

WHITE HOWLERS

TRIBEBOOK

A Sourcebook for Werewolf: the Apocalypse 20th Anniversary Edition
Tribebook 14

BLOOD WAS
BLOODED
THAT DAY.

OUR KIN FELL FIERCELY
UPON US, FARMERS
BECOME WICKED WIGHTS.

RUIN RED WAS DELIVERED
ONTO OUR KIN-LINE.

RAGE WAS OUR REPLY.

THE BARROW BORN

WRITING -- BILL BRIDGES
ART -- JOHN BRIDGES



HOW HAD THIS HORROR COME HERE?
HEEDING THE WHISPERS OF THE
ONCE-BREATHING ONES, I HAD HIED
OVER MOOR AND WHITECAP TO ORKNEY.

"A SILENT ONE,"
THEY SAY WHEN
THEY SPY ME.

BODERIA.

GRAY MANE THE GRIM, BEARER
OF BANE'S WROTH, SPEAR
TO SPITEFUL SPIRITS.

THEURGE TO WHOM
THE DEAD DISCLOSE
THEMSELVES.

HOGBOON!
BARROW GHOST, WHY
HAVE YOU COME
TO ME?

MY LINE IS LOST!
YOUR KIN, CAUGHT
IN CALAMITY...

THERE! LONG LEAGUES
AWAY LIES MY MOUND.
LOOK THROUGH
MY BONES...

I SEE... A BARROW BROKEN...
FARMERS FALLEN... FROM
THE SKY A SHADOW
SCREECHING.

NO REST WILL
YOUR KIN REAP, NO SLEEP
CAN YOU SEEK, UNTIL SLAUGHTERED
IS THE SHADOW.

THE WRESTLERS I SOUGHT,
THE LITTERMATES LONG IN CLAW. THE
MACTIRE, DUTY-SWORN TO DEFEND
THE ANCESTOR'S DENS.

DO GAROU PLAY GAMES WHEN
THE WYRM WALKS? WOULD YOU
WRESTLE A RIGHTFUL FOE? OR
MUST BROTHER BEST BROTHER?

RED MANGLER AND STONE FACE,
WOLVES OF ROUGH RENOWN.

A FIGHT, OLD
GRAY MANE? AYE!
WE'RE THERE!

THE BOARHIDE CLAN -- OUR KIN --
LIE DEAD. THE FIRES BURN BALEFULLY FROM
THEIR BLACKENED BARNs, BECKONING
US TO RED RECKONING.

A GOAT STILL STANDS!
AT LEAST SOMETHING HAS
WON THROUGH.

BE NOT FOOLED
BY ITS BLEATING.

HOLD! WHY KILL
THE LAST OF
THE LIVING?

A LICH FOWL HAS SUCKED
UNTENDERLY AT THESE TEATS.
THE MILK IS SOWN WITH
ITS SOURNESS.



THE STENCH! MORE
THAN DEAD BONES
LIE IN THERE.

YET IN WE
MUST GO.

NOT BENT ON
TWO LEGS...



...ON FOUR
WE RUN!

AAHROOOO!!!



THE SIBLINGS TOOK THEIR
NATIVE FORMS. ON LESS SURE
LEGS I FOLLOWED FASTLY.



WHEN WE SAW WHAT WAITED
THERE, WITH HASTE WE WORE
OUR BATTLE-FORMS.

CHHHHHRRRRRR



CHHHHRRRRRRRR

-- AHFFF,
MY HOWLERS.


YOU HAVE BEEN PROMISED
TO ME. IT IS WRITTEN IN THE
EARTH, IN THE WHORLS OF
EBON STONE.



RAWHRRR!

HOLD! THE LICH FOWL
TAUNTS YOU! NO LION
LIES BEFORE US! OUR
TOTEM YET STANDS.


OUR TOTEM -- DEFEATED AND CARRION-FED.
A LIE! AND YET... A BLACK FATE I SENSED,
A SHADOW NOT FALLEN FROM THE SKY BUT
RISEN FROM THE EARTH. THE VILE CORPSE
BIRD SPOKE PROPHECY.




HOGBOON! ROUSE
TO OUR SIDE! HEED
NOT THE RATTLE
OF THE NIGHTJAR!




ESCAPE THE
BANE'S SHADOW!




OUR KIN SPIRIT -- CORRUPTED!
THE KIN-LINE RENDERED BARREN.
NO MORE CUBS IN ORKNEY.



FIGHT WITH THE
HOWLERS! FIGHT WITH
YOUR WOLFEN KIN!



NO MORE HOWLERS
TO HOLD THE ISLES.




WE CANNOT SAVE THIS
PLACE! IT MUST FALL!

Cc-rack!

I CALL ON THE ANCESTORS
TO STIR, TO RAGE, TO SHAKE
THE STONES -- TO BURY
THIS MOUND!



KarrQQM!



THE SLEEPERS OF THE BARROW, OUR KIN
ANCESTORS, WERE LOST TO US, BUT THE
EARTH WOULD SWALLOW THE EVIL.



WE'RE NOT ALONE!
THE BOARHIDE CLAN --
THEY'RE FOMORI!



JOIN YOUR FAMILY...
YOU CANNOT FIGHT
YOUR OWN...

OUR KIN, CHANGED
INTO CREATURES OF
ROT AND PUTREFACTION.

CREATURES WE
MUST KILL.



BLOOD MUST
BE BLOODED.



RED RUIN DELIVERED
ONTO OUR KIN-LINE.



RaaWK!

RAGE OUR REPLY!



THE SPIRAL ROAD...
TURNS... TURNS...

THE PIT IS
YOUR DESTINY!

THE FIEND IS DEAD!
WE HAVE WON!

...EECHHHRRRRRRRR...



NO. IT HAS LAID
A DOOM UPON US...

...UPON ALL THE TRIBE.
I SEE DARKNESS...
I FEEL STONE
UNDERFOOT...

I AM DIZZY
WITH THE ENDLESS
TURNING.

splutChh!

THE LICH FOWL'S
CURSE... WHAT CAN
IT MEAN?



BAH! NONE CAN
STAND BEFORE THE
WHITE HOWLERS!

AHHROOO!



WOULD THAT IT IS
SO. GREAT LION,
MAKE IT SO

YET STILL THE NIGHTJAR'S
RATTLE I HEAR, AND LOOK
FOR A SHADOW RISING.

WHITE FLOWERS



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Check out White Wolf online at <http://www.white-wolf.com/> Check out the Onyx Path at <http://www.theonyxpath.com>

WHITE HOWLERS

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Introduction

*"They've promised that dreams can come true –
but forgot to mention that nightmares are dreams, too."*

– Oscar Wilde

The White Howlers' Story, Finally Told

For two thousand years, the Garou Nation has dealt with the pain, anger, and guilt surrounding the loss of the White Howlers.

For twenty centuries, the Black Spiral Dancers have served as a constant reminder of the fallen Howlers – and the fate the rest of the Nation will share, should they drop their guard for so much as a moment.

The world has had two millennia to forget who and what the White Howlers really were. Reality has been replaced by generation after generation of adaptations, interpretations, and – in some cases – outright fabrications designed to use what happened to the tribe for their own purposes.

Like their Pictish Kin, history has largely lost the truth of the White Howlers. What shards of fact do still exist lay strewn and scattered, coated and colored by centuries of time and tale-telling, and tainted by as-

sociation with what the Howlers eventually became. The tribe has been painted as everything from naïve fools to despicable traitors, depending on who told their story.

Unlike the Croatan, whose sacrifice brought about great good, or the Bunyip, whose loss was never of their own making, the White Howlers dove into the Wyrms' maw, and their actions spawned an army to serve the Garou's enemies. That choice was the single most dishonorable, unwise, and inglorious in the entire history of the Garou Nation.

Or was it?

Before the Fall

Hear now, for the first time, the words of the White Howlers from the tribe itself. Travel back to the beginning of the Common Era and beyond. Gather around the peaty fires, and listen to stories long-thought lost forever, told by those who lived them. Walk among their villages. Taste the sea spray on their shorelines, and hear the whispers of their dead from the shadows.

Together, we will travel to the past and listen to the tales of the Howlers and their Kin, told in their own

voices. We will lead you through their villages, pause to listen at their hearthfires, and break bread with their Kin. Beneath the ancient moon, we will travel with these fierce and ill-fated warriors, keeping pace as they battle the Wyrms' minions, defend their homelands against all ills, and – ultimately – fall to their dark fate.

Only then, can you come to truly know the White Howlers in all their passion and fury, and to understand their secret lore and sacred customs. Only then will you reclaim all of the slivers that time has whittled away, unearth what has been buried, and recover what was lost to the annals of time.

Their World

No tribe of the Garou Nation exists in a vacuum. In order to do the White Howlers justice, we must understand not only the tribe on its own – its history, its habits, its views, and beliefs – but also its dynamic within the Garou Nation of that era, and the vastly different dynamic between the Garou and the rest of the world in that time period.

To understand the role the White Howlers played in the ancient world, we look at not only the tribe and their homeland, but the world as it existed during that time period. We examine the rich tapestry of cultures that formed the Garou Nation and their allies of that era, and how the lost tribe interacted with each of them, providing enough information to allow players and Storytellers to create their own stories set in the ancient past, should they so choose.

The Fateful Choice

The White Howlers' dive into the Black Labyrinth is perhaps the single most significant and long-reaching action any group of Garou has ever taken. The effects of that choice colored the next two thousand years of werewolf history, gave birth to the Nation's greatest enemies, and tipped the cosmic scales in the Wyrms' favor.

History has painted that choice with twenty centuries of hindsight. But to truly comprehend the choices made – and to learn from them – we must

strip away the countless layers of morality lessons and prejudices heaped on the event. We must look with unbiased eyes at the time leading up to that fateful battle, and examine the mindsets and beliefs of the Garou involved, and what options – or lack thereof – existed for them.

Within those contexts, we offer readers the opportunity to do more than just come to know this long-lost tribe. We give them the chance to truly understand who the White Howlers were, what they stood for and, ultimately, why they fell to the Wyrms.

That exploration, in addition to the unique role that the White Howlers (and their modern, corrupted incarnation) play in the past, present, and future of the Garou, makes this tribebook different from any others.

Thank You

It's rare to have the opportunity to take a project that has long been bandied about the community as an urban legend and finally bring it to life.

Despite being the most famous (and most infamous) of the "Lost" shapeshifters, the White Howlers were woefully under-examined in the first twenty years of **Werewolf: the Apocalypse**. It has long been our dream to bring that history to light, and to share it with Werewolf fans across the globe.

Through the support and generosity of the more-than-2100 backers of the **Werewolf: The Apocalypse Deluxe 20th Anniversary Edition** Kickstarter, that dream has become a reality. On behalf of the creators of the White Howler Tribebook, and those who will read, use, and play with it in the years to come, we would like to say thank you to those who backed this campaign. Not only did your support fund this project, but also your active participation in the creation process through playtesting, beta-reading, and open-development discussion has made it the best it could possibly be.

You have made it possible for us to tell one of the longest-anticipated tales in the history of the World of Darkness.

Thank you.





Chapter One: History

Morag's Tale

Duty is a strange thing, both stronger than iron and more nebulous than the mists. Sometimes the dutiful path is a clear one: a wrong to be righted, an evil to be purged. Duty calls and we are bound to answer.

Other times, however, it is more cryptic. A child may not understand the necessity of a task his mother puts before him, or a student grasp the full meaning of a lesson until long after it is completed.

More often than not, this is the way of duty to spirits, I have found. Chiminage is the barter with which we trade for the favors and support of the spirit world, but even those who deal with the spirit world rarely ken why an ephemera desires a certain tree be spared when a field is cleared, or a particular buck from an entire herd be sacrificed.

Sometimes the meanings become clear over time, sometimes they remain a mystery. However, duty is what it is, regardless of whether we understand it fully or not. Thus, I start my chiminage as the sun rises and the day begins.

I do not know why it is that Lion asks me to speak every bit I know of our people before the new day dawns. Although I am blessed — and cursed — with a perfect memory of that which I have seen or heard, I am only one person and my knowledge of our Tribe is surely far from all that there is to know.

I do not know why it is this night, rather than the one before, or the one after, that he asks it of me. I can hear the rest of my Tribe preparing for tomorrow's battle, and I want nothing more than to be with them, to share in their work, and to lend my strength to their efforts. But my duty in this is clear.

I do not know why he wishes these stories spoken to the night, rather than to a student or even a spirit. My people hurry past, making their way to the portal that will lead us to our battle. If they hear anything, it is a snippet here or a sentence there, too little to make sense or commit to memory. Perhaps these stories are for his ears. Or perhaps, once spoken, they will simply disappear out into the darkness, leaving no trace they were ever told.

I do not know why, in the face of all we face with the dawn, Lion asks what he has. I only know that I am blessed with his patronage, as was my mother, and my mother's mother, and her mother's mother before her. I do what I can — what I must — to fulfill my duty to Lion, as he fulfills his role as our totem. On this night, that duty is the recitation of all that is known of our people, for any who wish to hear.

May the winds carry my words where Lion wills, across the Gauntlet, across the miles, across whatever boundaries lay between my lips and the ears of those who Lion would have know this.

In this, as in all things, I do my duty. I am Morag, called "Memory of Stone." I entered this world beneath the gibbous moon, destined to tell the tales of my people. Today, I will tell all that I know.

Time Before Time

Where to begin, where to begin? As with any story, the beginning, I suppose. Since the time of the Rendering, when the mortal world and the world of the spirits were torn asunder, we have been here in Caledonia. This was our land when the most ancient of ghosts in the deepest of barrows were but babes at their mother's breast. Before the Great Winter, before the great wars, before the Fianna or the fomori set foot on these islands, the White Howlers lived and loved, fought and died here. We remain tied to this land, by time, history, and duty.

Our role has always been to protect these lands, the waters around them, the depths below them, and their spirit reflection on the other side, from the Wyrms and its minions. It is why Gaia placed us here, in the beginnings of time.

Ancient Caledonia

Caledonia means "the hard place," and while time has rounded its corners a bit, the name suited it perfectly in ancient times. The islands were more rugged then than they are today, riddled with deep straths and glens, strewn with craggy mountains, and bordered all around with hungry, cliff-edged seas. There were forests so thick with trees that the ground stayed night-dark even at midsummer and rivers so wild they'd never been forded. There were creatures so magnificent they'd make your heart cry out just to see them. Herds of elk that stood so tall their legs were mistaken for trees and birds nested in their antlers. Wolves the size of horses. Lions as big as bears. Shaggy oliphants, cats with swords for teeth, and wonders the like of which have not been seen since. It was an awe-inspiring place and a glorious time, and our most ancient stories tell of its marvels. Gaia was strong there, but She wasn't the only Incarna with eyes on our beautiful homeland.

The Wyrms coveted our land for its own, and did all it could to sink its claws deep. It took advantage of the harsh environs, nesting itself high in the hills, and sequestering its nests within valleys and tunnels so deep and dark that sunlight never reached them. It bred out of sight, using the primal wonder of our home as camouflage for its insidious machinations.

It was all for naught, however. Our ancient forbearers ferreted out the Wyrms' taint no matter how well it hid. The Wyrms were strong, and cunning, and relentless,

but so were our ancestors. No warriors have ever been braver. We all know their names to this day.

Silverpaws, a wolf whose heart was so pure, Gaia gifted her with a pelt of pure silver to match it. Eubh the Everliving, whose dedication to Caledonia brought him back from the dead time and time again in the service of Gaia. Bran Bloodhand, who fended off an entire army of the Wyrms' minions alone, even after one of the monsters bit off his sword-hand. Cairbre and Brude, twins so alike that even Luna could not tell them apart.

Their strength and wisdom laid the foundation upon which our tribe built itself, and their stories resonate even unto this day. The details may vary from location to location, but their legends teach the tribe our ideals: cunning, dedication, duty, strength, and ferocity.

These tales are not only for our Garou cubs. Each litter of newborn wolf pups born to a Garou bitch or a wolf-Kin mother hears these stories before they open their eyes and emerge from their den. Around every hearthfire, in every village and hillfort, children of our human Kinfolk listen with rapt attention to the glorious legends of those who lived and died in the long-since-past.

Fierce and fearless, those ancient warriors fought with fang and claw, destroying whatever manifestations the Wyrms might bring forth into their land. Most importantly, they did not fight alone.

Ancient Kinfolk

Legends say our wolf-Kin of the long past were great shaggy beasts, as large as a Hispo, and capable of crushing skulls in their iron jaws. They hunted with a lethality we can now barely imagine, working together to bring down creatures twenty times their size. They were the ancestors of wolves today, wild and untamable, beholden to no one, and our Tribe's blood was all the stronger for their kinship.

Humankind was still in its infancy then. Compared to today, our human kin were barely recognizable as such. They had no intricate language, no sigils to carve upon the stones, just grunts and howls and snarls. Their minds were closer to that of our wolf Kin — primal and fierce — and their ways reflected those strengths.

They had no cities, no towns, no walls, nor permanent roofs over their heads. Their tools were barely-worked stone and bone, too weak to build as we do today, so they carried what possessions they had with them. They wore only rough pelts tied around them for clothing, and slept wherever night fell upon them, calling no hill more home than any other. They left no traces behind them, no burial caerns, no houses, and no standing stones. We know of them through the stories told by our Galliards,



and the memories shared by the ghosts who walked among them in that long-ago time. Time and the Great Winter may have wiped away all traces of their existence, but it cannot erase them from our memories.

Our long-ago Kinfolk travelled in families, much smaller than the tribes our modern Kin now dwell in, through the forests and hills of our islands. They followed the great wild herds as they migrated, bringing down prey with thrown rocks or hardened wooden spears, and gathered the fruits of the land as each season offered its bounty. At the shorelines, they pulled mussels from the rocks, and fished in the surf with crude nets, but had no boats to reap the ocean's harvests.

Life was hard for them — and without the aid of our tribe, it would have been even harder. Nevertheless, like our wolf-Kin, they were strong and fierce. They served Gaia and were worthy Kin to our long-ago ancestors in every way they were capable of, including fighting the Wyrn at our side.

There was one foe, however, that our man-Kin were not capable of standing up to: the Great Winter.

The Great Winter

Every winter is hard. Hunting becomes difficult, crops do not grow, and the bounty of the land lays hidden beneath the snow. In the depths of the longest nights, however, we who live today know that spring will return.

Imagine now, a winter harsher than any you have encountered, where each dawn's light brings only a better view of the endless frozen waste that your beloved homeland has become. The only seasons are the times of bitter cold with snow and the times of bitter cold without. Rivers vanish beneath layers of ice, and those layers vanish beneath more, until the terrain is nothing but mountains of white, plains of white, valleys and chasms of endless, unyielding white.

Imagine the winter that would not end. Not for a year, or a hundred years, or a hundred-hundred-hundred. A winter that stretched on, until the people considered even stories of anything but winter in the past either lies or legends. A winter long enough that tales of anything but ice and cold in the future were dismissed as wishful thinking or children's folly.

Thus was the Great Winter, the age of ice, the long cold night that seemed it would never end.

The temperatures dropped and stayed cold enough that a man's sweat would freeze on his brow or a widow's tears before they could run down her cheek. Ice spread down from the mountains, and instead of receding as it had always done, it kept growing until no part of the land remained bare from its cover. The seas pulled back from the shore, until Caledonia was no longer an island, but a vast ice-covered wasteland.

Many of the animals and birds who had called Caledonia their home since Gaia created them fled before the unending winter. The ever-widening glaciers pushed the great herds of giant elk away from the heart of our lands, and with them all but the heartiest of predator and prey. Those that remained behind either adapted to the harsh environment, or fell and fed those who did.

While our wolf-Kin's thick pelts and sharp teeth served them well during the Great Winter, our human-Kin were not so fortunate. Generation after generation, their numbers dwindled as the ice and snow made hunting and gathering ever more difficult. Many died of starvation, or exposure, or by predators made brave from desperation. Glaciers pushed the survivors across the former-seas into new territories, far from the plants and animals they knew. More died as they encountered hostile tribes from the mainland, peoples who had already begun to develop more advanced weapons — knapped flint for spear tips, knives, and arrowheads.

Long before the Great Winter ended, our human Kin were all but gone. Those Garou who remained in the ice-covered areas eventually lost all of their human Kinfolk, as the environs proved too harsh for even the most stalwart of primitive human Kin.

As a result, for generations upon generations, the ice-dwelling White Howlers took mates only from their wolf-Kin, making the tribe's inland inhabitants even more fierce and feral than they had been before.

Other White Howlers, desperate to keep the homid side of our tribe alive, began to take human mates from among the people they'd encountered along the borderlands of the icy wastes, incorporating fresh blood into the dwindling lineage. Unfortunately, this brought them into conflict not only with the humans themselves — this was an older time, and the concepts of civilized courtship would not be commonplace for many centuries to come — but also with the other werewolves of the area, who had long considered the disputed humans as their own property.

Gaia's Great Winter

When cubs first hear tales of the Great Winter, in their innocence they often ask why Gaia would do such a

thing. Why, if we were the beloved of our Mother, would she scourge our lands with ice and snow? The legends on this topic are as diverse as the tribes that tell them.

Some stories tell of a pact gone wrong: an ill-wrought deal between the White Howlers and the elemental forces of winter. A loophole in the bargain allowed Winter to reign over the entirety of the year and the whole of the land until, hundreds of generations later, the Garou were able to find a way to complete the bargain and force Winter back into its former and transitory role. The exact terms of the pact vary from tale to tale, but in the end, it is the stalwart souls and unyielding dedication of the Garou that prevails.

Other legends claim that the Great Winter was a punishment of our ancestors for dereliction of their duties. They say that the Tribe had fallen away from its appointed duties to the extent that Gaia forced them from their beautiful homeland until they had proven themselves worthy of taking up their task once more.

Perhaps the most poignant tales on the topic warn against splintering within our diverse Tribe. They claim our early Tribe-members made the mistake of concentrating too wholly upon the areas peopled by their own specific tribes of Kinfolk. This left an area in the center of Caledonia unguarded, as it was unpopulated by either wolf or human Kin. The Wyrms took advantage of this unclaimed land, sinking its roots deep into the earth there, and creating a massive, festering pit of taint and corruption. Since each sept of Garou focused only on the lands wherein their own direct Kinfolk dwelled, the Wyrms-tainted area went without notice for a long time. Long enough that, once discovered, the Garou could do nothing to rout the great sickness growing there. They begged their Mother, Gaia, to aid them, and she did so, sending the Great Winter to freeze the Wyrms' forces. However, in order to teach her children a lesson, she also allowed the ice to spill over the entirety of their Kinfolk's lands, until such a time as the fractured groups of White Howlers could learn to work together. Unfortunately, for the Tribe, this was a hard-learned lesson, resulting in the nearly endless era known as the Great Winter.

Expanded Borders

Until the Great Winter, our tribe had no real contact with the rest of the werewolves in the world. Our duty was to Caledonia, theirs to their own lands, and neither fate nor circumstances brought us together in any significant fashion. The Great Winter drove us from our traditional homeland, and changed all that.

Our first contact was with the Children of Stag, who call themselves the Fianna. Their territory was the

closest to ours, separated only by hard terrain, rather than by ocean as the rest of the world was. When the ice pushed our ancestors south, they were not surprised to find other werewolves; our numbers spread so thinly across the vast wilderness of Caledonia that discovering a new sept of our Tribe in an isolated area was not uncommon. Finding those who did not follow Lion, however, was a shock indeed.

The ways of the Children of Stag seem strange to us now, even after we have had thousands of years to accustom ourselves to their predilections. Think then, how alien they must have seemed to our great-great-so-many-times-great grandmothers and grandfathers, who had never before encountered them. Their crimson and sable coats. Their moods, as mercurial as the storms in springtime. Their strange titles and Gifts. Not to mention their associations with the People of the Mounds. It is no wonder, then, that our ancestors' first interactions with the Fianna were less than entirely successful.

Children of Stag

Just as an acorn looks nothing like the mighty oak tree it will grow into, the White Howlers' early relationship with the Fianna was quite different from the one we have now.

At first, we were uncertain what to make of the Children of Stag, or they us. While we now know ourselves to be siblings of a sort, we had no kenning of our kinship at the time. And, as happens even among the tribes of our human families, at first we saw only the differences between ourselves, the strangeness of each other's customs, the "wrongness" in each other's ways. We were not in the best of mindsets for diplomacy. The Great Winter had brought desperation even to our stalwart Tribe, pushing us out of the very land we'd been created to protect. That, coupled with the hotheaded temperaments of our southern cousins, quickly escalated our first encounters to deadly blows.

For a hundred-hundred years, our people warred with the Children of Stag in the shadow of the encroaching glaciers. Ice ravaged the land, completely covering Caledonia and eclipsing all but the southernmost tip of the islands, pushing us ever further into the Fianna's territory. They rallied their dark fae allies against us, and we called upon the strength and wisdom of those who had gone before us to lend their aid to our plight. The results were, unsurprisingly, devastating. Hundreds of Garou died, and both sides painted the other as all but servants of the Wyrms for their actions.

In time, however, the fury for war waned and our peoples realized that we had more in common than we had differences. That and the necessity of survival in

Lessons of the Great Winter

The stories of the Great Winter Wars are lessons, warning us against the folly of mindless action over thoughtful planning, the peril of approaching a new situation expecting hostility rather than diplomacy. We tell them not to glorify the victories our ancestors won over their cousins — well, at least not entirely for that purpose — but instead to remind ourselves that, although our duty may be to Caledonia, we are not alone.

We are but one Tribe among many, Gaia's children one and all, and no matter how strong we are, we cannot turn our backs on the rest of Gaia's chosen warriors. While the Great Winter has passed, the end times are coming, and we must fight together or else we shall surely fall.

the face of both the Wyrms' remaining minions and the hardship of the Great Winter urged our Tribes into an oft-uneasy alliance.

Stag and Lion

Our people's first encounter with the Fianna survives, immortalized in the tale of the Stag and the Lion, wherein Gaia tests the patron of each Tribe through a series of challenges: wits, intellect, beauty, strength, and eventually, ferocity. As every White Howler could recount, the competition ends with Lion eventually not only beating his antlered companion in the final battle, but also tearing Stag to bits to feed Lion's tribe throughout the Great Winter. Unsurprisingly, the Fianna are not overly fond of this story, and it is bad form to tell it when our southern cousins are in earshot.

While symbolic, this tale is not entirely false; without the sustenance and strength we took from the Fianna our people might never have survived the Great Winter, or at least we would have emerged from it far different than we are now.

As the ice pushed us from Caledonia, down into the lands of Stag, we brought with us a rich history, a fierce attitude, and a great deal of pride, but little else. Only what we could carry on our backs, or drag with us on sleds. Those we encountered were much the same; scattered along the shorelines, they lived on shellfish and seawater, hides rotting off their bodies from the brine. But they had a resource we did not: their fae kin.

The Good Cousins

Outsiders often distrust our Tribe for our ties with the restless dead. Fearing what they do not understand, they cannot truly appreciate the import that our connection to the spirits of those who have gone before us holds for our kind. Likewise, we could not — cannot, if truth be told, for the situation is largely unchanged to this day — understand the ties that the Children of Stag hold to their unearthly fairy kin. However, despite their alien natures, in the Great Winter Stag's fae relatives provided aid to their werewolf kith and kin. Moreover, the Fianna, in turn, shared it with us.

However, any bargain with the fairies always has a cost. Sometimes it's as seemingly simple as a story or the promise of a favor. Inevitably, no matter how meager the price may seem, it always turns out to be more complicated, more painful, and more tragic than originally thought. As the Great Winter dragged on and the Fianna leaned more and more on their fae kin for aid, the cost of their help became higher and higher. In the end, the price asked of the Fianna was not one that we of the White Howlers were willing to pay.

The Great Winter dragged on for generation after generation, sometimes seemingly near an end before picking up with a greater fury than ever before. Eventually even the timeless folk that the Fianna called brethren could not weather the endless storms. They retreated, not into the glaciers, but to a place where summer still existed to wait out the eternal snows, and a great deal of the Children of Stag — their best and brightest, bound by bargains too blasphemous for our tribe to consider — went with them. Unwilling to follow, our people were pushed once again by the great ice wall, this time into the maw of a far fiercer beast.

Fenrir, Falcon, Fury and All

The glacial encroachment did not end when it covered our island. The thirst of the ever-growing ice wall was so great that it drank up the sea that had once divided our homeland from foreign shores, leaving us a clear pathway to push forward to escape its unyielding approach.

Unfortunately, as had happened when we entered the lands of Erin, once we had crossed the former-sea we found ourselves intruding in the territory of others. Violent barbarians driven by blood-thirst. Aloof aristocrats, as mad as they were noble. An Amazon race dedicated to protecting women and the Wyld. Mystics from the Far East. Warders in the villages, and watchers in the deep woods.

We had learned much from our time shared with the Children of Stag. We recognized cousins among the

Conflict over Kin

One of the strongest themes in stories of the Great Winter is the war over Kinfolk that occurred between our people and the Children of Stag and Fenris. A tribe's lifeblood is its Kinfolk; they are the heart and soul of a Tribe. And, with the ice-dwelling branches of our tribe losing their human Kin, it was up to those of us who expanded along the glacier's ever-widening edge to ensure that human Kin continued to be a part of the tribe.

This included both doing whatever could be done to protect our dwindling numbers of existing Kinfolk — those whose families were pushed along with us on the forefront of the ice's encroachment — and seeking new Kin from amongst the humans we encountered in our migration.

Unfortunately, for our early interactions with the Fianna, those strong, brave, rugged peoples we found in the southern and eastern climes were already family to Garou. Unsurprisingly, their werewolf-families did not look kindly on newcomers seducing or spiriting away their Kin, even if the Kinfolk themselves quickly saw the merit in aligning with our Tribe.

Many legends of the White Howlers revolve around these early struggles over Kinfolk. Stag's Wedding. Caitlin and Her Two Husbands. The Lonely Red Wolf. Greum's Long Night. While they may have originally been told to ridicule our cousins, they've become a staple of our heritage. Now, we bring them out to remind our people of the ties we share with the Children of Stag — and the rest of the Garou Nation, as well.

outsiders, no matter how different their appearance and ways were from ours, and set about allying ourselves with them. In time, we came to realize that their duties were as ours were; their laws were akin to our own.

While the Great Winter may have driven us from our homeland, we gained something on our journeys. We became more than we had been before. We were part of the Garou Nation.

It is important to note that this migration did not happen suddenly, nor did any of these changes come about overnight. The Great Winter was a near-eternity; it lasted longer than the White Howlers had been a Tribe before it

began, and stretched out longer than we have existed since then — lifetimes upon lifetimes upon lifetimes. It was not as if, one day, the entire Tribe just packed up their camps and headed south. Inch-by-inch, over years, generations, centuries, we were pushed from our native lands, and onto foreign soil. Just as slowly but inevitably, our Tribe encountered, came into conflict with, and eventually made peace with, those who dwelled in the lands we now shared.

Tearlach Talespinner

While our tribe is known throughout the corners of creation for our howls of healing and of war, the single most important howl in our tribe's history might well be the one wherein a young Galliard entranced Helios himself into ending the Great Winter.

Tearlach Talespinner was born on the cusp between moons crescent and gibbous. Young Tearlach grew up fascinated by the stories told by the elders of her tribe — although which tribe her people belonged to is a matter of great conjecture, even to this day.

After her First Change, she devoted herself not only to learning those tales, but also to retelling them, spinning them into epic odes to the bravery, honor, and cunning of her ancestors. And not just ancient tales: just as a talented weaver can craft awe-inspiring tapestries from the most mundane of fibers, Tearlach could take the most mundane of happenings and present it in a way that would keep her audience enthralled until the story was over.

Tearlach was born and raised during the Great Winter, as was her mother's mother, and her mother's mother's mother before that. Her people were great hunters, who dwelled on the great ice floes that covered Caledonia, hunting the giant deer and great shaggy cattle that were sturdy enough to survive the endless cold.

One season, when Winter was crueler and bitterer than before, even the deer and cows could not find sustenance on the icy wastelands. Her people took to hunting the rodents and birds, and then to scrabbling for the lichens and mosses that clung to the frozen rocks. Soon, it became clear that if someone did not take action, Tearlach's people would starve. The mystics cast their rites, but their magics were not great enough to end the endless Winter. The warriors threatened Winter, but what mind does an eternal season pay to the rantings of mortals, no matter how fierce or brave they might be? The no-moons tried their most cunning, the judges argued on how to proceed, but there were no answers to be found in the laws, and one cannot survive on tradition alone. The weak died, the strong grew weak, and it seemed that the White Howlers of Caledonia might be no more.

Tearlach And Helios

Hungry and fearing for the fate of her loved ones, Tearlach said goodbye to her pack and her family, and journeyed as far as she could to the east, there to make her one last effort to save her people and her land.

Just as Helios was rising over the horizon, she greeted him with howls of respect, as was the way of her people.

"Good morning, honored Helios," she howled, as she had every morning at dawn since she was but a cub. "You are the light which gives guidance, and the radiance which makes all things possible. Without you, there is nothing but darkness and despair in the world."

Helios heard her words, as he did every morning, and being somewhat vain, he gleamed in pleasure at the praises sung his direction.

And, as she always did, the brave Galliard went on to tell a story in which the great and glorious sun-spirit demonstrated his superiority to other spirits. Every morning, her story was new, and designed to glorify the solar Incarna, and the spirit was always well pleased with the tale she crafted in his honor.

After her traditional tale telling, however, Tearlach continued. "Noble Helios, the ice and snow have driven away the last of the herds, and the hunters have had no luck in months. My people grow weak and starve, and soon we will be no more."

Others had entreated the spirits to aid, but as is often the way with great spirits, they have their own views of the world and its workings. Having heard his tale for the morning, he said nothing, and continued his path across the sky.

Tearlach had expected this, however. "I hope you will forgive me, great Helios, but I fear this may be the last morning I, or any of my people, are able to sing your glory and praise your beauty. This tale will be the last I spin in your honor."

This, however, gave Helios pause. While the Incarna might care little for the children of his sibling Luna, he had become rather accustomed to being praised every morning. The sun hesitated in the sky, just a moment, and Tearlach hurried on with her plan.

"Which brings me great sadness. Because the next tale I had prepared to tell you? I think that one would have far surpassed any I've told in the past. It truly captured the majesty of your brilliance, if I may say so myself."

Helios was intrigued. "That is a shame. I would have liked to hear that story," he said. "Perhaps you will survive one more morning, and can tell it to me tomorrow, before you die."

This was the first time the spirit had deigned to speak

to Tearlach, and while his empathy might have left much to be desired, she took it as a sign her plan was working.

"I'm afraid that is not to be," she said, sagging against a boulder. "Even now, I am weak, and can barely find the strength to speak. By nightfall, I am sure I will be quite dead. That tale of your wonder will, sadly, never be told."

The sun-Incarna wavered, thinking. "Perhaps you could tell it now?"

Tearlach pretended to consider his suggestion. "I suppose I could. But I am very weak, and my voice will not carry to the far ends of the world. Will not the other Incarna grow angry if you wait here to hear my story? I would not want them to punish you for pausing to hear it."

Helios scowled, his anger growing. "I am no servant of the other Incarna! If I choose to pause and hear your tale, I will do exactly that!"

Tearlach nodded, apologizing for any insult she may have caused to the great and powerful sun-spirit. Shedding her heavy fur coat — Helios' nearness was chasing away some of the chill in the air — she began her story.

Helios stayed overhead until Tearlach ended her tale, and when she finished, he commended the Galliard on her work.

"That was, indeed, the best story I've heard. I am glad you did not die before it was told." And then he prepared to move across the sky once more.

Tearlach sighed. "True, true, it was a good tale. But sadly, I think after hearing it, that it was not quite as good as the other one about you that I've been working on. It is a shame that now I'll never know for certain which of the two was better." She leaned back against the boulder, and shut her eyes.

As she'd hoped, Helios not only paused, he actually moved backwards a bit in the sky, until he was directly overhead once more. "Another tale? Better than that one, you say?"

And so it went, tale after tale, with the Incarna of the Sun allowing himself to be convinced to stay for just one more story.

Tearlach told stories until the ice across Caledonia melted away, and the grass grew green again. She told



stories until the herds all returned and her people could hunt once more. She told stories until she was no longer a young woman, but a crone all bent with age, and wrinkled and brown from the sun's ever-present rays.

Only then, when spring had once again come to Caledonia, and the Great Winter had ended, did Tearlach's voice grow still. Helios paused, waiting for the Galliard's tales to begin again, but there was no sound but the wafting of the warm breeze through the trees, the chirping of the returned birds, and the sounds of other life that had come back to Caledonia once more.

Without Tearlach's stories to distract him, Helios remembered his duty, and hurried across the sky, as if he had never paused.

But to this day, every morning, as the sun-Incarna creeps up in the east, he pauses, just at the horizon, hoping against hope that he will hear Tearlach's voice once more.

Ancient Times

With the ending of the Great Winter, those of our Tribe who had remained in the ice sent word out to their far-flung cousins around the world. Their message was a simple one:

"Come home."

And come they did, from the deserts and the mountains, from islands far across the sea, and from the shoreline of the mainland. As they came, they brought their Kin with them, both man and wolf.

The Tribe that reformed in Caledonia was different from the one that had existed in the oldest of times. Over the thousands of years we had been apart, we had grown in different directions, and reintegration was no simple task.

Nomads and Farmers

In the oldest of days, the White Howlers relied only on the gifts given to us by Gaia to survive. Our speed. Our cunning. Our teeth and our claws. Our Kin, both human and wolveren, did the same.

When the ice pushed the tribe out of our homeland, they encountered other cultures, many which had been a part of their lands for almost as long as we had been in Caledonia though they weren't as close to Gaia as we were. Where we followed the herds across our lands, they tamed animals for livestock. Where we relied upon Gaia to provide the bounty of the forest and glen, they cultivated fields and imposed their will upon the natural growth of their lands. They dwelled in homes, where we slept in whatever shelter we could find.

These ideas were strange to us, of course, and although we learned to see the wisdom in Gaia with the gifts She had shared with them – and through them, with us – it was not an easy transition to make. While many White Howlers adopted the ways of the foreigners we lived among, when they returned home to Caledonia after the Great Winter ended those who had remained behind were quite taken aback by these innovations.

As the feral Tribe members and their newly returned brethren attempted to reawaken long-dormant caerns and rebuild newsepts, our elders debated whether integrating farming and animal husbandry into the White Howler way of life would weaken our people. Those who had brought these innovations back with them claimed that these skills helped them in their duties, leaving more time for fighting the Wurm than when hunting and gathering, for survival did not take as much effort. The more traditionally minded, however, claimed these new ways were crutches upon which the newly returned Tribe members needed to rely because they were no longer strong enough to hunt as Gaia intended.

In the end, each sept and its human tribe-kin developed their own take on the issue. Some embraced it fully, and these formed many of the first real villages and towns in Caledonia. Others continued to view these new developments with skepticism, and continued to live a more nomadic lifestyle, relying on their own cunning and ferocity to aid them, rather than agriculture and animal husbandry.

For the most part, separation allowed the various viewpoints within the tribe to co-exist without Garou coming to blows with their brethren. However, it also led to a period of isolationism from both the Garou outside of Caledonia's borders and between the various septs and groups of White Howlers

A Tribe Of Many

It is strange, perhaps, to think that more tales remain of the time before the Great Winter than of the time after it. Surely, the bards of each sept tell stories of its own great legends and exploits. But those, for the most part, are unique to that sept, rather than of the Tribe as a whole. Since there was little cooperation – or even communication – between the various branches of the Tribe during those times, and even less with the Tribes outside of Caledonia, the tales from that era were equally segregated. I fear that even to this day, many never reached the ears of any beyond the tribes of their origin.

But an ebbing in the tales remembered should not be mistaken for a dereliction of duty. Far from it. It is not that we Garou were idle during those generations between the

Great Winter and the Roman invasion. Quite the opposite. It was, if anything a time of focus, of reclaiming our lands and becoming one with them once again.

In many places, the Wyrms were quicker than we were to follow the receding ice back into the heart of our homeland. Everywhere our Tribe settled they did so only after reclaiming the land bit by bit from whatever evil had sunk its claws therein.

The Roman Invasion

When the becursed invaders from Rome arrived in Caledonia, we did not immediately see them as enemies. Our lessons of leaping into conflict with our cousins in ancient times stayed with us through stories told to each new generation of White Howler, and while we were cautious of the newcomers, we gave them a chance to prove their intentions.

We had no idea.

Isolated on our island home, we had no grasp how the Roman civilization had grown, how precise their training was, how deadly their weapons had become. We had no idea of the meticulousness and organization of their military. We certainly had no clue that their sights were set upon nothing less than world domination. We saw them, and their lack of supernatural abilities, and thought them no threat to our land, our people, our Tribe. We were Garou, after all. Gaia's chosen warriors. What threat could these foreign humans truly pose to us?

Our pride, and the segregation that we had developed amongst the Tribe in the era after the end of the Great Winter, was nearly the end of us.

The Romans first sent scouts and explorers into Caledonia, and then diplomats. We allowed them to enter our lands, and watched as our Kinfolk broke bread with them in their hillforts, farms, and brochs. There were squabbles and disputes, true, but our Tribe was accustomed to those. Our own Kin's human-tribes shared thousands of years of history, and that time contained as many battles and wars between one another as it did births and weddings. And, of course, we Garou were engaged in our own war, protecting our land from the predations of the Wyrms and its minions. Peaceful times in Caledonia were few and fleeting. Conflict was nothing to draw our notice. At least, not at first.

Months grew to years, however, and scouts, then soldiers, then entire armies followed the diplomats who visited our land. They set up camps, which grew to fortresses, which grew to settlements as large as any of our tribal villages were. They kept to themselves, to begin with, offering aid or trade, but not interfering. That did not last for long.

As time went on, the Roman game became clearer. They played our Kinsmen against one other, offering protection to this tribe, or aid in the conquering of their long-time rivals. Some, like the Orcadii, took the bait. The Romans offered them protection from the Cornavaii, who inhabited the mainland just to the south of their islands, and the Orcadii were quick to agree. Soon, however, they found themselves "protected" out of their wealth, their goods, their children and wives, and, eventually, their freedom. Their foreign overlords raped all that was good and valuable from their lands and their culture, leaving broken spirits and starving bodies in their wake.

Most of our tribesmen, however, did not fall for the Roman tricks, and refused to submit to their "protection." This refusal betrayed the Romans' true nature, and they responded with swift and merciless violence, even against those they had formerly sought as allies.

Our Folly

Many of the stories of the early years of Roman invasion make it sound as if our Tribe was neglecting our Kin, and perhaps by some definitions this is true. If we had been more alert to the interactions our human kin were having with the invaders from Rome, perhaps we would not be in the position we are today.

It is not, however, that we Garou were lounging about the bawn of our caerns, dining on roast boar and admiring each other's finery. The invasion of the Romans coincided with a period of heightened Wym activity in Caledonia, although whether the two were directly linked or not is a matter of great conjecture, even to this day. During the time that the Romans began to root themselves into our homeland; our warriors were constantly engaged in battle, waging war against the great Wym creatures which erupted near-endlessly from beneath the surface of our beloved island, plagued its coastal waters, and polluted the forests and glens of Caledonia. Great leaders such as Hathawulf Spearbreaker and Giselle Bloodfog led their septs to defeat these monsters, but had little time beyond their wars to devote to the everyday encounters of their tribal Kin.

As if reacting to the intrusion of foreigners upon their soil, the ghosts of countless generations of our people also stirred from slumber during that time. Spirits long silent chose that time to rouse themselves and begin to plague the land. Hungry ghosts haunted villages, angry poltergeists plagued brochs, and night-hags stole children from their beds and tormented expectant mothers across the land. Those White Howlers whose skills ran more to the spiritual than the martial had their hands full attempting to set this sudden upsurge in supernatural activity to rights, and barely had had they lain one ghost to rest before they were called to deal with the next.

This two-fold challenge and the separatist attitude allowed us to reintegrate ourselves into our homeland after so many generations apart during the Great Winter – but at what cost? With our attention divided, the skirmishes our Kinfolk were undertaking did not draw the Tribe's full attention until it was almost too late.

At War With Rome

In matters of war, the White Howlers soon realized that facing the Roman legions head on was futile; our kin had neither the training nor resources to stand toe-to-toe with their shield walls and battalions in a straight-on fight. They did, however, have an advantage that the Romans would never possess – Caledonia was theirs. Heart and soul, the land was their home, and they knew every hill, every valley, every crag and stream and stone. Rather than face the foreigners directly, our Kinfolk tribes used their knowledge of the land, their acclimatization to the local weather, and of course, their Garou kinsmen to counterbalance against the greater training, weaponry, and organization of the Roman troops. We raided their settlements, razed their encampments, and harried them until they built great walls from sea-to-sea in several places across our island in hopes to keep us from the footholds they'd established. For a time, it seemed we might even drive them from our land, but then their invasion intensified.

Hundreds of their boats arrived, some as large as a small village, being propelled by sail and oar, until it seemed no wave struck our shoreline without a Roman ship astride it. And this time, it was not solely human soldiers who leapt from those galleys to our sacred lands.

Desperate times beget desperate measures, and while we may never know what profane pact the foreigners struck in order to gain the upper hand, it was clear that we were no longer dealing with merely mundane forces. Fomori troops – twisted caricatures of the stalwart Roman legions – poured out of the berths and bellies of these new armadas. Some eschewed the segmented body armor of their fellows, needing nothing beyond the horny carapaces, crusted shells, or matted pelts of their blasphemous bodies. Some possessed three eyes, the third a rheumy yellow orb that allowed them to see through darkness or see even the most adroitly hidden foe. Others had no eyes at all, relying on their broad-splayed nostrils or slithering tongues to relay information about their surroundings to them. Giants, tall as trees, allied with skittering creatures so vile that the very light around them bent away rather than fall upon their foul presence. Where the Romans found these putrescent allies we may never know, but find them they did. They unleashed them upon our land and our Kin and our

caerns with a fury our islands will never forget.

Their soldiers trampled our fields, burned down our woodlands, and poisoned our wells. They enslaved those that they could, killed, ate those they couldn't, and treated our women as their own before sending them to their ultimate fate. They no longer held forth the pretense of diplomacy or the hope of peace, and the harsh truth became clear.

Unless we took drastic action, the Romans would irrevocably taint our land, destroy our people, and put fail to our sacred duty.

We had to do something.

The Great Council

Our elders could no longer ignore the threat the Romans presented. They called for a great gathering, held on the Isle of Mull, at the site of one of our oldest and most sacred caerns. Hundreds of White Howlers, many who had never met more than a handful of their own kind outside of those of their local sept, traveled across the width and breadth of Caledonia to attend the council. The Kin of the Cerones dutifully ferried the travelers across the Firth of Lorn that lay between the mainland and Mull, and up into the sandy beaches of Loch Buidhe, where the Sept of Silver Horn met them, protectors of the Red Deer Caern on the island.

Representatives of septs from across Caledonia came to the Great Council, where the wisest, bravest, and cleverest put together a plan. While the Roman armies' organization made them difficult to best in a straightforward battle, they relied heavily upon the direction and supervision of their leaders, both for strategic planning and for on-the-field guidance. Many skirmishes had been turned in our favor when we killed the leader and routed his forces in the ensuing chaos.

Noting this, our elders formulated a desperate plan. They would take the battle across the wall to the Roman's most staunchly guarded camp, and behead the foreign army, literally severing the lead officers' skulls from their very bodies if the opportunity presented itself.

We took great care in planning the campaign. The Romans had retreated well beyond our reach, sequestering their headquarters deep in the southernmost parts of the land we call home. It would take a coordinated campaign of stealthy travel and orchestrated attacks in order to accomplish the debilitating blow we needed to strike against their army. Thousands of soldiers were garrisoned beyond the wall, hundreds of fomori, and an unthinkable number of traitorous former Caledonians who had been brought over to the Roman side through bribery, blackmail, or force.

This was not a job for a single pack, a solitary sept; it would take the entire Tribe.

Those who had gathered at the Great Council traveled back to their home septs, and began preparations. Months later, they set out again, this time accompanied by every White Howler their septs could muster. On two feet or four, they went southward through the forests and glens. By currach and coracle, they skirted the shorelines and braved the waves of our glistening seas. Through the Umbra, accompanied by whatever spirit allies they could muster to their task, they journeyed deep into the land held by the foreigners.

Southward

The journey was long, and perilous, even for Gaia's own. Each sept's Garou were accustomed to the challenges and dangers of their own region, but most rarely traveled beyond their own territory, and this journey took them far from the familiar. Forest dwellers faced mountain passages. The horse-tribes lost their steeds to savage river-crossings. Those of the islands found themselves nearly lost away from the shore.

As they traveled, they encountered many threats: hungry ghosts and restless dead, Wyrms-creatures and tainted spirits. They fought bravely before continuing their journey, all while avoiding the attention of far-ranging patrols of Roman guards, bands of their formori collaborators, or locals sympathetic to the foreign invaders.

Months passed, as the greatest of Gaia's warriors made their way south of the wall and gathered in clandestine camps near each of the Roman headquarter forts. They organized themselves, according to the plan drafted by the eldest and most wise of the Tribe, and waited for the time to be right. Then, on a night when the moon was full and the misty fog hung heavy enough to cover their approach, the best and brightest of the tribe attacked each of the Roman headquarters in a coordinated effort that left no opportunity for retreat, and little for retaliation.

Battle with Rome

Many White Howlers died that night, but many, many more foreigners fell, including every leader present. In fact, the Garou carried out the slaughter with far less sacrifice on their part than expected.

The White Howlers expected to have to fight their way into the Roman headquarters, past the fomori legions as well as their human troops. Instead, they found their enemy's defenses only lightly manned and sparsely guarded at every fort. The Garou scouts slipped past the Roman guards as if the latter were deaf and blind, taking over gatehouses all along the fortresses' perimeter. Once

inside, the initial forces opened the way for the rest of the Garou, and pack after pack of Gaia's mightiest warriors burst their way, howling and rending, into each of the Roman compounds.

They destroyed everything within the rampart walls – barracks, armories, buildings. They tore down, burned, and left in ruin anything built by Roman hands or by the efforts of enslaved Caledonians under their foreign masters. The Garou laid waste to the fortresses, and their inhabitants, killing thousands. By the time the sun rose over the razed Roman fortresses, every foreigner within those turf walls lay lifeless, their dying blood seeping into the Caledonian soil. Small repayment against the wounds they had caused to our land and our people.

With dawn, the mists, and our packs, disappeared back into the wilderness, and began making the long trek homeward. Those first nights, their steps were light, despite the fellows they'd lost, for their spirits soared with the knowledge that their great task had been a success. As they travelled, their victory howls echoed through the hills, as wolf-Kin picked up their song and set the forests ringing with the choirs of their triumph.

Their songs of joy, however, were not long-lived

The Long Way Home

The first signs that something was not right were subtle, nightmares haunted our campfires where prophetic dreams normally held sway, and tangled whispers of ill-boding passed quietly among the Garou's spirit allies. Riding on the swell of their victory, however, few of the White Howlers paid heed and their more sanguine companions quickly chided those who did into silence.

Weeks passed, and as the Garou continued homeward, the portents grew stronger. The Tribe's oracles were nigh-blinded with an onslaught of prophetic visions of death and destruction, corruption and desecration of everything that was right and good. Tempers flared, and those who had bonded over their battle grew surly and short with one another. Accusations of theft, dishonesty, or worse flew between former shield-mates, and the sense of camaraderie that had been born in the days before the attack on the Roman headquarters fled like mist before the midday sun.

Some feared that the air of apprehension that plagued the travelers was a portent of ambush; they began to see foreign trackers on their heels and refused to pause to make camp, or eat, or rest, pushing themselves and their companions to exhaustion. They crossed the first of the Roman walls, stopping only to mark the carefully set stones with the yellow waters of their disdain as they reclaimed what had been taken from them.



The longer their journey continued, the more it became clear that something was wrong. As they crossed the northern wall, the signs became unmistakable. Whether in the Umbra or on mortal land, each day of journey became fraught with danger—Wyrms-tainted spirits ambushed the travelers, as did twisted animals touched by the cold claws of the Wyrms, ghosts, ghouls, and undead monsters. The further north the Garou traveled, the worse the attacks became, until every night was a siege, and every pause to rest an invitation to battle. Along the way, the returning Garou discovered ruinous pits where Wyrms-minions had boiled up from beneath the ground and begun tainting the entire environ around them. The Howlers cleansed those they could, sealed up those they couldn't, and hurried even faster towards their home septs wearing a cloak of dread heavy around their shoulders.

Some say it was the Sept of the Grey Heron who first discovered the source of the foreboding, others claim it was Blood Tide, or Broken Top, or the Never-ending Wind. It matters little, in the end, who shed the first tear for their fallen kinsmen, or whose mourning wails, gnashing teeth, and hair tearing ushered in the horror. In the end, every Garou came unto it as they returned to their homes and found them violated. No sept remained unharmed. Every sacred place lay desecrated with the blood, bile, and tears of the innocent. Every tribe of Kin now ran polluted by the touch of the profane.

Retribution

Regardless of which region the White Howler raiders returned to, the tragedy they met was the same. Their enemies had not been idle during the Garou attack. As the seemingly triumphant warriors returned to their homeland, they discovered grisly evidence of Roman raiding parties. They also learned why the foreigners' formori allies had been absent during the battle.

Wherever their Kin had dwelled, be it wolf packs in the deepest forest or hill fortresses behind sturdy walls, only ruin remained. The fortunate fell in the first waves of attack, torn limb from limb or eviscerated with claws so tainted that no natural creature would come near enough to the corpse to feed on their remains. Corpses hung from rafters and trees, strangled, and strung up by their own innards. Heads, limbs, and other body parts were mismatched on patchwork corpses, like blasphemous dolls puzzled together by a cruel and artless child. Forest glens and wooden fortresses alike lay in ruins, razed to the ground, only the ivory shards of burned bone left to give testament to those consumed in the blaze.

However, no matter how cruel their deaths, they were merciful compared to the fate of those who survived.

Our Kin's Fate

The months their shapeshifting guardians had spent on campaign, taking the war to the Romans, had left our Kinfolk comparatively defenseless. The invaders' fomori minions had taken advantage of that vulnerability — in every sense of the word. Those Kin who had survived the initial onslaught did so tainted by the memories of the fomori attack, but also by the poison of their words, their deeds... and their seed.

Some had become fomori themselves, bodies and spirits twisted by the corruption carried by their attackers. Entire villages had transformed into cannibalistic war bands. Wolf packs that had once hunted alongside our lupus now twisted into marauding hellhounds, monstrous beasts that destroyed any living being they could sink their cruel yellow fangs into. Perfect potential warped into something macabre, our Kin preyed upon the countryside they had once protected; continuing the terror of the Roman's attack long after their "makers" had turned their attention elsewhere.

Other evidence of the fomori's poison took longer to emerge. The fomori visited crimes upon our Kin far worse than torture or murder. As weeks and months drug by, their bellies swelled profanely fast in the wake of the fomori's rampage. The things that emerged were neither Kin nor Garou. Poisoned claws tore their way out of Kinfolk wombs. Scaled monsters were born where hopeful hearts prayed for human babes or wolf cubs. Half-spirit monsters strangled their mothers before taking their first breath, and then slipped off into the darkness to find other prey.

The Wyrms had taken hold of Caledonia in the most painful way it could — in the spirits, minds, and bodies of our beloved Kin. Their numbers halved and halved again, until finding a human or wolf with our blood in their veins was like searching for a single fish in an endless sea of blood and tears.

What followed was a war the likes of which the White Howlers had never imagined waging. Those who returned, those few who had remained behind and survived, and we who underwent our First Change in the days following the fomori onslaught banded together, and set out on the hunt.

The Fateful Finale

I wish I could say that all that comes after was a blur, but that would be an untruth. I remember it all succinctly: every battle, every enemy, and every blow of the horrible years that would follow. We unleashed our Rage on the fomori with no holds barred. We lived lives of revenge

Morag's Tale

It is here that my role as a teller of legends ends, and my place as a speaker of what I have seen begins, for my own past, before my First Change, is a mystery to me.

I was born, for all intents and purposes, out of the Rage-filled frenzy. My nursery was the ruin of a place I cannot remember, bloodstained, and littered with the corpses of those whose names I cannot recall.

This burden I bear, for remembering all that comes later. This is the price I pay, for never being able to forget.

until we were certain that every tainted monster was purged from our land and our lives — though not from our memories.

We lost many in those years, more by far than in the attack on the Roman headquarters. Yet not a one of us who fell died with regret in our hearts. The price was not too high when measured against all the wrong inflicted.

The fomori's damage, however, did not end when their lives did. It still fell to us to police the evils they had created, striking down our own Kin they had corrupted into something irredeemable, and the half-spawn monsters born of the fomori's violation. With heavy hearts, we took to this task, but it sapped our will. Each blow against our turned Kin broke our spirits in ways that the destruction of their makers never could have.

This grim duty continued far longer than anyone could have anticipated, longer perhaps than any Tribe could weather. Years after the fomori were no more; our tainted Kin still gave birth to their spawn with heart-rending frequency. The Wyrms' stain ran deep, and our next generation died in their cradles, choking on their own misshapen tongues or strangled by terrified parents for the foulness of their bodies. Those who survived face an even crueler fate, doomed to madness, even as children. To depravity made all the fouler by their youth. To corruption. To taint.

We bore the destruction of our Kin like iron cloaks around our shoulders, garments woven of guilt and pain that no amount of time passing could allow us to put aside.

Still, even after we had we slain our enemies and returned our sullied Kin to the cycle once more, even as our hearts were broken and our spirits bowed, even then our work was far from finished. Just as our families had been defiled, so had our land.

Minion or Master?

I speak of the fomori as the Romans' minions, as they appeared to us in the Legion's ranks. However, many feel the situation is not as it first was taken to be.

The Roman army, with its lines and organization beyond all human measure, spoke heavily of the Weaver's influence even if they were not aware of what it was they served. If legends are true, something changed within the foreigner's base nature when the fomori arrived.

Chaos crept in amongst the formerly restrained ranks. Soldiers mutinied and rebelled where they had never dared before. Corruption raised its filthy head, higher even than the eagle banners the armies bore forth.

Did the Romans let the Wyrms into their ranks by recruiting the fallen fomori warriors into their army? Were the fomori the rust eating away at the steel of their Legion from the inside out? Or was it the Romans who came to serve the forces of evil first, giving in to the Wyrms' siren song and then recruiting some of its strongest minions to their aid?

It matters little in the end, I suppose, for the result was the same. The Legion turned to the Wyrms, and Caledonia bore the brunt of the new alliance.

And, no matter how wounded we were, of body or spirit, our duty called us to cleanse it.

A Tainted Land

The Romans' minions had struck deep into the heart of our homeland, breaching the forbidden shrines and profane places that our Tribe had spent thousands of years sealing away. They tore open every dark spot, every ill too great to cleanse completely, every Bane breeding ground previously closed off for an eternity, and the spiritual pollution ran in rivers of ichor and taint across the land. The ground itself wept at their desecration, sinking into cavernous maws that consumed entire valleys or tearing itself apart with the fervor of its sorrow, leaving subterranean gashes extending far underground. From those deep places emerged a host of Banes and beings that only the most depraved soul could have ever imagined into being.

Over the weeks, months, and years that followed, we did what we could to right the wrongs. But even the heroes of old, the legends of our mythic eras, had not been fierce enough to utterly destroy the wrongs they held, nor were the greatest of our Tribe's spirit-workers strong enough to bend their denizens to the causes of what was good and right. We now, with bodies wounded and souls scarred, did what we could.

We worked together in a way that our Tribe had rarely managed in the past, no longer divided by the diversity of our Kin and clansmen, but united in the enormity of our pain and loss. We formed great packs with more members than even an entire sept would have rallied before and hunted the evils back to their lairs, destroying and imprisoning them before moving on to the next in a seemingly endless sea of targets. We moved ever northward, hoping against hope to sweep our land clean of the taint that had infected it while we pursued our shortsighted campaign against the Roman leaders.

It was to there, along the northwestern coast, that we tracked the last of the Banes: further north than the sacred caerns of the Cerones, further west than holdings of the all-seeing Smertae. In a desolate wasteland of jagged rocks and pounding surf, where no living thing survived the hostile marriage of land and sea, and where only storms and nightmares were born, we found the Pit.

The Great Pit

It is the Wyrms' way to lurk beneath the ground. Our land held many labyrinthine caverns and tunnels beneath its surface, and we rooted out the Wyrms' minions below the surface as easily as above. But this? This was different.

We fought our way into the Pit, slaying foul spirits and twisted monsters alike. The stone walls rang with our battle cries and the screams of our enemies. The scabble-soil beneath our feet ran red with their blood and black with the filth they shed as their evil lives ended on our claws and blades. Deeper and deeper beneath the surface we went, far further than any of us had ever traveled underground. Their forces grew stronger as we went, and many of our heroes fell as we made our way down into the very bowels of the earth.

Finally, the last of our enemies fell, and the tunnel fell silent along with it. A few feet further, just beyond the battle, the narrow passage opened onto a chamber. In that chamber was a portal of swirling colors too dark to truly discern. Even as we watched, it waxed and waned, shining like an oily bubble that could, at any moment, pop and release whatever lay beyond.

We entered the chamber, cautious for a trap, and approached the portal even more cautiously. Our seers

and those adept with the sight spoke of the foulness of this place, and even worse lay beyond. The sigils around the portal drove one Theurge mad, frothing at the mouth like a rabid dog. The others increased their care, fearful of sharing his fate. Still, the need to know what lay beyond, what was at the heart of this pit, drove them onward.

While they worked, we gathered around the portal. Some came close out of morbid curiosity, others hoped to protect the seers from whatever might emerge should the portal's barrier fail while they worked their magics. We gathered close, as if unable to stay away. Close enough to see hear whispers from the other side. Close enough to feel a phantom breeze, cold as the Great Winter and lifeless as the grave. Close enough to catch glimpses of what lay beyond that swirling portal — darkness, the kind that seemed to consume all light, and somewhere in that gloom, a spiral the likes of which none had ever seen before.

The Theurges consulted their ancestors; spoke to what spirits would answer their call in a place such as this, threw bones, entered trances, and performed all manner of rituals to aid them in their quest. The answer that came to them, while not unexpected, was sobering. The passageway beyond led across the Gauntlet and to Malfeas itself.

The path led to the heart of the Wyrms.

The Spiral Path

I heard many accounts of that spiral in the days that came after. Each tale contradicts the others, not to mention what I witnessed myself that day.

Some spoke of an oily river, circling downward into the belly of oblivion. Others saw a pathway gleaming like obsidian, every inch sharper and more jagged than the ones before. One seer, known for her adept work with the spirits of the restless dead, said she saw a shroud beneath which screamed countless souls damned to eternal darkness. She thought she recognized some of the voices, and the very idea set a white streak in her hair that was not there before we entered the cavern.

As for me, perhaps it was some trick of the darkness, or my imagination playing tricks, but I saw neither stone nor water in that glistening spiral. I saw a serpent, gleaming and slick, its scales each bigger than one of the Roman soldier's shields. It writhed and twisted sinuously, inviting me to tread the deadly pathway down its spine into the obscurity at its center. Somewhere, down further than it was possible to see, I swear that I could sense the languid blink of a hooded eyelid, and the gleam of venom dripping from an onyx fang.

Decisions

Some sought to enter the portal that day. They howled, frothed, and snarled that this was our duty, our obligation, our right. Here was the path to the heart of the Wyrms, and we were destined to tread it — to beard the Beast in its den, to get revenge for all the transgressions against our land, our Kin, our world.

Others argued that we did not know enough, that we had not enough of our Tribe with us to take on such a challenge. Our pack, although large as most septs before, could hardly expect to slay the very Wyrms in its own lair, unaided.

Back and forth, they raged, argued, and cajoled, until to everyone's surprise — including my own — my voice rang out in the cavern, and all fell silent around me.

"Are you blind?" I found myself asking. "Can you think no further than this moment?"

Murmurs and grumbles filled the cavern, but I paid them no mind.

"You seek to challenge the Wyrms in its lair, where it is the most powerful?"

A roar shook the cavern, so great that stones tumbled from the ceiling and dust settled in the darkness, as the fiercest and angriest of those assembled howled their desire to burst through the portal without waiting a moment longer. To battle evil, wherever it dwelled. To gain revenge for our fallen friends and family members.

"*You are fools!*"

The cavern fell silent once more.

"How can you consider entering that passage now, when the rest of our people know nothing of what we have found here? What if our entry breaks the bonds on that portal? Would you unleash whatever lies beyond onto the rest of the world? Have our Kin not suffered enough? Would you grant the Wyrms itself entry into our lands, all because you are too impatient to think with your heads, not your claws? Have you learned *nothing* from your battle in the south?"

As surprised as I was to find myself speaking, I was even more so to realize that others were listening to my words. All of us still bore the weight of what had befallen our Kin during our attack on the Romans. No one was willing to argue it worth the risk to inflict such horrors upon them again, not if there was another option.

A Call Goes Out

Therefore, leaving guards and messengers in the cavern to watch the portal, we returned to our septs carrying word of what we had seen. Recognizing this was more than a matter of our own land and people, we sent word

to all of the tribes of the Garou Nation. Through spirit messenger and Moon Bridge, by runner and horse and boat, we used any means possible to entreat the other Tribes to come and aid us in this, the most sacred of tasks.

Combat The Wyrms, Wherever It Breeds, And Wherever It Dwells, after all. The Litany is clear, and the law is not just ours, but given from Gaia to every Tribe. Surely the rest would join us? We thought they would jump at the chance to strike our enemy deep in its serpentine heart?

We were wrong.

Our messengers encountered diplomacy in some places. Other audiences offered disbelief, or suspicion, or outright hostility. Whether polite demurrals, or promises to consider the possibility, the results were the same. The responses formed a harmony of rejection, and the Nation turned its back on us as one.

We would not take refusal lightly, however. We who had seen the portal, seen the pitch-black spiral pathway, we knew what was at stake. Each of our auspices gathered, seeking the Garou who shared their moon-birth. They entreated, each in their own way, to those who most closely shared their duties, sending desperate word across the globe.

"Come," said the Seers. "Our will is waning like the sliver-thin moon, our hearts are heavy, and our spirits are weak. Come let the light of your wisdom guide us through this terrible dark place."

There was no response.

"Come," said the Scouts. "Our path forward is twisted, and we are uncertain of the way. Come help us find the path to victory and to revenge."

There was no answer.

"Come," said the Warriors. "Our weapons are worn on the bones of our enemies, our shields are battered, and the greatest battle lies still before us. Come lend us your arms, your claws, your fangs, and we will slay the Wyrms for once and for all!"

There was no reply.

"Come," said the Judges. "The law is clear, and we must obey. Come help us uphold it!"

Only silence came in return.

Each auspice howled out its supplication, and each

was ignored. Only missing were the voices of those whose role it was to sing the stories of old, and to witness the making of new ones. Only the Singers did not lend their voice to these pleas.

We heard the whispers of our wisest, speaking of the effects of holding watch over the portal for so long, and of the fates they feared we would face when that portal was finally breeched. We waited with the Seers and Scouts, the Warriors and Judges, as they sent forth their howls, and we saw the pain and resignation in our Tribesmates' eyes when their earnest requests remained unanswered.

And so we did not sing our request to the Galliards, did not lend our pleas to those that had already fallen on deaf ears. Instead, as is also our role, we howled prophecy out to the Garou, words born of fate, and predictions destined to be fulfilled, though we still know not exactly how.

"Listen, you who turn your back on us," we sang. "Listen and remember our words, though you pretend not to hear them. We will not march to our fate with bowed heads, grim though it may seem. Our hearts are full, for we know we do our duty. We shall *dance* that blackest of spirals to the heart of the Wyrms and, win or lose; we will meet our fate with our heads held high. Our tale does not end here. Our song will continue."

As we expected, there was no response.

Tonight

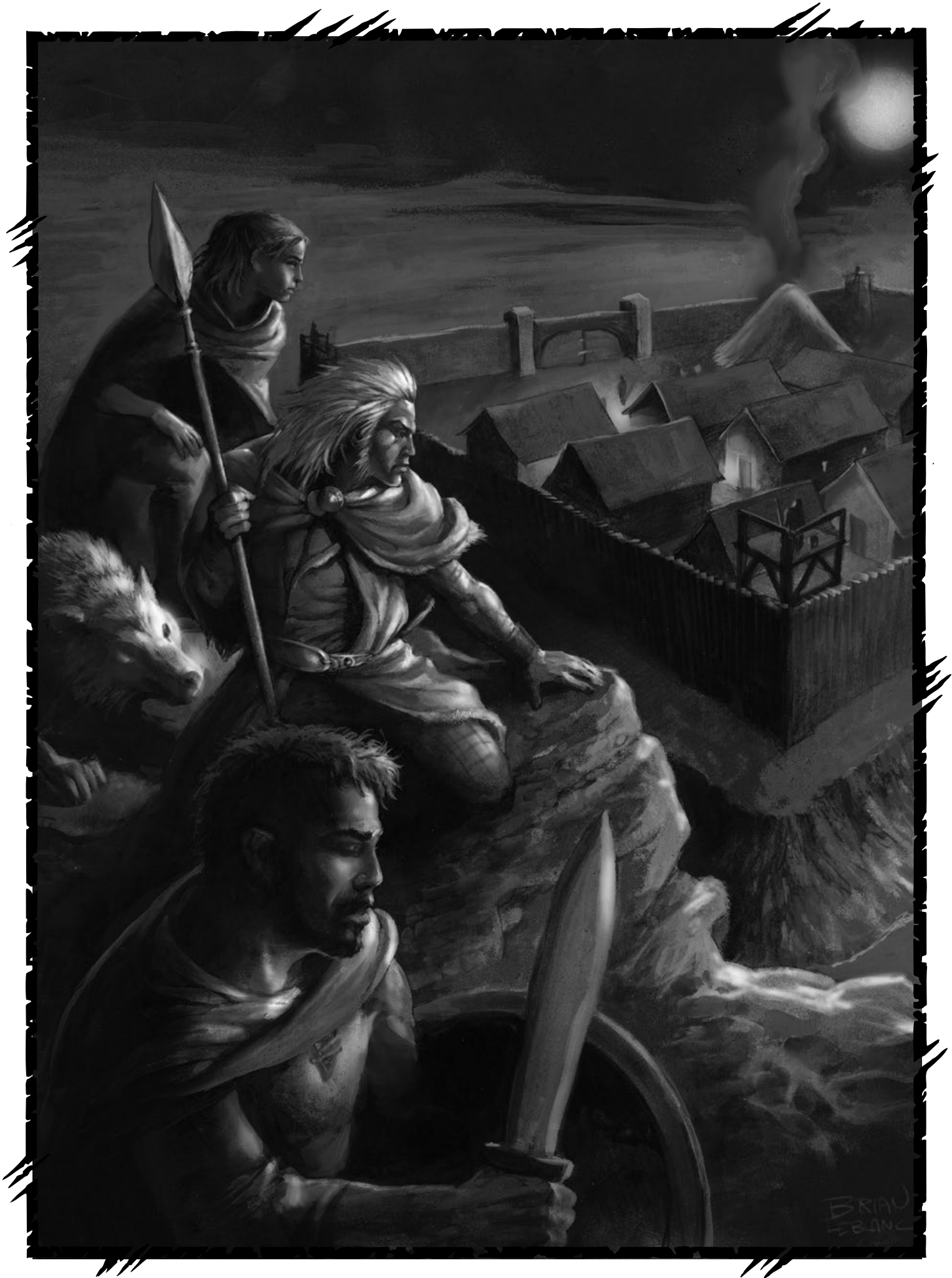
Now we gather. Our people: every scout, every warrior, every seer, every healer, gathered here in a wave of bodies that stretches from the cavern to the surface. Because of my duty to Lion, I sit here at the entrance to the Pit, and tell my tales as my people march past into the depths. I will join them, when dawn comes and my stories are at an end. It will take every one of us working together, to have a chance of succeeding.

To have a chance of surviving.

But the night is half-over and my stories are nowhere near told. I've told our history, our past, and our present, but there is so much more to us. I've spoken nothing of our Kin, our culture, our ways. Lion tasked me to tell all, and I will do my best.

The moon is setting.

I must go on.



BRIAN
FRANC



Chapter Two: Culture

I have spoken of the history of my people, but that is much like telling the shape of a thing without speaking of its nature. We are more than our past, more than our present, more than whatever it is that will come upon the dawn. We are White Howler, and to know us is to know of our duty, our ways, our minds, and our hearts.

Our Duties

Gaia created all Garou to fight the Wyrms and to protect all that she created – the world and the Umbra, the physical and the spiritual – from taint, corruption, and destruction. But our Mother also gave each Tribe additional tasks, ones to which we were uniquely suited, and the White Howlers are no different.

First and foremost, we are the keepers of our lands, and our hearts and souls are connected to Caledonia in a fashion most Tribes find impossible to truly understand. When the Great Winter forced the majority of us from our homeland, it changed our people in a deep and fundamental fashion. Many of the generations that came after we returned were spent reinventing ourselves as a Tribe, and recommitting ourselves to this primary duty.

Our second duty, no less sacred than the first, is to tend to those who have gone before us but not returned to the cycle. Whether Garou or not, our people are a part of the world around us, and they have a spirit like every

rock or squirrel or storm. When they die, their spirits should rejoin with Gaia to one day be called back into Her sacred service. But sometimes a soul holds too tightly to this mortal realm, whether through fear, greed, or a desire for revenge. That soul is no longer the person it was before, no longer capable of reason or true choice of action. It is our burden to protect the living from those who are not, and when possible to return those affixed to this world back to the cycle, that they might once again know Gaia and her mercy.

Kinfolk

Our tribe does not stand alone. While we are fierce and noble, strong and dutiful, without our Kin we would be nothing. Our mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers, on four-feet and two, lend us roots to weather the harshest storms. They tend our wounds of body, heart, and spirit, making us whole when the Wyrms' ravages would tear us asunder. They inspire us when we are flagging, support us when we falter, and give us wisdom of a sort we could not find on our own. Our Kinfolk are the heart of our tribe.

Wolves of Caledonia

Silent death on snow-white paws, our wolf Kin are unmatched for their ferocity, cunning, speed, and stealth.

Their fur is as silver-white as ours is in our pelted forms, broken with grey-black markings making them nearly invisible whether along the foggy shorelines or in the depths of the darkest forests. Their limbs are long and strong, and they're easily half-again the height and more than twice the bulk of the deerhounds kept by our human Kin. Storytellers say that in the oldest of times, before and during the Great Winter, it was not unusual for our Kin to rival a man in height even with all four paws on the ground. While that is rare in these times, it is still not unheard of, a circumstance that has fostered many legends among human tale-tellers.

No animal is faster in the forest than our wolves; a greyhound might outdistance them on the open meadow, but in the woods, our Kin are unstoppable. Their coats are thick enough to ford thickets and brambles like they were passing through a fogbank, and their strength and speed make them impossible to escape once they're on the trail of their prey. A full-grown bear or boar might be the match for a single wolf, but an entire pack can bring down either without great effort. Their instinctive ability to move as if they knew each other's thoughts, even without the benefit of any spirit-granted Gifts, is remarkable to watch. Many of our wolf-born number spend at least a portion of their time in the company of Kin-packs, using the wolves' knowledge of the depths of the wilderness to ferret out even the most elusive manifestations of Wyrn-kind.

For all their might and prowess, however, it is not our Kin's physical prowess of which I am personally most proud. It is their spirit. Their dedication to one another and to their duty is an inspiration to all of our Tribe.

Human Tribes

What can be said of our human Kin? To call them one thing is to exclude others who are not. They are fierce, save for those who are gentle. They are wild, save for those who are calm. They are adventurous. They are defiant. They are boisterous, aggressive, and full of life. They are curious, quiet, and charismatic, save for those who are none of those things. They are as numerous and varied as fish in the ocean, birds in the air, beasts across the land, or spirits in the Umbra. Our tribes grow wheat, hunt fierce boar, or brave the deepest waters to pull harvests from the sea. They keep to themselves, seeking trade, or sometimes war, with those around them. They are the People of the Hard Land. They are the Painted Ones. They are Kinfolk to the White Howlers, and there are no others like them in the entire world.

Even I, who have made it my business to know all that I can of our Tribe, cannot be sure I have learned

How the White Howlers Got Their Name

The Garou of Caledonia have not always had the name they now bear. When Gaia first bore her favored children and gave them the sacred protectorate of her most beautiful islands, they were isolated from her other wolf-changing children by distance and duty. Having contact with no outsiders, they needed no tribal name to differentiate themselves from other werewolves. They were simply Garou.

It was not until after the Great Winter scoured the islands, driving the Garou of Caledonia across the ice to the continent, that they encountered other werewolves. Those early encounters were a mixed lot. Sometimes the Caledonians and their continental cousins exchanged stories and goods, and sometimes insults and bloody blows. The werewolves of the mainland were brave and strong, but the Garou of Caledonia had the advantage of generations in the harsh terrain of their now ice-ravaged homeland. They haunted the glacier's edge as the great ice pushed ever further inland, descending upon whatever Wyrn-threats they encountered with spine-chilling howls of ferocity. Their bravery knew no bounds; the unyielding Caledonian warriors were well accustomed to overwhelming odds and inhospitable battle conditions. Their ice-white pelts made them almost invisible along the glacial wastes, and their legend spread among the rest of the Garou nation, who named them for their color and their call – the White Howlers – knowing nothing else of their formerly isolated cousins.

The Great Winter stretched on for generation after generation. Over time, the White Howlers came to know and be known by the rest of the nation as more than just a story whispered around the hearth fire. But names have power. Even after the snows receded, and our people returned to our native islands, the name White Howler brings back memories of those fiercest of times. To this very day, we continue to use it, with pride and honor.



of all the human tribes who share our heritage, and it would be folly to claim otherwise. After all, until the Great Winter pushed us beyond our traditional borders we believed ourselves the only of Gaia's wolf-children. Better to assume there may be others beyond my kenning, than to state certainties that are actually false.. I say then that these are the tribes among our Kinfolk that I have knowledge of, either first-hand or through reputable stories. The information is sparse, but when the Wyrms writhes just below the surface of the ground our duties rarely spare enough time for visiting those so distant from us.

Tribes of the White Howler Kinfolk

Until the Romans came, we had little use of names beyond the descriptors that one tribe used to refer to another. Since their arrival, however, their names have been branded upon us, harsh reminders of the impact such virulent invaders can have on the cultures around them.

Caledones: "The Great Hard People" occupy the center of Caledonia, and claim to be the eldest of all

the tribes. Their people build huge hillforts, in part to protect them from the incursions of the Roman invaders. As their name indicates, they are mighty warriors, well suited for holding the line against foreign soldiers.

Cornavaii: "The People of the Horn" make their home in the far northeast coastline of Caledonia, where they have more trade with the Orcadii than with the rest of Caledonia. Cornavaii raiders were a major motivation for the Orcadii to accept the "protection" of the Roman invaders.

Cerones: Known as "The People of the Caerns," the Cerones are more a collection of small tribes than a single tribe themselves. Some call themselves the Carnonacae, or the Caereni, or the Creones, but they hold several of the largest and most powerful caerns in Caledonia, scattered along the northwestern coast of the island, and they take their duties as caern-keepers very seriously.

Damnonii: Once a peace-loving tribe of farmers who dwelled in the central area of Caledonia near where the Romans built their northern wall. They were scattered or absorbed by the Votadinii after the Roman's incursion into our homeland.

Decantae: While most of our people will have nothing to do with the fae Kin of our cousins, the Fianna, “The Good Folk” who make their home along the shoreline of the great Moray Firth take great pride in their ties to the faeries.

Epidii: While all of our Kinfolk tribes utilize horses to some extent as beasts of burden and for riding, “The Horse People” incorporate the animals into every aspect of their lives. They say they learn to ride before they can walk, and to be able to speak with their horses as we can speak with our lupine Kin.

Novantae: The Novantae dwell near the southern Roman wall, along the western sea. There is some talk of them having sold their children and wives to the Roman invaders in exchange for their armies passing them by unscathed, but jealous neighboring tribes such as the Selgovae and the Damnonii who were not so fortunate in escaping the foreign invaders likely created such stories.

Orcadii: The “Boar Tribe” folk live in the scattering of islands off the northeast tip of Caledonia. While their isolation once protected them from most of the squabbles between the mainland tribes, they suffered a harsh price when the Roman invaders set their sights on the islands’ bounty nearly a hundred years ago. Now, they exist predominantly as a farm-slave population, with the foreigners stripping away all but the subsistence-level fruits of their labors.

Selgovae: The Tribe who calls themselves “The Hunters” once held territory all throughout the southwest of Caledonia. They took great losses during the early Roman invasions, and as the invasion became occupation, they found themselves largely forced to a nomadic lifestyle. Far from broken, however, they turned their tragedy upon their attackers, adopting an attack style based around their knowledge of their former territories, which they use to harry the Roman troops occupying the area.

Smertae: Few Caledonian tribes are as widely known – or as feared – as the Smertae. “The Far Seeing Ones” boast a deep-rooted knowledge of the occult, and every member of their tribe (Kinfolk or no) is rumored to have at least some skill with prophecy, channeling spirits, speaking with the dead, or the other arcane skills.

Taexali: We mourn the loss of the Taexali, a peaceful tribe of herdsmen and animal handlers who once lived north of the Venicones. Nestled as they were along the eastern outcropping of Caledonia, they never felt the necessity to build the hillforts that many of the rest of our Kin-tribes dwelled in. That choice, along with their peaceful nature, led to the Roman forces targeting them when they redoubled their invasion efforts. They were burned out of their homes and driven into the hills by Roman forces just before the Battle of Mons Gramaus,

where legionnaires under the foul general, Agricola, slaughtered the tribe’s surviving members.

Venicones: Of all the tribes of our Kin, perhaps those known as “The Hunting Hounds” share the most intricate links with their shapeshifting cousins. They make their home in the area between the two great firths along the central eastern coast of Caledonia, where the mudflats and estuaries made it difficult for the Roman invaders to strike as hard at them as the Taexali to their north.

Votadini: The Votadini dwell south of Bodotria, the great firth where the Romans built the northern Antonine Wall. Their land extends all along the eastern coast and into the south-central heart of the Caledonia lowlands, although their capital is the hillfort of Traprain Law in Lowthan. Some of the other tribes look askance on the Votadini for agreeing to a truce with the Romans; but were it not for their acting as a buffer between Caledonia and the Roman army, far more of our tribes would have shared the fate of the Taexali and the Orcadii.

One People, Many Faces

Just as our human Kin are diverse and yet still one people, so is there a great deal of variety amongst the Garou of our Tribe. We are one, closer to one another than any of us are to the werewolves of any other part of the world. Yet, we are not alike as two acorns from the same tree; we share a great diversity of skill and mindset, duty and philosophy.

Breeds

Perhaps the clearest difference between members of our Tribe is that of our birth, some to the wolf, some to woman, some to the ill-fated pairing of shifter and shifter. All have a place and a purpose, and all serve an important role in our sacred duties.

Lupus

Legends say that during the Great Winter, our human Kinfolk were unable to survive on the ice floe that Caledonia became. This drove them and the Garou who protected them, their family members, and the Mactire camp, away from their native homeland for millennia. Only those who were wolf-born, or who were willing to survive without human contact, remained to uphold the White Howler’s sacred duty to our land. And for millennia, while most of our tribe was scattered to the four winds, our lupus endured endless winter and unyielding cold in order to protect our homeland. In that time, they grew stronger, wilder, and fiercer. During the Great Winter, only the strongest could survive.

Because of this, we accord to our wolf-born great respect. We know that they represent a timeless unbroken chain of connection to our homeland and our sacred duty. For that, we will always be grateful.

Homid

We are, however, not only of the wolf. While our lupus ancestors were protecting Caledonia, our homid forefathers and mothers were protecting our connection to humanity. When our ancient human Kinfolk fell to starvation, exposure, and the ravages of time, our homid ancestors struck out. Leaving the familiar lands of their birth behind them, they set out to learn what lay beyond our traditional borders. They travelled through enemy territory, encountered unfamiliar cultures, and took new Kin from the best of them. When the Great Winter ended, these new family members returned with them to Caledonia and began our new tribes. Each was wholly White Howler, but also carried with them the strengths of their former homelands, and those strengths made us more than we were before.

Because of this, we accord to our human-born great respect. We know that they represent a bravery and ingenuity that is vital to our Tribe's survival.

Metis

The tenet of the Litany that commands us not to take mates from among other Garou is all but ignored by those who put their perverse pleasures above all else. The very act is wrong for a thousand reasons, and those who break the Litany must be punished for their crimes.

On the other hand, some hold to that tenet so strongly that they castigate the result of that misdeed along with those who commit it. Legends say that the Children of Stag kill the offspring of two Garou along with the parents themselves, rather than allowing their Tribe to suffer the shame of such a crime being committed.

This is folly.

One does not snap the spear because the weapon-smith stole wood for the shaft. One does not burn the field because the farmer has sinned. Our duty is a taxing one. Our numbers are few, and the foe we face is immortal. Any Garou who will obey the Litany and serve Gaia's will should have the chance to do so regardless of their heritage.

Some say I am biased in my thinking. As a product of such a crime, that is likely so. Thankfully, in my experience, most Garou of our Tribe are willing to allow me and others like me to prove that I am not my parents.

Moon-calling

As we are summoned into this world, so does Gaia gift us with our tasks for this lifetime. For some of us, this duty begins almost immediately. Metis who survive their birth often begin training long before they are capable of shapeshifting. They learn some of what their future duties will be along with their other childhood teachings. When a homid or lupus child is born and is destined to change, Garou who claim them as Kin may also begin educating them on their future roles long before their First Change.

In many Garou, their moon-calling is so strong that it influences their lives even when they are unaware of the existence of werewolves, let alone their own destiny among them. Many are called to the tasks that they will follow for the rest of their years, well before their First Change. Without knowing that their motivation is inspired by a supernatural predestination, they may serve their Tribe's spiritual needs, protect their people from mortal harm, or be called upon as an advisor or diplomat, never knowing that it is Luna's will that they fulfill this role.

Ragabash

Those born under the moonless sky know no limits. A Ragabash first suggested that we seek other climes, when the Great Winter threatened to freeze our Tribe out of existence. Moreover, the Ragabash chided us back to our homeland, when the thaw came at last. The dark-moons are capable of anything; their role is to do, to say, and to be what the Tribe needs, when no one else can or will.

Some specialize in the physical or spiritual worlds, where they slip like shadows: unseen, unheard, unnoticed. Others hide not from sight, but from repercussion, playing the eternal questioner who asks the most profane of questions so that the rest of the Tribe can examine what it is they truly believe in. Without Luna's light to guide their path, they go where duty takes them, leading others to wisdom and truth that they might not otherwise find.

Theirs is the way of water, and like water, they can take any form. They can seep into the smallest crack, and break open the hardest stone. They can bring succor to those who thirst, or drown those who underestimate their power.

Theurge

Those born to the crescent moon hold the key to our lives as more than mortal creatures. To them, Gaia has given the gift – and the burden – of truly understanding what it is to be both flesh and spirit, at one time.

They are tasked with holding the secrets of magic, which man was never meant to know and wolf cannot hope to understand. In their hands, ritual becomes more than words and actions; it transforms the world around them.

The world of the Theurge is ephemeral; the spirits of nature and of our ancestors, of emotions and thoughts and forces far beyond our ken are both duty and tool to them. They serve as diplomats to our Kin and kine who have fallen but been unable to return to the cycle, easing their pain and guiding them on their journey onward. They speak for us to Gaia, and Her kind, to the spirits of this world and the ones beyond, and to alien creatures whose souls, if they possess them at all, are indecipherable to any but the crescent moons.

Theirs is the way of spirit, and like spirits, their nature is not truly understood by any but themselves. They see that which is unseeable, know that which is unknowable, and travel to places from which others might never return.

Philodox

Those born beneath the half-full moon hold our past and our future in their hands. They are the keepers of the sacred ways, those who remind us of the traditions our forbearers set before us, and why. The half-moons speak the laws of our Tribe, and ensure that all who are born to the changing ways are aware not only of the words of the Litany but of the meanings thereof. They lead us forward. They watch over our challenges, spearheading diplomacy between septs and packs so that we may serve Gaia without losing ourselves in squabbles and infighting.

It is the duty of the Philodox to uphold order in the midst of chaos, and to keep a level head in the center of the fray. They must see both the good and the weakness in all things, and speak the truth in a fashion that others will not only hear, but also listen to. They keep the balance between wolf and man, between Garou and Kin, between the tribes of our birth and the Tribe of our destiny.

Theirs is the way of stone, and like stone, they endure all things, and form the foundation upon which the rest of the Tribe rests.

Galliard

We Garou born to the near-full moon carry a great weight on our shoulders. To us falls the duty of timelessness. Our minds must hold fast the tales of the ancients, the songs of a thousand generations, and ensure that the past is never forgotten. Our eyes must bear witness to all that happens around us: battle and betrayal, triumph and tragedy, and weave those deeds into words worth remembering. Our voices must be capable of carrying the

clamor of a war field or the susurrus of a final sacrifice, the solemnity of duty, or the illumination of hope.

We Galliards are the singers of the White Howler's history. We bear witness to our Tribe's glory, their wisdom, their honor, and ensure that no deed — fair or foul — shall be forgotten. When we do our job well, we set light to the fire in our Tribesmates' souls, coax laughter to lighten their hearts, and spin sweet balms to soothe their spirits.

And when the end comes, our voices are the ones that return their spirits to the cycle that they may one day rise up and serve Gaia once more.

Ours is the way of wind, and like the winds, a Galliard can lift a Garou's spirits up, or drive them to their knees. Our songs are as vital to the Nation as breath to our bodies.

Ahroun

Those who enter this world under Luna's full light are a force to be reckoned with. There is no half-measure with an Ahroun, no hesitation, no uncertainty. They are in all things wholly what they are, be it warrior or leader, protector or executioner. The fire inside us all burns brightest in the full-moon soul, a flame that both fuels them and threatens to consume them, should they not be strong enough to survive the heat.

In every challenge, be it for sport or survival, Ahroun are found in the forefront, showing others the way forward. They willingly take on the harshest tasks, those that would break the bodies or spirits of weaker beings. In every great battle, every raid, every ambush, the full-moons bear the harshest weight for the sake of their brethren. They are the fiercest foe, and the most passionate protectors, and without them, our sacred duty would have no hope of being fulfilled.

Theirs is the way of fire, and like fire, they are capable of all extremes. They can illuminate and protect. They can inspire fear. Or they can destroy.

Tribal Camps

The Boderia

Known as both "The Silent Ones," and "The Deaf Ones," the Boderia serve as a direct conduit between the White Howlers and the dead: the ghosts of their ancestors, fallen comrades, and even slain enemies. While all of the Tribe shares a sacred duty to give honor to those who have come before them and to ensure that the dead do no harm to the living, the Boderia take this role as their lives' calling.

The Silent Ones perform the rituals that pay homage to those who have gone before, supervise burials to help

the dead return peacefully to the cycle, and when necessary, deal with those who have gone and yet not entirely departed from this world. The ways of the dead can be confusing to the living. The ties that hold a human or Garou spirit to the mortal world can be as simple as the need for revenge against their killer, or so complex as to be utterly incomprehensible to living minds. Regardless, dealing with these matters is the purview of the Boderia.

The Boderia do not hide their camp affiliation; in fact, doing so is all but impossible. Entering into the camp includes a ritual wherein the newly inducted member undergoes scarification or other forms of extreme body modifications as a symbol of their dedication to this path. One of the Silent Ones might brand himself with white-hot coals, and then rub sacred pigments into the healing burn to stain the pattern permanently on his skin. Another might carve mystical sigils into her flesh, treating the cuts with ointments designed to prevent the scars from knitting closed, so that the wounds heal open in patterns of spiritual significance. The Boderia who serves our sept is blind in one eye, and missing both his ears. I first thought the wounds to be battle scars, but soon learned they were self-inflicted. When I asked why he would do such a thing, he claimed it helped him to perceive the world of the dead without being eclipsed by the senses of the living. During the time I've known him, he's also cut off both of his smallest fingers, and several of his toes in the line of duty. Apparently, continual modifications are often made as a Boderia deals with various spirits of the dead; it is considered an honor to give rest to an unsettled ghost by making a sacrifice of one's own mortal form in one fashion or another.

Almost all White Howler septs contain at least one member of the Boderia camp, and members of disparate septs keep in contact with one another, sometimes coming together to help lay to rest a particularly challenging ghost. Because of this, and because of the Tribe's inherent respect for the Boderia and their duties, communication between septs often rests upon their shoulders.

The Mactire

With a name meaning "Children of the Wild," it is of little surprise that the Mactire are among the most fierce and feral of the White Howler Tribe. They claim their founders were members of packs



who never left Caledonia during the Great Winter, and those who join them often can trace their ancestry back to one of those original packs.

To join the Mactire is half spirit-quest, half rite of passage. One must leave all belongings behind, and travel into the wildest depths of Caledonia. Once there, a penitent must track one of the Mactire packs, and convince their leader of his or her value. Few ever return from such a quest, whether they gain acceptance or die in the process.

While they do not hate humans or homid Garou, the Mactire see it as their sacred duty to protect and promote the needs and best interests of the Tribe's lupus members and wolf-Kin. Most are lupus, although they also welcome metis when we are able to prove ourselves worthy.

Members of the Mactire also protect caerns located in areas where climate change or foreign invaders have driven away human populations. Some still watch over slumbering caerns that were abandoned in the Great Winter, in hopes that one day our Tribe will be numerous enough to reawaken them and place them back into Gaia's service.

The Toutates

Tribal protectors, the Toutates are a loosely woven band of White Howler packs, each dedicated to one of the numerous human tribes that form the White Howlers' Kinfolk. Less a cohesive group than the Boderia, one Toutate pack may have almost nothing in common with another, save that both serve as protectors for the humans they are dedicated to.

It is a point of honor to the White Howlers that every tribe of Kinfolk in Caledonia has at least one Toutate pack watching over it. When many packs sent at least a portion of their members away from their human wards to assist with the attack on the Roman headquarters, the Toutate's import became abundantly clear. While a single pack may not have been enough to completely prevent the defiling of our Kin that happened in our absence, many claim that if the Toutates had all remained behind, the damage done would have been far less, and the toll paid by the Romans far greater.

Lion's Children

The bond between the White Howlers and Lion is as ancient as our Tribe itself. His patronage is the connection that ties us together across the years and the miles despite the disparate tribes of our Kin, contrasting customs, and harsh terrain that separates us.

We are Lion's Children, one and all. It is his bravery that shields us when we deal with the restless dead. It is his roar that we echo when our howls carry across the

moors. It is his pride that reassures us that no matter the odds we shall persevere.

Lion is a force to be reckoned with. He is proud and strong, protective of all that is his. He embodies our land—primitive and timeless.

Those Who Did Not Answer

We have only limited interactions with the rest of the Garou. While our travels during the Great Winter brought us into contact with them, upon returning to our homeland and our sacred duty many of us have had little to no interaction with those outside of our own Tribe. However, we are still Garou, and the other Tribes are our brethren, no matter how foreign or strange they may be. While legends tell of many Tribes, I have only heard of a few in anything other than a passing light.

Fianna

Our cousins to the south are so like us, and yet so different. We might not have survived the Great Winter without their aid, but the rift our refusal to serve their dark fae Kin put between us has not been mended to this day.

Get of Fenris

Fierce and stubborn. We expected them at least to answer our call. Legends say they never back down from a fight. I guess the legends were wrong.

Red Talons

An entire tribe such as our Mactire? It seems unlikely, at best. Gaia made us of both man and beast, to watch over both, but also to have the strengths of each. Wolven cunning and human intellect. Wolven speed and human strength. Wolven instinct and human logic. It takes both, to make a Garou.

Silver Fangs

There were rumors of Garou in the service of the invading army, silver-pelted gentry holding court with their generals and advisors. Surely, no Garou could be so depraved as to unleash the evils we have fought against their own kind?

Litany

While individual septs have customs and laws that are unique unto themselves, the Litany remains constant. These rules are not the purview of any individual or

group of Garou to alter or ignore. They are our sacred mandates, passed down from our creator, and form the foundation of our Tribe.

Do Not Allow a Caern to Be Violated

Legends say that when our people left Caledonia in the depths of the Great Winter, our wolf-born stayed behind at each of the strongest caerns to protect them. When too few remained in an area to protect a caern or successfully perform the moot rite, a single Garou would volunteer to watch over until the end of times. The one who remained behind would dedicate the rest of her life to that caern, singing to it night after night, moon after moon, praising the loyal spirits of the caern. The guardian would not leave her duty, not even to hunt. Almost inevitably, she would die: of exposure, of starvation, of thirst, before the caern's totem spirit fell into slumber. Even then the guardian's spirit would remain, protecting the sacred site for eternity.

If our ancestors were willing to give everything, even their chance to return to the cycle to protect one of our holy places, how can we do any less?

Respect Territory

When the Great Winter pushed us from our homeland, we were a desperate people. Driven by our fear, we transgressed upon the territory of the Fianna without respect or thought for the impact of our actions. The harm our actions created took centuries to undo. When we learned to interact with them correctly, with the respect of one walking in another's territory, both tribes grew stronger for it.

After the end of the Great Winter, we returned to our sacred territory. Once there, we protected our homeland from invaders for centuries. We served our duty, our Kin thrived, and all was well. Then the Romans came, and everything changed. Not content to keep to their own lands, the invaders sought to do what none should, to conquer the world and bring it under their rule. We struck back at them, attacking deep into the territory they had laid claim to. And for that action, we paid an awful price.

Gaia created places for all her children, and gave them a duty to protect those places. When one violates that, seeks to take what is not rightfully hers, it upsets the balance. When one abandons the territory she has been given, it upsets the balance. Until she restores that balance, the health of the land and those who dwell within it suffer.

Be Merciful

Gaia made us full of Rage that we might fight and kill. But she also made us strong of will that we might stay our claws and jaws, when it is right to do so.

It is the easy way, to slaughter all who draw your ire. This is the way of the foreign army that tramples all beneath its heel. It is the way of the Wyrms, to tear and rend, and destroy. But Gaia does not ask of us the easy path. Even when our tempers are high, when our Rage flares red, still She expects us to serve Her in all things.

To take a life, when there is no hope of redemption? That is a mercy. To slay one too far gone to disease or age or taint, and return them to the cycle? A mercy as well. To allow a fellow Garou to submit in honorable combat, or to stay one's hand and spare a soul that might yet be redeemed? These things are also merciful, and mercy is never weakness.

But to take a life that serves Gaia, or that might be turned to Her service? To give in to the fury of battle and cost Her forces because we are too weak to control our Rage? That, surely, is a crime.

Honor Those Before You

Our ancestors served Gaia and fought the Wyrms, back to the first of times. Without them, Caledonia would have fallen before we were even thought of. Our elders held these lands and protected our Kin back when we were but babes and pups. Without them, our generation might have been slaughtered in its youth. Our teachers studied the old ways and the new, learned of wolf and man and spirit, back when we had not yet undergone our First Change. Without them, we would have no knowledge, no tradition, no rite nor song to teach us right from wrong. It is right that we give honor to them for their own worth.

Honor Those Behind You

Our Kin serve Gaia, without the benefits of Her Gifts to us. Our young step up willingly to a duty that may cost them their lives. Our cubs dedicate themselves to study that which they cannot yet hope to understand, and strive in all things to be the heroes that Gaia made them to be. These are the ones who follow in our footsteps. It is right that we give honor to each of them for their own worth.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

All aspects of our life are a part of a cycle, and death comes to us all in time. Accepting this fact, and going willingly back to the cycle when the time is right, assures that

we will not return as one of the restless dead. We, whose duties include tending to the no-longer-living have seen the ravages that a ghost can wreak upon those who still live. We have dealt with the aftermath of those who are unwilling to go on, who cling to this life so tenaciously that they become trapped in this world long after their breath has stopped.

To fight the cycle is not only to consign one's own fate to separation from Gaia, perhaps for all of eternity. The act also condemns one's friends and family members to the torment of dealing with that which was once their fellow but is no longer. It is unjust. It is unfair. It is selfish.

The Kill Belongs to the Greatest in Station

It is the right and responsibility of those with experience to see that the resources of the Tribe are used where they will do the most good. A young cub may covet the richest meat for himself because it makes his mouth water. An elder given this treasure knows that the heart will best serve the pack by feeding a nursing mother, and will give it to her to ensure her pups grow strong, and through them, the Tribe will thrive. If danger looms, the elder may give the heart to a warrior, to lend him strength for an upcoming fight. In times of traditional sacrifice, he may give it to the seer, to pacify the spirits of the caern.

With experience comes wisdom, and with wisdom comes responsibility to look beyond one's own interests to the good of the pack, the sept, the Tribe as a whole. It is the right, and responsibility, of the greatest in station to give to each what is mete and right for them to have. Thus do we give the kill, be it meat or magic, to those with the experience to ensure it serves the greater good.

In Times of Peace, Weak Leaders Must Be Challenged

Even the strongest wolf's teeth fail in time. Even the wisest mind begins to wander over the years. A tree can reach for the heavens for only so many summers before its roots fail.

We are only as strong as our leader. When he or she falters, it is time for the next to take upon the weight and step up to lead. Without a strong leader, we are none of us strong.

In Times of War, Leaders Must Be Obeyed

We are Gaia's warriors, but any warrior is only as strong as his focus. Even the greatest hero may be brought down, if distracted from the task at hand.

Our strength is in working together, as a pack, a sept, and a Tribe. Gaia created us to cooperate. When our focus should be on Her enemies, we serve Her best by ignoring our petty differences, at least for a time. If we are nipping at our leaders' heels, distracting him from their duties out of our own desires for power, we serve the enemy. Let us not do the Wurm's work for it.

Do Not Consume the Flesh of Your Kin

Man and wolf are our kin. We ask of them a sacred duty: to ensure that the Garou will continue. Without them, we cannot do what Gaia has set before us, and our numbers would dwindle to nothing.

But, this duty must be given freely. We are no fomori, to plant seeds in force and fear. We have seen what comes of those breedings; not only the profane offspring, but the harm done to the hearts, minds, and bodies of those who are taken. We are no monsters to do the same.

The wolf cannot lie with the deer then feast upon it when morning comes. What deer would go willingly, knowing the wolf has eaten its fellows? If our Kin believe that we see them as nothing but prey, as fodder for our bellies as well as our loins, how could they do their duty to us and to Gaia? They must know they are safe, that they are respected, and that they are valued. Only then, can they and we with them fulfill their sacred duties.

Grant The Mercy of the Veil

There was a time when the Garou culled humanity, like a shepherd does his flock. When we played with our human Kin as if they were toys for our entertainment. When some Tribes forced humankind into servitude, appointing themselves as shapeshifting gods over those Gaia had tasked them to watch over. Men trembled at the sound of our songs on the wind, for they knew their lives were kept only at our whim. They went mad at the sight of us, for they knew that between our wrath and that of our enemies they had no hope of defending themselves or their children. We broke them, as a child might a clay doll.

Those times were shameful. Those times are no more.

Humankind's memory is short. Most have, thankfully, forgotten the transgressions of our ancestors. They no longer remember the wrongs we committed against them. But just as clay fragments remained cracked once reunited, the damage we did remains. In their dreams — in their nightmares — they remember still.

We are not the masters of humankind, nor monsters for them to fear, save when they serve the purposes of

the Wyrms beyond redemption. Gaia has tasked us to protect humanity; to ensure that Her creations, no matter how weak, survive to fulfill their duties to Her. And part of that protection is to keep them unknowing. We must avoid deepening the cracks that our ancestors put in their hearts, and minds, and souls; those fissures are places for the Wyrms to creep in and plant its seeds of corruption, hate, and fear.

We have done the damage. It is our duty not to make it worse.

Take Not Mates From Your Own

Our journey can be a hard one, a long one, a lonely one, and no mate — be it Kin, man or wolf — can truly know what it is to walk that path as we do. The camaraderie and closeness we share with our own kind can be easily mistaken for other things, and the influences of corruption, depravity, and wrongful urges are always alert for the opportunity to creep in and wreak havoc.

However, the price of succumbing to those urges is death. Not the death of the individual, although often that comes when metis are born, but the death of our entire tribe. Our Kin are our lifeblood, the force that connects us not only to Caledonia but also to Gaia with

every new generation born. To turn our back on that is to turn our back on our duty, our soul, and our tribe.

Combat the Wyrms Where It Dwells

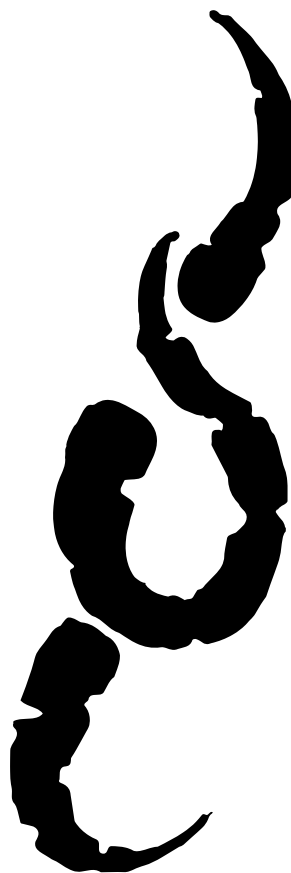
This tenet of the Litany is at the root of all we are, and all we do. While other parts explain how we go about our daily lives or command us to avoid actions that would harm the tribe or the world around us, this one gives us our duty. We were made to follow this rule, to combat the Wyrms. Until the Wyrms are dead — or we are — we shall continue to fight it.

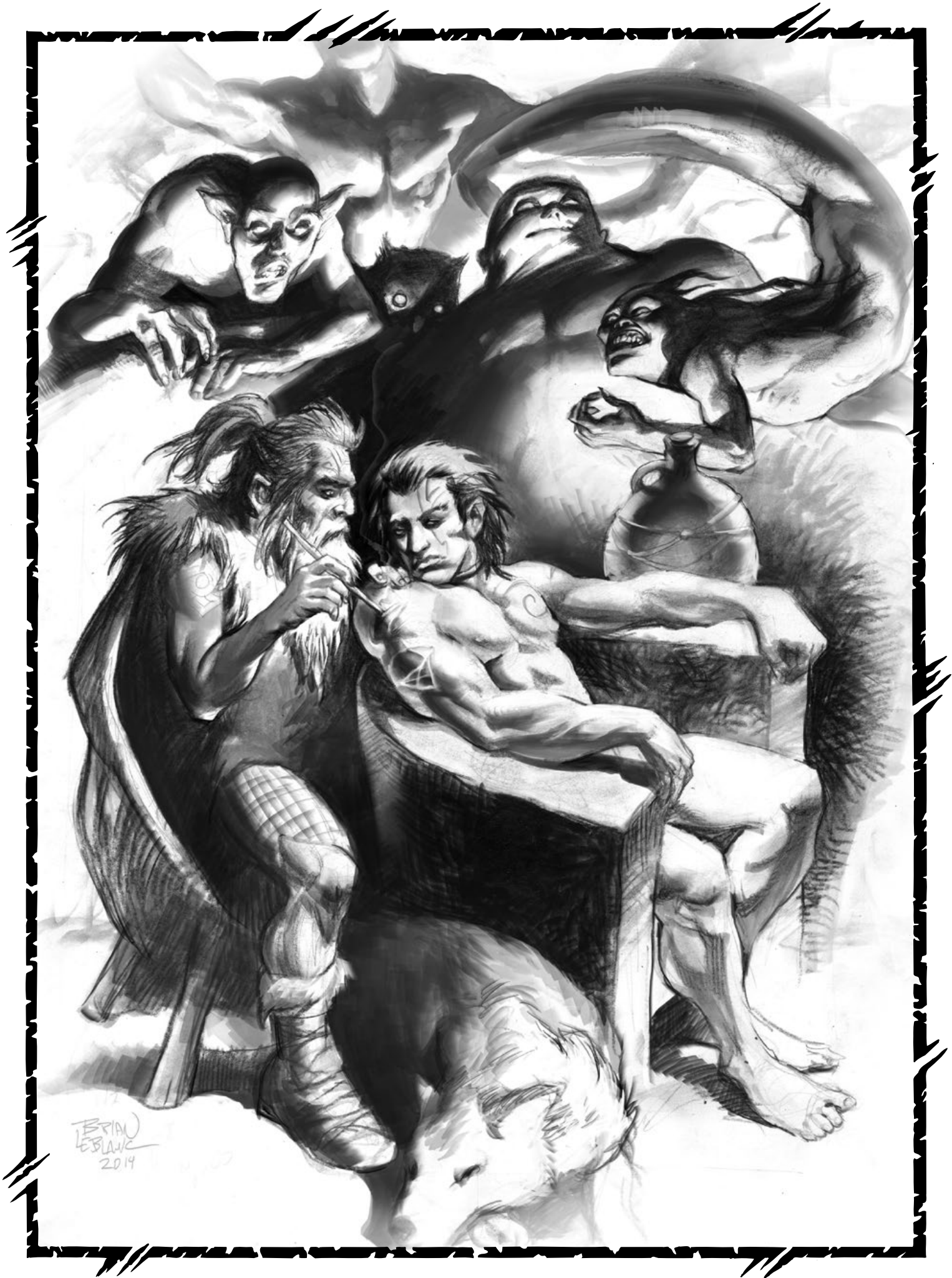
It is for this that we called to every werewolf we knew when we found the Black Spiral. It is for this that we prepare to enter the portal and beard the Wyrms in its den. It is for this that we live. And when the time comes, it is for this that we will die.

Dawn

As Lion has tasked me, so have I obeyed. I have told all that I know, of my people, our history, our deeds, and our ways.

The sun is rising, and my story is done. I can only hope that whatever awaits us on the other side of morning, some will live to continue our tales.





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Chapter Three: The White Howlers' World

Why Historical Tales?

Certain locations and times carry their own emotional atmosphere, the harried streets of World War II London, for example, or the unexplored wildernesses of Expansion Era America. The time and place a chronicle is set in can reinforce the overarching theme, just by virtue of that setting's inherent atmosphere.

As well, sometimes a certain period is the best one in which to tell a particular story. When there is a significant change in character types, setting a game before or after that modification affects the reality of the characters and the world they exist within. Stories focusing on the core aspects of the Warders of Men, the Garou who became the Tetrasomians, who in turn became the Iron Riders, who eventually became the Glass Walkers, are best set in the backdrop of antiquity, for example. Telling a story of the Warders of Men in the Middle Ages or modern times changes the basic nature of who the Warders of Men are, and thus is a different kind of story. Similarly, a White Howler chronicle set during the French Revolution, while potentially entertaining, portray the White Howlers far differently than they are represented within the canon material.

The Challenges

Stories set in historic eras pose a unique set of challenges for Storytellers and players alike. When running games in a modern setting, the "hows," "whys," and "wheres" are often well known enough to require little in the way of research or information sharing. Alternate history or original settings allow the troupe full creative freedom to build the world they want from the ground up. Historic settings, on the other hand, require research to get right.

Most people aren't overly familiar with the actual facts about the times thousands of years in the past. Only a dozen people may have access to the documentation for an archeological dig on second century A.D. Scottish settlement, but millions have read Conan stories or *Discworld* books that feature fictionalized versions of the Picts. Fantasy novels, legends, folklore, and pseudo-historic movies often color our perceptions of what the days gone by were like, resulting in "common knowledge" that is more fiction than fact.

As well, when dealing with long-ago times and far-away places with no real frame of reference, different eras and locations can blur together. This can create a faux amalgam of very different cultures, the equivalent of a modern US soldier wearing the uniform of a nineteenth century Mexican soldier while wielding a Civil War saber and a

A Different History

While the focus of this chapter is on running a White Howler campaign set during a particular period, not all Storytellers and players are going to want to hold themselves to this. Some folks always want to create something unique and different with the core ideas of a game.

This isn't a bad thing; thinking outside the box can be an exciting way to turn familiar material into something new and innovative, and we encourage Storytellers to create the setting and story arcs that best suit their player group and play style.

For some starting points, check out "Facts, Proof, and the Truth" p. 58, for suggestions on how to do just that with the White Howlers, Caledonia, and the Late Iron Age in the World of Darkness.

French Revolution dueling pistol. While entertaining, this sort of meshing doesn't provide a strong atmosphere for a campaign focusing on any of those eras.

The White Howler's Zenith

In order to help Storytellers and players with exploring the White Howlers rise and fall, this section introduces an Iron Age historic campaign. By summing up and presenting a very brief and general glimpse of life immediately before the White Howler's fall, it paves the way for campaigns that are unique to the Tribe setting and allows Storytellers the tools to build their own take on this time without drowning in academic research. In presenting a brief glimpse at this era and locale, we also want to help demonstrate why the Tribe was so dedicated to their duty. It explores the contributing factors that resulted in the rest of the Nation not coming to their aid, and lends insight into the Tribe not as fools who rushed to their doom, but as the desperate heroes that they truly believed themselves to be.

Our focus for this chapter is specifically on the White Howlers during their zenith (the four centuries leading up to their fall), approximately 200 B.C. to A.D. 200. Physically, we are concentrating on Caledonia, the area modernly known as Scotland, and specifically on the various Caledonii tribes (commonly called the Picts) whom the White Howlers claimed as Kinfolk.

No historic event takes place in a vacuum; the Howler's fall intertwined deeply with other elements happening in the world at the time. Because of this, the information

provided sheds further light on the overall World of Darkness during the later portion of the Middle Iron Age. It includes both human and Garou cultures as well as other significant happenings that Storytellers and players may wish to incorporate into their historic campaigns.

The World of the White Howlers

Like many of the Tribes in **Werewolf: the Apocalypse**, the White Howlers are integrally associated with a specific culture: in their case, the Picts. However, unlike most of the Tribes, the White Howler's society no longer exists. Much like the Tribe itself, the Pictish culture disappeared centuries ago, and left little but legends and a few artifacts behind.

The Zenith

While the history of the White Howlers extends back to the creation of the Tribe in pre-historic times, the Tribe's zenith comes near the end of their story, which is the period just before and after the "Current Era" began. This time period holds fascinating potential as a setting for **Werewolf: the Apocalypse** stories, as it culminates in what is arguably the single most dramatic turning point in the history of the Garou Nation.

During the four centuries from 200 B.C. to A.D. 200, the White Howlers went from a dedicated Tribe protecting their homeland and Kin, to the most depraved legion of enemies the Garou Nation would ever battle. Their contact and conflict with the Roman Empire started a tragic story that ended with the death of a millennia-old Tribe, and the birth of an entirely new tool for the forces of evil.

While personal sacrifice for the greater good is a vital element in the telling of Garou tales, the White Howlers' zenith stands as a haunting reminder that there are no guarantees in the war against the Wyrms. Sometimes, noble intention and selfless sacrifice are not enough. When combating the embodiment of corruption, perversion, and pollution, there are far greater consequences than failure, and far worse fates than death.

The Myths of the Picts

One of the first challenges when exploring Pictish culture is the myths of the Picts themselves. Modern representations of “the Picts” tend toward a pygmy-esque culture of half-fae barbarians, covered in blue paint and wielding poison-tipped spears against their enemies. While many of these elements have their roots in truth, as a whole they’re far from a fair or accurate picture of the White Howler’s Kin.

To begin with, during the zenith of the White Howlers, the Picts didn’t exist.

At least, humans have no record of a people called the Picts. Since the people of Iron Age Scotland left no overt written record of their culture, we have to rely on foreign reports about them. The first recorded usage of the term “Pict” is from the Roman speaker Eumenius in A.D. 297, nearly a century after the fall of the White Howlers. Before that, the Romans report of groups of indigenous people living in the northern parts of what is now called Scotland, which they referred to as Caledonia, but no references to them as “Picts.”

Names

While “Pict” may not be the right term to use, it’s a useful catch-all term to talk about the people of Iron Age Scotland. Lacking any data on what they called themselves, the Roman terms become the default for discussing this culture: “Caledonia,” as a term for early Scotland, and “Caledonii” as a collective name for the indigenous peoples dwelling there. Individual tribe names: Verturiones, Taexali, Vericones, and the like, are described in nature and locale as well as possible with the limited information available through millennium-old Roman reports. While these are also Latin terms, there is simply no record of what the people of the Late Iron Age in Scotland called their land, their people, or each other.

This is at best an over-simplified version of the cultural overview of the area at the time, suitable for Storytellers and players who wish to run games in Iron Age Scotland. It’s not intended to represent the full breadth and scope of academic study of the culture and time period.

Caledonia

The “isle” of Caledonia is really the northern third of the larger island now known as Britain, as well as almost 800 smaller islands surrounding the larger one. The Northern Isles include the Orkney Islands and, further northeast, the Shetland Islands. To the west, the Inner and Outer Hebrides, referred to as Hyperborea by

the Romans, contain hundreds of islands and several thousand square miles of land. The Fianna homeland is less than 20 miles to the southwest across the North Channel, while Fenrir territory lays almost 200 miles northeast, separated by the North Sea.

The Caledonian coastline is dramatic, containing many firths (narrow bays carved by glaciers and erosion), estuaries, straits, and inlets. Many of the beaches are stony rather than sandy and full of hidden rocky coves, sea caves, and cliffs.

Caledonia has two distinct terrain regions. The Highlands contain several mountain ranges that traverse the northern portion of Caledonia, running in a roughly southwest-to-northeast diagonal across the island. The Lowlands to the south, on the other hand, are less mountainous. This made them better suited for agriculture, and a more populous region in general.

The terrain of Caledonia provides a plethora of plot opportunities. Septs separated by environmental barriers develop different traditions and hold their own views on which tenets of the Litany are most important. Sea-focused populations develop very different seasonal rituals and rites than inlanders or mountain folk. Garou with warrior Kin likely have very different views than those whose people are pastoral. How does this diversity within the Tribe affect Tribal politics? How do inter-sept relationships react when an outside threat such as the Roman invasion comes into play?

The Walls

During their invasion and occupation of Caledonia, the Roman Empire built two major stone and turf walls across the width of the island. These walls and the fortresses situated every mile or so along them, helped provide a defense against retaliation from the northern tribes, and established the boundaries of the Roman-held Britannia to the south. As well, they forced traffic between Caledonia and Britannia to pass through specific points, which allowed the Empire to regulate trade and levy taxes on commerce flowing between the two areas.

They first began Hadrian’s Wall in A.D. 122, under the rule of Emperor Hadrian, and finished in A.D. 128. It stretches more than 70 miles long, on an east-west route from the Roman fort of Segedunum on the eastern coast to the Solway Firth in the west. Roman fortresses were built every mile or so along the wall, making this the most heavily fortified border in the entire Roman Empire.

The Antoine Wall lies approximately a hundred miles north of Hadrian’s Wall, and embodies the furthest northern reaches of the Roman Empire. Construction on this wall began in A.D. 142 under Emperor Antoninus



Pius, and finished in A.D. 154. The building of this wall is likely one of the triggering factors that encouraged the White Howlers' retaliatory strike against the Roman leaders' headquarters. Unlike Hadrian's Wall, which roughly fell across the border between Caledonia and Roman-held land, the Antoine Wall was well into Caledonian territory. As such, it suffered significant resistance from the native tribes, and the Romans eventually abandoned it around A.D. 160.

The building of either of these walls could be a starting place for a story arc. How do the White Howlers and their Kinfolk feel about the construction of the longest structure their people had ever seen? What do they believe the purpose of these walls are, and how do they react? Will they passively stand by as the Roman Army erects the walls and accompanying fortresses across their land? What spiritual ramifications might come about by such a strong Weaver-outpost being created in a mostly Wyld territory?

Climate

After several hundred years of fairly mild weather patterns, Caledonia experienced significant climate changes between 300 B.C. and A.D. 200. Sustainable farmland was significantly reduced by drought in the

Highlands and increased moisture in the Lowlands (which converted former farmland to peat bogs), combined with lower temperatures across the region. Over the course of generations disparate native peoples moved into new areas, competing for the remaining arable land. They cleared forests, both for their timber, as well as make room for new fields. As old territories turned to bog, people established homesteads and villages in marginal areas, such as salt marshes.

The various tribes of White Howler Kinfolk and the septs they related to were in greater competition for the same, increasingly limited, resources. The tension resulting could form the basis for a White Howler chronicle featuring the inter-sept drama that occurs when two Kin tribes go to war, or lend additional tension to a storyline focusing on other topics.

Technology and Culture

Archeologists have uncovered very little evidence about the cultures of human tribes that inhabited Caledonia during the era before the Romans invaded. Because the native tribes did not create elaborate burial mounds, leave behind written texts, or trade enduring

goods with outside cultures, they left little for modern anthropologists to piece together into a recreation of the culture of the era.

In fact, most of what is known about the Caledonii has only been retained because of Roman records relating to the peoples they were invading. The Romans recorded only what they saw and perceived as important, however. As foreign invaders, that information is inherently biased, often contradictory, and misses discussing major factors in the native tribes' existence.

That's not ideal for running a chronicle focusing on the White Howlers. Players want to know what sorts of weapons their characters might wield, what their clothing and jewelry looks like, and what sorts of resources are available to them in their battle with the Wyrn. Also important, atmospheric elements go a long ways towards creating an immersive environment. While it may not be vital, knowing what foods and beverages they're consuming, what their Kinfolk look like, and what their housing looks like can give players a better feel for the era, and what makes their characters different from their modern counterparts.

Agriculture and Animal Husbandry

In the time leading up to the White Howlers' fall, Caledonia was still largely a pastoral economy. Most people were farmers, living in small communities that operated on a barter system. Farms were generalized, rather than specialized, with a family commonly growing cereal crops and vegetables, raising domesticated animals, and supplementing their diets with wildcrafted plants and hunting.

Common field crops included barley, oats, wheat, corn, and flax, which may have been used as both a food and a fiber. Iron ploughs tilled the fields, and Roman reports credit the use of a harvesting machine pushed by oxen in this era as well. Vegetables may have been cultivated, or gathered from the wild. These included, but were in no way limited to: cabbage, leek, peas and beans, onions, salad greens, parsnips, carrots, and turnips.

Tribes gathered acorns and hazelnuts both for human consumption and to use as fodder for domesticated animals. The Romans introduced walnuts, almonds, and sweet chestnuts to the region during this period, although the native hazelnuts were far more common.

A farmer might raise cattle, pigs, goats, sheep, or horses, although the latter were used predominantly for transportation and as a status symbol, rather than for meat. Sheep, goats, and cows were both meat and dairy,

with butter and cheese both being important products for individual consumption and trade. A wide range of fowl were domesticated and used for meat, feathers, and eggs. These included native chickens, geese, ducks, although the Romans introduced guinea hen, pheasants, and peacocks.

Sheep and goats provided not only meat and milk, but also the wool fibers that formed the majority of the native clothing (see "Clothing," p. 54).

Hunting was an important supplement to the Caledonii diet, although in later periods it became more of a pleasure activity than a sustenance one. Red deer and roe deer provided leather, bone, antler, sinew, as well as meat. The internal organs, marrow, and blood were cooking ingredients along with the venison. While smaller, hare, and a wide range of wildfowl were part of their diet. Both falcons and hounds were used to aid in hunting.

Along the coastlines, seals and whales were both valuable resources, as well as cod, salmon and herring. Fishing was often done by net or spear, rather than hook. As well, along the shorelines, people ate sea birds such as the gannet, auk, gull, and cormorant, as well as their eggs. Shellfish like limpets, mussels, oysters, cockles, clams, crab, and periwinkle were both for food, and for bait when fishing.

This rustic lifestyle gave White Howlers and their Kin a much deeper connection to the land, the seasons, and the natural world around them than modern werewolves and their Kinfolk possess. A much larger proportion of the average Caledonii's life passed in food raising, gathering, or preparation. Skills that might seem hyper-specialized to modern eyes: butchering, animal husbandry, horticulture, brewing, and food preservation, were commonplace and vital to the Caledonii.

Cooking and Preservation

Domestic meat and bread formed a good staple of the Caledonii diet, supplemented by vegetables, dairy products, fish, and fowl. Grains were ground into gruel, a boiled oatmeal-like sustenance food.

Bread could be unleavened, or yeasted using either a sourdough method, or by adding fermenting beer or wine to the flour. While ovens existed in Iron Age Scotland, they were relatively rare. Either most baking was done on a stone on or near a fire, or by using an iron pot placed over the bread, with embers piled on top, akin to a modern Dutch oven.

Iron pots and cookware were common, and many foods were boiled, stewed, roasted on spits, or otherwise prepared by hanging from tripods over cooking fires. Kilns dried grains both as a preservation method, and to prepare them for grinding into flour.

Salt harvested from seawater was a preservative, as well as a seasoning. Wide varieties of native herbs were used in cooking as well as for medicinal purposes. Honey was the only real sweetener available, and used for medicinal benefits, both when taken internally, and when used topically as an antiseptic.

Sustenance was a potential weak spot in every tribe and village's proverbial armor. An enemy — supernatural or otherwise — who was willing to burn fields, taint waterways and forests, or otherwise impact food supplies was just as deadly as one who slit throats. Ensuring that their Kinfolk had sufficient food was a very real concern for the White Howlers, who knew that their lines could die out just as easily through starvation as through slaughter.

Alcohol

Alcohol is not just the purview of the Fianna. The Iron Age Caledonii tribes enjoyed wine and beer both as a recreational and medicinal substance. Since the climate was unsuited for grapes, fruits, such as elderberry, cranberry, blackberry, raspberry went into their wine, but also heather, birch sap, rosehips, honey, or barley. Barley was also a staple component in beer making.

Sadly, while brewing and fermenting were common in Iron Age Caledonia, distillation is a much later process. The production of aqua vitae and whiskey didn't reach the British Isles for more than a millennium after the White Howlers' fateful fall.

Many White Howler rituals, whether mystic or social, involved intoxicants or perception-altering brews that would allow the werewolves to commune more easily with the spiritual world.

Architecture

One of the few areas where examples of Iron Age Scotland still exist is their architecture. While the wooden structures have long since fallen to ruin, multiple examples of second century Scottish stone building structures remain, giving a glimpse into early Caledonian living arrangements. Most extant structures from this era take one of two forms: the broch or the hill fort.

Brochs

Even before the Roman invasion of Caledonia, life on the Emerald Isle was difficult and dangerous. The word broch means "fort," and like most existing architecture from that time, they designed brochs to protect those who lived within them from attack, as well as from the elements.

Brochs are circular, multi-level, tower-like round-house structures, constructed of hollow stone walls and

wooden roofs. Most are somewhere between 15 and 50 feet across, with walls ranging from 10 to more than 20 feet in height. Above the ground level, floors were made of wood, with stairs often built into the spaces between the hollow walls.

Brochs are notable in that they were built using a dry stone method, with no mortar to connect the building materials. They exist throughout Caledonia, although the largest concentration is in the northern parts of the island. Sometimes they stand alone, either in the wilderness, or near land and water that makes it likely they protected nearby farms. In other places, however, there are smaller stone buildings grouped around the broch, and in a few locations, several small brochs stand near to one another in a village-like formation.

A smaller version of the broch, called a dun, was also commonly used during this time. Many place names throughout Caledonia include some variation of the word "dun" indicating their roots in these small stone fortifications.

Hillforts

Even after the advent of agriculture allowed Caledonian tribes to form settlements, most villages were very small. Few numbered more than 50 inhabitants, unless they happened to be contained within a hillfort or other protective fortification. Rather than making a single building protected, hillforts utilized natural structures (hills, cliffs, river bends, peninsulas, and the like) and reinforced the natural defensibility with protective walls and an external ditch.

Some hillforts became permanent. Dwellings, farms, and other vital settlements were sometimes within the defensive perimeters of the hillfort, offering those that dwelled within them a long-term protection from outside invasion by man or beast. Other times, hillforts were a "fallback" point, where those in the area could retreat in times of trouble or attack. Some were used only seasonally, as gathering points for trade, rituals, etc. The same walls that protected against attack could also corral animals in preparation for slaughter, or at other times when gathering a herd in was necessary.

They sometimes used these same styles of architecture for sept buildings, simple stone defenses for protecting whatever artifacts, holy items, weaponry, or other goods not currently carried by the sept members. As well, they could provide defensible areas for sleeping, eating, training cubs, healing wounded warriors, item construction, and the other day-to-day aspects of Garou life most easily conducted under the protection of a stone roof.

Arts and Crafts

While their technology may have been limited, the imagination and appreciation of beauty of the Caledonii tribes was not. They crafted both purely decorative objects and practical items with an eye for aesthetic and an attention to detail that one can appreciate to this day.

Materials

By the fall of the White Howlers, metalworking in both bronze and gold had been practiced in Caledonia for thousands of years. Iron working, however, was a fairly recent development; while some traces of iron artifacts exist from as early as 800 B.C., they didn't become commonplace for nearly 400 years after that. In the period of the White Howler's zenith, however, most settlements would have had at least one ironworker to make and repair vital items for the population.

Ironworkers smelted iron from ore in small bowl furnaces, only a foot or two wide and a few inches deep. Afterwards, they worked it into finished products. Weapons, tools, jewelry, cookware, and some

household items might be crafted from either iron or copper alloys.

Glass working, other than knapping volcanic obsidian, was undeveloped in Caledonia. While the Romans brought worked glass with them, and the Anglo-Saxons in nearby Britain had a thriving glass production and recycling practices, it was a rare acquisition for the native peoples. A single glass-working site from this era has been found, in the territory most likely occupied by the Caledones or Decante. Most used pottery, horn, leather, or wood for drinking vessels, bowls, and other liquid containers.

Likewise, wood, leather, clay, stone, and bone were the most common materials for household objects.

Amongst the Garou of Caledonia, iron and obsidian blades would have been highly prized by those who preferred to fight with crafted weaponry. Armor, used as much for decoration or intimidation as for protection, would have been largely leather, with bone or thinly sheeted iron or bronze plates. Werewolf jewelry would likely have mirrored that of their Kinfolk: metal inset with gemstones, bone, or glass taken from their defeated



Coins

Despite having the metalworking technology to do so, Caledonians of this period did not mint their own coinage until well into the ninth century A.D. Their British neighbors to the south, however, began minting gold, silver, and bronze coins in the first century B.C. (mostly through their interactions with the Romans) and those Caledonii nearest to the southern borders adopted coin usage earlier than their northern cousins did.

Tribes that had sufficient interaction with the Romans or other trade-focused cultures were more likely to use coins in their interactions with them. In general, however, the pastoral economy vastly relied more on barter and trade within local communities on a day-to-day basis, rather than a coin-based internal economy or coin-focused economic industry with outsiders.

enemies, and decorated with symbols of respect, power, or mystic import.

Reoccurring Symbols

Several patterns appear frequently in decorated items of this era, whether they are massive standing stones or petite pieces of jewelry. Some were mundane: combs were a common reoccurring element, as were mirrors, drinking horns, and cauldrons. Often jewelry and other items were decorated with the image of jewelry: collars, armlets, brooches and the like.

Tools, weapons, and armaments were also often portrayed as decorative elements on Caledonii items. Hammers and tongs were common, as were arrows and spears, and rectangular objects believed to represent shields. Often the arrows and spears were portrayed either as broken, into a V-shape, or twice broken into a Z-formation.

Considering the interactions between the White Howlers and their human Kinfolk, it is not surprising that a wide variety of animals also appeared in Caledonii art. Birds, such as the goose and eagle were often represented, as were serpents, fish, and a variety of mundane mammals: bulls, wolves, horses, boars, and deer. Additionally, a more mysterious creature made a frequent appearance in Caledonii art. Often referred to as “the Pictish Beast,” some early anthropologists believed the creature’s elongated nose to be a primitive rendition of

an elephant’s trunk, although a more likely explanation is a stylized version of a dolphin. It’s possible that this beast was actually a spiritual, rather than natural, entity present in Caledonia, for which modern anthropologists have no frame of reference.

These symbols, along with Gaian sigils, were often incorporated into both sacred and everyday items for the White Howlers. Weaponry, armor, clothing, jewelry, and personal objects frequently had adornments of a combination of Garou and Caledonia decorations, and many of the White Howler’s sacred tattoos incorporated both.

Appearance

In A.D. 98 CE, Senator Gaius Cornelius Tacitus wrote that the Caledonii had red hair and large limbs, and suggested that this indicated a tie to the German ties of the mainland. It is possible that the various tribes of Caledonia had dissimilar coloration and build, as they likely had ties to different cultures of origin. Their neighbors, the Silures, who inhabited what is now Wales, for example, had dark curly hair and darker complexions. The Britons, in another part of the island grouping, are reported as having blonde hair and fair skin, so wide varieties of colorations are possible amongst the inhabitants of Caledonia.

Regardless of their hair and skin color in Homid, White Howlers bear snowy white pelts in all of their wolveren forms. While outsiders might see them as identical, White Howlers had no difficulty in differentiating visually between werewolf members of their various Caledonii human tribal lineages.

Clothing

Wool from domesticated sheep is the major source of fiber for clothing in Caledonia during this period, although they used hemp, linen, and flax, as well as other animal hair: goat, horse, rabbit, even badger! Leather, found more often in shoes, belts, cords and drawstrings, and outerwear made up part of their wardrobe. Silk was an extreme rarity, imported only through the Romans or other trade routes from Asia and the Mediterranean.

Cloth creation was highly developed by this period. Weavers spun fiber, by hand via drop spindles, and used a variety of types of looms (both stationary and portable) to create flat lengths of cloth in elaborate patterns, including tartans or plaids. Threads were sometimes dyed before weaving, although sometimes the cloth was left undyed, or dyed after being woven. Knitting and crochet were not developed until long after this period, although knotting (as used in nets and the like) was commonly used.

Plaids and Kilts

The Caledonii – Garou or human – did not wear kilts. There is no credible documentation of a kilt before the late 1500s. Plaids or brats were long, unshaped pieces of cloth that were used as a combination of blanket and cloak, but they were an over-garment until well into the Renaissance era.

Plaids were useful as a blanket for sleeping, especially outdoors, or pinned at the breast as a cloak. They were normally somewhere between 12 and 18 feet long, and around five feet wide. Because looms at the time commonly were no more than about 30 inches in width, this meant they were constructed of two long strips of fabric, sewn together lengthwise. Plaids could be undyed, or of a single color, striped, or more elaborately woven, in the checked cloth that carries the more modern definition of a plaid.

Plaids were popular amongst the White Howlers, both for their versatility and because they easily accommodated shapeshifting through a variety of forms and sizes. It's possible that the first true kilts were developed when a Caledonian Garou's un-Dedicated clothing was ruined due to inopportune shape changing, and he had to improvise with his remaining intact piece of garb.

While some fabric was left undyed, other colors were possible using dying techniques of this era: rich brown and rust, golden yellow, green, grey, black, crimson red, blue or even purple and pink.

The basic clothing item for men and women alike was a leine, a semi-fitted smock. The shirt, usually sewn up the sides, was not always at the shoulders; sometimes the leine was pinned at the shoulders instead. A leine could be sleeveless, or have sleeves attached at the shoulder. Over this, a short jacket called an ionar, or a rectangular cloak called a brat or plaid could be worn for additional warmth (see Plaids and Kilts sidebar).

Women and noble men often wore their leine long, ankle-length for women and calf to ankle for men.

While it was common to go barelegged, men sometimes wore trousers known as trews or braes beneath a leine. These fell anywhere from the knee to the ankle, depending on the climate, and were gathered at the waist with a drawstring. As depictions of women of this era featured ankle-length skirts, it is unknown whether they wore trews beneath them.

Caledonii shoes of that period were distinctive in that they were almost uniformly created from a single piece of hide or leather. The cobbler would either gather the material around the foot with a drawstring, or cut to fold more neatly around the foot before lacing tightly.

White Howlers wore similar clothing in their human-esque forms, often using the Rite of Talisman Dedication to ensure that they'd not ruin their favorite outfit in shapeshifting.

Tattoos

In the first century B.C., Julius Caesar said, "Omnes vero se Britanni vitro in ficiunt, quod caeruleum efficit colorem." This statement was often interpreted as "All the Britains color themselves blue with woad," leading to the image of Picts clad solely in blue paint or tattoos. However, many modern historians are skeptical about these early interpretations; woad not only doesn't stain skin well when used as a body paint, but also does not work as a tattoo agent, as it causes the wound not to heal properly, and won't "heal in".

The word "vitro" also translates as "glass," leading some historians to posit that the reference was to wearing glass as a form of jewelry. However, as the early Caledonians also did not work glass, even if they traded in it with continental Europeans who did, this interpretation is also less than satisfactory.

Had anthropologists been aware of the Garou, however, the meaning would have been much easier to interpret. Both the Fianna and the White Howlers regularly used tattoos, including fetish tattoos, and those Caledonii who did tattoo themselves were Kinfolk doing so as a way of denoting their connection to their Garou family members. The rites and processes werewolves used to create their tattoos were surely shared with their Kin, allowing them to create end-results that mundane historians simply do not have the context, supernatural knowledge, or ability to recreate.

Arms and Armor

Records of early Caledonian weaponry and war-wear is found engraved on standing stones, depict the native tribal warriors of the time wearing short (knee to thigh length) tunics, and carrying small square or round shields, but no other armor.

Fighting happened either on foot, or from horseback, in a light guerilla style of attack that was made even more deadly by virtue of the tribes' knowledge of their home territory. While they had neither the formal training nor armor of their Roman invaders, the Caledonii were still respected and feared by their enemies for their ferocity

and cunning, much of which was a result of the close ties the human tribes had with their Garou relations. Werewolf warriors often took it upon themselves to teach pack-style tactics to promising bands of human fighters from the tribes they fostered.

Weapons

When in hand-to-hand combat, the quintessential weapon was the spear, both single- and two-handed, with a wooden shaft and bone, flint, or metal head. Axes were also common: small square-headed axes or larger two-handed battle-axes. As well, Caledonian warriors also used swords and knives of many sorts. Some were likely just extensions of commonly used tool knives; anything that could skin a deer or cut a fish would be capable of the same in a battle setting. They also used short swords, under two feet long for the most part. Most of these had rounded tips and were more for hacking and slashing blows, rather than stabbing.

For ranged weapons, the Caledonii tribes used javelins, which were often just straight saplings whittled into shape, bows with arrows tipped with hardened wood, stone, or metal, and slings with river rocks as projectiles.

The Garou of this period utilized these same weapons, which gave them a very different fighting style than the European invaders. The White Howlers and their Kin were better equipped for guerilla warfare and “slash-and-dash” tactics, while Rome (and its supernatural allies) relied more heavily on their more advanced metallurgy and close-quarter unit tactics.

Transportation

Most Caledonii lived their entire lives, and died, within miles of their birthplace. The vast majority of personal transportation occurred on foot, with horses used for travel between longer distances, if they were available.

Carts, drawn by horses or oxen, were used both as personal transportation and to carry goods. Single axle chariots with spoked wheels may have been used both for war and for entertainment, albeit rarely. As no intact chariots of this period have been discovered in Scotland, however, it's difficult to tell whether the rare depictions of chariots from Caledonii art of this period represent items that were in actual use by the people there, or are representations of Roman items or stories from other times and places.

The terrain challenges of Caledonia, combined with the lack of established roads, contributed strongly to an atmosphere of isolation between the Septs and tribes of

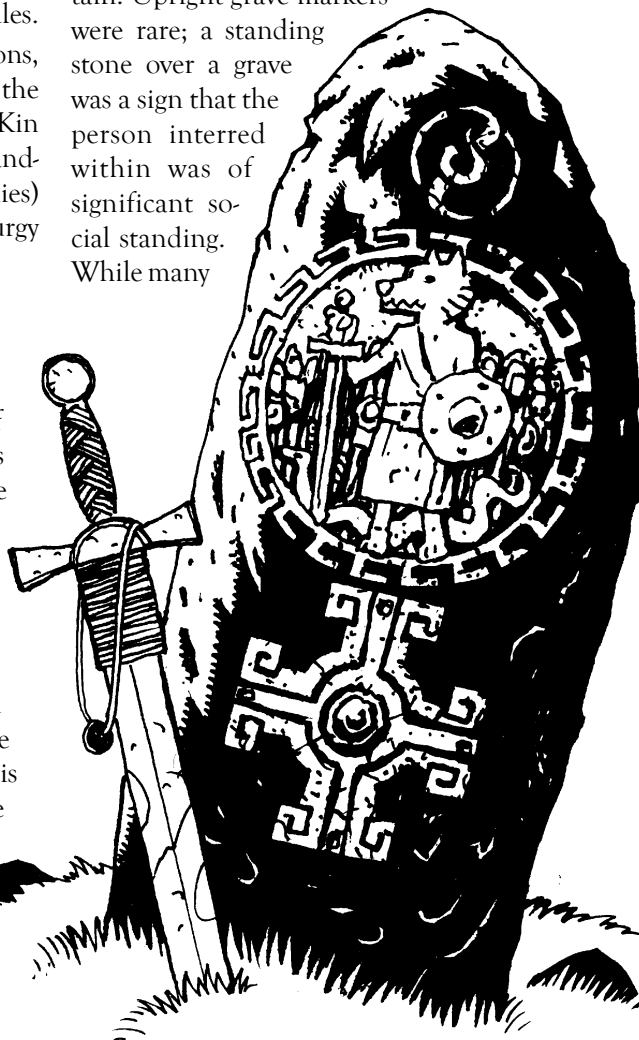
the area. It put an emphasis on moon bridges as the only reliable method of time-efficient travel between septs, but also made it difficult for Garou to establish the levels of trust required for them to want to implement those moon bridges.

Death and Burial

Despite the White Howler's focus on interacting with the dead, their people's burials were, for the most part, very informal. As the number of discovered gravesites is relatively small, it is likely that the vast majority of the dead were interred with no protection at all and thus returned to the elements quickly.

In those instances where there were formal burials, the bodies were laid out, face up, in a grave lined with long stone slabs, and covered over with the same. Either these graves were marked with a small mound of stones, arranged in a square, round, or dumb-bell shaped pattern. Sometimes white quartz pebbles were scattered over the mound, although whether this was decoration, or held some particular spiritual significance is not certain. Upright grave markers

were rare; a standing stone over a grave was a sign that the person interred within was of significant social standing. While many



Carnyx — Howls of War

One of the unique qualities that the Romans noted about the Caledonians was their use of carnyx, trumpet-like battle horns to inspire the Caledonians and strike fear into the hearts of their enemies. They were so distinctive that they were one of the emblems the Romans used to identify the Caledonii.

They often crafted these horns in the form of animal heads: boars, eagles, serpents, and, of course, wolves. Kinfolk tribes originally made these carnyx in an attempt to replicate the powerful howls of their Garou kin.

graves were located well apart from others, cemetery-like groupings were not uncommon.

Unlike many of the surrounding cultures, the people of Caledonia did not normally bury grave goods with their dead. A particularly important person might have been buried with a small item or two of value: imported glass, a piece of jewelry, or the like. However, unlike many cultures, the Caledonii did not outfit the bodies of their dead with wealth and items that would travel with them to the afterlife. This seems to indicate a distinct understanding of the differences between the physical body and the spiritual self, a knowledge perhaps aided by their interactions with their Garou brethren.

The White Howlers themselves followed similar practices. The werewolves knew that what remained behind after death was only a fleshy shell; the spirit had rejoined the cycle. As such, no particular import was placed upon the corpse of a fallen Garou, save in protecting it from being used by the forces of their enemy for sympathetic magic or other foul purposes.

Language

As the Caledonii language (or languages, more likely, as each tribe likely spoke their own dialect) has not survived to modern day, there is a great deal of supposition about the speech of the people of Iron Age Scotland. It is likely that the early Caledonian tribes spoke a variety of dialects, and it's likely that most of them had ties to the same ancient languages that gave birth to Irish, Scottish Gaelic, Welsh, and Cornish. But beyond a few place names that trace their roots back to that era, little evidence remains to support this theory one way or another.

Nor is there any firm evidence of the Iron Age proto-Celts using a written language. There are standing

stones dating back to that era, inscribed with sigils and designs that some argue have linguistic meaning, but at this time no consensus has been reached by historians about whether the Picts (or their predecessor tribes) used a written language at all. The Romans don't make mention of it, and other than some Ogham inscriptions that are sometimes attributed to the Picts because they don't fit with other known Celtic language patterns, there's no trace of written communication being used by Scotland's natives during the era of the Caledonii.

In addition to the spoken language of their respective cultures, White Howlers also used the same written and spoken language that Garou had used amongst themselves since the beginnings of time. This allowed them to communicate not only with other White Howlers, even if they did not share a human dialect, but also with the Fianna, Get of Fenris, or other Garou that they may have encountered.

Writing

While the Iron Age was, in many areas, the birthplace of the written language, there is no evidence that the Caledonian tribes utilized them during this period. However, other cultures that they (or their Garou relations) may have interacted with certainly did. Should Storytellers wish to give the White Howlers access to a written language, several versions existed during the period before the Tribe fell to the Wyrms.

Ogham

Perhaps the most appropriate form of written communication for the White Howlers and their Kinfolk would be the Celtic alphabet known as Ogham. While the height of Ogham's use was not until the fifth or sixth century A.D., some etymologists believe its roots may have developed as early as the first century B.C., which would make it an appropriate choice for pre-fall White Howler communication.

Ogham consists of slash-type lines arranged vertically and diagonally along a horizontal foundation line. Some scholars believe it to have been related to, or even founded on, another written language of the era, Germanic runes.

Cuneiform

Cuneiform are wedge-shaped marks struck into clay tablets, and is one of the oldest known forms of true writing. Cuneiform originated in Mesopotamia, which is the area modernly including and surrounding Iraq, and was eventually replaced entirely by alphabetic written language somewhere around the same time the White Howlers fell. The latest datable cuneiform tablet known was created in 75 A.D., which means that for much of

the White Howler's zenith, cuneiform was being used as a form of writing elsewhere in the world, especially in the Middle East and cultures that interacted heavily with that region.

Phoenician

Another potential written language that the White Howlers may have encountered is the Phoenician alphabet, which was widely used throughout the Mediterranean region during the later years of the Iron Age. Phoenician eventually developed into several significant written alphabets: Aramaic (which later evolved into modern Arabic), Hebrew, and the Greek alphabet, which, in turn, beget the Latin, Coptic, and Cyrillic alphabets.

Facts, Proof, and the Truth

Morag's history of the White Howlers is but a single voice, and one that lived and died along with the tribe. She speaks of what the Howlers themselves think of as Truth. This provides the Storyteller with a narrative of White Howler history, without forcing it to be the only history of the tribe. Ultimately, the information is a tool to use to tell the stories you wish to explore, rather than a fence to limit your options.

Ice Age

The Great Winter that the White Howlers talk of is the most recent glacial period of the current age, and took place in the time between 110,000 and 10,000 years ago, with its most ice-heavy period taking place about 22,000 years ago. The ice had receded by around 8,000 B.C..

Nobody knows much of what happened during the Ice Age in the World of Darkness, in no small part because humans had not developed civilization. Until the Neolithic Revolution at the end of the Ice Age, the humans spread around the world were mostly nomadic hunters and gatherers. It wasn't until the end of the most recent Ice Age that humans developed agriculture and could support those who weren't directly involved in food production: artisans, traders, builders, philosophers, clergy and the like.

While there is no archeological evidence of humans or proto-humans dwelling in the British Isles during or before the last Ice Age the ravages of the Great Winter wiped away all traces of the White Howlers' early ancestors, allowing those from the Mediterranean and Middle East to repopulate the islands after the Ice Age passed.

A chronicle set during the Ice Age offers resources for those who want to explore the earliest parts of Garou history, possibly before the Wars of Rage or the Imper-

gium. For those with a penchant for Lost Breeds, this time offers the fullest cast list of Changing Breeds, as it is before the extinction of shapeshifters like the Grondr, Apis, Camazotz, or Okuma.

After The Great Winter

After the Great Winter ended, the White Howlers driven away from their homeland slowly returned to Caledonia from around the globe. They brought with them human Kinfolk from more temperate climes to replace those who had been unable to weather the Ice Age in Caledonia. Through the ninth and eighth centuries B.C., those Kinfolk evolved from crude hunter-gatherer family units into more permanent tribal settlements. By 300 B.C., the tribe's human stock had developed all of the basic technologies for civilization: agriculture, pottery, carpentry, mining, navigation, and astronomy. They built houses and worked stone tools, although their technology was still crude in comparison to much of the world around them. Scotland's inhabitants didn't enter the Bronze Age until around 2000 B.C. (compared to 3300 B.C. for much of the Near East.)

In that era, technology made its way from the continental mainland to the British Isles, where the ancient tribes began smelting copper and alloying it with tin to make bronze. They used those metals in tools and weaponry, along with the flint they'd previously utilized. Their metalworking technology: more sophisticated furnaces, bellows, and the like, — led to increasingly sophisticated production of ornamental and jewelry pieces, tools and weapons: spearheads, axes, knives, and daggers.

Caledonia entered the Iron Age in approximately 750 B.C., more than likely picking up the technology from both England and the continental mainland. The tools that Iron Age blacksmiths created looked very similar to modern ones: saws, chisels, tongs, and hammers. They relegated bronze to ornamental use at this point.

In 55 B.C., Roman general Julius Caesar invaded the British Isles with 10,000 troops. While it would be more than a century before the Romans marched on Caledonia, led by Quintus Petillius Cerialis in 71 A.D., Caesar's attack set the stage for several centuries of hostility between the native tribes and the Roman invaders.

Modern Era

As the White Howler Tribe fell almost two thousand years ago, most stories featuring them will be set in the past. It is however possible to incorporate the White Howlers into modern stories and each possibility offers its own advantages and opportunities to explore different themes in a storyline.

Spontaneous Rebirth

Even in mundane genetics, researchers often find unexpected results. Add spirits in to the mix and almost anything is possible. For a White Howler to be born to a pair of Kinfolk parents who have long-since forgotten their ties to werewolves would be almost impossible; but stranger things have happened.

Such a birth would certainly attract the attention of the spirits, especially Lion, who now serves as part of Griffin's brood. He would have to regain his place as Totem of an entire Tribe once more. He might well promise almost anything to those who could rescue the new cub and keep it out of harm's way, all while bearing Griffin's displeasure at losing a powerful servant.

Unfortunately, the Black Spiral Dancers would also jump at the chance to pull one of their long lost brethren into the not-so-tender throes of their familial embrace. Their attempts to claim the White Howler cub for their own, with the full backing of the Wyrms behind them, might give even the most stalwart Garou cause to consider getting involved in Lion's quest.

The Great Quest

The Great Quest brings the White Howler tribe back into modern times not through rebirth, but through the restoration of Lion as their Tribal Totem. While living Garou may not share the ancestry of the Caledonii clans, by tempting Lion out of Griffin's servitude and performing sufficient deeds in his name they might just jump-start a movement to return the Tribe and its ancient Totem to their former glory.

Perhaps Lion approaches the pack directly, or through a werewolf who is obsessed with the White Howlers and has received visions of a spirit quest that might redeem the former White Howler totem's good name. While many totems have fallen, none have recovered from it; the glory associated with that possible victory may well be enough to motivate Garou to come to Lion's aid.

Never Fell

Perhaps the most demanding option for reintegrating White Howlers into modern day



is to remove their fall completely. This modification demands more from the Storyteller than either of the previous options does. It not only asks her to fill in almost 2000 years of White Howler history, and weave that into the existing history of the rest of the Garou Nation, but it also begs the question: Where did the Black Spiral Dancers come from, if not from the Howler's fall?

Did another Tribe fall in the White Howler's place? Did the Wyrms find a way to recruit werewolves individually rather than en masse, from throughout the different tribes of the Garou? Or are the Black Spiral Dancers in this World of Darkness some sort of dark reflection of the Garou, manifestly evil for all eternity, rather than a corruption of one of Gaia's warrior tribes? Each option presents a different mood and feel for a modern game.

A New Cast

While the White Howlers are natural candidates to take center stage in an Iron Age chronicle, they are far from the only potential stars. Much of the advice in this chapter focuses on creating a White Howler-focused story set in Caledonia during the era of the Roman Invasion, but it could well provide the foundation for a non-White Howler, or even non-Garou game set in the advent of the Common Era.

Other Tribes

The White Howlers' self-imposed isolation in the centuries leading up to the Roman invasion may well have contributed to the silence they heard when they howled for aid with the Black Spiral. No Tribe exists in a vacuum, however, and until their fall, they were still a part of the Garou Nation, and able to communicate and interact with other Garou, even if such relations were difficult and rare.

Black Furies

Having seen firsthand the effects of the Roman army's might when their beloved Greece was conquered, the Black Furies are likely some of the most empathetic to the White Howler's plight. Their hesitation to involve themselves with the battle at the Black Spiral was more practical than philosophical. The entirety of the territory between the Black Fury homeland and Caledonia was the province of the Roman Empire, and the entire swath of continent between Greece and the White Howler's homeland was filled with oppressed women and former Wyldlands turned Weaver-city and Weaver-farm.

Certainly, the Furies would have loved to help, but there was so much to do closer to home, that it would have been irresponsible to turn a blind eye to local needs

for the sake of those who were unable to protect their own people and land.

Bone Gnawers

Rome was not built on volunteers; it was built — as were many ancient civilizations — on the backs of slaves. Wherever the Romans spread across the globe, they did so through the sweat, tears, and blood of people owned as property, and in every city, the Bone Gnawers worked against both individual abuses of the underclasses, and the proliferation of slavery as a whole.

Caledonii society, on the other hand, was not based on a slave-labor system, and much like in Garou society each individual's potential was a matter of her own strength, guile, and drive. Therefore, while the Romans may have taken their tribespeople as slaves, Norse, or even their Celtic cousins, their settlements rarely attracted the attention of the Bone Gnawer tribe that was working so hard to protect the slaves themselves in cities across the globe.

Bunyip

While the White Howlers may have isolated themselves after their return to Caledonia after the end of the Great Winter, the Bunyip were even more inaccessible. In the period of the White Howler's zenith, the natives of Australia had not yet made contact with the people outside of their island collection, nor would they do so for well over a thousand years. Their shapeshifting protectors, the Bunyip, had walled themselves up on their home continent, breaking the Moon Bridges between them and the rest of the Garou Nation during the Impergium. Whether due to sheer remoteness or some sort of protective magical isolation, they remained in seclusion during this period. It is unlikely that the White Howlers even remembered the Bunyip, let alone reached out to them for aid with the Black Spiral before their fall.

Children of Gaia

Little space exists for people of peace among societies founded on war, but the Children of Gaia find a way to persevere even in the era of Roman expansion. Their focus was most heavily centered in Rome, where the struggle between the traditional beliefs of the Greeks and Romans, ancient Judaism, and nascent Christian religion provided a hotbed of both conflict and potential change for the better.

Croatan

The European Garou's acts during the Impergium mortified the Croatan, who withdrew to what would later be called North America to escape their brethren's hostility.

ity against humanity. This separation came thousands of years before the White Howlers' zenith, and existed for hundreds of years after it. It is not surprising then, that Middle Brother did not heed the call put out by the Howlers.

During this era, the Croatan's Kin ranged all along the central eastern seaboard of North America, where they fished and hunted game, as well as developing farming cultures further inland all the way to the Mississippi river. They had strong kinship and communication with the Uktena and Wendigo, but almost no contact with the rest of the Garou Nation.

Fianna

Of all the tribes of the Garou, the Fianna were the closest, both physically and spiritually to the White Howlers. Their lands, separated by the narrowest of waterways, meant they shared territory during the Great Winter, and their Kin had, sometimes to the Fianna's chagrin, intermingled when the ice floes pushed both tribes out of their native homelands.

During the White Howlers' zenith, the Fianna were fighting their own battle with the Romans, who had attempted and failed to conquer Hibernia (Ireland). The Fianna territories on the European mainland had already fallen to Roman occupation, and the tribe was struggling to hold onto the last of its homelands when the White Howlers put out their call for aid.

Get of Fenris

During this era, the Get of Fenris and their Kin had a very diverse relationship with the Roman Empire – and with each other. Some parts of the tribe, especially those in northern climes like Scandinavia eschewed cooperation with the Romans beyond simple trading, and actively limited their interaction with Rome's ever-hungry army. Others, including the Goths, Vandals, and Franks, actively fought against Roman invasions of their lands, harrying the legions with such intensity that it essentially forestalled Roman advancement into several areas in Europe. However, the Fenrir are an independent and headstrong tribe, and some joined the Roman armies along with their Kinfolk, fighting for a share of the war spoils that the technologically advanced and extremely organized legions would generate.

This diversity of attitude likely contributed to the lack of response to the White Howler's plea for help. Some Fenrir were too busy protecting their own homelands to lend their aid. Some felt the Howlers' request was a sign of their weakness, and refused to lend aid until such a time as they could reasonably expect to conquer the Howler's home territory and annex it for their own. And those who had allied themselves with the Romans saw

the Howlers as the enemy, just another weakling group of werewolves to crush before them.

Glass Walkers

The Warders of Men, as the Glass Walkers were known during this time, were a powerful Tribe during this period, but focused their attentions on areas with sizable cities and "civilized" populations: Rome, Alexandria, Antioch, Ephesus, Pataliputra and the like. Many among the tribe aligned themselves with the same human power-mongers as the Silver Fangs, and they had little interest in the challenges faced by a mostly-pastoral Caledonia.

The Warders were aware of the White Howler's conflicts with the Roman army, as the Romans controlled the majority of the non-Asian cities of note during this period. However, they also considered the Romans stronger allies than the White Howlers and their barbarian Kin and some even thought of the Roman incursion into Caledonia as the natural evolution to bring civility and progress to the backward tribes.

Red Talons

One of the disadvantages of claiming a territory as your own, especially one with as well defined borders as an island, is that you drive away others who might later help you protect it. With the Mactire protecting Caledonia's wild places, there was no space or need for the Red Talons to dwell there. While the Mactire camp and the Talons shared many common ideals, the wolf-tribe had little tolerance for the camp's connections to their human-born cousins. That made connections and allegiances difficult, at least for the groups as a whole.

As is the lupus way, the majority of the Red Talon's tribal focus was much localized. Things happening outside of their protectorates were the concern of those whose territories they happened within. This included, but was certainly not limited to, the fate of the White Howlers.

Shadow Lords

While their homeland in Central Europe was the dividing line between the expansion of the Roman Empire and the rest of Northwestern Eurasia, the Shadow Lords were a tribe divided. Some followed their Silver Fang alphas, falling in with the Roman armies and politicians. Others believed that the Fangs' allegiance with Rome was a sign of weakness, and they set about looking for the would-be successors to the Garou "throne."

At this time, however, they were hard-pressed in conflict between the surging Roman Empire, the Germanic tribes from the west, and the Sarmatians from the southeast. Struggling to hold their homeland and protect

their own Kin while attempting to fulfil their duty as Gaia's kingmakers, the Shadow Lords had little time to attend to the worries of a tribe far beyond their territory.

Silent Striders

By the White Howler's zenith, the Silent Striders had suffered under Set's curse for more than a millennium. Separated from their homelands both mystical and mundane, the Tribe focused the majority of its efforts on attempts to break the curse, get revenge on their vampiric enemies, and find a way to recover their lost caerns, their ancestors, and their heritage. This quest was every Silent Strider's driving focus during the centuries immediately after the curse, and they received little aid on the matter from other werewolves. It is no small wonder that the Jackals' attention focused almost solely on matters that directly pertaining to their own Tribe and its needs, rather than leaping across the globe to aid the White Howlers.

Silver Fangs

While the Romans may have been seen as minions of the Weaver by most of the Garou, the Silver Fangs saw them simply as using their power to create and hold more power — traits that Falcon's children found admirable. Having seen the effectiveness of the Roman organizational structure through the foreigners' encroachment into Dacia and the Baltics in the first century A.D., many of the Silver Fangs join forces with the Romans. They used their political and social savvy to attain positions of power or to place their Kin and minions in similar positions as the Roman Empire continues to expand.

This put them on the wrong side of the Roman/Caledonian conflict to lend aid to the White Howlers when the doomed Tribe calls for assistance with the Black Spiral.

Stargazers

Of all the tribes who heard the White Howler's call, the Stargazers came the closest to answering. While they may have differed strongly with other Gaian Garou about whether it was their duty to slay the Wyrms or to simply return it to balance, the opportunity to deal directly with it through the spiral path to Malfestas was one that some of the Tribe felt should be considered.

After holding counsel and consulting astronomical and spiritual divinations, the Tribe's seers believed that great harm would come to all werewolves should the Stargazers not join the White Howler's efforts. Not long after the decision was made, however, a "guest star" appeared in the night sky. This supernova changed the

astronomer's predictions; they saw it as a sign of grave foreboding. If the Stargazers did not join with the White Howlers, grave harm would come to the nation. If they did, they *and* the White Howlers would cease to be.

In light of this premonition of disaster, the Stargazers decided to remain in the East, a decision that they still debate in private to this day.

Uktena

During this era, both the Southwest and Eastern indigenous peoples of North America and the Mesoamerican populations of Central Mexico and Central America had formed farming cultures. Further south, the Chavin and Moche civilizations were thriving in the high Andes of what is now South America. However, the Western hemisphere remained mostly isolated from the rest of the world, as it would for more than a millennium to follow.

Like the Croatan and Wendigo, the Uktena had little interaction with the White Howlers, separated as they were by distance, terrain, and the Howlers' involvement in the Impergium along with the rest of the European Garou.

Wendigo

Unlike the Croatan and Uktena, the harsh climes that the Wendigo tribe and their Kin called home made farming impossible. Because of this, the tribe remained nomadic and hunting-focused for long after Middle Brother and Younger Brother had put down permanent roots and developed settlements and civilizations.

While they may have been the physically closest of the Pure Land tribes to Caledonia, the Wendigo were still thousands of miles across icy seas and frozen wastelands from their White Howler cousins. Even that would not have stopped them, had their aggressive and independent attitudes coupled with the isolationism common to the tribes of the Americas not played a part in preventing a response to the White Howler's plight.

Additional Resources

The information provided in this chapter is but the briefest glance at the history of the world during the White Howler's zenith. Storytellers and players interested in further research might want to check out the following books:

The Art of the Picts: Sculpture and Metalwork in Early Medieval Scotland by George and Isabel Henderson — A photo-laden treasure trove of graphic representations of the sorts of wonders the early Scottish people were capable of creating.

A New History of the Picts by Stuart McHardy – This book integrates modern research and academic historic perspective in a manner that is both accessible and informative.

The Picts: A History by Tim Clarkson – While many of the books available on Pictish culture were written several decades ago, this one was published in 2012, and thus has the benefit of significantly more modern research.

The Picts and their Symbols by W. A. Cummins – A strong analysis of the symbols found on Pictish stone monuments, including photographs and drawings.

Picts, Gaels, and Scots by Sally M. Foster – While much of this book focuses on later periods of Scottish history, the information about the early tribes is also very useful.





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Chapter Four: Powers

Gifts

In addition to the selection of White Howler Gifts offered in W20, the following are available to White Howlers as tribal Gifts.

White Howler Gifts

- **Blood Scent (Level One)** – A Garou with this Gift finds it easier to track down any human, beast, or supernatural being whose blood she has tasted. Those who possess it often wound an enemy and then use this Gift to track their quarry back to its den. A hound-spirit teaches this gift.

System: Once learned, this Gift's effects are permanent. The Garou gains two additional dice on any roll made to track prey whose blood she has tasted. These dice also apply to the use of tracking Gifts such as Sense Prey.

- **Death Sight (Level One)** – As the Silent Strider Gift: Visions of Duat.

- **Shining Sigils (Level One)** – When this Gift is active, glowing sigils representing the Garou's tales of Renown appear upon their skin or pelt. The marks shine a luminescent woad-blue, although each Renown bears its own subtle inflection of color. Glory sigils appear nearly purple where blood-red veining interlaces with the blue marks. Honor's blue sigils gleam with silver and white highlights. Wisdom's marks, on the other hand,

are underscored with inky shadows, the cobalt deepening to nearly blue-black. Temporary Renown appears as reinforcing details on the permanent Renown symbols. This gift is taught by a lune spirit.

System: While this Gift is active, the Garou receives a pool of bonus dice each scene equal to his rank. He can add a number of these dice to a Social roll (including intimidation) involving spirits or other Gaian Garou, either spreading them out among Social rolls or spending all his dice on a single action.

- **Howl of the Banshee (Level Two)** – As per the Fianna Gift.

- **Lion's Bite (Level Two)** – Lion teaches his children many things, including some combat tactics that are more at home amongst the big cats than the canids. Garou with this Gift gains an unerring ability to bite down on the throat of their prey, crushing its windpipe, choking it to unconsciousness, or even strangling it outright. This Gift is taught by avatars of Lion himself.

System: The effects of this Gift are permanent. After declaring the Lion's Bite attack and making a successful Strength + Brawl roll, a Garou with this Gift does its normal bite damage and establishes a choking hold on her target. Each successive round, the target may make a resisted Strength roll in an attempt to break free of the hold. The target may attempt to take actions other than trying to break the hold, but any such action is at +2 dif-

ficulty. If the target doesn't break the hold for a number of rounds equal to twice her Stamina, she is rendered unconscious. Once a target is unconscious, she takes a level of lethal damage from the hold each turn, and cannot regenerate this damage until the hold is released.

- **Spectral Authority (Level Two)** – As the Philodox Gift: Call to Duty, but allows the Garou to command any ghost she knows by their full name. Unlike Call to Duty, this may only be used on a single ghost at one time. This gift is taught by a wolf-spirit.

- **Bleeding Fury (Level Three)** – Those who fought alongside them often wondered whether the White Howlers were the masters of their Rage, or their Rage was the master of them. This Gift is one of the reasons for that concern. By wounding herself, the Garou is able to tap into a fresh reservoir of Rage. This gift is taught by a fire-spirit.

System: The Garou must injure herself with a claw or bite; the character takes one level of unsoakable aggravated damage and regains all her temporary Rage. This Gift can only be used once per scene.

- **Territory (Level Three)** – As per the Red Talon Gift, although homid and metis White Howlers can mark a land as their own by carving sigils in stone in the area. Stones marked in this way can be used over and over by the Garou who carved them. The duration remains the same; the werewolf reactivates the gift by adding additional details to the stone in question.

- **Waking the Dead (Level Three)** – This gift creates a shadowy representation of a fallen individual (human, Kin, or Garou) and allows the werewolf to ask it a few questions. The shade created is neither a ghost nor a spirit, and possesses no knowledge that was not known to the individual before their death. This Gift can only be used once on any given corpse.

System: The Garou spends one or more points of Gnosis and touches the dead body. A shadowy figure that resembles the fallen individual rises from the corpse, and will truthfully answer one simple question for every point of Gnosis that the Garou spent when activating the Gift. Its answers will be no longer than one sentence per question. After asking the last question, or at the end of the scene, the shade disappears and this Gift can never be used on that individual again. If the Gift is used on the undead, they will remember nothing after their first mortal death; vampires cannot answer questions about things that happened during their unlife, for example.

- **Call Elemental (Level Four)** – As the Uktena Gift. This Gift was used to create many of the dolman mounds and hilled fortresses used by the Pictish tribes during the White Howler's association with them.

- **Collapse the Barrow (Level Four)** – In a land plagued with subterranean Wyrms-pits, the ability to destroy the structural integrity of an underground lair was priceless to the White Howlers. By using this gift, the werewolf is able to collapse an earthen or stone structure or tunnel in upon itself, making it much more difficult for it to be re-used for evil purposes.

System: The Garou spends a point of Gnosis and touches the floor, ceiling, or walls of the targeted structure. The player makes a Strength + Occult roll (difficulty 6). The difficulty increases or decreases with the structural integrity and craftsmanship involved in creating the target; 4 for a quickly dug burrow; 5 for a hastily built rock hut; 7 for a stone cave or natural rock tunnel; 9 for a masterful stone broch tower. For each success, a 5-foot section of the structure collapses.

This Gift does not cleanse the area, and simply collapsing a pit creates a festering magnet for Banes and other Wyrms-creatures. Because of this, Collapse the Barrow is most often used on the way back out of a pit, after the inhabitants have been dealt with, and the area within has been ritually cleansed.

- **Visions of Slaughter (Level Four)** – This frightening curse comes from the White Howler's practice of bonding with the ghosts of slain animals. By marking a person with his spit, blood, or other bodily fluids, the werewolf can curse his victim to be haunted with visions of any animal or individual killed by his actions (or inaction). Even animals can be driven to distraction by visions of prey animals that are always within view but cannot be touched. This Gift is, of course, of little use against the truly innocent, but against the soldiers, shapeshifters, and vampires that werewolves most commonly face, it has terrible power. This gift is taught by serpent-spirits.

System: The Garou must mark the victim with her bodily fluids, then the player rolls Intelligence + Occult (difficulty of the target's Willpower). The victim is haunted by bloody visions of any living creature larger than an insect dead by her hands. The visions last for one day per success. The more deaths the victim has been responsible for, the more vivid and distracting the visions. Each day, the victim must make a Willpower roll to avoid losing a temporary point of Willpower. The difficulty of this roll ranges from 4 to 9; 4 for an all-but-innocent who has only set mouse traps and accidentally run over an opossum; 7 for an average Garou, and 9 for a vampire with centuries of slaughter on his hands. The amount of remorse the character would ordinarily feel has no bearing on the curse; a vampire who cares nothing for the people he's drained to death will still be horribly distracted as his victims appear far more real and far more frequently.

While the Gift is in effect, the victim cannot recover temporary Willpower. Once the victim's temporary



Willpower has been reduced to half of the permanent score, all rolls (other than soak or damage rolls) are at +1 difficulty until the Gift's effects pass.

- **Fog on the Moor (Level Five)**—As the Fianna Gift.
- **Howl of Healing (Level Five)**—The White Howler tribe is closely knit, sharing a bond rivaled by few others. This tie allows them to channel healing in a fashion others can only aspire to.

System: The werewolf howls. The player spends one Gnosis point and makes an Intelligence + Expression roll (difficulty 7). Every White Howler (or their Kin) who can hear the howl heals one point of lethal, bashing, or aggravated damage per success. This howl cannot be amplified, communicated, or assisted through natural, artificial, or supernatural means, else it loses its effectiveness.

- **White Fire (Level Five)**—This Gift calls on the sacred bone-fires used by the White Howlers to ensure that the fallen return to the cycle rather than becoming ghosts or worse. By summoning this holy fire, the werewolf can hurl a stream of blinding white flames from his hand, searing the flesh from the bones of his foes.

System: The player spends one Gnosis and rolls Dexterity + Occult (difficulty 6). The bone-fire inflicts

six dice of aggravated damage, plus one die for every extra success on the attack roll. In addition, if the victim suffers more than three levels of damage after soak he is blinded for the duration of the scene.

Rites

In addition to the rites known to the rest of the Garou Nation, the White Howlers can learn the following rituals which are vital to their society. After their fall, some of these rituals became corrupted and put to use by the Black Spiral Dancers. Others were lost to the Garou, although with sufficient research, modern Garou might recover them.

Rites of Accord

Rite of the Survivor

Level One

Being born into the war against the Wyrms does not necessarily give one the resources to endure the tragedies and horrors of that war. This ritual allows someone who has seen or experienced a debilitating event to purge it from her mind permanently.

System: Most often, this ritual is performed for, rather than by, the target of the rite, to help him recover from trauma, whether he's human, Kinfolk, or Garou. Upon successful completion of the rite, a memory of up to ten minutes can be erased from the target's mind. It's replaced with a new memory that, while not directly contradictory to the outcome of the missing scene, is easier to live with. The direct witness to a torture may remember that scene took place behind a closed door; the memory of stumbling across a mangled body might now include a conveniently placed blanket to block the worst of the gore; a rape victim may now remember that they passed out before the violation.

The target of this rite must be a willing participant; any hesitation on the part of the focus will cause the rite to fail.

Rites of Death

Rite of the Bone-Fire

Level One

Dwelling in a land where the forces of the Wyrms often target the dead and buried, the White Howlers developed a ritual that ensures their fallen friends, family, and even enemies will not rise to be used against them. This ritual can be used on corpses, no matter how ancient or recently deceased, but is ineffective against the already risen dead.

The body is laid out and then sprinkled with liquid. Clear water or distilled beverages are most commonly used for honored fallen; for enemies, the ritualist often improvises with bodily fluids. A baked cake or piece of bread of some sort is pressed into the corpses mouth, along with a pinch of salt. After that, ritual participants burn the body; the Gift: White Fire is often used for this purpose, and followers of Green Dragon are known to use their totem-given ability for the rite, although a mundane pyre works just as well.

Once the corpse (or corpses, as the ritual can be used on many dead at the same time, so long as each is properly prepared and cremated) is consumed, the ritualists place any remains under piles of stones rather than burying them, to keep the Wyrms' underground minions from having easy access to them.

System: Upon successful completion of this rite, the souls of the dead are sent back into the cycle. Their bodies cannot be used successfully for necromantic purposes or raised as undead, nor can their souls return as ghosts.

Mystic Rites

Tattoos are more than just decoration to the Pictish tribes; they are an important part of both White Howler

culture and the culture of their Kin. Garou use them not only as decoration, but also as a record of their Renown, as a declaration of connection to their totem spirit(s), and as a foundation for fetishes. The latter two are completed as a part of sacred rituals, combining mundane artistry and spiritual focus into a supernatural art form. In addition to the effects detailed below, White Howlers and their Kin hold those who bear supernatural tattoos created with the Rite of the Sacred Tattoo in high esteem. Those who possess them gain a one-die bonus in any Social roll against White Howlers or White Howler Kinfolk. Only one such bonus may be used by a particular Garou on a specific target, even if he possesses multiple tattoos.

Rite of the Sacred Tattoo

Level Three

Through this rite, a Garou may declare and reinforce their supernatural ties to a particular spirit. The benefits of this declaration vary depending on the nature of the relationship between the spirit and the werewolf. In all cases, however, the werewolf reduces the difficulty of all Social rolls with any spirit she's dedicated herself to by one, in addition to the effects listed in the chart below.

The sanctity of the bond between Garou and spirit united in this manner has drawbacks as well. Werewolves who undergo this ritual to deepen their bond to a tribal, pack, or personal totem finds that no other spirit will act as their totem, even if the pack dissolves or is destroyed, or the Garou renounces his tribe and hopes to find succor in another. A Garou may, however, have a tattoo-bond with a tribal and personal or pack totem at the same time.

System: The Garou performing the rite spends a point of Gnosis at the completion of the tattoo, as does the tattooed werewolf; if the ritemaster is tattooing himself, he spends two points of Gnosis. He then rolls Dexterity + Crafts (difficulty 6). If the ritual is successful, the tattooed werewolf gains the effect listed below for that particular spirit.

If the roll fails, the tattoo is displeasing and the spirit offended. The ritemaster and target of the rite both add two to the difficulty of any rolls involving the offended spirit or spirits of its direct type, and one for interactions with other spirits in general. They must perform a Rite of Contrition to regain face among the spirits. For Incarna, the Storyteller should also penalize the Garou's inherent abilities related to that Incarna as well: Gnosis recovery for Gaia, shapeshifting for Luna, tribal abilities or relations for Lion.

Only one attempt may be made at creating a Sacred Tattoo dedicated to any individual spirit, or in the case of weaker spirits, any general spirit type (such as "fire-spirit" or "wolf-spirit").

Rite of the Sacred Tattoo

Spirit	Level	Relation	Effect
Gaia	Incarna	Sacred Mother	When regaining Gnosis by any means, regain double the normal amount.
Luna	Incarna	Lunar Matron	Gain the effects of the Merit: Moon-Bound. This stacks with the effects if the character already possesses that Merit.
Lion	Incarna	Tribal Patron	May spend one additional Rage per turn.
Spirit	Incarna avatar/ Gaffling	Pack Totem	Gains the effects of the Gift: Mindspeak with pack members. If already possesses Mindspeak, costs no Willpower for pack member communication.
Spirit	Incarna avatar/ Gaffling	Personal Totem	Gain one extra die on all social rolls dealing with any spirit in totem's Brood.
Spirit	—	Non-Totem	No additional effect

Rite of Sacred Art

Level Three

While it is possible to create a fetish or scar tattoo without this ritual, using the Rite of the Sacred Art makes it easier and provides additional benefits.

Garou perform this rite while the tattoo or scarification is actually being created, preparing the skin-art as an ideal home for spirit to be bound into the fetish. Because of this, the ritual process can vary wildly. A fire spirit might prefer deep burn-scars on the flesh, or incised patterns resembling flames. An animal spirit, on the other hand, might require that the Garou offer sacrifice similar to the one it is being asked to give, in the form of deep and painful cuts that leave raised scars in a pattern significant to the animal.

If the Garou is slain or the tattoo is complete removed from their body — carving it off of the skin, or losing the limb that it is upon — the spirit is freed from the fetish.

System: The ritemaster rolls Intelligence + Crafts (difficulty 6). Successes form a pool of dice that can be added to the roll to successfully perform the Rite of the Fetish on the tattoo or scar in question

Minor Rites

Augury

By denying herself food, the Garou sharpens her focus, allowing her insight into the world beyond the mundane.

System: The werewolf fasts from sunrise to sunset, consuming nothing but water for the duration. Until sunrise the next morning, her difficulty numbers in all

matters dealing with prophecy, fortune telling, scrying, or interpreting visions, either her own, or others' is decreased by one.

Merits and Flaws

As a Tribe, the White Howlers have access to any of the Merits and Flaws normally available to Garou. Merits such as Code of Honor ("Never back down from a challenge."), and Flaws like Overconfident and Dark Fate are common among the tribe. These were likely direct contributing factors to the tribe plunging undauntedly to their fate.

In addition to those available to other Garou, the following Merits and Flaws may be purchased for White Howler characters.

Physical

Impervious to Weather (1 pt. Merit)

You've grown up in the harshest of environments, and you've learned to ignore everything that the cruel gods of weather might throw at you. All environmental penalties you would normally receive related to weather are reduced by half (round down).

Direction Sense (1 pt. Merit)

Your sense of direction is infallible. Even underground, you are always aware of which direction is north, and you are at -1 to all difficulties to navigate or find your way. This Merit stacks with other Merits, such as Subterranean Affinity and Barrow Sense.

Subterranean Affinity (3 pt. Merit)

One of the Howlers' sacred duties is to hunt minions of the Wyrms that burrow beneath the surface of the earth. You are particularly well suited to this task and gain three additional dice to any rolls for actions, including combat, that take place beneath ground level. At the Storyteller's discretion, this may apply to cave environments such as within mountain ranges, as well.

Mental

Barrow Sense (1 pt. Merit)

The depths of the earth can be confusing to navigate, especially for creatures that are accustomed to above-ground landmarks. You, on the other hand, have no such difficulties; it is almost impossible for you to become lost while underground. You have one additional die to any attempts to navigate, map, travel, or overcome terrain obstacles that take place below ground. At the Storyteller's discretion, this may apply to cave environments, as well.

Homing Instinct (2 pt. Merit)

There is somewhere, or someone, with which or whom you share such a bond that you can find them, no matter the distance. This Merit is not a supernatural power, and will only take you to the general area of your focus: the village, but not the particular dwelling or room, for example. Nor is it a medium for transportation. You must cover all distances and surmount all obstacles between you and the object of your focus yourself, and you are limited by your own travel mode and speed. Assuming you can manage that, Homing Instinct will lead you to your destination, despite distance, weather conditions, or even supernatural interference.

Choose your "focus" (either a location or a character you have forged a strong bond with) at the same time you choose your Instinct. While it is possible to change focuses, such bonds take time and affection to create. They cannot be "set" and "reset" with a simple decision, and are always subject to Storyteller approval.

In normal circumstances, following the Homing Instinct requires no rolls. Make a Perception + Awareness roll when a major setback or obstacle such as a mountain range, a blizzard, a long delay, etc., blocks your path. The difficulty begins at 6, but modifiers may apply (+1 per month of delay, +1 for harsh weather or terrain, +3 for supernatural interference or distances of over 500 miles.)

Insightful (2 pt. Merit)

You recognize the inner qualities of those around you, good or bad, and are not often fooled. Those us-

ing Subterfuge or similar deceptions against you raise their difficulty by two, and you reduce your own difficulties by two when trying to figure someone out.

Good Instincts (3 pt. Merit)

You have an uncanny ability to intuit the best course of action in situations involving instinctive responses rather than logic or rational thought. This Merit makes you an ideal companion in the wilderness, where action takes precedence over thought. You make all rolls involving Primal Urge or Survival at -2 to your difficulty.

Foul Temper (2 pt. Flaw)

You suffer from perpetual anger, and this shows in your words and actions. You are quick to snap at packmates and lose your temper easily. Because you are so angry so often, you find it more difficult to accumulate Rage as anger is your normal state of being, and it's hard to focus your wrath into something more potent. Whenever you encounter a situation that would normally result in your gaining a point of Rage, you must make a Willpower roll (difficulty 6) to do so.

Social

Pict Kith (1 pt. Merit)

Despite the disparate nature of the Pictish peoples, you have no trouble interacting with any of their human tribes. You've got a knack with handling the other tribes' dialects, a firm grasp of their customs, and maybe even a positive reputation among their people. You make all Social rolls involving the Kin or human (not Garou) populations of the Pictish region at -1 difficulty.

Xenophobe (3 or 6 pt. Flaw)

You distrust those outside of your own Tribe, and find it difficult to work with them. You make all non-intimidation Social rolls with outsiders at a +2 difficulty, and their Social rolls towards you are made at +2 difficulty as well. In addition any rolls involving cooperation or group efforts with those outside of your tribe are made at a +2 difficulty. The three-point version of this Flaw extends to anyone outside of the White Howlers (and their Kin). The six-point version includes anyone outside of your particular human tribe (Venicones, Taexali, Vacomagi, etc.) or the White Howlers directly related to that human tribe.

Supernatural

Prophetic Visions (2 pt. Merit)

The veil between worlds is thin for you, and you are sometimes afforded glimpses of what the future may

hold. These visions are, however, shrouded in mystery and symbolism. Once per game session, you receive a vision that may pertain to the near or distant future. The Storyteller makes an Intelligence + Enigmas (or Occult) roll on your behalf (difficulty based on the import of the information being conveyed). Your successes determine how clear the vision is. Rolling no successes indicates that the visions provide dangerously erroneous information.

Ghost Kin (2 pt. Merit)

There is something about you that ghosts find compelling. When making Social rolls to deal with ghosts (not spirits or ancestors) your difficulty is reduced by 2. This Merit does not give you the ability to sense ghosts.

Fetishes

White Howlers have access to any fetishes known to the Garou Nation, as long as they involve materials and construction that are available when they were alive. Obviously, they don't use technologically advanced items like Mirrorshades, Personal Umbra Digital Assistants, and the like. In addition, the White Howlers created other fetishes, such as those listed below.

Ghost Shield

Level 3, Gnosis 6

Larger than the standard shields used by the Pictish tribes, these rectangular full-body shields do more than protect a White Howler from incoming blows; they hide her from sight as well. The Ghost Shield is bound with the spirit of a prey animal or bird, most often a rock squirrel or snipe. The shield itself is wooden, but covered in the skin of the same prey animal type bound into the fetish.

When activated, the fetish immediately takes on the exact appearance of its surroundings, making it possible to hide behind it and remain virtually unseen. Spotting a werewolf using this fetish used in this manner requires a successful Perception + Alertness roll, (difficulty 8 if the werewolf is not moving). The difficulty drops to 7 if the werewolf moves. The fetish is only effective as camouflage if the shield is directly between the target and the werewolf.

When used in combat, the Ghost Shield increases the difficulty of an attacker's Brawl and Melee rolls by 1. It also raises the difficulty of ranged attacks used against its bearer by 1, but only those employing arrows, rocks, or similar missiles. It is not strong enough to stop bullets.

Beast Brooch

Level 2, Gnosis 6

This ornately decorated bronze annular brooch is crafted with interlocking animal patterns representing a

general type of animal, bird, insect, etc. When activated, the Beast Brooch grants the wearer the Gifts: Beast Speech and Beast Life, but only for the animal type.

Common animal types include wolves, horses, domesticated dogs, bats, bees, fish, birds of prey, corvids, songbirds, snakes, etc. Whether a type is too broad or too narrow is left to the Storyteller's discretion.

Barrow Mirror

Level 2, Gnosis 5

This small circle of polished metal is decorated all along the outer rim with intricately interwoven skeletal figures. It is traditionally used by White Howlers to check on the contents of barrows and stone-caerns, or to search for subterranean passages that may lead to Wyrmpits.

When activated and pressed against a solid surface (the ground, a door, a wall, etc.), the solid center of the mirror becomes glassy, revealing a clear view of the area beyond the surface of the mirror to a depth of approximately 10 feet. Solid materials appear ghostly and semi-transparent, allowing the werewolf to note a hollow passageway beneath the bedrock he is standing on, for example, or to determine the thickness of a wall and whether there is someone hiding on the other side of it. Similarly, if pressed against a box, it might reveal a ghostly outline of a bag within the container, as well as the shadowy form of a knife within the bag. Areas of darkness viewed through the fetish appear faintly lit enough to allow general observation, enough to pick out the clothing of a buried human but not sufficient to read the ogham details inscribed on her brooch.

Omen Brush

Level 1, Gnosis 5

This fetish is a small, wood-handled paintbrush, carved with ogham markings and arcane sigils. The bristles are most often taken from an albino animal, although some use a tuft of hair or pelt-fur from a tribe member noted for their visionary abilities.

When activated, the brush allows its wielder to paint visions of what has come before and what will happen in the future. An Intelligence + Enigmas roll (difficulty 7) is required to interpret the painting's significance and symbolism.

Talens

Mad Woad

Gnosis 6

This talen is a thick paste created from awakened glastum, the common woad plant. The bright blue sub-

stance is used to create fierce symbols on the wearer's skin or pelt. The sigils act as a temporary form of armor, adding one die to the wearer's soak rolls for all forms of damage for the duration of the scene.

To create mad woad, one must awaken woad plants, and then distill them into an indigo dye, mixing the completed pigment with fat or grease to form a thick paint.

Ghost Tallow

Gnosis 6

These candles are carved with ogham inscriptions of protection. So long as the candle burns, no ghost may approach within 20 feet of the candle, and no powers used by ghosts may affect those within that same radius. Each Ghost Tallow will burn for a total of eight hours, and can be extinguished and lit as many times as necessary.

To create a ghost tallow, a hound-spirit or other protection-spirit must be bound into an inscribed tallow candle.

Bannock

Gnosis 4

These simple oatcakes may be dry and tasteless, but they remain edible for years without spoiling. A Garou who consumes one is renewed; the cake erases all effects of exhaustion, hunger, and thirst. For the next 24 hours, the Garou feels well-rested, hydrated, and satiated. At the end of that time period, her hunger, thirst, and exhaustion begins again, but all previous deprivation effects are gone. Wounds or non-deprivation based illnesses are unaffected by bannock.

To create a bannock, a spirit of grain or other edible plants must be bound into a simple oatcake.

Totems

Family bonds are of paramount import to the White Howlers, but they are not the only ties that bind the tribe together. Even more so than other tribes, it is unusual for a Howler to spend any real length of time not attached to a pack. Those who do are often strongly encouraged — whether through insistent invitations, good-natured admonishments, or out-and-out bullying — to end their solitary status and “pack up.”

Because of this, pack totems in general are extremely important to the tribe. Even Garou who are in packs devoted to other patrons understand the importance of respecting those spirits who lend their strength and aid to White Howler packs.

Most White Howler packs follow spirits within Lion's brood. Those who do not often seek patrons from Stag's

brood, or that of Fenris, as the Fianna and Fenrir tribes share both relative physical proximity and many societal outlooks with the White Howlers.

Lion's Brood

Until the White Howlers danced the Spiral, Lion's brood was a powerful family of spirits who served the Incarna and worked loyally with the Garou packs that followed them. After the fall they were scattered asunder, their fates thrown to the winds. Some continued to follow the much-weakened Lion, eventually joining Griffin's brood along with their former Incarna. Others shared the Howlers' fate and fell to the Wurm, where they were corrupted and bound into Whippoorwill's service. Still others so weakened by the crisis did not survive as Incarna at all. Spirits such as Kelpie can be found in modern times only as Gafflings, mere shadows of their former glory, while others, like Caern-Rattler, have disappeared altogether.

In modern times, those who manage to gain the patronage of a former Totem of Lion's Brood may well find themselves considered suspicious by other Garou, and it is likely to be more difficult for them to earn Honor Renown, even if their Totem is not one known to have fallen to the Wurm.

Totems of Respect *Elk*

Background Cost: 5

Elk is built to bear the heavy burden of its antler crown, just as lawgivers must bear the weight of their duties as judges and arbiters, and to both, balance is vital. Elk teaches his followers to think carefully and thoroughly before taking actions or making judgment.

Modern Times: Cautious Elk was weakened by the corruption of those he had given his patronage to. Now, he rarely is convinced to serve as a Totem to Garou, fearing another betrayal.

Individual Traits: Those who follow Elk gain a point of Honor Renown and gain two extra dice to any Investigation rolls regarding ferreting out the truth.

Pack Traits: Packs that follow Elk can call on three dots of Law and three dots of Investigation per story. As well, those of the Philodox auspice are well disposed to them.

Ban: Elk requires that its followers never refuse to listen to both sides of any argument.

Lion

Background Cost: 5

Proud and strong, Lion is the master of all he surveys. He is an expert tracker, a strong fighter, and a noble leader. Those who he protects can be assured of their safety; while Lion walks, no harm will come to them. As for those who would invade his territory, usurp his mantle, or harry those he calls his own? Woe be to them, for Lion is as unforgiving as he is regal.

Some who hear of Lion's patronage of the White Howlers are confused, as they associate the name with the big cat from the African continent. The Howler's patron, however, has only a distant relation to the savannah feline. Instead, Lion is the spiritual representation of the Cave Lion, a massive beast that preyed on prehistoric elephants and cave bears before it went extinct thousands of years ago.

While many spirits faded or retreated to Pangaea after the natural animals that they are associated with went extinct, Lion left an indelible impression on the Garou who had aligned themselves with him. Long after the cave lion disappeared, Galliards around the hearthfires of the White Howlers and their Kin continued to tell stories of its prowess, ferocity, and strength. This dedication kept Lion strong and powerful, right up to the day when his followers fell to the Wyrms.

Modern Times: When the tribe it patronized fell to the Wyrms, it was a massive blow to Lion's none-too-meager pride. If a spirit can be said to fall into Harano, that was Lion's state when Griffin found him. Unwilling to allow this Totem to fall into suicidal slumber, Griffin harried the morose Lion until at last the cat-spirit roared in outrage and rose to do battle with its tormentor.

They fought and, although Griffin was far stronger than the weakened Lion, the Red Talon's totem knew the value of a rousing fight to a wounded spirit. It allowed the battle to rage until Lion's flagging spirits were revived and refreshed, and its form was weakened from exertion but no longer in danger of dissipating due to despair.

When Lion recovered, he joined Griffin's brood, where it now mentors Garou predominantly Fianna and Red Talons. As a boon for saving Lion, Griffin imposed a new ban upon those who would follow Lion: they must destroy those who would hunt wild animals for sport.

Individual Traits: Those who follow Lion gain 1 point of temporary Honor Renown and 1 dot in Brawl or Melee (chosen when the character gains Lion's patronage).

Elders and those who are particularly respectful of tradition are well-inclined towards followers of Lion.



Pack Traits: Packs who follow Lion gain three dots in Animal Ken, as well as two Willpower points per story.

Ban: Followers of Lion must protect White Howler Kinfolk, human or wolf, even those of human tribes other than their own.

Totems of War

Carrion Bird

Background Cost: 7

Death is a process of natural selection, and those who fall have proven they are no longer worthy of continuing their existence. To the eyes of Carrion Bird, they have become nothing but a resource for those who still live. Carrion Bird only accepts packs who are steadfast survivors, but has no interest in cowards. Only by proving themselves capable of entering dangerous situations and surviving them can a pack gain (and retain) Carrion Bird's favor.

While the natural versions of Carrion Birds are considered a sub-species of Crow or Raven, Carrion Bird's supernatural aspects hold no particular alliance with Grandfather Thunder or other patrons of Crow or Raven. Carrion Bird follows Lion, and Lion alone, at least as long as it serves his best interests to do so.

Modern Times: When the White Howlers became the Black Spiral Dancers, this pragmatic totem-spirit shifted its alliance as well. It now acts as a totem predominantly to those who serve the Wyrms. Any who follow it after the Howlers' fall subtract an additional two from any awards of temporary Honor Renown, and are likely to be held in suspicion of being Wyrms-tainted themselves.

Individual Traits: Those who follow Carrion Bird subtract one from the difficulty of all Survival rolls, and gain an extra die on any roll where their own death is on the line, including, but not limited to combat. Each pack member subtracts one from any awards of temporary Honor Renown.

Pack Traits: Carrion Bird's packs gain three dots in any rolls related to scrounging, scavenging, or making use of discarded materials (or corpses), and two points of Willpower per story. Corax are well disposed towards the pack.

Ban: Those who follow Carrion Bird may not participate in funerary rites or practices (formal or informal) of any sort.

Green Dragon

Background Cost: 7

When the White Howlers roared into battle, few could stand before their might and bravery. Those who followed Green Dragon were among the fiercest of the

fierce, refusing to consider defeat as an option.

Modern Times: Green Dragon's ferocity and refusal to back down played a large part in the Howler's decision to charge the Labyrinth, and their defeat there. With great hubris comes great potential for corruption, and in modern times, Green Dragon acts as one of the strongest Totems in Whippoorwill's brood, acting as a patron to some of the Black Spiral Dancer's fiercest packs.

Individual Traits: Thrice every day, Green Dragon's followers can breathe fire. The player spends one Rage point and rolls Dexterity + Brawl (difficulty 8) to aim the attack, out to a range of six yards. It inflicts two levels of aggravated damage.

Pack Traits: Packs that follow Green Dragon gain three points of Willpower per story, and are held in high regard by Ahrouns.

Ban: Green Dragon hates cowardice. Any of his followers who run from a fight or fall to Fox Frenzy for any reason lose the Individual Traits gained from their patron for a full day.

Totems of Wisdom

Caern-Rattler

Background Cost: 6

Caern-Rattler is a ghostly spirit of times and peoples long-past. It appears as an amorphous human-like figure, shrouded in a decaying winding sheet that obscures its features from view. Unlike an individual ancestor spirit, Caern-Rattler embodies the knowledge of all of those who have gone before, the wisdom and experiences of countless previous generations.

Modern Times: Caern-Rattler disappeared after the White Howlers' Kin were corrupted or adopted into the Fianna lineages. It is unknown whether the totem was destroyed, or simply is inaccessible in modern times.

Individual Traits: Followers of Caern-Rattler gain three dots of Ancestors. As this represents a Totem-granted connection to a cultural knowledge bank rather than a connection to a particular ancestral spirit, even members of those tribes who cannot normally purchase the Ancestors Background can use it.

Pack Traits: Packs who follow Caern-Rattler gain access to three dots of Occult and three dots of Enigmas.

Ban: Caern-Rattler requires its followers to deal with the dead in a respectful manner as appropriate for their culture, be that burial, cremation, emolition, etc. Even on a battlefield, they must not abandon bodies or leave them exposed for scavengers. Wyrms-creatures must be cleansed after death, as well.



Roe Deer

Background Cost: 4

A distant cousin to Stag, Roe Deer finds a way to ensure others may survive, even in the harshest of climes. She is the embodiment of feminine providence in the wild, an untamed pre-cursor to the grain and hearth goddesses.

Modern Times: Roe Deer was struck hard by the fall of the White Howlers, and her place was largely subsumed by Stag. She now exists as a member of Griffin's brood.

Individual Traits: Followers of Roe Deer gain two points of temporary Wisdom Renown, and two dots of Empathy.

Pack Traits: Packs that follow Roe Deer gain three dots of Survival usable only in wilderness settings, and two points of Willpower per story. Fianna are well-disposed towards the pack.

Ban: Roe Deer requires that her followers never deny food to those in need.

Totems of Cunning *Gallia*

Background Cost: 12

Gallia is an ancient, fiery, fertility goddess, the embodiment of creative energy. She is often the matron spirit of artists, crafters, and performers of all stripes. She is the mother of inspiration, a pre-historic muse, calling on her followers to use passion and creativity to overcome any stumbling blocks they may encounter.

Modern Times: When her followers fell, Gallia fell with them, as fervently as suits her nature. She exists now in a tainted form as G'lough, "The Demon Goddess", referred to by some as the "mother of all Banes."

Individual Traits: Gallia's followers can use the Gift: Fabric of the Mind.

Pack Traits: Gallia's packs gain access to two dots of Occult. As well, Galliards are well disposed to followers of Gallia.

Ban: Gallia asks her followers to respect other creative beings, by being a good audience to performers or patronizing talented artists and craftsmen whenever possible.

Kelpie

Background Cost: 5

Not all battles are won through might; Kelpie teaches how to use an enemy's own desires as the best weapon against it. While its natural form is that of a gorgeous water horse, Kelpie can also become invisible, or appear as a beautiful human to seduce and then destroy its enemies. It tempts its victims into clambering on its back in horse form, or into its arms as a human, before dragging them down to a watery grave.

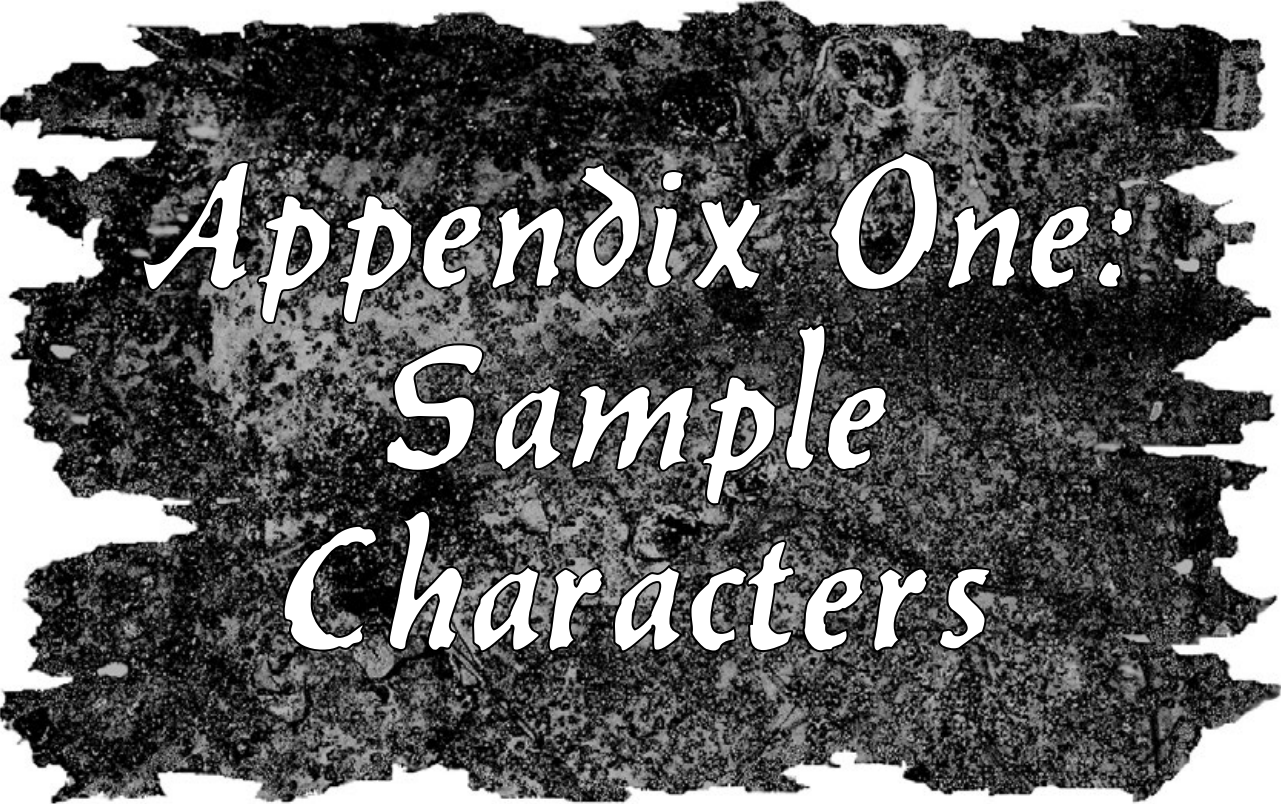
Modern Times: While Kelpie-spirits still exist, their Incarna was irrevocably weakened by the fall of the White Howlers, and is no more.

Individual Traits: Followers of Kelpie can breathe underwater, and cannot drown. As well, they gain one dot of Appearance, but subtract one from any temporary gains of Honor Renown.

Pack Traits: Packs that follow Kelpie can call on three dots of Subterfuge and three dots of Empathy per story.

Ban: Kelpie requires its followers to prioritize cleansing natural waterways of pollution and supernatural taint at every opportunity. As well, they must bathe in a natural source of fresh water at least once per month.





Appendix One: Sample Characters

Perhaps more than any modern tribe, the White Howlers share a common history, a common background, and a common cultural heritage. Although the human tribes from whom they take their Kin may consider themselves diverse, they are more alike one another than they are akin to those outside their lands.

Still, even within their tribe, there is great variation of experience, outlook, and aptitude. Here are five sample White Howler characters that reflect some of that diversity.

Nomadic Spy

Quote: "Have you anything to spare, Auntie?"

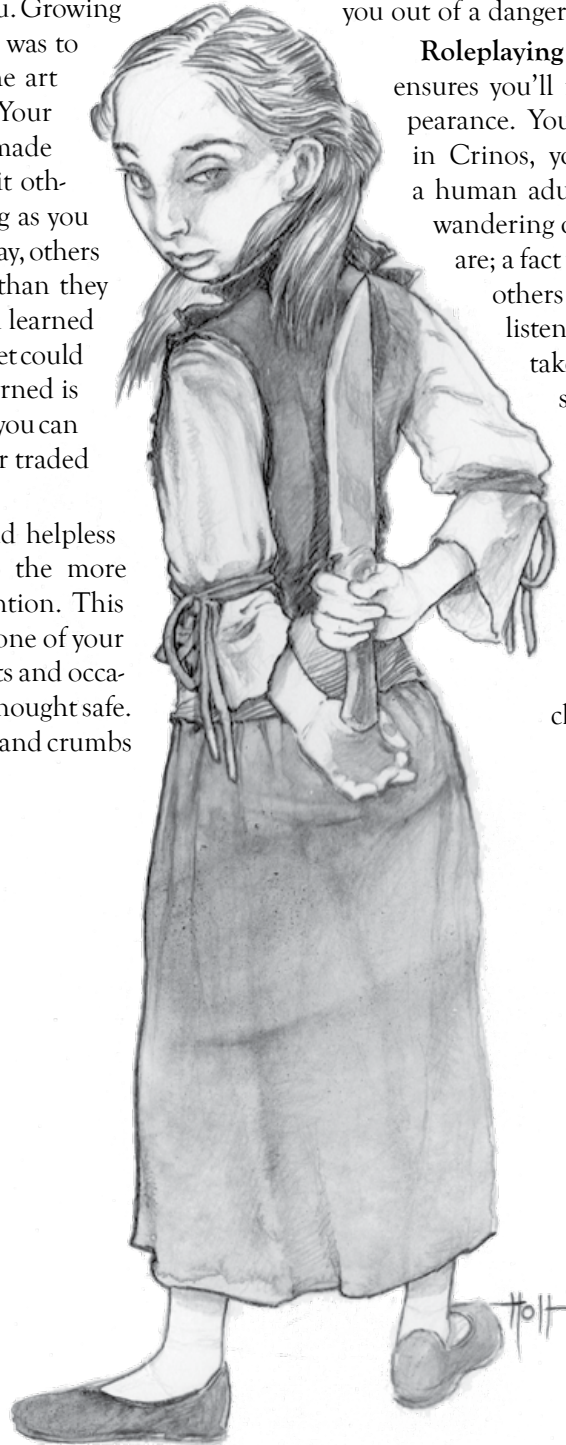
Prelude: The by-blow of a forbidden love too strong for your parents to deny, you bear the weight of their transgressions. Despite your diminutive size, your mother died bringing you into this world, and your father never forgave you for taking her from him. He threw himself at the Wyrms, committing suicide in an unwinnable battle, which left you to be raised by those who neither understood nor loved you. Growing up, the best you could hope for was to be ignored, so you perfected the art of making yourself unnoticed. Your slight form and short stature made that easier to accomplish than it otherwise might have been. As long as you kept quiet and stayed out of the way, others spoke more freely around you than they probably should have. You soon learned that, carefully plied, the right secret could save you from a beating. Forewarned is forearmed, and any information you can glean from others can be used or traded for your own benefit.

Concept: The homeless and helpless are everywhere, and rarely do the more fortunate pay them much attention. This cruelty is perfect cover for someone of your sharp insight to garner the secrets and occasional pilfered item that they'd thought safe. You've picked up crusts of bread and crumbs

of information, from Roman camps, Fianna caerns, and neighboring tribes' settlements alike. You share that which can aid your Tribe with them. You hope that it will eventually earn you their respect, or perhaps even their love, but no matter how valuable the information you pilfer, it's never enough for them to truly forgive you for the sin passed down to you by your parents. Despite this you keep striving, sharing the majority of what you learn with those who it can best benefit. You're dedicated to your tribe, but you always keep a few secrets — and a sharp knife — tucked somewhere close at hand to get you out of a dangerous situation.

Roleplaying Hints: Your metis deformity ensures you'll never grow out of a child's appearance. You look pre-pubescent, and even in Crinos, you're barely normal height for a human adult. You're often mistaken for a wandering orphan, much younger than you are; a fact you use to your full advantage. If others ignore you, it makes it easier to listen in on their conversations. If they take pity on you and offer a meal or shelter, you get past barred doors easier than any Gift could. And if they seek to take advantage of the "helpless" once you're in their homes? Well, you're more than capable of showing them why no one should ever violate the tradition of hospitality.

Equipment: Children's clothing, iron knife



WHITE HOWLERS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Metis
Auspice: Ragabash
Tribe: White Howlers

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Nomadic Spy

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

Animal-Ken ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Crafts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Etiquette ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Larceny ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Performance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Ranged ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Ride ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Knowledges

Academics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Culture ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Enigmas ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Investigation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Law ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Medicine ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Occult ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Rituals ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Science ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Technology ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Contacts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Kinfolk ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gifts

Blood-Scent ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Open Seal ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Persuasion ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Rites

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

Renown

Glory
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Honor
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Wisdom
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Rank

1 - Cliath

Rage

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gnosis

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Willpower

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Health

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

Experience



Salmon-eater

Quote: "Seek knowledge wherever it can be found. Find wisdom in all things."

Prelude: You were born to a wolf pack with close ties to the Caledonii, near Loch Ness. From an early age, you were notably different from the rest of your litter, seeing and hearing things that the other cubs could not. The spirits of wind, water, earth, and air spoke to you in your dreams, and eventually even when you were awake. This made you easily distracted, and a poor hunter, but provided you with insights that were not available to the rest of your pack.

Your Change came when a fiery spirit-beast targeted the pack that allowed you to hunt with it when the spirits weren't distracting you. The creature threatened to destroy the forest in which they dwelled, and the pack along with it. Throughout the entire night, the creature toyed with you all; chasing you through the forest with flames and smoke, forcing you to run until you could run no more, consuming those who fell behind. Your change came in a moment of desperation, pinned between a cliff and a roaring river. The fire-monster attacked, burning away your pelt and charring the flesh beneath. The pain triggered your First Change and transformation, but even in Crinos you were no match for the flame-creature.

In a moment of desperation, you leapt for the river and beseeched the water spirits for aid. As the rushing river closed over your head, your last vision was of a wave as tall as the trees striking out to smite the fire-beast. Then, everything went dark.

You woke on the river bank, body healed, but mind full of curiosity about the mysteries you had encountered.

Concept: Like many seers before you, you have tasted the proverbial Salmon of Knowledge and will never see the world the same again. You do not believe that humans or Garou hold the key to all wisdom. Instead, you seek for truth in the world around you: the spirits, the seasons, and the weather. Each, you believe, holds a clue to the great mysteries, for those who are canny enough to see them.

Roleplaying Hints: You constantly look for meaning in the world around you, for signs and portents that others are too blind to see. You spend a great deal of time in the Umbra, seeking whatever elusive tidbit of wisdom might come from speaking with the spirits just beyond the next hilltop. Others often think you are slightly addled, but in truth, you have only so much time, energy, and attention. How much of that does something as mundane as eating, sleeping, or hunting truly deserve?

Equipment: White quartz pebbles, doe-skin bag

WHITE HOWLERS

Concept: salmon Eater

Attributes

Physical

Strength_____●●○○○
Dexterity_____●●○○○
Stamina_____●●○○○

Social

Charisma_____●●●○○
Manipulation_____●●●○○
Appearance_____●●●○○

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

Alertness	00000
Athletics	00000
Brawl	00000
Empathy	●●000
Expression	●0000
Intimidation	00000
Leadership	00000
Primal-Urge	●●000
Streetwise	00000
Subterfuge	00000
	00000

Skills

Animal-Ken	●●000
Crafts	●0000
Etiquette	●0000
Larceny	●0000
Melee	00000
Performance	00000
Ranged	00000
Ride	00000
Stealth	●●000
Survival	●●000
	00000

Knowledges

Academics_____	00000
Culture_____	00000
Enigmas_____	●●●00
Investigation_____	●●●00
Law_____	00000
Medicine_____	●0000
Occult_____	●●●00
Rituals_____	●●●00
Science_____	00000
Technology_____	00000
	00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

Spirit Heritage	●●○○○
(Elemental Spirits)	○○○○○
Rites	●●●○○
	○○○○○
	○○○○○

Gifts

Heightened Senses
Sense Wyrn
Spirit Speech

Rites

Renown

[illegible]

Honor

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Wisdom

Rage

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

Gnosis

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

Health

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

Rank

1 - Cliath

Willpower

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

■ Experience

Experience

Eilish Elkdaughter

Quote: "What's the other side to this tale?"

Prelude: Your family always expected you to change; your mother was a Garou of strong Pure Breed, and your father Kinfolk who had already sired a handful of werewolves on a host of Garou mates. What your Kin did not expect, however, was the arrival of an elk-spirit to witness the birth and bestow its blessing upon your newly born and still mewling form. The villagers told the tale for generations.

Throughout your childhood, Elk or its earthly manifestations would occasionally appear during times of great peril or significance. During a harsh winter, your family was saved from starvation when a full-grown bull elk leapt the walls of your hill-fort and died on your doorstep. You now wear the skin of that spirit-given sacrifice as a cloak and a constant reminder of the debt you owe to Elk and his brood.

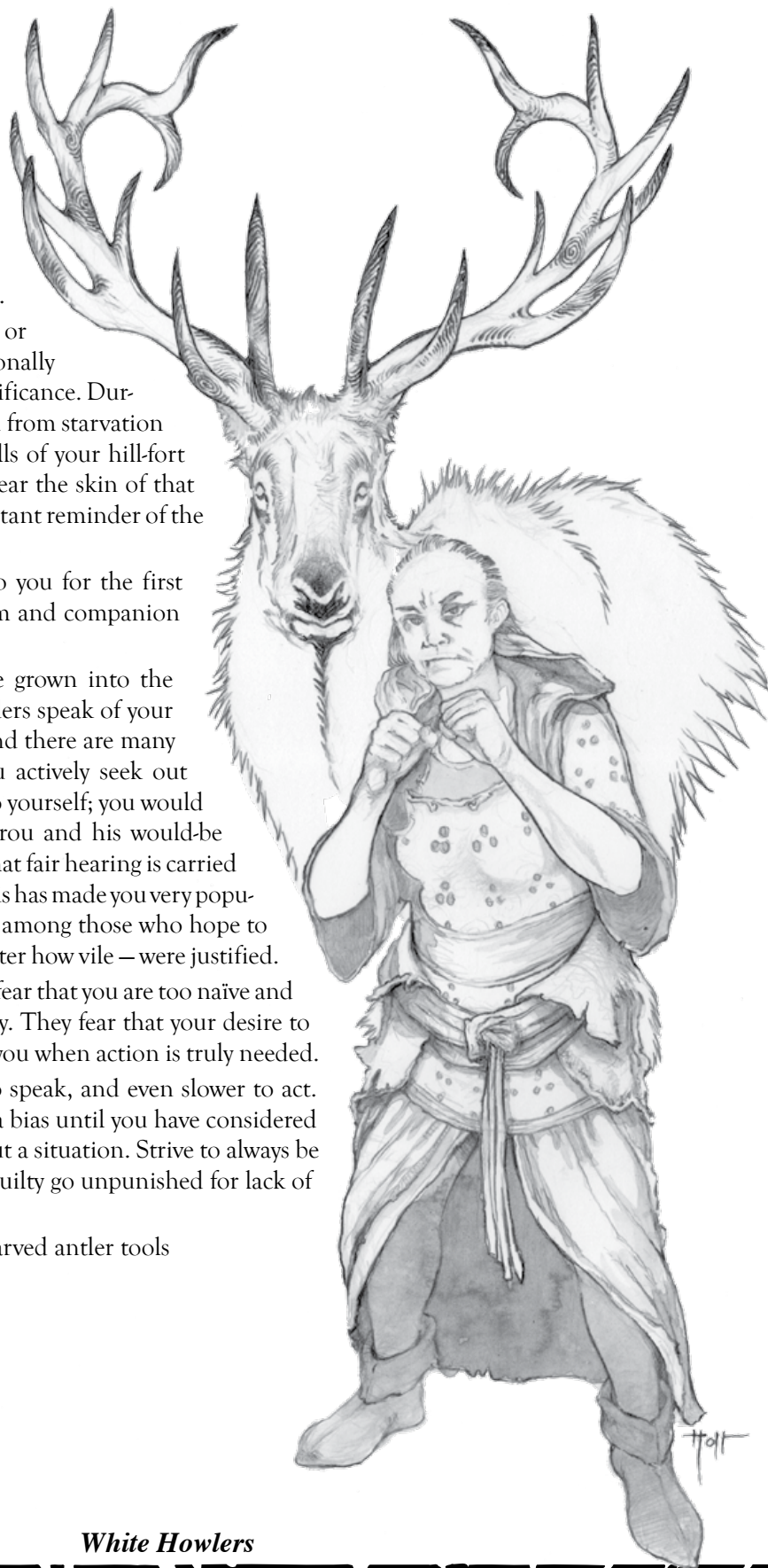
At your First Change, Elk spoke to you for the first time, and has been your personal Totem and companion ever since.

Concept: Blessed of Elk, you have grown into the epitome of balance. Even as a cliath, elders speak of your insight and fairness with high regard, and there are many who expect great things from you. You actively seek out situations of conflict, even at a danger to yourself; you would throw yourself between an accused Garou and his would-be executioner's blade, in order to ensure that fair hearing is carried out before a punishment is delivered. This has made you very popular amongst the down-trodden, but also among those who hope to convince you that their actions — no matter how vile — were justified.

Your detractors, on the other hand, fear that you are too naïve and see the world in too many shades of grey. They fear that your desire to hear all sides of a story may immobilize you when action is truly needed.

Roleplaying Hints: You are slow to speak, and even slower to act. Ask probing questions, but never form a bias until you have considered every possible piece of information about a situation. Strive to always be just, even if that means the potentially guilty go unpunished for lack of incontrovertible proof.

Equipment: Elkskin cloak, hand-carved antler tools



WHITE HOWLERS

Name:

Breed: Homid

Pack Name:

Player:

Auspice: Philodox

Pack Totem:

Chronicle:

Tribe: White Howlers

Concept: Eilish Elkdaughter

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

Animal-Ken ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Crafts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Etiquette ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Larceny ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Performance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Ranged ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Ride ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Knowledges

Academics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Culture ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Enigmas ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Investigation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Law ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Medicine ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Occult ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Rituals ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Science ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Technology ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Totem (Elk) ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gifts

Persuasion ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Sense Wyrn ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
 Truth of Gaia ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Rites

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

Renown

Glory
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Honor
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Wisdom
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Rage

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

Gnosis

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

Health

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

Rank

1 - Cliath

Willpower

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

Experience

Farwalker

Quote: "Keep your swords high, and your spirits higher!"

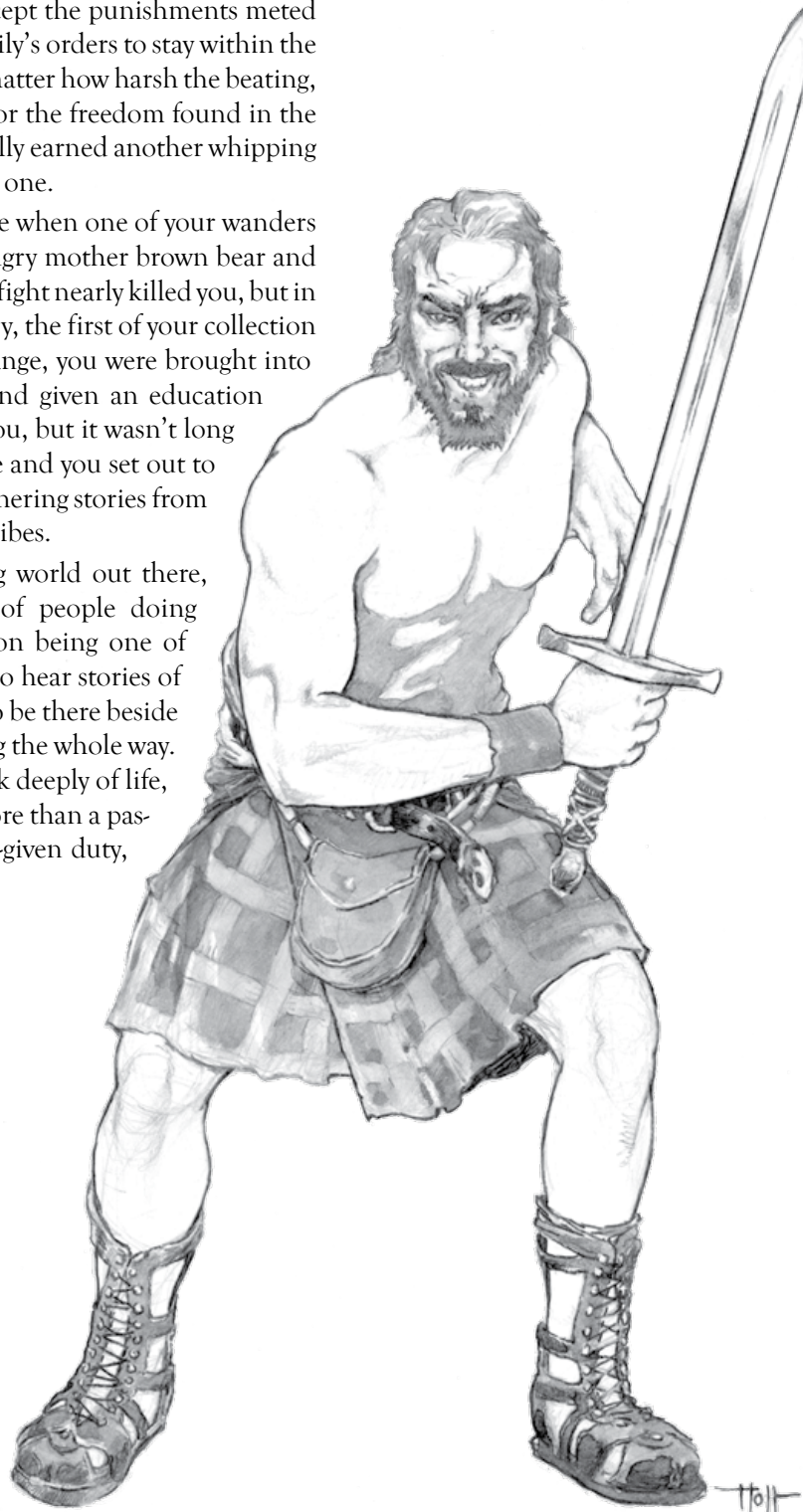
Prelude: You were born to a tribe already in decline, a fact that was obvious even though no one spoke of it. You dreamed of the world outside the walls that surrounded your village. You followed them as soon as you were old enough to slip away unnoticed. As a child, you'd come back at night, willing to accept the punishments meted out for disobeying your family's orders to stay within the sanctuary of the walls. No matter how harsh the beating, it was a small price to pay for the freedom found in the lands beyond; and you usually earned another whipping for laughing about the first one.

Your First Change came when one of your wanderers brought you between a hungry mother brown bear and her two newborn cubs. The fight nearly killed you, but in the end, it made a good story, the first of your collection as a Garou. After your Change, you were brought into the White Howler tribe, and given an education in what it meant to be Garou, but it wasn't long before your wanderlust rose and you set out to explore the world again, gathering stories from distant lands and foreign tribes.

Concept: There's a big world out there, beyond your village, full of people doing exciting things. You plan on being one of them. You don't just want to hear stories of others' exploits; you want to be there beside them, howling and laughing the whole way. Encouraging others to drink deeply of life, and doing so yourself, is more than a passion for you; it's your Gaia-given duty, and one you take seriously.

Roleplaying Hints: You know that there are worse fates than dying for a cause. You don't know how long you'll be alive, but you know that you're going to live every moment of it to the fullest. You're not certain what you'll find out there, but it has to be more interesting than what you've found at home. Your travels might lead you into dangerous situations, but one thing's for certain, you will *never* be bored.

Equipment: Wool cape and kilt, copper trimmed boots, walking staff



WHITE HOWLERS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Galliard
Tribe: White Howlers

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Farwalker

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

Animal-Ken ☐☐☐☐☐
Crafts ☐☐☐☐☐
Etiquette ☐☐☐☐☐
Larceny ☐☐☐☐☐
Melee ☐☐☐☐☐
Performance ☐☐☐☐☐
Ranged ☐☐☐☐☐
Ride ☐☐☐☐☐
Stealth ☐☐☐☐☐
Survival ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Knowledges

Academics ☐☐☐☐☐
Culture ☐☐☐☐☐
Enigmas ☐☐☐☐☐
Investigation ☐☐☐☐☐
Law ☐☐☐☐☐
Medicine ☐☐☐☐☐
Occult ☐☐☐☐☐
Rituals ☐☐☐☐☐
Science ☐☐☐☐☐
Technology ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Ancestors ☐☐☐☐☐
Pure Breed ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Gifts

Beast Speech ☐☐☐☐☐
Haunting Howl ☐☐☐☐☐
Smell of Man ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Rites

☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Renown

Glory

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rage

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

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

Rank

1 - Cliath

Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Experience

Monstrous Protector

Quote: "I will stand for no threat to that which is mine."

Prelude: Your temper and stubbornness caused you no end of problems as a youth until the day that the first Roman scouts found their way to the valley that held your village. The elders didn't believe you when you begged them not to trust the foreigners, not even when the scouts returned with soldiers to "provision" themselves from your people's meager larders. When provision and resupply became pillage and rape, you could take no more. The red rage fell upon you, and the next morning nothing remained of the Romans but a scarlet stain on the cobbles of your village's courtyard.

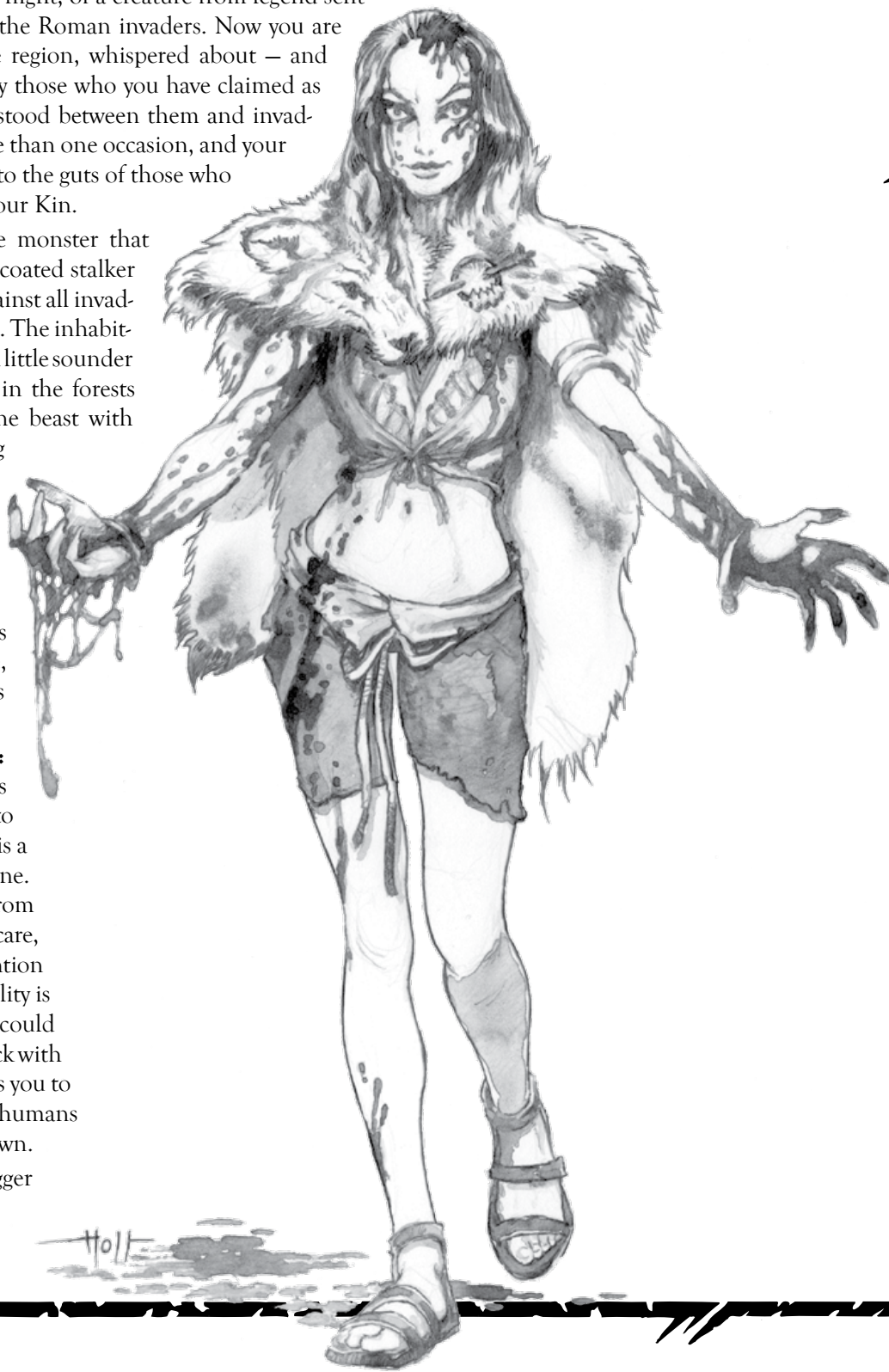
The stories began that night, of a creature from legend sent by the gods to drive away the Roman invaders. Now you are the protector of an entire region, whispered about – and occasionally prayed to – by those who you have claimed as your own. Your pack has stood between them and invading Roman troops on more than one occasion, and your sword has found its way into the guts of those who would abuse or conquer your Kin.

Concept: You are the monster that stalks the night, the white-coated stalker that protects the people against all invaders, mortal or supernatural. The inhabitants of your territory sleep a little sounder knowing that somewhere in the forests beyond their city walls, the beast with the silver blade is watching over them.

You do not travel far from your homelands to pursue those who would do your people harm. It is enough to drive invaders away; once they are gone, they are someone else's problem.

Roleplaying Hints: That which you claim as yours is sacred; woe be to any who would harm it. It is a fulfilling life, but a lonely one. You must remain aloof from each individual under your care, or risk weakening your attention to the rest. Your responsibility is to the greater good. You could only consider forming a pack with those who are as devoted as you to the duty of protecting the humans and wolves you call your own.

Equipment: Fang Dagger



WHITE HOWLERS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ahroun
Tribe: White Howlers

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Monstrous Protector

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

Animal-Ken ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Crafts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Etiquette ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Larceny ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Performance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Ranged ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Ride ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Knowledges

Academics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Culture ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Enigmas ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Investigation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Law ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Medicine ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Occult ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Rituals ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Science ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Technology ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Fetish ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Kinfolk ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gifts

Desperate Strength ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Razor Claws ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
Smell of Man ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Rites

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

Renown

Glory
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Honor
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Wisdom
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Rage

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Gnosis

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Health

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

Rank

1 - Cliath

Willpower

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Experience

Appendix Two: White Howler Legends

The sun is almost over the horizon, but my duty is not yet finished. How could any tales of my Tribe be complete without speaking of those who exemplify what it is to be White Howler? I could speak for days and nights without ending, telling the glories of those who have come before me, but night ends quickly this time of year and who knows what the morn may bring? I will speak swiftly of those whose glory, honor, and wisdom have inspired our people throughout the ages, until morning silences my tongue and ends my tales.

Eubh the Ever-Living

I have already spoken of one of our earliest Legends, Tearlach Talespinner, who ended the Great Winter, but she is far from the first of our kind to earn such accolades. Born long before the Great Winter fell, Eubh is one of the most ancient legends of the White Howler tribe. His father was a warrior, slain not long after wedding his mother, but long enough to leave her with the parting gift of a swiftly growing belly. Times were hard, the land was at war, and it was as if Eubh could not wait to leave the safety of his mother's womb and join the battle. He was born early, and in a sea of blood so heavy it took his mother with it. Her people feared for the boy. Their family had no other mothers to nurse him, and he was so thin and pale they feared he would not survive his first night.

He wailed in hunger and in longing for his mother throughout that first day, and as the full moon rose that night, the answer to his family's prayers came stalking out of the dark forest.

A she-wolf, one which none of the family had ever laid eyes upon, walked neat as you please into the family's firelight and lay down next to the squalling babe. Her dugs were heavy with milk, and having little other choice save for leaving the child to starve, they set him to suckle.

Each night, the white wolf appeared, and each night Eubh drank his fill before his lupine wet-nurse disappeared back into the forest. In time Eubh grew strong, and when he was weaned, the wolf disappeared, without anyone having ever been able to learn who she was or why she'd taken Eubh as her ward.

The boy learned to walk early on, and to talk well before other children, and in the same way he went through his First Change early. He took quickly to battle, as was his role as an Ahroun, and the tales of his glory would take up a dozen nights to tell on their own. But it was not his prowess that gained him his deed-name, when all was said and done.

Eubh met his destiny on a rocky cliff above the shoreline. The Wyrn-thing he faced was as big as a mountain, with claws like swords and eyes like lightning. When it roared, it drowned out even the sound of the sea below them. The two clashed, blood and ichor flowed, and

the battle raged all along the cliff top. After a day and a night of fighting, Eubh tore deep into the monster's chest, plucked out its blackened heart and stomped it into the rocky ground. The beast would not go without a price, however. With a blow strong enough to shatter the cliff beneath their feet, the beast cut Eubh's head from his shoulders, and the monster, Eubh, and his severed head all tumbled into the sea.

Eubh's people mourned him all through the night, singing the tales of his glory and tearing at their hair in their sorrow. But when the full moon reached its apex overhead, and the wailing was at its height, something strange happened. A white she-wolf appeared in the firelight, walking through the center of the camp as if she owned the place. And behind her, head once again back on his shoulders, was Eubh.

The wolf disappeared as Eubh's Kin welcomed him back from the dead, but this would not be the last time that Eubh the Everliving faced death and returned. By fire, by poison, by drowning – Eubh died every way a man could as he fought the Wyrn and protected his homeland. But each time, he came back to serve again. Each time the mysterious white wolf accompanied his resurrection.

It was only the Great Winter that ended Eubh's story; an avalanche buried him deep, and even after the ice retreated, Eubh did not return. Legends say that somewhere, deep in a cavern beneath the ground, Eubh remains frozen and waiting for his wolverine companion to resurrect him, so that he can once again serve his people and his land.

Hathawulf, Spearbreaker

Born early in the years of the Roman Invasion, Hathawulf never knew a time when the foreigners on their soil did not plague his people. His first change happened during a particularly harsh winter, when their troops targeted the store-houses of Hathawulf's village, breaching the walls of the hill fort they and plundering both people and stores.

The last thing he remembered before his Change was the Roman soldiers marching through the gatehouse, killing as they went. The first thing he remembered after his Change was the smell of blood and the overwhelming silence that comes from being the only one left alive in a once-thriving town.

When the nearby sept came to investigate, they found hundreds of broken spears driven into the top of the turf wall that encircled Hathawulf's former village. Upon

each one was a dead Roman soldier. Some stabbed from behind, or their throats slit, or garroted. Others looked to have been killed by stones dropped from above, or mangled as if they'd fallen from a great height. Not one seemed to bear the marks of a fair fight, but they were, to a man, dead nonetheless.

As for Hathawulf himself, he was long gone. After completing his grisly task, he'd begun back-tracking the offending legion, intent on killing as many of the foreign invaders as possible. He did not know what he was, nor anything about his true abilities, but he was intent on making certain the Romans paid for destroying his home and his family.

The sept caught up with him on the way. They convinced him to set aside his quest for revenge, or so they thought. In truth, he simply realized that he could wreak far more havoc with a shapeshifting army by his side than he could ever cause on his own. From that day forward, Hathawulf was an adroit student. He trained constantly, strengthening both his mind and body, learning not only what it was to be Garou, but history, games, magic – anything that might aid him in his quest for revenge.

In times of war, the survivor is often not the strongest, but the cleverest, and Hathawulf was proof positive of that. Not long after his Rite of Passage, he formed his first pack, convincing the strongest, but not necessarily smartest, of the up and coming young Ahrouns to take the position of alpha. Content to serve as advisor and instigator, Hathawulf drove his pack towards the same purpose that he had dedicated himself to since his First Change: eradicating the Roman invaders.

So efficient were their efforts that they quickly attained mythic status with those they preyed upon. The Romans named the white-pelted pack "Lupus Grex" and claimed they were ghosts of wolves the army had killed after arriving in Caledonia, or spirits in wolf-form that haunted the woods. The pack did everything in their power to promote these legends, allowing the superstitious among the Roman legions to build their exploits to ever-greater heights around the campfires and barrack tents.

Over the next few decades, Lupus Grex haunted the southern border of Caledonia, ranging the territory between the northern and southern Roman walls. With the aid of the local septs, they helped defend their homeland from Roman invasion, and were no small part of the reason why the Romans never conquered Caledonia.

In the end, Hathawulf's drive became his own undoing. At the rank of Athro, he was one of the strongest forces behind the decision to attack the Roman headquarters. Using every ounce of his persuasion, cunning, and manipulation, he tipped the scales and rallied the

Tribe behind a warrior who led the attack. Upon returning from their victory, however, he and the rest of the Tribe discovered their unprotected Kinfolk slain, broken, turned, and defiled. The realization that his words had driven the Tribe to leave their families unprotected struck Hathawulf more deeply than any enemy ever had. Despite the best efforts of his pack, the wily scout pulled away from his duties. He refused to weigh in on further challenges, stopped hunting, ceased talking, and eventually stopped eating. One day, he simply disappeared. No one — not even his pack Totem — has been able to locate him since.

Morag "Memory of Stone"

It is my duty — and my curse — to remember it all.

Prelude: You remember nothing of your past, but everything else cannot be forgotten. Your life before your First Change is a blank slate. You are metis, and thus must have spent the first years of your life in Crinos, but no sept will admit to having raised you. You woke up after your First Change, miles from the nearest settlement and surrounded by human bodies that had been torn apart so badly that they were unidentifiable. A Kinfetch sought out the nearest Garou, but the weak-willed spirit was unable to give those it brought any further information about your childhood. No one in the nearby farms or village seemed to know anything about you either, even those Kin who were aware of the existence of Garou. Every Rite of Heritage performed upon you has failed.

Since your First Change, you have proven yourself to be a dedicated member of the Tribe, calm of temper and even of bearing. Attempts to encourage you to remember those early years, however, always cause you to frenzy. It is as if something is forcing you not to remember.

Concept: Knowing nothing of your family or your past, you have dedicated your entire life since your Change to your duty. You are uniquely suited to be a Galliard. While your creativity and performance may be surpassed by others, you have a perfect memory and retain every

detail of anything you hear, see, or experience.

Roleplaying Hints: The world is made of stories, and you burn with a need to know them all. Listen intently to the tales around you, even the mundane ones. If others seem recalcitrant to tell their stories, encourage them to share through leading questions, gentle prodding, and unyielding patience.

Equipment: Leine and plaid, bronze torc, iron knife

If Morag is encountered before the fall of the White Howlers, she possesses the traits below, but no inkling of her (or her Tribe's) upcoming dark fate. If she is encountered after her tribe's fall, she may possess additional Black Spiral Dancer Gifts and Rites as the Storyteller sees fit.

Breed: Metis

Auspice: Galliard

Rank: 4

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4 (2/1/1/1), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Empathy 3, Expression 4, Intimidation 2, Leadership 3, Primal-Urge 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Crafts 1, Etiquette 3, Melee 1, Performance 4, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Academics 1, Enigmas 2, Investigation 3, Medicine 1, Occult 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Ancestors 2, Rites 3, Totem (Personal - Lion) 5

Rage: 8; **Gnosis:** 8; **Willpower:** 9

Honor: 2; **Glory:** 7; **Wisdom:** 6

Gifts: (1) Call of the Wyld, Haunting Howl, Heightened Senses, Perfect Recall, Sense Wyrm, Shining Sigils; (2) Curse of Hatred, Howl of the Banshee, Howls in the Night; (3) Mental Speech, Song of Heroes, Song of the Siren; (4) Shadows by the Firelight, Visions of Slaughter

Rites: (Minor) Augury, Greet the Sun; (Level One) Gathering for the Departed, Last Blessing, Rite of the Bone-Fire; (Level Two) Rite of Accomplishment; (Level Three) Descent Into the Underworld, Rite of the Winter Wolf

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□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

WHITE HOWLERS

Homid

Glabro

Crinos

Hispo

Lupus

No
Change

Difficulty: 6

Strength(+2)_____
Stamina(+2)_____
Manipulation(-2)_____
Appearance(-1)____

Difficulty: 7

Strength(+4)_____
Dexterity(+1)_____
Stamina(+3)_____
Manipulation(-3)_____
Appearance 0

Difficulty: 6
INCITE DELIRIUM
IN HUMANS

Strength(+3)_____
Dexterity(+2)_____
Stamina(+3)_____
Manipulation(-3)_____
+1 Die to Bite Damage

Difficulty: 7

Strength(+1)_____
Dexterity(+2)_____
Stamina(+2)_____
Manipulation(-3)_____
-2 Perception Diff.

Difficulty: 6

Other Traits

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

Gifts

Fetishes

Item: _____	Level: _____	Gnosis: _____
Power: _____		
Item: _____	Level: _____	Gnosis: _____
Power: _____		
Item: _____	Level: _____	Gnosis: _____
Power: _____		
Item: _____	Level: _____	Gnosis: _____
Power: _____		
Item: _____	Level: _____	Gnosis: _____
Power: _____		
Item: _____	Level: _____	Gnosis: _____
Power: _____		

Rites

_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Combat

Weapon/Attack

	Roll	Diff.	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Brawling Chart

Maneuver	Roll	Diff	Damage
Bite	Dex + Brawl	5	Strength + 1/A
Body Tackle	Dex + Brawl	7	Special/B
Claw	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength + 2/A
Grapple	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength/B
Kick	Dex + Brawl	7	Strength + 1/B
Punch	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength/B
A=Aggravated Damage			B=Bashing Damage
Armor: _____			

WHITE HOWLERS

Nature:

Demeanor:

Merits & Flaws

Merit

Type

Cost

Flaw

Type

Bonus

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Mentor

Ancestors

Pure Breed

Contacts

Pack Totem

Kinfolk

Resources

Other ()

Other ()

Possessions

Sept

Gear(Carried):

Name:

Caern Location:

Equipment(Owned):

Type: Level:

Totem:

Leader:

Details:

WHITE HOWLERS

History

[illegible]

Description

Age: _____

Hair: _____

Eyes: _____

Race: _____

Nationality: _____

Sex: _____

Height

Weight

Battle Scars:

<i>Homid:</i>	
---------------	--

Glabro:

--	--

<i>Crinos:</i>	
----------------	--

<i>Hispo:</i>	
---------------	--

<i>Lupus:</i>	
---------------	--

Metis Deformity:

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch

A woman with dark hair, wearing a dark, flowing robe with a high collar and a large, ornate necklace. She is holding a large, rolled-up scroll. The background is dark and textured, resembling a cave or a night sky.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

VAMPIRE

THE DARK AGES

It is 1242 A.D. The Long Night is over, and the tumults of the future beckon. Vampires walk the night, secure in hegemony over hegemony, playing at lordship across the known world. A clan has lost their founder, his Blood fueling the rise of a clan of usurpers. Strange tidings come from the Silk Road, and vampires not known to Caine walk the night. On a thousand blood-stained lips, the same whisper rests: Gehenna is coming.

Vampire: the Dark Ages was White Wolf's first historical setting. In 2002, it was revised into **Dark Ages: Vampire**.

Now, Onyx Path Publishing has produced this new version that brings the Dark Ages to the Vampire 20th Anniversary Edition, giving old and new fans alike new and revised material to return their Dark Ages chronicles to life.

Vampire 20th Anniversary Edition: The Dark Ages includes:

- A global view of the Medieval World of Darkness, revealing just how far the Blood has spread.
- Every Dark Ages Clan and Bloodline, including the Cappadocians, Salubri, and more.
- New and Revised Clan Disciplines, including Necromancy and Thaumaturgy Paths.

COMING SOON!

WHITE HOWLERS

TRIBEBOOK

Everyone knows the story of the White Howlers. Garou so prideful they threw themselves into the maw of the Wurm, hoping to kill it from within. They didn't kill it, and it didn't kill them. However, the White Howlers should be remembered for their past as well as what they became.

But that isn't their story.

The White Howlers suffered through the Great Winter, through rebuilding and invasion, through an uneasy peace and a horrific war. They fought for their Kin and their lands. They were proud, but all Garou are proud. Theirs is a story too many Garou do not know. Come closer, and let me tell it.

White Howlers Tribebook includes:

- The story of the White Howlers from the ancient times to their great sacrifice.
- Details on the tribe's culture and history, with enough information to run an entire chronicle in the time before their fall.
- Ideas for using the White Howlers in a story set in the modern nights.

