the Ragabash are warriors; they just don't always fight the same way.

There are rumors of a camp within our ranks, the Valkyria of Freya, which allegedly fights against us, working in secret with the Black Furies to gain equal rights. If they have joined together to oppose the perceived chauvinism of the Get, then they are fools. The only women among the Get who have anything to complain about are those will not fight for their rights. Life in our tribe is not meant to be pleasurable. It is meant to be harsh, in preparation for the Fenris Winter.

Ragnarok

*The sun will grow black, the earth sinks into the sea.
High in the heavens, stars disappear,
Smoke and nourisher of life rage,
Tall flames lick against heaven itself.
Here it is said: At the field called Vigrithr, a battle takes place.
Surtur and Jormangundr battle against the gods,
Vigrithr is 600 miles on each side,
A field is set aside for this purpose.*

— The Edda of Snorri Sturluson (trans. by Keith Winkler)

Ragnarok is soon upon us — has already started. Know the following things to be true, and know that they are what the Get of Fenris have strived for all along: Valhalla is real. It waits for us in the Umbra. Also waiting for us is Vigrithr, the field where we shall fight and defeat the Midgard Serpent, Jormangundr, the Wyrms.

Vigrithr is a field of battle prepared by Fenris, a place in the Spirit World where we will fight our final battle against the Wyrms, and break the foul embrace it has upon Gaia. We are not likely to survive this greatest of battles, but Gaia will be saved. Many believe the Fimbul Winter will come as a result of nuclear war. The fires will indeed reach the heavens, and many stars will be extinguished. But that is not the end of Gaia. She will sleep, She will have a time of rest, a time to recover from Her great wounds, and She will come back again, as strong as ever, and freed from the Wyrms' poisons.

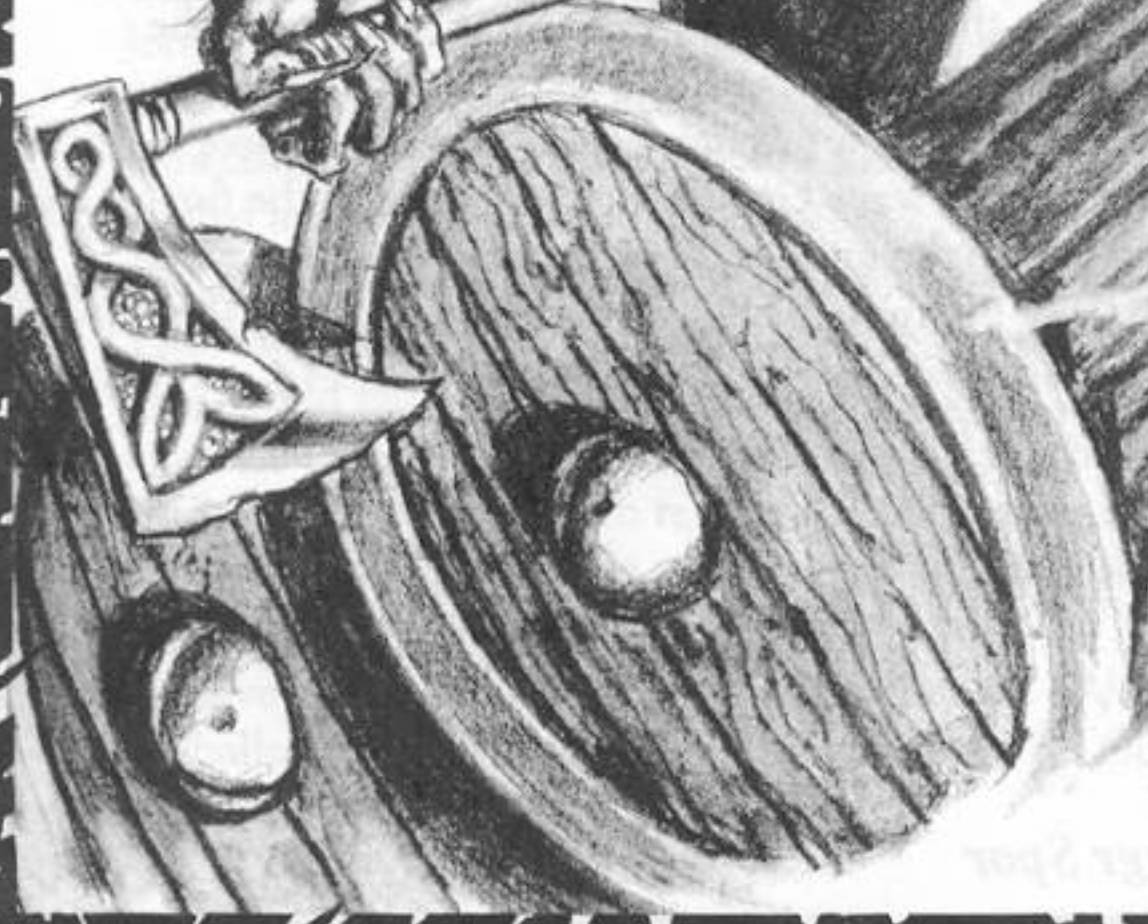


The time of the humans will end, and Gaia will again find a way to flourish and to grow. The Garou will have peace. We will all be born into the world again, for even in times of peace, Gaia will always need her defenders.

Ragnarok is not to be feared, but rather to be revered. Ragnarok is the end of the Wyrms' dominion, the time when balance will be restored and the Umbra and the Gaia Realm will once more be as one, as it was before the Wyrms went mad. The Weaver will be put right, and the Wyld shall again be strong and healthy.

I say this to you one more time: Do not fear death, for death is only the first step on the way to Valhalla and the great battle at Vigrithr, where all will be put right for Gaia. Do not fear combat, for we must train as few ever have to earn the right to serve Great Fenris and Gaia in the final war and to reap the rewards that will come thereafter. The time is soon. Be strong. Be brave. And know that we shall have peace when Ragnarok is ended.

The Get Ready



Chapter Two: Krieg Lager (War Camps)

Be Aggressive,

B-E Aggressive

B-E-A-G-G-R-E-S-S-I-V-E!

— Faith No More, "Be Aggressive"

There is no such thing as peace. Peace is a fool's dream that serves no purpose but to lull us into false relaxation, so that the Wyrms can catch us napping. Throw any stupid ideas about a carefree life away before your Rite of Passage. Fenris did not create the Fenrir to live a soft life. He created us to fight for Gaia, and that is what we do. We have never had it easy.

Battle Scars

No Get of Fenris is considered worthy until he bears scars. Battle scars are a sign of prowess; you must earn them in the only way possible — by risking everything to prove your worth as a warrior against a true threat. Most of the Get receive their first battle scars during their Rite of Passage, for our rite is dangerous: it would kill members of lesser tribes. Get never back down from a fight, and as a result most Get manage to earn more scars than other tribes' warriors. Some even gain their scars during informal moots, playing the games. We do not play nicely.

Virtues

You've heard of the American Dream? Well forget about it! It's a load of crap! A wet dream for the weak. If you want something, then you work for it. That means if you want a new house, you build it with your own hands, because when that house is finished, it is something to be proud of. When you get a job, you don't sit behind a desk for eight hours a day groveling at the feet of your boss in the hopes of a promotion. You work the fields. You plant and tend your harvest, because when you are done no bread will ever taste as sweet as the bread made from wheat you planted and protected. If you can't own it outright, then you don't need it!

I know many Get who work in construction and raise skyscrapers for the humans. But even that is all right, because they own the companies, and you'd better goddamned well believe those buildings meet every possible requirement to keep Gaia as unscathed as possible. Better the Get than some pissant human out to make a quick buck and cutting corners whenever possible!

If the Get of Fenris uphold an American Dream — and you can believe this, you little whelps — it is the idea that people will actually take the time to do things right. We're not the corporate raiders or generals of the world, we're the ditch diggers and drill sergeants. We don't demand respect, we command it. When I'm taking you through your paces and teaching you the art of war, you'd best remember that, because I will gladly peel the fur off your worthless hides the first time you forget. We had a saying in the Army that still stands true today: "Don't call me 'Sir,' goddamit. I work for a living!"

No Get of Fenris ever took governmental kickbacks or robbed banks for a living. No Get ever battled the Wyrms and then checked in to work another shift at O'Tolley's. No self-respecting Get would think of dealing drugs, or taking them, either, because that leads to the Wyrms. No worthwhile Get ever started drinking and allowed himself to go beyond the point where he could fight — at least, not away from a moot. Dependency on anything, on anyone except your tribe and your pack, is a sign of weakness. And we don't like sissies in this neck of the woods!

Leave the nine-to-five jobs and the whining to the other tribes; we've got better things to do with our time. We're above that sort of sniveling. You'll meet the other tribes soon, the ones that call us psychopaths and wear peace signs around their necks. But we'll talk about them later; right now, it's time to let you know a few things about the camps, and to give you some warnings as well. In order to be fair about this, I'll tell you the facts, and then you can ask the Garou around you what they think of my opinion. All I can tell you is what they were willing to tell me.

The Valkyria of Freya

The Valkyria exist; I've met them. They are as fierce as any Get — don't even think of believing otherwise. The camp is made up of women. Ideally, the Valkyria have no reason to exist, but as I'm sure many of you know, the Get are a battle tribe, and that means that sometimes the bullshit level around here climbs a little too high. There are a few Jarls around who do not believe that women have any rights. Perhaps that is the way it used to be, but these days we need every warrior we can get.

The world isn't ideal. Now and then, the tempers of the Jarls are a bit intimidating. I don't believe the drivel about the Valkyria leaving to be with the Black Furies, and you shouldn't either. Just remember to treat your family, male and female alike, with a little respect. Sex doesn't make a difference; only physical prowess matters.

You might have trouble believing this, but there are two separate accounts of bitch-Jarls, Freya-Troll-Breaker and Brynhyld-Broken-Sword. I won't lie and tell you that either lasted long as Jarls; there were too many other Get willing to challenge them. But in both cases, they led for their spans because they formally challenged the Jarl and won. Never let



anyone tell you the crap about females being lesser warriors or lesser citizens, because it just isn't true. They can fight and they can challenge just like any other member of the Garou. In times long past, they could only be considered Modi if their families were killed, and then it was their duty to fight. But in America, at least, that's not the case. I've heard of a few hard-asses back in the Old Country who disagree with this philosophy, but only a few.

The Valkyria Speaks

Despite the words of a few males, the general belief is that the female Get of Fenris should have no duties save to serve as scullery maids. We must work twice as hard to prove ourselves, and we must constantly watch our backs. There are those males who feel they can attack a female without honor and suffer no consequences, because they say she was not acting with honor herself. I will not lie, the idea of joining with the Black Furies has arisen on several occasions. No decision has been made....

The Hand of Tyr

The Hand do not believe in surrender. They fight until they die, and they never accept the surrender of an enemy who has challenged them. They might let one of their challengers survive, but only if he was a truly worthy opponent. A Get of the Hand of Tyr is the closest thing you'll ever know to an executioner. They do not forgive or forget a sin committed in their sight. If they are afraid of anything, I've yet to hear about it.

The Hand have been known to hunt down enemies for decades, never resting until their prey is destroyed. There were a lot of Nazi leaders after the war who were never captured, whom even Mossad, Israel's elite special forces, could not find. I know of at least three cases in which there was nothing left to find after the Hand of Tyr had finished making the bastards pay.

You know those stories that go around from time to time about Bigfoot cruising into a campsite and tearing the hell out of some nice little camper? Well, often as not the "camper" was not a nice person but a murderer, and "Bigfoot" had stalked him for a couple hundred miles.

If you ever get any ideas about raping or murdering an innocent, unprovoked, you can just chuck those ideas away. The Hand will find you, and they will destroy you. Do not play games with the Hand; they do not play games. They are the closest thing you'll find to perfect killing machines. They have given their lives to Fenris, just as Tyr sacrificed up his hand.

Words from the Hand

There is no honor in attacking the innocent. There is no glory in molesting a five-year-old or forcing yourself on a woman. These are the acts of the Wyrms, and they must be punished. Cold-blooded murders are not allowed, and the drugs that the humans sell must be stopped. From time to time, the smallest offenders can give you the names of the Wyrmling behind their crimes. The

Wyrms' roots are many and they run deep; too deep. They must be torn from Gaia! For even the smallest roots can grow again....

Mjolnir's Thunder

The Thunder do not just rumble, they kill. These guys are the ultimate killing monsters. They do not bother with humans and they couldn't care less if someone gets murdered in front of them. They stroll into places where no sane Garou would walk alone. And they come back out again. These guys are monkeywrenchers often as not, only they don't try to be subtle. They walk into Wyrms-nests and just cut loose. It is no surprise they rarely live long enough to rule a sept.

The Thunder Growls

The Wyrms are everywhere, and must be destroyed at any cost. What use is a life if Jormangandr still surrounds Midgard? Ragnarok is coming soon, and the only hope we have is to weaken the Wyrms now, before the Fimbul Winter settles upon Gaia's back. We cannot wait for the Wyrms to come to us; instead we must seek out the minions of Jormangandr, destroy them wherever they may hide. Their nests could hold the eggs of others like them.

The Fangs of Garm

The Hand of Tyr believes in avenging the innocent, but the Fangs of Garm believe in preventing the crime. They are much like the Children of Gaia, though stronger of will and shorter of fuse: they are still Get, after all, and do not take insults well. Still, of all the Get, the Fangs are the best suited to the task of negotiating with the other tribes. They have founded a few organizations to help protect others from the agents of the Wyrms; they organize neighborhood watches, and even work as counselors in halfway houses from time to time. Of all our camps, the Fangs of Garm show the most wisdom. They look out for wolves and humans alike, protecting them from the more subtle of the Wyrms' threats.

Legends tell us of Garm, the hound of hell, who will one day avenge Tyr's wrong to Fenris. Garm, too, was bound by the Wyrms' plot, but his chains are in Niffleheim, the land of the dead. According to human legend, Garm was the most horrible beast imaginable, so bad that he was bound in order to prevent the destruction of the world. Little do the humans understand that Garm teaches us a great lesson: that our Rage must be controlled or it will haunt us after death. This lesson the Fangs have learned well, but woe to those who stand in their way when their Rage is unfettered.

The Fangs Speak

Do not believe that the Wyrms' only threat comes in the form of Banes or fomori. The Wyrms can be very devious, and can hide in places that seem perfectly harmonious with Gaia. The tribes must work together if we are to defeat the Wyrms; Gaia did not intend for us to fight each other, only to stop Her illness from growing stronger.



Our most dangerous enemy is ourselves, our inner Rage. Our Rage was given to us by Fenris to aid him in his battles, but he is now bound, and can no longer help us control our anger. Garm guides us, though, by way of warning of our dire fate should we fail and lose control.

The Glorious Fist of Wotan

The Fists do not follow with a good number of the Get's philosophies. They do not leave the humans in peace, they do not involve themselves in human politics, and they do not work in jobs that could benefit the humans. The Fist does not tolerate human expansion, and will go out of their way to ensure that new development is stopped. The Fist has battled with the rest of the Get of Fenris on several occasions, particularly with those among our tribe who work in construction.

The Fist of Wotan is a radical group, and shares more beliefs with the Red Talons than is healthy. I've seen members of this camp stalk and kill humans for no greater crime than dropping a candy bar wrapper in the woods. The Fist is primarily, but not entirely, made up of lupus. Watch out for this camp of the Get of Fenris.

The Fist Howls

The humans have done too much already to harm Gaia. Most of Jormangundr's agents are humans. Have you ever seen a raven spill

oil on the sea? Do bears pour toxic waste into the air and water? The time has come to stop the monkeys from growing any stronger. We will let them have their Scabs, but we will no longer allow them to take more from Gaia and the Wyld than they have already.

Yes, Wotan is Man, but he is also Death. That is what we represent: the death of the humans and their foolish ways. Do not think that we are murderers. We are defenders of Gaia, fighting the most vile of the Wyrms' minions: the humans who have raped our mother.

The Swords of Heimdall

The Swords hold that the only humans who survive are the Kinfolk of the Garou. Some of their more radical members do not believe even that the weaker Garou have their uses, instead insisting that the weakness of the other tribes is an open invitation to the Wyrms. They have joined with human groups like the Ku Klux Klan and the neo-Nazis, praising the belief that all others must die simply because we are the strong and they are weak.

Many Get agree with the general sentiment, but not with the actions of these punks. This mentality has led to rifts in our tribe, and it cannot be permitted to grow any stronger.

The Swords are mistaken. The only way to end the problems with the other tribes is to make them understand that we are the best leaders for the coming Ragnarok, not to burn crosses in

their front yards and pound them into their graves for merely existing. They have limited their sights too much, and now are as close to the Wyrn as any Get has ever been.

What's more, they have perverted our legends in taking their namesake. Heimdall was the watchman, the guardian of Bifrost, the Rainbow Bridge. His name means "world radiance," and he was called "the whitest of the gods." The foolish Swords have taken this literally. Heimdall will blow the Gallerhorn to warn of Ragnarok; the Swords claim they blow it now, to warn of the dangers of weaker races. Fools.

A Sword Decries

The other races are weak! The time for helping the other tribes grow strong is long past. Ragnarok is upon us and still the lesser tribes whimper and whine about treating the humans carefully. We have superior breeding — our flock is stronger, smarter, and better prepared to survive the final days. We cannot allow our careful breeding to be diluted by inferior races of humans or wolves.

You do not hear our Kinfolk crying out for aid from the human government, nor do our Kinfolk cry foul because of the way our ancestors were treated. No mercy! If they slink around where we live, we destroy them. The Ku Klux Klan are morally defunct and pathetically stupid, but at least they make for good tools in keeping our tribe safe from perversity and mixed breeding with the lesser races.

The so called "Pure Ones" spend their time drinking firewater and living off the land granted to them by liberal wimps; and then they cry about the horrible sins we have committed against them! If their lives are too difficult for them to function as meaningful members of society, I say we end their suffering for them. And another thing...

Allegations of Secret Camps

Ymir's Sweat

I have told you of Leif Eriksson, and how he came to the American shores to teach the Pure Ones what it meant to harm the Kinfolk of the Get. There are rumors — and mind you they are only rumors — that Leif and his pack left behind a little more than hurt feelings. There are some who claim that a group of Get stayed behind when Eriksson left, and mated with the savages that occupied these shores.

I have never met one, and I personally do not believe that they exist, but I know Get who say they have seen the pale-haired but swarthy-skinned Garou that call themselves Ymir's Sweat and run with the Wendigo and the Uktena. I have heard the legends that tell of white humans who ran with the Indians. I have even heard that they can call the winter winds, just as the Wendigo do. If they indeed exist, what a weak and useless pack of mutts they must be.

Loki's Smile

I have heard of a select few in the Get of Fenris who claim to be the secret rulers of us all. This is obviously a lie, for any such group would be destroyed at the first sign of a backstabbing, cloak-and-dagger mentality. The Get are nothing if not warriors, and warriors handle their problems with

honor and lead their troops through example. They do not act with the same treachery as do the Shadow Lords. Should I ever meet one of this Loki's Smile camp, I will call for his head and teach him the error of his ways. Obviously, such a cowardly lot has been sleeping with Jormangundr.

Totems — Allies of Great Fenris

All Get must pay fealty to Great Fenris, for he is our creator. But we may also choose to follow his allies, others who have aided Fenris in our times of struggle. Learn of them and know that they are friends.

Fenris Wolf

Our greatest ally is the Fenris Wolf, he who called us into being. He is a harsh master, make no mistake about that, but he is fair, and he teaches us the secrets of survival. From him we gain the determination to live our lives in the proper way, like the warriors we are. He tells us that we must be strong, and we must be honorable. He personifies the goal for which we all must strive.

Alone, he is already powerful beyond measure. With us as his extended pack, he is unstoppable. Fenris did not create us to have an easy life; he created us to lead the way, to show through example what is truly required of all Garou if they would survive the Fimbul Winter and the Apocalypse. You must show respect to Fenris, even if you follow another totem, for he is the father of us all, as surely as Gaia is our mother and Luna our teacher.

Boar

Great Boar is a powerful totem, one that teaches us the ways of survival. He is set in his ways, for his ways are all that he knows. He roots through the soil and lives off the land, but he also gives to the land. Boar is thick-skinned, tougher than steel and twice as mean as a rabid bear. Boar teaches us how to tolerate the pain of our wounds and continue fighting our enemy. He teaches us wisdom as well: when to run from a fight — not out of fear, but because it is strategically useful — and where best to continue the fight. From Boar we learn to find our enemies' weak spots and to use those weaknesses against them.

Hrafn, the Raven

Hrafn teaches us to see, for he is the raven who knows the ways of the Wyrn and points to the secrets that can keep Jormangundr away from us. Hrafn reminds us to laugh, because without the Trickster's ways, we would be too grim to stomach, even to ourselves. Raven helps us pick away the dead things that would add to Gaia's discomfort, and cause Her grief. Neither the Raven nor the Crow must ever be hurt, for to do so limits the eyes of Hrafn. For all his noise and laughter, Raven is still a trusted ally.



Ratatosk, the Squirrel

There are many Get who disdain to follow Ratatosk. *What strength can a squirrel give?* they ask. But Ratatosk is no ordinary squirrel. He is the World Tree squirrel, running up and down the trunk of Yggdrassil, from the leafy boughs at the top to the earthy roots at the bottom. He sees all and hears all. He is the messenger of Fenris: he bears the Wolf-Father's words to all the totems. For this reason, he is favored by many of our Rotagar and Godi.

Ratatosk teaches us quiet wisdom. Yes, he is a coward, but he must be. He was not granted the mighty thews of the wolf, and so he must flee instead. But he flees to get aid, to deliver the cries of our lost and injured packmates to us. Know that to follow Ratatosk is to lose Honor, but to gain in Wisdom.

The Get of the Get

We are warriors, and proud of it, but we are also a family. We continue on because we must, and we find mates because without offspring, our memory would die. But do not think that we do not care for our mates. A hero's death is a fine thing, but a hero's life is important as well. We must keep the family strong. We must do our best to continue the ways of the Viking.

Fenris demands that we raise our pups in the ways of his chosen people, and that is what we shall do. We must ensure that the Kinfolk and children of the Get are strong and able to handle themselves in dangerous situations. Too often we fight against overwhelming odds, for Fenris demands that we never run from a battle. We must prove ourselves in combat in order to earn the right to fight alongside Great Fenris, when the Ragnarok is truly here and the last days are no longer on the horizon.

Discipline is the key to making the family as strong as possible, but you must try to curb your temper when dealing with your children. You have an obligation to teach them well, but you also have an obligation to leave them unscarred. I have heard the talk of fools, moaning and bitching because their children did not breed true. What they fail to see is that their children's children might be Garou. There is great honor in having a child that can join in our battles, but there is no dishonor in having children that can mate with our kind and produce fertile Get.

If we have a fault, it is that we try too hard to make warriors of our Kinfolk, even knowing that they cannot heal themselves as we can. Be stern. Make certain that your children are raised with the proper values, but do not break their arms to make a point. That way is the downfall of our tribe. Teach them well to love combat, but do not make them fear violence when they are too young to know better. To spare the rod is indeed to spoil the child, but crushing the blossom also destroys the fruit. Remember this if nothing else: A battered child is an open target for the Wyrn.

Remember also that Kinfolk do not fear the touch of silver. To put it another way: you have to sleep sometime, and better to have allies with you when you sleep, than an angry child who wants revenge. As famed Einar said to Gunnar: "Bare is the back that has no brother."

Breeds

Homid

Do not believe that the homids among us are the only ones able to fight and to lead. There are more leaders from the lupus than you believe. The homid's advantage is that they can blend in with the humans and make certain the Wyrn does not manipulate them too easily.

Do not segregate yourselves by breed; that is a trick of Jormangundr. Homids are better able to see the tricks of the Wyrn in the city, better able to read and write than lupus, but they are not better Get simply by virtue of their birth.

Metis

A metis is a sad thing, an unfortunate product of the times. Too many Garou believe that the unnatural attraction they feel for a brother or sister is acceptable. In olden

times, we killed metis outright, rather than dealing with the embarrassment of them. Now we let them live — most of the time. Take a lesson from the lupus: Euthanasia is not always a bad thing. Would you want to live in this world if you were born unable to walk, or even use your hands? What good is a warrior who cannot fight? If a metis can look after itself, then we are obligated to let it live. If a metis is born without eyes, or unable to even crawl, then do the merciful thing and end its life. Better still, make the incestuous parents do the deed, for surely they must answer for their own mistakes as well.

There is a natural and understandable bias against the metis. They are impure, and can never create more children to keep our tribe strong. But, as with the Kinfolk, do not punish them for what they cannot help. Teach them the ways of the warrior, do not beat into them the ways of the coward. They, too, are Get, even for all their flaws, and they deserve the right to live and fight and die with honor and glory.

Lupus

The lupus are our greatest treasure, especially in these last days, when the Fenris Winter comes and we need to have as many Garou as possible to fight in the final battle. They are brave, and they are proud. Do not condemn them for their birth on four legs, but do not revere them for it either. All races must be equal, for without the man and without the wolf, we would not be Garou. You may condemn the weaker tribes, but do not condemn the breeds; that is not the way to Valhalla. Remember always that Fenris created us to protect the wolves, and that he himself is the greatest of wolves.

Rituals

The rites of the Get teach us tradition, and give us the sense of community that is so crucial if we are to prevail. Do not scoff at the rites, and never stop learning of our past, for there is wisdom in the experiences of our elders. More importantly, our rituals are also our testing ground. Here we learn whether those who participate are worthy of our tribe.

We are a brutal lot, and the tests we offer in our Rite of Passage are surely the truest test of our combative nature. All Get must face danger in the Rite of Passage, for only through honorable combat can any Get prove worthy of Great Fenris. Some other tribes claim that our ways are too violent. Bullshit. While the death of any Garou is a tragedy, we have our ways and they have theirs. Most of them could not survive our way of life, and most of us would be bored to tears by the tranquil existence they must endure.

The most important thing to remember about our ways is that they are violent. Do not expect mercy if you have offered or accepted a challenge; do not expect forgiveness if you screw up during a ceremony. We are warriors first: everything else must be second to that single fact of our lives.

Great Wolves

There are a number of powerful and magical wolves in our history. Many are spoken of among humans as giants or monsters. We know them as spirits, servants of Great Fenris, or as our ancestors. However, no Get may make totem alliance with these wolves, for we owe our first allegiance to Fenris. Besides, they are too busy to give of their time to mortals, whether wolf, human or Garou.

Garm

Garm is the fiercest creature ever. His Rage would know no bounds were he not chained in Niffleheim, the Land of the Dead. He is kept from Midgard, where his rampages would destroy all life. Some whisper that he is Wyrn-corrupt, and it is possible that this is so. But Fenris has not given up on him, and so we must not either. It is said that he will be free at Ragnarok, and will take revenge for Tyr's wrong against all human-kind. The Fangs of Garm look to him as a model of what we will become if we do not learn the ways of peace.

Skoll and Hati

Skoll pursues the sun across the sky, and Hati chases the moon. It is said that they will catch their prey at Ragnarok. They are the sons of Fenris and an old witch who dwelt east of Midgard, in the forest called Ironwood. Hati is also known as "Managarmr" (moon hound), for he is the chosen of Luna. When he catches the moon, his power will be great, and he will wreak revenge for all the wrongs that were committed against her.

Freki and Geri

These are the fabled wolves of Wotan, and they are our ancestors. The greatest among us can trace blood lineage back to these two, and can call upon them. The humans misunderstood the truth, and thought the wolves served Wotan. It was the other way around. Humans served the wolves in those days.

Moots

Moots are more than just political, they are celebratory. During the moots, we can be ourselves. We celebrate life, victory and conquest over the enemies we have crushed beneath our bloody paws. There are two types of moots: the informal and the formal. Never make the mistake of confusing the two.

Informal moots are for fun and relaxation. They give us a chance to know each other away from the field of combat and to settle disputes that had been temporarily set aside. As with our human Kinfolk ancestors, we are a lusty lot. At these moots, you may drink yourself into a stupor, or you may join in the songs of our ancestors.

You may also join in the games of the Get — but be warned: these games are very dangerous. Do not join in an arm wrestling match over silver blades if you cannot take the pain of losing a few fingers. Bloodshed is always a part of the games. When you perform the Razor Dance, your feet will be cut to shreds. When you join in a tug-of-war using barbed wire for a rope and balancing at the edge of a fire pit, you are going to get burned and bloodied. Our games test physical prowess. If the players — winners or losers — suffer pain as a result, that is the way it should be. No loss should be without suffering, and conquest is always sweeter with the smell of fresh blood to savor after the victory.

My favorite game is Claw Tag. Trust me, you learn well how to dodge an attack after someone's claws rip hide off your back for the third time. You learn to use more than your eyes when you are blindfolded against a non-blindfolded stalker. What's that? No, you moron, the idea isn't just to avoid getting tagged, the idea is to see how many cuts you can take before you finally surrender!

These moots are sometimes open to Garou from other caerns, especially in the case of unresolved conflicts. I know a Get, Jurgi Hautala, who must be commended for his amazing patience with the lesser tribes. He once invited 17 Garou from other tribes to one informal moot, and fought each of them one after another. He won most of the battles, but that milk cow Black Fury, Hera-Moon-Bow, kicked him three times in the balls. When he had finally recovered, I asked him why he had invited so many battles upon himself. Jurgi laughed at me, spit the remains of his front tooth from his mouth, and replied: "They all offended me, but I could not fight them and fight the Wyrms at the same time. A Get has to have priorities."

There is truth to his words! You should never turn from your true enemies to make a point with other Garou. That is what an informal moot is for.

The formal moots are a different story. They take place in a great Lodge House. Understand and take my words to heart, because your life may depend it. Never, under any circumstances less than the Wyrms' invasion, fight in the Lodge Houses. In earlier times, when there were no conveniences, the houses were the only places where one could find warmth. The Vikings forbade fighting in their lodge houses, and we continue this tradition. There must be places of peace, even among the Get of Fenris.

You may bring your weapons, and you may hang them on the walls, but you must never attempt to use them within the Lodge House. These places are for discussions of tribal law, for our greatest celebrations and our deepest moments of sorrow. There is no place for violence. Three times in our

kennings

The kenning is logically (though not always in artistic effect) a metaphor; the term is derived from the verb *kenna* which means 'to express or describe one thing by means of another'. The skalds were extraordinarily lavish in their use of *kenningar*, outdoing the most ornate of the Anglo-Saxon poets.

— E. V. Gordon, *An Introduction to Old Norse*

We Garou have carried our Kinfolk's traditions with us in our travels, keeping the best of them alive into modern times. While humans have forgotten what is good in their past, we remember. A poetic tradition we still use is the kenning, developed by Norwegian poets long ago.

Some examples of kennings: the sea could be referred to as "whales' pathways" or "enclosure of ships." Bjarni Herjolfsson's account of the discovery of America has the following prayer, which serves as an excellent example of the use of kennings:

*I pray the sinless tester of monks may assist my journey.
May the lord of high earth and the hall hold his hawk's perch
over me.*

The "sinless tester of monks" is God, and "hawk's perch" is his arm.

Kennings are an innovative and creative poetic technique, one that cannot be fully appreciated unless heard in its original skaldic verse. Nonetheless, I give here some of our more popular Fenrir kennings, translated into English.

Song of hearth and home = Gaia

Wearing the wolf shirt = Crinos, Hispo or Lupus form

The pathfinder = the Litany

Jewel of the sword = caern

Fleshless friend = a spirit

Singers of the song of hearth and home = ancestors

Bane of straw = fire

One who is his own kith and kin = ronin

Wearing the ice shirt = Harano

Trackless path = the way of the Wyrms

Jarl of oathbreakers = the Wyrms

Breaker of swords; piercer of armor; killer of crops; stealer of deer = the Wyrms (bad luck)

Shield brother of adders = Black Spiral Dancer

When we sing of our heroes, we often give them well-known kennings. Just as the Norsemen knew that "goat driver" often referred to Thor, we know that "lighter of pyres" refers to Gunnar Draugbane, for the many foes he killed. Perhaps one day, if you become great, you shall have a kenning to note your deeds.

Get Lexicon

Auspices

Our names for Luna's chosen are different than the other tribes'. We refuse to honor the names used by the Fianna, for ours are older and just as good.

Ragabash = Rotagar

Theurge = Godi

Philodox = Forseti

Galliard = Skald

Ahroun = Modi

Words

When speaking human tongues, even English, we still use many Old Norse words, inherited from our great homid heroes of old.

Ancestors (Past Lives) = for-eldra

Bane = skripi

Battle = dólg

Battle Scar = bana-sar

Blood = bloth

Bone Gnawer (worthless wretch) = auvirthi

Caern = varthi

Challenge = ein-vigi

Death = bani

Death-blow = bana-hogg

Death day = duatha-dagr

Dwarf = dvergr (dwarves = dvergar)

Earth = fold

Fetishes = taufr

Fire = bál

Frenzy = jotun-mothr (to rage [verb] = geisa)

Giant = jotunn

Gift = for-mali

Gnosis (soul) = sál

Human = menskr

Lore = froth-leikr

Luck = gæfa, or hamingja

Mage = Gandwere

Monster (Wyrn creature) = forath

Nobility, courage = dreng-skapr

Poetry = brag-thattr

Poison = eitr

Rage (beast's heart) = dys-hjarta

Renown = vegr

Riddle = gáta

Sacrifice = blót

Shame = hneykja

Spirit = andi (spirits = andar)

Spirit summoning = varth-lokur

Vampire = draugr (vampires = draugar)

Wicked (Wyrn corrupt) = vándr

Wolf = ulfr

Wraith = haug-bui

history, someone has broken this law. Three times in our history, someone has died for being so foolish.

There is an arena, outside the Lodge House, where all formal combat is handled and all challenges to Jarldom are met. These battles are never to first blood, or until someone screams for surrender. There is only one survivor in these battles, for they are always to the death. Do not make challenges at the formal moots if you are not prepared to pay the price.

The Litany

*F*ck the law! I want meat!*

— Peloquin, from Clive Barker's *Nightbreed*

The Litany was developed to establish stability among the tribes. This is a good thing. However, there are many ways in which the words of the Litany can be misunderstood. Some other tribes have different ways of handling the Litany, as is their right. The Get of Fenris try to make certain that the rules are followed carefully, and that there is a means by which a Garou may attempt to prove his innocence, should he be wrongly accused.

Garou Shall Not Mate with Garou

Do not litter your own den, especially in such a vulgar way. There are enough metis already, but worse still, you bring shame upon our tribe by showing that you cannot control your lust.

Despite what others believe, we do not take liberties with the weaker female Garou we conquer. There is no honor in such actions, only degradation to both parties. One Black Fury claimed that she had been raped by a Get, and when her claim was proved, she was permitted to take from the rapist the offending weapon. Do not attempt to find loopholes within the Litany.

The standard punishment for breaching this part of the Litany is to raise the child and teach him or her the ways of the Get. You must care for your children in all cases, for even metis have the right to a family. If you choose not to care for your child, or if your child should accidentally come to harm, then you must dispose of the evidence in the old ways. You must consume the flesh of your offspring, allowing the child to live within you forever. That is the formal punishment for mating with your own family and causing harm to your own flesh.

Combat the Wyrn Wherever it Dwells and Whenever It Breeds

Do not suffer a Wyrmling to live. Every creature that is touched by the Wyrn has the potential to create more like itself. Destroy them. If you find a nest of Wyrmlings, make certain the

creatures and their nest are both destroyed. Cleanse the land of the Wyrms' foul taint, or find someone who can. Never flee from a Wyrmling, no matter how powerful. Better to die a hero than to live a coward, for Fenris does not forgive. Nor do his Get.

Respect the Territory of Another

If you find a place that suits your needs, and you can defeat the owner of this territory in rightful combat, then, and only then, may you claim the land as your own. These challenges must be made publicly, and should your opponent refuse you the right of challenge, you may not retaliate. We do not wantonly kill our own kind over a few feet of land. We must not waste the blood of the other Garou.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

If your opponent has called for first blood, you may let him live. If he has called for a life-duel, you are honor bound to kill him, regardless of his pleas. This is our way. Know also that honorable surrender is impossible for those without honor. Kill all Wyrmlings, even if formally challenged. In wartime, and against the Wyrms' minions, this rule does not hold.

Submission to Those of Higher Station

Never question a war leader's commands. Never insult those of higher rank, unless you are willing to suffer the consequences.

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

Give the elders their due, or they will kill you. Do not take this lightly. I have seen pups torn limb from limb for their stupidity.

Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

The blood-lust is great within the Get of Fenris, and this may be overlooked from time to time. Do not, however, leave any sign of human consumption.

Respect for Those Beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

All are beneath us. Do not play with your food, and do not kill without just reason. You may test other Garou, for that

is one part of our duty, but you must not insult the other tribes without justifiable provocation. Do not falsely accuse another of a crime; this is not the honorable way to provoke confrontation. You may certainly challenge the heritage of another, but know the facts before you make the challenge.

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

If the humans see you change, you must stalk them and destroy them. You must leave no evidence. Be aware of your surroundings, and avoid changing shapes in public places. If the Crinos is your only resort, make certain that any witnesses never have the chance to speak of the matter.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Weakness

There are three honorable ways in which to grow old. You may barter with pups for food and care in exchange for wisdom. You may challenge your Jarl, knowing that you cannot win, and pray that he is merciful. You may fight the Wyrms until you fall in battle. Suicide is not acceptable, and brings dishonor to you and your tribe.

The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time During Peace

You may only challenge for leadership during formal moots. You may challenge for renown at any time of peace.

The Leader May Not Be Challenged During Wartime

Unless your leader is grossly incompetent, and you can prove the accusation, do not argue during war or combat. Obey this rule at all times.

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

There is no forgiveness. You will be destroyed. Your name shall be unsung, and your deeds shall be unremembered. Your Kinfolk will know only shame.

Never Refuse a Challenge

The Get of Fenris are the followers of Fenris. We do not turn away from a fight. Ever. If a Garou insults your heritage and the insult is not just, rip flesh and drink deep of your enemy's blood. That is our way. But never turn from the true

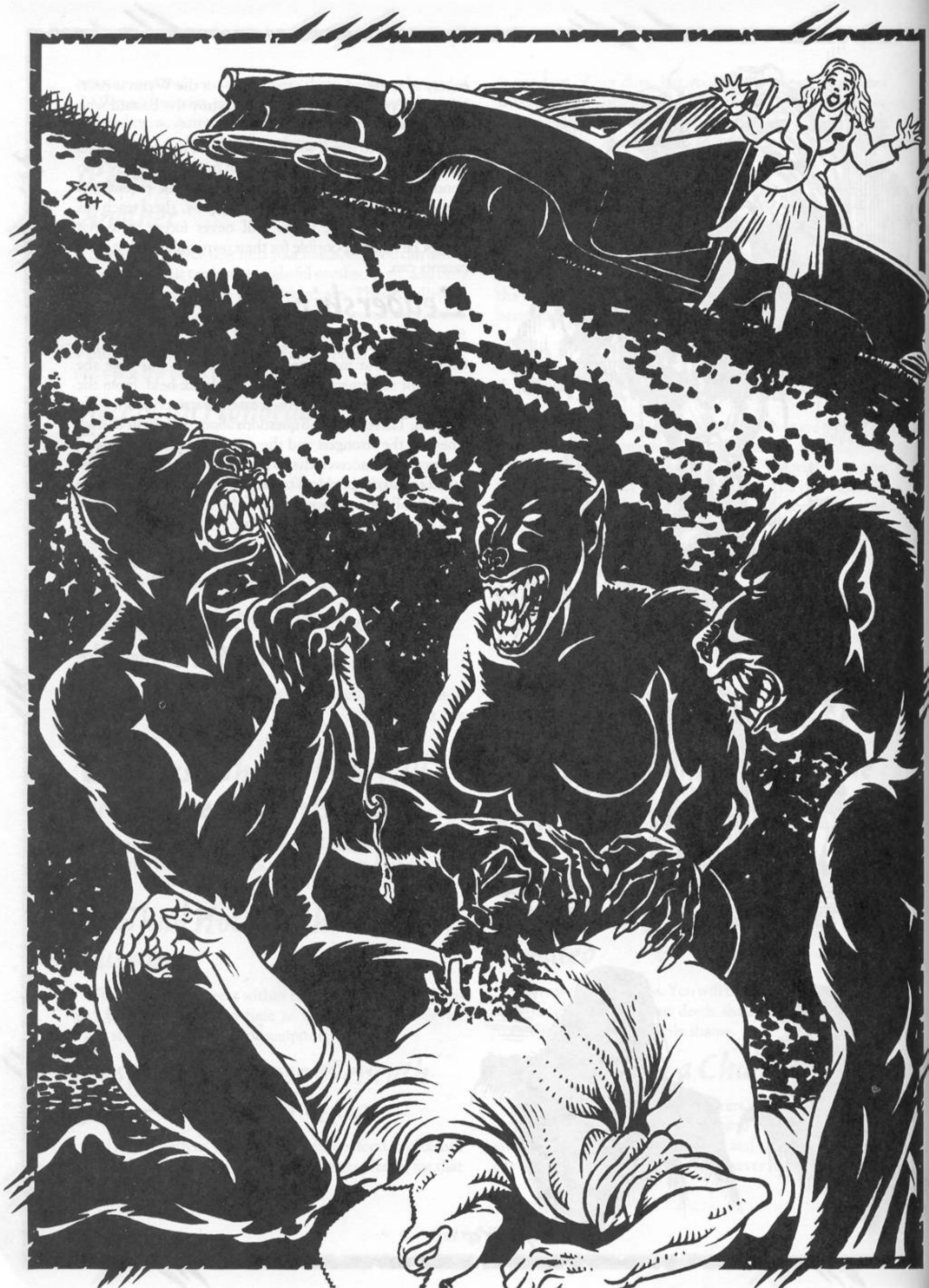


enemy to settle an insult argument — if the Wyrmling is near, kill the Wyrmling first, and then destroy the bastard who insulted you.

Now listen to me: if some five-year-old human brat spits on your shoe, you don't rip him limb from limb. There's no honor in damaging whelps. Instead, find his parent and calmly explain that Junior was a bad boy, then teach his parent a lesson that Junior will never forget. Children cannot be held responsible for their own stupidity, but their parents can.

Leadership

There are no councils, save the Council of War. The Council of War meets once a year, and at this time the battles for supremacy between the Jarls are held. From the victors, we choose the five greatest warriors to lead the Council. There can be no questions about their right to lead. They are the strongest and the greatest in combat. Do not question their motives; that is not for you to know. If you are called to war, be prepared to die, for we shall all meet again come the Ragnarok.



Chapter Three: Eine Welt für Nehman (A World for the Taking)

People talking in movie shows,
People smoking in bed,
People voting Republican,
Give them all a boot to the head!

—The Frantics, “Ti-Kwan-Leap/Boot to the Head”

Let me explain a little something to you about the world at large. There are forces at work you have yet to run across, forces that are vile examples of what we are fighting against. I have spoken of the Wyrms, but I have not told you about how the Wyrms work their foul tricks. Jormangundr has many powerful allies in its schemes, and you will run across some of them sooner or later. We have allies, too, but, for the most part, they are weaker than we are.

We are not well-loved by the other tribes. Oh, they care for us when the time for war approaches and they realize once again that they need us to pull their hides from the fire. This is just as well, because we do not need the love of other Garou to see us through our troubles. We have each other, and we have Gaia. We have Luna and we have Fenris. We are complete.

Our history of forced expansion is brief, but the impact from those times has been substantial. The Get of Fenris are no longer isolated in the forests of the northlands. Now there are Get on every continent of Gaia, though in some places we are still limited in number.

Humans are everywhere, trying to decide what to build next when they haven't any need for what they've already built. The humans need to be remembered, but because so few of them are warriors any longer, they choose to build memorials to themselves. Rockefeller Plaza, Trump Towers — buildings named for those with money enough to have their names inscribed onto edifices; or, worse still, the endless roads named after endless lists of paper pushers who somehow feel they have contributed to the well-being of others.

Do not fall into this kind of trap. This is false glory at best, a shallow honor that means nothing. The humans long for any acknowledgment that they are the superior race. In order to prove this to themselves, they rebuild Gaia in their own image. No other animal on Gaia is so amazingly self-righteous, so vain. The closest rival in pride is the Garou, and we know better than to mar Gaia's flesh. Instead, we record our deeds in songs and ask that our descendants remember us as well. The Get have common sense — something that is lacking in our two-legged cousins.

The World

The Get of Fenris are everywhere. Our tribe has expanded far from our homelands, just as Fenris commanded. We have made countless enemies along the way and few friends of any notice. We are warriors first. In whatever land we came to, we took up sword and shield to fight the taint of the Wyrms before we settled down, many times angering the natives in the process, as in the case of the Wendigo. Never ignore the resentment of others, for not all believe in honorable combat as a means to settle disputes. There are too many who would poison a meal before they would offer you a chance to explain your actions.

Asia

There are very few Get of Fenris in the Far East. We have little need for lands so overpopulated by humans that the Wyld cannot even hope to grow. Most in the East follow philosophies that are simply too bizarre; they would rather live in peace and study the way water falls from a tree's leaves than know the satisfaction of a well-fought battle. These places we leave to the Shadow Lords and the Stargazers.

There are many half-breeds in Asia, children of Get heritage, but tainted, mating with the Kinfolk of the lesser tribes. We will claim them if we must, but they are not true Get. These are the children of the Apocalypse. Pity them, for they will never know our glory.

The Middle East

There has never been a better place for us to hone our combat skills. The people of the Middle East claim to hold with the Asian philosophies, but they do not follow these beliefs in the same way. They believe in settling disputes with weapons and bloodshed. Unfortunately, their weapons are often bombs, and they would shed the blood of innocents on the street rather than meet their true enemy face-to-face. They are much like the Fianna in this way: they aim to create an example of their enemies, and often make claim to actions that were not their own.

If you must go to the Middle East, do not take your Kinfolk with you. Your enemies would use your family as a shield while they attempt to stab you in the back. Better that you train your Kinfolk well and trust them to defend themselves in your homeland.

Australia

A few of our tribe live in Australia, but the land is hostile, and the Bunyip Garou — those weaklings who once held the continent — are said to haunt the Umbra, troubling our brethren in the Land Down Under with their vile mind games. Do not bother trying to help this wasteland. It is not worth the trouble, for the land is far beyond our aid.

Europe

This is our Homeland, and there are many Get who live in the Old World still. All throughout Europe we have made homes for ourselves and taught the weak to fear us. The Black Forest, the hills, the valleys — all is ours. We could rule the continent if we felt it necessary. But we must allow other Garou here as well, for they would have no other place if we did not tolerate their inept ways. Even so, we continue to teach them lessons.

The northern parts of Italy still come into our territories, despite the humans and their foolish border skirmishes. The Black Furies loathe our existence on territory they claim should belong to them, but the silly cows haven't the strength to take the land away from us. We have let them keep some part of their homeland, for we are not completely without heart.

Great Britain

The British Isles have known us for a long time; to many, the Isles are as much our Homeland as are the northern parts of the continent. We share these lands with the Fianna, and we often war with them. They call us usurpers. They are not quite the warriors we are, nor are they worthy as comrades. From time to time, it is a true pleasure to provoke them in their constant cries for freedom from England. Still, their Kinfolk take human politics too seriously. And they often rebel against the rulers of their nation, the Kin of the Silver Fangs. The Fianna would do well to listen to their superiors for a change.

South America

This land reeks of the Wyrms' taint. The countries clash constantly, and the lush forests of Gaia suffer as a result. The humans have gotten out of control; Pentex rules the land, stealing what should belong only to Gaia and converting wonders of nature into more farmlands where they can raise cattle. The Amazon Basin suffers while we continue to lead the way in the war against Pentex, and we continue to lose ground in this war. Surely this, as no other sign, indicates that the final days are upon us.

You will likely be called upon to fight in the Amazon, and you should feel honored if asked. You may expect glorious battles indeed should you accept the offer.

Africa

The only good to come from the Second World War is that our numbers in Africa were strengthened once again. We are now a force in South Africa. But there are places here where the lesser races starve to death, and the bounty of Gaia is only a remembered dream. The land dies; the deserts grow stronger and devour the savannas and forests. This land is both proud and sad, for the death of so many different species is never a joyful event.



In the past, we often joined the hunters, downing an elephant or facing off against a rhino. That time is long gone, and now we must defend these weakened species. Poachers, should you find them, must be hunted down and destroyed.

America

The Great American Melting Pot is over-full and reeks with the scent of unwashed masses. Too many come from other lands, far to the east, far to the south, trying to find a better life. If they would concentrate on bettering their stations in their own lands, perhaps ours would not be so filthy.

The liberal-minded have allowed the criminals back onto the streets. Never has any land so desperately needed the Get of Fenris. The Pure Ones have failed to keep their lands pure, and so we have come to cut away the diseased flesh of Gaia, and thus permit Her to regain Her strength.

There are many Garou from around the world here. They will need us to teach them properly. Watch carefully for the Garou who cannot hold their caerns, for they are many. Already we have been forced to take control of several caerns to ensure that they do not fall to the Wyrms. This has

made us enemies in several tribes — but that is a part of life over which we have no control.

The Other Tribes *The Black Furies*

The Furies are a proud tribe, and they have accomplished many feats of which they should be proud. They fight almost as well as men, and they base their lives upon the pursuit of Gaia's happiness. But they are confused. They fight against us when they should submit to us. There is no honor in denying the rights of men to rule over women. Women need the leadership of men to keep them strong in these last days. We have battled the Furies many times in the past, and I suspect we shall continue to struggle against them.

The Bone Gnawers

There is a rumor that the Gnawers once had Garou stock. These days, they mate with dogs. That does not say much for their heritage, and it says even less for their character. If there were no humans available, would they mate with gorillas? Then again, if they mated with gorillas, perhaps they would have backbones. I understand they lay claim to several members who once were among the Get of Fenris; I do not believe that nameless outcasts qualify for any other tribe. They may have

them. I have never seen a more cowardly lot in my life, and I would sooner see them slaughtered than sit by and watch them mate with the Wyrms. They have no pride, no honor, and no common sense.

The Children of Gaia

They still insist on peace, when the final days are here. I understand what the Children of Gaia are after, but I do not believe all of the tribes can be united until they finally realize that we are right, and that, with the Apocalypse so close at hand, few others could even hope to lead the 13 tribes as well as we can. But they cry for peace and insist that we allow the humans to take what they need and do as they please, though it is obviously the humans who need to be culled back the most. If the time for peace is ever going to come, the war must be taken care of first.

The Fianna

Why can't the Fianna understand that songs are only a small part of our great heritage? They sing, they drink, they fight and they mate. All the while, the Black Spiral Dancers breathe down their necks and we must constantly protect them from the threat of the Wyrms-Garou. Surely we could just let them die, but the Isles are a part of our heritage, too, and must be defended. The time for harps is long past. Let them taste the savagery and pleasure of war. Then they shall be worthy to fight alongside us.

The Glass Walkers

As best I can figure, the Glass Walkers believe in fighting fire with fire. They believe that by conquering the cities, they can somehow make the cities a part of nature again. This is stupidity. They stare into the Wyrms' mouth and call for bargains and business proposals. The Glass Walkers are only steps away from a merger with Pentex. If that should ever happen, they will be destroyed. We have our sacred duties to perform, and if those duties require us to kill the Glass Walkers before they can join with the Black Spiral Dancers, then that is what we shall do. There is no excuse for worshipping the Scabs. The only difference between the Walkers and the Gnawers is that the Gnawers are more honest about their self-serving ways.

Red Talons

The Talons are powerful warriors, and worthy of our respect. It saddens me to think that we must eventually sing their funeral dirge, for they are surely the least in number of all the tribes, and the most set in their ways. Still, I believe they could make a difference, if only the Concord were not in their way. Acknowledge that the Talons are our allies, and help them when you can, but know that they are secondary to us. They are too stubborn and foolish to realize that if they would simply join forces with us, we could rule the 13 tribes with ease.

Shadow Lords

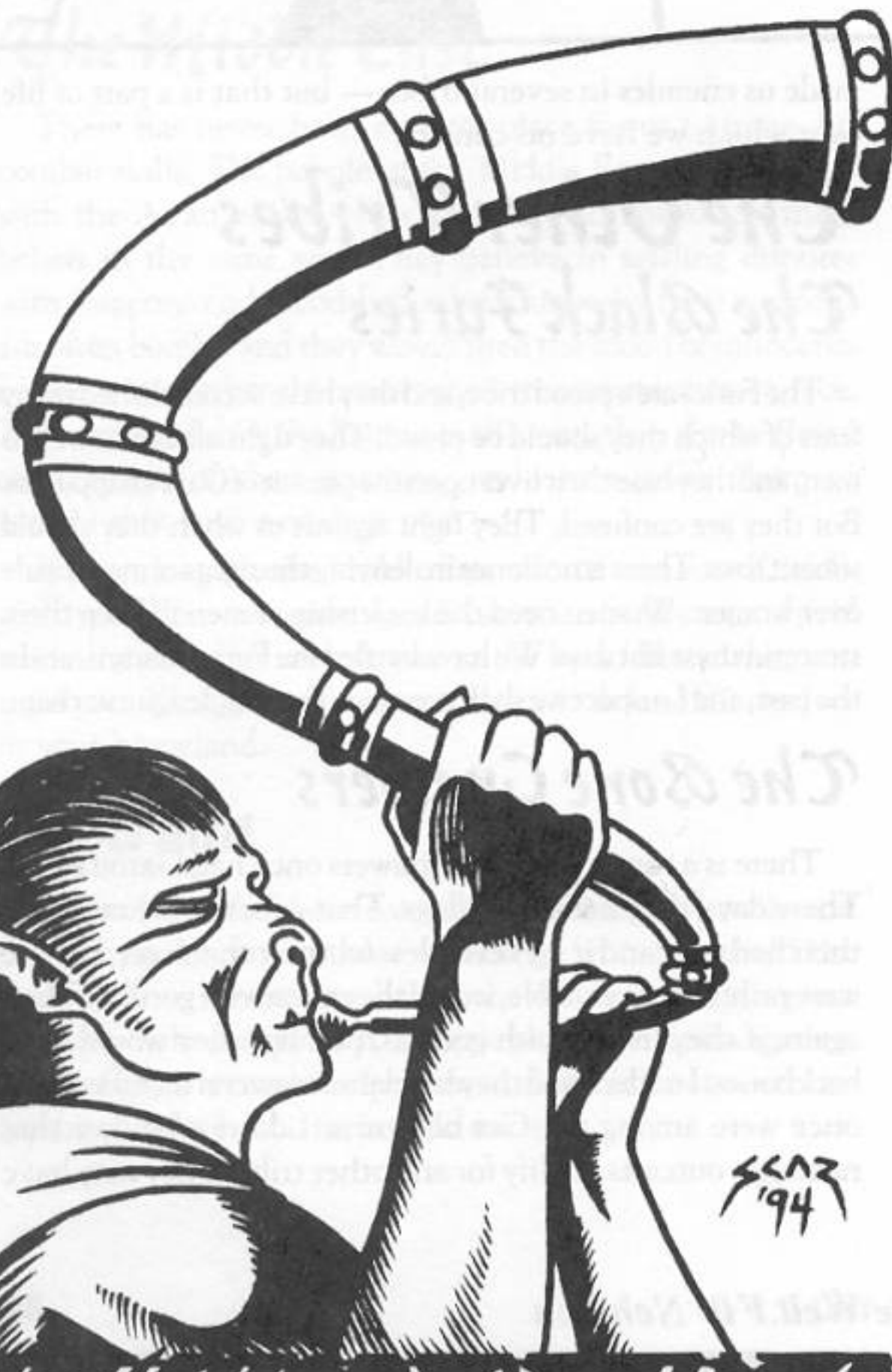
Do not trust the Lords, for they are back-stabbers and moneylenders. There are many among the Get who claim that the Shadow Lords will offer aid only if there will be a greater profit for themselves in the long run. Be wary of the Lords; always remember that they would sooner see you dead and buried than allow you the right to speak your mind. They would battle the Wyrms with words, while they manipulate others to do their fighting for them. Beneath their pompous airs and manipulative schemes, the Shadow Lords are cowards. The Get of Fenris have no need for cowardly allies.

The Silent Striders

The Striders came from the deserts and bear many features in common with the jackal. They are wanderers and vagabonds, and almost as solitary as the ronin. What is it they seek? What is it they run from? I do not feel that they can be trusted. Fight with them, but do not live with them. They come from all races of humans, and they are indiscriminate in their mating habits. How can they be trusted when they have no true heritage?

The Silver Fangs

The Silver Fangs were once almost as great as we are, but they no longer recognize the urgency of the war. Do as the Fangs request, for only by watching them carefully can we





determine when they are no longer fit to rule the tribes. They have attempted to lead the humans over the centuries, and we can see how poorly they have handled that situation. Watch them carefully, for the Silver Fangs are going mad, and must not be allowed to bring us to our knees. The Garou deserve better.

Many of the Get in Europe do not see that the Silver Fangs are insane. They want only to believe that the Fangs are their natural leaders. Do not fall into this pit of folly. The Get must be the ones who lead the Garou. Let the Fangs play their tricks with the humans and leave the Get to handle the war that must be fought.

We shall follow the Silver Fangs, we shall listen to their commands and obey their orders for now. But we will make certain that they do not lead us to the Wyrms.

The Stargazers

What do they seek in the night? The Stargazers look into the depths of the stars for answers that do not exist. They spend too much time staring into space and trying to solve meaningless puzzles, thus managing little in the war against the Wyrms. While I have seen a few who could fight, most look as if they are three-quarters asleep, and all too ready to ask questions of the Jormangundr Itself if they believe the Wyrms can answer their petty riddles.

Evaluate each of the Stargazers individually — much as with the Silent Striders — for they are very independent, and each one follows his own beliefs. They can fight, and I wish they would, because we cannot do everything.

The Uktena

I do not trust the Pure Ones, and I especially do not trust these shamans. They are both secretive and paranoid; they look for the Wyrms in places where the rocks are set just so, or where the wind blows too cold. They try to placate the Wyrms rather than doing battle against it. Also, they whine too much, crying that their lands would still be pure if not for our coming here. They would rather smoke their sacred pot and eat their sacred peyote than fight in our sacred war against Gaia's enemies. Medicine men have their place, but a whole tribe of them? No, they are weak and try to hide their weakness behind ceremonies that are ineffectual at best.

The Wendigo

There are too many of these slovenly near-warriors. They dress themselves in feathers and claim that they kept the Pure Lands free of corruption, but I notice they fell quickly enough when real Garou showed up. They sit on their reservations, drinking whiskey and whining about how poorly they've been treated, all the while swearing vengeance against us all. We have nothing to fear from these fools; they have already lost the war. Like the rednecks in the Southern states, they insist in their pride that they have only lost a battle. But it is not the Get of Fenris who now live in the deserts, feeding off lizards.

These Wendigo crawl with their tails between their legs and whine at the government, claiming that we have taken away what is theirs by right. I say let them take it back if they can; I have long grown tired of their sniveling. The only difference between the Bone Gnawers and the Wendigo is that the Bone Gnawers will openly confess to their cowardice. The Wendigo claim to mourn the loss of the Croatan tribe, and I believe they do. But at least the Croatan died with honor. The Wendigo no longer have any dignity.

Enemies

The wails of a lifetime were gathered in that train whistle from other nights in other slumbering years; the howls of moon-dreamed dogs, the sleep of river-cold winds through January porch screens which stopped the blood, a thousand fire-sirens weeping, or worse! the out-gone shreds of breath, the protests of a billion people dead or dying, not wanting to be dead, their groans, their sighing, burst over the earth!

— Ray Bradbury, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*

There are other creatures just as proud as the humans, and almost as deadly in their ways. They, like us, do their best to hide their existence, and like us, they do this to maintain security. They do not fear the humans, just as we do not fear them. Instead, they respect the weapons the humans have

created, and acknowledge that mankind must have his false pride, or he will surely burn off the very flesh of Gaia. They are a sad lot, but they are also deadly. You should know something of these creatures, for you will surely meet them. Their goals often come into conflict with our own. Above all else, know your enemy.

The Draugar — Undead

Vampires are real. They come out at night to feed upon the blood of the innocent. They have the power to confuse their victims, to make their victims believe they enjoy being fed upon. Should you meet one of the undead, do not be misled by its weak appearance, for many vampires are often older than the United States Government, and in some cases older than the Church. Do not trust them.

You may run across one whom you feel is trustworthy, for she will not smell of the Wyrn and she will tell you of the horrible life she leads, forever banished from the sunlight. She may even look like someone you once knew, and she may share with you her memories of easier times. It is all a lie.

If you must deal with these creatures in times of war, then do so, but be prepared to rip the hearts from their lifeless bodies when the time comes.

Vampires have family units. When they come across a human who suits their needs, they force him to join with them in their mockery of life. There are dozens of these family units, each answering ultimately to the greatest of vampires. You would think that with such a system, they could have taken over the world by now. In truth, they are divided by petty conflicts, stabbing each other in the back and stealing blood from one another.

There are a few, called the Gangrel, whom you may trust briefly. Never give them the location of a caern, or let them know where you live among the humans, but you may rely on them in times of war. They are much like the Shadow Lords: truly trustworthy only when they are asleep. Still, they have their uses. If given a choice, however, kill them on sight.

Gandwere — Mages

Mages are humans who have learned the secrets of magic. Though, most work with the Weaver, some will ally themselves with the Wyld, and others with the Wyrn. A few of the mages could potentially become our allies, but most are a threat to Gaia and to our way of life. There are many who try to make themselves into machines and then hide this fact with false skins; they are much like the Glass Walkers. Gears and wires do not make a better Garou, nor do they make a better human. It was the Weaver's capture of the Wyrn that started this whole mess in the first place.

Stay away from the mages. Work with them if you must, but do not trust them. They must each earn your trust individually, for they have no true heritage or lineage on which to rely. Do not trust those who work for the Weaver, and kill the ones who in league with the Wyrn.



Haug-Bui — Wraiths

Everyone dies. Sometimes, they come back from death. Do not be afraid of the wraiths, for they are only wretched souls who have lost their way, or were not worthy of a place in the afterlife. Many Vikings fell in fields of battle. Those who were strong and worthy went to Valhalla. Those who were weak became ghosts who still haunt the world.

We believe that it is those humans who are weak in will and determination who become wraiths. We cannot hope to kill the wraiths, for they are already dead. Instead, leave them to their own. They suffer as few have suffered, for they cannot find Valhalla.

The Faerie

We have a long history with the faerie. To some, we have sworn oaths of alliance. The Dvergar — the Dwarves — are our friends. The Jotunns — the Giants — and the Trolls are our sworn enemies. Do not take any action against a faerie until you know for certain that he intends to do you harm. Most of them share our love of Gaia, and for that reason alone, they should be treated with respect. While you may work with the changelings, do not expect straight answers to any questions you may ask. They are like the spirits; their motives are too alien for us to understand.



Appendix One: Seidar (Powers)

Tribal Weaknesses (Optional)

An optional rule was introduced in the first of the *Werewolf Tribebooks*: tribal weaknesses. These are quirks each member of a particular tribe possesses, usually due to the social or even genetic nature of a 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 an inborn anger against men, but a Black Fury may not feel anger towards a man with whom she has a trusting relationship.

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

Get of Fenris Weakness

Intolerance

Each Get of Fenris has one thing that she will not tolerate. If a situation arises in which this object of contempt is near, she will be unable to endure its presence and will do everything in her power to rid herself of the annoyance. If this object of intolerance is a fellow Garou, then woe unto him....

The player may either define a specific Intolerance for her character (with the Storyteller's approval) or choose from the list below. Wyrms creatures may not be chosen — all Get are expected to hate such monstrosities as a matter of course.

- Cowardice — You hate cowardice in all its forms, whether it is fear of the battlefield or fear to stand up to others in social situations. You openly scorn those you deem cowardly. If you ever go into a fox frenzy, you will turn your hate inward, and must do everything possible to make up for your act of cowardice, becoming quite reckless in the process.

- Compromise — You hate to compromise; you view this as a tactic for those who are not strong enough to get their way. You scorn those who use compromise as a means to settle disputes (such as the Glass Walkers and the Children of Gaia), and you yourself will never compromise in a situation. Your way must be enforced. If a leader forces you to compromise, that is acceptable, but you will begin to doubt that leader's ability to rule.

- Lower Animals — You have only contempt for creatures lower than you on the food chain. Such creatures are meant to be kicked around by your kind. This includes humans and even wolves. While you believe it is your duty

to defend them to a degree (such is Gaia's will), you will not accept condescension or insubordination from them. A grave insult from a human is enough to drive you to frenzy.

- **Peaceniks** — You despise those who speak of peace when war is the proper response. War tempers the warrior and prepares him to fight against the Wurm as the Apocalypse approaches. Yes, there are times for peace, but when attacked, you must strike back. Never turn the other cheek.

- **Weakness** — You hate weakness in others, whether it is a lack of physical strength or a lack of backbone. You will openly scorn those you deem weak and will never tolerate such qualities in yourself. You can only be merciful when there is a risk involved, a chance that it could lead to danger; otherwise, mercy is the hallmark of those too weak to punish criminals (whether they are servants of the Wurm or Garou).

- **Weaver Stuff** — You hate all things of the Weaver, especially technology. You may even feel that Klaives bear too much of her taint; only claws and fangs would then be pure enough. You especially despise the Glass Walkers and all Urrah. You must never willingly use technology when more traditional means will do.

Merits and Flaws

Alcohol Tolerance (1 pt. Physical Merit)

With a successful Stamina roll (difficulty 5), a Garou with this Merit can shake off the effects of intoxication, suffering no coordination penalties that might normally affect a drunken fighter. This Merit also works against all natural intoxicants, though not against poisons. It will also take a Garou with this Tolerance longer to get drunk.

Mixed Heritage (1 to 2 pt. Social Flaw)

Get of obviously mixed heritage are scorned by others. They are less likely to be accepted, must work harder to gain Renown (at the Storyteller's discretion) and are often treated as poorly as metis by the more militant members of their tribe. The Get suffers penalties on all Social rolls with Get of Fenris (+1 difficulty with 1 pt. Flaw; -1 die with 2 pt. Flaw). Note: This Flaw does not affect the Pure Breed Background.





Physically Impressive (2 pt. Physical Merit)

A Garou with this Merit can add one die to all Social rolls that involve intimidation. The Get appears dangerous both in outward demeanor and in physical bearing, and exudes a confidence that assists in impressing opponents.

Gifts

- **Troll Skin (Level Two)** — With this Gift, a Garou can make her skin grow tough and thick, covered with warty knots of hard, armored flesh. This Gift is taught by an Earth Elemental.

System: The Garou spends one Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Primal-Urge (difficulty 7). For each success, the Garou receives one extra die on her soak roll. This Gift does not protect against fire or silver, and lasts for one scene. However, when imbued with Troll Skin, the Garou is +1 difficulty on Social rolls due to the ugly skin and its accompanying smell.

- **Wearing the Bear Shirt (Level Two)** — When a Garou with this Gift frenzies, he will always enter a berserk frenzy, never a fox frenzy. This Gift is taught by a Bear-spirit.

System: No roll is required; once this Gift is learned, the effects are automatic. In addition, the Garou can make a

Willpower roll to resist any Gifts, Disciplines, Arcanos or other powers that incite fear, even if a resistance roll is normally not allowed.

- **Endurance of Heimdall (Level Five)** — This powerful Gift grants the Garou great endurance and hardiness for a time. This Gift is taught by a Boar-spirit.

System: The Garou spends one Gnosis point and rolls Willpower (difficulty 6). If successful, the Garou's Stamina rating is doubled for the duration of the scene. This will aid Stamina and Soak rolls.

- **Strength of the Einherjar (Level Five)** — This Gift allows a Get to call upon his greatest ancestors, the heroes of Valhalla, the Einherjar, for assistance. It is only used in dire situations, when the lives of more than one Garou are endangered. Calling on the strength of the Einherjar allows a Get to increase his Attributes substantially for a limited time. The Einherjar come to the aid of a Get only in times of great peril, and punish any Get who attempts to call on them without need. This Gift is taught by an Ancestor-spirit.

System: Only Get with at least one dot in the Past Life Background may learn this Gift. The Get spends one Rage point and rolls Charisma + Rituals (difficulty 10); she may subtract one from the difficulty for every dot she has in Past Life. During the casting of this Gift, she must carve the

specific runes of her ancestors into her flesh. For each success, she may add one dot to any Attribute, or distribute the dots to different Attributes.

If the Storyteller believes this Gift has been used inappropriately, the Einherjar will still give assistance, but then turn on their descendant, permanently removing a number of Attribute dots equal to those they granted. They will show no mercy.

- **Call Great Fenris (Level Six)** — The Get may summon a spirit avatar of Fenris Wolf. The avatar will assist in combat, slaying all who are not Get of Fenris or under their protection. There is always a sacrifice demanded in return, traditionally the right hand of the summoner. Once Fenris has claimed the hand, it does not regenerate. If there is not a good reason for calling the avatar, or the summoner will be devoured whole. This Gift is taught by a wolf spirit.

System: The Garou spends one Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Occult (difficulty 6). The summoner permanently loses one Health Level as his right hand is bitten off by Fenris in return for daring to summon him. See the sidebar for the Fenris avatar's Traits.

The Spirit Avatar of Fenris Wolf

The avatar of Great Fenris appears as an enormous wolf, 10 feet tall at the shoulder. His eyes burn with rage and his jaws drip with the blood of countless enemies. His fur is brown with red and black markings. The avatar of Fenris can run at up to 100 miles per hour, and never seems to tire.

Willpower 10, Rage 10, Gnosis 8, Power 75

Charms: Airt Sense, Materialize (Power cost 40; Strength 10, Dexterity 7, Stamina 10, Brawl 5, Dodge 3, Claws: Str + 3, Fangs: Str + 4, Health 15), Reform, Tracking

Get of Fenris Ragabash (Rotagar)

- **Loki's Touch (Level Three)** — This Gift is rare among the Get of Fenris, but the Rotagar often find it necessary to cool the rages of their comrades. With just a touch, the Garou may cause a target to go into uncontrollable fits of laughter or simply to have a better sense of humor. This Gift is taught by any Trickster spirit (most often Ratatosk, the Squirrel).

System: The Garou must touch an opponent and roll Manipulation + Empathy (difficulty equal to the Rage plus the Rank of the target; maximum difficulty of 10). The fits of laughter will last for one round per success, during which time the target may not take any offensive action, although he may defend himself if attacked.

Ymir's Sweat Gift

- **Call of the Early Frost (Level Three)** — Per the Level Three Wendigo Gift. Only members of the Ymir's Sweat bloodline (if they truly exist) may learn this Gift.

Rites

The rites of the Get of Fenris are bloody, savage affairs; few are ever performed without retribution or punishment in mind.

Rite of Heritage (Level One Renown)

This rite reveals the lineage of a Get, often allowing rival's numerous claims of poor breeding to be disproved without resulting in a bloodbath.

Rite of Rune Carving (Level One Mystical)

The Theurges (Godi) of the Get of Fenris are taught early on to respect and appreciate the power of runes. This rite allows them to carve the runes that they can later cast. The runes must be carved into the bones of enemies slain in battle and, once dedicated, may never be lost by the Get. (See the Rite of Rune Casting, below.)

Rite of War (Level Two Renown)

An Ahroun must successfully complete a vigorous series of trials before she is allowed to become Rank Two, regardless of what she may already have accomplished. During this rite, she may use no weapons except her natural body, and she must battle with two more Ahroun, both of whom are armed with silver. The scars achieved during the rite are then painted with dyes made from various plants, and become permanent reminders of the Ahroun's success. This rite is ceremonial in nature, and simply marks the successes of the Get as a warrior.

Rite of Challenge (Level Three Renown)

This long rite is a formal challenge for leadership of the sept and may only be performed at formal moots. The challenger must step forward and recite his full lineage, announcing the proud heredity that permits him to call for battle. He must also call out the reasons for his challenge, and make a formal accusation against the present Jarl. The Jarl may not refuse this challenge. No weapons may be used in the ensuing combat.

Rite of the Lodge House (Level Three Mystical)

This powerful rite is performed at all formal moots, and works to soothe the Rage within all Get of Fenris. Once this rite has been performed, any Get within the lodge are supernaturally calm, and all Rage rolls have a difficulty of 9. They are thus capable of rational thought and reasonable discourse.

Rite of Rune Casting (Level Three Mystical)

The Theurges use this rite to cast and understand the meaning runes. The Storyteller is encouraged to come up with exactly how much or how little of the future can be interpreted by the casting of the runes. The answers should always be vague, but accurate enough to give hints.

Rite of Conquest (Level Five Mystical)

This rite is performed whenever one Jarl has defeated another. The rite acknowledges the history of both the fallen Jarl and the new Jarl, and is actually more ceremonial than mystical. The heart of the slain Jarl must be consumed by the new Jarl, who symbolically gains the wisdom to rule his sept properly. In the case of the World-Jarl, the leader of all the Get of Fenris, the symbolic act is accompanied by the actual knowledge of the predecessor's Gifts. This rite ensures that Get of Fenris leaders will always be strong. The possessions of Jarls defeated in combat are turned over to the new Jarl, but any relatives who have a claim on the fetishes and weapons may challenge the new Jarl for the right to keep them.

Fetishes

Dagger of Retribution

Level 2, Gnosis 5

This fetish allows a Garou to know who has stolen a prized possession. While concentrating on the stolen item, the Garou must hold the ornate dagger forward and follow the gentle tugs it gives until it reaches its mark. The fetish inflicts Strength damage, but the difficulty to hit is only 5.



Hammer of Thor

Level 5, Gnosis 5

These hammers are forged from silver-laced iron and cooled in the blood of freshly-slain enemies. Each hammer inflicts Strength +3 damage and causes aggravated wounds. As with Thor's hammer, Mjolnir, a hammer always returns to its rightful owner. There are seven of these hammers, and most are in the hands of the Jarls of various powerful septs. Killing blows from

The runes (Futhark):

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l	ng	o	d					

these weapons send out a powerful thunderclap; this does no damage, but announces to everyone in the vicinity that a foe has fallen.

Shield of Heimdall

Level 5, Gnosis 8

This small wooden token, shaped like a shield, is worn around the neck. When activated, the shield adds +5 dice to the wearer's soak roll, but only against cowardly attacks. Only one opponent per round will have a direct shot at the wearer; for all other attacks, from behind or from cover, the wearer receives the +5 soak dice.

Wotan's Spear (Gungnir)

Level 5, Gnosis 7

This powerful spear causes aggravated damage, and will only harm minions of the Wyrms. The bearer of this spear may use the Gift: Sense Wyrms. If a foe can be seen, it can be hit, for the spear suffers no range penalties. The spear does Strength + 5 damage. There are two known in existence.

Totems

(See also Chapter Two)

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 choose 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.

Fenris Wolf

See *Werewolf: The Apocalypse Second Edition* rulebook, p. 262.

Totems of Wisdom

Hrafn, the Raven

Background Cost: 5

Hrafn is a Trickster-spirit favored by many lupus. He plays with their cubs and teases the yearlings and adults. He is always hungry; in fact, he is the hungriest of all the totem creatures. Hrafn often leads wolves to prey, but lacks the strength to kill



the animal himself. He feeds upon what is left after the wolves are finished with the carcass. He is also a totem of wealth. He makes sure the wolves want for nothing and always have the resources they need.

Traits: Hrafn teaches his Children Survival 3, Subterfuge 1 and Enigmas 1. Each pack member gains a bonus of one temporary Wisdom point. Children of the Raven are favored by the Corax wereravens.

Ban: Hrafn asks that its Children carry no wealth, instead trusting in Hrafn to provide.

Ratatosk

Background Cost: 4

Ratatosk sees and hears all from his secret pathways up and down the trunk of the World Tree. While he is small and puny, he knows much and teaches his Children craftiness.

Traits: Children of Ratatosk learn Subterfuge 2 and three dots in any Knowledges of their choice (Lupus characters can even choose Knowledges normally restricted to them). Children of Ratatosk will always gain one fewer Honor Renown point than usual (they must gain at least two points on any occasion to get one), but they get an extra point of Wisdom Renown every time they earn Wisdom (Storyteller's discretion.)

Ban: Children of Ratatosk become skittish and jumpy. They will always enter a fox frenzy rather than a berserk, and they may not learn the Gift: Wearing the Bear Shirt.



Appendix Two: Jung Fenrir (Young Fenrir)

...The Old Norse word for wolf, vargr, being also the legal term for outlaw.

—Adam Douglas, *The Beast Within: A History of the Werewolf*

To the last human or wolf among them, the Get are tough and mean as hell. But while they may seem culturally and behaviorally homogenous to outsiders, they actually hold

many individual beliefs. Get can be warriors, wise thanes, stern shamans or crafty (and cruel) tricksters.

Judge, Jury and Executioner

Quote: Excuse me, I think you left this noose behind when you murdered that little girl. (Snarl) I thought you might like it back, you twisted sonova...

Prelude: You grew up in the city, more often than not left to your own devices, as both of your parents were forced to work. By the time you were 10, you had been in trouble with the law several times for boosting cars and even for shoplifting. You tried dealing drugs once, for the easy money, but the desperate look on the junkies' faces led you to change your mind. It just wasn't worth the fast cash to do that to someone. Instead, you drifted into the neighborhood protection group as you grew older. Your First Change happened when you were 15. By that time, you had developed a reputation for reporting crimes to the cops. They no longer thought of you as a threat, but as an ally.

After your Rite of Passage, you took the action to a new level. Now, you locate the criminals who prey upon your neighbors and teach them a harsh lesson about civic responsibility. Your prey rarely lives long enough to forget the experience.

Concept: You are now a beat cop, working the worst parts of the city to hunt down the sleaziest individuals and the most corrupt gangs. You try to avoid being seen too often in action; if you are seen, this might come back to haunt your Kinfolk.

Roleplaying Hints: You know the language and the rituals of the streets. You also know where you can get information with little more than a veiled threat. You always play by the book when on duty, and you lead by example as a responsible member of the community. But when night falls, the game begins. You love the smell of fear on your victims and you love the taste of blood on your fangs. You are a friendly, cheerful man, and a savage, merciless Garou.

Equipment: Ratty street clothes, various confiscated weapons, used to hide the true cause of death, handcuffs, nondescript car, donuts and coffee



Thompson 95

Attributes: 7/5/3 **Abilities:** 13/9/5 **Gifts:** 1 Level One from breed, auspice and tribe; **Backgrounds:** 5; **Freebie Points:** 15 (7/5/2/1)

Caern Guardian

Quote: *Little far from home, aren't you? Looks like the park's pretty full up today. Why don't you get back in your car and leave before things get ugly?*

Prelude: You were born different from others, less than perfect in the eyes of your people. Despite your deformity, your people still gave you affection as a child and helped you to overcome your physical limitations. While it's true they often made life hard for you, never letting you favor your club foot, they instilled in you a sense of pride in your worth, and gave you the chance to prove yourself. You have always lived in the country, surrounded by the sounds of the natural world. As time went on, you moved closer to the periphery of the human world. Now you work as a park ranger and make certain that no one defiles the haven of Gaia. You take your duties seriously, as you are also the first defense of the caern in times of danger.

Concept: Your love of the Wyld is strong, and when it is mistreated your anger is ferocious. You still live near the woods, working as a park ranger and as a guardian of the caern. You do not ask questions more than once, and you enforce the rules about campsite safety with an iron fist.

Roleplaying Hints: You seldom lose your temper, but you never back down from an argument with some city fool who wants to give you grief. You try to be friendly, but are also very firm in the rules you set down. If a potential troublemaker comes to the park, you ask him to leave, and if he declines, you teach him the error of his ways.

Metis Deformity: Club foot. You can only run at half the normal speed.

Equipment: Jeep, ranger's uniform, two-way radio, portable fire extinguisher





Set of ENARIS

Name: _____ Breed: Metis Pack Name: _____
Player: _____ Auspice: Theurge Pack Totem: _____
Chronicle: _____ Camp: _____ Concept: Caern Guardian

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●●○	Charisma	●●○○○	Perception	●●●○○
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●●○○○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●○○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●○○○	Animal Ken	●●○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Athletics	●●○○○	Drive	●○○○○	Enigmas	●●○○○
Brawl	●●○○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Investigation	●○○○○
Dodge	●●○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Law	●○○○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Linguistics	○○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Medicine	●○○○○
Intimidation	●●○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	●○○○○	Repair	●○○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	●○○○○	Rituals	●●○○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Survival	●●○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts		Gifts	
Totem	●●○○○	Sense Wurm	_____		_____
Past Life	●●○○○	Spirit Speech	_____		_____
	○○○○○	Razor Claws	_____		_____
	○○○○○		_____		_____
	○○○○○		_____		_____

Renown

Glory
○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor
○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom
●●●○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Rage

●●●●●○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

●●●●●○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●●●●○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

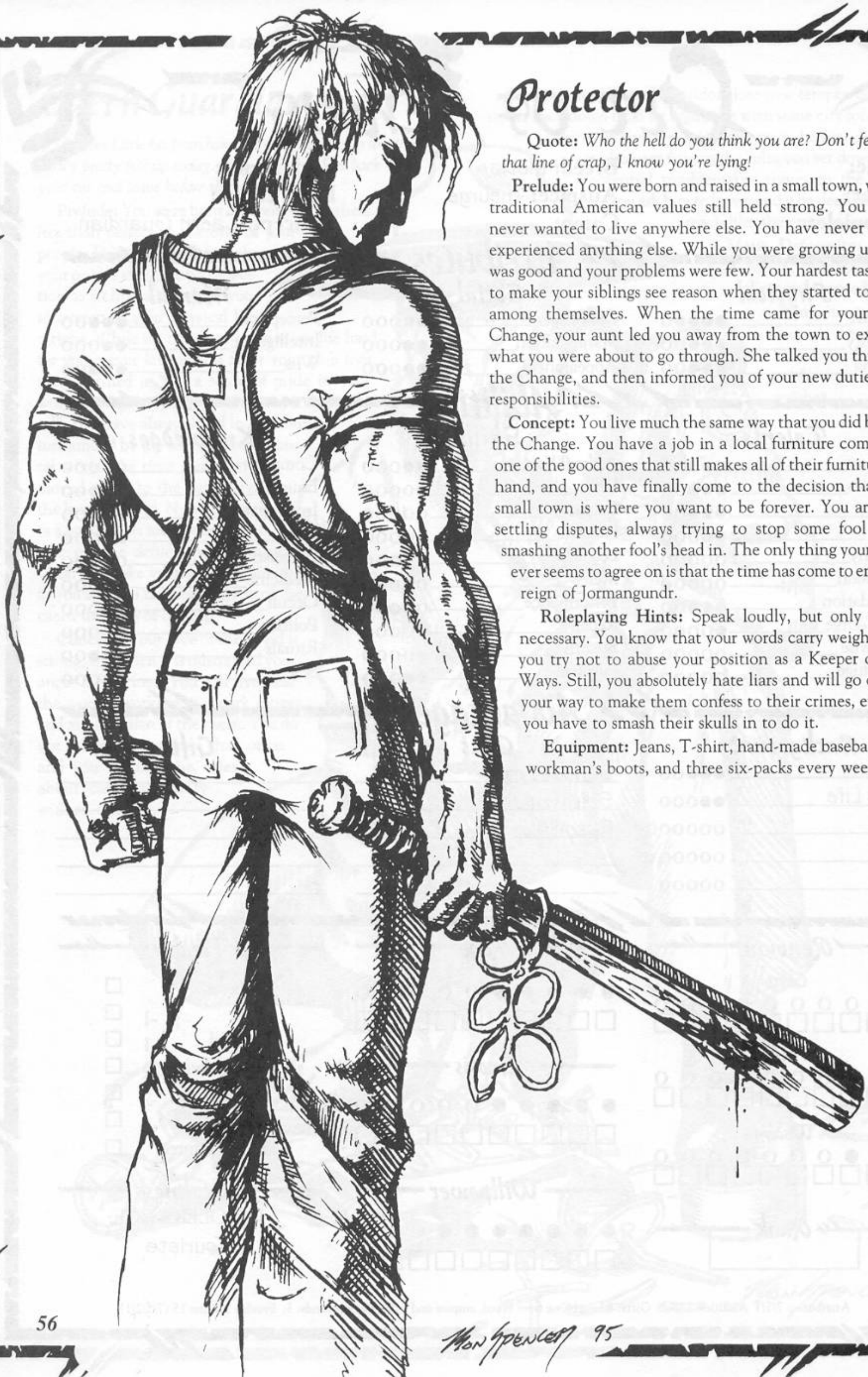
Health

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

Weakness

INTOLERANCE:
Tourists

Rank



Protector

Quote: Who the hell do you think you are? Don't feed me that line of crap, I know you're lying!

Prelude: You were born and raised in a small town, where traditional American values still held strong. You have never wanted to live anywhere else. You have never really experienced anything else. While you were growing up, life was good and your problems were few. Your hardest task was to make your siblings see reason when they started to fight among themselves. When the time came for your First Change, your aunt led you away from the town to explain what you were about to go through. She talked you through the Change, and then informed you of your new duties and responsibilities.

Concept: You live much the same way that you did before the Change. You have a job in a local furniture company, one of the good ones that still makes all of their furniture by hand, and you have finally come to the decision that the small town is where you want to be forever. You are still settling disputes, always trying to stop some fool from smashing another fool's head in. The only thing your pack ever seems to agree on is that the time has come to end the reign of Jormangandr.

Roleplaying Hints: Speak loudly, but only when necessary. You know that your words carry weight, but you try not to abuse your position as a Keeper of the Ways. Still, you absolutely hate liars and will go out of your way to make them confess to their crimes, even if you have to smash their skulls in to do it.

Equipment: Jeans, T-shirt, hand-made baseball bat, workman's boots, and three six-packs every week

Get of Fenris

Name:

Breed: Homid

Pack Name:

Player:

Auspice: Philodox

Pack Totem:

Chronicle:

Camp:

Concept: Protector

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Kinfolk ☐☐☐☐☐
Past Life ☐☐☐☐☐
Resources ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Gifts

Persuasion ☐☐☐☐☐
Truth of Gaia ☐☐☐☐☐
Resist pain ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Gifts

☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Renown

Glory

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rank

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rage

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

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

Weakness

INTOLERANCE:
Weaklings

Wyrml Hunter

Quote: Grrr... You stink like a corpse. Now you'll look like one, too...

Prelude: Your life among the wolves was easy until the humans started cutting down the forest where your family had made their den. Three times you were forced to move because of the foul scent that brought the felling of the trees — the odor of diesel fuel and machine oil. When you saw the great metal-

You were content for a time. But then the foul things came, the Wyrmlings in their false human skins. They tore up the woods and killed your family, and they would have killed you, too, had not others like yourself shown up — others who could change their shapes. Severely wounded, you watched as the first other Garou you had ever seen attacked and destroyed the Banes. Afterward, the Garou patiently taught you their heritage, although you had no desire to learn. When you became too aggressive toward your teachers, they tore your fur to make their point. Eventually, you learned your place in the pack, and were taught more about the humans. You soon learned how to imitate humans, and to like the taste of their flesh...

Concept: You spend your time in the woods near the big Scab, and you hunt and kill those who would destroy your home. You know the humans have foul weapons that can hurt Gaia, and you are determined to stop them before they put them to use.

Roleplaying Hints: If it's human, kill it. If it is of Gaia, respect it. You do not like the city, and you avoid it when ever possible.

Equipment: Claws, fangs and a serious attitude problem. You keep human clothes hidden away for the times when you must go to the city to hunt Wyrml creatures.

lic beast that tore the land apart, your First Change assaulted you and you fell into a fit of lunatic Rage. The humans with their machines fell before your fury as easily as the trees had fallen to their chain saws.

Attributes: 7/5/3 **Abilities:** 13/9/5 **Gifts:** 1 Level One from breed, auspice and tribe; **Backgrounds:** 5; **Freebie Points:** 15 (7/5/2/1)

War Monger

Quote: Are you talkin' to me? Come here, you little shit! I've got something to tell you. Hey, come back here! I'm not done killing you yet!

Prelude: You were never happy with second best. All through Little League, you had to outdo the others around you. If someone could run faster, you practiced until you could beat them. If someone could take pain better, you toughened yourself and learned to thrive on pain. If someone was a better fighter, you learned how to break bones to make your point. Then the First Change came, and everything just got better. You could outrun them all. You made star quarterback in high school. You even made it

to Golden Gloves Regional Championship. All while you were learning the ways of the Get.

Concept: You still strive to be the best, and you're pretty sure there aren't many who can beat you in a fair fight. Of course, not everyone fights fairly, so you've started learning a few new tricks along those lines, too....

Roleplaying

Hints: You are aggressive and unstoppable — at least in your own eyes. You always meet the enemies who face you on their terms, whether you like those terms or not. You prefer to use your hands in combat; use of weapons almost seems like cheating. You live for the challenge and the thrill of defeating your enemies. Nothing pleases you more than to hear your foes, crying for mercy which you will not deliver.

Equipment: Shit-kicker boots, Harley Davidson motorcycle, leather jacket, chain, .357 Magnum with spare clips, brass knuckles, big pig-sticker knife, attitude

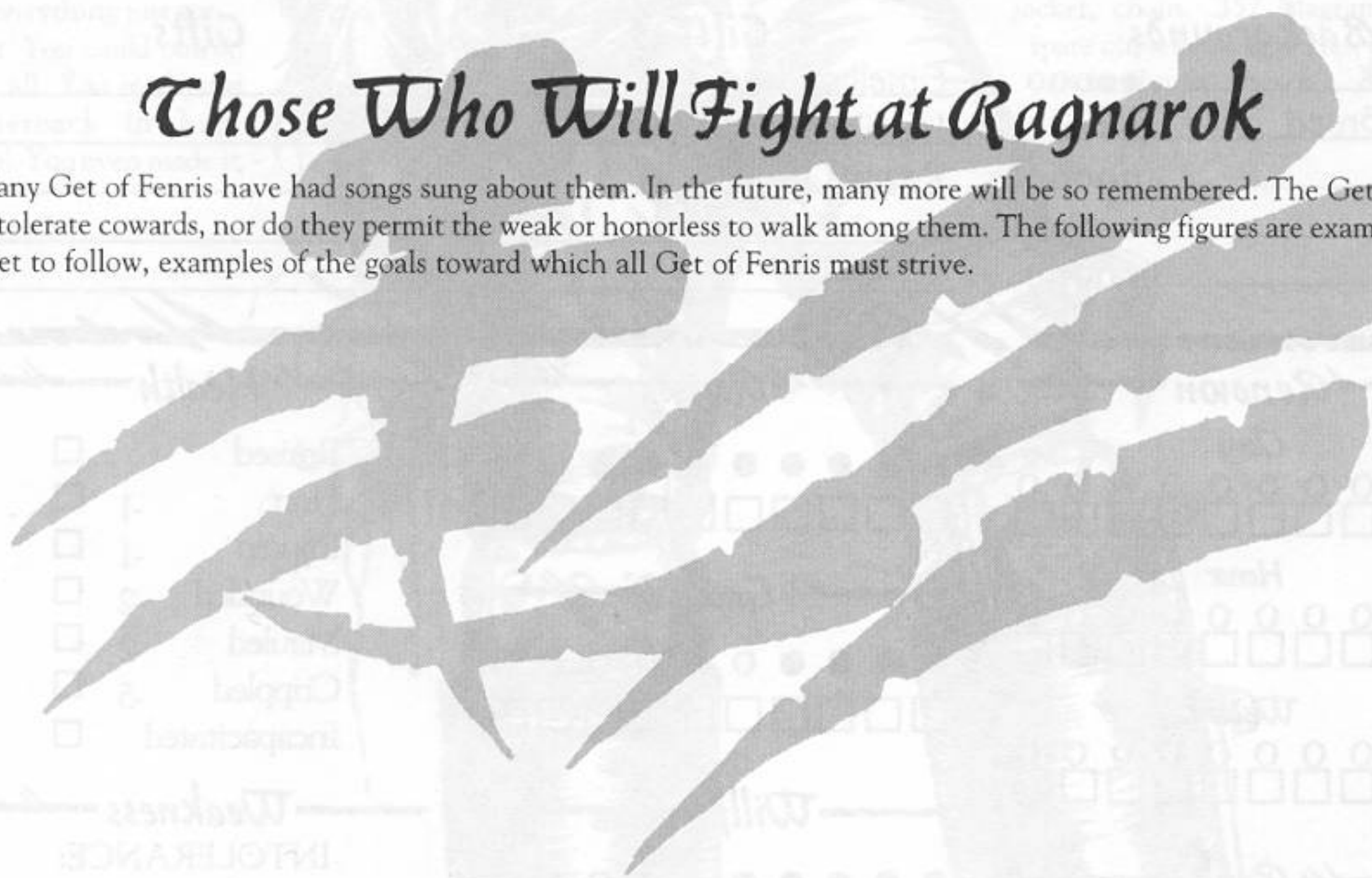




Appendix Three: Hammarar Fenrar (The Hammers of Fenris)

Those Who Will Fight at Ragnarok

Many Get of Fenris have had songs sung about them. In the future, many more will be so remembered. The Get do not long tolerate cowards, nor do they permit the weak or honorless to walk among them. The following figures are examples for all Get to follow, examples of the goals toward which all Get of Fenris must strive.



Brynhild-Blood-Avenger

Brynhild lived in Scandinavia in the early 800s AD. Brynhild-Blood-Avenger changed late in life. For a time, no one even knew that she had bred true. Brynhild was married to Jon, son of Halthar, and she gave him three strong sons and two healthy daughters. Their marriage was blessed.

When Brynhild's mother grew ill, she left her husband's village and made her way to the town where her mother lived: because her father had been killed in battle, there was no one else to care for her. While she was away, the Trolls came to her husband's village; when Brynhild returned home after her mother's death, she found her husband and sons dead, and her daughters missing. She underwent her First Change as she stared at the rotting flesh that was all that remained of Halthar.

With no training beyond that given to any Kinfolk, Brynhild stalked the Trolls, running many leagues as a wolf, and feeding off the land. Eventually, she came upon her daughters, poorly used and discarded by the monsters. She was proud to see their bloodied hands, which spoke of a valiant fight. Nevertheless, Brynhild was deeply saddened. For three fortnights, she chased after the Trolls, speaking with the spirits and learning what she could from Gaia.

Along the way, Brynhild fought other enemies: a servant of Jormangandr who sought to seduce her to the ways of the Wurm, and three giants who sought to make her their wife. All of them fell to her anger. On the night before she found her prey, Great Fenris approached. He asked her what she wanted more than life itself. Brynhild did not pause, nor did she cower before the lord of wolves; she replied with only a single word: "Revenge."

Satisfied with her answer, Fenris taught Brynhild Gifts she could use in her battle against the murderers. He granted her the Rage of a hundred warriors, and then sent her on her way. By daybreak, she found the slayers of her kin, 40 Trolls, all totaled. Armed with only her claws, her fangs, and the Gifts of Fenris Wolf, Brynhild attacked the forces that had killed her family. The Trolls fought with silver and with vile poisons. They came at her in great numbers. But still, Brynhild's Rage was too much for them.

Gravely wounded from the fierce battle, Brynhild removed the heads of her enemies and carried them back to her husband's village. There, she called for all to see that her family had been avenged. When the Get came forth from other villages, they took note of her deed and named her Brynhild-Blood-Avenger. After she had been named, Brynhild fell dead from her wounds. We sing her song at the formal moots, for she has been a lesson to us all. Nothing must stop us in our quest for vengeance.

Gere-Hunts-The-Hunters

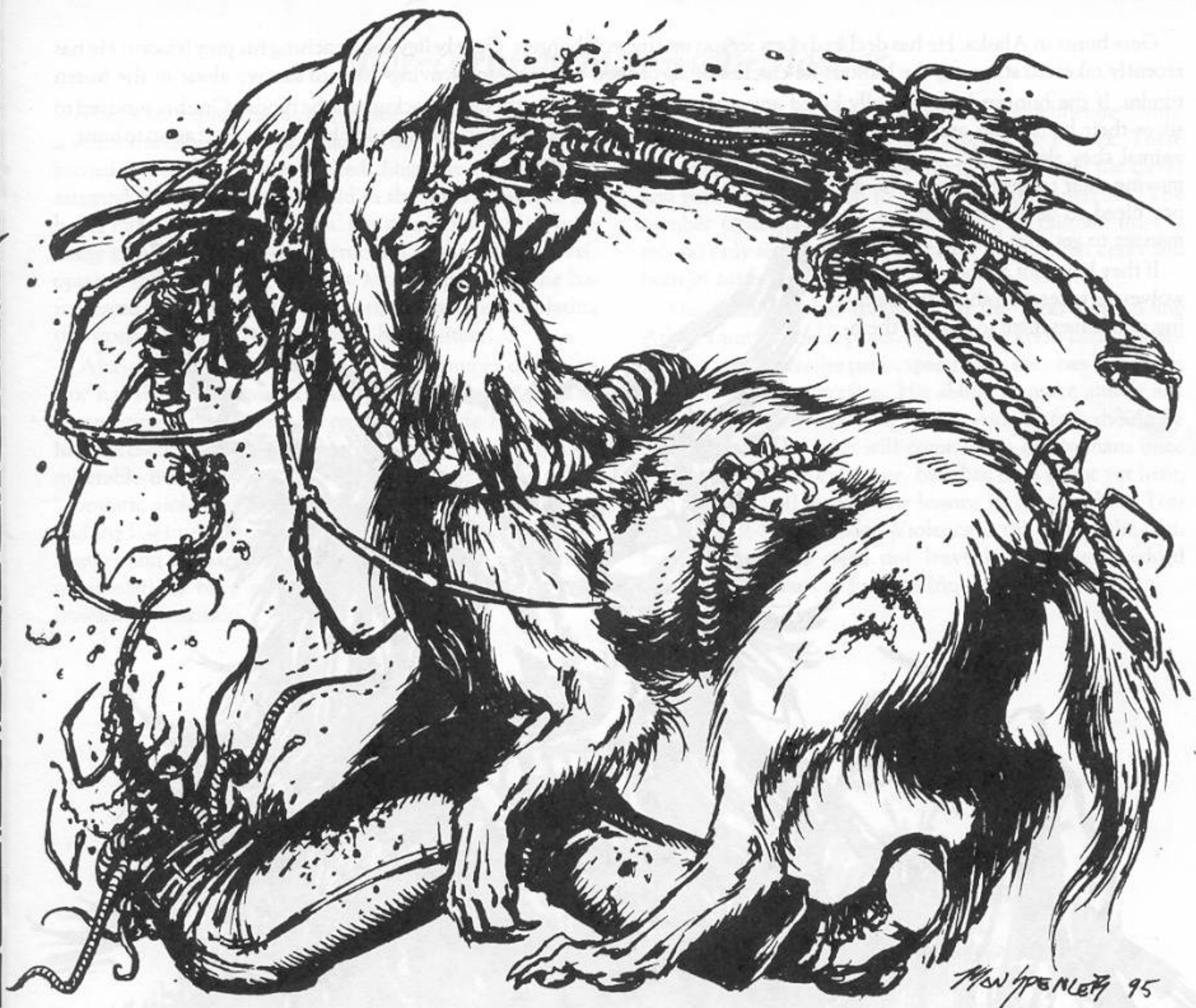




Stone-Fist-Thunderhowl

Stone-Fist led the Get of Fenris in their battle against the Black Spiral Dancers in Britain. Although most of the lands the Vikings invaded were pure, Great Britain had been tainted by the Wurm. The Fianna fought well, but they were no match for the Dancers. And so what had started as a simple conquest of new lands soon became a full-scale war. Stone-Fist-Thunderhowl discovered strategic locations from which the tribe could defend the lands against the Wurm-Wolves.

In Ireland, he founded the town of Dublin to protect a caern that was threatened with certain destruction, and in England, he forced the Dancers back in a wave that freed a great part of the country from the Wurm's domination. Stone-Fist then carried the battle back to Scotland, where he led a combined force of the more sensible Fianna and the Get of Fenris, and destroyed the foul Kinfolk of the Dancers wherever they tried to hide. He would have driven the Black Spiral Dancers all the way to the sea, had the Fianna not betrayed him and brought about his brutal murder.



Krieger-Silver-Mane-Tears-At-The-Heart-Of-The-Wyrm

Krieger is old, a lupus who has battled against Jormangundr for 80 years. Over the course of his life, he has slain hundreds of Wyrmings; his body is now riddled with battle-scars. He has sired many broods, and from most of these at least one pup has bred true. Krieger moves across the lands, teaching the ways of the Get to all he meets, and reminding us that the Get must respect Gaia and all of her creatures.

During the Great Depression, Krieger and his pack, the Bane Breakers, fought and defeated a powerful Bane left over from the times when only the so-called "Pure Ones" ruled the Americas. Wind Spear tore through the lands, bringing with it a Wyrms-Storm known now as the Dust Bowl. Had not Krieger-Silver-Mane-Tears-At-The-Heart-Of-The-Wyrm led his pack against the great Bane, the farmlands would not be here today. The great Wyrmling slaughtered many Garou before the Bane Breakers arrived. Krieger used his powerful rituals to force the creature into a slumber, and then he and his pack banished the Bane from the

land. Some say it has returned to work its evil in Africa, but there is no proof that this is the same servant of Jormangundr.

During the Great Moot of 1942, it was Krieger who forced the issue of the great folly of the German Get who joined with Hitler. Though, many opposed him, he won over the majority with wise words. He challenged the few who would not listen to his arguments for combat. All were defeated. He spared them because they were of his own tribe, although Krieger is not known for his mercy.

Krieger is the greatest Get alive today. Respect and obey him, for surely he will be among the leaders of our tribe come the final days of Ragnarok. There are rumors that he is in Alaska, and it is also rumored that he is in the Amazon. In truth, he is in the Homeland preparing for a great concolation. In Krieger, we see the ultimate example of Get ideals: He is wise, fair, deadly and honorable. He knows when strength is the only answer. But he also knows when tolerance for others is most effective.

Gere hunts in Alaska. He has declared open season on the wolf hunters. Gere believes in teaching his prey lessons: He has recently taken to stripping the hunters he catches of all of their weapons and leaving them to survive alone in the frozen tundra. If the hunters have actually killed any wolves, he slices their hamstrings and dresses them in the fur of the animal they slaughtered — after removing their tongues. Those who do not bleed to death either starve, or manage to get shot by other hunters.

If they have not actually killed any wolves, he takes their shoes and clothing, and leaves them to fend for them-

selves as they walk back across the tundra. One has survived to tell of his experiences, and he has sworn never again to hunt wolves.



Tor-Brundvandt-Scab-Slasher

The Scab-Slasher has already made a name for himself as a warrior and protector of Gaia. In the two years since he earned his name, he has worked diligently to destroy all attempts by big business to build in the areas outside of his home city of Atlanta, Georgia. His terrorist activities have many times delayed road construction work and the development of new housing projects. More importantly, he has increased the humans' fear by hunting down and mutilating the worst Wurm-corrupt beings in his territory.

Along with his multiribe pack, the Hammer of Justice, Tor has slain numerous humans guilty of dealing drugs or committing rape, murder or prostitution. He has made a habit of tracking his enemies to their homes and ending their miserable lives in ways that protect the Veil. Many of the "domestic violence" cases that have come before the media and the law in Atlanta have actually been the work of Scab-Slasher and his pack, but their subtle approach and careful manipulations have ensured that the Garou do not gain unwanted attention.

One of Tor's favorite maneuvers is the deliberate derailing of trains carrying important supplies for Pentex. There are rumors that he has Kin working as low-level file clerks and passing information to him at irregular intervals. The number of accidental industrial spills on railroad lines is second only to the number of tractor trailers that crash and burn in his hometown.

Many believe that tornadoes in the areas surrounding Atlanta aim for trailer parks, but the Get know better: Scab-Slasher aims for trailer parks, specifically the ones known for frequent drug transactions. His ability to make almost any action seem as if it is simply the work of fate should be commended. The time will come when the humans once again know of our existence, but that time is not yet here, and we could all learn a few lessons in strategy from Tor-Brundvandt-Scab-Slasher. Violence is the way of the Get, but that violence need not leave behind the shredded remains of humans to fuel the Inquisition.



Lars-Vander got-Wyrm-Crusher

Only three years after his Rite of Passage, and already the Wyrm-Crusher has made a reputation for himself. On the West Coast he has battled against the Leeches, leading them away from his family in Oxnard and taking them far into the desert where none could see the carnage to come.

He has been seen running with his pack, the Savage Seven, in Arizona where they did battle against Black Spiral Dancers, and in New Mexico where they fought valiantly and killed three Thunderwyrms. He has been seen with the remainder of his pack in Alabama, where he battled against Pentex and destroyed a factory

releasing Wyrm-ridden toys to unsuspecting humans. Most recently, he has been spotted walking alone — for his pack mates have all gone on to Valhalla — heading to the Southwest, where he claims that the time has come to put an end to the woes of Mexico City.

Along the way he has found new members for his pack, promising them great glory and a proper death. Learn well from his example, for it is said that he suffers from Harano. Even in Harano he fights the Wyrm mercilessly.



GET OF ENRIS

Name:

Player:

Chronicle:

Breed:

Auspice:

Camp:

Pack Name:

Pack Totem:

Concept:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●○○○○○

Dexterity ●○○○○○

Stamina ●○○○○○

Social

Charisma ●○○○○○

Manipulation ●○○○○○

Appearance ●○○○○○

Mental

Perception ●○○○○○

Intelligence ●○○○○○

Wits ●○○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ○○○○○○

Athletics ○○○○○○

Brawl ○○○○○○

Dodge ○○○○○○

Empathy ○○○○○○

Expression ○○○○○○

Intimidation ○○○○○○

Primal-Urge ○○○○○○

Streetwise ○○○○○○

Subterfuge ○○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ○○○○○○

Drive ○○○○○○

Etiquette ○○○○○○

Firearms ○○○○○○

Leadership ○○○○○○

Melee ○○○○○○

Performance ○○○○○○

Repair ○○○○○○

Stealth ○○○○○○

Survival ○○○○○○

Knowledges

Computer ○○○○○○

Enigmas ○○○○○○

Investigation ○○○○○○

Law ○○○○○○

Linguistics ○○○○○○

Medicine ○○○○○○

Occult ○○○○○○

Politics ○○○○○○

Rituals ○○○○○○

Science ○○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

○○○○○

○○○○○

○○○○○

○○○○○

○○○○○

Gifts

Gifts

Renown

Glory

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

Honor

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

Wisdom

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

Rank

Rage

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

Gnosis

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

Willpower

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

Health

Bruised ☐

Hurt -1 ☐

Injured -1 ☐

Wounded -2 ☐

Mauled -2 ☐

Crippled -5 ☐

Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

INTOLERANCE:

Armor: _____



Set of ENRIS™

Nature:

Demeanor:

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Pure Breed

Kinfolk

Past Life

Resources

Pack Totem

Possessions

Gear (Carried) _____

Equipment (Owned) _____

Sept

Name _____

Caern Location _____

Level _____ Type _____

Totem _____

Leader _____

Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From: _____

TOTAL SPENT: _____

Spent On: _____

Set of ENRIS™

History

Prelude

Blank lined paper with horizontal ruling lines.

Description

Age _____

Hair _____
 Eyes _____

Eyes _____
Race _____

Race _____
Nationality _____

Nationality _____
Sex _____

Sex _____

Height _____ Weight _____

Homid *Battle Scars* _____

Glabro		
--------	--	--

Crinos		
--------	--	--

Hispo _____ Metis Deformitu _____

Lupus _____

13. Blank

Metis Deformitu

Means (Continued)

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch