



Black Furies™



Bone Gnawers™



Children of Gaia™

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



THE DARKNESS OF THE SHOW  
BY GARY HARRIS



THE IMAGES ON THE SCREEN MAKE ME WANT TO RAGE. BUT THIS IS NOT THE TIME OR PLACE. LATER, I'LL ALLOW MYSELF THE LUXURY.

THE WOMAN ON THE SCREEN IS SCREAMING. NOTHING NEW. BUT THE OBSCENITY SHE SUFFERS IS NOT SPECIAL EFFECT.

'SNUFF' FILMS. CAN MEN SINK ANY LOWER?



A GROTESQUE MAN IS LAUGHING BEHIND ME. IF HE HAS EVER HAD A WOMAN, I PITY HER.

HIS SLOBBERING JESTS AT THE SQUALLING HORROR BEFORE US SICKEN ME. I'VE GNAWED THE GUTS OF WYRMSPAWN WITHOUT GAGGING. NOW I TRY NOT TO PUKE.



IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO KILL HIM.



HEY, BABE. LIKE THE SHOW? I'LL BET YOU DO. DON'T YOU?

HIS BREATH COULD CURDLE A CORPSE.



MAKES YOU HOT. DOESN'T IT? GIRL SNEAKING IN HERE. I'LL BET IT DOES... YOU'RE NOT SOME FRIGID BITCH. I'LL BET YOU LIKE THE KINKY STUFF...



YEAH. YOU COULD SAY I'M KINKY...

MY SMILE IS FOR REAL. I ALREADY KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO HIM.



HE WASN'T WORTH  
A SHAPESHIFT.

MY RAGE FEELS GOOD. HIS  
BLOOD TASTES BETTER.





THE MANAGER REEKS OF  
DRAKKAR NOIR. I COLLAR HIM  
OUTSIDE TO ASK HIM SOME  
QUESTIONS.

NO ONE NOTICES SCREAMS IN  
THIS PART OF TOWN.



HE GAVE ME SOME ANSWERS.



I TOOK MY TIME ANYWAY...



MORONS FLOCK TO TINSLETOWN LIKE FLIES ON ROADKILL. WANNA BE IN PICTURES? WE MAKE ALL KINDS DOWN HERE.

A SISTER FIXES ME UP. GLASS EYE AND EVERYTHING.

SHOWTIME.



LIKE, YOU'RE IN MOVIES? OMIGOD!

I ACT LIKE EVERY STUPID APE I'VE EVER KNOWN.



SCREEN TEST AT FIVE?

SURE!

DEAD GIVE-AWAY. A WOLF IN THE FOLD.



YOU THINK SO?

SET-UP.



I KNOW IT. IT'S A PORN SHOOT.

SO WHY'RE YOU HERE?



THIS IS A BAD TOWN TO BE UNEMPLOYED IN.



HOW MANY GIRLS? HOW MANY CHILDREN? HOW MANY ROOMS LIKE THIS?

THIS IS TOO EASY A CITY TO DIE IN.

I TASTE THE BITTER RAGE, BUT THIS ISN'T THE PLACE...

THIS IS JUST A WAY-STATION. TEMPORARY RECRUITING QUARTERS.

I WANT TO RIP OUT THE HEART.



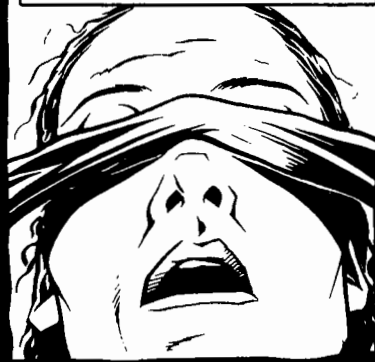
I MAKE IT LOOK GOOD. BUT NOT TOO GOOD.

I GO LIMP. IT BEATS BEING DRUGGED.



I HATE HEADACHES.

BLINDFOLDS.



A QUICK HOP ACROSS TOWN IN THE BACK OF A VAN. THE ROOM IS COLD AND STINKS OF SEX GONE STALE AND STUPID.



THEY HANDCUFF US BEFORE WE "WAKE." I'VE BROKEN HANDCUFFS BEFORE.



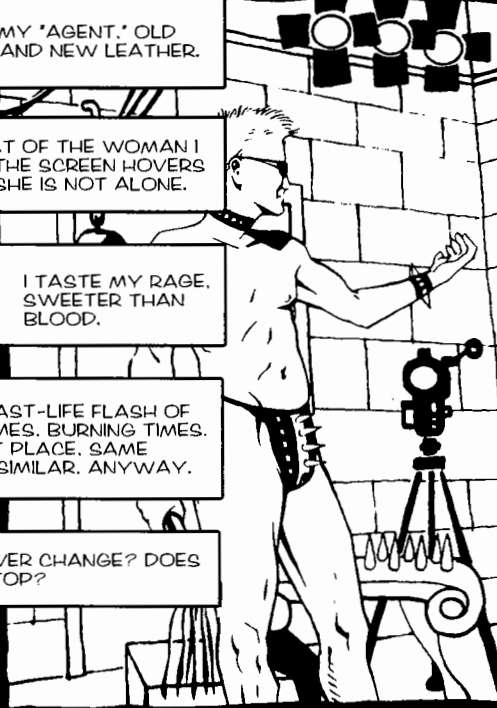
I SMELL MY "AGENT." OLD BLOOD. AND NEW LEATHER.

THE GHOST OF THE WOMAN I SAW ON THE SCREEN HOVERS NEARBY. SHE IS NOT ALONE.

I TASTE MY RAGE. SWEETER THAN BLOOD.

I GET A PAST-LIFE FLASH OF OTHER TIMES. BURNING TIMES. DIFFERENT PLACE. SAME DEVICES. SIMILAR. ANYWAY.

DOES IT EVER CHANGE? DOES IT EVER STOP?



OH MY GOD!!!!

NO! NO! GODIN-HEAVEN JESUSCHRIST NOO!!!

RAGE!

RAGE!

RAGE!!



RAGE!!!!



I LOST A GOOD PAIR OF BOOTS. GOOD JACKET, TOO.

FILM BURNS WELL. VIDEOTAPE CRINKLES IN THE HEAT. THE PERVERTS WILL HAVE TO GET THEIR JOLLIES SOMEWHERE ELSE.

DAMN THING IS, THERE WILL BE SOMEWHERE ELSE.



SIRENS. TIME TO GO.

FORGIVE ME, SISTER... BETTER ME THAN THEM.

BETTER THE QUICK DEATH WITH NO ONE WATCHING.

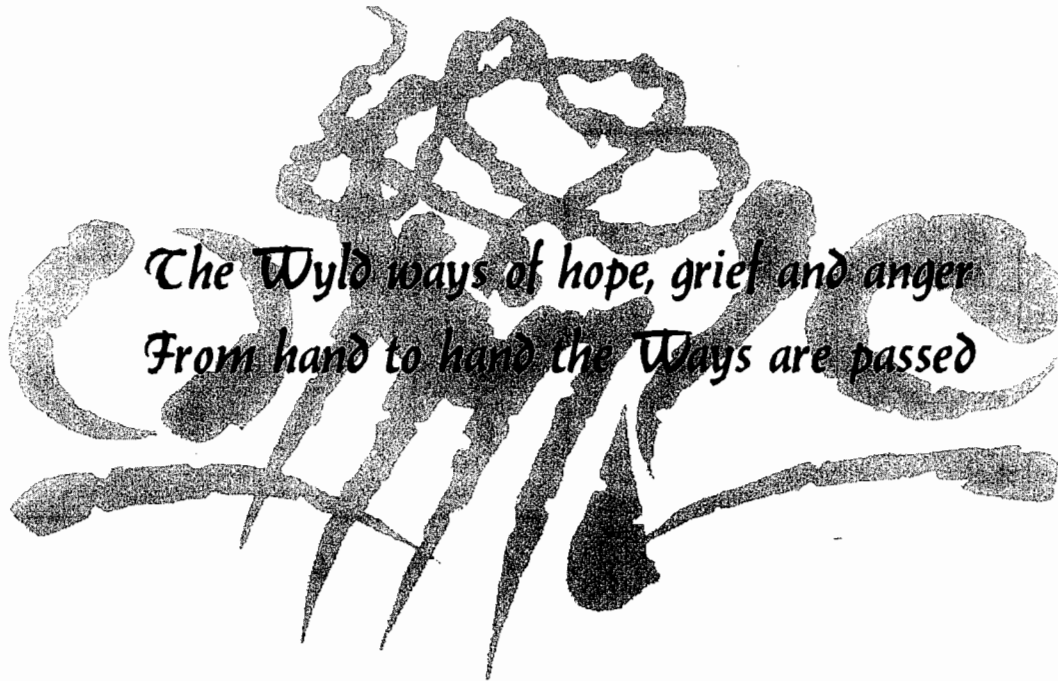
HOW MANY, MOTHER? HOW MANY MORE...



# BLACK FURIES™

TRIBE BOOK

*Blood of the Sisters, Rage of the Mother*



*The Wyld ways of hope, grief and anger  
From hand to hand the Ways are passed*

*By Phil Brucato  
with Judith A. McGlaughlin*

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## Dedications

To Cathi, Jane, Jennifer, and Shadow

## Author's Note

Some of the subjects and sentiments expressed in the book are pretty strong. I make no apologies for this. Anything less would be a disservice to the characters and an insult to the audience. Though the world of the Black Furies is fictional, the specter of violence against women is not. Thousands of women are beaten, raped, and killed each day worldwide, often by people they love. If you have suffered such abuse, you are not alone. If you have not, someone you know may have. Stand up, speak out, and offer your hand to those in need. Silence and "propriety" help no one.

# BLACK FURIES™

TRIBE BOOK

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# Introduction: The Lessons Begin

*Every woman ought to be filled with shame at the thought that she is a woman.*

— Clement of Alexandria

*Better to die on one's feet than live on one's knees!*

— Dolores Ibarruri

Arrogant pup!

Look at you, your soul still bleeding from your First Change, the scars of your Passage Rite still fresh, decked out in your leather and steel and ready to join the Furies, the ass-kicking bitches of Gaia's vengeance!

Beware, little sister. That way lies the Wyrn.

Violence for its own sake is the province of the Red Talons and the Get, not our tribe, and they are closer to the Wyrn than they know. The Wyrn feeds on their unfettered Rage, and he laughs.

Our Rage is pure, the slash and howl of the wounded mother, not the senseless carnage of the glory-seeker. We Black Furies serve life above all, for sisters are the bearers of the future. Hatred, simple Rage without focus, is the gateway to the Wyrn. We kill to defend or avenge, but our

true path is to protect, to nurture, to teach. Even if the Apocalypse is upon us, we must bring forth the seeds of the future. Otherwise, everything goes down in blood with nothing the better for it.

I know the pain in you, the stinging slaps and Rage of blasphemy, of women raped and children beaten. The hand of the Patriarch is heavy, and the Wyrn guides that hand through fearful Scriptures. Our Mother knows your pain all too well.

Sit down, little sister, and listen. You have much to learn, and unlearn. Our lore, our legends. Sit down, little sister, and keep an open mind. Everything you thought you knew is wrong. Everything you felt within you, unspoken, has been right all along.



# Chapter One: ΣΕΛΕΙΝΕΙΟΙ ΑΔΕΛΦΟΕ (Sisters of the Moon)

*There was a time when you were not a slave, remember that. You walked alone, full of laughter, you bathed bare-bellied. You say you have lost all recollection of it, remember... You say there are no words to describe this time, you say it does not exist. But remember. Make an effort to remember. Or, failing that, invent.*

— Monique Witting, *Les Guerilleres*

The young Fury bristled from her elder's rebuke, tossing her spiky black hair from her eyes and raising her chin to meet the elder gaze for gaze. The elder chuckled. The youngster reddened. "I am not your enemy, little one," said the elder, "save your Rage for the Wyrmspawn."

The young Fury crossed her arms defiantly and remained standing, despite the elder's invitation. "Sit down, sister," the old one repeated, "I have much to tell you."

"I'll stand, thanks," the young Fury retorted. The elder shrugged; "So be it. Your legs, your loss..."

...

## *The First Days*

*Anger can be seen as a response to an attack; very few men are in positions where they can afford to directly confront their attackers.*

*Men's anger, then, becomes twisted and perverted. It is threatening to recognize the true source of his rage, because then he would be forced to recognize the helplessness... of his position. Instead, he may turn his anger on safer targets — women, children, or still less powerful men.*

— Starhawk, *The Spiral Dance*

In the First Days, the balance stood firm in the hands of the Goddess. Life was never easy; let no one tell you it was.

Pain, sickness, and death have ever walked in hand with joy, health, and life. Such is the Mother's way. Without thorns, the rose loses its sweetness. But in those days there was balance. Man and Woman stood together without anger, without hate, for mutual survival. Man, closer to the earth, hunted and built with the strength of his arm and the power of his spirit. Woman, closer to the Mother, tended, taught, and strove with Man to bring forth and guide new life. As it is with all other animals, so then it once was with humans.

Men do serve a purpose, you know, beyond the spreading of seed. The Wyld was strong in those days, and I need not remind you how deadly the Wyld can be.

It is said that in those First Days, the Mother, in her aspect of Artemis the huntress, transformed a pack of black she-wolves into her personal servants, that she might pass on to the humans the mysteries that only Women share. These wolves were our foremothers, and they spoke only to Woman. Man saw this, and was jealous.

In ancient times, Man bent his knee to Woman, believe it if you will, and his heart burned with envy to see Woman befriend the wolves. The Wyrn seized on that envy, and visited Man, teaching him the secrets of seed and womb. As the Wyrn feasted on the jealousy of Man for Woman, Man's strength was turned against his partner and the peace was lost. With his great strength and natural aggression, Man quickly turned his hand from survival to conquest.

His tyranny lashed out not only at his partners, but at all the Wyld. The Wyrn delighted in his new ally and set Man about the task of raping both the bodies of Woman and the souls of the Mother. Despairing at the destruction, the Huntress of the Moon appeared to her she-wolves and transformed them into the First Daughters, into Garou. Passing to them human names, powerful fetishes, and the full mysteries of Womanhood, she charged them with reining in the fury of Man, and teaching him the fury of Woman.

The First Daughters passed among the humans for many years, and their wrath grew strong. Isthmene, the Warrior and the fairest of the pack, and Euryale, the very first Daughter, urged that Man be punished, beaten back down to the feet of Woman. But Helena, the Wise One, saw correctly that Man's fury, so chained, would only grow and erupt again. Balance had been lost, balance must be regained. Medusa, the Artisan whose Rage froze men like stone, sang songs of battle for Isthmene. Stheno, the pack Mother, urged compromise; limit the spread of Man and thus limit his power. So did the First Daughters join the Impergium.

I see you recognize the name of Medusa, and maybe Euryale and Stheno as well. Gorgons, Man called them, and built up myths about them in his ignorance.

The First Daughters, it is said, walked the Earth for long lifetimes. They kept their watch and taught Woman their secrets at revels and feasts. They chose males both human and wolf as lovers and gave birth to threescore children, the



Second Daughters. From them, Man learned again to respect the power of Woman, as the ancient tales of goddesses show...

• • •

"Oh, please," sneered the young Fury, "spare me the fairy tales!"

The old Fury's lips curled in a snarl, and her scalp bristled. "Don't roll your eyes at me, sister!" she snapped. "You still think too firmly with Man's logic. Listen, do not judge!"

The young woman shrugged, and the elder's eyes blazed. "Stop smirking! This is high lore, child, not back-fence gossip, and deserves to be told as such!"

"Whatever," muttered the youngster, crossing her arms. The elder continued, but her tone betrayed her anger. Battle lines had been drawn.

• • •

The Wyrn gnashed his teeth and bit his tail in fury. His poison poured into the hearts of Man, and bitter struggles arose. Many human women fled the cities of Man to build cities of their own. Some of the Second Daughters joined them there, and the Wyrn fed them poison, too. The earth screamed as blood of Woman, Man, and animal spilled in floods, and the Mother's fury grew.

The First Daughters were long-lived but not immortal. As age overtook them, Wyrn-tainted heroes of Man slew the mothers of our kind. In wrath and despair, Artemis sent Incarna — Pegasus, Owl, Unicorn, Panther — to aid the Second Daughters. Christened the Black Furies, the Second Daughters spread across the known world. For many years the council of wise Helena was forgotten, and the War of Rage, battles with other tribes, and our custom of slaying male children, held until recently, kept our numbers low, while the children of Man multiplied and passed on the Wyrn-taint.

That Wyrn-taint poisoned many of the Garou as well. As our foremothers traveled, they met tribes where females were treated with disrespect. They made war with those tribes, as we still do. The hatred between the Furies and the Get of Fenris remains a wound in the Mother's side, festering still. The strength of the Fianna, Get, and Shadow Lords has kept us from the Northern areas of Europe, even in modern times, and any incursion by them into our homelands has been met with claw and fang.

• • •

## The Patriarch

*In childhood a woman must be subjected to her father; in youth, to her husband; when her husband is dead, to her sons. A woman must never be free of subjugation.*

— Code of Manu, the "first man"

*Patriarchy is indeed a male neurosis.*

— Judith Pierce

The elder Fury paused in her tale, an ancient hatred kindled in her eyes. The younger Fury sensed Rage rising. Despite her full-moon pride, the young Fury backed away slightly from the heat of that Rage.

• • •

From the Middle East came the Patriarch, the most insidious plot of the Wyrn, under many names in many forms. The bloody-minded Patriarch ripped the souls and battered the bodies of Woman in the name of his male gods. The Patriarch, the Incarna of jealous man and servant of Abhorra, the Urge Wyrn of hatred, promised Man limitless power. For the sake of that power Man gladly bent everyone around him to the yoke of the Patriarch. Though the Patriarch's prophets spoke of kindness and good intentions, they crushed Woman beneath laws of ownership and myths of sin.

Taught from the first that they were to blame for the miseries of the world, the women of the Patriarch wrapped themselves in cloaks of shame. The Furies raged, seeking to tear the cloaks from their sister's shoulders, but the spirits of Woman were crippled as the Patriarch, in his myriad forms, rolled across the lands of Europe, Asia, and Africa. It has been said that the Furies led human followers of the Mother, the pagan enemies of Greece and Rome, in their many attacks against those lands. To our shame, the pagan hordes turned to the Patriarch even as they conquered their foes, and the Furies allowed it. A brief alliance between the Get, the Fianna, and our ancestors is said to have come to an end amid the ruins of Rome.

Over the centuries, the face of the Patriarch changed and spread, bringing oppression and denial with each new creed. Yet beneath it all, the Goddess could not be wholly denied. The cults of the Patriarch tempered their hatred with the names of love and forgiveness, and the worship of the Holy Mother infused their litanies. Some Furies, finding solace or merit in some of the teachings of the Patriarch, sought to save the best of those beliefs and spread the old ways in a new guise. Others rejected the Patriarch entirely and led rebellious Woman in dances beneath the moon.

When Rome fell, the Patriarch faltered for a time, though his ideas remained strong. Again to our shame, we Furies grew complacent, feeling that women who chose the Patriarch's ways were beneath contempt. As we abandoned the cities of Man for the Wyld, a war of ideas racked the lands of the Patriarch, and crusades between his cults ravaged Europe and the Middle East. I have heard rumors these wars were fed by our sisters, some of whom used

deception to manipulate Man against himself, and I believe them.

During this time, the Turks invaded our homeland, and many Furies turned to battle the conquerors alongside human allies. We gained many concessions from Man during these times, which may be why Greece was spared the horror of the Burning Times.

## The Burning Times

*Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.*

— Exodus 22:18

*All wickedness is little to the wickedness of a woman.*

— Kramer and Sprenger, *Malleus Maleficarum*

*We need not fear that women will do what they cannot do...*

— Christine Pierce

From the beginning Woman has shared a close mystic bond with the Goddess, and from the beginning Man has feared and envied that bond. As the Patriarch warred for the souls of humanity, his priests turned a difference of belief into a crime punishable by torture and death. Woman's ways, called witchcraft by some, fell under the gaze of the priests. Every manner of evil was laid at the door of the "witch," and no woman was safe.

Many of our Kinfolk and human friends did indeed practice witchcraft. But as the Burning Times began, Man punished Woman for everything he wanted and could not have. The evil of that time, the sickening outrages, blasphemies, tortures, hideous perversions... There are not words for the carnage, the suffering of thousands of women murdered screaming in torments we can never conceive. Angü, Urge-Wyrm of Cruelty, rode high in those days. Those times are a stain on the souls of Man forever!

We Furies were slow to shift our attentions to this sacrilege, and it was far too late when we did. The Inquisitors had grown strong, and were prepared for the worst we could do. Many of the witch-hunters had battled vampires, and were more than ready to take the fight to us. The Wyrm rode beside them, and gave them powers to battle us. Worse still, it is said the Get of Fenris aided the witch-hunters against us out of spite. I have no idea if this is true, but one can never trust the Get.

We fought back at first, but for all of our Rage, we were outnumbered. Our tribe, never strong in numbers, fell before armored men with silver weapons. Our Kinfolk, our charges among the humans, and thousands who had nothing at all to do with us, were hunted, tortured, and burned. The Patriarch's cups ran over with innocent blood. Men died too, but it was Woman who suffered worst in the Burning Times.

The Sisterhood was born during the Burnings; a network of Furies, Kinfolk, and sympathetic humans who freed and protected Woman from the hunters. It smuggled women into Greece and other lands beyond the horror, but many

would not leave their homes and fell beneath the torture and the stake.

The witch-frenzy lasted nearly three hundred years, and cost untold thousands of lives. Our tribe was laid waste by the time the witch-frenzy had run its course. It is not easy to admit helplessness, sister, but we were truly helpless in those dark times. Remember this when you think of rending the Veil, of letting yourself be known for who you truly are. Of all the tribes, the Black Furies have learned most painfully what all out war with the humans means!

When human explorers sailed to America, we Furies followed as soon as we could. The mangled souls from the Burning Times still haunt our home continent. I sensed them on my journeys through Europe years ago, and never have I felt a sadder thing.

## The New World Gamble

*Remember all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the Ladies we are determined to foment a Rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any Laws in which we have no voice, and no representation.*

— Abigail Adams, a letter to her husband John

*Depend on it, We know better than to repeal our Masculine systems.*

— John Adams (his reply to the above)

Rage is ever our blessing and our curse. As white settlers spread across North America, many of our foremothers and Kinfolk went with them, fleeing the insanity in Europe. To our shame, we battled the Wendigo and Uktena for the right to settle on their lands, raising caerns to the Mother, building towns for our Kinfolk, and breeding with the native wolves to revive our tribe. Though free from the taint of the Patriarch, many of the native peoples still placed Man above Woman, and we naturally objected. It is easy to say now that our ancestors were wrong, but deeds were done that cannot be erased. Sister, remember in the future to respect our native cousins and avoid our past arrogance. I have my differences with the Wendigo, but they are noble allies.

Free at last in an unspoiled land, our foremothers swore never to repeat their mistakes. It is said that packs of our sisters moved south to settle near the great river named for the Amazons, but many remained in the north. At the Finger Lakes in New York state, we retook a powerful caern from the Wyrm, and pledged there a new beginning for Woman. Never, in this land, would we allow a horror like the one we had fled. The Patriarch might batter at the heart of this new land, but by all the blood of our tribe, he would not take it!

In the years since, we have grown close to our human Kin and encouraged them to stand up for themselves. The powerful spirit of this land has fed Woman's urge to be free. With a stronghold in America, we Furies were able to



rebuild our tribe and stake a claim in the Wyld before it was entirely overrun. In the deepest forests on Earth, we keep the peace for the Mother once again.

Unfortunately, the exodus brought about a split in our tribe, one that festers to this day. Many Old-World Furies have long disdained their American kin. Even today they see us as traitors, while American Furies regard the ancient traditions of the Temple of Artemis as hopelessly outdated. We present a united front to the other tribes, but there remains a tension within us that I, for one, regret.

## *The Finger Lakes Oath*

*Three things trust and cherish well,  
The horse on which you ride,  
The beast that guards and watches,  
And the sister at your side.*

— Mercedes Lackey, “Threes”

Have you ever seen the sacred Mother’s hand print at Finger Lakes? You must, sister; all Furies must, for the heart of the twentieth century was birthed there. The spirit of Gaia, of Luna, Artemis, Hecate, Selene — am I confusing you? Never mind, I’ll explain — the Mother infuses the very ground, the air, the endless water of Finger Lakes Caern. It is said that the Mother Herself scooped the Wyrn out from the land and hurled him away, leaving Her hand print in the earth. Even if it is not “scientific” truth, it is a wonderful story!

As I was saying, our foremothers swore an oath at Finger Lakes that the Furies would guide Woman in this new world, and that we would watch the hand of Man and take an active role in his doings. When American women, dissatisfied with the old ways and old roles, came together to demand their freedom by right and law, we advised them, guarded them, and sometimes, in the night, avenged them. Our sisters across the world followed our lead, and the lot of Woman improved in the world, if only slightly....

...

## *The Modern Era*

*Fill us with the Light.  
Give us the strength to understand,  
and the eyes to see.  
Teach us to walk the soft Earth as relatives  
to all that live.*

— Sioux Prayer

*Fight, dammit, fight!  
Kill the damn bastards!*

— Shanna the She-Devil, *Savage Tales*

“Improved?!” The young Fury snorted, “Oh, bullshit! Child abuse, wife beating, rape, harassment, this is improvement?” She snapped to her full height, scorn etched across her face. “Elder or not, you’re full of crap, a toothless old wolf gone soft!”



The elder scowled. "You're interrupting me."

"This is garbage," the pupil spat, "and you're no Black Fury, just a babbling old fool!"

There were gasps and growls around the fire. Several listeners edged into crouches. Rage coiled in the darkness, but the young Fury stood firm, daring the others to strike at her. Or to agree.

The elder only laughed, a bitter, barking cackle that lashed across the clearing. In the shadows, another Fury joined in, then another, and the youngster trembled, humiliated, as her sisters mocked her. "Sister, sister," crooned the elder, "You have much to learn... Haven't you listened to anything I've said? No one said that things were good or right. I only said that they were better!

"Our Rage is just, sister, it is just. But heed the lessons of what we lost before. Rage unfocused is Rage lost. Now shut up and let me finish..."

During World War II, the Nazis overran our homeland. Many Furies joined the Sisterhood in a covert war across Europe. We Garou learned a great deal about fighting against modern weapons during the war, but the lessons were expensive. The Get, the Fianna, the Silver Fangs, and the Shadow Lords all took a beating in the war. While they licked their wounds, we cemented long-standing treaties with the Children of Gaia and Silent Striders to remake the western world in a way more to our liking.

Some of our sisters would gut me for saying so, but I think the tribe was enriched by its alliance with the Children of Gaia. The Rage that has undone us at so many turns was tempered by the Children, and through this we have become more productive. With their help, we worked our way into the legal and political workings of this country. Soft words and favors when possible, claws in the night when need be. Many of those secrets we taught for so long are now common knowledge. Woman holds political and social power for the first time in centuries, and our voice is spreading world-wide. Simple Rage would never have accomplished this, sister. Patience has its place, even for werewolves.

...  
"Patience, my ass!" snarled the youngster. "I don't believe I'm hearing this..."

The elder leapt the fire in a sudden blur; her teeth ripped into the skin of the young Fury's throat, drawing blood, cutting off breath.

"Don't. Interrupt. Again!" the elder growled, her jaws locked around the young Fury's windpipe, her shift to Crinos too swift for the eye to follow.

After a moment, the youngster relented and the elder let go. The two werewolves locked eyes. Another few moments passed, and the youngster turned away. The elder returned to Homid form and lightly touched her pupil's shoulder. "We are not enemies sister, remember that. As I said, you are right to Rage..."

...  
*No matter how high up a sheep climbs, it will never get beyond the killing floor.*

— Nancy A. Collins

We are not Man's equal, and never have we been Man's slave! We are the daughters of the Goddess, inheritors of Her power, Her wisdom and Her wrath. We bleed the blood of life. We are the carriers of destiny, the bark, the roots, the very tree of life itself. It is sacrilege for Woman to bow to Man, to unwillingly feel his hands on our legs, our breasts. Better, by far, that we should feel his Manhood quivering between our teeth!

Sad to say, our own sisters have sold us out — humans, and even Garou, who buy the lie of Man's superiority. Greed, fear, and simple stupidity carve out scars across the Mother's face, and many women bear the blame. When we battle our own sisters, in the streets and boardrooms or at the barricades, Man grows stronger and the Wyrms laughs.

So few, it seems, can feel their birthright, feel the pull of their own divinity. For every woman who joins us on the picket lines or under the moon, a thousand sit on their asses or cringe under some bastard's hand. Like sheep, they offer their throats to the Patriarch and hand him a dull blade.

In the world's few Wyld places, we wage a desperate battle for the sacred earth. Of all Garou, we Furies feel the loss of the Mother's forests most bitterly. It was our charge,



our sacred purpose, to keep these places safe from the hand of Man, and we have failed.

Despite the blood of countless sisters, despite the protests, speeches, and outright battles in the street, the cowardly Patriarch shields his groin and spits in the face of Woman. Our blood spills out onto the bride-pyres in India, onto battlegrounds of Bosnia, onto darkened streets the world over. Man fears us, young Warrior, and in his fear he lays waste to everything around him.

Man is a deadly fool and we must not repeat his mistake. We must control our Rage, channel it, use it to slip free of the Patriarch's chains. There have been too many chains in place for too long to shatter them by Rage alone. With patience, we have loosened them over time...

Goddess help Man when we get free...



# Chapter Two: ΤΡΟΠΟΣ ΚΥΚΛΟΣ (The Way of the Circle)

*Wisdom is the supreme part of happiness, and reverence towards the gods must be inviolate. Great words of prideful men are ever punished with great blows, and, in old age, teach the chastened to be wise.*

— Sophocles, *Antigone*

The elder's eyes reflect hard-earned wisdom. "You need to learn control, and respect as well," she says. "You are right to Rage. You are wrong to interrupt!"

The young Fury stood silent as the elder paused to drink from a cup. Off to her sides, she watched the other Furies who had gathered to listen, who had mocked her and watched her defeat. As her wounded pride throbbed and her throat stung, she ached to pay the old one back in kind.

The others, she knew, would take the elder's side in a fight, and her new life would be over before it began. Some other tactic, some more subtle confrontation, would have to do.

"It is said," the young Fury said as the elder put aside her cup, "by some young Garou, that the old ways and traditions are a waste of time, and that we'd all be better off if we concentrated on the here-and-now than on a bunch of old stories." A low growl rumbled off to her left, and the elder

gazed at her dangerously. "So it is said by some," the young Fury finished.

"Would you agree?" The elder's tone was offhand, but the look in her eyes was menacing.

"Maybe," the younger replied, crossing her arms and meeting the elder's gaze.

"Warrior, warrior," the old one sighed, "your moon-sign becomes you! Surrounded, outclassed, outnumbered, but rude all the same. You'll make a fine warrior, sister, a great warrior," her voice dropped suddenly, "as soon as you learn to shut up and think!"

The others laughed again, and the youngster stood confused, caught off-guard by the sudden praise and abrupt rebuke. The elder took the opportunity to take another drink, then continued.

...



## The Passing of Wisdom

You see now the difference between the old and the new ways, and the schism that divides our tribe. Old baggage like me, the crones of our people, hold on to history after our claws have dulled, while young — pardon the expression — maidens like yourself carve out new paths with the same old questions. I was the same when I was younger, and you'll have the same problem instructing some other young hellion, assuming you live long enough.

History's important, child. From history comes culture, and our culture is our strength. Without it, we would spin in rudderless circles until the Wyrms dragged us screaming off to hell.

## Kuklos (The Circles)

*Man, confronted by woman, does seem to feel, variously, frightened, revolted, dominated, bewildered, and even, at times, superfluous.*

— Dr. Wolfgang Lederer

*We are each Virgin huntress, we are each Great Mothers, we are Death Dealers who hold out the promise of rebirth and*

*regeneration. We are no longer afraid to see ourselves as her daughters, nor are we afraid to refuse to be victims of this subtle Burning Time.*

— Morgan McFarland, from *Drawing Down the Moon*

As you've said, there are those in our tribe who have lost sight of the balance between young and old. The old-world traditionalists cling to our rites like a lifeboat, while many of our youngsters figure they have nothing to learn that they can't teach themselves. Silly rifts over philosophy, ritual, the roles of Man and the Goddess, have split our tribe into kuklos, or circles. Most of these camps are friendly to each other, but some are armed to the teeth against their sisters except in the face of an outside foe. When our backs are to the wall, we Furies will fight like a thousand Get for our sisters, but put too many Furies in a room together and sooner or later the door will come flying off, usually aimed at some fool's head!

The great American experiment caused more friction between sisters than a thousand years of struggle against the Patriarchy. American septs will cooperate with their Old World sisters, and vice versa, but not without some name-calling and such. I think some of the Old-World types are jealous of us here, but then I'm prejudiced.

Many Furies will not even go to South America, Africa, or Asia, so those lands are often left to the Freebooters, the Amazons, and the Order of the Merciful Mother. I met a Fury from the Congo once, but I have no idea what group, if any, she belonged to.

I see by the blank look on your face that you haven't heard of any of these camps, so I'll fill you in as best I can. I would recommend you visit some of our sisters in these kuklos. They could tell you far more than I.

## The Amazons of Diana

*Every part of the earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people.*

— Chief Seattle

The Amazons of Diana protect Woman and Wyld, and frequently travel across the world to stamp Man's face into the mud. Most come from America, where women are raised to be more self-reliant and aggressive. Many are active in American or Canadian politics, siding with our human sisters to lift the Patriarch's yoke by law or claw. There are, however, groups of traveling avengers who seek out pockets of the Wyrms or the Patriarch and fight them at their own doorsteps. Glory is the Amazon's province, and her peril. I was once a follower of Diana, and frankly, I was fortunate to survive my travels. The life of an Amazon is glorious indeed, but very, very short. If this is the path you choose, I wish you luck, strength, and courage.

## The Amazon Speaks

And you let him do this to you? You silly bitch! You disgust me, the lot of you, coming in with black eyes and broken arms, crying on our shoulders and telling us how much he loves you! Wake up, dammit!

Who are we, anyway? You wouldn't know, I guess. Call us Amazons if you like, warriors and daughters, protectors in the shadows. If stupid chicks like you would stand up for yourselves more often, you wouldn't need us to scrape you up off the floor. Radical? Look in that mirror. Is there a better answer?

Hey, look, I'm sorry, I know it's been rough. Don't cry... No, on second thought, go ahead... Hey, some friends of mine are having a party tomorrow night. Yeah, kind of a full moon party. I've got some crash space. Maybe we can go talk to them tomorrow...

By the way, where did you say he lived?

## The Freebooters

This house is full of my madness,  
This house is full of my mistakes,  
This house is full of madness,  
This house is full of, full of,  
Full of fight!

— Kate Bush, "Get Out of my House"

The Freebooters span Gaia's Vale searching for artifacts to steal and hide, a long and honorable tradition that began, I have heard, with a group of Furies who stole the treasures of a Greek vampire. More importantly, the Freebooters secure the few remaining patches of Wyld until caerns can be set up and septs established.

Freebooters tend to be young, reckless, and full of fight. More than any other kuklos, Freebooters tend to work outside our tribe, mixing with Garou of all genders for a common cause. Freebooters spit in the face of the Wyrms and live to tell of it more often than the Amazons, I'm afraid, because Freebooters strike quickly and run. Stealth and wit, not force, makes a Freebooter.

Despite the courage of the Freebooters, many Furies, particularly Amazons and Bacchantes (You haven't heard of them, either? Child, what did they teach you in school?), regard them as cowards or fools for their fleet-footed antics. I do not share this view, myself. The Freebooters' way has done more damage to the Wyrms than a thousand pitched battles, and serves the Veil better, as well.

## The Freebooter Speaks

No, you're not hallucinating. I wasn't here a moment ago. Heh heh heh...

Darkness is our friend, girl, and don't you forget it. Screw that damn-the-torpedoes crap. That'll get you killed, make no mistake! Class, girl, class and style will get you a lot further than playing Indiana Jones. The jungle's full of killers, and the trick

is to be one of them. A good trap works better than a banzai charge.

Shhh! Check out Elmer over there. Elmer as in Fudd; you ever watch cartoons? Well, this ain't a cartoon, and when that trick goes, Elmer there won't be just getting up and walking away.

Nasty, huh? Now aren't you glad I was here? Could've been you...

## The Order of Our Merciful Mother

It is forbidden to decry other sects. The true believer gives honor to whatever in them is worthy of honor.

— A decree of Asoka, Emperor of India

The Order of Our Merciful Mother is the group I spoke of earlier, the sisters who turned the Patriarch's own words against him by fighting faith with faith. They have taken the best of the Patriarch's godspeak and put it to practice helping those who suffer. While some Furies regard the Order as an affront to the Mother, I have seen the good they do. As I said before, we must nurture as well as avenge.

The sisters of the Order, many of them metis, set up ministries in less developed countries or urban industrial centers where humans raised in the Patriarch's faith must still be taught the Mother's ways without outward sign of conversion.

The Order has also used the power and trappings of Man's religion to secure caerns against industrial "development." Without the Order ministering to the poor by day and hunting our foes by night, the Wyrms would hold a firmer grip than he already does. The numbers of the Order are slight, but their faith is strong.

## The Sister Speaks

I see that you noticed my hands. No, I have become used to three fingers, having had a lifetime to do so. You are kind to be concerned. So many of our blood are not.

We carry the Mother's word to those who would not otherwise listen. Their senses have been sealed by the god of Man, and they cannot appreciate the tang of sap on a clean breeze or the cry of our animal kin in the Wyld. Their slavery has become a darkness, a self-made darkness, and it is our task to lead them from it.

No, I do not believe it is a thankless task. The glimmer in the eyes of a woman discovering the true secrets of the Goddess, the truth behind the lies she has lived for so long, is worth the vows and the sweat and the soul-ache I feel when we see our charges die. So many die out here. The land is harsh, and the people too numerous to feed. A few less men out here makes a great difference...

There are other compensations for our work as well...

## The Sisterhood

I am a secret agent  
Of the moon...  
Celestial subversive  
Con-spiritual  
Spirita Sancta  
Holy  
Holy  
Holy  
And then some  
And I have friends.

— Barbara Starrett, from *I.D.*

I mentioned the Sisterhood earlier, the European network of Garou and Kinfolk who safeguard many of the caerns and cities of the Old World. They are more tolerant of American Garou than most Old-World Furies, and, along with the Moon-Daughters, are among the most tolerant in practice of all Black Fury camps. Many male Kinfolk hold high positions in the Sisterhood. The founders recognized long ago that accomplishing goals such as securing property rights and negotiating with human institutions would be difficult, if not impossible, in Europe without men. Claws in the darkness are not always the best solution to a problem, though some Furies would disagree.

The Sisterhood dates back to the Burning Times, when Furies fled the Patriarch's clutches and even the sternest Garou pitied the human women caught in Man's hate. Like the Underground Railroad during the American Slave Age (which, it is said, we Furies helped to guide as well), the Sisterhood smuggled Kinfolk, humans, and Garou away from the Inquisitors and into safer lands, though few lands could be called safe during that hideous time. The Sisterhood bought or otherwise negotiated the purchase of many sacred sites in Europe. More recently, the Sisterhood spread to Africa and Asia. There, wealthy groups or sisters buy land to set up wildlife preserves, but this is a new thing, and faces a hard road.

Kinfolk play an important role in the Sisterhood, more so, perhaps, than in any other *kuklos*. The Sisterhood fought as partisans during World War II, and have a warrior tradition going all the way back to the Burning Times. Sisterhood Kin are more skilled in combat than many Garou. Most human Sisterhood Kinfolk practice minor magics, and have a local reputation for sorcery. The locals call them *strega*, an ancient name for witches. Lupine Kinfolk guard sisterhood outposts and caerns, and travel with the circle's charges. European vampires and rival Garou know better than to trifle with the Sisterhood!

### The Strega Speaks

*You do not speak the language of our homeland? Why is it that you Americans limit yourselves so? I could speak three languages by the time I was twelve. Well, no matter. You have...*

*property... you wish to dispose of? Yes, I know where we may take it.*

*No, I am not Garou, but any sister of the homeland knows the value of our work here. We deserve no less glory than you, though the moon does not flow so deeply in our veins. We have our magic also, and we battle the Kallikantzari — the vampires. I killed my first when I was fifteen. Do not underestimate your Kinfolk, sister.*

*Yes, it is a pretty trinket. You say it came from the Tremere? Good. Anything out of their hands is a blessing to Artemis. Where will I take it? Sister, with all respect, that is not your concern. Trust that it will be safe.*

## The Temple of Artemis

*The mortal is mad who sacks cities and desolates temples and tombs... his own doom is only delayed.*

— Euripides, *The Trojan Women*

The Temple of Artemis sits at the far end of tolerance. Traditional to an extreme, the Temple reveres the old ways to a degree that even I find hide-bound. Still, the Temple-Keepers are the backbone of our tribe. They speak the old truths and seek the Mother's wisdom. Despite their mystic bent, the Temple-Keepers are fierce warriors and keen hunters, each one skilled with the sacred bow of Artemis. Even the oldest (and the Temple-Keepers often live long lives) can outshoot the best human archer or chase a deer across miles of wilderness. Still, much of a Temple-Keeper's time is spent in ritual, training, or meditation. If you find me antiquated, you'll find the Temple hopelessly prehistoric!

For centuries, the Temple has set the policy, such as it is, for our entire tribe. In the last century, the rising tide of American informality and independence, coupled with the physical and cultural distance between the continents, has put the Temple on the defensive. In my view, the Temple of Artemis could do with new blood and new ideas, but, conversely, newer packs of Furies could learn much from the Temple and its ways before dismissing it out of hand. It is said that the Mother takes mortal shape among the Temple-Keepers and advises them face-to-face. You may make of that what you will, but I believe it.

### The Priestess Speaks

*Hold the arrow. Feel its weight, sense its purpose in the sharp point and feathered quills. We are the arrows, warrior, bent and fired by the will of Artemis.*

*She hunts on two feet, or four feet, or on wings, and her prey never escapes. We Furies are only a pale shadow of the Goddess. Think of yourself as her arrow. That should keep you from thinking too highly of yourself. Like arrows, we are tripartite. Like the metal point, we are human. Like the fletch, we are animal. Like the shaft, we are of raw nature, shaped by the Goddess' hand.*

*Remember the arrow when you let fly your Rage. Aim true, and do not falter.*

## The Moon-Daughters

*I come to you with strange fire, I make an offering of love.  
The incense of my soul is burned by the fire in my blood.*

— Indigo Girls, "Strange Fire"

The Moon-Daughters are another mystical sect. Although they share much with the Temple, the Moon-Daughters and the Temple often work at cross-purposes. The Temple of Artemis is the keeper of the past; the Moon-Daughters are the bearers of the future. Their rituals are spontaneous, their traditions subject to constant challenge and change. Moon-Daughters often guide human New Age and pagan groups and work closely with political action and consciousness-raising groups, male and female. Moon-Daughter Kinfolk often practice Woman's magic and keep wolf Kin as companions.

The Daughters are the product of the American spirit, more egalitarian and accepting than most Fury sects. Male metis hold higher ranks among the Daughters than anywhere else in the tribe, and male Kinfolk stand near equal with their sisters. The Daughters work closely with the Children of Gaia, and seek more mystical, less combative ways of solving problems. Still, as with any of our tribe, the Rage of Gaia is the nectar of the Daughters.

Though not as warlike as the Amazons or Bacchantes, Moon-Daughters are as deadly in their wrath as any Furies. It is said that some Moon-Daughters have lupine Kinfolk who can breathe fire, or that they know arcane secrets of spirit-lore even the Temple does not share. In any case, best not to cross these so-called "crystal-gazers." Mother alone knows what they may do...

### The Mystic Speaks

*Reach deep inside yourself, past all that accumulated debris,  
and draw a breath into your lungs. Feel it washing through you,  
cleansing, expanding. Wrap it in your soul, pull that primal howl  
from your gut. Open your throat and let that howl loose!*

*Doesn't that feel better? We'll do it together. Our voices can  
move mountains, our howls reach the moon. You don't have to  
a wolf to feel the inner howl. The howl is Woman's birthright.  
We howl with agony and joy at the birth of our children, with  
bitterness at our betrayal, with rage when we are slighted, and  
with delight when we may finally be ourselves.*

*Within this circle there are no secrets, we have no lies and we  
need no masks. Within this circle, we are one, and the Goddess  
is with us.*

*Let us howl with her...*

### The Bacchantes

*Possessed though I am, I shall for once emerge from my  
frenzy.*

— Euripides, *The Trojan Women*

Ah, yes, the Bacchantes. I had forgotten them, hadn't I? Have you learned the tales of the Wild Women of Greece,



said by man to be the followers of a male god, Dionysus? Wild dancers who frenzied under the moon and tore living animals and people apart with their bare hands? No? Pity.

The tales are, of course, somewhat incorrect. The Bacchantes exist, but male gods had nothing to do with their activities. Not all are Garou, or even Kinfolk, but most are. Bacchantes — also called Maenads — are the Mother's wrath personified; Woman the destroyer, Woman the primal killer. Kali, Lillith, Pele, Tiamat. Under any name, the wrath of Woman cannot be denied for long.

The Goddess channels her Rage through the Bacchantes, more so even than through most Furies, and they revel in that Rage. Bacchantes gather in their moots to celebrate Gaia's fury with strong drink, natural drugs, and ecstatic dancing. Their wild rites leave even Red Talons dumping their bowels in terror. The Temple of Artemis has had its hands full over the centuries guiding the Wild Women, but even the most conservative Temple-Keeper must secretly admire the Bacchantes for the purity of their Rage and their closeness to the primal pulse of Gaia.

I have never known a Bacchante at a time when the Rage was not upon her, so I have no idea what they are like away from their revels. It is said that Bacchantes are not so much an organized camp as an elite fellowship chosen from the ranks of Woman. Many Bacchantes doubtless belong to the other Black Fury kuklos as well. Perhaps you yourself may be chosen by Gaia to join this mysterious fellowship. You certainly have the temperament.

## The Bacchante Speaks

*That's it, wet yourself, you shitty little wretch! How proud is your prick now, you raping bastard? Big, tough man like you! Any last words? You're full of good words when you want them. Where are they now?*

*Too many drinks? That's a great excuse, a wonderful excuse! I've had too many drinks myself, and I'm feeling a little crazy, but it's crazy in a good way, and I think I'm gonna have me some fun tonight! Come on, bud, let's party! You like to party, don't you? Aw, look, I think he's gonna cry...*

*Shoe's on the other foot now, isn't it, you foul little excuse for a pathetic turd? Come on, big boy, let's see how tough you are... Look at this, he is crying! Big boys don't cry, do they? Guess you're not such a big boy after all...*

Not all Black Furies belong to these *kuklos*. Many do not. Just the same, knowing about these camps may serve you well some day.

## Aspects of the Mother

The young Fury finally looked interested. The Rage in her eyes dimmed, and the elder was pleased to see it. The old one reached for the wine at her side and passed it to her pupil, who took it with a grateful nod. The others around the fire whispered to each other of their approval.

"I hate to ask a stupid question," said the youngster when the ritual was finished, "but you mentioned Artemis, and Luna, and a few other names as well. Isn't Gaia our Goddess? Isn't Gaia the 'Mother' you mentioned?" She tensed her shoulders, expecting a sarcastic barrage from the crone, but the old woman merely smiled.

"Let me tell you about the Goddess," she said...

○ *Earth-Mother, Thou of uncounted names and faces, Thou of the many-faceted Nature in and above All, Nature Incarnate, Love and Life fulfilled; look favorably upon this place, grace us with Your Presence, inspire and infuse us with Your powers; by all the names by which You have been known, O Earth-Mother.*

— Hasidic Druids of North America, *The Druid Chronicles*

Gaia is our Goddess, the All-Mother of living things and special patron of the Garou, but Gaia has many faces and aspect. It is through Her sister, Luna, also called the Moon, that we can better know Gaia. Luna sheds light upon the mysteries of the mother as she does the cycles of nature. She reveals a three-fold incarnation of the Goddess. Each of the three aspects summons forth a different aspect of the moon, life-blood of Garou and the shaper of our destiny.

Artemis is the hunter, the Virgin Goddess, while Selene is the Mother, the full moon pregnant with possibilities. Hecate, the Crone, is the name given by some to the dark avenger of the night. Humans called her the patron of witches, and many modern Garou and Kinfolk, the Moon-



Daughters in particular, feel drawn to this aspect of the All-Mother.

Maiden, Mother and Crone are aspects of the Goddess incarnate in Woman, the shard of divinity that Man covets. Ours are the keys of the cycle, birth, death, and rebirth. All aspects of the cycle are present in the moon, in the Goddess, in Woman. This is the first of the Mysteries that Artemis taught our foremothers, and our foremothers taught human women.

And what, you may ask, has this got to do with killing? Death, too, is part of the cycle, and, to many, the Black Furies are the agents of death.

## Children of the Furies

*Your children are not your children.*

*They are the sons and daughters  
of Life's longing for itself.*

*They come through you but not  
from you,*

*And though they are with you  
yet they belong not to you.*

— Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*

Killers, avengers, mothers, protectors. The Furies are all these and more. Yes, of course we're mothers! Did you think that we divided and spawned like cells? More than any

other tribe, I think, the Furies know the value of our children. All Garou are precious, even males.

Once we slew our male children, whether out of hate or ritual I do not know. This, I have heard, stopped during the Burning Times, when each new Black Fury kept our tribe from extinction. Since then, we have given male children or metis pups to other tribes or Kinfolk packs to raise. Many male Children of Gaia, Silent Striders, and Stargazers have the blood of the Furies in their veins, and male Kinfolk, both human and wolf, make good studs for future generations.

Motherhood is perhaps the greatest joy of Woman, and our greatest burden. It's certainly the hardest to explain. Hard as pregnancy may be for born warriors to accept, the quickening of new life inside you, the ecstatic agony and joyful terror of giving birth to a new being, of carrying it within and forcing it through yourself to gasp its first breath, all are sensations known to Woman, and Woman only. Man's greatest envy is that he cannot bear life, only end it. Some sisters forswear bearing children, and such is their right, but as one who has brought three daughters into the world, I can say there is no greater thing.

Because of our endless war, we rarely care for own daughters, giving them to the care of Kinfolk or worthy humans. You were one such, born to the descendants of a Fury's male child some three generations past. Yes, we've been watching you! The trials our children face prepare them for the hard life of Garou.

Our tribe is small. Warriors above all, we cannot simply sit around and breed! So female Kinfolk are in many ways the futures of our line. Before the Burnings, many Furies insisted that only Garou Furies would make fit mothers. But now our Kinfolk often mate with suitable Garou, and the children they bear, if female, are raised as Furies.

And what is "suitable," you ask? We have a rite, which you will learn in time, to determine which men are most likely to carry good seed. From this rite, we often determine our mates, and the fathers of our children, for what that is worth. No, I don't hate men, child, but I personally have met few who were good for much more than breeding stock.

## The Breeds

*The tribe to which this sisterhood belongs I have seen not, nor know I what land can aver that it rears such a race with impunity, and has not afterward to repent of its pains.*

— Aeschylus, *The Eumenides*

We are the best of all worlds, sister, wolf and Woman in one. As a Homid, I know it will take you time to get used to the idea that many of your sisters never saw a cradle or watched cartoons. You know our breeds, do you not? I see you do. Lest you become convinced that our breed is superior, let me tell you of the three breeds, three more faces of the Goddess in our tribe.

## Lupus

The wolf is our sacred forbear and our tie with the divinity of our birthright. As we are guardians of the Wyld, we are bound to hold the wolf in greater esteem than other tribes do, especially the thrice-cursed Glass Walkers! Those of the lupus breed are no less valued by Gaia than we born of human Woman, and they perhaps, to Her, may be more worthy of love. No wolf dumps toxic wastes in Her oceans, eh?

## Homid

We homids bear the guilt of the stain we have created on this world, but we have our advantages. Our culture and our language serve us well, and our adaptable nature confounds our enemy. The Wyrms would have a much easier time of things if we had no cars, computers, or guns! Besides, I for one would become bored by a lifetime without books, paintings, or music!

## Metis

The spawn of mated Garou have a miserable lot. I pity them, though many Furies do not. In our homeland, the state of the spirit is said to be reflected in the state of the body. Perhaps the spread of these bastard outcasts reflects the inner corruption of all Garou. How else could there be so many of them in these final days?





Male metis are doubly condemned, being both male and deformed and that much further from the Goddess. Whatever you do, little sister, never inflict this kind of living horror on your child!

...

## Joy

The old Fury paused, thought for a moment, and shook her head. "It is so easy," she said, "to see all that is wrong, to stare perpetually into darkness. Is this, you wonder, a Fury's lot, to smolder forever at the pains of the world, one step away from fiery Rage? Is this, you may wonder, all there is to our lives?

"I wonder these things, little sister, even if you do not. I wonder about them often."

She motioned to a lanky woman off to her left, a Fury with a wooden flute in her hands. The musician nodded and began a slow, moody song, its cadence matching the leaping of the flames. A she-wolf with a white-streaked muzzle began to croon softly as another woman began to slap a slow-tempo rhythm on her bare legs. The pack joined in, and the elder began to sing.

The young Fury set up a counter-rhythm, and the drummer picked up her pace. The flute and voices quickly took on a frenzied air, and power gathered in the leaping shadows. The women began to clap, to smile, as the elder sang

unknown words in a foreign tongue, motioning the others to go faster. As she reached a crescendo, the elder let out a wild yell, and her sisters yelled with her. As the sound died away, the elder smiled. "There is more," she said, "so much more, if we choose to see it."

...

If we were to dwell in anger, as do the Get, our tribe would boil over and explode with its own wrath. Of course we have our celebrations, our games, our tribal recess. Life would be intolerable otherwise!

What do the Furies enjoy? What brings a smile to a killer's jaws? Music, for one thing. Song is the Goddess' gift, and one all Furies love. We have songs for everything, but the best song, I've found, is the music that wells from the soul when the heart is pained. It's no accident that some of the most joyful music our world has seen flows from places where sorrow hangs heavily on the Mother's children.

The bond of sisterhood, our eternal family, is a powerful source of pleasure. Our children are a joy to us as well, a fleeting happiness made more precious by their brief time among us. Walking the Wyld, feeling the Goddess' touch with every sense, brings an ecstasy non-Garou can never know. Carry the memory of this pleasure with you when you go into battle. Its sweetness will remind you what it is you fight for.

# Ritual

Of all Garou, we Furies share perhaps the greatest love of ritual. Our ties to the Mother, closer than even most other Garou, bind us to Her seasons, and we reflect this in our rites. Joyful or somber, our rites are celebrations, thankful tributes to the goddess.

Our rite is not the stuffy affair of Man's church, where you were dragged when you were little to squirm on hard wooden benches. Our rite is a spontaneous song, or the passing of a cup, or a proud battle boast. Games, plays, tall-tale tellings, anything that brings us together in the Mother's bounty is a rite to the Garou.

Long ago, we taught human Woman our rites, and she took her holidays home with her. Ancient cultures, more in tune with nature's flow, adopted our rites. Even the Patriarch had to acknowledge them, though he changed their names and twisted their meanings.

Even our most modern sisters have rites for everything, though they tend to be more spontaneous than the rigid ceremonies of the Temple of Artemis. Generally, we gather in circles around a bonfire and begin singing and howling, adding drums and other human devices if anyone can play. The rite leader, called a *Mystae*, (and yes, for our pack, that's me) weaves the skeins of song together into a tapestry of praise. Some more traditional septs divide into *Strophe* and *Antistrophe*, two sections of singers, at the *Mystae's* command. This is a human embellishment, but an ancient one. In more modern rites, three or more chorus may counterpoint each other. All of this will come in time for you.

## Choros (Moots)

*When the full Moon shines on all below  
heed not wind nor weather,  
we'll dance the dance that the Men don't know,  
Sisters dancing together.*

— Leslie Fish, "Sisters Dancing Together"

For centuries, we have invited human women to join us under the moon, in informal moots we call *kuklochoros*, or circle-dances. At these *kuklochoros*, we teach them the secrets of the Goddess and help them find Her within themselves. When the Burning Times swept the land, these dances were called witch's sabbats, and the women who joined us were tortured horribly for consorting with "unholy beasts." Man, as usual, was jealous of what he could not control. Today women join us freely at these dances, at least in America. Woman still fares badly in other countries, and does not share our freedom, such as it is.

*Ulaka megaleis*, or grand howls, are for Furies alone. The grand howls are long, deeply emotional events. For days we build power through challenges, rites and debates. At the peak of the *ulaka megaleis*, we burst into a wild revel to send

our power back into the night. Even a wolf my age may dance like a pup when such power flows through her!

The hunt, the *kuneigeseon*, is a tradition from ancient times. It has, if anything, more validity today than it did in days past. When we discover a man who has committed some gross crime against Woman or the Mother, we seek him out and take him with us. At the start of the *kuneigeseon*, we set him free. After a revel, we hunt him down. His blood feeds the Wyld, and his death feeds the cycle. Finding such men these days is easy, though abducting them without a trace is not. Still, we remove dozens of blights from Gaia's Vale each year this way.

## Tropos (The Litany)

You know the Litany, do you not? I see by your expression that you're unsure of it. No, child, I will not attack you again. We expect pups will take some time to absorb the pack laws. In time, they will be instinctive.

As you might expect, each tribe, each pack, follows the Litany to their own taste. Each tribe considers some aspect of the law more important than others. Age, for example, is a curse to some Garou. To the Furies, age is power, rank, a testament to the strength of the sister. In becoming one with the Crone, a Fury completes the cycle of the Goddess, the moon, and life. I see you smile! An old wolf like me would make such a claim! But as you travel among the sisters, if you live so long, you will find this to be true.

## Garou Shall Not Mate with Garou

Many Furies break the first of the Laws, the prohibition against sex with other Garou. Contrary to belief, we have not all forsworn the company of Man. The drive of Woman to Man is a natural thing, and not always a bad one. I would advise, though, that you refrain from loving a male Garou. Such unions bring nothing but shame and suffering.

## Combat the Wurm Wherever It Dwells and Whenever It Breeds

We Furies stand in the front line against the Wurm. Any Fury who cowers in His face should be gutted on the spot! Gaia's Vale and the Mother's children are our sacred charges, and no Fury should ever forget this. There are many ways to battle the Wurm, but any Black Fury who flees the fight will fall beneath her sisters' claws before long.

## Respect the Territory of Another

As I told you earlier, many Old World Garou violated the third Law, that of respect for another's territory, when we intruded on the lands of the Wendigo. The Furies, at least, admit our mistake and now pledge to honor another's hunting ground, provided the other tends it properly.

## *Accept an Honorable Surrender*

Black Furies always accept an honorable surrender, even from a male. Beware, however, the treachery of other tribes, particularly the rabid Get. They hold no honor, so expect none from them.

## *Submission to Those of Higher Station*

Respect and honor are a Fury's lifeblood, and you'll do well to remember this in future. Rank is not so much a matter of station as of plain manners. Constant interruptions, my sister, may be fatal!

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

## *Respect for Those Beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia*

Elder or pup, Maiden, Mother, or Crone, all are equal before the Mother. We are all sisters here. As I said, rank is a matter of respect, not of station. We Furies ignore these Laws. Other Garou do not. When in doubt, err on the side of caution.

## *The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted*

Remember always the horrors of the Burning Times. Carry them with you. If Man were to Rage again, we would be his first target.

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

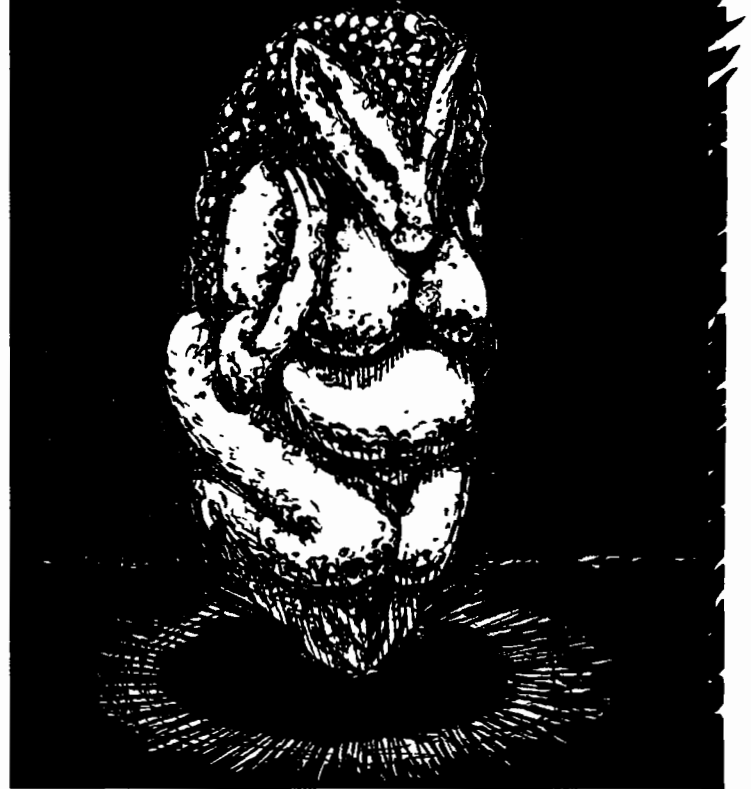
To attain great age is a Fury's greatest triumph. Crones are the teachers and the passers of the ways — much as I've been teaching you tonight. In age, we become one with the final stage, with death. Some day, though not any time soon, I will carry myself away from here and rejoin the First Daughters. So it is with all our sisters.

We take care of our own as much as possible, but some wounds may not heal. We put crippled sisters out of their misery and mourn them later. We do this for Kinfolk and human women as well, if their wounds are deadly or their corruption too deep. Better our claws than the Wyrms' poison or Man's hand!

## *The Leader May Be Challenged At Any Time during Peace, Never during War*

I cannot stress too heavily the importance of respect within our tribe. The leaders must listen to their packs, and the packs must respect their leaders. Without this devotion between sisters, our tribe would have fallen long ago.

Challenges within the tribe should be handled peacefully, though they often are not. We should always avoid



shedding a sister's blood. The blood of others, however, is a different story.

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

If I ever met a Black Fury who had defiled a caern, I would throat her slowly and bloodily. Any Fury worth the name would do the same.

## *The Councils: The Outer and Inner Calyx*

The affairs of our tribe are overseen by two packs of leaders, the Outer and Inner Calyx. A Calyx is an earthenware vessel, a jug to put things in. The Goddess channels Her will through the Calyx, and it imparts this will to us. So it is said...

The leaders of the Outer Calyx are chosen much like human Popes, supposedly by lot and merit, actually through rank and influence. Politics and werewolves make for grim whimsy, sister! This conclave sets tribal policy (or at least tries to!), mediates disputes, and secures supplies and aid for tribes in need. Leaders have their uses, I suppose, but a werewolf parliament has always struck me as just plain foolishness!

I have no idea what the Inner Calyx does. Its motives and purpose are secret, even to most elders. Artemis used to visit it long ago, they say, and speak through the body of a living oracle. If this has ever happened, it has not happened in some time. Some Fury elders wonder why...

## The Sacred Treasures

*Bring me my broadsword  
and clear understanding,  
bring me a cross of gold  
as a talisman.*

— Jethro Tull, "Broadsword"

Some say it has to do with the Sacred Artifacts. You remember the tale of our foremothers? It is said that Artemis entrusted the First Daughters with five artifacts, five objects that defined the Daughter's purpose and carried great magical power. The Inner Calyx reputedly guards these artifacts in our homeland, but these great fetishes haven't been used in centuries. Some say the objects were broken. Others, stolen. In any case, the Inner Calyx has not answered our questions.

## The Sacred Charge

*Look out, look out again, cast your eyes in every direction lest the matricide should have escaped us by stealthy flight and should go unpunished...*

— Aeschylus, *The Eumenides*

The young Fury sat quietly by the fire, her hostility calmed. The elder watched her indulgently, an aged mother reconciled with a prodigal. As the others watch, the two share another drink. As the bonfire crackled and sweet wind stirred the trees, a red-haired beauty tilted back her head and howled to the Mother Moon. A thin wolf, crouched beside her, joined her, and the whole pack, homid and lupus, began to sing the Song of Peace.

As the howl faded away, the elder continued...

•••

We bear the future in our bellies, in our hearts. Ours is the cycle, ours is the blood, the bond, and the sacred charge. We are the slayers of the cruel, the avengers of the weak, and the protectors of the Wyld. Wolf and Woman, Maiden, Mother, Crone. We are the Black Furies, chosen of the Goddess!

We are Vengeance! May the Wyrms tremble!

## The Five Treasures of Artemis

Our thanks we give,  
O Huntress, Wyld Shade,  
Moonshine Maiden;  
Given to us these tokens five,  
seal of birthright, bond of pledge;  
The Cloak, that Daughters may  
confound the eye of Man;  
The Salve, that Wise Ones might  
anoint the wounds of sisters;  
The Bridle, that Mothers may  
rein in the Wyld in us;  
The Loom, that Artisans may  
weave tapestries of wisdoms;  
The Bow, that Warriors might  
strike down the foes of Nature.  
Thanks be, Sacred Mother,  
Blessed be, Sacred Friend.



# Chapter Three:

# Καλυμμο

# Γαίης

# (Gaia's Dale)

*Oh, life is a glorious cycle of song,  
a medley of extemporanea;  
and love is a thing that can never go wrong;  
and I am Marie of Romania!*

— Dorothy Parker, *Comment*

"I don't imagine," said the elder to her pupil, "that you know much of the Wyld, being city-born as you are."

"No," the young Fury admitted, "Outside of a few camping trips with my family, I've never really spent much time in the woods." She glanced about. "It's... wild..."

The others laughed, but it was a hearty laugh, not mocking. The youngster laughed as well...

The old Fury slowly raised her arms, a sweeping gesture that encompassed the night forest; its branches rustling softly, its shadows flickering with half-hidden life. "The Wyld is more than Paradise to us," she said at last, "it is as much a part of the Black Furies as the hearts beneath our breasts..."

...

## The Wyld

*You offered me an eagle's wing  
That to the sun I might soar and sing  
And if I heard the owl's cry  
Into the forest I would fly  
And in its darkness find you by.*

— Loreena McKennit, "Samain Night"

The Wyld is beyond description, a torrent of sensation in the heart of tranquility. Once you have seen it, Man's cities lose their luster. Gaia flowers in her fullest youth and coldest splendor; life and death enmeshed in the eternal cycle.

I have walked the winding trails and felt dead brush and living earth beneath my paws. Wyld is the hunger of a newborn bird and the stink of a rotting carcass, the brush of leaves against your skin and the dew-jeweled spider's trap. I have breathed the tang of green water and felt ticks in my hair and fur. A hawk snatches its kill in midair, while below ants war over rotting flowers. Wyld is the chuckle of a stream, the rustle of the wind, the fallen oak and the tender sapling, the canyon's abyss and the desert silence. More colors than the mind can name, more scents than the heart can fathom. My ears, then, are full of sound, and I am one with the Mothers' hand.

Have you walked barefoot in the glens and felt the soft kiss of dew-wet grass? Have you seen the dart of a fish catching its morning meal in the mirrored pond? Has your soul capered at the sound of birdsong, or frozen at the cat-fight scream? The whispers of the Wyld are all around us, sister, but Man has walled them out, and all that's left is plastic dust.

Wyld is Mother's womb, Maiden's playground, and Crone's resting place, the ecstasy of life and the passion of death. Feel them all in the bonfire's breath and the hum of the mosquitoes. On Earth or in the spirit realm, Wyld is the Goddess, and we, her handmaids. It is a great thing to be a Fury.

## Life Out Of Balance

*You can't just let nature run wild.*

— Gov. Walter Hickel, Governor, Alaska

But as the Weaver goes mad, she spins the Wyld out of being. The Wurm vomits his poisons upon Gaia. Man, always out to prove his superiority, is all too eager to help. You know the sharp tear of broken glass and the rusty slash of rotting metal. Look around you; even far from the cities the woods are littered with beer cans and shattered bottles. Even here, we smell the sewer reek. This is not life and death; this is sacrilege.

The Wyld is dying. Man is killing Her.

...

## Man

*Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.*

— Genesis 3:16

"What about men?" Asked the young one. "I mean, I've met some real bastards, but I've known good ones, too. And I'm not sure if... well, women have... never..."

The red-haired Fury burst out laughing. "Goddess, girl, we're not all dykes!"

The elder chuckled. "Despite popular misconception, the Black Furies do not all forsake the company of Man. For all his brutish, stupid, jealous ways, the bond between a Woman and Man is as natural as that between a she-wolf



MAN

and her mate. The male wolf simply knows his place better than the human!"

The pack roared with laughter, then quieted as the elder continued...

...

We have every reason to hate Man. The catalogue of his outrages against us would fill the Abyss. Across the world in recent years, Man's fear of our rising power has led us into open war with him.

But even if Man were faithful to the Goddess, he would still have no place with us. Our way is the way of Artemis, the Virgin huntress, and her purity is our own. We shun Man for his weakness, his place in Gaia's shadow, not for his crimes. Naturally, we could all hardly remain virgins! Our tribe would've died out long ago! For practical reasons, we need Man, both wolf and human, to help carry on our line.

## Male Companions

*And I have loved you and hated you  
all of my life*

— Theories of the Old School, "For Giving"

While many of our tribe choose sisters for companions, this is neither fair nor natural to all Furies. Though we are forbidden to mate with male Garou, some Furies seek out male companions outside the tribe. In times past, a sister

would be cast out for such an offense, but these are liberal times, and more pragmatic. Our leaders still take a dim view of such relationships, feeling (and rightly so!) that they risk the safety of the pack. But many simply demand the sister be discreet and careful in choosing a mate, never forgetting that her duty lies outside the bedroom.

Man can be kind, gentle, respectful, and understanding. Like a dog, he may be a faithful companion, but will bite, and bite hard, if he feels himself wronged. Sadly, his confidence is so fragile that any hint of his weakness is often enough to bring him to homicidal rage. Man makes a good lap-dog, but far too often has rabies, and must be put down for his own good.

In the end, the choice is yours. Man is not evil by nature. The Wyrms, however, is only footsteps away from his heart.

## The Others

There are other haunters in this world, sister. You may know their names, but I wager you haven't yet seen their faces. If you survive the bitter years ahead, you'll grow to know them all too well. Some we Furies count as allies. Others, we would sooner die than call friends.

## Vampires

Vampires do exist; pawns of the Wyrms, many of them. Any good Garou would throat them on principle. But war makes strange bedfellows, and I have known vampires I would trust sooner than some Garou; certainly more than a bloody Get!

Vampires have tribes, much as we do. From what I've heard, they trace their lineage through the blood of their sires. Though they are powerful, we can beat the young ones in a fight. They're crafty, though, and live for centuries if they're lucky. The old ones can best the most powerful of Garou, and you'd be lucky to die quickly if you met one! If you meet a vampire, drop him hard and kill him fast!

I have heard of one vampire tribe, called Gangrel, who once shared battlefields with our people centuries ago. In the myths of the Norse, our Northern tribes called themselves Valkyries. Some women among the Gangrel went by the same name, and the two fought bitterly until they found a common enemy in the Get of Fenris. I have heard some Furies even call these Leeches "friend." More fools, they!

As I said, if you meet a vampire, attack first and ask questions later.

## Mages

Our Kinfolk are not the only ones to practice magic. Though their numbers are small, true sorcerers exist. Beware them, sister! A real mage's power is great. I have heard the strongest of them can bend reality at a touch. Fortunately, they are rare.

Most wizards are cowardly, grasping creatures who raid our sacred caerns for the foul Wyrms' magic. Only two tribes (yes, they have tribes, too!) have the Furies' favor. Those-Who-Walk-With-Dreams know the old ways, the ways of Gaia; and the Mother has Gifted them with Her magic. I have known shamans of this tribe, and I trust them. The second tribe call themselves Verbena, and we share a common persecution.

During the Burning Times, our foremothers forged an alliance with these Verbena for mutual protection. The Patriarch's madness drove the Verbena underground, and our tribes crossed paths in the cellars of the Sisterhood. Since then, we have kept reasonably good relations with this tribe. They know the power of Woman and follow the paths of the Goddess.

There is a third tribe I have encountered, a reeking bunch of Wyrmspawn! They call themselves Euthanatos, and there is nothing good about them. Their name may be Greek, but we have nothing in common with these monsters! Kill them if you meet them.

## Wraiths

I've already told you about meeting the spirits of dead women in Europe. I was not exaggerating; ghosts are real and disturbing to encounter. The ones I have seen exude a loneliness that makes the heart quiver. They did nothing to harm me, and I don't know if they even could, but I pity the soul of anyone, Woman or Man, who achieved such a state. Their lot must be miserable indeed.

You accused me earlier of being a toothless old wolf. After my warnings here tonight, I'm sure your opinion stands firm! But if I seem, perhaps, protective, it's only because I have seen so many eager Warriors charge headlong into needless death. We are few, my sister, my daughter, and every one of us is a buffer between the Mother and the Wyrms.

...

## The World of Man

As the moon reached the mid-point of her arc across the night, the elder paused and glanced at two women beside her. "It will be time, soon," she said. They nodded, stood, and walked into the darkness. "You'll understand in time," the elder explained as the youngster looked on in bafflement; "A very short time."

Then she continue, as if nothing had happened...

...

## The Wyrms and the World

*Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!*

— Percy Bysshe Shelly, "Ode to the West Wind"

The Wyrms tightens his grip on the world even now. In the Amazon, our sisters battle filthy hordes of Banespawn. In Central America and the Middle East, Fury packs rise against the Patriarch. In North America and Europe, we struggle alongside women who see their hard-won rights threatened by greedy politicians and masses fearful of change. In the East, in the Orient, something is rising that withers the land and puzzles our allies. We're a busy lot, sister!

## The Amazon

Have you heard of Pentex, the giant corporation that embodies the worst in Man? In the Amazon jungles, Pentex wages an all-out war on the Goddess, dumping toxic waste and hewing the trees like weeds. Its Wyrmspawn allies carry weapons of all kinds, mystic and material. Our sisters and kin have joined the battle, but at great cost. You will doubtless be asked soon to lend your strength to the Amazon war, but I caution you, daughter, take care. Too many seasoned Garou have perished in the Amazon. I advise you to wait until you have more combat experience, if you join the fray at all. A young sister like yourself could win great glory, but would more likely win a painful death.

## The Third World

In other parts of South America and in the Middle East, the Patriarch stands strong against Woman. In those lands, a woman who stands up for her rights may be beaten or killed, while society and the courts wink in acceptance. There, Woman imprisoned is Woman violated, and Woman wed is Woman sold. In India, a sister may be burned to death simply because her father is too poor to provide a wedding price. This madness will not continue!

All over the world, Woman, human Woman, has mounted the barricades to protest the tyranny of Patriarchy, the "divine right of Man." In daylight, we support their efforts whenever possible. At night, packs of Amazons and Merciful Mothers prowl those lands, instructing Woman and... chastising Man. Fear may teach Man what reason cannot.

In Africa, the Order maintains missions to the starving, and raises caerns to cleanse these miserable lands. Some packs, I have heard, enforce a small Impergium there, though they do it without tribal consent. The Freebooters and Amazons carve out Wyld places from the jungles and mountains. It is said we have sisters in the Congo whose caerns date back for centuries. I have also heard we keep protectorates where animals thought to be extinct still roam. Anything is possible.

## North America

*Not to be sexist or anything, but it's amazing how much abuse a woman will take.*

— "Slash"

*It's about time that women learned that they are predators, not prey.*

— Diamonda Galas

I believe the term is "feminazi," a popular media term used to describe Woman when she dares to stride from the kitchen and demand her due. Such an amusing phrase. The man who coined it should avoid the Wyld, I think...

This is the problem in North America: Although Woman's lot is better here than in many other nations, Man wages a shadow war in which rape, abuse, and insult are substitutes for outright oppression. We have tried to bring human society into line, but our limited success breeds the resentment that Helena, Wise One of the First Daughters, foresaw millennia ago. If there is hope for humanity, sister, if the future begins anywhere, it is here. But the fight is long, and difficult. So difficult...

In Alaska, a greedy government threatens our wolf-cousins with extinction. Any man with money may prove his manhood at the expense of our lupine kin. The Furies, and indeed all Garou, have vowed to prepare a memorable reception for any wolf hunters we may find...

## Europe and Asia

In our homeland things are quiet, but to the North, in the Balkans, the earth screams. The Patriarch rubs his bloody hands as Man's folly fills the streets and hills with the blood of innocents. Most detestable, most despicable of all are the organized campaigns of rape inflicted in the name of "ethnic cleansing." It is said there is even a black market in videotapes of rape and torture. If this is true, Man is utterly beyond redemption!

The Outer Calyx dispatches packs to deal with this newest outrage even now, but there are so many evils, so many atrocities, and we are so few...

In Russia, something brews. No one I have spoken to knows what, but some evil, some spawn of the Wyrms, is loose in the land. Perhaps the Apocalypse is dawning even now. Who knows for certain?

• • •

## Kuneigeseon

*But we who feel the weight of the wheel  
when winter falls over our world  
can hope for tomorrow and  
raise our eyes to  
a silver moon in the open skies*

— Leslie Fish, *Hope Eyrie*

Despair, palpable despair, rose around the fire. The elder's voice was hoarse and weary. Hackles rose on the young Fury's neck as the red-haired Fury and her lupine companion began to howl softly, mournfully. The elder stood, her eyes glowing warmer than the firelight. Her voice grew strong once again, filling the clearing.



"The Wyrm breathes down our necks as we speak! But if the Apocalypse is here, if the final Days are upon us, we are not afraid! We are the Black Furies! The Daughters of Gaia, Children of Artemis, Warriors, teachers, mothers, crones! We stand defiant in the face of Man, the Patriarch, our brothers, and the Wyrm! We are the Mother's Rage, and we are not afraid!"

She turned to the young woman, and took her hand. "You are one with us, sister. Welcome to the pack."

As the fire burned low and the wind stirred the forest, the chorus joined. Each one, youngster and elder, lupine and homid, began to howl a song to silence the wind.

The pack sang the song of Change, and women became wolves. They sang the song of sorrow, and the spirits mourned. They sang the song of Rage, and the forest trembled.

They sang the song of Vengeance, and the two absent Furies released the night's prey. The hunt began.

• • •

Someone slipped the hood from his head; night air bathed his face, and he struggled anew. Strong, slender hands yanked at his gag and blindfold and cut them away. Jesus, it was good to breathe again! John Campbell sucked in fresh air as they cut his bonds, swearing beneath his breath. When he got back into town, he'd go straight to Charlie's place, and there would some *really* sorry bitches come daylight. He turned to curse them out, but they were gone.

In the distance he heard a chilling wail, a baying like a thousand wolves. His heart burned with primal terror.

Two nearby howls joined the cry. John's eyes widened, and he ran.

The forest was an alien thing, battering, slashing. John cursed, stumbling as he ran. From behind, he heard the crash of huge bodies, hurtling through the woods. He screamed, but nobody heard. He wept, but nobody cared.

Eyes glimmered in the moonlight, and two shapes burst from the darkness. Black shapes, dark as sin. Huge wolves with fiery eyes. John stumbled to a halt as the first one, young and sleek, cut in front of him. The second, a gaunt and limping gray-flecked beast, arced off to his left.

Heartbeats hammered in his ears. His body spasmed. His mind went wild.

The gaunt beast glanced at the sleek monster. John swore the young wolf nodded in return. He shrieked as two sets of jaws snapped shut on his arms, one wolf on each side...

On cue, they yanked him between them like a wishbone.

*For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!*

— Lord Byron, *The Destruction of Sennacherib*



# Appendix One: Powers

## *New Black Fury Gifts*

**Owl Speech (Level One)** — Black Furies may invoke the kinship between their tribe and the owls of Athena. This Gift combines the effects of the Galliard Beast Speech Gift and the Philodox King of the Beasts Gift, though it only works on owls. This Gift is common among the Temple-Keepers of Artemis and the Sisterhood. Many of their Kinfolk share this Gift, and new sisters often receive it as an initiation Gift.

**Touch of the Muse (Level Two)** — With this Gift, the Fury invokes the spirits of art and artifice, allowing her to lower the difficulty of any Social Attribute rolls for the duration of the scene. A Gnosis roll (difficulty 8) reduces the difficulty of Social rolls by one per success. The roll itself depends on what the character attempts. A poetry reading, for example, would require Manipulation + Expression, whereas a seduction would involve Appearance + Subterfuge.

**Flames of Hestia (Level Three)** — By spending one Gnosis point and making a Gnosis roll against difficulty

eight, the Fury produces white flames around her hands. These flames purify whatever they touch; cleansing tainted food or water. They will also reduce damage inflicted by radiation, poison, or disease by one level per success. The flames do one level per success in aggravated damage to Banes and fomori if the Fury scores a successful hit while invoking the Gift during hand-to-hand combat.

## *Freebooters Gift*

**Messenger's Fortitude (Level Three)** — As the Silent Strider Gift.

## *Order of the Merciful Mother Gift*

**Mother's Touch (Level One)** — As the Theurge Gift.

## *Moon-Daughters' Gift*

**Moonshadow (Level One)** — With this Gift, a Daughter of the Moon may step sideways using a patch of moonlight. In addition, the difficulty is lowered by one.

# New Rites

## Soothe the Scars

Level Two

Although the Furies pride themselves on their resilience, some cruelties, such as rape or familial abuse, leave deep spiritual wounds. This rite helps survivors heal these wounds. With it, the Furies break down the mental blocks that inhibit healing and channel their own strength into the survivor's own will. The process is painful for both healers and healed. The rite cannot erase the memories of the abuse, but it allows the recipient to heal her own scars completely. Scenes involving this rite should be played for maximum dramatic effect.

## Rite of Teaching

Level Two

This unusual rite is conducted only while in Homid form, in the company of human women. During *kuklochoros*, the Mistress of the Rite passes ancient secrets of womanhood to her human guests. These secrets include aspects of sexuality, childbirth, and contraception, the primal connection of Woman to the land, herb lore, and physical and emotional healing.

## Lupus Rite

### Rite of Pure Breeding

Level Two

This rite allows the Garou to observe a wolf or human of the opposite sex, and determine if he or she will provide certain desirable breeding traits. The Furies use this rite to find likely mates for female Garou.

By spending one Gnosis point and making a roll of Intelligence + Primal-Urge, the Garou may determine if mating with the wolf will produce a particular characteristic. Such characteristics can include a large litter, the prevalent sex within the litter or a higher chance of Garou heritage being passed down. The difficulty is usually seven, but nine for determining if Garou heritage may be passed on. If a wolf does not have the capability to breed for a particular capacity, it never will. However, it may be checked for other desirable traits.

Note that the higher chance does not mean automatic. The Storyteller should decide what the actual chance is of a particular trait being bred, and modify it if this rite is used successfully.

## Temple of Artemis and Moon-Daughters' Rite :

### Rite of the Oracle

Level Two

The group performing this rite chooses one among them to be the sibyl. As the others gather in a circle around her, the sibyl inhales the smoke of burning herbs and enters into a trance, during which she may gain insights from the Goddess. The Mistress of the Rite asks a question, and the sibyl replies enigmatically, but with truth. The Storyteller is encouraged to make the sibyl's answers as cryptic as possible, and players should be left to puzzle out their import alone.

## Totems

Though most Garou associate the Furies with Pegasus, other Incarna favor the tribe as well. The totems below often ally with packs of Black Furies; the Medusae and Themis are exclusive totems, and will refuse any other tribe.

### Totems of Respect

#### The Muses

Background Cost: 5

Some few Fury packs follow the path of the Art Spirits, who grant their chosen gifts of insight and grace. The Muses usually choose a pack collectively, passing their individual blessings (poetry, music, history, etc.) to the most worthy Furies. Muse pack members each gain one permanent point to the Social Attribute of their choice, the Gift Touch of the Muse, and one point in either Performance, Expression, or Enigmas.

The Muses are not to be confused with Awen, the sacred creative impulse. The Muses teach the craft and form of their arts, but they cannot engender the creative impulse.

**Ban:** Muse packs must devote their lives to art and learning. They also work to defend free speech and freedom of expression.

### Totems of War

#### The Medusae

Background Cost: 7

The angry spirits of the slain First Daughters still guide the Bacchantes and many Amazons. Their Children are

terrible in their wrath, gaining Intimidation 4, 1 Glory, the True Fear Gift, and an additional 2 points of Rage. Medusae followers will not Fox Frenzy, only Berserk. Children of the Medusae hate Man with unsurpassed ferocity. Although relatively few, their extremity colors the reputation of the Furies as a whole.

**Ban:** Followers of the Medusae will not tolerate any abuse from a male of any species. Insults are repaid in blood.

## *Panther*

**Background Cost:** 5

Though an unusual totem for Garou, the spirit of Panther guides many packs of Freebooters, Bacchantes, and Amazons. Panther, in her aspects of Great Cat and Black Cat, shares an everlasting bond with Woman: graceful, thoughtful, quick to strike, and deadly in anger. Panther Gifts her children with Eyes of the Cat, and reduces by two the difficulty of all rolls involving stealth, grace, or balance. Most Red Talons and Get of Fenris despise followers of Panther. The Bastet consider Panther packs kindred spirits and may aid their sisters in times of need.

**Ban:** Panther packs must aid felines in distress. Panther also asks her children to gather good gossip for her.

## *Totems of Wisdom*

### *Themis, the Dream-Weaver*

**Background Cost:** 6

The ancient Greeks regarded Themis as a patron of balance and justice, of air and earth. As the balance of the Triad shifted, the Dream-Weaver slipped into the gray area between Wyld and Weaver. Her present Realm is a dream sphere in this middle ground; aid and advice from Themis come only through dreams.

Followers of Themis gain 1 Wisdom each, and one additional point in Enigmas and Gnosis. Galliards of Themis gain the Dream-speak Gift and may also receive prophetic visions (Storyteller's option), although the meaning of the visions will be obscure. Players should interpret the dreams themselves, rather than making an Enigmas roll.

Packs serving Themis must spend much time in the deep wilderness, observing and meditating on the balance of the Tellurian. They oppose injustice whenever they can. Themis is an old spirit; Priestesses of Artemis and more traditional Amazons often follow her.

**Ban:** Glass Walkers will never be chosen by Themis. Too much of the Weaver exists in them.

## *Owl*

Many Freebooters and members of the Sisterhood find a friend in Owl. Many human witches consider Owl a sacred spirit; the name "stirge" or "strega" roughly means "owl woman", and several Gifts are said to come from Owl's friendship with the Furies.



## *Unicorn*

Unicorn packs tend to associate closely with the Children of Gaia. Many of the Order of the Merciful Mother follow Unicorn.

## *Fetishes*

### *Amazon's Labrys*

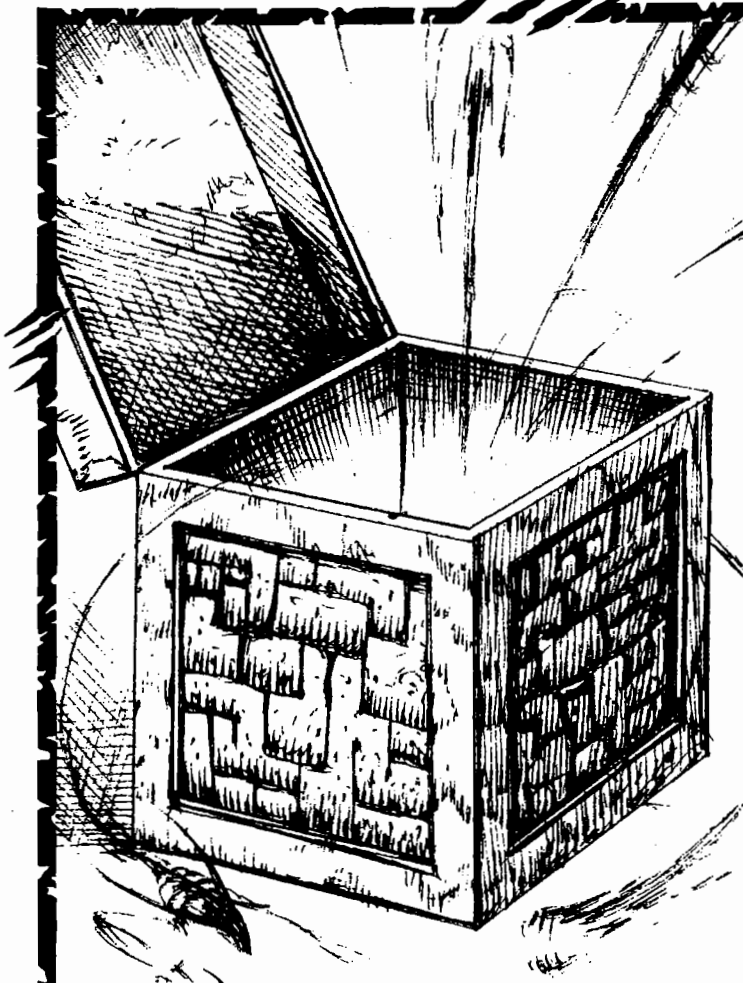
Level 3, Gnosis 6

In addition to doing Strength +4 in aggravated damage, this double-headed axe can invoke the Ahroun Gift Spirit of the Fray when used by a Black Fury, regardless of her Auspice. The wielder must spend the normal cost to use this Gift: one or more Gnosis point(s) per turn. This axe howls like a banshee when used in combat against male foes.

### *Lash of the Furies*

Level 4, Gnosis 8

These ancient whips, barbed cats o' nine tails, are reputedly made from the guts of the Nemedian lion. Only five whips are known to exist, and they are typically used for punishment rather than combat. A hit from a Lash does Strength +3 in aggravated damage, with a difficulty of nine to soak. Wounds from the Lash leave permanent scars. Spirits inside the Lash ferret out the target's guilty secrets on a successful hit, and relay this information to the Fury using the whip.



### *Pandora's Box*

Level 3, Gnosis 6

Sarcastically named for the Greek scapegoat, these Boxes trap hostile spirits. The Fury using a Box rolls the fetish's Gnosis verses the spirit's Rage. Three or more successes will trap the spirit in the box. A Box may contain up to ten

spirits. Spirits trapped in this manner tend to be rather angry, and will attack anything within range when they are freed. Whenever the box is opened, the spirit which has been trapped the longest will be freed.

## *Merits and Flaws*

### *Psychological*

#### *Inner Strength: (2 pt Merit)*

You have the grit of a true survivor. In a crisis, your deep reserve of determination gets you through. Reduce the difficulty of Willpower rolls by two if struggling against impossible odds.

### *Awareness*

#### *Insight: (2 pt Merit)*

You recognize the inner qualities of anyone around you, good or bad, and are not often fooled. Those using Subterfuge or similar deceits against you raise the difficulty by two, and you reduce your own difficulties by two when trying to figure someone out.

Other common Merits and Flaws for Black Furies include:

Berserker, Nightmares (of past abuse), Vengeance, Calm Heart, Untamable, Animal Magnetism, Daredevil, Cursed, Moon-Bound, True Love, and Media, Political, or Underworld Ties.

Intolerance (of men) cannot be taken by a Black Fury character; it is a common tribal trait.

# Appendix Two: Black Fury Templates

Black Furies pride themselves on their role as defenders of Woman and the Wyld. However, it takes all kinds to protect the sacred from assault: street punks, wise old women, violent avengers, etc. Given here are five ready-to-

play character templates for Black Fury characters. Feel free to personalize them a little, as long as the Storyteller approves and beginning character creation rules are followed.



# Street Rat

*...and I don't give a damn 'bout my bad reputation!*

— Joan Jett, "Bad Reputation"

**Quote:** *I didn't like his attitude, so I spray-painted his face to match his uniform.*

**Prelude:** Life's a bitch for a hunchback in an orphanage. The teasing and the nuns were bad enough, but when you found out Father McMurry had a thing for little girls, you were outta there.

You ran away when you were maybe twelve. You may have been a shrimp, but you had enough attitude for six. Running with a gang taught you street survival, but when the guys tried to get too friendly, you were gone. Survivor? Damn straight!

Playing wild child, you raked in with a bunch of headbangers into the black metal scene. Trashing churches was fun, but deep inside you knew those crazy bastards were onto something a lot worse than cheap thrills. You hadn't heard of the Wyrms then, but could still smell it.

Your First Change scared you so bad you huddled in an alley for a week. You probably would've ended up with the Bone Gnawers, but a Moon-Daughter recognized you and tracked you down. She chilled you out and gave you a job and a place to crash. You've still got an attitude, but now you've got a purpose.

You're not real likable, and you really don't care. Your Kinfolk are wolf-blood buddies from the street, and your mentor is a long-suffering Fury fated to house-break you (or die trying...).

**Roleplaying Hints:** Attitude, attitude, attitude. Everyone has a knife behind their back, so watch your own. Religion is your particular sore spot. Hey, life's rough, ain't it? At the surface, you're a stone bitch, but underneath, you're terrified of being alone. Stick close to those you trust and save your worst pranks for those you'll never see again.

**Equipment:** Switchblade, motorcycle jacket, 9mm automatic pistol, flash powder, piano wire, and assorted tricks.





# BLACK FURIES™



Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid  
Auspice: Ragabash  
Camp:

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Street Rat

## Attributes

**Physical**

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

**Social**

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

**Mental**

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

## Abilities

**Talents**

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

**Skills**

Animal Ken 00000  
Drive ●0000  
Etiquette 00000  
Firearms ●●●●●  
Melee Knife ●●●●●  
Leadership 00000  
Performance 00000  
Repair 00000  
Stealth ●●●●●  
Survival 00000

**Knowledge**

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

## Advantages

**Backgrounds**

Mentor ●0000  
Allies ●●●●●  
00000  
00000  
00000

**Gifts**

Smell of Man  
Open Seal  
Heightened Senses

**Gifts**

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

## Renown

**Glory**

000000000000  
□□□□□□□□□□

**Honor**

000000000000  
□□□□□□□□□□

**Wisdom**

000000000000  
□□□□□□□□□□

**Rank**

□□□□□□□□□□

## Rage

●●●●●00000000  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Gnosis

●●●●●00000000  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Willpower

●●●●●00000000  
□□□□□□□□□□

## Health

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

## Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY  
DIFFICULTIES  
AGAINST MEN

## Dagabond

*I take my shoes off and throw them in the lake,  
And I'll be 2 steps on the water.*

— Kate Bush, Hounds of Love

**Quote:** *You should not have come here.*

**Prelude:** From childhood you were an outsider, driven by some wild passion no one could explain. You ran away at fifteen, and scabbled for survival in the woods. Only fortune, will, and an uncanny animal sense allowed you to survive.

You awoke one night surrounded by wolves, but the wolves did not attack. When the alpha rolled on his back at your feet, you knew that somehow your true family had found you.

Your Kinfolk sent for a gigantic black wolf to meet you. The wolf became a woman, and the woman became your teacher. With her help, you underwent First Change and learned about your kind.

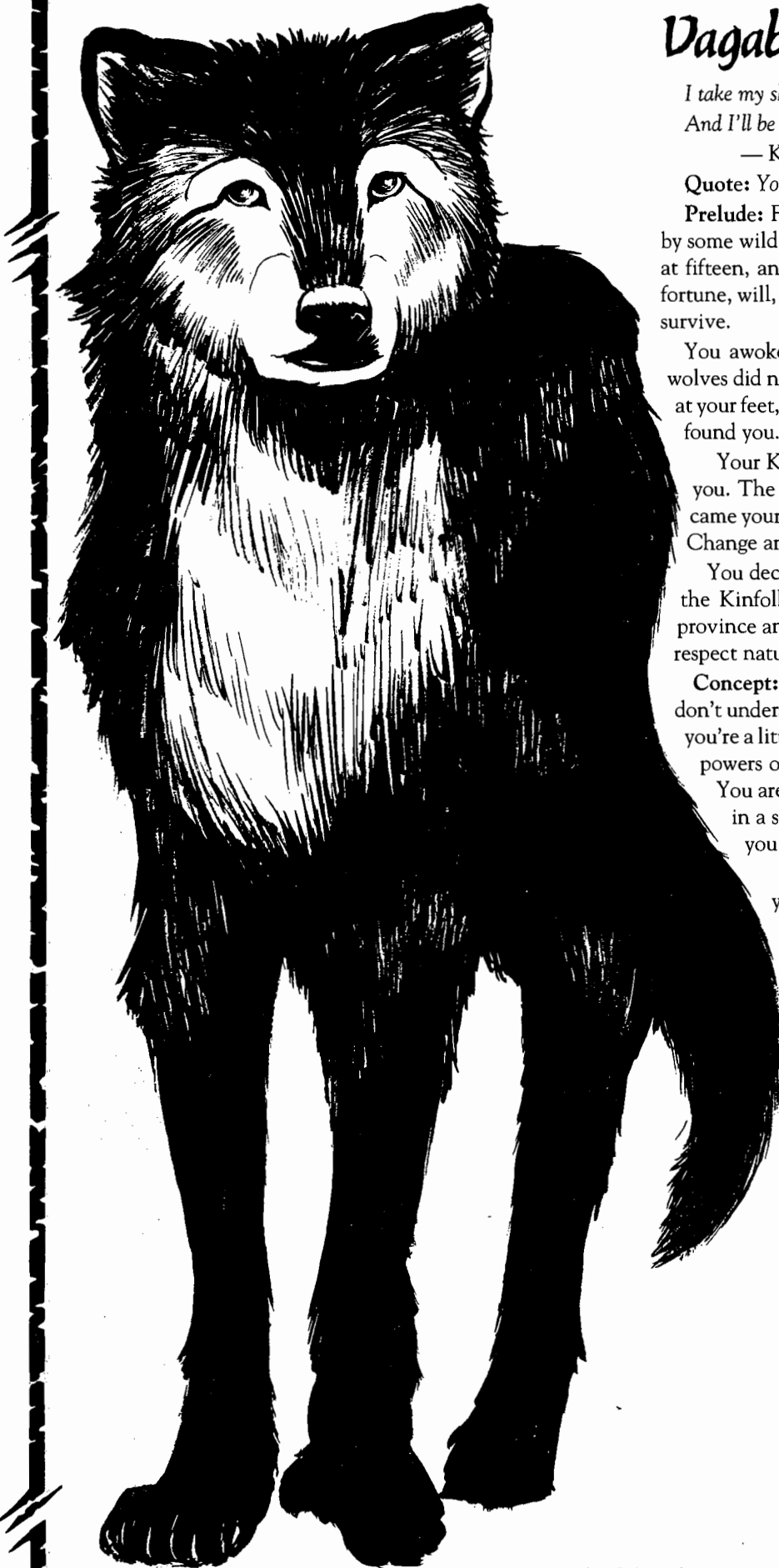
You declined to join the tribe, choosing to run with the Kinfolk pack who found you. The forest is your province and your protectorate. Any trespassers learn to respect nature in a hurry!

**Concept:** A true lone wolf. Spirits speak to you, but you don't understand them yet. Your First Change came late; you're a little unstable and your social skills are nil. Your powers of concentration could use a little work, too.

You are, however, a consummate scout, pretty good in a scrap, and your years in the Wyld have given you insight into Gaia's mysteries.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Though human-born, you are more wolf than most wolves. You prefer to be left alone if at all possible. You accept your duty to your Mother, and might join a pack for a while to serve some greater good. Still, even under the best of circumstances, you remain in the background in social situations and leave the talking to others.

**Equipment:** Survival knife and the clothes on your back.





# Missionary

*Every finger in the room is pointing at me  
I wanna smash their faces then I get afraid  
of what that could bring*

— Tori Amos, "Crucify"

**Quote:** *The Mother has many faces. Why can you accept only one?*

**Prelude:** You knew you had a vocation the day the visions began, visitations from the Mother that only you could see. From the pack that raised you, you learned what it is to be an outcast. In the words of a sympathetic preacher, you learned forgiveness. From your visions of the Goddess, you learned that even metis have a purpose.

The cries of your human sisters brought you overseas, to witness the crawling misery of starvation, filth, and disease. Your hybrid faith — part Christianity, part Goddess-worship — sustained you in the face of despair. For you, the sacred Mother tempered the iron hand of the Father, granting forgiveness through the Son. Shrugging aside the jeers of packmates was nothing new, and the Order offered you a whole new pack, true sisters who shared your dissident views.

The Holy Mother showed you the human face behind the mass suffering, the greed behind the misery. You know now that even divine forgiveness has its limits. There are many ways to do the Mother's work...

**Concept:** You revere the Goddess in much the same way that medieval Catholics honored the Virgin Mary. Your faith is genuine, and you really get offended if other Garou mock your religion. To you, Christianity offers a peace the traditional Fury pack denies.

The Mother's spirit follows and aids you. Your allies are human friends grateful for your efforts. Great strength makes up for your brittle claws, but your diplomatic skills often make fighting unnecessary. Working

as a missionary has taught you a variety of useful skills, but your wrestling prowess make even other Garou leery of pushing you too far...

**Roleplaying Hints:** Practice what you preach; stay honest, pious, and forgiving, as forgiving as a werewolf can be. You have excellent self-control, but the Rage beneath your surface is terrible to behold. Try to maintain a balance in all things, but when your patience is exhausted, let fly.

**Disfigurement:** Fragile claws.

**Equipment:** Jeep, medical supplies, flak jacket (size XXL!)





# BLACK FURIES



Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Metis  
Auspice: Philodox  
Camp:

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Missionary

## Attributes

### Physical

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

### Social

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

### Mental

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

## Abilities

### Talents

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

### Skills

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

### Knowledge

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

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Familiar Spirit ●●●●○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Gifts

Create Element \_\_\_\_\_  
Resist Pain \_\_\_\_\_  
Sense Wyrn \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### Gifts

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

### Renown

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

### Rage

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

### Health

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

### Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY  
DIFFICULTIES  
AGAINST MEN

Rank  
□□□□□□□□□□

# Warsinger

Come wake the dead  
with a scream of life  
And battle the ghosts at play  
— Jethro Tull, "No Lullaby"

Life is serious, but art is fun!  
— John Irving, *The Hotel*  
New Hampshire

**Quote:** Noise? You've got no vision!  
Noise to you, magic to me!

**Prelude:** Mother always loved you best; you had a howl she couldn't ignore. When you grew to adulthood, you were the alpha's choice until a huge black wolf with reddish streaks beat him down and carried you off.

Life as a wolf bored you. When you learned to shapeshift, you found out why. Life was better on two legs, more exciting, more challenging. The chants of your Moon-sisters and the thunder of human music stirred a passion to sing, to dance, to fight. Creation is the Mother's bounty, and you're determined to sample every bit of it!

**Concept:** A mystic hedonist. Though you were raised a wolf and trained a witch, your heart belongs to the wild night. Your life, for a werewolf, has been easy. And even the toughest fight is like a party to you. You have tremendous untapped power, but little discipline. It will take a major tragedy to bring you down, and even that might not work!

Unlike most lupus, you love humans. You know your way in the woods, but they bore you. Rituals, whether the moots of the Moon-Daughters or the postures of MTV, are your lifeblood. You learned to play guitar, and you play damn well. Your wolf-cousins view you with distaste, but you're having the time

of your life. Isn't that what life is for?

**Roleplaying Hints:** Life is a long song. Sing well and with gusto. Everyone's your buddy unless they prove otherwise. Why bitch and moan? Take pride in yourself, watch the shadows, and kick

the  
Wyrms' ass!

**Equipment:**  
Trench knife, sawed-off shotgun, serious collection of guitars, amps and hard-rock CDs.





# BLACK FURIES



Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus  
Auspice: Galliard  
Camp:

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Warsinger

## Attributes

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

## Abilities

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

## Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts		Gifts	
Resources	●●○○○	Leap of the Kangaroo	_____		_____
Contacts	●●○○○	Call of the Wyld	_____		_____
	○○○○○	Sense Wyrn	_____		_____
	○○○○○		_____		_____
	○○○○○		_____		_____

## Renown

Glory

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

Honor

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

Wisdom

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

Rank

## Rage

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

## Gnosis

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

## Willpower

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

## 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"/>

## Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY  
DIFFICULTIES  
AGAINST MEN

# Radical

A revolution is not a dinner party... it cannot be so refined, so leisurely and genteel, so temperate, kind, courteous, restrained... A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another.

— Mao Tse-tung

**Quote:** *The time for reason is past. If we can't share power, we'll take it!*

**Prelude:** Your father was a brutal man who beat his wife whenever he felt like it, and your brothers followed his example. Dealing with them taught you how to fight. One night, your father went too far.

Murdering your father is a hell of a way to usher in your First Change. When the haze cleared, you stood naked amidst the gore. Two huge black wolves were standing beside you; they calmed you, cleaned you, and guided you out into the first night of your new life.

Werewolf or no, you are unable to turn your back on other women. Your passion and charisma have made you a formidable leader despite your youth. You have enough skills and resources to make you an asset to your pack and a terror to macho bastards everywhere.

**Concept:** A born leader. You've got a carload of horror stories about men, and a carload of guilt over your family. These fuel an endless crusade.

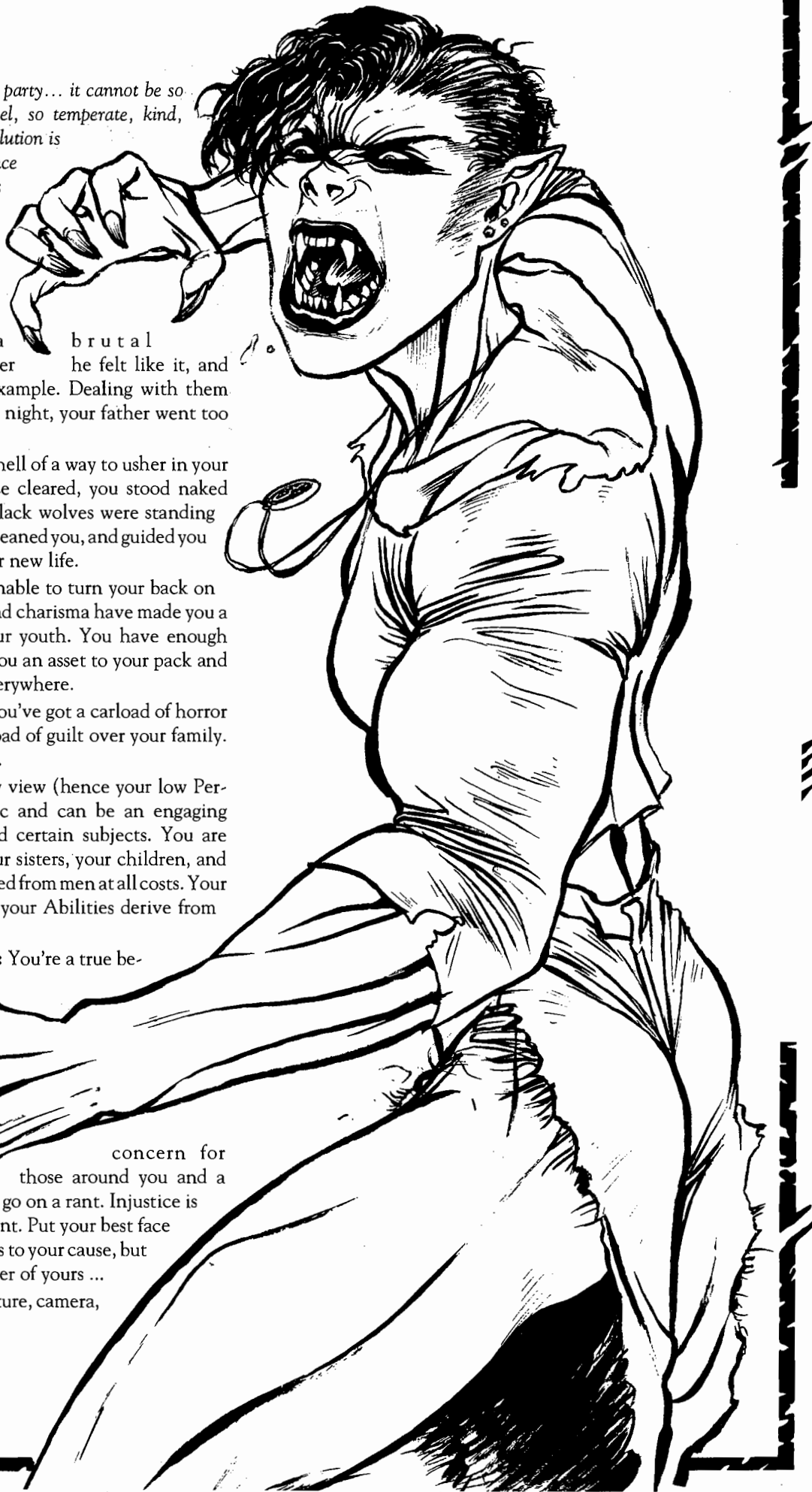
Despite your rather narrow view (hence your low Perception), you are charismatic and can be an engaging speaker, as long as you avoid certain subjects. You are absolutely convinced that your sisters, your children, and the earth itself must be protected from men at all costs. Your contacts, allies, and many of your Abilities derive from your activities.

**Roleplaying**  
believer, with  
an honest

**Hints:** You're a true be-

concern for  
those around you and a  
tendency to go on a rant. Injustice is  
a personal affront. Put your best face  
forward to win others to your cause, but  
watch out for that awful temper of yours ...

**Equipment:** Political literature, camera, light revolver.





# BLACK FURIES



Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid  
Auspice: Ahroun  
Camp:

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Radical

## Attributes

### Physical

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

### Social

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

### Mental

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

## Abilities

### Talents

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

### Skills

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

### Knowledge

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

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Allies ●●●●●  
Contacts ●●●●●  
Kinfolk ●●●●●  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Gifts

Persuasion \_\_\_\_\_  
Razor Claws \_\_\_\_\_  
Sense Wyrn \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### Gifts

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

## Renown

### Glory

○○○○○  
□□□□□

### Honor

○○○○○  
□□□□□

### Wisdom

○○○○○  
□□□□□

## Rank

\_\_\_\_\_

## Rage

●●●●●  
□□□□□

## Gnosis

●●○○○○○  
□□□□□

## Willpower

●●●○○○○○  
□□□□□

## Health

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

## Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY  
DIFFICULTIES  
AGAINST MEN

# Appendix Three: Furies of Note

*Bone by bone, hair by hair, Wild Woman comes back. Through night dreams, through events half understood and half remembered, Wild Woman comes back.*

— Clarissa P. Estes, *Women Who Run with the Wolves*

## *Jona Kinslayer and Teiresias the Wise*

These elders gained fame during the Nazi occupation of Greece, battling the Germans and saving one of the Furies' most powerful caerns, the Sept of Bygone Visions, from the Wyrn. (See *Caerns: Places of Power*.)

Iona, an Artisan of the Outer Calyx, is a stern and elderly Priestess of the Temple. She earned her name by killing her own Bane-tainted Kinfolk. An excellent tactician, Iona provides advice and shelter for Freebooters worldwide. She

has a dry wit and little patience for fools. Her outspoken ways and ill temper have made her unpopular among the Furies.

Teiresias, the blind sage, is the highest-ranking male in the tribe. He sacrificed his eyes to Nazi torturers, but retained the power to bind potent spirits to Ecube, the island caern. Though nearly eighty years old, Teiresias' perceptions are keen and his wits dagger sharp. He mumbles constantly at the spirits who surround him, but offers clear council to anyone who listens. Many metis revere him, but it's unlikely that many would pay the price he has.



## *Althea Baneslayer*

The Great Mother of the Inner Calyx is an aged three-legged lupus with a gaze that could pierce steel. Though her charisma and mediating skill are legendary among the Furies, she was once a great warrior. Artisans still sing of her battles in the East, where she led a band of Amazons against the Wyrms in China, Burma, and Cambodia. She lost a leg to a land mine, but still travels the world with an escort of

hellhounds, huge Kinfolk who can breath fire. Althea is known for appearing when she is least expected.

She has great compassion and often appears from the Umbra bearing food for needy humans or spiritual aid for desperate Garou. Althea has attained the status of a sort of Black Fury Santa Claus, odd as that sounds, and some think of her more as an Incarna than an elder. Nevertheless, she is very much alive, and quite powerful. Woe to the human, Garou, or Wyrmspawn who strains her considerable patience.

## Sister Judith Paws-Of-Light

A metis Wise One of the Order of the Merciful Mother, Sister Judith displays eerily accurate foresight and a powerful bond with the living land. Rumors tell of Sister Judith raising new saplings from desert dust and healing advanced cases of leprosy. Light blazes from her snow-white paws as she works her potent Gifts; some even say she can banish Banes with a command. Such stories are doubtless wishful thinking, but most Furies concede that Sister Judith holds special favor with the Mother.

She is reputed to have skinned Iraqi soldiers alive during the occupation of Kuwait, and slaughtered Israeli and PLO fighters alike to save innocents caught in a crossfire. Fury gossips claim Sister Judith has gone into Bosnia to put an end to racial cleansing.

Many Garou claim that Sister Judith is a myth, a tale created to glorify the Order of the Merciful Mother. Others maintain that they have seen the Pale Fury with their own eyes, and that the Spirit of Blessed Mary guides her hand. Only her sisters in the Order, and the Goddess herself, know the truth.

## Mari Cabrah

An urban Amazon, Mari stalks the neon-drenched maze of New York, hunting Bane and corrupt human alike. Abused as a teen-ager, Mari is sworn to protect other girls from the pain she suffered. She runs a self-defense dojo, teaching martial arts to any women who wants to learn. Though she prefers to live alone, she has taken more than a few young runaways under her wing, teaching them to stand on their own before sending them back into the world.

Mari has a soft spot for kids and a special hatred for urban predators. Among the Garou she is known for her sharp tongue, fighting prowess, and keen familiarity with the Weaver's jungle. She once ran with an inter-tribal pack called the Guardian Rage. Mari remains bitter about the split, and has taken on a sour attitude towards packs in general.



## Volcheka Ibarruri

Her first name means "wolf-lover;" her last is a tribute to a Spanish revolutionary. This up-and-coming young Fury wages a personal war against the wolf-hunters of Alaska. She rarely kills her prey; she prefers to maim them and leave them bleeding on the outskirts of a nearby town. Her psychological warfare has already taken a toll on the hunting trade...

The Alaskan authorities fear a band of radicals has taken up terrorism in the forests, but Volcheka wages a lone crusade, even disdaining the help of other Garou. Her immunity to the Arctic cold and seeming ability to control winter storms leads some to believe she serves the Wendigo totem. Volcheka already seems a legend; more Furies know of her by reputation than can ever claim to have met her.



## Julisha of the Thousand Masks

This African Fury is rumored to belong to the Inner Calyx, but no one (except the Calyx themselves) knows for sure. She is reputed to be a mistress of disguise and infiltration. Ragabash to the core, Julisha's deadly pranks are known the world over.

Some claim Julisha has a unique Gift that allows her to change shape into anything she desires. Her calling card, a miniature Zulu war mask, is said to have greeted Robert Allred himself as he fluffed his pillow. The explosion killed six Pentex employees, but not, regrettably, Allred.



# BLACK FURIES™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed:  
Auspice:  
Camp:

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept:

## Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	00000	Charisma	00000	Perception	00000
Dexterity	00000	Manipulation	00000	Intelligence	00000
Stamina	00000	Appearance	00000	Wits	00000

## Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledge	
Alertness	00000	Animal Ken	00000	Computer	00000
Athletics	00000	Drive	00000	Enigmas	00000
Brawl	00000	Etiquette	00000	Investigation	00000
Dodge	00000	Firearms	00000	Law	00000
Empathy	00000	Melee	00000	Linguistics	00000
Expression	00000	Leadership	00000	Medicine	00000
Intimidation	00000	Performance	00000	Occult	00000
Primal-Urge	00000	Repair	00000	Politics	00000
Streetwise	00000	Stealth	00000	Rituals	00000
Subterfuge	00000	Survival	00000	Science	00000

## Advantages

Backgrounds	Gifts	Gifts
_____ 00000	_____	_____
_____ 00000	_____	_____
_____ 00000	_____	_____
_____ 00000	_____	_____
_____ 00000	_____	_____

### Renown

Glory

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Honor

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Wisdom

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Rank

<input type="text"/>
----------------------

### Rage

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

### Gnosis

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

### Willpower

0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

### 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"/>

### Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY  
DIFFICULTIES  
AGAINST MEN



# BLACK FURIES™

Nature: \_\_\_\_\_

Demeanor: \_\_\_\_\_

## Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

## Expanded Background

Allies

Resources

Contacts

Pure Breed

Kinfolk

Past Life

Mentor

Pack Totem

### Possessions

### Experience

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

TOTAL:

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

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

### Sept

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

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

Totem \_\_\_\_\_

Leader \_\_\_\_\_



TALES TO GNAW YOUR BONES!

# WEIRD WOLF TALES

NO. 1  
MAR

2.00

2.95  
CANADA



**FEATURING  
OTHER LARISSA**

HELLO. MY WILD, WEIRD WOLFIES! TONIGHT WE HAVE A TALE OF TERROR FROM THE TERRIFIC TOMB-TIMES OF THE GNAWERS' PAST. IT'S A GROSS GALLOWES-HUMOR GAG FROM THE GREASIEST OF THE GAROU - A TALE OF GREED AND GRAVE ERRORS... GET IT. KIDDIES? GRAVE ERRORS! HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEE HEE HEE HEE ACK COUGH!



YES THAT'S RIGHT...JUST PULL OVER HERE JEEVES!



NOW, WHO WILL BE MY BUDDY TONIGHT?



HEY NOW, WAKE UP BUDDY! LOOKIE WHAT I GOT YA!

MEET TOMMY BOY, THE AWFUL ANTAGONIST OF THIS AGONIZING APHORISM. THOUGH MOST BOYS HIS AGE ARE WORRIED ONLY ABOUT PIMPLES AND GIRLS, TOMMY HAS PICKED UP A RATHER NASTY HABIT...



IS THIS YOUR FAVORITE?

MMMMM... YAAH, GIMME.



YEAH, I THOUGHT SO... YOU RAGGED OLD PIECE OF CRAP!





THAT'S RIGHT. YOU SMELLY BUM!

YOU'RE GOING TO GET WHAT'S COMING TO YA!

YOU AND YOUR KIND ARE A TICK ON THE BUTT OF HUMANITY.



AND I'M GOING TO PICK YOU OFF!

CRACK!



DID YOU DO WHAT YOU NEEDED TO DO, MASTER THOMAS?!

YEAH, IEEVES, I DID. LET'S GO HOME.

IT SEEMS TOMMY HAS HIS OWN IDEAS ABOUT WELFARE AND URBAN RENEWAL. AND LIKES TO HELP THE HOMELESS IN HIS OWN SPECIAL WAY... BY HELPING THEM ON TO THE NEXT LIFE!



HI, MARTHA

HELLO, TOMMY! HOW ARE YOU TONIGHT?

JUST FINE, MARTHA. I WOULD'VE BEEN HERE FOR DINNER, BUT I HAD SOME CLEANING TO DO AT THE OFFICE.



THAT'S NICE, HONEY. I KEPT SOME DINNER WARM FOR YOU. SHALL I SEND IT UP?

NAH, FORGET IT. I'M NOT HUNGRY ANYMORE.



HI, DAD. WHAT'S UP?

NOTHING SERIOUS, SON. WATCHING THE NEWS, THERE'VE BEEN SOME MORE RAT ALLEY KILLINGS: YOUR MOTHER'S BEEN WORRIED ABOUT THEM.



WHY, DAD? DOESN'T SHE KNOW THAT NOTHING BUT THE WORST TRASH OF HUMANITY HAS DIED IN THOSE KILLINGS? WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

WELL, SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. GOOD NIGHT, DAD.

GOOD NIGHT, TOMMY.

THAT'S RIGHT, SON. THAT'S RIGHT. NO RESPECTABLE PERSON WOULD BE CAUGHT IN RAT ALLEY! FRANKLY, I'M GLAD THAT SOMEONE IS TAKING CARE OF OUR HUMAN TRASH PROBLEM. BUT YOUR MOTHER, SHE WORRIES.

THUS ENDETH ANOTHER PRODUCTIVE DAY FOR OUR LITTLE BOY TOMMY. LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT WHILE HE SLEEPS, THE CRAFTY KINFOLK OF OUR CRUSTY KIND ARE PERSPIRING...OR IS THAT CONSPIRING?

US-PLASTIC



HERE YOU GO...HOPE THAT HELPS BACK AT THE CAERN. DID YOU GET THAT WORD FROM GRANDMOTHER ABOUT TOMMY?



YES, MA'AM. IT'S HIM. IT AIN'T NOBODY ELSE. CAN'T BE. OLD FRANKIE SAW HIM JUST TONIGHT. CLOBBERED THE HECK OUT OF MR. RENFROE.



SO, THAT MEANS...THE SEPT IS GOING TO TAKE ACTION?

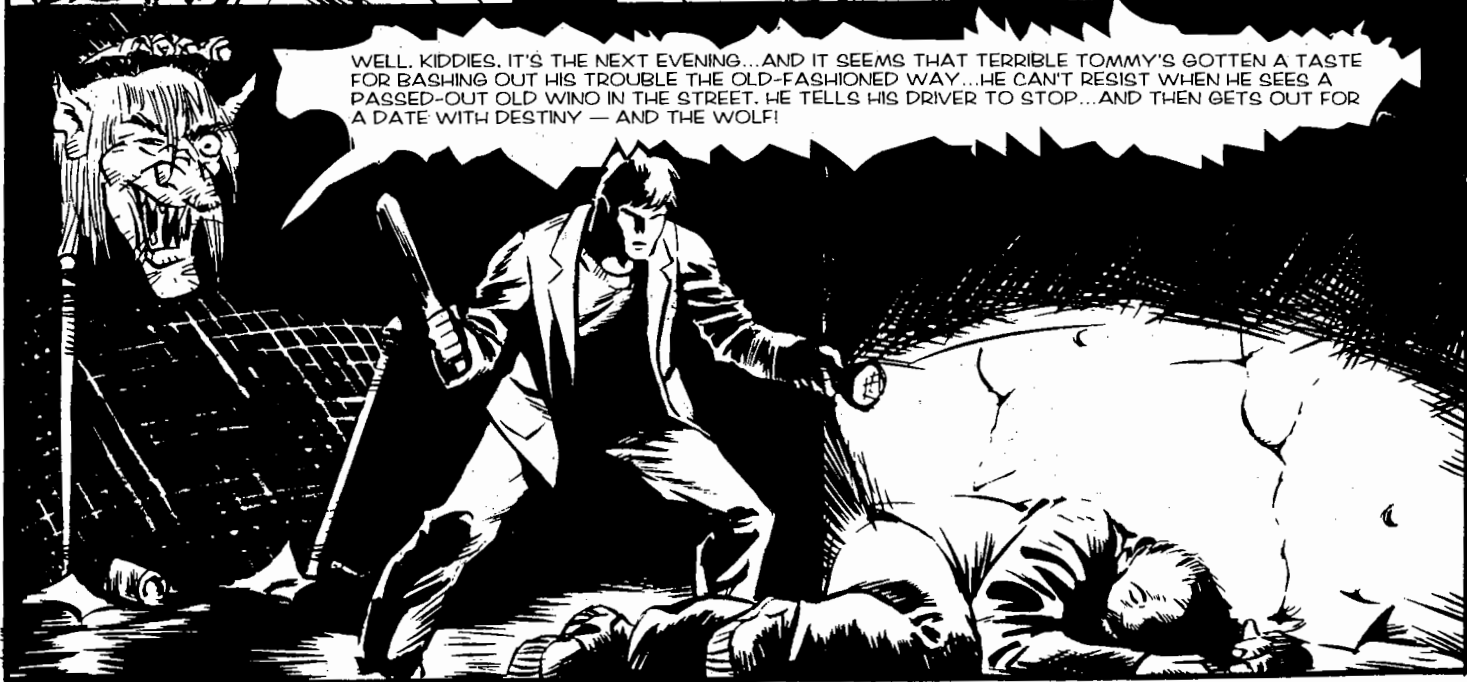
YES, MA'AM. WE GOTTA. IT'S FOR THE GOOD.

I SEE, AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO?

NO, MA'AM. YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT NOW...



WHAT'S THIS?? BLOODSTAINS?? OH, TOMMY! TOMMY, MY LITTLE BOY...



WELL, KIDDIES, IT'S THE NEXT EVENING...AND IT SEEMS THAT TERRIBLE TOMMY'S GOTTEN A TASTE FOR BASHING OUT HIS TROUBLE THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY...HE CAN'T RESIST WHEN HE SEES A PASSED-OUT OLD WINO IN THE STREET. HE TELLS HIS DRIVER TO STOP...AND THEN GETS OUT FOR A DATE WITH DESTINY — AND THE WOLF!



GET UP, YOU STUPID FREAK. GET UP! I WANT TO BEAT YOU TO HAMBURGER!

I'M GONNA FIX YOU RIGHT UP! TAKE CARE OF ALL YER PROBLEMS!

AROOOH!



THAT'S RIGHT, YOU FREAK. BEG ME. BEG ME FOR YOUR WRETCHED LIFE!

CLICK

WHAT? HEY, THE FLASHLIGHT! WHAT'S GOING ON?



ARRRO

AUGOH!

AROOOOOO

OH, MY! THE HOWL OF TRIUMPH... THAT CAN ONLY MEAN...

YES? Y-Y-YES. ONE MOMENT. I'LL GET HIM.

YES? WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU... SON? SON, IS THAT YOU? YES. SON, HOLD ON. HOLD ON. YES. I WILL. YES. I'LL PAY ANYTHING. ANYTHING! JUST DON'T HURT MY BOY! WHERE? RAT ALLEY? ARE YOU THE RAT ALLEY KILLER? NO, NO, I'M SORRY — DON'T HANG UP!

RING RING RING

CLICK

THEY WANT YOU TO BRING THEM STOCKS AND BONDS, SIR?

BUT...WHAT...WHAT IF TOMMY'S ALREADY DEAD?

NO, MARTHA. THESE ARE BEARER BONDS. THEY'RE WORTH MONEY TO ANYONE HOLDING THEM. LOTS OF MONEY.

THEN WE'LL MAKE THOSE BASTARDS PAY!

HELLO? ARE YOU THERE? HELLO???

HELLO? IS THAT YOU? HELLO???



# BONE MATTERS™

C R I B E B O O K



*Down and Out  
in the Last Times*

*by Sam Chupp*

## Credits

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Development: Bill Bridges  
Editing: Robert Hatch  
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Cover/Splash Page and Comic Book: John Bridges  
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Logo and Back Cover Design: Michelle E. Prahler

## Special Thanks to:

René "Aufwiedersehen" Lilly for becoming a German.  
Lyndi "MST3K" Hathaway-McKeeman for allowing all the turkeys to roost at her place.  
Wes "Big Apple" Harris for raging across New York with Stew.  
Travis "Unleashed" Williams for finally fixing his computer to play *Dracula Unleashed!*  
William "Home Is Where the Heart Is" Hale for fleeing the American Dream.  
Rebecca "Ball Snatcher" Schaefer for showing them who really owns the four-square court.  
Danny "I'm Doomed" Landers for the 6,000-survey paper chase.  
Mike "The Real Dip" Krause — Skoal bandits are for punks.



735 PARK NORTH BLVD.  
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and [rec.games.frp.storyteller](http://rec.games.frp.storyteller)

PRINTED IN CANADA.

## Dedication

To Jack Kirby, the King of Comics, 1918 - 1994. No one else had such an impact on the medium and its creators. The heroes Kirby helped create are known to everyone and include Captain America (whom he drew during World War II), the Fantastic Four, the Incredible Hulk, the Mighty Thor and the Silver Surfer. The cosmic struggle of heroes and villains won't be the same without him.

# BONE GNAWERS™

T R I B E B O O K

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# Introduction: A Foreword by Shakespeare

*We wage our wars  
In the neighborhoods  
We kill the young to feed the old  
And man, that ain't no good...*  
— John Mellencamp, "Love and Happiness"

We own the streets. The Glass Walkers in their high domains think they do, but they only own the title deed. We own the dirt. We own the gravel. We own the broken fragments of glass and the Burger Cow wrappers and the Runaway Helpline posters and the muck, the slime, the goo that decomposes whenever you Trashers throw something down here. We own it all. We're the princes of paper, the satraps of soil, the tyrants of trash. When you throw a bagful of hungry newborn kittens into the sewers, we find them. When you toss your shredded "dirty laundry" documents in the trash, we find them...and put them back together.

We live off of the crap you no longer want. We don't have a credit card or a Miata or even a checkbook, but we get along. What's my goddamn Social Security number? Hell if I know.

We don't worry about stinkin' numbers. We survive. That's our gig, survival. Sometimes I wonder what the hell we're waiting for — our deaths, or the end of the world? Why do we put up with it?

Well, I've scrawled, licked, stamped, glued, and pasted this thing together 'cause I want to try and tell you a little about us, about why we keep going when nobody really

wants us. You may not give a damn. If you don't, then don't waste your time.

This tome is written not just by me, but by a whole bunch of Gnawers who've got stuff to say. That's because when you're told to shut up a lot, when you've had folks turn their back on you for long enough, you've got a lot to say.

You think that just because we're Garou, we're automatically buddy-buddy with the other Garou? Fat chance. They loathe us. They think we stink. And we do. But we stink because of what we are, where we live.

I'll tell you, though. I'll tell you exactly what's gonna happen here in a few years. The rest of the wolves, they're going to get their butts killed off by the Wyrms. Already ya see it happening down in the Amazon. Already ya hear from places like Chicago and Atlanta — Garou getting killed off left and right, the Wyrms showin' up in new guises. I tell you, Garou won't be long in this world.

Well, not all of us. We Gnawers will be here, just like we've always been. We'll be the last, just like it was foretold. And then we'll show the Wyrms a thing or two....



# Chapter One: Trails in the Rust

*It's a hard life  
It's a hard life  
It's a very hard life  
It's a hard life wherever you go  
If we poison our children with hatred  
Then the hard life is all that they know  
And there ain't no place in this world  
for these kids to go...*

— Nanci Griffith, "It's a Hard Life Wherever You Go"

Well, where do I begin? Maybe back at the first of things. You see, we Gnawers, we got a high-falutin' first story just like the Shadow Lords, the Silver Fangs and all the rest. But we're not taking bets on whether or not it's true. In fact, we just plain don't care. It is a nice story, though. Sometimes, on the street, that's all ya got.

## *The Bone Gnawer First Legend*

It seems that the first Bone Gnawer was the little brother of the first Silver Fang — the runt of the litter, as it were. Still, he was a scrappy little thing, and when it came to fightin' for the kill, he was the best warrior of them all. Better, in fact, than Silver Fang. But because he was the littlest, the lankiest and the loudest of the bunch, our Greatest Grandfather was frequently cut out of the best part

of the kill. By the time all the hulking brutes in the pack got their share, Boney had only the leftovers. Still, he made do. Instead of being flabby and big like the other wolves, Boney was lean, mean and tough as old gristle.

Well, one day, little Boney had had enough. He wasn't gonna be shut out of the kill again. So, what he did was trick Fang, his older brother. He made Fang think that the kill they had made was diseased. When Boney waded in to feast, Fang pronounced him foul and "of the Wyrms" for eating tainted flesh, and told him to go back to gnawing bones.

Boney got pissed, but he finished his meal anyway. Then came the Wyrms, the real Wyrms this time, thundering up out of the ground. Fang was taken out quick, and the other wolves in the pack were hurt bad. Boney hung back, waiting for his chance, looking for the time to strike. Finally he saw his opening, a soft spot on the great Wyrms, and bit into it. He struck bone and gnawed his way right through it with a

jaw lock. The great creature was so pained by its wound that it screamed and fled. Ol' Boney barely got free in time.

Gaia, seein' all this, said, "And so shall it always be; the children of the Gnawers of Bones will bide their time in prudence and strike when the hour is best for survival."

Or somethin' like that. Anyway, the upshot of all this is that Bone Gnawers don't like to put their necks on the line for no good reason. We see it as our job to stick around as long as we can. Maybe it's 'cause we want to be there to see everyone else mess up. Or maybe we believe that story: we're gonna be the last chance Gaia has to win this one. Who knows? Who has time to think about it?

## Ancient History

The first recorded history of ours talks about Hammurabi; he had to worry about his rats, and we were the mutts in the streets of his city. We used rats back then to keep humans from getting too plentiful...something we'd been doing since the Impergium, when we controlled the human population with disease and famine. We did our part in the Impergium — not necessarily because we wanted to, but because we were forced to conform by the *Sieg Heil!* Silver Fangs.

Next, let's see — ah yes! We were the folks who went along with the first sailors. You didn't know the Gnawers are some of the best sailors in the world? Well, what ship you ever see didn't have a rat on board? We and our rat buddies pioneered the way for the Garou to spread all over the world before the Moon Bridges linked everyone together. We can even swim pretty good, and I'm sure you've heard the term "Sea Dog"...that's us. Okay, can it with the "dog paddle" jokes.

Some of the more adventurous of us went to sea with pirates, Vikings (with the Get of Fenris, if you can believe that!) and what-not. We used to be a lot more adventurous than we are now; it's because we didn't have a lick of sense in our heads at the time. You see, until humans settled down and started living in cities, we really didn't become civilized.

I've heard tales from some of the eldest Grandfathers and some of the most ancient ancestor spirits, but they won't tell me about the Gnawers that chose to live outside the city. Perhaps we'll never know...or perhaps some of them stumbled down to Australia-land. Maybe the first Gnawers were also the first Bunyips....

I think you'd have to look all the way back to Rome before you could find a group of Bone Gnawers who had the right idea about surviving. We learned a lot in Rome. We learned that we were good at living off the crap the Romans discarded. We learned that we were good at snooping and sneakin' in the dark corridors and catacombs that made up Rome's architecture. And we learned that we hated — just couldn't stand — slaves and slavery. We did whatever we could to stop it, to free those poor folks, no matter what. Me, I don't care if you're a homeless bum on the

streets...you'll not be an enslaved homeless bum on the streets, not while I live and breathe!

What's wrong, am I borin' ya? Oh, really? You wanna hear about the Hood, do you? That's skippin' quite a bit. Well, alright, I'll tell ya then.

## Robin and the Hood

I'm sure you've heard all about Robin Hood and his Merry Men, right? Well, they got that from us. We've been doin' that sort of thing for a long time. Back then, we didn't like to see the poor get screwed over, 'cause we were the poor. What happened to them eventually got around to happening to us.

We used to rob from the rich and give to the poor. Or just kill the rich, take their stuff and split it up. We were doin' that long before any Normans invaded, although most folks didn't realize it because back then there was no central mint where people got their cash. A few coins missing here and there didn't cause a major uproar.

The Middle Ages were something of a heyday for us. We thrived in cities like Paris, London, Toledo, Kiev and Venice. And we kept following the Vikings and the other merchant marine ships wherever they went — just along for the ride, looking for new cities to conquer.

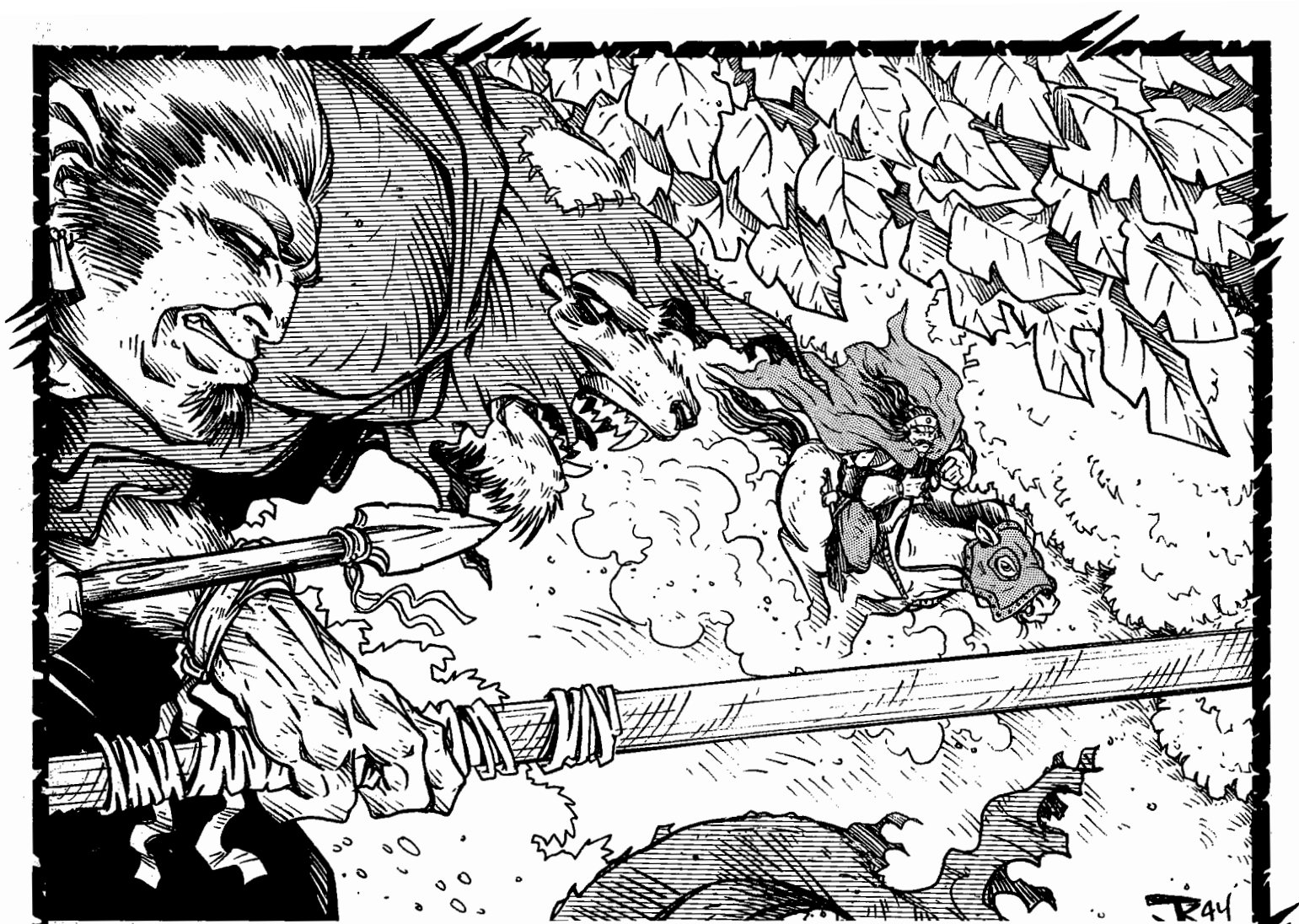
In fact, many Get of Fenris Viking tales have Bone Gnawer sidekicks in them, just to set off the glory of the Get warlord and provide comic relief. In reality, though, I betcha many a Get of Fenris' butt was saved by a quick-thinking Bone Gnawer seadog.

Then, in the latter part of the Middle Ages, things got bad. Many folks have tried to blame us for the Black Plague and the other plagues that came along. I'm not saying that we weren't involved, but I've heard a tale or two sayin' that the Bone Gnawers were the folks trying to stop the spread of the Plague — hell, it was the poor folks that got the worst of it all!

Sadly, we were also carriers of disease; we were so hardy and strong that we could take diseases that other folks couldn't, and in our efforts to help out the sick and dyin' poor folks, we spread it further. Okay, so we were fairly stupid back then...that's why the Ban of Man was put in effect. What's that? Wait a minute, I'll get to it.

The Inquisition finally died down. We barely escaped the hunts, the fanatic clergy wielding silver crosses, and that was only because we knew how to hide. We sheltered many Garou during the Burnings, and made many strange bedfellows as some of the other creatures of the night took shelter with us. That's when we really came to know the Nosferatu. I'll tell ya more about them later.

When the Renaissance dawned, things were never again the same. We lived in the blossoming city-states of Italy and we thrived on the (much emptier) streets of Paris. Werewolves were relegated to the realm of superstition. We weren't sure how many of us were left alive.



## The Piping of the Rats

The elders of the tribe met in secret. They decided that it was time for a Piping, a calling together of all the Gnawers. Our Ratkin brethren helped us out by getting us from place to place in a hurry. We took ships, we took Moon Bridges, we even walked or ran in our wolf-bodies across the countryside to make it to Barcelona, where the Grand Moot was held in secret catacombs lent to us by the Nosferatu. It took a lot of talkin', but nobody walked out until there was a solution, one that everyone could live with. What we came up with was the Ban of Man. It's pretty simple, so even the densest of us can remember it. Say it with me, class...

"Help not Man for his survival unless it threatens ours. Hurt not Man unless he threatens us. Kill not Man for food unless we might perish."

No longer would we be roamin' around the countryside pickin' up food for the hungry and finding places for the homeless to sleep. We'd look after our own, but that was it. We couldn't afford to get hunted down like the Ratkin did and we couldn't afford to risk our own survival like the Children of Gaia did.

Then we started hearing about a land, a place across the sea: the New World. A few of us even managed to sneak aboard a vessel or two and check it out for ourselves. Here was a land of plenty, with food for the taking — and the treasure! Everywhere we went, we found friendly natives waiting to hand over their gold and jewels for the price of a few trinkets!

Time for another Piping. This time, we gathered in Portugal, in Lisbon. The entire tribe was told of the vast lands of wealth across the sea. There was a general dissatisfaction with the Old World in light of the New. Except for France, where many Gnawers tried to help overthrow the French monarchy.

Thus, the Exodus of our people. Led by Corazon Bitefinder, renowned for his generosity and scrounging ability, the Gnawers set out to infiltrate every ship making the journey across the ocean to the New World.

Little did we realize that we'd get screwed in this country just like in Europe. At least it was a change of scenery.

## Bone Gnawer Patriots

There were American Gnawers among the dogfaces and the rank-and-file soldiers who slept in rags at Bunker Hill. We were the trappers, the grizzled ol' mountain men who pushed back the frontier. Of course, our Garou brethren, the Wendigo and the Uktena, didn't take too kindly to us. We tried to learn their ways but we were just as lost as the humans. To this day they don't like us, but at least we respect each other. And we never tried to kill 'em off, not like other Europeans did. We had the Ban, remember? The Wendigo respected that. Not that it mattered; the Pure Ones thought of us in the same way the rest of the Garou did — so why should we help them any?

There we all were, free and clear from the British, a nation all our own. And then all the work we'd put in during the war, sneaking and spying for the Colonies, dying in their battles — none of it made a lick o' difference. We were thrown aside like everybody else they no longer had a use for. Many of us turned to rum or opium to get over it.

Things looked bleak for our people. We had hard winters. We nearly died, and the cities in the New World weren't big enough to support us.

What happened next? Well, folks, the Gnawers did what we always do when the chips are down, when all hell is breakin' loose, when it's the last minute of the last hour of the last day — boy, we stood right up, looked that damn Weaver in the eye, and said, "Let's 'ave another one!" We took the crap that we were handed, made something out of it, and gave that somethin' to our kids, who gave it to their kids. We survived. Oh, it wasn't a Life of Riley; it wasn't posh. But it was something. It was all we had.

We were part of the Civil War, too; a big part. Heck, we were some of the best spies in the business. Now, you'd think that we'd be held back by the Ban of Man, right? Well, I'll tell ya, nobody paid attention to it when it came to the slaves in America. We didn't give a damn about no Ban; we were gonna help Mrs. Tubman get those folks out whenever we could. Ever since Rome, we've hated bein' locked up and we've hated slavery. As long as there is a Gnawer still kickin', we'll be there, helping the enslaved get free.

Then it hit: the big Industrial Beast. The world was changed all over again. Our folks gritted their teeth and learned more — learned about steam and electricity and gunpowder. We learned about mechanics and architecture and engineering. And we — damn it, I don't care what the damn Glass Walkers say! — we were the first ones to talk to the spirits in the machines, the steam elementals and the electricity spirits. We were the first! And we were the first to make friends with the spirits of the streets as well.

When the Weaver went crazy, the humans woke up and started building crazy webs all their own, webs of steel and iron. They decided that the poor folk would do well in the mines and factories. They shoveled us into the big ma-

chines like fodder, and they spat us out the other side, lungs black and bodies broken, with but a bare wage to show for our life's work. They forced us out of the nicer places and into the holes, the ghettos, the sewers. We soon realized that there wasn't room for us in the humans' plans, and that we couldn't fight the behemoth that rose up overnight to choke the land around us.

## The American Dream

But the spirit we had — our way of staying alive and doin' what it takes — had taken on a life of its own. We called this spirit the American Dream, because it was part of our dream for our cubs. Those that worked hard got something back for it. Those that actually got out and did an honest day's scamming got enough chow for themselves and their families. All around us, all throughout America, a combination of our beliefs about survival and the work ethic of the day blossomed into a full-grown, brand-new totem.

Ah, the Roarin' '20s! I was just a little one then, but I heard tales from my grandpa. They had had a war in Europe, and we won; the whole world was celebrating, America especially. Cars were big. Booze was big. Crime was big. The Glass Walkers moved in like gangbusters to the cities of America, coming across with their Mafia ties and forcing us out of the city caerns. Well, at least the ones they knew about. Heh. They'd have a hard time finding some of the ones they don't know about. Anyway, the G.W. were really big, and you know us, we try to survive whatever way we can. So we got real buddy-buddy with them. Started sending our muscle along with theirs.

I tell ya, our tribes were getting really close there for a while. Our muscle and their brains made a dynamite combination. Our knowledge of the cities' soft underbellies was also helpful: bank robbers had no trouble breaking into places that were otherwise unassailable. What? Oh, it means, "You can't get in it." Like a tin can without an opener. Geez, I'd wish you guys would read more than comic books sometime. What? Oh that's right, you can't read.

So there we were, Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers, snuggling right up together like two mutts in the winter. There was talk among the elders that there'd be a merger, that the G.W. would adopt us into their noble ranks and we'd finally have some decent representation at the Great Moots.

But that, along with the rest of the world, went down the crapper on Black Monday. The Crash of '29 was foretold only by a few overlooked prophets and visionaries among our people. In fact, that's what makes the storytellers, our Galliards, so important to us now; we learned from that mistake. Anyway, when the Crash happened, it threw a big wet ol' hairy blanket on our Glass Walker parade. I guess the G.W. finally realized just how snugly they'd got with us: they instantly kicked us out and withdrew their support from the moots — we were dicked over again, and this time



but good. Without support in the Great Moot, we were unable to do a damn thing to stop the steady downturn in the economy. We had to grin and bear it along with the rest of the poor humans, even though it wasn't our fault.

Well, what could we do? We did what we always do, what we're doing now, what we'll be doing from now until the Wyrms finally chomps down on Mr. Sun. We survived. That's right. We took to selling apples in the streets. We were there in the first work projects. You can thank a Gnawer named Mrs. Preston for that little bit of help. Work projects were her idea; FDR stole it. We helped build this whole country, and this country owes us a lot.

That's why we practically rule New York now. Heck, we built half of it with our own sweat and blood! The very walls and streets sing our names and our fathers' and mothers' names. The Big Apple is one big Bone Gnawer playground, complete with a great place to sleep: Central Park.

There is a tale about a group of Red Talons and a group of Gnawers comin' to odds outside New York one night. The Red Talons wanted to sweep into town and throat every human they could find. Well, we wouldn't have it. Who'd be stupid enough to kill their own food ticket? Anyway, there was a long, Mexican-style standoff. Finally the Bone Gnawer Grandpappy convinced the Red Talon war-warg that he had already marked a fireplug nearby as

his territory, and thus he had rights to the hunting in that area. He invited the head Talon to sniff the fireplug as proof. The Talons were pretty angry, but they were even angrier when one of our New Moons put his hand on the plug while the Talon was sniffing, and used Open Seal. To this day, the Talons in New York won't go near a fireplug, and I don't think the leader's muzzle ever recovered completely from the drenchin'.

It was in the '30s that we really got to know the Nosferatu, the Leeches that our tribe actually gets along with. Ugly dudes, but they're still more reliable than your average Shadow Lord. I know, that's not sayin' much. But I tell ya, if it weren't for our alliance, both those Sewer Rats and the Bone Gnawers wouldn't have lasted the Depression. We helped hide and protect them, and they made sure the W.P.A. and other groups like that didn't build over our caerns or make them into parks (well, not all of them, but Central Park is another story).

So, that's what we've been doin'. You may have noticed there's a lot of places you pups can't get to, down there in the shadows. Well, I'll tell ya, it's because we gave our Nosferatu buddies the what-for about the Apocalypse, and they took our advice. They've built secret rooms, corridors, and whole complexes down there, which they've cloaked with their hidin' powers.



Anyway, we were with the Dustbowl farmers as they crept west across the country (how many times have we made that trip?) and we were with the immigrants who kept coming in off Ellis Island and even those we snuck in past Customs, like some of those Jewish folks that otherwise got turned away.

That leads our little tale to the '40s and WWII. There we were, faced with a bastard as big as Hitler, and there wasn't much choice anymore. Our boys ignored the Ban of Man and joined up. We weren't about to take that crap sitting down. Some of us used the war as an excuse to get back in touch with the European Gnawers, and some of us grew to great fame during the occupation of France, where we made raid after raid on the German supply lines — crippling them slowly, bit by bit, while running a decent black market on our off hours.

I can tell ya, we were just as surprised as everyone when we learned about the Get and their Nazi ties. We wanted to waste them all, then and there, but our leaders in Europe were wise and held us back. Still, we were there in the front lines when it came time to do the final battle, and many Get joined our side before it was over.

Then, the Big Egg got hatched. That was it. Our Moon Dancers have been telling us the tales about the Fat Man and the Little Boy for many years. Tales of the Apocalypse, the last

times. They said that the Fat Man and the Little Boy would usher in the last times. And they were sure right! After those bombs went off in Japan, every Gnawer on the planet knew — WHAM! That was it, baby! Apocalypse ain't comin' no more. It's here. And you better get ready for it.

The '50s were a funky time for all of us. Everything prospered, but the humans' paranoia made it hard for us to do anything even remotely spooky. We had to watch ourselves. But even amidst all the paranoia, our Hood gangs rumbled with the G.W. boys all the time, figurin' out how we were gonna split the cities.

## Modern Times

*You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,  
cryin' all the time.*

*You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,  
cryin' all the time.*

*You ain't never caught a rabbit  
and you ain't no friend o' mine.*

— Elvis Presley, "Hound Dog"

We, along with a whole bunch of scared kids, gave our blood and bodies for America's stupidity in Vietnam. Gee, kinda reminds me of what's goin' on down in the Amazon.

But the '60s were pretty nice, too. I mean, it wasn't all bad. Camelot, the Great Society — these were things that made us think the ol' American Dream totem was still out there someplace...though soon after that we realized it was his last gasp. We haven't heard from him since, although some folks swear they see him from time to time.

The '50s and '60s were a great time for music. Finally some Bone Gnawer music was getting made. From the hills of the Hillfolk came our musical savior: Elvis Aaron Presley. Now, I'm not sayin' that the King was Kinfolk himself, but from what I hear, he was close. Then Jerry Lee Lewis and the Big Bopper. We loved it.

I remember the pilgrimage we all made to Graceland the day the King died. Now, a lot of folks believe that he faked his death, and I'm not sayin' that's what happened. But I'll tell you this: if he'd have asked us, we'd have taken him and set him up anywhere he wanted, no questions asked. We owed him that, at least.

We reveled in the cultural revolution of the '60s; we Bone Gnawers loved hippies. They were real generous, just as poor as we were, and into "free love." But this didn't last long. When the '70s hit, things got rough again. Back then, we didn't know who was running the country: the FBI, the CIA, the White House, or somebody else. We're still not sure, come to think of it.

The '70s were a long, confusing but interesting bad dream of high inflation and Cold War night terrors. Music was still gettin' made, and it was just as suited to Bone Gnawers as was the stuff from the '50s and '60s — maybe moreso, 'cause it was nastier. First came the Ramones and then the Sex Pistols. Guy with a name like Johnny Rotten's gotta be Kinfolk if anybody is. 'Course, the rumor is that he started cuddlin' up to the Glass Walkers later on...Public Image Ltd. my ass!

In the '80s, Grandpappy Ron got into office and started really puttin' the screws to us. I remember the day they opened the floodgates: when they released all the "non-threatening" mental patients straight onto the city streets. They went from the hospital ward to the street right away; the subway grates got so packed that we had to start issuing numbers for sleeping spaces.

Crazy dudes, running around the streets, expecting us to take care of them. We certainly took care of a few of them; we don't put up with dangerous crazies. Apparently the mental health community had a different, more forgiving idea of what was "dangerous." Remember the Ban?

I nearly swallowed my gum when I heard ol' Ray-Gun got reelected. But what the hell, life is funny that way.

Now, in the '90s, we've become "habitationally challenged" instead of homeless. It's become cool to be homeless. Everywhere you look there are do-gooders takin' up the cause. Hell, even President Peanut is out there buildin' us places to live. God knows I don't want to seem ungrateful. But I'll tell you this: with all this thud and bluster, how many homeless do you see gettin' off the streets, off the sauce, off the smack, off the crack, off welfare? How many do you see actually gettin' helped? Not many.

You see, for all their talk, and all the Children-o-Gaia style yammerin' about helping us help ourselves, what they really want is for us to suck up to them, grovel at their feet. What they really want is to keep us right here, right here in the shit with everyone else. They keep us down and they keep us out. Because that's the way it should be, in their eyes.

That's okay. We'll stay put, stay down and out. Because the first thing you learn when you're fighting with teeth and claws is a very simple concept.

It's easier to kill when you strike from below.



# Chapter Two: Ways of the Rat

*Why do the babies starve  
When there's enough food to feed the world?*  
— Tracy Chapman, "Why?"

Listen up, you puppies! Geezus H. Keeeryyyst. You'd think you boys and girls ain't never seen an old man. Yah, that is a Buffalo nickel. Nah, you can't have it. Here, give it back. Now, where were we? Oh, yeah. I'm gonna tell you about the folks and how we got to be this way.

Perhaps alone among all the Garou, the Bone Gnawers came to America pursuing a dream. They heard that, in America, everyone was created equal, that each and every person had a chance to get rich. This ideal became known as the American Dream.

For us, the American Dream was a spirit that promised us freedom, a new self-respect and the ability to start fresh. Huddled among the thousands of immigrants in places like New York City and San Francisco, our tribe tried to escape not only poverty and war, but also the ruthless persecution of their Garou brethren.

## *Persecution*

Persecution has always been a major part of our place among the Garou. The Bone Gnawers are always the trouble that nobody wants to handle, the stinky problem that just won't go away. Heh. You know, if it weren't for us,

I bet those Silver Fangs would have quite a hard time finding scapegoats and whipping boys.

I know what you're thinking, puppies. I'm lookin' in your eyes, and I'm seeing the hate I've seen on the face of every new Gnawer I've come across. Well, you better bite back that bitter rage just this second, because if a Grandpa or a Grandma sees you like that, they've got every right to bite your ears.

You don't know what it's like, walking into the Silver Fangs' golden thronerooms with a couple thousand years of genetic conditioning staring you right in the face. You freeze. You can't speak. You can't even breathe. All you wanna do is bend your neck and get the heck outta there. That is, unless you want to risk letting your anger loose, and then you've got worse trouble. What you got is a bunch of Get-o-Fenris bodyguards and maybe Shadow Lord rough-necks, all of them eager to get points in the Silver Fangs' eyes (oh, they put up a big show, but we know the score)...and all of these brutes are gunnin' for you, right there. Well, you're gonna see Gnawer blood on that nice white carpet.



So how do we fight the wolf in us, the ancient primitive part, while still keepin' the best part of ourselves, the Garou part? Well, if I had the answer to that question, I wouldn't be sittin' here tryin' to poke wisdom down the throats of a buncha' puppies who ain't got sense enough to pour piss out of a boot!

That's right, that's what I said. Got your attention, dinnit?

I'll tell you what, puppies, how 'bout we try somethin' new. Like I'll sit down there and you stand up here and tell me everythin' I need to know about the Gnawers. Any takers? Huh? I didn't think so.

Anyway, it's been years and years and we still bend our necks when we have to, because we ain't got a choice. That doesn't mean we're stupid or even inferior. It just means the pretty boys've got the drop on us. On their turf, they're the top dogs. But here — here in the city — that's a different story. We own these streets, and maybe now you're startin' to learn why we stay where we do, why we put up with the crap the other Garou dish out.

## Camps

There are a lot of different Bone Gnawers, but we're all joined by common bonds: our jackal's blood and our poverty. Nonetheless, Gnawers like to form themselves into different groups, or camps, to fight for a common goal or purpose. The camps of our tribe show folks how different we are, but don't let that fool you: we're truly one tribe, no matter how diluted our blood or poor our pedigree.

## The Hood

*I'll just be taking these Huggies...*

— H.I., *Raising Arizona*

I told ya a little about the Hood already: they were the original rob-from-the-rich, give-to-the-poor folks. Well, they've made it all the way to America. You can't tell who they are: the Great Elders have exiled the ones that show themselves, but that's just because of the Ban of Man. I've seen a few and I know one or two, and more righteous Garou you'll never meet. If one of the Hood gives you 20 bucks to buy a pair of shoes, you better damn well buy a pair of shoes, not a mess of Golden Grain, or he'll come after you and take the 20 bucks outta your hide. If you want help from the Hood, you better make sure your kids are in school, learnin' to read, or they won't help you. They're liable to snatch your kids, get them to a foster home or the like. They're do-gooders. They don't always know the right thing to do, but they've become pretty good at it over the years. They can sense a fish story when they hear one.

The nice thing is, though, if you got trouble of the mean kind, the Hood will step in and speak to your loan shark, or your landlord, or your "protection" service. They speak the language of the streets well and fluently, and without much hubbub.

## The Voice of the Hood Speaks

Okay, the way I see it, it's like this: It's about three stories straight down. The Hudson's a little chilly this time of year. Either you get your butt back into that school, sit it down and learn somethin', or I'm going to teach you somethin' myself. Teach you how to fly, capiche? Now don't make me throw trash off a this bridge.

## Deserters

We gotta get out of this place,  
If it's the last thing we ever do  
We gotta get out of this place,  
'Cuz girl there's a better life  
For me an' you.

— The Animals, "We Gotta Get Out of This Place"

Now, among every group you got your loonies. I tell ya, there's some Gnawers out there who are playin' a few cards short of a full deck. That's okay, though. It takes all kinds. The Deserters are just this kind. They wander around the world lookin' for secret portals, gateways, openings to other worlds. They spend more time in the Umbra than any other Bone Gnawers ever have, because they want to "jump ship" and find some other world to live in.

Don't get me wrong, I think everyone should have a goal. I just think they're shootin' for the stars when they should be lookin' for their next meal. These folks usually don't make Grandma or Grandpa status, or even Mom or Pop status. They're more interested in sniffin' out brave new worlds than in collectin' cool Stuff. Although I must admit, I once got a glowin' rock from one of 'em — a pretty good trade.

Sometimes their hunting is infectious. I've seen perfectly sane Gnawers go off with a group of Deserters, roamin' the Umbra lookin' for Paradise or the Gnawer Homeland or what-have-you. They have a way of talkin' that makes you wonder what's beyond that far-off horizon. Makes you wonder what other worlds are out there for us to find.

As far as I can tell, Deserters form highly specialized packs: each member of the "company" has a job to do, and all do their jobs well.

## A Deserter Captain Speaks

Space? Fah. The Umbra is our final frontier. Far beyond the skin of the Near Umbra, the Deep Umbra awaits us. We must find the technology, the spirits, the fetishes and the Garou who are brave enough to go where no Garou has gone before. Do you have what it takes to look at the yawning chasm of infinity without faltering before its dreadful, one-eyed gaze?

## The Barking Chain

Composed mainly of wild street dogs, domesticated house pets and a few runaway wolves, the Barking Chain is the way the Bone Gnawers keep abreast of changing events in the city. It is separate from the Rat Finks' information network; the Barking Chain is organized by Bone Gnawer Galliards.

One dog, upon discovering interesting information, barks a series of high-pitched, loud barks to the next dog in the line. These yips, woofs and howls all mean something to the dogs, and each dog in return begins to bark to the next dog in the Chain. Eventually the information filters its way through the city and usually out to the countryside as well. Bone Gnawers have often been warned of the approach of the Wyrms by the Barking Chain.

Only the Bone Gnawers can truly understand or benefit from this information.

## Rat Finks

Invisible transfers. Long-distance calls.  
Hollow laughter in marble halls  
Steps have been taken. A silent uproar  
Has unleashed the Dogs of War.

— Pink Floyd, "The Dogs of War"

The Finks compose what is probably the most effective intelligence-gathering organization ever. They are made up of all the lower-class employees who are forgotten, ignored and overlooked: the janitors, custodians, maintenance workers, garbage collectors, clerks, runners, waiters, busboys, dock workers and even, to some extent, secretaries and receptionists. They keep a continuous lookout for interesting information. They exchange data via faxes, homing pigeons, secret codes scribbled onto matchbooks, one-word coded phone calls, personal ads with special phrases in them, school-age children with notes pinned to their coats, voice mail and more.

Special fetishes, rites and Gifts help them process and obtain their information. Who is going to question a clerk photocopying some documents — even if those documents are the private correspondence of a Pentex Board Member. Bone Gnawers are socially invisible.

It was the Finks who warned us when the G.W. did their pull-out, and it's the Finks who keep the G.W. from knowing everything about our tribe today, especially where our secret, hidden caerns are. They'd try and take them from us, sure as wolves stink. We owe a lot to them.

They're the ones who are best buddies with the Sewer Rats, the Nosferatu. Most Nosferatu ignore Garou, but the Finks and the Nosferatu have been working in the same places for so long that each has become a natural extension of the other's spy ring.

## A Fink Finks

*I know what you're saying: what we do technically violates the Litany, hangin' out with Leeches. Look, I don't like the way they smell any more than you do. But they've got what we need. Besides, we don't smell too good to them either.*

*What do I do? Well, I'm a janitor. Excuse me, a sanitation engineer. I'm the easily ignored guy, the one that cleans up the crap you leave behind. That's okay, though. Don't go thinking that I don't like what I do; I love my job. Where else can you find out things no one else knows, and make sure certain people get punished for their crimes? Heck, I'm having a great time.*

## Frankweilers

Ah, my own camp. One of the things the other Garou have always said about us is that we're stupid. We ain't got no culture. Well, that's just totally untrue. There are those of us who've been living in art galleries, museums, crypts, vaults, churches, temples, libraries, auditoriums, theaters and other repositories of art or culture. These vast places of culture, once deserted, are as lonely as we are.

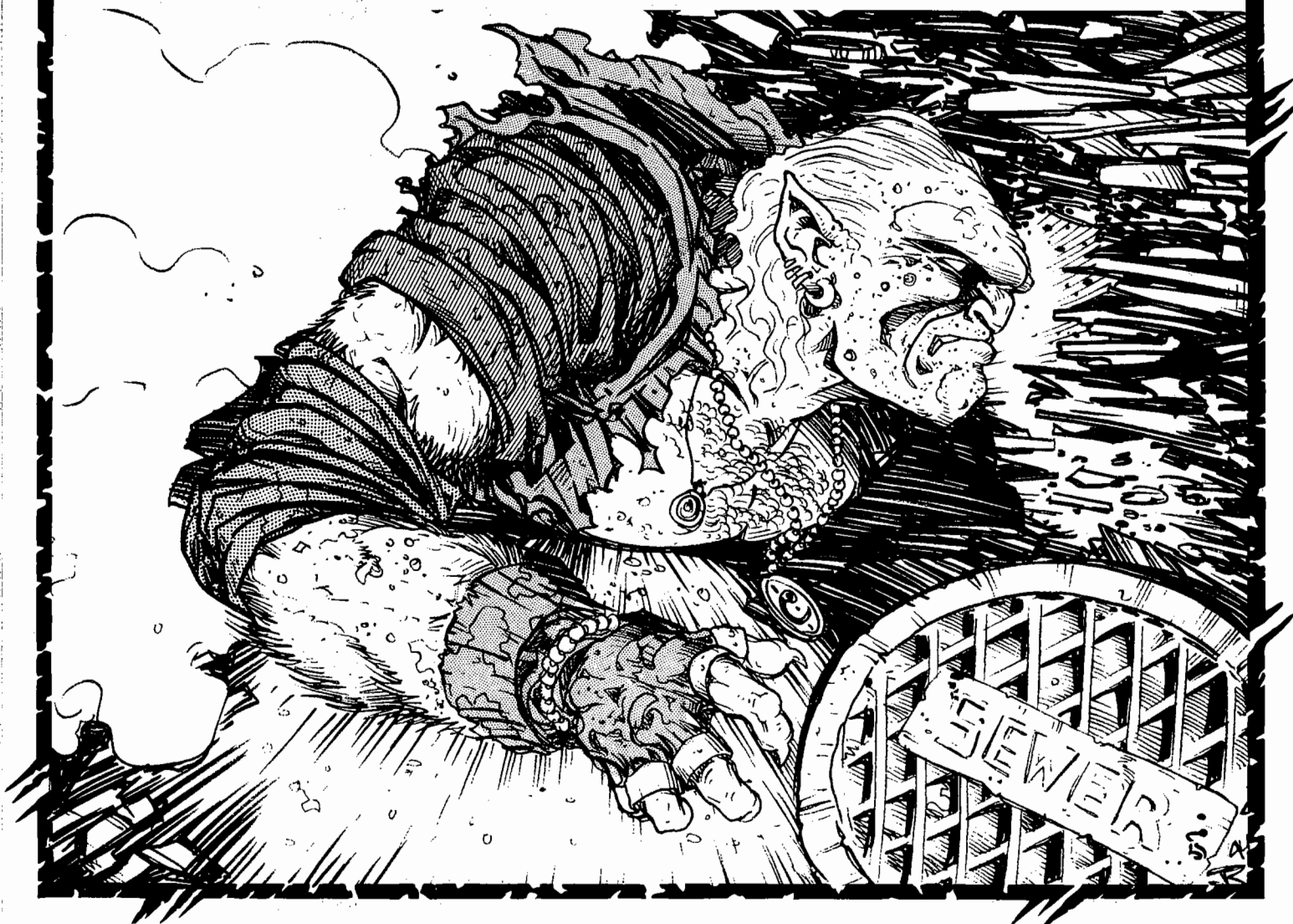
Someone named us Frankweilers after a book about kids who live in a museum after hours. The Wingers (after the various wings of museums) are those of us who study one area of art or science, while the Waxers (named after wax

museums) are those who are lost in studyin' history. Another group is the Bookworms, who like to gnaw on tomes instead of bones. I tell you, there is no greater feeling than wrapping your paws around some ancient tome and reading it aloud to your buddies in its original language.

We see ourselves as educators as well as scholars. We go out among the communities and try to establish literacy classes and English-as-second-language classes. Some also help people with their taxes, and quite a few Frankweilers are damn good lawyers — nice when you get in a scrape with the cops.

## A Frankweiler Speaks

*We live like kings amongst the darkness of the museum. Last night, I slept on King Henry VI's wedding bed. I believe I'll go down and review the troupe of knights that I have assembled in the basement. There are parts of the museum that I guard, not because someone told me to, but because I love what's there. For example, there's a sliver of moon rock (actually, a pretty powerful fetish, although unformed) that I like to watch over. I love the fountains and the sculptures, and I especially love the fall, when the museums give their autumn exhibits and have huge receptions to kick off their winter programs. Hey, can you pass a watercress sandwich? Thanks.*





## Maneaters

*In the howling wind comes a stinging rain  
See it driving nails into souls on the tree of pain  
From the firefly, a red-orange glow  
See the face of fear running scared in the valley below.*  
— U2, "Bullet the Blue Sky"

There are those of us who lose it, brothers and sisters. I tell you now and I tell you true: you gotta watch your hunger. Go to a soup kitchen. Scare the shit outta some hot dog vendor. Do somethin', but damn it, don't let yourself get too hungry. 'Cause once you get a taste of two-legged turkey, hairy hamburger or charnel chicken, you won't be able to give it up easy. Just like the smack, crack and booze, human flesh is hard to beat. It's tasty, folks, but nothin' will get the Wurm after you faster. That's why we got the Ban. We've lost too many Garou to the Manflesh Bane that inhabits you once you get too much.

Mind you, when we find these rabid dogs, we kill 'em. Of course, the problem is, there's not many good ways to tell when a Garou has eaten a human, unless you catch them playing with their food, or having a finger sandwich, if you know what I mean? So, the old folks got together and found a way to do a rite to sense the presence of human beans in your diet. They put their mojo on you and all the human flesh you've eaten will start comin' right back up — big gobbets of greasy, bloody flesh, hacked up on the ground. It ain't pretty, but it's failsafe.

## A Maneater Speaks

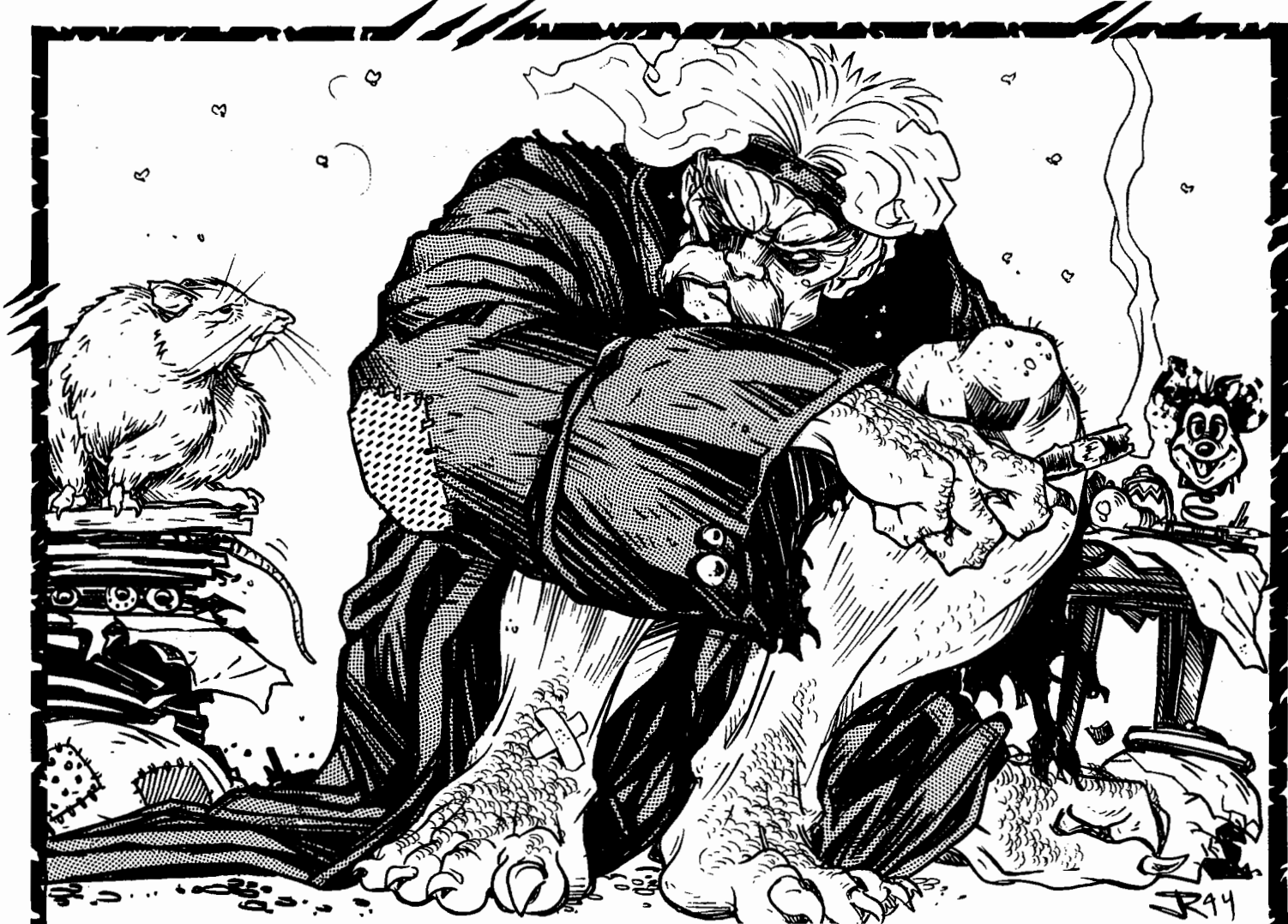
*We Garou, we're the top of the Gaia-damned food chain, ain't we? Ain't we got the right to rule over these two-legged sheep that flee from us? We're predators, they're prey. It's that damn simple. You can smell it on the wind, you can smell it on their bodies: they smell like sheep. Sheep that tastes damn good. So, yah, I don't care about the humans and I'll have my share of human flesh from any kill my pack makes. I love it! Eatin' the heart o' ya enemies makes ya stronger!*

## Hillfolk

You look around you and you'll see the truth: wherever there are poverty, depression and the need for a strong will, there are the Bone Gnawers. We traveled with our Kinfolk wherever they went, and we've learned a thing or two about living outside cities.

The Hillfolks are the Garou who learned how to live and survive in the wilds. A lot of them live in north Georgia, Tennessee, the Carolinas and anywhere there are mountains. They like mountains because they're out-of-the-way enough to do the thing they love best: make moonshine. They have these big stills they protect with the Delirium, though they distribute only to Kinfolk and other Garou. Their booze is strongest on the new moon, it's said.

They're a nice bunch of folks, mostly Kinfolk these days. The last time I visited the Hillfolks I was surprised to see a Red Talon and a Fianna coolin' their heels on the front



porch of the cabin. They do get along fairly well, although the Talon didn't seem to take too kindly to me.

A lot of our cubs are turned out to the country for their Rite of Passage, and several Hillfolk caerns exist solely as a way to keep a Rite of Passage area open. The most famous of these is high in the Appalachian mountains, in a valley that's nearly impassable on all sides.

### *A Hillfolk Harangues*

*Call me a hillbilly, go ahead. All I want to do is to make my 'shine, farm these hills, and avoid the revenuers. I don't think that's askin' too much. I don't wanna be rich, I just want my fair share. But you know what? It just don't pay to be a farmer no more. I had 20 head o' cattle before spring of last year and now I got five. They keep dyin', and they keep gettin' born with two heads or no tail, and the Enquirer just don't pay enough for pictures o' these to make up for 'em. The gov'mint keeps saying they're gonna subsidize, but there probably won't be anythin' left for them to subsidize in a few months. Ah, damn.*

*What's that? A black car...could be a revener, a bill collector, or the bank itself...ain't no good gonna come of it. Here boy, take this shotgun....*

## *The Totems of the Rust*

There's powers, and then there's powers. Sometimes, the power company ain't the only one with Power. Sometimes, there's things beyond what you can see and taste, spirits that watch over us and take care of us. Let me tell ya about them.

### *Rat*

Now, you might be sayin' to yourself: here we are, worshippin' a damned rat. A rodent. A filthy, slimy, squeaky thing that likes to bite people and spread disease. Well, the first thing I have to say to ya is this: at least!! it ain't!! a cockroach!!! Okay? You dig? Now, a rat is a smart animal. Smartest in the world. Why do you think they get chosen for all those scientific tests? Not because they're stupid. They're smart; they know how to survive. And that's what Rat'll teach you, boys and girls, if you can get over your fear of her.

What's that, you say? You didn't know she was a she? Well, there you go. Learn somethin' new every day. She's the great Mother of Rats, the grand preppers Rat that squeezes out all the other Rats in the world, especially the Ratkin.

Our earliest records show us following Rat. She's in our histories and tales, our artwork and our crafts. She bade us multiply and we did. We still do. She teaches us about ourselves, asking us to live in new places and take on new identities. She visits us often, but we don't worship her. We're like fans of hers; we like her, but we wouldn't die for her. Well, now, if it was important, we might. But she'd never ask us for that. She wants us to live, live long and interesting lives. And she wants to lead us to Paradise, away from the oppression and suffering in Gaia, where none of us will ever be hungry or cold or lonely again.

You see, boys and girls, Rat is always watching you. That's why your Garou Mom and Pop know what you've been doin', know what trouble you got into. You remember that next time you plan foolishness. It's not hard to find rats; just go to a trashpile and futz around. You'll find them pretty soon. Unless someone done somethin' around there to kill 'em off. Rat will speak to you through any rat, or through any rodent, really. I remember hearing about someone havin' a great conversation with Rat through a little bunny rabbit. Awww, ain't that cute?

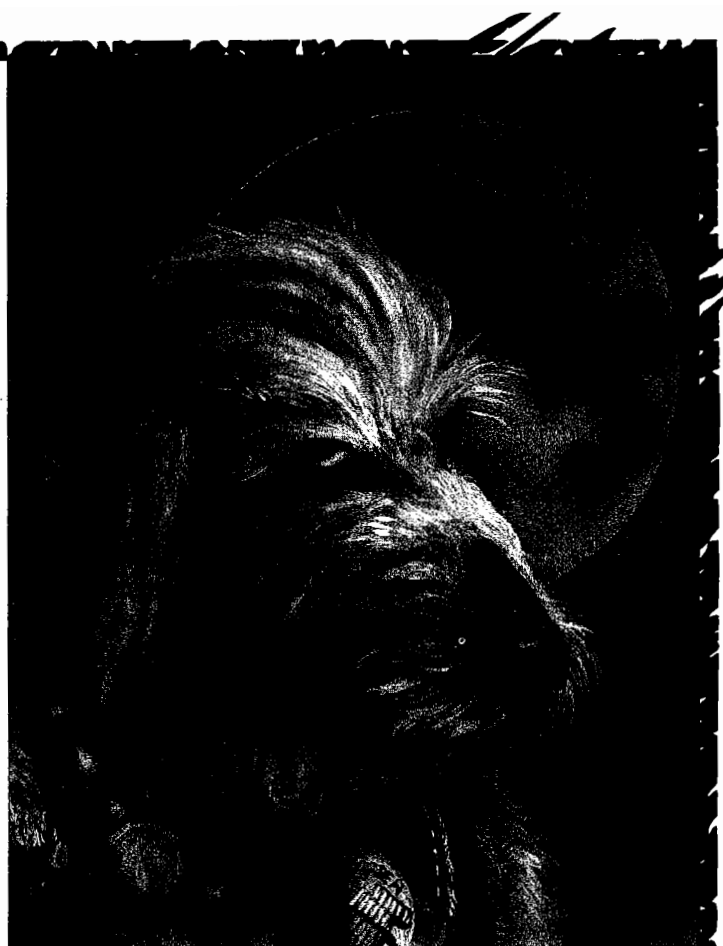
There's a few things you need to remember about Rat. First of all, Rat don't like folks killing off her children. Second of all, Rat knows everything. I mean everything! If it's to know, Rat knows it, because her children are everywhere and they hear everything. Third of all, and most important, Rat has a long, long, loooooong memory. And she ain't the forgivin' type. So if you screw her over, you're likely to find rats doggin' your steps for the rest of your days. Remember the Black Plague? Well, now, there you go.

## *The American Dream*

The American Dream is still alive, we think. He's been sighted in a tiny Midwestern town just this past summer, amongst folks helpin' to clean up a destroyed town. He's been heard on the Staten Island Ferry, howlin' into the wind. He's been seen cryin' in the birth wards of crack babies. He's been seen (and smelled!) drunk and stoned out of his mind on the steps of the Capitol. You just gotta know where to look and what to look for. Of course, Elvis is sighted all the time...maybe they hang out together. If you ever see a starving man wearing a bloody T-shirt, blue jeans and a rubber raincoat, with eyes like a scream waiting to happen, you'll know you've seen him. Watch out though—he's considered armed and extremely dangerous. Who knows? Get him his fix and you might have a friend for life.

## *The Soul of the City*

We live right next to the soul of the city. You can see it from here. Look down, right there, right into that pit. You see that light? The G.W., they call it the "City Father"...but it ain't the daddy of the city. It's the soul of it. Look there...you see that man down there, with his beat-up ol' hat, his *Playbill*, his white scarf? Or that one, smokin' a stogie and laughin'? Here, let me have that box. Yeah, I



know you don't like Sinatra, but you're just gonna have to deal. Listen there. You can hear ol' Frank singin' along with his buddy...Frank, yah, that's him...New York. Listen to him. Crazy bastard. Here, gimme that hot dog and pass the scotch. This one's for you, Frankie!!!

## *The Trashpile*

I call her Gulietta, 'cuz that's the name she told me. She's bee-yoo-tee-full, but you gotta come to see that kind'a beauty. It grows on ya. Hell, Gulietta grows on ya. Heh. Literally—I got some fungus here on my arm...heh, heh, heh. Some folks, they thought she was of the Wyrms, and I just laughed. She's nothin' of the kind. She's just a thing that happens, happens when enough folks throw their trash down where it shouldn't go. Except this time, there was somethin'...somethin' magic in the air, somethin' beside the sweat and cheap perfume of the whores on the street or the fresh blood from the muggers' victims, somethin' magic and powerful that made all this trash wake up and start ta talk, to smile up at the moon, smile with aluminum-can teeth, used-condom hair and bright pop-bottle eyes.

She's down there, boy, waitin' for ya. Knows you're comin'. What're you afraid of, boy? Afraid Madame Gulietta's gonna swallow you whole and burp? She might, that's for sure. But she knows all, sees all, and I bet you can't resist askin' her a question. Now, she doesn't ask for a kiss from everyone anymore, not since I started spendin' the night with her. So you might get away with that box of stale doughnuts and that half-drunk bottle of champagne. Go on, boy. Ask your question. She knows all, sees all. What have you got to lose?

# Everything You Wanted to Know about Bone Gnawer Mating, but Were Afraid to Ask

Look, folks, it ain't no mystery. One reason we're friends with Rat is because we're about as fertile as she is. I tell ya, folks, we Gnawers squeeze out those cubs pretty quickly.

I remember hearing about the time just after the Impergium, when a group of Silver Fangs wanted to impose birth control on us, wanted to brand us with some sort of Rite of Infertility so our kind wouldn't breed and take over the rest of the world. Well, we wouldn't do that. But they got their pound of flesh anyway, by reducing our population in other ways.

So, the first thing you gotta learn about us and our breeding is that we do it a lot! Not all of us can afford birth control, and when you've gotta choose between eating a decent meal and buying condoms, well, what are ya gonna do? More than that, though, we're just a fertile bunch. Our bitches breed really well. Most Garou mothers have trouble with the spirits and the rage being born within them when they're makin' a Garou baby. Well, folks, I'll tell you this: our women just smile a lot, eat more, and get a lot more demandin'.

Among true Bone Gnawer folk, we follow the mother's side of the family; you're the son of Felicia, not the son of Rastus. Still, for human society, we change things around so that it's not a hassle.

Now I know you're gonna be shocked by this, but I have to talk about it. It's about metis. I guess you see many middle-breed here among us. That's because we didn't vote on that part of the Litany. We didn't agree to it and we ain't gonna honor it. We'll mate with whomever we damn please, and the rest of the Garou can go screw themselves. Oops! I guess they won't be doin' that, now will they? Heh. Well, ya gotta understand, you still sleep with your own kind. But frankly, we need every Garou we can get, and if there'll be a baby Garou when two Garou mate, then that's what we'll do.

Birthdays are important among the Gnawers. Except we do it backwards from everyone else: if it's your birthday, you give away neat stuff to everyone you know. Except it's totally rude to ask for something for a birthday present. People who do are likely not to get a single thing. The only time the birthday Garou doesn't give stuff away is her actual Birthday, the first day of her life. If she's born to knowin' Kinfolk, then Garou from all around gather and give her presents from their neatest stuff. These first days are often the best days for that little baby's life, 'cause after that things get rougher.

By the way, a Gnawer marriage is one of the only other times we give gifts without expecting one in return. Marriages are

wild, extensive, expensive and heavily attended affairs, where the food is free and the booze flows far and wide. You're expected to feed every Gnawer that shows up; in exchange, he has to bring ya somethin' that'll actually be of use in your new life—not a toaster or anythin'. Some things people like to give are secret locations of food stashes, the keys to a building with an indoor pool, or even money. The custom is, if he comes and eats your food and doesn't bring a present, he has to babysit your first baby whenever you want for a month. That tends to dissuade people. Of course, there's some dogs that I wouldn't let near my first kid.

If you take a minute and look at a Bone Gnawer family, you'll come to understand what we're about. You see, a Bone Gnawer family is more like a pack than anything else; all the people are there because they want to be. You got young runaways, bums, drunks, hookers, addicts, street kids and all kinds of folks in your family, because that's how you survive. That's how you live in this hell that humans have created: you band together with your family. And they're sometimes more important to you than your pack.

Now, I'm not saying that these families are all in-the-know; most of them aren't. And, technically, it is a way to get around the Ban of Man; Gnawer precedents allow family members to be excluded from the Ban. They just don't define what a family is, and that's good for some of us. My good buddy Blackbomb runs a shelter in the Bronx, and everyone who lives there is his family.

## The Breeds

*When paradise is no longer fit for you to live in  
And your adolescent dreams are gone  
Through the days you feel a little used up  
And you don't know where your energy's gone wrong.*

—John Mellencamp, "Between a Laugh and a Tear"

## Homid

It's no big secret that the homids are what make the world go around, right? Well, folks, there are a lot of homids among us. In fact, most of us are homids. Soon there'll be no more lupus left. That's because homids just get along better. Maybe it's nature's way.

## Metis

Well, now, the metis. Most Garou tribes hate their metis babies. I tell you this: they aren't pretty, but they're hardy as hell. You gotta admire all that spit and vinegar. And they're usually pretty damn smart, too. You teach a metis somethin', he'll usually learn it right away. Some folks say metis are of the Wyrms; I've known too many of them to believe that. It's a crock. Go out among them, find out what they think, how they live. Because they're our hope, our last, best hope. With them to swell our ranks, we might get a chance at beating the Wyrms.

## Lupus

Alley hounds. Street mutts. Junkyard dogs. That's what we've come to. Our lupus ain't really wolves any more, no more than men are apes. We're urban dwellers, tailored by and for our environment. We've developed smaller bodies and wagging tails to get food from humans without scaring them. We've kept our wolf senses and learned to smell through the grime to find that scrap of discarded food.

There aren't many Bone Gnawer lupus, but we treat those that we find just like any other Garou. We train 'em as humans, teach 'em to talk human talk, and even help 'em get started in the human world. Rat has even started personally attending the Rites of Passage in which lupus participate, though I'm not sure why.

## Rites

*Consume more than you need*

*This is the dream*

*Make you pauper*

*Or make you queen*

*I won't die lonely*

*I'll have all prearranged*

*A grave that's deep and wide enough*

*For me and all my mountains o' things.*

— Tracy Chapman, "Mountains O' Things"

(An excerpt from the diary of "Walks Among Equals," aka Sarah Walker, a Children of Gaia Theurge)

Rites among the practical Bone Gnawers are limited. They seldom stand on much ceremony. Their moots are disorganized and spontaneous things, almost mob scenes compared to the highly structured Glass Walker or Stargazer moots. My friend Rat's-Ass sniffed the air once, twice, and then howled in the night...and was off. I had to shift to Lupus just to follow him.

We took off down a series of stairs, subway tunnels and back alleys. I would've been afraid for my life if it weren't for Rat's-Ass, who had the traditional Ahroun knight-in-shining-armor complex. I was surprised by the sound of banging steel in the secret garden we'd suddenly come upon: the Galliards were all there. They were as serious as any I've seen, even though they pounded on rusting steel rather than stretched deerhide. Their music was powerful and hard and full of a thousand rhythms. I must say I was impressed. I often listen to industrial music, but this "modern primitive" Bone Gnawer drumming took my breath away.

I was allowed into the caern, since I'd been smart enough to bring my Bone Gnawer bag that evening. In it were chocolate bars, bubble gum packs, a bunch of comic books, trading cards, and a National Enquirer for the sept leader. I always love watching Gnawers creep up slowly and ask under their breath if I have anything for them, like dogs approaching a stranger with food. But they didn't have to ask; I always end up dumping out the bag, and that's what I did this evening.

After the flurry of activity died down, someone pulled out a Depeche Mode CD I'd left in there, and there was a challenge over it. I was amazed at how quickly it was resolved. After a few minutes of arguing, the Mother stepped in, pinched both of their ears and snapped the CD in two, giving half to one and half to the other. That seemed to satisfy them even as it mystified me. I was a little upset until she gave me a radio-mix CD of the same album and told me that I was good to be patient with them. Except for a Moot Rite, I saw no other rites being cast that evening. I think that the Gnawer conventional wisdom on rites is, "Do the work first, the rite second." If something cannot be done with your own two hands, then a rite isn't going to help you get it done.

An exception, of course, is their just and yet horribly effective Black Ball rite. It is a nonviolent way to discipline someone who breaks their laws, although its effects are devastating. The Black Ball is affixed around an offending Garou's neck; it is usually an actual eight-ball from a pool table. The Ball is a fetish, visible in whatever form the victim wears.

No Bone Gnawer (or Kin of the Rat, for that matter) will aid or harbor such a one. The offender must survive on her own. Usually the recipient starves very quickly. I've seen a Mother go and rescind the Black Ball, but it's rare.

Another rite that I have long wished I could witness is the Rite of the Grand Dance. I am not entirely sure what this rite consists of, but I can make a few guesses. I believe it is some kind of costume ball for Bone Gnawers only. It has something to do with fantasy or science fiction. I know that a full orchestra is hired for each Grand Dance.

So, anyway, there I was, at a Bone Gnawer moot. Things progressed along the lines that most moots do, except the atmosphere was much more relaxed; there weren't many folks concerned about getting axed or killed off. In the city, everything is always business as usual.

Well, usually. This night, though, there was a lot of talk. Someone had been killing the sept's cubs — the Gnawers suspected a werewolf hunter named Samuel Haight, one the Silent Striders had heard was active in the Amazon. Others had heard that it was Lord Dread, a Sabbat werewolf hunter with a terrible Banesword.

I saw the active leadership of the Gnawers in action: the Mothers and Fathers ordered that teams of scouts be sent to the areas of the murders, there to interrogate the urban spirits and find out who was killing the cubs.

Their voices were harsh, their demeanor concerned, their manner quick and businesslike. They didn't even seem scared or worried. Later, I asked why. Rat's-Ass told me that it was bad form for a leader to show concern; it meant that she was worried about the outcome and not willing to trust in her packs. This surprised me; they seemed so practical, up-front and honest in all other matters — why not in their fear? Rat's-Ass said that fear was a real spirit to the Bone Gnawers. Once you let it get to you, you're doomed. You can't afford a second of fear when you might be fighting for your life at any moment. I had to agree, having seen the things I've seen in Manhattan.



## Bone Gnawer Celebrations

*"Play?" said Templeton, twirling his whiskers.*

*"Play? I hardly know the meaning of the word... I never do those things if I can avoid them. I prefer to spend my time eating, gnawing, spying and hiding. I am a glutton, but not a merry-maker."*

— E.B. White, "Charlotte's Web"

(I talked to Francois laRoche, a Cajun Bone Gnawer Galliard from New Orleans. He wanted to talk about Bone Gnawer fun. Here's a transcript.)

It's true, cher, in the business of survival you don't get a day off! But still, sometimes, survival is more about keepin' your mind right than it is about keepin' your innards warm. So, sometimes, just sometimes mind you, we have fun. What do we do? Well, lemme see....

I remember one time we had an Old Dawg Ball, Le Grande Danse. That's when all the Gnawers in the area (from as far away as folks can hitch, run or Moon Bridge) get together and party. We spent three days getting ready: makin' costumes, building a still and gettin' it goin', and finding a good place. Then, on the night of the full moon, we bring out the buckets of moonshine, donned our cos-

tumes, and become all the local Garou for the night. One of us was elected Chief Muckety-Muck and dressed up like the local Caern Warder, and the rest of us adopted a hoity-toity local Garou to "become." Some of the more good-humored Garou from the area were invited, and the entire evening celebration ended in a full-blown, no-holds-barred, raucous revel, which left the Veil in tatters and caused the Silver Fangs indigestion for weeks on end.

One thing that's fun in New York is Subway Surfin'. We climb up on the catwalks and ledges over a subway station, just before a tunnel. Then we jump on the train, crouch down low and ride it as long as we can. It's fun! And it gets you places. Glabro form is good for this, but don't try to go to Crinos — you'll bend the roof!

Every spring, almost every Bone Gnawer city sponsors an annual Hide and Go Seek, open only to local Ahrouns of every tribe. One of the Grandfathers or Grandmothers brings out one or two ancient and valuable things, donating them to the hunt. The best Ragabash in the city then hides them in the most ingenious places. The Ahrouns have a full day and night to find the things, but on the morning of the second day, all bets are off. The winner of the contest is either the Ragabash who hid the things so well, or the Ahrouns who were smart (or persistent!) enough to find them.

I remember Runs-Without-Shoes, an Ahroun with a particularly masochistic bent, who was bound and determined to find a First Edition Elvis Collector's Plate, signed and numbered from the Jefferson Mint. The Grandpa gave it to ACME, a Ragabash with a reputation for extreme resourcefulness.

Runs-Without-Shoes tracked down the plate over fields of shattered glass, across parking lots filled with oily goo, and over sharp pointy gravel railbeds, finally arriving at the Municipal Police Stables. There, buried under a pile of the freshest manure, was the plate, which was none the worse for wear. Of course, the Ragabash had his fun: he had convinced the spirit of the manure to stick to the Ahroun's famous bare feet; the Ahroun was, for a time, renamed "Runs-Without-Friends."

In short, we play hard, but that's because our stakes are so big.

## *The Litany*

("A Brief Report on the Various Violations of the Litany Witnessed by Anwar Huskar, Shadow Lord in service to the Concolation of Morningkill's Court.")

My Lords, I have the distinct displeasure to report a number of violations of the Litany by those we have come to know as Bone Gnawers. As you remember, it is by the Silver Fangs' grace that they are considered a tribe at all, instead of the positively Wyrms-riden, rag-tag mob that actually exists. During my time among them, I discovered that it was extremely difficult to gain an audience with their leaders or elders — in some cases, I wasn't entirely convinced that elders or leaders were available. Many times, I felt the Bone Gnawers were operating totally alone and without guidance from any higher source.

I submit this list of violations to you in hopes that you will find sufficient evidence to revoke the Bone Gnawers' rights as Garou and assign a team of Shadow Lord counselors to help them integrate into the society of the Garou in a more useful and productive fashion. I shall delineate their violations of the Litany one by one:

### *Garou Shall Not Mate with Garou*

This element of the Litany is ignored with impunity. In fact, I found Bone Gnawer lovers on many occasions, charachs who openly adore each other, even in their moots. To my disgust, I found that the metis thus created are coddled and made to feel part of the tribe instead of being informed of their corrupted state. When I tried to discuss this topic with their chieftain, she produced her Garou husband and told me to do something that is highly improbable and not worthy of repeating in this report.

My lords, if nothing else, this one violation should certainly be enough to justify a purge of the Bone Gnawers. Unfortunately, I found a number of other Litany violations. It is no wonder that the Litany is rarely sung at Bone Gnawer moots; perhaps if it were, I would be writing a different report.

### *Combat the Wyrms Wherever It Dwells and Wherever It Breeds*

Bone Gnawer cowardice is legendary, my lords. During the time I spent among the Bone Gnawers, I saw them interact with the Wyrms-riden Ratkin (yes, my lords, the wererats of old are still around) and several Leeches, including one foul individual named Tiffany who was clearly a vampire, for she had a monstrous countenance and scaly skin. Still, these Wyrmspawn were tolerated and even honored in the Gnawers' moots! The Gnawers are quite Wyrms-riden. I cannot stomach another hour in their presence.

### *Respect the Territory of Another*

They seem to respect territory, although they are notorious thieves, milords. I have myself been thieved while under their hospitality: my Rolex watch was taken, along with my memory of it. I only remembered it when I left to go to the airport and looked at my wrist for the time. I have still not received it back, even after repeated requests that the sept give it up.

### *Accept an Honorable Surrender*

This is a joke. I'm sure if someone were lowly enough to be defeated by Bone Gnawers, they may accept his surrender. I don't doubt, however, that they would constantly harry him from then on, as wild dogs and street mutts do after defeating an intruder.

### *Submission to Those of Higher Station*

I cannot fault their outward demeanors in this particular area: truly, they do submit to one's rightful power. However, it is as if they do not truly respect that power and are only "going through the motions" of respect. They lick my boots and fawn, but when I am away, I find graffiti on the walls with my name on it. I feel that they take this part of the Litany about as seriously as they do the rest of it, and that we should take steps to show them true respect for us.

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

When I was among them, they often complained bitterly when they were "forced" to supply me with sustenance for an evening. They loudly debated who would get what among the food-findings that had been gathered. Of course, they also took to describing in detail where they had gotten the food: out of this trash bin or that dirty cardboard box. So repulsed was I that I ordered my dinner from my car phone instead.

### *Respect for Those beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia.*

Their cubs and their underlings know no rest, my lords. In order to maintain their paltry status in the tribe, they are

forced to work long hours hunting for food, breaking into secret warehouses and otherwise scavenging for the tribe. I feel that this in and of itself is a violation of this part of the Litany: they do not even train their children to read. And they certainly don't show respect to the other tribes who live near them. Oh, this is a terrible shame to behold, great Silver Fangs!

### *The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted*

Often they wander about the city in their Lupus forms. I consider this a flagrant breach of the Veil. They may look like large dogs, but I fear that one day a passing biologist will notice their definite wolfen features and become curious!

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

I understand that, in the past, it was the custom to euthanize all the elder Bone Gnawers before they became hazards to the tribe. But in these more fertile days, it seems that the custom is to make the eldest Bone Gnawers the leaders of the tribe. They even call them "Grandmothers" and "Grandfathers." I feel that they have learned special rites and Gifts to allow their elders to continue living. The few Grandmothers I've seen are reportedly 200 or more years old, and I cannot believe that they do not hinder the tribe when it comes time for a fight.

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

Their leaders are never challenged, except perhaps through some strange, complex series of trading and material accumulation. I feel they have totally lost the understanding of what it means to be at war, and that they will continue to play their silly games of material exchange until the Wyrms eat us all!

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

I only wait, milords, for news to reach me of a Bone Gnawer desecrating a caern. Truly, they have no respect for the sacred sites. Surely, you can see from my report that they are not worthy to continue being recognized as a full tribe in the Nation of Garou.

My suggestion to you, milords, is that you authorize me to begin a systematic program of integration, with the Shadow Lords appointed custodians of the whole grouping. We shall take these Garou, reeducate them, and weed out the weakest and the most Wyrms-ridden. Soon we shall have a new tribe of Bone Lords who, alongside their patrons, will defeat the Wyrms and all of its manifestation with dispatch and great fervor.

I await your decision with the utmost in patience, humility and respect for your honored wisdom.

(Note, scribbled on the end: Hey, Bernie! Check this shit out! Oh well, looks like another great idea bites the dust. Could you see that this note is suitably shredded? That is, after ya finish laughin'? We want something to include with Milord Huskar's ashes. Thanks. — Moxie)

## *The Way of Rulership*

Our elders are respected by us. You know why? Because, damn it, they can kick our lazy butts. Furthermore, they've been around the longest. That's what elder means. They've survived lotsa stuff that we only hear about. For a Bone Gnawer, just puttin' in another year of life means that you've got some sense in your head. Thing of it is, you don't get anywhere in the ladder of the Bone Gnawers by being stupid, and you don't get anywhere by being stingy. The more Gnawers you feed, the more points you get. The more Stuff ya got, the more people like you. That's the Bone Gnawer way.

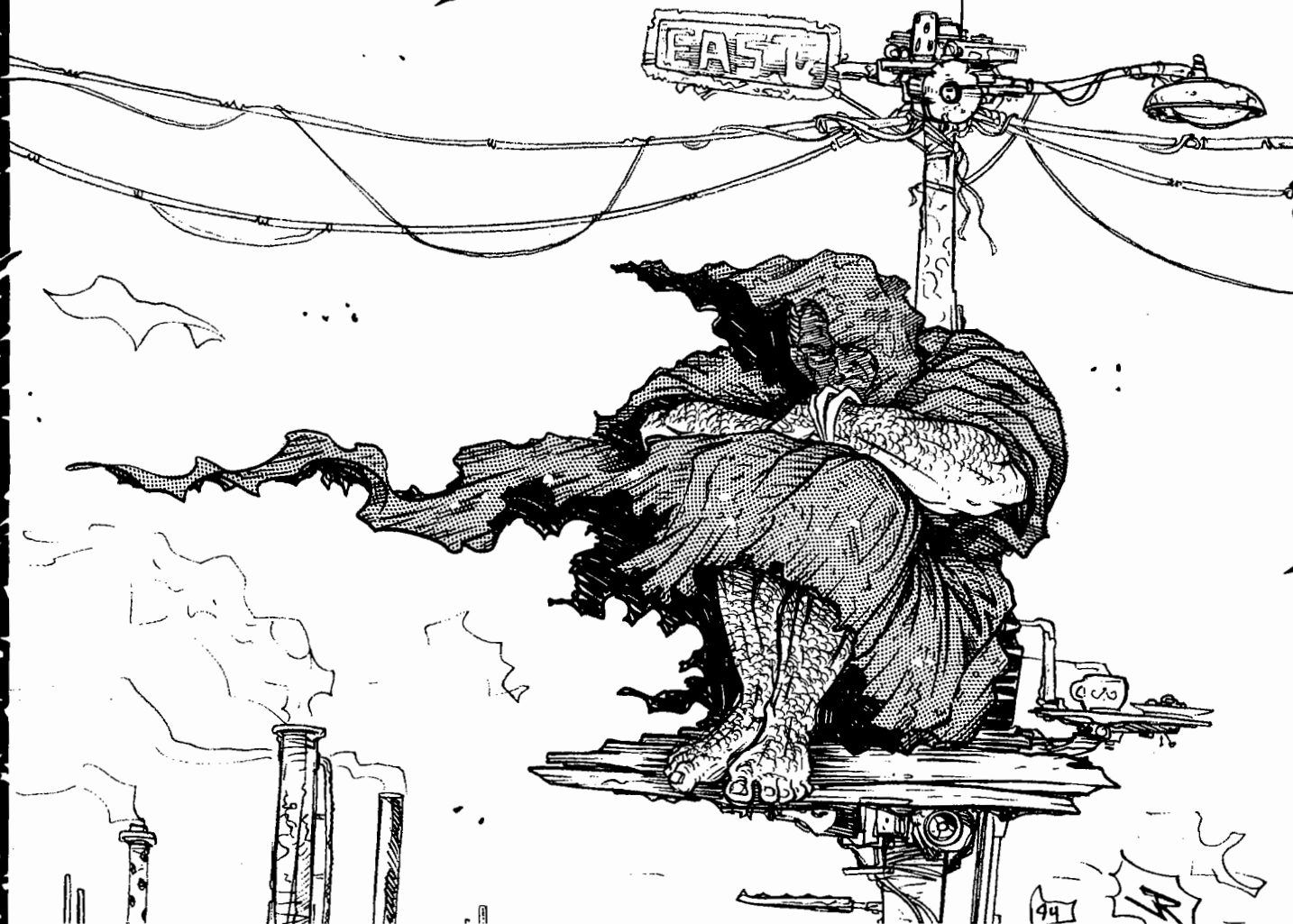
## *Zen and the Art of Stuff*

What is "Stuff"? Well, it's a little better than shit, and it's a little worse than loot. It's Stuff. You know, neat things that don't necessarily have any innate value except...well...they're cool. Like this thing — a wristwatch. Take away the fact that it's a Rolex, and it's shit. Take away the nifty engraving on the back — "To my darling J.T., with love, Shell" — and it's trash. If it worked, hell, it'd be loot, engravin' or no. I can tell you, any pawnshop on 42nd Street would take this off my hands if it worked. But it's pretty, and it's cool...and it's also Stuff. I guess Stuff is like porn — I don't know how to describe it, but I know it when I see it.

Our elders have the best Stuff. Of course, once you're an elder, folks start bringin' ya Stuff; when you're young you gotta scrounge for it. That's why most of us get off our butts and go runnin' around the world with other Garou: to find neat Stuff, bring it back to the ol' stompin' grounds, and set themselves up as the Satraps of 22nd Street.

## *Everybody Eats... Even If It Is Only Macaroni n' Cheez*

You gotta feed people. This doesn't take much, just a little ingenuity, a lot of commandin' and a little bit of luck. The more folks you feed, the more you rise in respect. Pretty soon people are callin' you Momma or Poppa without you even realizin' it. Then you start callin' yourself Momma or Poppa, and before you know it, you're a bona-fide elder. That's how it happens. There ain't no great ceremony. There ain't no ticker-tape parade. It just happens. Happens by mutual agreement of every Bone Gnawer who knows you. If you got the title, you've earned it. Of course, there's always those who call themselves Momma or Poppa who



didn't earn it. Either those folks don't last very long or they actually start walkin' their talk.

That's it. Plain and simple. If a Momma tells you to do somethin', you do it, dammit, and don't ask questions. If a Poppa asks you to jump, you ask how high on the way up! But they'll protect you, keep you safe, and make sure that the jerks in the other tribes don't screw you over, and that's Gaia's truth.

Now, you might be thinkin' that means the Mommas and the Poppas are all big-muckety-mucks who push folks

around, and that ain't necessarily so. We have a mutual respect. We young 'uns give them our all, and the elders, well, they don't get on our backs at every little thing. They don't sweat the small stuff. But don't think they don't watch us, and don't think that they don't know what we do, just because they ain't callin' us down and makin' us toe the line every time we break a rule. They save their mighty wrath for the big deals, the really large screw-ups, and then — ooh baby! You don't wanna be around. You gonna wish your Momma weren't never born!



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# Chapter Three: Gaia's Armpit

*Now we'll all be at his mercy  
If he decides to hunt us down  
'Cause there ain't no place to run to  
Ain't no place to run.*

— Tracy Chapman, "Bang Bang Bang"

## *The Barrens: The Land the Triat Forgot*

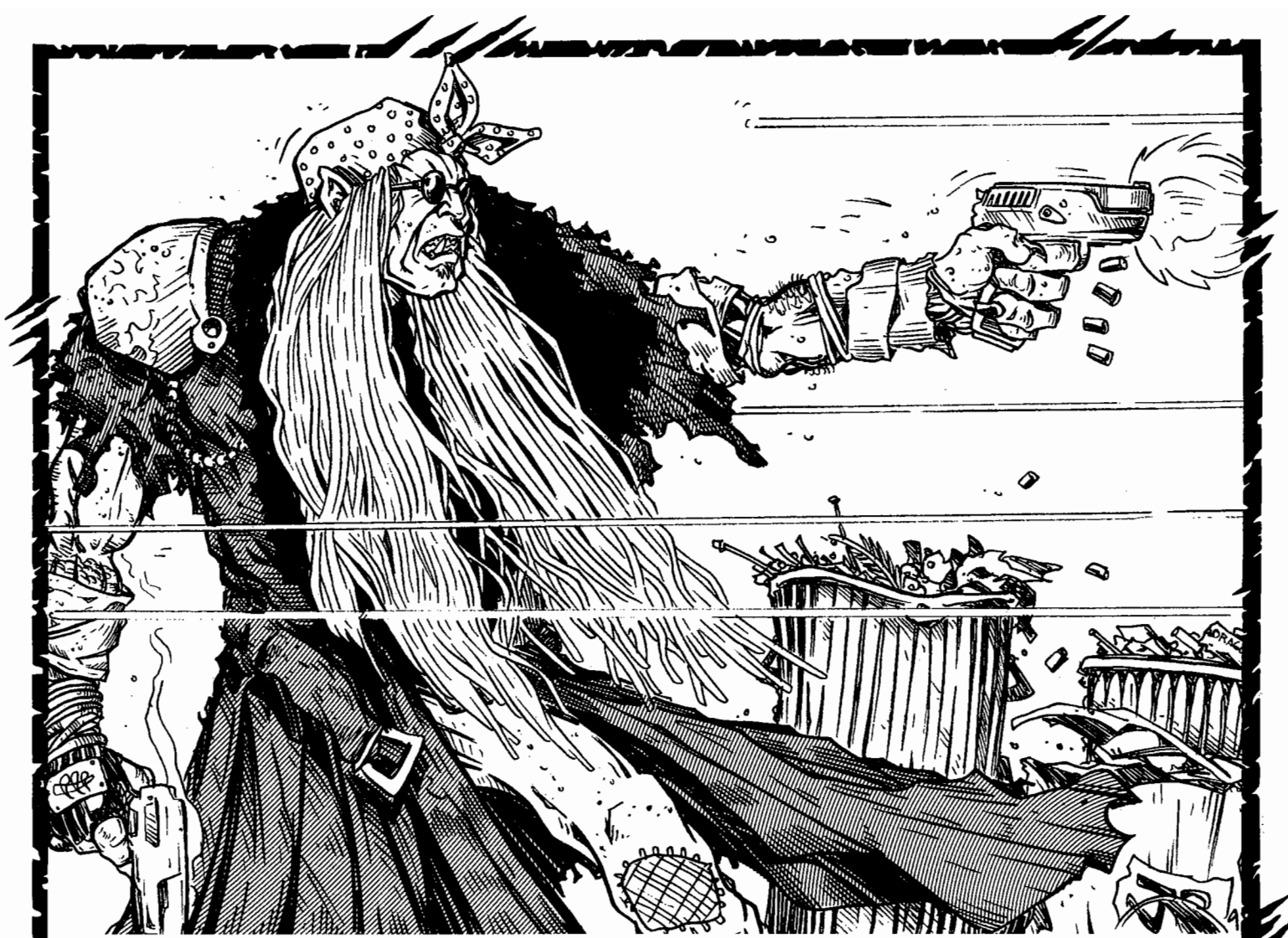
(I recorded a homily/poem the other day from the Right Reverend Doghouse, and I thought a transcription might tell ya how we feel about where we live.)

Look at this place! Just look at it! This is where we live, damn it! This is where our babies grow up! This is where our kids play! Look at this place! It's a shitpile!! It's full of disease, full of crap, full of drugs, full of death, full up! Blood, guts, pus, smack, crack, death! Look at it! It seethes up out of the ground, out of the potholes and the cracks in the sidewalk, like some ooze that soaks the city. All the animals, they all know — don't eat where you crap! But do we learn?? Do we learn anythin'? Here, Gaia! Have another-bill-yon tons of CRAP! Mr. Trasha say, hey Gaia! Can you take this plastic crap a little longer? 'Cuz I gotta have a hot burger, and I gotta have a cold drink, and geez, I want it NOW! I'm gonna be late! Gotta go to work so's I can screw somebody outta their money! Gotta go to work so's I can

grab somebody's house! Gotta go into work cause geez! That's the system, and it's right. Hey!!! Trasha! You gonna tell me to get a job?

Hey, Mr. Trasha! You see me? You see my face? Look at me, man. Look at my face, just look at me. Look at this...neat scar, eh? You look scared. You should be. You could be me, man. You could be right here, wearin' this shitty overcoat, in jockey shorts you ain't changed in a month! Heh, don't think you couldn't be! One minute cock o' the walk, heh, next minute — a featha dusta! Oops! I think I hurt his feelins! I think I did. Boo hoo hoo. Boo hoo. Get outta my face, my space, you Trasha bastid!

Look, I don't tell this poetry just for my benefit. I don't say these words just to hear me howl. Look, I'm just dis guy, and all I wanna do is talk about what matters. I look inside, heh, and I see what's there, and I spit it out. I spit it out here at any o' you Trashes that'll listen. What I say is the truth,



that's all. The truth! How much do that cost, Mr. Trasha? You got that on ya Powerbook? Lemme see!

I'll tell ya, where Gaia don't shine, deep in the Barrens, deep in the middle o' noplac, that's what we got. That's where we rule. Deep where the cops don't go, and the average age of the average mother is 12 years old! Come up spittin' and swearin', you kids, you bastids o' the street! Those big boy rich Trashas, they ain't got noplac to run. Get yer knife, boys, get a big rock, get a shotgun. Let's go open a charge account at Tiffany's, heh. You know what I'm sayin'? Breakfast, anyone? Anyone breakfast? Hee hee, heh heh heh.

Hey, yah, I'll tell you what, I ain't angry that you got your money. I ain't pissed at you for that — you earned it didn't you? Worked at it, bled for it? I just wanna know — how did you get it? Did you suck it away, bit by bit, drop by drop, from some poor sucker? Or should I say, suckee? Did you hook into that heady hit of high-finance hemoglobin? You know, I used to know a few honest bucks. Had 'em in my wallet, talked to 'em from time to time. They knew a lot, those bucks. They had the number of the hotel room where all the bodies are buried. Do you got any honest bucks? Let me look. Come on, for a modest fee, I'll tell ya. Heh. Not interested? Don't surprise me none.

Thing is, there ain't no more honest bucks. You folks've gone and eaten them up. There ain't no bucks noplac that don't got some kind o' taint on 'em. Smell like sulfur and two-day-old blood.

As my precha say, "Love o' money is the root of all evil." Whom do you love, Trasha? Who is it? Ben Franklin? Abe Lincoln? Georgie-porgy? Well, hell, I just now talked to 'em, and they don't love you, Trasha! They keep talkin' about a government FOR the people, BY the people... and they ain't pleased.

## In the Shadows of the Jungle Towers

(This here is from a talk I heard Sister Bonnie Belle give to some young ones. I thought it sums up stuff real well.)

You pups gather 'round here, 'cause I got somethin' to talk about. You've been chasin' your tails, askin' this question and that. And now, well, now is the time to tell ya what's what. First of all, you sharpnoses aren't fools — there *are* things out there. Things that are much less than human and much more than alive. There *are* such things as monsters. We live among them. We *are* them, to a certain way of thinkin'.

Now, I know you've been through a lot; the First Change ain't too fun no matter what the circumstances. But I gots to warn you. I gots to tell ya the truth, plain and simple. I know that the elders know much more than I about things, but they told me to tell you, 'cause I don't know any big secrets, and whatever I tell you, you need to know.

## Blodsuckers

Call me old, feeble and stupid, but let me tell you somethin' — there's a race out there, and they live right here in the city, and they're blodsuckers. That's right, vampires. Vampires get together into groups, like gangs. Most of them are pretty tough cookies, although if you catch new vampires alone (I'll tell you how they get made another time) then you can probably take 'em. Just don't eat what you kill! They're foul things — of the Wyrms, mostly. Their blood tastes good, true, but it doesn't feed your soul anythin'. Let me tell you how to recognize the various kinds of 'em. First of all, you got the Brew-hah, and they are real mean, real quick, real strong, and are one of the most dangerous kinds. Watch out.

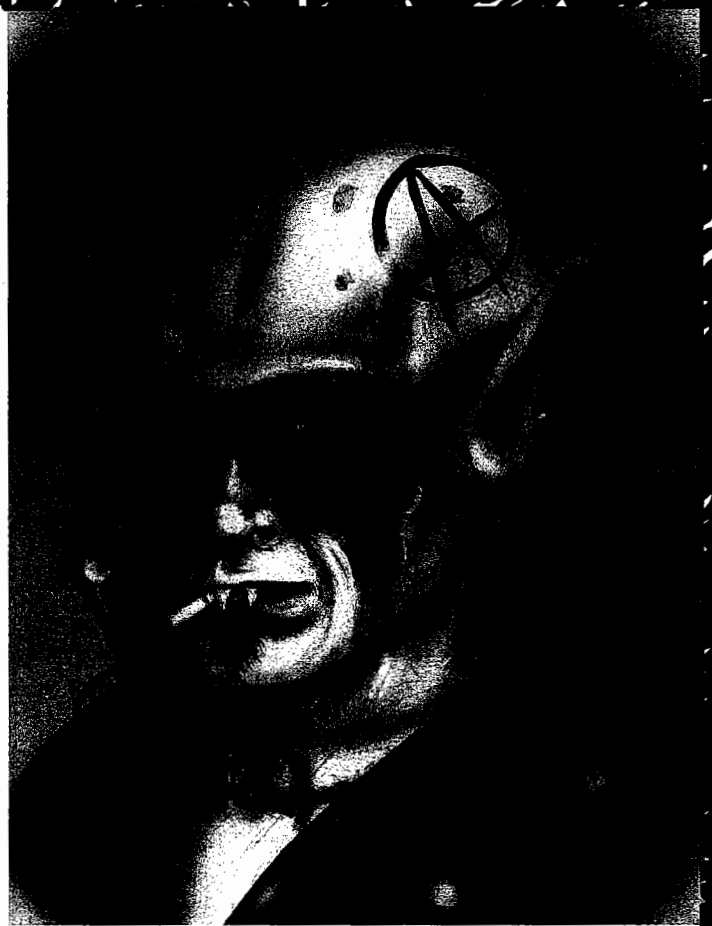
Then there's the Sewer Rats, and they're OK, even if they are a bit wicked at times. I keep trying to figure out how it is they look pretty one second and ugly the next, and how they poof out of sight, kind of like some Ragabash do. Then there's the High Class vampires; they love art (some of them get fascinated by it), and they's rich, and you gotta make sure never to look 'em straight in the eye — they'll screw you up. Then there's the Warlock vampires, and they know magic; they can make things catch on fire. Don't count on the stuff you learned from the matinees — it don't work. Except by sunlight and flame, vampires are practically kill-proof.

Some elders think that the vampires are responsible for the way things are, that it's their fault there's so many homeless folks, that their money-grubbin' power games have disenfranchised more poor than any government has. I don't know about that, although I do definitely know this: they've got lots of mind powers, and lots of magic powers, and you'd best stay away from them.

## Mages

I don't know nothin' about wizards. All I know is what Rat tells me. She tells me that many of her children continuously get sacrificed to the Wyrms in needless experiments. Now, from what I can tell, she says that these experiments aren't just scientific ones; they're also magical experiments. I don't know what that means, friends, but I can tell you that some of our brothers and sisters have come out of those places, those mental health places and those biogenetics places, with lots of strange things in their heads and bodies.

There are supposedly shamans who watch out for the Garou, but I haven't met any. The only magic guy I know is this man folks call Bo. He's the wizard of Washington



Square Park. He sings and drums on plastic buckets and sells mary-wanna on the side, and he's a good sort. I've talked with him a few times, and he understands a lot more than I thought he would. He knows about the Umbra, for example, and about spirits. And you know what?? One time I was talkin' to him, and I was late for a subway, and he said to go down to the subway and wait, and another would be around really quick. I told him he was crazy, but sure 'nuff, there it was, the E train, five minutes late. I don't know if it was a coincidence or not, but I thought Bo had somethin' to do with it. He just smiled funny when I asked him about it.

I've heard tell of mages comin' into caerns and suckin' them dry just like a vampire drains blood, and for that reason we don't let any into our caerns, even if they smell nice. We don't let 'em know where they are, because once they've been someplace they can just "poof" back to it anytime.

## Ratkin

A long, long time ago, Mother Rat birthed her own shapeshifters, rats who could take human shape. They first lived in Africa, then Bombay, then Singapore, then Sumatra, all around the world. Mother Rat says that Gaia meant for them to be the protectors of humans in the cities, 'cause they were suited to go there, and they knew just how much grain to eat in order to keep human populations from growin' too fast.

But the Silver Fangs didn't see things that way. They started the War of Rage, during which most of the Kin to the Rat were lost, especially their drummers and bards and storytellers, their Galliards as it were. Now there's only a scant few left, children mostly.

If you see one, or if one reveals himself to you, you better treat him with the utmost respect, as if he were your Grandma's Grandma. You better be nice and you better be helpful, or the elders'll have you shovelin' out the hovels!

The Kin to the Rat deserve our respect. They also deserve our aid, help, advice and, to a certain extent, our obedience. They are connected with Rat completely, at all times.

## *The Ring of Shadows*

Although the Bone Gnawers have neither central government nor central laws, there is a collection of elders served by a loyal band of Ratkin. This group is called the Ring of Shadows. Some claim that Ratkin, Nosferatu and other creatures of darkness are also part of the Ring. The Ring influences all Bone Gnawers everywhere and provides assistance to those Gnawers it feels need it. It is the closest thing to a higher authority that the Bone Gnawers possess. Members are marked with a circular black brand on their chest, and all of them are served by at least one or two Ratkin bodyguard/messengers.

## *Wraiths*

There are secret things that dwell in the gloom that surrounds us. I can't tell you exactly what they are, but I can tell you this: many's the time I've gotten a funny feeling when I walked through Gresham Warehouse at three in the morning. That's because a young girl was raped and murdered there many years ago, and I think her ghost still hangs out there. One time I found her teddy bear in a trash can, and I burned it. For three nights afterward, I had nightmares about her, and I had to ask a spirit protector to stand and watch my dreams for me. After that, the nightmares went away, but every time I pass by that warehouse, I think about her. I swear, if I ever find out who did that to her, I'll throat him in a heartbeat and not think twice about the Ban of Man.



## *Around the World in 30 Days*

(A travelogue by renowned Ragabash world-traveler Bonetrotter!)

Hey there! Geez, what a terrific surprise! You're actually tapin' this? You gonna put it in your book? Cool. Okay. Look, here's what I learned from my trip:

First of all, some general stuff. If you're travelin' by Moon Bridge, I recommend you go on a tradin' spree and get a whole bunch o' fetishes and talens from your buds. Just little crappy things that nobody wants, but ones that caerns will take as chiminage. You'd be surprised how many caerns are demandin' their share of the take these days.

Second of all, don't bother learnin' the language: every Garou speaks Garou no matter where ya go, although it took a long time for me to get used to the French and Russian Garou; they slur their u's and don't roll their arrrr's.

Third of all, don't worry 'bout where you're gonna sleep, because hey! You're a mutt! You can sleep anyplace. Just make sure all your important stuff is Dedicated to you, and you ain't got no worries, mate.

Folks, there are Bone Gnawers all around the world. I mean, every place I went, there we were, survivin'. And we aren't much different, really. We're all poor. We're all hungry. We all wear the latest in grunge fashion, wherever we live. It's surprising how little changes from Borneo to Baltimore, from Los Angeles to Labrador.

## *The Pros and Cons of Hitchhiking*

Ever since the first Bone Gnawer caught a ride with a merchant caravan or stowed away aboard ship, the more travel-minded Bone Gnawers (of whom there are not too many; only Ragabashes and Galliards tend to wander) have maintained a tradition of hitchhiking wherever they wish to go. A hitchin' Gifts has been developed: The Ward of the Road (see Appendix One). Together with Blissful Ignorance, Cooking and Persuasion, these Gifts facilitate reasonably comfortable, if not luxurious, travel accommodations.

## *Mexico, South America and the Amazon*

Well, kin, look, if you're travelin' down Mexico way, you'll find the biggest pile o' Bone Gnawers, poor folks, and nasty vampires that you've ever seen. If there ever were a Bone Gnawer country, Mexico would be it. But what you've got in Mexico is death, poverty, disease and all the discomforts of home piled on top of each other. Some of these folks would enjoy getting a cardboard box to sleep in. Some of these folks would love to have some bread to eat, or, wonder-of-wonders, some meat. I was nearly eaten myself when I ran into a strong group of Maneaters — not just Bone Gnawers, mind you, but some Red Talons and Get as well, who were just ticked off that I was gettin' into their business.

In the wilds of South America — well, folks, what can I tell ya? It's bad down there. I even hired a guide and made my way up the Amazon a bit to try and find the local equivalent of our Hillfolk, but all I could find were villagers and people unwilling to help me. It's war down there, and it's hell. It's funny, you know — the G.W. guy down there thinks that he has total authority to vote for us. Maybe we should get off our lazy butts and send someone down there; nobody's stickin' up for the poor folks there, and everyone's so high-and-mighty that they haven't noticed that they're destroyin' the balance of spirits in the area.

## *U.S.A.*

Well, of course, in the good ol' USA, Bone Gnawers reign supreme. American Bone Gnawers are more scrappy than their European, Asian and South American brethren. Maybe it's because we got more rights as Garou here, or it could be somethin' to do with that old American Dream. I'm not sayin' we're better than they are, but for some reason we've had a say in the structure and fundamental values of this country, moreso than anyplace else. I guess it all goes back to the basis of democracy. Even if you're poor, you get a say in things. Well, sometimes....

## *Europe*

In Europe, we're strongest in the big cities: Amsterdam, London, Paris, Venice, etc. But since the big migration during the '20s and '30s, there aren't that many Gnawers left in Europe. Those that are there are pretty set in their ways and unwillin' to change.

## *Africa*

We're hyena-breed, some say. There're a few Bone Gnawers in Africa who live out on the plains, running with the hyenas. Certainly there are good ol' regular Bone Gnawers on the streets of Port Elizabeth in South Africa; they've been fighting apartheid for some time. I've heard rumors that there are some members of the Hood working in Somalia and other famine-stricken areas, helping to distribute food and keep hope alive. I don't know if it's true, but it'd be just like them.

## *Asia*

The G.W.'s stronghold in Singapore is also one of our favorite places. I've heard of Brothers and Sisters in China, Vietnam and Korea, but I've never spoken to them. Word is they keep to themselves. I've also heard stories of other strange shapechangers over there, like werefoxes, and I don't rightly know what to think.

So, let me leave you with one last piece o' advice: the world may be a big, scary place, but it's our place. We got rights to it, see? Gaia gave it to all of us, so go out and stake a claim on what's yours.



# Appendix One: Powers

## Gifts

**Nose of the Hungry Hound (Level One)** — By spending a Willpower point and rolling Perception + Primal-Urge (difficulty 7), the Garou can hunt down the closest source of discarded, relatively disease-free food. The number of successes determines how much food is found. This Gift will not detect the hot dogs within a vendor's cart (unless that vendor would gladly give a wiener to a hungry mutt), but it would detect the bag of cheez-fries that accidentally-dropped out of a passing car window. This is a Bone Gnawer version of the Lupus Gift: Sense Prey.

**Find the Prize (Level Two)** — The Garou employing this Gift closes her eyes and thinks about finding a thing of great value, either a specific item or a general class of things. She then spends a Gnosis point and rolls Perception + Enigmas (the difficulty depends on the rarity/uniqueness of the item-

being sought). Each success on the roll gives one clue concerning the whereabouts of this item. The clue is decided by the Storyteller and must be worked into the story: "Turning the corner, you see an ad for the Hound Dog Cafe...perhaps the Elvis plate could be there?" Note that just because an item has been located does not mean it can be easily gotten.

**Ward of the Road (Level Two)** — This allows a Garou to leap from a quickly moving vehicle and remain undamaged. By spending one Willpower point and scoring at least one success on a Stamina + Survival roll (difficulty 6), the Garou takes no damage from the fall. If he fails, however, he takes full damage; if he botches, he takes double damage (he fell on his ankle, etc.). The Garou can also leap from tall buildings in this manner, but it requires one success per story to negate damage.

## Rites

### Rite of the Cardboard Palace

Level One

This rite transforms something as flimsy as a cardboard box into a decent place to sleep. The Garou must roll Intelligence + Survival (difficulty 6) to turn an ordinary shelter into a comfortable home for the night. The cardboard (or other material) becomes water-resistant and thermal-reflective, keeping those within warm and dry. This rite can be worked in full view of the mundane public without rending the Veil, and its effect lasts an entire night. It can also be performed on someone else's structure.

### Rite of the Shopping Cart

Level Two

This rite expands the carrying space of any cargo-carrying device, making the inside larger than the outside. The Garou must roll Manipulation + Rituals (difficulty 7) and spend a Gnosis point. Ten pounds per success can be placed in the container. This rite must be renewed each week or the container will spill its excess baggage onto the street.

### Rite of Man-Taint

Level Three

This rite is used to detect Maneaters among the Bone Gnawers. It must be used within seven days of when the suspect last ate human flesh, and the suspect can resist the rite by scoring five successes on a Willpower roll (difficulty 7). The rite causes every gobblet of human flesh consumed to spew from the suspect's body, either through the skin or mouth. Needless to say, this is a disgusting sight.

## Fetishes

### The Lost Keyring

Level 1, Gnosis 5

This fetish is a steel ring of about six inches in diameter, with hundreds of keys. By activating the fetish and rolling Perception + Repair (difficulty equal to the complexity of the lock), the Garou can find a key on the ring to open any desired lock. Unless immediately used, however, the key will be lost in the mass of keys. The key to virtually anything can be on this ring. This fetish does not protect against any security systems on the lock, such as electronic alarms or motion sensors.

### Chuck Rock

Level 2, Gnosis 4

This is a rock from a demolished ghetto building. Its inherent Rage causes it to become a deadly weapon when thrown. By spending one Rage point and throwing it (Dexterity + Athletics; difficulty 5), the rock will do five dice plus the number of attack successes of damage. The rock is tough and will not break.

### Susie's Dollar

Level 4, Gnosis 8

This coin magically changes for a limited time into one bill of variable denomination. The fetish can also be commanded to return to its owner (the one who activated it) from a distance. A Gnosis roll is required to activate either power; the effects are listed below:

To Change to:	Difficulty	Return Successes Needed
One Dollar	4	1
Five Dollars	5	2
Ten Dollars	6	3
Twenty Dollars	7	4
Fifty Dollars	8	5
One Hundred Dollars	9	6

Duration	Successes Needed
Five Minutes	1
30 Minutes	2
One Hour	3
One Day	4
One Month	5

Return Range	Difficulty
Same Room	4
Across the Street	5
Same City Block	6
Same Side of the City	7
Same City	8
Anywhere	9

When the time limit expires, the coin reverts to its original state and is easily lost in a pile of quarters.

## Honest Buck

Level 3, Gnosis 6

This dollar bill has a spirit of Truth in it. Under the bill's pyramid is inscribed, "The Truth Will Make You Free" rather than "In God We Trust." By holding the buck (activating it) and showing it to someone, the fetish user can determine (Perception + Alertness; difficulty 6) whether someone is a greedy or cold-hearted person. Bone Gnawer Philodoxes use this fetish as a means to decide whether to accept a newcomer or not.

## Gaia's Big Thumb

Level 2, Gnosis 5

This fetish looks like an oversized, mummified human thumb. By activating the fetish and rolling Perception + Streetwise (difficulty 8), the Garou can flag down passing transportation. Whether or not the transportation is going in an appropriate direction is another thing altogether, and depends on the number of successes: five successes indicate that the driver is willing to take the Garou all the way to his destination, while one success may require considerable detours and delays. This fetish does not protect the Garou once he is actually in the company of strangers.

## Rover's Whistle

Level 2, Gnosis 4

Rover's Whistle, when blown, alerts all Garou within a city block, allowing them to locate the user. With a Charisma + Leadership roll (difficulty 5) it can also summon Kinfolk (provided the character has a Kinfolk Background). With a Charisma + Animal Ken roll (difficulty 6), the whistle can summon street dogs, which can be manipulated with further Charisma + Animal Ken rolls. The whistle hangs on a chain around the user's neck.

## Totems

### Totems of Wisdom

#### The Trash Heap

Background Cost: 4

The Trash Heap is an Incarna of garbage. It manifests as one or more piles of garbage; these heaps display individual personalities and contain psychic memories of the people, places and things with which the garbage was originally associated. Garou may ally with these individual heaps, which are representatives of the one true Heap. The Trash Heap is said to be connected to every inanimate object in the world, making it



nearly omniscient. The Trash Heap will answer one question per month posed to her by her Children. The Trash Heap is fond of having her Children sleep among her garbage, although even some Bone Gnawers are wary to do so.

The Trash Heap gives two Wisdom to Bone Gnawers who ally with her, but all other tribes lose two Wisdom if they associate with the Trash Heap.

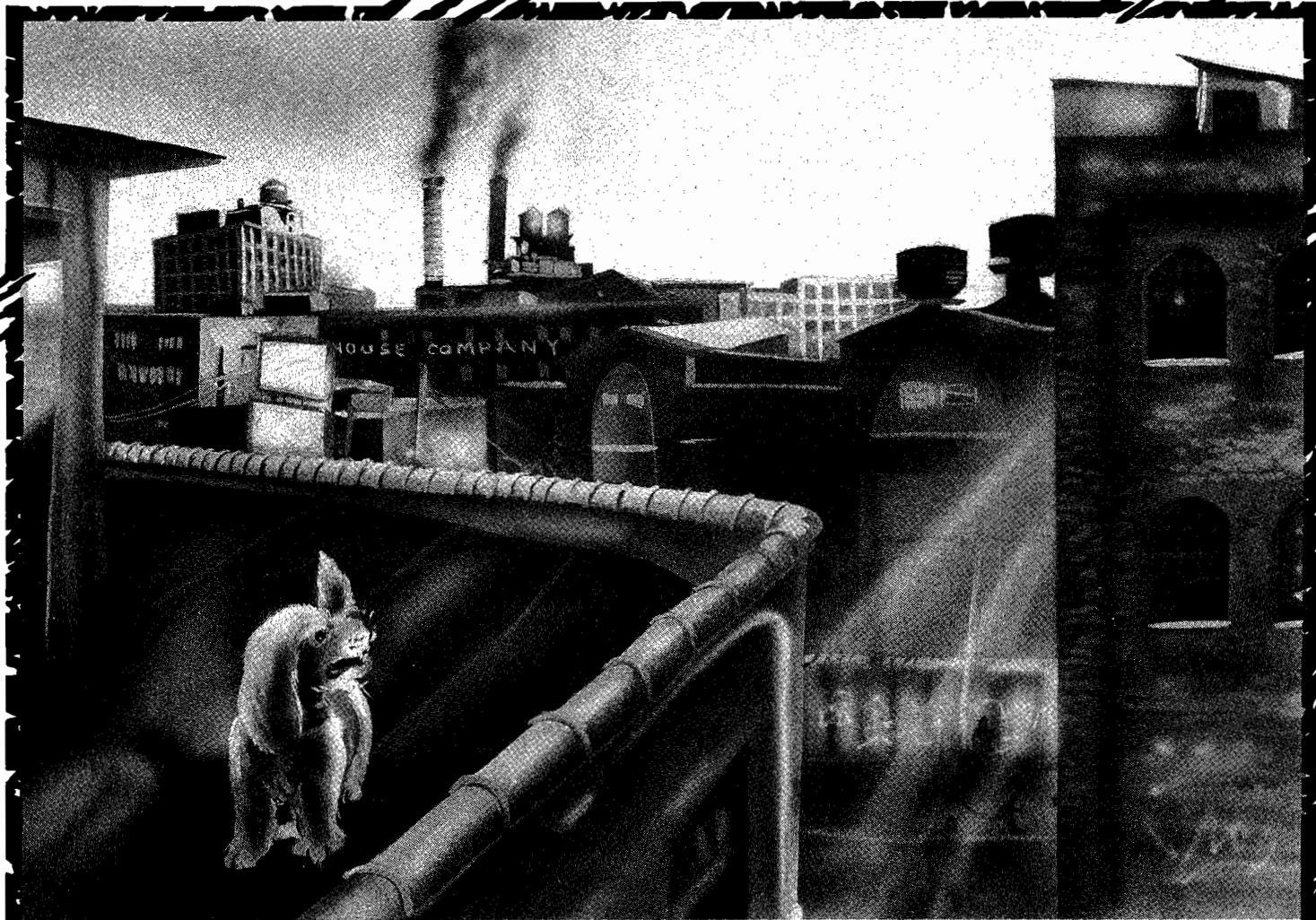
**Ban:** Children of the Trash Heap must protect their individual heap and do her bidding.

### Totems of Respect

#### The American Dream

Background Cost: 8

Only those born in the 1950s or 1960s can become Children of the American Dream. After the '60s, the American Dream stopped marking children as its own; prior to the '50s, the Dream was not powerful enough to mark its own. A child of the American Dream gains the following benefits: so long as he is in the United States of America, he never becomes lost. In addition, even if he is



abroad, the American people make an extra effort to help him. This is governed by the Storyteller, who may have Ma and Pa America show up just as the character is about to be thrown in jail, pay his bail, and give him enough money to buy a bus ticket back home. Difficulties involving interactions with public officials, government officials, or police — anyone who has sworn an oath to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America — are decreased by three.

The downside to this totem is that devotees must make a Stamina + Survival roll (difficulty 7) each month to avoid

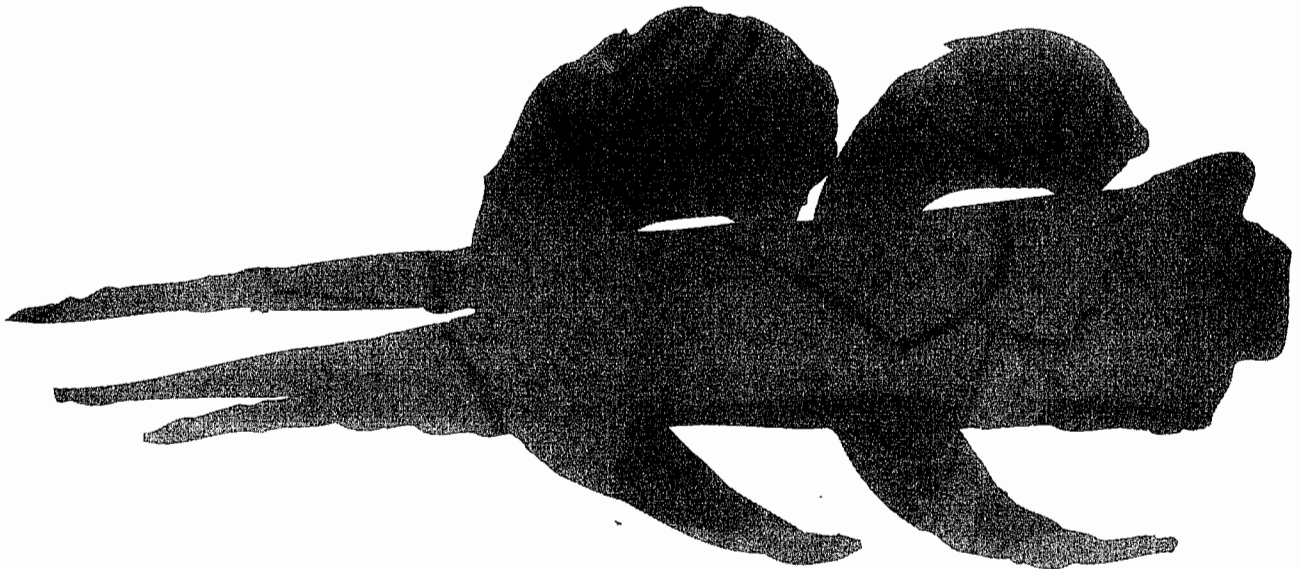
becoming instantly addicted to something of the Storyteller's choosing (television, beer, cigarettes, etc.). They also begin to adopt swaggering demeanors, tell other people what to do, and often cheat at cards, taxes and games. If devotees ever leave America, this effect increases, and only three successes are required to frenzy.

American Silver Fangs, Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers receive three Honor when allying with this totem. Non-American Garou, especially Silver Fangs, Black Furies and Shadow Lords, lose three Honor for alliances, and will be marked as potential problem cases.

# Appendix Two: Bone Gnawer Templates

Bone Gnawers are a ragtag mob of quirky individuals. Though often stereotyped by their poor appearance, they're actually among the most diverse of tribes. About the only

traits ubiquitous among Bone Gnawers are bad hygiene, empty bank accounts and a bad-luck streak a mile long. Sound familiar?



# Ragabash Rat Fink

**Quote:** *Heh, heh, heh...dirty little secrets, dirty little lies...ooh! Heh heh.*

**Prelude:** You were always a nosy kid, the kind that sneaked into your parents' bedroom and poked around in their stuff. You picked the lock on your sister's diary when you were 12 and black-mailed her for rides until you were 16. Then the Change came, and you were taken away to live in the city. You don't much like the jobs you have to do now, but you love pickin' around in people's stuff. You heard that Pentex has targeted your family for termination or "reeducation" and you're not about to stand for that. You've taken to picking up secret room keys, special phone numbers, anything that gets you closer to the bastards that are attacking your family. You're no superhero, no secret agent James Bond. You're just a janitor — but you've got Pentex on the run and wonderin' where the leaks are.

**Concept:** You're the face that no one ever notices, the invisible man workin' the trash wherever you go. If the Powers That Be only knew how many documents you've photocopied, how many floppy disks you've liberated or how many maps you've outright stolen....

**Roleplaying Hints:** You don't care much about how you look; they're just gonna give you a pair of coveralls anyway. But be careful of what you look at. You've gotta look disinterested while you're handling those top-secret, coded, to-be-shredded files. Act dumb, and maybe the lab coats won't notice you trashin' their experiments.

**Equipment:** Pocket-sized disposable 35 mm camera, nearly broken palm-sized tape recorder, five different IDs (none of them truly yours).



# BONE CHATTERS™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid  
Auspice: Ragabash  
Camp: Rat Finks

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Rat Fink Ragabash

## Attributes

### Physical

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

### Social

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

### Mental

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

## Abilities

### Talents

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

### Skills

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

### Knowledge

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

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Allies ●●●○○  
Contacts ●●●○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Gifts

Smell of Man  
Blur of the Milky Eye  
Scent of Sweet Honey

### Gifts

### Renown

Glory  
●○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor  
○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom  
●●○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

Rank  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Rage

●○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Gnosis

●○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Willpower

●●●●○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Health

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

### Weakness

+1 SOCIAL ROLL  
DIFFICULTIES WITH  
OTHER TRIBES

## Rust Shaman

*Quote: You can take away my drum, chain my hands behind my back, throw me off my homeland, but the very streets are my friends, and the city towers like a giant next to you. Do you dare anger it?*

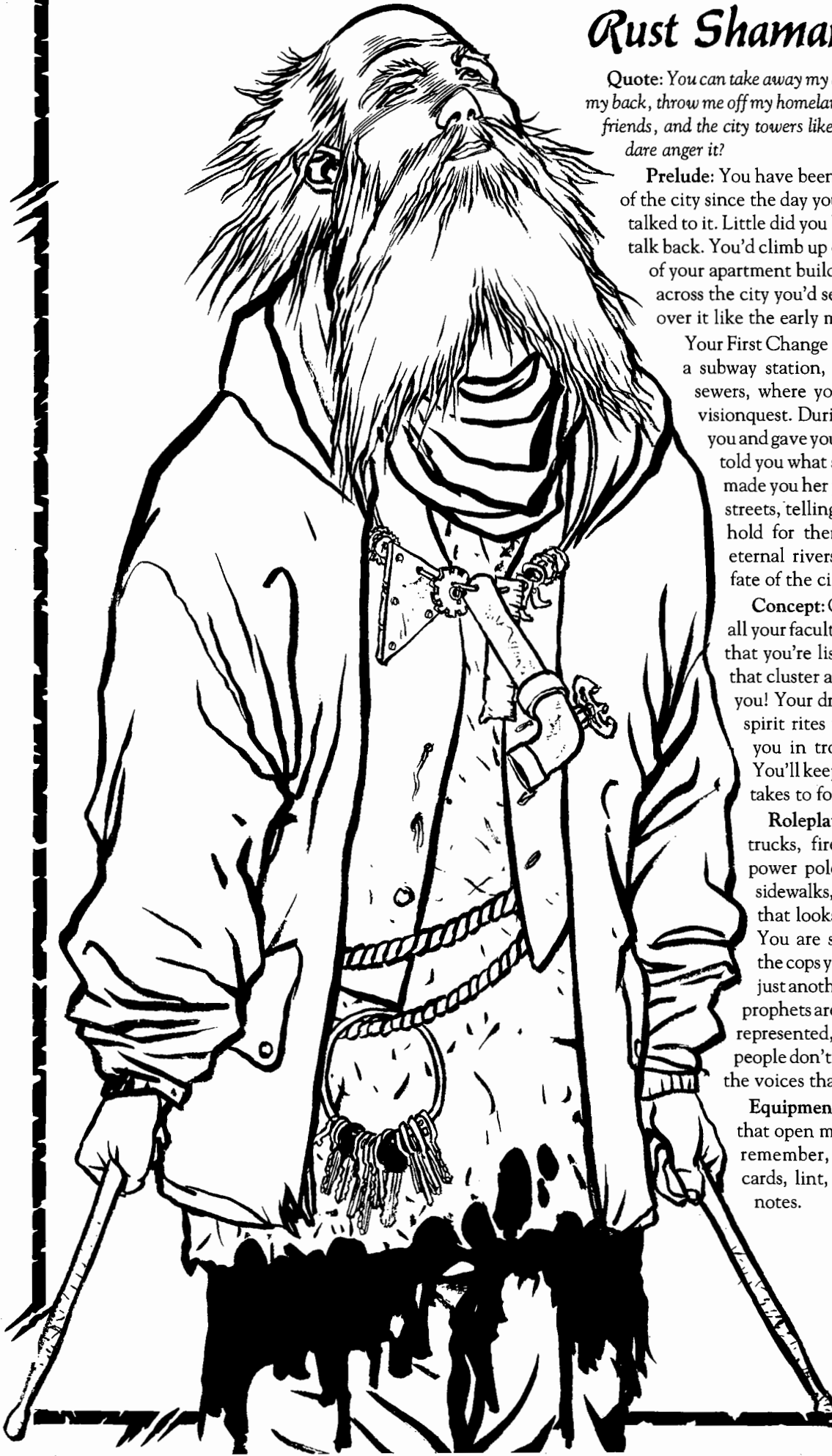
**Prelude:** You have been able to hear the heartbeat of the city since the day you were born. You've always talked to it. Little did you know that one day it would talk back. You'd climb up on your balcony or the roof of your apartment building, and as you looked out across the city you'd see the city's spirit hovering over it like the early morning smog.

Your First Change occurred deep in the pits of a subway station, but you escaped into the sewers, where you went through a kind of visionquest. During the vision, Rat came to you and gave you the keys to the streets. She told you what spirit ran through each and made you her prophet. Now you walk the streets, telling everyone what the streets hold for them. You see the streets as eternal rivers of destiny on which the fate of the city flows.

**Concept:** Others think you don't have all your faculties. That's not true; it's just that you're listening to the street-spirits that cluster around you — and they like you! Your drumming and the primitive spirit rites you do in public often get you in trouble, but you don't care. You'll keep drumming if that's what it takes to follow your path.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Talk to cars, trucks, fireplugs, telephone booths, power poles, monuments, buildings, sidewalks, alleyways and anything else that looks like it needs a talking-to. You are smart enough to convince the cops you're not quite crazy. You're just another prophet in a world where prophets are regularly misused and misrepresented, and you know that most people don't share your fascination with the voices that talk to you.

**Equipment:** Large keyring with keys that open many things you don't quite remember, business cards, baseball cards, lint, crumpled pieces of paper, notes.





# Digilante Wolf

**Quote:** *What...do...you...think...you're...doing?? (crack!)*

**Prelude:** You were the baby of the family, the runt of the litter. Everyone assumed that you'd die first, being the weakest and the sickliest. Then a group of street punks found your birthing lair and decided to have some fun. Each and every one of your sisters and brothers was taken, one by one, and tortured in one manner or another. They were thrown under oncoming cars, dropped from the tops of buildings, or hung like grisly garlands from streetlights; every one of them was killed. Then they did something terrible to your Kinfolk mother, something you have trouble remembering but which still motivates you to this day. For some reason, the gang thought the way you cowered in the corner (all pale and pink and "runty" as they called you) was cute. They made a big mistake — they spared your life.

You grew up on the streets, but every time you thought yourself close to death, a friendly hand would take you, lead you indoors, and give you a warm place to sleep and food to eat. Soon you began to recognize the scent of these friendly folks — all of them belonged to the same pack, it seemed.

Your friends' hospitality, coupled with your own regimens, allowed you to become one of the larger dogs in the city. You eventually dominated all the

street dogs into serving you. That was when you went through your First Change. Alone on the streets, naked, you discovered that humans had a tendency toward torturing their own kind as well. It did not go well for your attackers, for you took the form of Rage and destroyed them.

**Concept:** You are a vigilante of the street. You've seen both sides of the Garou coin and you're familiar with what happens in the city. You're also familiar with what serves as justice, and you recognize that you're the only one that can bring swift retribution upon the heads of certain offenders. As a secret member of the Hood, you have made contact with other Gnawers who feel the same way you do.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You do not threaten the Veil. You wear a black trenchcoat that is Dedicated to you. You are equally at home in either Homid or Lupus form. You search the city, peering into humans' souls, judging their innocence and value based on what you know and what you hear from the Barking Chain. You deliver justice at all times, and if you can help the weak against the violent, you do.

**Equipment:** Black fedora, trenchcoat, light pistol, handcuffs, matches.



# BONE CHATTERS

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus  
Auspice: Philodox  
Camp: The Hood

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Vigilante Wolf

## Attributes

### Physical

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

### Social

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

### Mental

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

## Abilities

### Talents

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

### Skills

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

### Knowledge

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

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Allies ●●●●○  
Contacts ●●○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○  
○○○○○

### Gifts

Sense Wyrn  
Truth of Gaia  
Scent of Sweet Honey

### Gifts

### Renown

Glory  
○○○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Honor

●●●○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Wisdom

○○○○○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Rank

□

### Rage

●●●○○○○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Gnosis

●●●●●○○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Willpower

●●●●●●○○○○  
□□□□□□□□□□

### Health

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

### Weakness

+1 SOCIAL ROLL  
DIFFICULTIES WITH  
OTHER TRIBES

# Hillfolk Hitchhiker

**Quote:** *Goin' my way?*

**Prelude:** Your parents were migrant workers, poor folks who never had two pennies to rub together. You grew up with them, movin' from place to place. They showed you a lot of love. As a result, you never learned to hate.

Your folks knew you were different, and you'd often spend fall and winter with your kin in the city. It wasn't too long before they showed you how you could change from form to form, and they accepted you just like your parents did. Come to find out, your parents were werewolves just like you! Imagine that.

**Concept:** You love the music of the mountain people and taught yourself how to play the fiddle, the harp, the harmonica and the guitar. You love to go howling in the high mountain places. You're constantly on the move, never staying in one city for too long. You travel hither and yon, listening to the music of people everywhere and playing your own songs. With your thumb and the guitar on your back, you'll go anyplace.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You are perhaps the friendliest Bone Gnawer you know. You grew up "po' but proud" and your demeanor should reflect that. You're good-humored to a fault, although when you do get mad your smile takes on a different glint.

**Disfigurement:** Loose Teeth

**Equipment:** Coveralls, white T-shirt, harmonica, road maps, three cans of cheap beer, backpack, hiking boots.



# BONE CHAWERS™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Metis  
Auspice: Galliard  
Camp: Hillfolk

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Hillfolk Hitchhiker

## Attributes

### Physical

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

### Social

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

### Mental

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

## Abilities

### Talents

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

### Skills

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

### Knowledge

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

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Allies \_\_\_\_\_ ●●●●●  
\_\_\_\_\_ 00000  
\_\_\_\_\_ 00000  
\_\_\_\_\_ 00000  
\_\_\_\_\_ 00000

### Gifts

Create Element \_\_\_\_\_  
Call of the Wyld \_\_\_\_\_  
Cooking \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

### Gifts

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

## Renown

### Glory

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Honor

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

### Wisdom

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

### Rank

\_\_\_\_\_

## Rage

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Health

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

## Weakness

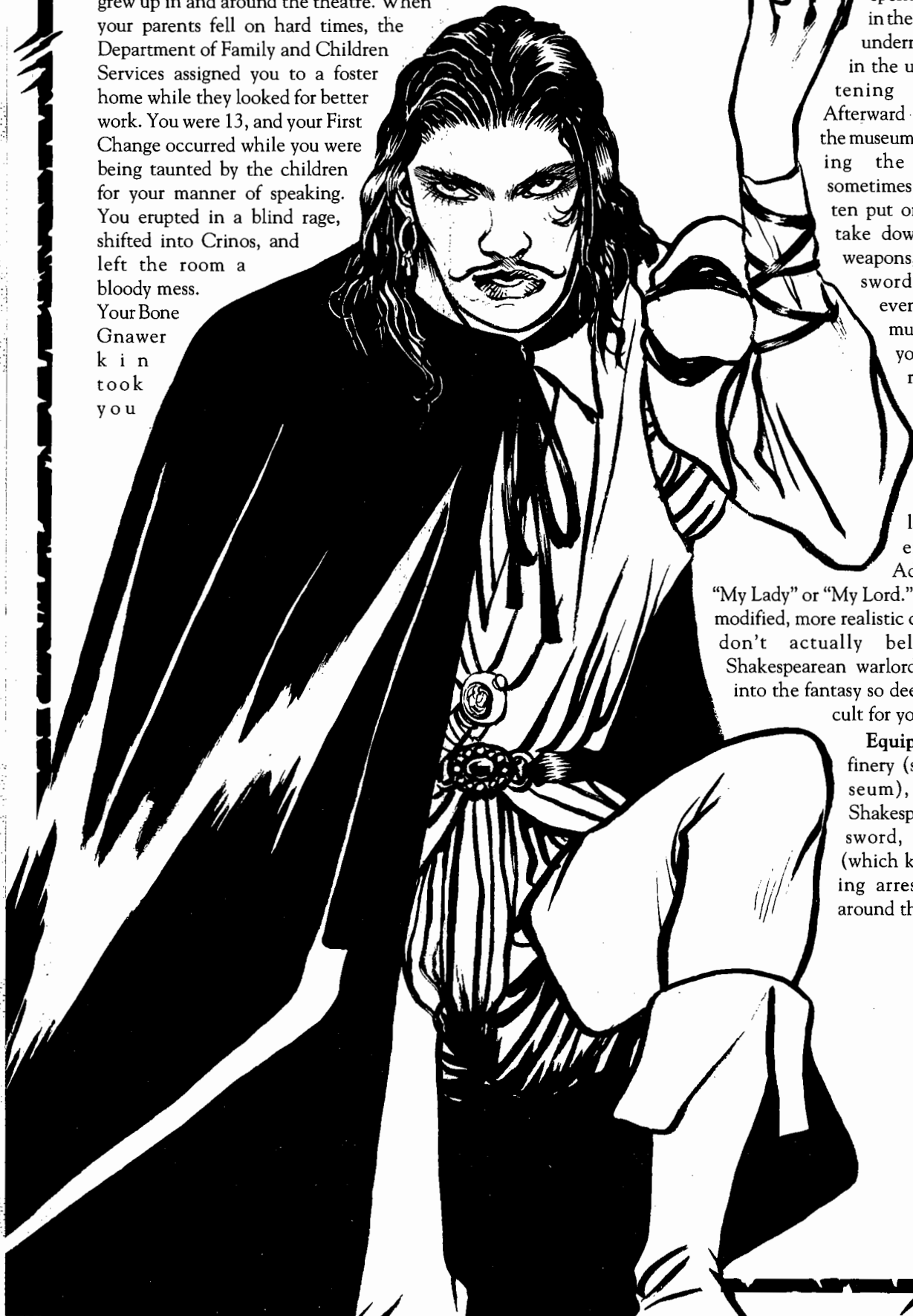
+1 SOCIAL ROLL  
DIFFICULTIES WITH  
OTHER TRIBES

# Frankweiler Knight

**Quote:** *Hie thee, villain! Thou shalt get thy ass kicked!*

**Prelude:** You were literally born in a steamer trunk backstage at a production of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. You grew up in and around the theatre. When your parents fell on hard times, the Department of Family and Children Services assigned you to a foster home while they looked for better work. You were 13, and your First Change occurred while you were being taunted by the children for your manner of speaking. You erupted in a blind rage, shifted into Crinos, and left the room a bloody mess.

Your Bone  
Gnawer  
k i n  
took  
you



in after finding you shivering in an alleyway.

**Concept:** Now you are on the run. You've found a few places to hide; you spend most of your time in the theatres of the city, underneath the stage or in the upper catwalks, listening to rehearsals. Afterward you usually go to the museum—carefully avoiding the Kindred who sometimes visit there. You often put on a suit of armor, take down some knightly weapons, and practice your sword-fighting for an evening. After all, you must be ready when your skills as a warrior are called upon by the local Garou lords.

## **Roleplaying**

**Notes:** Mix Shakespearean language with modern-day words. Address everyone as "My Lady" or "My Lord." Observe a slightly modified, more realistic code of honor. You don't actually believe you're a Shakespearean warlord, but you do get into the fantasy so deeply that it is difficult for you to break out.

**Equipment:** Faded silk finery (stolen from a museum), book of Shakespeare's plays, broadsword, big black cloak (which keeps you from being arrested for carrying around the broadsword).

# BONE CHATTERERS™

Name:  
Player:  
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid  
Auspice: Ahroun  
Camp: Frankweiler

Pack Name:  
Pack Totem:  
Concept: Frankweiler-Knight

## Attributes

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

## Abilities

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

## Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts		Gifts	
Allies	●●●●●	Persuasion	_____		_____
Contacts	●●●●●	Inspiration	_____		_____
	○○○○○	Cooking	_____		_____
	○○○○○		_____		_____
	○○○○○		_____		_____

## Renown

Glory

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

Honor

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

Wisdom

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

Rank

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
---------------------

## Rage

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

## Gnosis

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

## Willpower

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

## Health

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

## Weakness

+1 SOCIAL ROLL  
DIFFICULTIES WITH  
OTHER TRIBES

# Appendix Three: Lifestyles of the Poor and Forgotten

(Excerpts from a tape made at Great-Grandmother Charity's bedside. Gaia has since taken her to a much better place.)

You know, Shakespeare me lad, you've got to know. So many of our elders have been lost to history, boy. The Galliards of the other tribes don't sing our songs; that's why you and your kind, you Rust Dancers, you've gotta be out there spreadin' the true word. Our famous folks will be forgotten, and that's no good.

Every night you gots to tell the tales, so's the little ones can hear and 'member. Strong Henry, Auntie Mame, Mrs. Preston — strong Gnawers. Good Gnawers. Listen to their stories.

## *Auntie Mame*

Auntie Mame was a French Bone Gnawer who rode across the Atlantic as a stowaway with some French colonists. She migrated down South, ending up in Charleston, where she set to doin' the job she'd trained for all her life — she was a lady of the evenin'. Pretty soon, probably because of her wolfish good looks and reasonable rates, Auntie Mame was able to move into a house and start a business out of it. Her boarding house was little more than a brothel! But she was good-hearted. She didn't like the British, not one bit, and that was that. So when she heard that there was to be a revolution, she helped the boys out. She let them hide their guns and spies in her basement.

Auntie Mame's house, affectionately called the Rabbit Ranch, actually took up an area of three townhouses in downtown Charleston. It was something of a ramshackle, possibly the single most cluttered (but clean!) warehouse in all of history. Tunnels, secret doors, sliding panels and false doors were all over the place — well, you can't be too careful. Only the girls who worked the House knew some of the secret ways, and none of them knew all of them. Only Mame. She knew that place so well she could be in two places at once if she had to.

Mame was a Rat Fink from way back. She spied for the Yankees during the Civil War — she was a regular Mata Hari. But she was always on the Garou's side and would do anything to help out a Garou, no matter what tribe he was in.

She is known as the prettiest Bone Gnawer woman ever, as well as one of the cleanest. Her generosity was legendary as well; she once fed 100 Bone Gnawers Thanksgiving dinner in her basement. The charitable trust she set up with the money she earned is still feeding hungry children today.

Mame lost everything soon after the Civil War. Sherman spared Charleston, but the locals must have suspected that Mame was a spy. Her house was torn down. She tried to move and get married to a nice man, but died in Chicago of a broken heart.



## Strong Henry

There was once a big, black sonofabitch that worked on the railroad. He sweated buckets. He was the foulest thing you'd ever smell. And yet, he had hit that steel so many times that he'd grown to know its language. He talked with it. He sang to it as he rang the line with his big ol' hammer. Not one line of track Henry laid has ever gone warped or crooked. It stays straight because he scared it right into place.

He was a mountain of a man, but his aim was true and his heart was calm. He didn't give a damn about the pain or about the work. He was born to drive steel, born to break the rock and drive the stakes and ring the whole world with steel if that's what was wanted. When Henry got thirsty, he used to squeeze rocks and drink the juice. One day he beat the Sun's back instead of the other way around! His smell would precede him three days in advance, and the whole railroad crew could get to know how he was feelin' by scenting him out. One day he killed a rattlesnake just by lookin' at it! This man knew his business and was good at doin' it.

Yet the Wyrms, laughin' and grinnin', got the Weaver to come up with this thing, an awful thing that they said was gonna make ol' Henry obsolete. And this shushin', thuddin', growlin' thing was a Dragon of Steam, a great pick that ate logs and struck like a cobra against the rock, again and

again. That thing smelled foul, fouler even than Henry, and that was sayin' a lot. So they brought it out, and the Wyrms said, "Let's have a race — the Steam Dragon and Henry." And Henry said, "I don't race, but I'll do my job, with that thing or not. I may be just a man, but I'll win through. You'll see." Strong Henry was a Bone Gnawer, children. He was one of us. He just didn't go around showin' it, and he weren't about to let that steam thing beat him.

So you know what he did? He beat his heart against that mountain. He ran it right through. The crew that laid track behind him couldn't see his arms move: it was like a black wall of steel blurrin' in front of them. Good thing they didn't look too hard — they'd have seen somethin' they weren't ready for. Heh.

Strong Henry beat that thing. But then, well, his heart just gave out. His Rage was spent. He'd lost the wolf, and the wolf was the only thing keepin' him alive. But I'll tell you somethin', children — you can be sure that late at night, standin' out on the railyards, you can hear him howlin', howlin' in the darkness. They say that wherever steel's laid for track in the country, there's where you'll hear Henry's last howl. Who knows? Maybe you can talk to him one day. I have.



## Mrs. Preston

But it doesn't always take brawn to get things done. Sometimes all it takes is a little know-how put in the right place at the right time. Take, for example, Mrs. Preston. She served for many years as an orderly in the White House — through three Presidents, starting with Hoover and ending with Truman. She was the one who thought of the W.P.A. and other programs; she encouraged Roosevelt to enter the War. She inspired the idea for the final version of the Invasion of Normandy. She warned against the Manhattan Project and advised Truman not to use Fat Man and Little Boy — he ignored her, of course. Damn fool.

Mrs. Preston was a long-time fixture in the President's office and, even though she was just an orderly, was always considered one of the family. She had a way of talking to the President, and it was known that she was a gold mine of information about the people who lived and worked on the Hill, because she heard all the dirt.

Mrs. Preston was a Grandma, but she never attended moots because she was always afraid J. Edgar was following her. And usually, he or his G-Men were. She knew secrets about him, but still couldn't break with the Litany and expose the rest of the Garou to possible attack. Still, she would often remind the President that it would help to meditate at the shrines of Jefferson and Lincoln, thereby gaining wisdom.

Mrs. Preston retired after Truman left office. Despite her highly placed position, she never was a Rat Fink, and has never betrayed a President's trust. She saw her advisory role as her sacred duty to Gaia. She lives in a townhouse in Georgetown these days, and has finally been able to go to moots. Since J. Edgar died, the G-Men found other suspects to follow. To this day, a letter from Mrs. Preston will get wheels turning in the White House.



## Shakespeare

(Written by Tale-Nobody-Knows, a Stargazer Ragabash from Los Angeles, who threatened to beat me unless I put this in. His opinions are his own — and because he knows Kailindo, I guess that's the way they'll stay.)

Among the Wolves of the Rat I have met, the one I call Wisdom-with-Whiskers is perhaps the best of them all. I stand up for my friend because no one else will. He has helped many of the Garou and the People time and time again. He is a boon traveler, and the winds of fate blow him on his journeys.

He was born under the half moon in an alleyway outside the Morton Theatre in New York City, and has forever lived his life around the stage. He grew up in libraries, museums and theatres, listening to symphonies and opera, and watching ballet from the dark corners of a disused balcony.

He did not choose the path of introspection and meditation, much to the dismay of the Stargazers, who would have taken him. No, he was true to his Bone Gnawer nature and took on the task of going forth and educating all those he could. He has contributed much to Bone Gnawer society simply by traveling between its diverse regions — the same yet different in each city — and carrying word of them throughout the land. He is a one-man Johnny Appleseed — his stories spread seeds of new community and renewal in the towns through which he passes.

I've traveled with him often enough. He usually enters a city and makes friends with tribal elders there. Then, one by one, he takes street people, Bone Gnawers, and others. From these he creates a ragtag troupe of actors. He trains them himself, teaching them about the Bard and the street roots of theatre. When he leaves, he leaves behind new members of the Frankweilers.

Above all, Shakespeare is the gadfly, the asker-of-hard-questions, the incontrovertible evidence that the Bone Gnawers are not the tribe we think they are. Like them, we must learn to find treasures amongst the trash of the city, to discover the true worth of the Gnawers. Once we do, let the Wyrms tremble, and let the mighty take note: the Children of Rat will not be denied.





# BONE CHATTERS

Nature:

Demeanor:

## Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

## Expanded Background

Allies

Resources

Contacts

Pure Breed

Kinfolk

Past Life

Mentor

Pack Totem

### Stuff

### Experience

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

TOTAL:

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

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

### Sept

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

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

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

Totem \_\_\_\_\_

Leader \_\_\_\_\_



MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS! FOR CENTURIES WE HAVE FOUGHT THE WYRM BY CRUSHING ITS MINIONS. AND FOR CENTURIES THE WYRM HAS ONLY STRENGTHENED. WE WILL LOSE THE WAR IF WE CAN ONLY SLICE OFF EACH WYRM CANCER THAT ERUPTS ON THE BODY OF THE MOTHER. WE MUST PREVENT FURTHER INFECTIONS.

I PROPOSE WE FORGE A UNITY PACT. ALL TRIBES WILL CONTRIBUTE MEMBERS FOR REGULAR FORAYS INTO THE UMBRA. WE WILL SEEK THE WYRM BREEDING GROUNDS, STRENGTHEN THE LIVING WORLD, FREE ENSLAVED SPIRITS, AND ELIMINATE THE WYRM AT THE SOURCE.

Story by Daniel Greenberg

Art by Dan Smith

WHAT FOOLISHNESS! YOU WOULD NEGLECT REAL DANGERS IN OUR HOME TO HELP WRETCHED, UNGRATEFUL SPIRITS IN USELESS REALMS? YOU WASTE OUR TIME!

UNITY TAKES TOO LONG! WON'T HELP TILL AFTER THE APOCALYPSE!



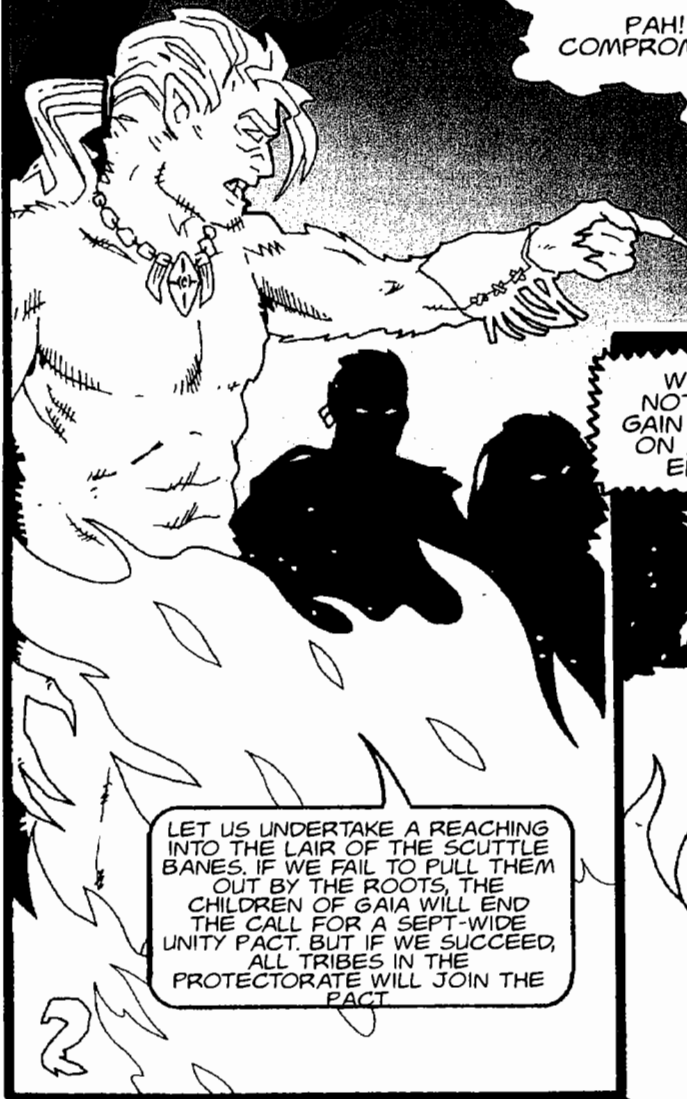
WE DON'T TRUST YOUR KIND, BLIGHT! I MEAN, BLYTHE.

YOU WASTE OUR TIME WITH THIS POINTLESS TALK! WHILE WE PRATTLE, THE SCUTTLE BANES CONTINUE TO POISON THE BAY.



WISELY SAID! IT IS TIME FOR ACTION. LET US FORM A COMPROMISE.

PAH! COMPROMISE!



WE HAVE NOTHING TO GAIN BY GOING ON A FOOL'S ERRAND.

THEN LET ALL THE BRAVE GO, AND LET ALL THE COWARDS REMAIN SQUATTING HERE.



LET US UNDERTAKE A REACHING INTO THE LAIR OF THE SCUTTLE BANES. IF WE FAIL TO PULL THEM OUT BY THE ROOTS, THE CHILDREN OF GAIA WILL END THE CALL FOR A SEPT-WIDE UNITY PACT. BUT IF WE SUCCEED, ALL TRIBES IN THE PROTECTORATE WILL JOIN THE PACT.



UNITY PACT!  
PAH!

HONOR DICTATES  
WE GO.

NO ONE WILL DARE TO  
ACCUSE US OF DISHONOR!  
OUR BATTLE SCARS  
PROTECT US. BESIDES, IF WE  
JOIN HIM, BLYTHE MAY  
ACTUALLY SUCCEED! BUT IF  
WE OPPOSE HIM IN ALL  
THINGS, HE IS MORE LIKELY  
TO FAIL, AND THAT WILL BE  
THE END OF THE UNITY  
PACT, AND HIS LEADERSHIP  
OF THE SEPT.

AND IF HE SUCCEEDS WITHOUT  
US? OUR PAST  
ACCOMPLISHMENTS WILL NOT  
SAVE US FROM DISGRACE THEN.  
AND IF HE THEN UNIFIES THE  
TRIBES, HOW WILL ANYONE EVER  
DETHRONE THE TOOTHLESS  
SILVER FANGS?

THAT DOESN'T  
MATTER!

AS LONG AS THE WYRM GROWS  
MORE POWERFUL UNDER HIS  
LEADERSHIP,  
THE TRIBES WILL DISCARD HIM  
AND HIS IDEAS. THERE IS MUCH  
WE CAN DO TO ENSURE THAT  
THE WYRM GAINS IN POWER...

GRRRRR  
GRRRRR

IT WAS JUST A  
THOUGHT. I  
WITHDRAW IT.

WHAT ARE YOU  
CACKLING ABOUT?

GLADLY.

WE NEED TO  
BRING HIM DOWN  
NOW! THIS  
FOOLISH  
SCUTTLE BANE  
MISSION IS THE  
BEST PLACE TO  
DO THE DEED!  
WE CAN STOP  
BLYTHE AND HIS  
IDEAS IN THE  
SPIRIT WORLD.

VERY WELL. I'LL  
GO. BUT YOU MUST  
DO THE DEED.



HEH

SNORT!

EVEN IN DEATH GAIA  
CHILD WINS UNITY  
PACT. HE GET THREE  
OF US TO UNIFY.

GRRRRR

HEH HEH

GODDESS PROTECT US! WHAT  
MADNESS WOULD POSSES GAIA TO  
MAKE A RED TALON RAGABASH?

3



PATTERN SPIDERS!



HERE'S A TASTE OF SILVER!

COME ON THEN! SEE HOW  
A CHILD OF GAIA DIES!

NO. I CAN'T DIE. I STILL  
HAVE WORK TO DO. I  
WILL RISE AGAIN. I  
CAN ENDURE THIS,  
TOO.

I WILL KILL YOU IF I  
MUST. BUT I CANNOT  
HATE YOU, PATTERN  
SPIDERS.

SPEAK TO ME,  
SPIRIT FRIEND

YOU ARE NOT OF THE  
WYRM. BUT YOU HAVE THE  
WYRM ABOUT YOU. PAIN  
ECHOES IN YOUR EVERY  
MOVE.

THE PEACE OF GAIA  
IS EVEN FOR SUCH  
AS YOU, ANGUISHED  
ONE.

GRACKKA  
AHHHH

SHOW ME THE  
WYRM-GRUB'S  
LAIR, SPIRIT  
FRIEND.

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU  
FOUND SOMETHING TOO  
BIG TO COCOON, MY  
PATTERN SPIDER  
FRIEND.

FREE YOUR FRIENDS  
WHILE I DISTRACT IT.

GAIA GUIDE  
MY HAND!



THE WHOLE PLAN WAS A DISASTER. WE NEVER GOT NEAR THE WYRM LAIR FOR THE DAMNED SPIDERS.

WE WERE LUCKY WE ONLY LOST ONE.

AND WE WERE LUCKY THAT THE ONLY CASUALTY WAS THE FAILED LEADER WHO PROPOSED THE FOOLISH IDEA.

I BRING A TROPHY! THE SCUTTLE BANES HAVE LOST THEIR BREEDING GROUND AND THEIR HOST-MOTHER!

WE ARE NOW READY TO SIGN THE UNITY PACT.

AND LEONID WILL LEAD US IN AN ENTHUSIASTIC UNITY DANCE.

YES! UH, OF COURSE! YES!



# CHILDREN OF GUM™

*I Am the Healing of the World*

*by Daniel Greenberg with Heather Curatola*

## Credits

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**Front and Back Cover:** Robert Dixon  
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Mike "Backed up" Tinney for mopping up in the girl's room.

Ian "Card shark" Lemke for refusing to mark the Changing cards.

Jennifer "Juiceless" Hartshorn for not bringing nature's goodness when it was her job.

Erin "O.J." Kelly for bringing nature's goodness now that it's her job.

Cynthia "Into the Spawning Pool" Summers for taking control of the Labyrinth.

Ken "Dirty rat" Cliffe for finding another friend in his house — what a popular lair for *rodentia*.

Bill "Boring" Bridges because nobody could come up with any Special Thanks for him.

## Author's Dedication

To all who strive to wage peace and change the world by changing themselves, this book is affectionately and respectfully dedicated.

Special thanks to Tiffany Devon Borders, Playtester Extraordinaire.

## Word from White Wolf

We are always happy to answer any of your gaming questions, but there are a few things you can do to ensure you get a response. **White Wolf Magazine** will soon be instituting a White Wolf question and answer column. You can send your questions care of the magazine or the particular line the question concerns (**Werewolf**, **Vampire**, **Mage**, **Wraith**, **Mind's Eye Theatre**). Please submit your queries by mail in writing.

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Thanks a lot!



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# CHILDREN OF GAIA™

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# Introduction: Exultation of Gaia

*Beloved, gaze in thine own heart,  
The holy tree is growing there;  
From joy the holy branches start,  
And all the trembling flowers they bear,  
The changing colors of its fruit  
Have dowered the stars with merry light.  
The surety of its hidden root  
Has planted quiet in the night.*

— William Butler Yeats, "The Two Trees"

Join with me, my child. Bring your pain-wracked body and Change-wracked spirit unto me, and I shall hold you and give you comfort.

Your courage and strength through the rigors of the Change have served you well. When first you entered Gaia's outer realm through the vehicle of your mother's womb, you summoned the infinite courage and valor of new life to survive the ordeal of pain and fear. Now you have entered the shadowy border between Gaia's outer and inner realms through the vehicle of your own body. You have summoned the infinite courage and valor of that mightiest of spirit warriors, the newborn child, to survive this new agony. You are reborn in your full form, blessed by Gaia. To survive your second birth is to possess all the courage you need to face the challenges of the world. Only one birth awaits you now. The final birth that will return you to the bosom of the Goddess, and the inner world of Gaia.

But before that day, Gaia has work for you.

Cast your senses about, and behold the world with your new eyes, your new ears, your new nose, your new tongue, your new skin, your new knowing, your new being. What a world of

wonders our senses disclose! The bounty here is infinite, and springs from that same eternal source of life that offered you up as a benediction to the world.

Smell how the wind celebrates your presence! Hear how the animals of the forest sing your song! Taste how the plants of the earth rejoice in your communion with them! See how Luna and all the Celestines shine upon you and bathe you with their infinite light! Feel the vibrant pulse of the world's living aura cradling your new flesh. Know the love of Gaia in the space above your eyes and throughout your being. Be joy.

The universe hallows you, and offers up its entirety to your succor and increase. There is no place so bleak, so dark, so corrupt, that the love of Gaia cannot pierce it. Even in the deepest pit of the Wyrms, if you seek for Gaia you shall find Her.

The soul of Gaia is without limit. Your spirit is without limit. You have entered this land of false divisions to heal the rifts, bind up the wounds, and dry the tears of life. You will succeed. Gaia has foreseen it.

Welcome to the world.



SCAZ '94

# Chapter One: Following the Rainbow Trail

*Do not return evil to your adversary; requite kindness to the one who does evil to you.*

— Sumerian (Akkadian) maxim, ca. 2350 B.C.

*Do the other good, that he may do good for you.*

— Sacred proverb of the Goddess Maat, ca. 2050 B.C., Egyptian Middle Kingdom

*Who does wrong to another, does wrong to himself.*

— Teachings of the Goddess Dike, ruler of Fate, ca. 1000 B.C.

*Do good to other beings as if they were yourself.*

— Tantric proverb, ca. 750 B.C.

*Do unto others what you wish to do unto yourself.*

— Confucius, ca. 500 B.C.

*What ye sow, that ye shall reap.*

— Buddhist scripture, ca. 450 B.C.

*Do not do unto others what thou wouldst not they should do unto you. This is the whole of the law.*

— Hillel, ca. 25 B.C.

*Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.*

*Love your enemies as yourself.*

— Jesus Christ, ca. 30 A.D.

Stretch out upon the good, warm earth, my child, and revel in the nighttime smell of the grass and the lilacs. The crickets and the night birds will sing as the calm, still night breathes with you. Relax your battered body, calm your fevered mind, and unfold your pure, pure soul, as I tell you of the journey undertaken by your ancestors. I will tell you of how you came to be here, and where you may one day take us, beloved of Gaia.

## The One Legend

There is but one story, and it is told a thousand ways. There is but one truth, and it wears a million masks. There is but one light, and it breaks into the infinite colors of the rainbow. There is but one Soul, and we can see it when we look into our world, ourselves, and, most importantly, our enemies.

There was a time before time, when the world was one, and division unknown. We call this time the Golden Age. Many legends tell of a time when all bellies were full, and all creatures loved each other. For without division, we *were* each other. We lived in a constant state of bliss.

When division came, Gaia was rent apart, and lay in tatters. Each shred of Gaia is one of us, or someone else.

Some among the Garou seek a return to that blissful land. But some among the Children of Gaia say the division was necessary to Gaia's evolution. Therefore we can never return to that point, but we can progress to something even greater.

You will hear much, in your lifetime, of the division — the sundering of matter and spirit. You shall hear how the Wyrms tore apart the two worlds, and how the Weaver holds them separate. In your ayslins you shall travel to hypnotic worlds of pure spirit. Know you that the Gauntlet between the worlds of matter and spirit is a wound in Gaia's flesh. It must be healed, and we shall heal it. But the world that shall result shall be —

Ah, but I am getting ahead of the story.

## *The First Death*

In the beginning, the world was one. Then the world divided into Wyrms, Weaver and Wyld. Worlds spun into existence, and creatures were given form. Through Gaia, love sprang from the source of life. All beings had enough to eat and breathe and drink.

When the division cleft spirit from matter, great scarcity followed. Those on the material side suffered from lack of spiritual sustenance. Those on the spiritual side suffered from lack of physical substance. Gaia suffered to feel her children suffer. The soul of the world was being eaten by the Wyrms.

Gaia called upon her children to rescue her from the Eater-of-Souls. Of all her creatures, only Wolf succeeded in the task. But in saving Gaia, Wolf perished. He was the first to cross the threshold into Death. But through his love of the Goddess, Wolf was reborn as the Child of Gaia, knowing the secret of death. The Silver Fangs tell this tale, and it is true. But the Fangs claim only they are descended from the Wolf who saved Gaia, and all other tribes are descended from other wolves. This is not true. Indeed, there were no other wolf tribes in that pre-time. There was only Wolf.

We are all the descendants of Wolf, and we all know the secret of Death. We hold it within our hearts, and will one day use it to overcome evil and triumph in the Apocalypse. We are all Children of Gaia.

After the first apocalypse, humankind and animals spread across the earth. The Garou dispersed as well, and formed small enclaves as they went. But they all were descendants of the Tribe of Tribes, and so they are all Children of Gaia.

The notion of separate tribes is a hollow lie. All Garou are one tribe. Division is a clever illusion of the Weaver, and rivalry a wicked curse laid by the Wyrms. Most Garou forgot

their heritage as a single people and scorn the unity of the One Tribe, so you must remember it for them. They will treat you as an outsider. You must not treat them so. You must treat them as your brothers and sisters, for such they are. You shall not return attacks in kind. You shall not return injury with injury. Instead, you shall show them firm and understanding love, as you would a wayward brother. The sacrifices of our ancestors demand no less.

## *The Second Death*

Even after Wolf saved Gaia, dark times were still upon Her. All creatures wept in the shadow of the Gauntlet. The Beast-of-War and his minions ran rampant, slaughtering creatures and destroying food. For the first time, the world knew war. War bred still more want and lack. Some wolves committed unspeakable acts, and fought against each other over scraps. They formed alliances to gain strength by excluding others. This is the way of the Wyrms. This evil gave birth to the tribes.

To have more for themselves, some killed the pups of other wolves. This transgression horrified Gaia. She lamented the deaths of the pups, and her tears formed a bower for their tiny spirits. There, in that one holy spot in the shade of the World Tree, Gaia nurtured the innocents. At a time when all the living world went hungry, the martyred pups were filled.

As she fed them, Gaia taught them. Like all wolves, the pups already knew the secret of Death. The Goddess now taught the pups the secret of Life. You shall learn these secrets betimes.

And Gaia said unto them, "You were once pups of all tribes. Now you are pups of one tribe: the Tribe of All Life." But she also added, quietly, "Once you were pups of one Tribe. Now you are pups of all tribes. For all tribes are one."

Gaia then returned the adult pups to the world, saying, "The Wyrms breeds scarcity, fear and shame. Gaia sows abundance, hope and joy. All living creatures must chose between these two. You, my dearest children, shall show them the way."

The other tribes were sore amazed at the purity of the newly risen Children of Gaia, and laid down their weapons. The Children forgave the tribes for slaughtering them. All Garou pledged to work together and to heed Gaia's will, as one tribe.

However, most Garou still carry three illusions from those days. They still think the tribes are separate from one another. They are not. All Garou are Children of Gaia. Most Garou think all living creatures are separate from one another. They are not. All living creatures are Children of Gaia. Our brothers and sisters think that the enemies of Gaia and the minions of the Wyrms are separate from them. They are not. All enemies of Gaia are still Children of Gaia. This is the greatest, and most difficult of lessons. I pray that you learn it, as I pray that I continue to learn it.

## The Third Death

The Garou, the humans and the animals all ranged across the world. They expanded and multiplied, for such is the bounty of Gaia. But the Wyrms expanded as well. The Wyrms revealed itself through three faces — three forms on earth. Two of the three faces, the Eater-of-Souls and the Beast-of-War, tried to destroy life and humankind wherever they could. But the Garou and other followers of Gaia defended Life, and Life was too strong to be destroyed. But there was yet one aspect of the Wyrms: the Defiler. This face of the Wyrms did not strike directly, where we could see it. Instead, it burrowed deeply into the corners of humankind's heart, corrupting them, and teaching hate. But the Children of Gaia offered a different path, a path of healing.

So long as matter remains torn from spirit, the world will be a place of tears, where even Gaia weeps. But to heal the Gauntlet, we must heal the division within our own hearts. This healing will not appear as increased joy, but as increased suffering. Until the Gauntlet closes completely, each merging of matter and spirit will be painful; the agony before the ecstasy. When the wall comes down, the pain will be so great that the Children of Gaia will know a third death, before the ultimate rebirth.

This wisdom I bring you is High Lore, little pup. You shall hear secrets unknown to the greatest Garou of other tribes. For many of our brothers and sisters are oblivious to the deception of the Defiler Wyrms, and the third rebirth of the Children of Gaia. Remember that what I tell you of the Defiler Wyrms is not perceived by other tribes. But you shall learn more of this later. I am getting ahead of the story...

## The Impergium

The Defiler, craftiest of all the Wyrms-faces, conceived a plan to use the bounty of Gaia against Her. It knew that the Eater-of-Souls and the Beast-of-War would never be strong enough to destroy all Life and bring the Apocalypse. The only force that powerful is Life itself.

So the Defiler concocted a scheme of surpassing evil. It wanted to trick humankind into breeding more people than the earth could hold. Fertility is the foundation of life, but like all things, it must occur within its own time and cycle. The other Wyrms faces did not understand the power of corrupting fertility, but the Defiler knew. It knew that too many rats in a confined cage would destroy one another. It knew that too many humans would destroy the land with wastes, rape the land until it cannot restore itself, and make war over scarce resources.

The Defiler chose to exploit the greatest gift given by Gaia: an endless capacity for love. Unlike the rest of Gaia's creatures, who can only breed during specific cycles of the seasons, Gaia offered unto humanity the blessed gift of loving and breeding at all times and all seasons, from the start of adult life to the very end. Through every one of the myriad acts of consenting love do people come to know

Gaia. Even the most wicked, Wyrms-tainted person sees Gaia at the height of passion. (This is why we seem to "blank out" at the zenith of lovemaking. For we have beheld the face of Gaia, and the image is too great to bring into the limited confines of our conscious minds...)

The Wyrms sought to corrupt that capacity. It believed it could use this great gift to trick humankind into filling up every corner of the earth with people. The only flaw in its plan is that the vast majority of humans naturally choose to limit the size of their families to sustainable levels.

Many peoples choose not to have sexual relations during the period of lactation. Children are born at least three to four years apart. This natural spacing allows parents to give each child adequate attention. It gives each child several years to be the natural focus of her parents' love during her neediest years, which reduces sibling jealousy and hate. The greatest inoculation from the temptations of the Defiler is parental love and attention during the first years of life. Neglected children are not immunized from corruption by the Defiler, and lash out against all vulnerable creatures.

To overcome humankind's natural abstinence from sex during lactation, the Defiler invented rape. Rape is unknown among animals in natural settings. But the Defiler tempted some wounded males, and encouraged them to overcome women by force, to turn love into violence. They turned women from lovers and partners to rape victims and slaves. They made women the chattels of men, so that the humans who bore the babies would have little say in the number of children they brought into the world. Our Black Fury sisters can tell you more of this process.

Humankind began to overbreed rapidly. They began to exhaust resources, and poison the land with wastes. Greater numbers of humans led to greater organization. They began to worship the Weaver, for the Weaver showed them how to live together in large groups. The rise of the Weaver frightened the Garou more than the root cause of the problem: the Defiler Wyrms. Rather than restore Gaia's decree that men and women be equal partners, the Garou chose to destroy excess humans. It was a shameful day for us all. The Impergium had begun.

All over the world, the Garou savagely killed humans and their children to prevent the human tribes from growing too fast. This was against Gaia's will, and bred horrors upon the world that were far worse than the Wyrms' plan. We fell from our place as sacred spirit protectors of humanity, and became humankind's most primal fear. We created the Delirium.

The Silver Fangs would not listen to reason. They were so sure the Weaver would destroy us that they refused to even listen to arguments against the Impergium. They insisted that if the Weaver prevailed, the Wyld would be destroyed. But we persevered, and continued to reveal the great damage we were doing to the human race, ourselves and Gaia.

Finally, the Children of Gaia unified behind an all-or-nothing plan to stop the killing. We faced down the legions of great Garou Ahrouns whose entire lives and status were built on slaughtering humans to keep the population down.



And we told them they had to stop. They hated our message, and fought our challenge. They scorned us, ridiculed us, slandered us, attacked us, assassinated us. But through it all we stood firm, and continued to hold them accountable for their actions. We gained more and more supporters from all the tribes as we took the worst punishment they could deliver. Though they battered us to the ground, still we rose again, still we renewed our stand, still we forgave our persecutors. The blood of our dead cried out from the parched earth, their spirits calling for justice in a louder voice than the tongues of our living.

With the backing of the Black Furies, we brought a challenge before all the tribes. We stood up to the assembled council of all Garou, knowing that if we did not prevail, our tribe would likely not survive the challenge. We arranged for the challenge to be Gamecraft. They accepted, and sent a Silver Fang King who was more adept at Gamecraft than any of us. We chose as our champion not one of our own, but a Stargazer.

The Stargazer's wisdom brought our brothers and sisters face to face with themselves. The Garou knew profound shame. We immediately ceased the Impergium, and deposed the leaders who had profited from it.

And we forgave them all.

This proves a great teaching of the Children of Gaia: When we react against every evil Wyrms scheme, we fail.

When we act on our own principles, we succeed. Meditate upon that. It is a lesson the Children of Gaia draw upon to this day.

This was a great loss to the Wyrms, since the Impergium rooted dementia and fear into the psyche of humankind. Stopping the killing meant that humankind would not be driven utterly mad by the Impergium. However, it was also a gain for the Wyrms, since it was now free to urge humans to breed out of control.

Though we were ready to rest and savor our victory, our task was more urgent than ever before. We had to rebuild our tribe, shattered by the murder of our greatest leaders, and create a tribe for the future.

## *The Cities*

As humans bred all out of control in the old world, the Weaver grew in power. Humans built great farming communities, then towns, then cities. In each, the forces of hate tried to silence the forces of love. In most lands, Gaia was worshipped with reverence. Inheritance and descent flowed through women, and most of the noble queens refused the Wyrms' supplication to abuse the males over whom they had dominion.

From the earliest days, we and our Kinfolk worked with humankind, teaching them to build holy sites where they

would be safe from the Wyrms, and to bind up Wyrms minions under monoliths and standing stones. We showed them the sacred acts of worship and fertility, which are always one and the same. We taught them how to harvest Gaia's bounty without destroying her capacity to bear. We taught them that acts of love create children, and we initiated them into the men's and women's mysteries that allowed them to limit the size of their families. We showed them the herbs and gems and cloths that Gaia created to grant them holy authority over their destiny by having children only when they chose.

The Defiler Wyrms were wroth. All its patient scheming and plotting would go to naught if people could choose not to breed, and not to use the land without restoring it. The Defiler used all its power to frighten humankind. It again encouraged rape, the subjugation of women, and the forcing of women to bear more children than they could nurture. The Wyrms forbid the use of the birth control methods we had taught them.

And so children were born into squalor, regret and resentment, instead of abundance, welcome and joy. The Defiler did more damage than the Eater-of-Souls and the Beast-of-War, because it single-handedly caused more suffering than all the work of destruction and war. For only the Defiler could corrupt Gaia's gift of love.

To this day, that wickedness remains our greatest challenge, for children born in misery often become willing servants of destruction and war. Those who have known the unconditional love of a parent move to the rhythms of Gaia, and their empathy for all life is in full flower. Those who have known the conditional love of burdened, resentful parents are out of harmony with Gaia, and comfortable only in the presence of limit and lack. Their empathy is small and shriveled, an unnourished seed pod.

And yet, despite these tremendous obstacles, even the least and worst-treated human can show profound spirituality. They are so deeply connected to Gaia that only an all-out siege on their inner holiness can disconnect them from Her. And even then, a great shock like the death of a loved one, the birth of a child, or a night of passion can reconnect them to the deepest wellsprings of their soul.

We Children of Gaia often arrogantly take credit for sowing mystery cults and Gaia worship among humankind, but the truth is that humans have often led us. Their simple, untutored connection to Gaia is awe-inspiring. To see them heedlessly plunge into fire for the sake of a stranger, or hurl themselves into death to save a child, or give of their wealth to make life better for others is wondrous to behold. Even young children rush in to save others from danger. Gaia's love and empathy is so deeply rooted in these people that only the vilest of assaults and unending agony can shake it. Despite an unending siege on their empathy, and the Wyrms' powerful appeal to selfishness and greed, they still cannot turn their faces completely away from their brothers and sisters: the hungry, the homeless, the helpless.

## *Powers of the Ancient World*

We guided the earliest civilizations of humankind, pointing them away from warlike pursuits and leading them to rulership that derives from love of Gaia; respect for the living world and empathy for other men. The history of civilization is the story of the Wyrms influencing a few bitter, insecure people to try to control the lives of all other men and women. The Wyrms bid them abuse their brothers and sisters, bind and enslave them, and eat the fruits of the others' labor. This Wyrms-spawned appeal to selfishness and vanity is a powerful temptation indeed. It brings great wealth to a few, and makes misery for the rest. Vast concentrations of wealth and power maintained by force are the fertile dung in which the Wyrms breed fastest.

Many humans shunned war and conquest and control of others. These men and women have lived in all cities in all times and in all places. But the temptations of the Wyrms are great, and many humans succumbed. Warlike cities sprang up near peace-loving ones. Cities in which men and women ruled hand-in-hand were ever under attack by cities in which the Defiler had tempted men to envy the sacred powers of generation, and to keep women as uneducated beasts for breeding. We gave great support to the Black Furies, as they fought to free women from the growing tides of bondage and servitude.

In many places and times we instituted the rule of Gaia love. But over time, the people grew complacent in the joys of their liberty. They came to regard the work of freedom as complete. They ceased to struggle for their freedom, and came to worship the symbols of freedom won in the past. In this state they were ripe for corruption by the Defiler Wyrms.

We watched in horror in city after city as the Defiler perverted the holy word, twisting the tools of freedom into weapons of slavery and subverting the revealed truth of love into irrational justifications of hatred. We established the rule of love through symbols that reminded humans of the love in their hearts, and spread peace and joy. The Defiler Wyrms convinced humans to love their tribe or nation's particular symbols and hate all who did not love those same symbols, thus breeding war and suffering. We led revolts against those who elevated the graven symbols over the love they represent, and thus restored peace and joy. The Defiler Wyrms convinced men to destroy the graven symbols of others, and bred yet more war and suffering.

The Wyrms found willing allies and pawns among the ancient vampires. These tainted inhumans had lost their natural connection to the living world, and felt little compunction against harming the humans who were once their fellows. They were eager to control the destinies of mortal men and women, who they treated as little more than food. We had some success working with them, as many were terrified at the slow loss of self-control that comes with surrendering to their unliving aspect. We also made success-

ful alliances with powerful female vampires, who sometimes felt a kinship with the mortal women who were losing their rights of property, inheritance and self-determination under the control of the Defiler Wyrms. Our tribe's ability to occasionally find common cause with some vampires dates from this era. But we must be careful, for vampires are no longer tied to Gaia, and can betray without remorse or compunction.

We were able to forge limited relations with the elves and faeries and other elemental creatures, but many of these are mercurial and cannot be fathomed. Their relationship to Gaia is fascinating, to say the least.

Mages have worked with us on occasion, but their arrogance toward their "unAwakened" fellow humans causes them to distrust our message of equality.

## Guiding Civilization

We enjoyed great victories, and saw great failures in those heady days when magic still coursed through the land.

When the Impergium was still new, Gaia revealed unto all tribes a great secret. Half a world away was a land where humans had never set foot. The assembled tribes selected several strains of humankind, and led them away from the Wyrms-ravaged lands to the New World. Some tribes resented the departure of the Uktena, the Wendigo, and the now-martyred Croatan tribes. But we heard Gaia's song, and understood. We protected the backs of the three tribes as they led their charges into the New World to purify the land and themselves. Some of us went along on the fabled journey, disguised as members of the other tribes. But most of the Children of Gaia remained behind, to defend our needy charges in the Old World. The Old World tribes would not see the other tribes again for thousands upon thousands of years.

Some groups of Garou settled with individual strains of humankind, to become their protectors. We, however, spread out over the whole of the ancient world. We sought to help all humankind, and not take sides with tribes, which sometimes led to Garou fighting Garou over human arguments.

Our work in the Old World was just beginning. Now that humans were no longer culled, they would become a major power. All the tribes were there to save humans from the Wyrms. We had to be there to save humans from themselves. We showed them the splendor of Gaia's love, and planted seeds of compassion in their hearts. We tended those seeds, and nursed the fragile buds that emerged into full blooms.

*Make every day a festival.*

— Siduri Sabitu's advice to Gilgamesh, *The Epic of Gilgamesh*

When the vampires seduced the great kings of the world with visions of immortality at the price of their soul, many succumbed. But we showed them a better way. A great Child of Gaia heroine named Siduri Sabitu, divinely charged with the radiance of the Goddess, poured a cup of "reality revealed" to the great Sumerian king Gilgamesh. In it, he saw

all the pleasures he would lose should he succumb to vampiric immortality: bathing, eating, drinking, raising children, and especially making love. He understood his choice: unlife, enslavement and power of the Wyrms, or life, freedom and the joy of Gaia. He turned to Gaia, and became a great hero and slayer of Wyrms-beasts.

*Let the oppressed man who has a cause  
Come into the presence of my statue,  
And read carefully my inscribed stele.*

— Hammurabi, ca. 1600 B.C., creating the first published laws enshrining human rights.

We encouraged great kings and queens to incorporate Gaia's love into their laws. Gaia's love always loses something in the translation to mandate, but it was important to the emerging human civilizations. As a people yet in childhood, humans were eager to follow a parental summons. It was vital that we lay down the parental law, lest we allow the Wyrms to do so. (By way of contrast, humankind is today in late adolescence, torn between wanting the comfort of external rules, and eager to break old limits and take newfound responsibility.)

We showed them that Gaia's love is a commandment to treat all other creatures with empathy. In the Babylonian empire, we guided Hammurabi to create compassionate laws and fully publish them, that all might read and know their rights. He mandated principles that protected the weak from injury at the hands of the strong, punishments tempered to fit the crime, and protection for women and children through divorce and child support. These laws were far from perfect, and we could not stop him from heeding the Wyrms and building vast wealth by enslaving his brothers. A legendary Child of Gaia Ragabash hero helped loosen these slave laws. He guided the Babylonians to grant slaves the right to conduct business and even own other slaves!

*I have not done iniquity,  
I have not done violence to any man...  
I am Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow,  
And I have the power to be born a second time.*

— Egyptian Book of the Dead

In prehistory the Silent Striders made Egypt their sole purview. They were willing to work with us when the Wyrms were strong in the Nile Valley, but made it clear that Egypt was theirs. We ranged across the rest of Africa, where the lusty people venerated Gaia with great enthusiasm. We protected them from the ravages of the Wyrms, who worked to instill shame and debasement of women upon them.

The people of Egypt worshipped a pantheon of gods descended from Gaia, gods charged with care for humankind's soul. It was a golden age. We kept the Wyrms at bay, and worshipped the eternal nature of Life. But the coming of the vampires destroyed it all. They ushered in the Wyrms, and turned the worship of holy rebirth in Gaia to the foul worship of death and undeath.

The Wyrms perverted the worship of the Gaian gods, filling the holy orders with corrupt, authoritarian, militaristic

tic Wyrms-followers who ruled in secret through weak, frightened, or wicked pharaohs. For millennia their power was absolute. The very life was draining from the land. A simple push by the Eater-of-Souls would cause the entire area to dry up and die.

To save Egypt, we allied with the Striders to recapture the Nile Valley. Our great Kinswoman, Nefertiti, found a powerful ally in a new pharaoh, Amenhotep IV. He then opened himself to Gaia, who bathed him in Her radiance. She protected him from the Wyrms-corrupted vampires who ruled Egypt. She boldly burned the hell-spawn out of their crypts with the Halo of the Sun.

The Pharaoh changed his name from Amenhotep (Satisfying to the Gods) to Akhnaton (Beneficial to God), and founded a new religion based on a single powerful god of light. This was the first true monotheistic religion, and it crippled the Wyrms-spawn who had stolen the places of Gaia's pantheon. To purge the priesthood of vampires, Akhnaton built an open-sky temple to Helios, and literally burned them out. Akhnaton's religion also stopped the Eater-of-Souls' plan to destroy the Nile delta.

Akhnaton and Nefertiti spread teachings of perfect love, openness, and non-conformity. They loved beauty, and brought great art into the royal palaces. Their inner nobility was inspiring to the people, and a new golden age began. Akhnaton survived assassination attempts, and changed many of the policies of Egypt. He ceased conquest, released

enslaved cities in the Mideast, renounced the powerful, Beast-of-War-riddled military, and cut its funding. The people loved him so much that the Wyrms could never budge him from power.

But after Akhnaton's death, the Wyrms' forces converged and took control again, handing power to his puppet son-in-law, the callow Tutankhamen. They sought to destroy all record of Akhnaton's existence, including even his name, lest the story of his success spread, and inspire others. But the Wyrms beasts were never again as strong as they once had been.

*Moon's Creature"*

— Cretan name for kings

Our ideals found greater flowering in Crete, where the Minos, or living aspect of the Moon-Goddess, ruled with a human consort. The Wyrms targeted the land for utter destruction, and there we fought our greatest struggle to date. We prevailed, and sent a great Wyrms-beast back to the abyss. But it was also a time of weeping, for we not only lost a great empire to the Wyrms, but saw the last of the noble "Moon-bulls," or Minotaurs, as well.

*Happy and blessed one, you have become divine instead of mortal.*

— Dionysian initiation

Gaia's wisdom reached full flowering in Greece. The people embraced Gaia love through Artemis, Demeter and





Hecate. They embraced rebirth through Pan-Dionysus, the virgin-born king who is sacrificed, gives of his flesh to his followers and is resurrected. The humans paid their respects to us by worshipping Dionysus as half-man, half-beast. We built a sanctuary of Zeus Lycaeus (Wolfish Zeus) and taught people how to dedicate their souls to the divine. Our magic was so strong that we opened a direct passage to the Umbra within the sanctuary, and our greatest human disciples could walk the Shadow. With the aid of the Black Furies, we kept the Wyrn at bay.

We built on our success by turning mankind's Weaver-inspired intellect to pursuits founded on Gaian ethics. This was a rare achievement, for in many lands the Wyrn found fertile fields in hearts where the Wyld was not strong. Under our tutelage, the Athenians built equality into the foundation of the law. Rule deriving from the consent of the governed reached new heights.

Our tribe's love of working out policy differences in public discussion was highly regarded by the Greeks, and they built their government around it. This shook up the old aristocracy of Athens, which was as Wyrn-ridden as any other before or since. New leaders came to power from the lower classes, on the strength of their ability to make their arguments clear to the people. The system was not perfect, but it kept the Wyrn from hoarding power and consolidating control through his minions. But this step forward was

accompanied by a step backward, as equality was only accorded to males.

Nevertheless, women held more status in Greece than in other burgeoning civilizations, due to a strong presence of Black Furies. In an inspired move, our tribe and theirs conspired with our Kinfolk to suspend a particularly foolish city-state war by convincing the women to withhold sex from their partners until the men renounced the war. After a discomforting ordeal, the men agreed to end the war. This account has been fictionalized by Aristophanes in his play, *Lysistrata*, and is now considered nothing but a legend. But you might read this play as a moving account of the ability of one person to change a society through clever and peaceful subversion of the Wyrn.

Once Athenian democracy was established, we worked tirelessly behind the scenes with our Kinfolk and like-minded humans to create the Amphiictyonic League, which linked many city-states in a great pact of peace. True to our highest impulses to wage peace, we channeled men's Gaia-given aggressive natures into peaceful pursuits. This long-term triumph was greater than all the myriad short-term victories we achieved. Remember that. What good is the murder of your enemy, if a new enemy arrives the following day? Waging peace means far more than ending war.

All wars and hostilities would stop for a month every four years for the celebration of peace in the Olympic games.

People looked forward to the games for years, and the good feelings generated by releasing rage in non-lethal games and intellectual competition gave rise to peace treaties. People could not bear arms during this time, and they had to grapple with solving their problems peacefully. After the games ended, some wars ended as well, and treaties brokered during this time lasted longer than others. We proved an important Gaian notion here: democracies do not war with democracies. The Wurm set about destroying all future democracies, and prevented the spread of democracy for a long, long time. But it could not stop us forever...

Still, many of Greek-Gaian ideals took root in Rome, a city founded by humans nursed by the wolf Lupa and sent afloat down the Tiber river. The Children of Gaia literally "nursed" the fledgling Etruscan city into a repository that could keep alive Greek ideals after the fall of Athens. Again, the golden age of Gaia was upon the land. But it would not last. Rome too became corrupt, and in desperate need of change. That change would come, and it would shake the world...

*One vision I see clear as life before me, that the ancient mother has awakened once more, sitting on her throne rejuvenated, more glorious than ever.*

— Saint Ramakrishna, on the Goddess Kali-Ma

In India, a great pantheon emanated from Gaia, and worship based on divinity, pleasure and the sanctity of lust ensued. We instilled so strong a love of Gaia in the humans there that they carved the entire exteriors of their holy buildings with voluptuous representations of entwined lovers. We brought the Tantric mysteries to full flowering here, in our greatest success of the exaltation of holy pleasure since Crete.

The grateful people acknowledged our work in founding their cities. They said that the goddess Kali assumed wolf-Goddess form, entered the cave of the wolf, and gave birth to the divine founder of their cities. She lovingly placed him in a basket of rushes and sent him down the Ganges to his destiny, sending him on the journey from the divine to the mortal world.

The Weaver was far stronger than the Wurm here, and the societies were well-regimented. The evils of the caste system grew more from Weaver regimentation than Wurm wickedness, and as a result it was much harder to root out.

We resisted the incursions of the Wurm for a long time, but slowly the Wurm ate away at the rulers of this land, leaving them corrupt. The Kings even perverted the sacred Tantric mysteries, and made slaves of the faithful.

Into this came the Enlightened One, a product of Gaian bliss. The Buddha was born of the Lord of Hosts and the Virgin (Maya), was tempted by the Evil One, and his second coming would





signal the end of the world. He taught a powerful system of inner peace that shattered the Wyrms' hold on the old religion.

The Buddha enlightened King Asoka, and converted him to Buddhism. Asoka made great strides to end the injustice of the caste system, and end sacrifices that strengthened the Wyrms. But after his death his reforms were crushed.

Alas, like many great prophets, Buddha was not accepted in his own homeland. Fortunately, his word was heard in the East, where pacifist mystery cults sprang up to worship him.

*In the world there is nothing more submissive and weak than water. Yet for attacking that which is hard and strong, nothing can surpass it.*

— Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*

The Children of Gaia journeyed into the far corners of Asia, where we suffered great losses at the hands of the terrifying eastern vampires, who are infinitely more powerful than their western counterparts, and far more knowledgeable. Likewise, the dragons there were not the same as Western Wyrmsbeasts. We communed with these dragons, and learned great secrets. With the aid of the Stargazers, who welcomed our presence, we were able to have a strong influence on the thoughts of humankind. Our eastern brothers and sisters still have access to secrets unknown to much of our tribe. It is rumored that they hold secrets of the Apocalypse.

We helped codify a set of Confucian laws based on benevolence. To please the imperial powers of China, we appealed to "enlightened self-interest," and explained that it made good empire-building sense for people to be able to put themselves in the position of others and treat them accordingly. The Gaian wisdom that benevolence must be cultivated within before it can be manifested without found strong root here. Some of its manifestations surprised us. None of us were prepared for Lao Tzu, who spoke parables so full of enigmatic wisdom that even the Stargazers were taken aback.

However, the Indian prince who became the Buddha would finally heal many of the wounds of Asia. It would take the Wyrms a long time to subvert the new Buddhist teachings and use them again for subjugation. Even to this day that takeover is not complete.

*My peace I give unto you.*

— Jesus Christ

As with so many other races, the ancient Semitic people once worshipped the goddess, Elohim, and the male god, Yahweh. Like all early people, inheritance and rulership passed from the woman. Many of their great rulers were female, like Debo-rah, who judged all of Israel. We encouraged the Israelites to walk the path of peace, and prize love for all.

This was corrupted by the Wyrms, who took advantage of sexual insecurity to destroy tolerance and female authority, and advocate violence and slavery. As the Wyrms prevailed, Gaia was excised from the holy books. Words meaning "Goddess and God" were interpreted to mean only "God". Yahweh was set above all other Hebrew gods, and then made the only god. His aspect became darker and more warlike. However, this warlike hubris could not save the Hebrews from enslavement by the Romans. But Gaia's love would.

While the Hebrew people were enslaved by Rome, they received a new messenger of Gaian bliss. Similar to the Enlightened One, the Buddha, was the Anointed One, Jesus, who likewise advocated humility, peace, nonviolence and unconditional love. Jesus too, was born of the Lord of Hosts and the Virgin (Mary), and so too his second coming would signal the end of the world. Like the Buddha, he taught a powerful system of inner peace that shattered the Wyrms' hold on the old religion. Alas, like many great prophets, he was not accepted in his own homeland. Fortunately, his word was heard in the West, where pacifist mystery cults sprang up to worship him.

Jesus' teachings created amazing changes in the region. Christians took the Sermon on the Mount literally, and renounced arms. They refused to serve in the Roman Legions, and resisted the draft. One Christian monk, Telemachus, stopped gladiatorial combats by fearlessly throwing his body between combatants. After he was beaten to death by enraged fans, a backlash against blood sports caused the Roman emperor to forbid all future gladiatorial combat. It would take the Wyrms a long time to subvert the new

Christian teachings and use them again for subjugation. Even to this day the process remains unfinished.

After a few hundred years the Wyrms realized it could not crush the Jesus pacifists, and so sought to corrupt them. The Wyrms held out great power to the cult leaders, offering them a place of high regard in the Roman empire if they would deliver a single set of religious books. Soon, church attacked church, and Christians burned one another's holy books to produce a single version. The Romans then set out to conquer, not in the name of Jupiter, but in the name of a corrupted Jesus. We fought these incursions, and brokered peace and cooperation among their victims.

We installed the Kinfolk Emperor Julian on the throne to restore religious toleration, and stop the Christian persecution of the pagans. He refused to supply more troops to the disastrous war against the Persians, and instituted sweeping reforms to give people more say in the government. Alas, his works did not outlast him, and the Wyrms reclaimed Rome upon his death. Many of our Kinfolk, who sided passionately with Julian, were killed or driven from Rome. It was one of our darkest defeats.

*Who is it that brings out the living from the dead, and the dead from the living?*

— The Koran

Though the Wyrms made great strides over the centuries in the Middle East, we still held fast to a significant minority of people and kept alive the path of peace. We helped found the Turkish nation. Tu Kueh, its founder, acknowledged by saying he was raised by a holy wolf woman, whom he married. We worked with him, through an extensive Kinfolk network, to spread Gaia love.

In ancient Arabia, Goddess-touched queens ruled for centuries, keeping alive many of Gaia's ideals through their worship of the threefold moon goddess, Kore the Virgin, Al-Lat the Mother, and Al-Uzza the Wise Woman. We resisted incursions by Wyrms-tainted religions for centuries, and encouraged wisdom and learning.

When the local priests became corrupt, we sent Zoroaster, a great prophet, to reform them. He also acknowledged our hand in his education by saying he was raised by a she-wolf. Alas, his reforms were taken over in early stages by the Wyrms, who used them to enforce patriarchy in Persia.

We lost the war to depose Gaia from within. A tribe dedicated to the goddess Kore, the Korshites, revised early Gaian writings into a holy book called the Koran. They transformed the female Al-Lat into the male Allah, and turned the yonic Kore shrine at Mecca to a desexualized symbol of the new religion. They removed all female symbols, except the crescent moon of the lunar goddess Kore, which they kept for their flag and standard.

To keep the way of the Goddess alive in a land increasingly overrun with Wyrms-inspired hatred of women, our Kinfolk established the mysticism of Sufism. We served the message of peace to a spiritually parched people thirsty for

love and union with Gaia. The authorities resisted us, and we had to constantly fight just to keep the Sufis alive. To distract the Wyrms-run Islamic armies, we stoked the conflicts with the Wyrms-run Christian armies. This kept the Wyrms divided, attacking different heads upon its own bodies and kept us safe, but inflaming war cost us dearly in human lives and devastation.

There were many in the Middle East who embraced our message of peace. But spreading peace in the Middle East is a difficult matter. An ancient vampire called Malkav slumbers there somewhere, a vampire consumed by madness. His lunatic dreams infect the people, and drive them to madness and war. Some of our Ragabash say this vampire is a source of enlightenment, but few agree.

Many Arabian Children of Gaia are very exceptionally savage, though others are extraordinarily peaceful and Sufi-like.

*Heathen — from the Germanic "heiden", that which is hidden.*

Most Garou tribes settled in one area. The Shadow Lords strayed into Eastern Europe, the Get of Fenris to Central and Northern Europe, and the Fianna to Western Europe. Though we sometimes clashed with these tribes over the best way to guide humankind, we accepted each others' presence. It was an exuberant time. We ran freely through dark forests and befriended faeries. We lifted the people up and celebrated the passions of Gaia along with them. The north became a refuge for those weary of the Wyrms Wars to the south.



But the Romans brought large-scale warfare to Europe, and the lusty pagan people succumbed to the Wyrms' drums of war. Endless wars washed across the north, as they once had in the south. We brokered a truce between rival tribes of the Fianna, Get of Fenris and Black Furies to put a stop to the Wyrms-led Roman legions before they crushed all the innocents of Europe. We succeeded, and turned the tide.

Ironically, our efforts were aided by the Wyrms' very corruption of the Jesus cult. In embracing apocalyptic Christianity instead of pacifistic Christianity, the Romans believed that the world was doomed to end in their lifetimes. They stopped carrying out the kind of long-range planning necessary for empire-building.

During the Middle Ages, the Wyrms engulfed the Old World. Pagan people were crushed and converted. The Wyrms turned our Prince of Peace into a god of war, and used him to enslave the millions. We rebelled against this, stirring humankind to reform the excesses of the Wyrms-influenced Church. We divided the Church in half, between reformers and old guard. The Puritans stood for purifying Wyrms taint from their lives. In a world of war, we created pacifist groups from the twelfth century Waldensians to the sixteenth century Anabaptists. One of our greatest triumphs was the Diggers, who sought an end to slavery and coercion, even by gods. The Wyrms quickly wiped them out before they got very far, lest they disturb the rule of corrupt and selfish Kings, but their fame shot through the peasantry like a lightning bolt. The Wyrms destroyed almost every trace of their story, but could not stop the whispers. A tiny ember of freedom smoldered in the heart of the peasant.

To reveal Wyrms hypocrisy to humankind, we had to encourage mental rigor in even the most untutored mind. So we returned to pagan sources, and brought a revival of classical Greek thought to Europe. This rebirth of reason and logic would culminate in a tremendous blow to the Wyrms, but the Wyrms would never see the subversion coming.

The Wyrms thought it had consolidated power over the Old World, and so set its sights on the New.

*We believe that we are not obliged to choose between violence and passive acceptance of unjust conditions for ourselves and others... We believe that new methods, free from violence, must be worked out for ending abuses and for undoing wrongs, as well as for achieving positive ends.*

— Jane Addams, *Newer Ideals of Peace*, late 1800s

At long last, the Wyrms burst through the wards that kept it from the New World, and set out to conquer it. European explorers opened up the Americas, and exported violence and slavery in the name of Christ. Unable to stop the tide, we went with them to keep Gaian ideals alive. Our long-lost brothers, the Uktena, Wendigo and Croatan were not happy to see us. They had lived long in paradise, and had forgotten the ways of the Wyrms. While they had stayed still, the Wyrms evolved. They were no match for the Wyrms now.

The Eater-of-Souls laid a wasting curse of the spirit upon the Pure Men, and began to exterminate them. A Child of

Gaia helped the Croatan destroy the Eater-of-Souls, but the Croatan were destroyed along with it. What is not known outside our tribe is that the Child of Gaia sacrificed himself with them. Wherever the souls of the Croatan reside, that Child of Gaia dwells with them.

At first the Wendigo and Uktena saw all European, Asian and African Garou as failures and Wyrms accomplices who could not stop the humans under their protection from defiling the New World. They were just as likely to attack us as talk to us. But we patiently endured their often-murderous suspicion. After many Children of Gaia had been martyred to the cause of tribal peace, our sister tribes grudgingly allowed us to help them. They agreed just in time, for the Uktena were nearly destroyed. We brought both tribes into the family of all Garou, soothed their pain, and worked to defend the humans under their protection from those humans under our protection. To this day these two tribes trust us more than they do any other.

Slavery, warfare and greed ran rampant in the New World. Our Puritan reformers, who had become Wyrms-tainted and power-hungry in the Old World, now became completely corrupt, and violated their oaths of religious tolerance by becoming the most intolerant.

However, as the Wyrms concentrated its attention on the conquest of the New World, we found opportunity to undermine its grasp on the Old. We convened the greatest Children of Gaia moot in over a thousand years to debate all options. We invited Kinfolk, and Gaia-loving members of all other tribes. We came to speedy consensus, and drafted a new resolution. In this agreement, the Law of Nature Accord, we concluded that focusing all our attention on enlightening a single leader is not enough. We must enlighten the entire system by which humans live. We must encode the laws of love into the laws of human society. Other tribes scoffed at this notion, as they always do, but we achieved it.

We stirred the conscience of humankind back in Europe. With half the Wyrms forces diverted to the New World, we met only light resistance. We introduced many men and women to the light of Gaia, and turned our Reformation and Renaissance into an Age of Enlightenment. Many Christians became Deists, worshipping a living, intelligent world.

We led Catherine the Great of Russia and Frederick the Great of Prussia to institute social reforms. But our greatest success in the Old World was the Holy Roman Emperor, Joseph II. We led him to institute remarkable reforms in all areas of life. He abolished serfdom, ended the Wyrms-ridden hereditary noble and church power, and created rewards and work based on merit. Most reforms did not survive him, but the nobles and clergy could not end the reforms he wrote into law. The people had more freedom.

The Enlightenment reached the shores of the New World, where the Wyrms did not yet have a strong foothold. Deistic love found a receptive home in the hearts of the new explorers — former serfs all. The founding mothers and fathers became Deists, and openly worshipped nature and

the Mother. For the first time, the Garou and the Gaia-loving humans were stronger than the Wyrmling!

Into North America, once the Wyrmling's richest prize, we brought the Law of Nature, and instituted not one, but two democracies. We sent visions to the Shaman Hiawatha to create the second true democracy after our triumph in Athens. We then sent visions to great colonial leaders to create the third, and largest democracy.

We enshrined Gaia's compassion in a document as solid as Hammurabi's stele, the U.S. Constitution. Not only did we install the Gaian blessings of life and freedom, we audaciously made into law the highest source of Gaian love: the pursuit of happiness. Just as the Child of Gaia heroine Siduri Sabitu had enshrined the sanctity of pleasure into the heart of King Gilgamesh, our heroes now worked to enshrine the sanctity of pleasure into the heart of the new nation. The life, freedom and joy embraced by a king was now the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness embraced by an entire nation.

The Wyrmling was wrath! As the Gaian-influenced U.S. government cut ties with the corrupt, degenerate monarchies of Europe, the Wyrmling lashed out to destroy democracy by using the British Army and German mercenaries against the fledgling nation. We had to fight the Get of Fenris, who fought for the Wyrmling in order to work with the Germans. It

would not be the last time this would happen. The Wyrmling fought hard, and would have succeeded, if not for one of our Kinfolk...

*As to the wealthy, vanity increases as it defends its advantages; it appears less guilty than those who attack it, because even injustices, when they have existed to a long time, come to be regarded as a property right."*

— Madame De Stael, *Political Power*

France's minister of finance at the time was a Child of Gaia Kinfolk named Jacques Necker. His brilliant economizing had worked miracles during the French fiscal crisis, and he had steadily given more power to the middle class over the nobles and the clergy. Other Garou tribes were irate, and complained that Necker's brilliance was propping up the Wyrmling-riddled French government, which should be destroyed instead of saved. But Necker had a plan. He arranged for the French government to borrow heavily to finance vigorous participation in the American Revolution. The French courtiers corrupted by the Wyrmling were in a heated competition with their British counterparts, and agreed to help finance the revolution against their rival Wyrmling-beasts.

Necker sent the Marquis de Lafayette to the New World with arms and money. The American rebels gained the assistance they needed to prevail. They snatched the rich, virgin bounty of the New World from the tainted hands of the British and delivered it into the hands of merry Deist dreamers who dared to exalt happiness into the sphere of God-given rights. In one scintillating move, the old Wyrmling beasts of Europe lost all they had fought to attain. This staggering loss for the Wyrmling caused a backlash that resounded across the world, and caused fear and trembling in every stronghold where hereditary power accumulated.

People all over the world began to demand liberty. Monarchies and empires began to weaken everywhere. European Kings, under tight control by the Wyrmling, began to deteriorate from the furious demands of their unholy master. The Wyrmling, divided on two hemispheres and failed in each, fell to self-recrimination.

The French angrily removed Necker from power. Nevertheless, Necker forgave the aristocrats, and tried to protect his human persecutors from the violence of the people's long-suppressed anger. However, the French government would not heed him. The people revolted and stormed the Bastille three days after Necker's removal, and the Wyrmling-beast's rigid control of France collapsed.

The rival Wyrmling governments in Britain and France suffered huge defeats, their own power turned against them by one of our Kinfolk. Armed with only his wits, and an abiding love of life, Necker reestablished liberty on two continents, accomplishing more than all the Garou tribes combined. I encourage you to remember that when Harano steals over you and you doubt what one person can accomplish.

Necker helped rebuild the shattered land of France, based on the enlightened ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity.



His daughter, the brilliant Madame de Stael, wrote persuasively on vital issues of the day. She also purchased land in the New World to save caerns there from Wyrms defilement. Upstate New York retains some of the most holy places in America (and the world) due to her merciful and timely purchases.

*If one person achieves the highest love, it will be sufficient to neutralize the hate of millions.*

— Gandhi

The new nation of the United States of America stood for the Gaian ideals of peace and abundance. All people were welcome in the land of justice and freedom, and were accorded rights and dignities unknown in the Wyrms-corrupted Old World. The Deist founding fathers and mothers had left an enduring legacy of tolerance which inoculated the nation against the Wyrms' temptations and predations.

We built on these successes by spreading peace from America outward. After bitter wars against Canada, including vicious naval battles in the Great Lakes, our Kinfolk in the Canadian and U.S. governments reached out across the borders to forge a disarmament pact. We stopped building forts on both sides of the border, and scuttled warships that were too big to sail out of the Great Lakes. The peace along the world's largest undefended border is now taken completely for granted, as is the prosperity it generates. But to those who know how much work it took, it serves as a model for waging peace through bi-lateral disarmament. In the process, we also gained great honor among the Wendigo, who had become enemies of the U.S. government due to tensions along the northern border.

In addition to restoring widespread Deistic Gaia worship among the founding fathers, the Children of Gaia spread the Gaian ideals among the newly freed humans. Christianity was again grounded in the ideals of peace espoused by Christ, as Christians became pacifist Quakers, and Shakers sprang up in answer to the song of Gaia love. The Puritans, once defenders of religious tolerance but now Wyrms-defiled, tried to slaughter the pacifist Quakers. We defended the Quakers, but the vicious assault by war-like Christians upon peaceful Christians haunts America to this day.

But even as the Beast-of-War and Eater-of-Souls were slow to accept the loss of the New World, the Defiler Wyrms quickly adapted to subvert the new government. Even as we gained ground in the hearts and minds of the settlers, we continued to lose ground in defending women from serfdom, the Africans from slavery, and the Pure Men from genocide. We convened another grand moot to share our thoughts on these issues.

Some among us preferred to work to create equality among humans by fighting against all who persecuted women, Native Americans and enslaved Africans. But others felt this policy would provoke outright war, polarize the nation, slow or stop further progress, and invite the Wyrms forces back. This group preferred to continue enlightening the dominant human sub-group, the transplanted Europeans, and bring incremental, sustainable change without vio-



lence. The first group found that cowardly. At a time when we could have been celebrating, we were falling apart.

As a compromise, we chose to continue to focus on reforming the transplanted Europeans, and not provoke war by liberating women, the indigenous peoples and the Africans. However, we swore to make liberation a high priority. We have sacrificed much to bring our Law of Nature into effect, and drive the Wyrms from the hearts of Americans through the Constitution and steady, incremental change. We still do not know if our compromise was the best solution. The concessions we have made are heartbreaking.

However, we have accomplished much. In the Pure Land, which was still mostly free of Wyrms taint, we finally accomplished the impossible. We broke the most ancient and wicked of Wyrms taboos. We finally freed women from the shackles of servitude. This feat is so new to the world that its repercussions have hardly even been felt yet. We offered humankind the heady, exuberant, delightful and very uncomfortable joys of peace, freedom and sexual equality. The Wyrms offered the comfortable pain of war, slavery and subjugation of women. The choice was clear. And, to their everlasting credit, the people of the New World embraced unfamiliar joys over familiar pain. Humankind was truly growing up.

The Wyrms did great damage to the Pure Men, and tried to eliminate them all. We fought its attempts in Congress, in

the Press, and on the battlefield. We joined our Wendigo and Uktena brothers and sisters, and engaged in limited warfare against the U.S. government that we had worked so hard to build.

We stirred people's consciences to resist enslaving their brothers, and after a horrible internecine war, slavery finally ended. This was a giant leap forward, but also a step backward. The innocent new nation had tasted blood, and despite great suffering, found that it liked the flavor. The Beast-of-War was back, and would soon drag America into foolish fighting.

After losing America and France to the forces of Gaia, the Wyrms fell to bitter recriminations in Europe, as the Wyrms ever does after such loss. Old Guard Wyrms in Germany and central Europe sought to teach the two losing Wyrms (Britain and France) a lesson, and take their territory at the same time. The result was the Great War.

Americans wanted nothing to do with World War I, but clever Wyrms propaganda stirred the pacifistic, non-interventionist, happiness-pursuing Americans into giving a pro-war answer to the question "What did you do during the Great War, Daddy?" Alas, for many men, the real answer turned out to be: "I died like an slaughtered animal along a deadly borderline that moved neither forward nor back for three years."

Many Americans resisted participation in the foolish European war, as they resisted participation in all the earlier European Wars. But the Beast-of-War was firmly settled in America after the unprecedented horrors of the Civil War. This Wyrms aspect used typical authoritarian tactics like police raids, arrests and vigilante mobs to crush the resistance. After the war, an entire generation suffered from shell-shock. The nation had tasted blood a second time, but now found the flavor less to liking.

The war economy gave the Eater-of-Souls a chance to control money policy as well, concentrating vast power into the hands of a few. The inevitable economic crash and depression that followed this legalized theft was even more painful than the war. We had to evolve a new strategy to catch up with the Wyrms. Before we could, events overtook us again, and the new nation had tasted real blood for a third time.

After Germany's defeat in World War I, the vengeance-crazed victors sought to punish the German people. The Germans responded to this cruelty by finding the most hateful monster available and giving him full license to make war. By the time Hitler was stopped, Americans had tasted real blood for a third time. They were now becoming addicted. And we did not know what to do to sober them.

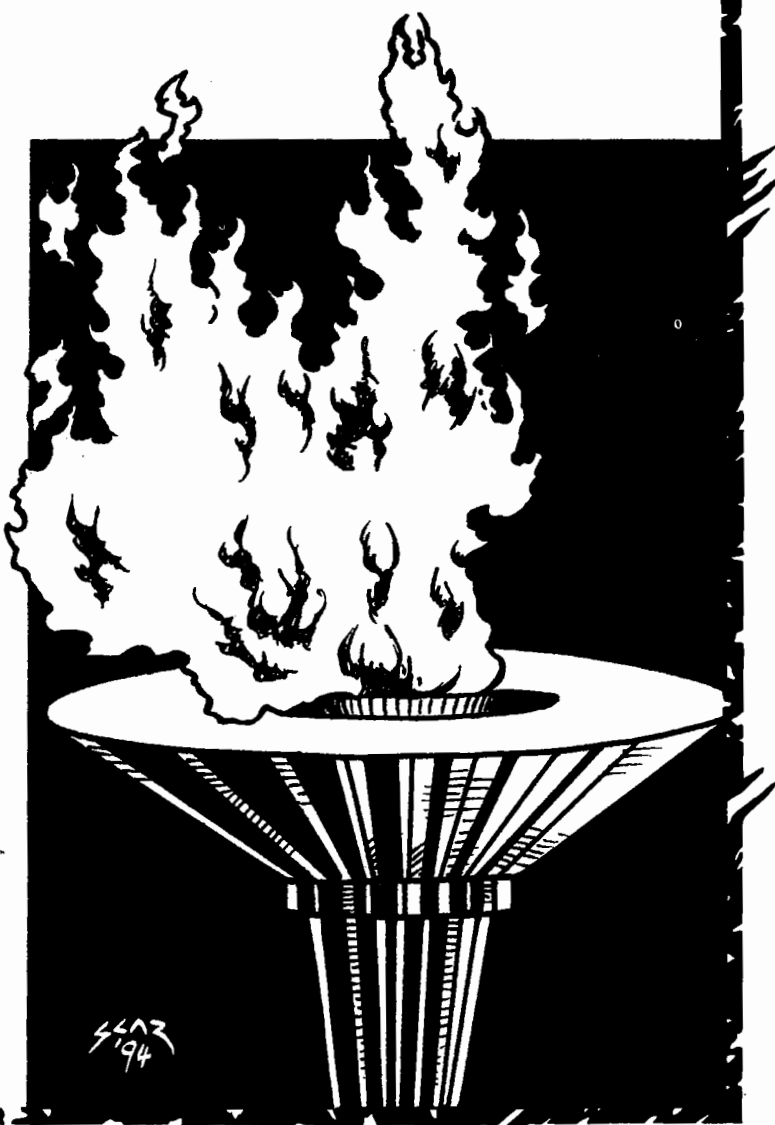
In India, another great human appeared, voicing the Gaian Way. Mohandas Gandhi drove the European colonists from their position as slavemaster over India, and he did it without fighting. His accomplishments taught us how to go about our work.

We started by forgiving the Germans. We were instrumental in obtaining amnesty for the rank-and-file Germans.

This was a start in defusing a potential Third World War. Our next step was to take the lesson of Gandhi to heart. We worked to liberate the oppressed people of America and the world through non-violent means. We helped mold a new generation of leaders that believed passionately in peace and equality. We even installed one of them in the White House. We created a revolution of the spirit in which equality, harmony and love were openly embraced by humankind, especially those born in the aftermath of the Second World War.

But the Wyrms returned. Humankind was deeply demoralized when its greatest Gaian-influenced leaders were assassinated in rapid succession. Cut down were President Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., Robert Kennedy, and Malcolm X. The last was destroyed only after he renounced separatism and embraced King's teachings. A backlash followed, in which the Wyrms contaminated the generation of love with the poison of cynicism. Years of blindness followed. We struggled just to keep from losing ground.

The future of the Children of Gaia is unclear. What is clear is that it will be written by your generation. I wonder. What will you do?





# Chapter Two: The Path of Peace

*What do you suppose will satisfy the soul, except to walk free and own no superior?*

— Walt Whitman, quoted in "Testimonial to Walt Whitman"

Come child. Now that you have rested from the ordeal of your Change, and have heard the tale of your past, it is time to see the present. Come. Run with me!

Do your legs buckle beneath you? Do you feel the gangly awkwardness of a colt that grows three inches in one week? Do you feel the surging, burning pain in your new muscles? It is time to use them. Come now! No excuses. Your legs will hold; the exercise will loosen them and soothe the fires of the Change.

While we run, I shall tell you of our tribe. I will tell you who your people are. For your father is a noble Child of Gaia Kinfolk. We are proud of his work freeing prisoners of conscience. And we are thrice proud he and his partner have delivered to us a new-born Garou.

Do you feel the wind through your first fur? Can you feel your thick skin bristle in the night air? Do you feel your nerve endings crackle at the end of every hair? Can you smell the rabbit on the next hill? Those are your new senses. They will reveal the world more true than you have ever known.

Come! We will run! We will run the night away! And will not stop, even when we are overcome by panting exhaustion!

## *The Sacred Family*

We are the children of the living world. We embrace it and love it and romp upon it, like a baby on her mother's belly. The world is a warm, welcoming place, full of brash excitement and deep, abiding mystery. This world is a gift from She who is our Mother. She gave it freely, so love it. Some are fearful of the world, and some are vengeful towards it, just as some are fearful and vengeful toward their parents. But we live on Gaia courageously and respectfully.

The world is your birthright. As you are a Child of Gaia, you have inherited the world and all that is in it. All Garou are Children of Gaia, they simply do not know it. All animals are Children of Gaia. They know it in a special way, a way that goes beyond our knowing. All humans are Children of Gaia. They know it in their sacred moments. When they hold a baby. When they open their mouths to fill the world with song. When they perform a simple kindness. When they look into the eyes of a revered elder. When they stand up to a bully. When they speak from the passions in their heart. When they sit quietly. When they leap in the air. When they lend a hand. When they look death in the face.

When they make love. When they make the world a better place.

These things bind us in ways that are more powerful than all the divisions that tear human and Garou asunder. Divisions of nation. Of religion. Of breed. Of race. Of tribe. These things all tear us apart, and anything that tears us apart is of the Wyrms. Anything that tears us apart is evil.

Our job, as Garou, is to seek what makes us like those we meet, not what makes us different. The differences are clear and in plentiful supply. We know how to find those. We must learn to see how others are like us. We are all of the same home, and we all have the same Mother.

We learn to see ourselves in our parents. Then our siblings. Then our friends. Then our lovers. Then our children. But can we see ourselves in strangers? And can we see ourselves in our enemies?

When we can master that, we have lived up to Gaia's greatest wish for us, and become the Healing of the World.

## Camps

*Draw us near, and bind us tight,  
All your children here, in their rags of light,  
In our rags of light, all dressed to kill,  
And end this night, if it be your will.*

— Leonard Cohen, "If It Be Your Will"

Within Gaia's longhouse there are many chambers. Many of the Children of Gaia have formed separate camps based on divisions in their core philosophy. Before you hear of the camps in our society, I shall tell you that camps are an artificial way to separate the already divided Garou. They are very much a problem, since they cause us to polarize opinions around opposite views, rather than acknowledge that the Truth is too large to fit in anyone's cup.

Camps separate a tribe even more than it has already been divided. The two main factions in our society divide us along lines of our reaction to the Apocalypse. Other tribes have restrictions on camps you may join. In the Children of Gaia, you may join as many camps as you wish, even contradictory camps. We understand that Gaia's truth is one, but can only be seen through many masks. Therefore, there is wisdom in all Children of Gaia camps, and you may seek your truth in any and all. Some Children of Gaia reject this, and wish to form elitist, exclusionary camps. I believe this is against Gaia, even though I understand why they wish to isolate themselves.

Now that you know some of the dangers of the camps, I shall introduce you to each camp, that you may grow wise in their ways and learn how to join them. Step with me, and I shall take you into the tribal gathering, where you can meet an ambassador from each camp. They have arrived via Moon Bridge to talk to you, and tell you of their camps.

## Servants of the Unicorn

*Hail young one! The Servants of the Unicorn greet you. We are the largest camp, composing nearly half the tribe. We are proud warriors of the spirit. Our task is simple. We bring all the tribes together, and resolve differences. Most Garou disagreements are over small matters that loom large as old hurts are added to the grudge pile. We seek to interrupt that process, and we have stopped many trivial matters from escalating into tribal warfare. Now we work to resolve ancient enmities. It is vital the tribes unify before the Apocalypse. We have no time to waste, and welcome all young Garou into our ranks.*

## Crest of the Horn

*We are a small group within the Servants of the Unicorn. Like the Crest of a real horn, we are the part that leads the charge and scores the first kill.*

*We realize that some Garou are too far gone to be saved. The Silver Fangs are the problem. They must be deposed, and deposed quickly. Only the Children of Gaia are fit to lead the Garou. Our tribe has made every decision that helped the world for the last ten thousand years. Every decision the Fangs made against our counsel came back to bite them on the ass. But guess what? We don't want to lead. We want to institute democracy through a Garou Council. The monarchy is two hundred years extinct. It's just too dumb to know it's dead.*

*Our work with the servants has won us allies in every tribe. Our hints of deposing the Fangs have won us more. We'll soon be able to depose them without shedding a drop of blood. There is no point in smoothing away differences with the Fangs. Better to keep track of who's mad at whom so we can exploit it and build a coalition to depose the Toothless Ones. Harsh? You bet. Betrayal? Perhaps. Forbidden by the Litany? Never. It is not only our right but our sacred duty.*

## Imminent Strike

*The time for talk is past. The Apocalypse is at hand. We have but two choices: act quickly and prevail, or waver and fail. The Children of Gaia have wisdom about the end of the world that is necessary to all the tribes. But to prevail, we cannot have resistant, treacherous Garou among us. In order to prevail, we must work only with the tribes who will cooperate with us, and heed our wisdom. Those tribes who cannot quell their suicidal pride cannot be part of our Final Strike.*

*It is harsh, it is damning, and we have no right to leave them out. But leave them out we must, to triumph. By seeing our firm stand, they may one day change their minds and join us wholeheartedly. So we pray. But we are not afraid to leave them behind.*

*We must start by cutting ties now. The Shadow Lords are dead weight. The Get of Fenris are problematic. It has been prophesied that a Silver Fang will bear the standard of the Wyrms in the final battle. We must extricate ourselves from them now. If the Uktena do not renounce their dangerous flirtation with the Wyrms we must abandon them as well. The Black Furies must become more*



accepting of males. The Wendigo must become more accepting of the descendants of the settlers. The Red Talons must become more accepting of all humans.

We will cut our ties with all tribes if necessary. They must come around to our wisdom to be of use in the Final Battle, and if they do not, we are not responsible for their failure.

We say to our brothers and sisters in the Patient Deed Camp: if all the tribes of the Garou do not come to their senses by the Apocalypse, will you finally agree to cut them loose, or will you insist that we be dragged down by the Wyrms while we focus on rehabilitating those Garou who want no part of unity?

## *The Patient Deed*

We do not have a Garou to lose. We rise together, or fall together. Just as we accept the least among us, so too must we accept the most wicked among us. If that means we take a viper to our bosom, we do so. The truth of Gaia does not change. All Garou must join in the final battle. We must work to unify all tribes, and not cut off anyone.

Those tribes who are spiteful and resistant to unity are only an external reflection of our own internal spite and resistance to Gaia's will. We must mend ourselves first, and the world will be mended by that action. Trying to mend the world by changing others before we change ourselves will only breed more resistance.

This is the most difficult challenge Gaia has given us. We must battle our internal demons before we look for demons without. We must spend time and patience on our wayward brothers and sisters. We must spend effort in missionary work to other tribes, learning their ways, understanding their ideas, and respecting their laws. There is great worth and deep love at the bottom of all their hearts. We work to bring it to the surface. We must work with them even as they scorn us, and bear their bitter insults with gentle good humor. We must not see our sisters and brothers as enemies. Gaia put us all in the same family for a reason.

We say to those in the Imminent Strike camp, when did Gaia give us permission to abandon any of Her children?

## *The Anointed Ones*

No war. No violence. All the peace we bring, we bring through peace. One cannot bring peace through war. War only makes more war. Humankind has known this from before recorded time. This wisdom is engraved upon their bones. Yet they resist it. We do not.

We contend against none. Our way is lonely, and terrifies all who hear of it, even our own Children of Gaia sisters and brothers. If a Garou is not certain he can eschew violence, he cannot join our line.

We use Gifts to gentle our opponents, but we will not strike them. We are by far the smallest of all Children of Gaia camps, and we are proud of that. Following the will of Gaia without compromise is the most difficult action in the world. Compromise among Garou and among humans is vital. Compromising the will of Gaia is the first step on the path of the Wyrms.

## Demeter's Daughters

We heal the world by delivering the wayward human children of Gaia to the bosom of the mother. We are very active in human society, where we advocate a return to nature. We promoted the naturalism of the Age of Enlightenment, and now we spearhead the environmental movement.

We have an extensive outreach program to humankind, in which we demonstrate a reverence for the living world which is attractive to most people who are at all in touch with the life within them. All humans must be introduced to the natural world at an early age. If they are, they become profoundly connected to nature, all of life and Gaia. This automatically develops their human empathy, ripens their love for all life, and inoculates them against the fear-based temptations of the Wyrms.

We attribute the rise in urban street crime to the disconnection of urban settings from the natural environment. Many children grow up with no natural areas in which to play. Our Kinfolk supporters, like the famed Frederick Law Olmstead, battle against the often Wyrms-corrupted and Weaver-riddlea city planners to create huge natural areas in the midst of concrete jungles. New York's Central Park may not be sufficient to humanize all of Manhattan, but it has sustained a huge flowering of Gaia in a land paved from shore to shore, and many New Yorkers point to the park as their sole source of sanity.

The Wyrms has not besieged the natural world because it thinks it can destroy Gaia that way. Gaia is too strong for oil spills and toxic waste and strip mining and clear cutting alone to ever destroy her. The Wyrms besieges the natural world to corrupt humankind, and thereby end the world.

We welcome any Children of Gaia from any camp to join us, and be part of both camps.

## Angels in the Garden

We Angels are the Children of Gaia adjunct to the multi-tribal group Heaven. Heaven protects, defends, and rescues human children from the Defiler Wyrms. We have created an underground network among Kinfolk and allied humans to protect children and spouses who are the victims of Wyrms-led abuse. Our human allies often break humankind's kidnapping laws to rescue children from the torturers who seek to infuse them with the Wyrms. We provide protection that is stronger than any human law. Our path is a lonely one, and we are often outlaws, but our work is vital. We also work within the tribe and the nation to persuade all Children of Gaia and all Garou to join our cause.

We also help children by inspiring authors to present Gaian ideals in children's books. With the aid of the Glass Walkers, we are learning to present our ideas via television and new electronic

media to reach as many children as possible. This helps us immunize children against the Wyrms in all but the most horrid situations. The Wyrms has created moralist book burners to oppose us, but we have prevailed.

## The One Tree

We are the white blood cells of Gaia. We kill invading microbes. We slaughter and drive out all invaders. We kill servants of the Wyrms, human or demon, without apology or compunction. The white blood cell feels no remorse for bursting a fat, juicy bacillus, and neither do we. But we also take no pride in the kill. We do not kill out of hate or malice or love of blood. You may only join when you have killed the hatred in your heart. We are a channel for Gaia to strike her foes. When we kill, Gaia kills through us.

## Aethera Inamorata

A thousand welcomes, noble child. Enter into our love. Blessings upon you.

We are the spiritual heirs of the hero Siduri Sabitu, who healed the earliest of human kings, and protected him from evil without and vanity within. We are men and women who use love to heal the world. We exalt sexuality and sexual love to heal wounded bodies and souls. By bringing the infinite joy of Gaia into the lives of men and women, we create peace where once there was anxiety and fear.

We are the heavenly nymphs and satyrs. To the Egyptians we kept the Dance of Time over Ra, and were called the Ladies of the Hour; to the Persians the Hours became the Houris; to the Greeks, Horae; to the Semites, Harlots. To the Romans we were Lupae, priestesses of the Wolf goddess Lupa; in India, we were the earthly angels called Skywalkers, and to the Europeans we were Cunning Women and Cunning Men. Throughout the ages our mission is the same: love, and the healing that love brings.

The Wyrms hates us beyond all measure. It could not kill us, so it tried to convince mankind that sex was evil and unclean. The Wyrms has made all our sacred names into the foulest, most evil words known to man.

Humans loved us too much to drive us out, but the Wyrms often succeeded in convincing pious churchmen to denounce our holy nature and defile our sacred temples. Our hora-houses became whorehouses. Priests and Priestesses became abject victims. As a final stab at our holy work, the Wyrms tried to make sex unclean, hurtful, and deadly.

But the Wyrms cannot stop us. Our sacred rites have holy consequences even in depraved conditions. In the moment of orgasm, all men and women are linked to the divine. Even if they cannot remember the divine presence, the rapture remains within them.

We monitor Kinfolk pregnancies to detect nascent Garou, and prepare the family to give up the child at pubescence. By smoothing the transition for both parent and child, we relieve all trauma except the sacred ordeal of the Change.

We institute intermarriage between Kinfolk of all Garou tribes. In linking our tribes together as a family, we begin to prevent wars between ourselves. This has helped build trust between tribes. If we could convince all tribes to interpret the Litany as we do, we could build great bonds between all tribes. As it is, we sanction and aid lovers from different tribes, so long as they do not reproduce. If they accept our aid, we even help them to ensure that they do not bring metis into the world.

We also "adopt" other Garou. Since all Garou are Children of Gaia, all may join us and our Kinfolk network. After all, a Garou daughter raised as a Unicorn-worshipping Child of Gaia will know she is truly a child of the Goddess. Thus our tribe expands.

## The Totem: Unicorn

*Will the unicorn be willing to serve thee?*

— Job 39:9

Our totem is Unicorn, a noble and healing spirit known to all people in all places, from the southernmost reaches of Asia to the northernmost shores of Europe. Even when the Christian world purged itself of pagan symbols, the male/female Unicorn remained sacred. The male aspect of Unicorn was even adopted by the Christians as the consort of the Virgin Mary; the male vessel by which the holy presence was infused into the virgin.

This noble creature has powers to move humans in a modern, secular world, and haunt their dreams. As a young girl approaches adolescence, she goes through a "unicorns and rainbows" phase. This scorned stage is actually a crucial rite of passage in which her emotional body is given divine strength, just as her nascent sexual body is prepared for the ordeal of childbearing.

You must learn of the Unicorn, and partake of her inner healing. She is a direct conduit to the heart of Gaia. Meditate on her and grow wise to her ways.

Travel to the Children of Gaia homeland in the Umbra, and seek your personal Unicorn spirit. Take your pack, members of other tribes, and human Kinfolk. Though other tribes restrict travel to their homelands, all are welcome in ours. It has even been rumored that some of our elders have cleansed Black Spiral Dancers of Wyrmtaint by baptizing them in the Well of Serenity. Humans are free from the Delirium there, as the peacefulness of Gaia and the spirits of our ancestors soothe the memories of the Impergium. All Garou have a personal Unicorn spirit there which will bind itself to the Garou and aid her in the future. All are invigorated there, and return renewed.

## Breeds

Children are principally the creatures of example — whatever surrounding adults do, they will do. If we strike them, they will strike each other. If they see us attempting to rule one another, they will initiate the same barbarism. If we habitually admit the

right of sovereignty in each other, and in them, they will become equally respectful of our rights and of each other's.

— Josiah Warren, *Equitable Commerce*

## Homid

Most Children of Gaia are homid. We have built an extensive, global Kinfolk network, and breed almost exclusively within it. We want all children to be born to loving parents who can care for them. For Garou that means breeding only with people who are our Kinfolk. Our Kinfolk know to call the Aethera if their child exhibits early signs of the Change (and if the Aethera have not already found the child).

## Lupus

Few of us breed with wolves anymore. It is very difficult to find our foundlings in the wild, since there are so few of us to scour the wilds. Some Garou raise wolves for breeding, which allows them to find their young easily.

## Metis

The other tribes adhere to a false interpretation of Litany. Though brave in battle, parents of metis often do not have the strength or courage to face the scorn of all of Garou society.





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However, be mindful that metis are Gaia's Children too, and deserve our love and respect. How we treat the lowest among us is how we truly treat Gaia. So we adopt all exiled metis, and make them honorary members of our tribe.

Because our tribe sanctions love between Garou, we must be a thousand times more careful than any other tribe to not produce metis. Thus far, we have been very successful, and have produced very few metis.

Strangely, some metis pups are born with a Unicorn horn. They tend to be peaceful souls who rise above scorn and forgive easily and well. They are marked by Unicorn so we may recognize their capacity for love.

Some of our sages say that the metis are not a dead-end, but actually the beginning of something new. They say that new rites, new technology, or a miraculous accident will enable the metis to breed! Metis offspring will be the holiest of all spirit warriors, prophesied to triumph in the Apocalypse.

## Rites and Celebrations

We value rites and honor them. We do not treat them frivolously as some tribes do. But we also do not treat them as locked and rigid. We tinker with them and alter the forms, seeking to make them more powerful and more applicable to our world.

Each member of our tribe is unique, and therefore our moots are unpredictable. Though we keep certain rituals, we are flexible in their execution, and try to keep from falling into too many set patterns. All of the moots include rituals required to maintain the caern, but that is the only truly consistent feature. To insist upon following the same routine every time only strengthens the Weaver. Garou often sing of the evils of the Weaver, and then dogmatically adhere to ancient, rigid patterns. Instead, we follow inner values, and let those values dictate our actions.

The character and nature of our moots depend on our needs. Other tribes believe we lack discipline and respect for the ancient ways. They accuse us of inconsistency and sometimes heresy. On the contrary, child, we understand all too well.

The key is listening: listening to Gaia, one another, and our own hearts. We feel the spirit of Gaia, and let her work through us. We remain flexible, responding to the needs of our people instead of insisting that our people follow ancient traditions that may no longer apply. And we remain true to the song in our hearts.

In times of strife and chaos, we may sit for hours or days in quiet contemplation of the wonders of Gaia, gently honoring the spirits and totems, with little need for the guidance and intervention of sept leaders.

On those occasions when our young run wild, we may have highly structured moots designed to circumscribe the limits of tolerable behavior. Were it not for the colors of our coats, we could be mistaken for Silver Fangs in our awesome authoritarian formality.

In times of lethargy and failing spirits, we may have a wild, passionate revel filled with love and joy.

And in times of war and hardship, we may sing all day long, singing songs of power and reenacting great tales of endurance and victory.

Sometimes we even bring our Kinfolk, and hold a great celebration that is part rural family reunion, part primitive ritual, and part outdoor concert.

## The Rite of Passage

*Helper and healer, I cheer*

*Small waifs in the woodlands wet,*

*Strays I find in it, wounds I bind in it,*

*Bidding them all forget.*

— Kenneth Grahame, *The Wind in the Willows*

You will find, O rescued child, as you grow in the world and meet your new brothers and sisters, that our neighbor tribes take a very different view of the Rite of Passage than we do. Theirs' is a brutal ordeal, in which the agony of the Change is compounded by vicious attacks. If the young Garou survives, he is accepted. Many do not survive. This keeps the ranks of the Garou weak and the Wyrms strong.

To our eyes this is a clear transgression of the eighth law of the Litany. But it is tradition, and like all traditions, it is the hobgoblin that haunts small minds. Our traditions are our sustenance, our food. Old traditions spoil, just like old food. To keep traditions healthy, one must routinely stir the pot, throw in fresh ingredients, adjust the seasoning, and when necessary, toss out a whole batch. The Wyrms coil and breeds in old traditions.

Your new family, the Children of Gaia, take a completely different approach to the Rite of Passage and the generation of new Garou. Because we breed almost exclusively with humans, we can easily find our young, and grant them a blissful Rite of Passage. The love you feel from all those you have met is the start of a life-long love affair we shall have. There is no longer just a "me" and a "them". There is an "us". This is the first step in building larger and larger circles of love. What you learn here shall live in you always.

Our Rite of Passage is a sharing, a celebration. The Change is painful and traumatic enough; we need not add to it the horror of violence or rejection. It is a time for us to come together, young and old, in a bond as old as time.

## The Litany

*Give to every human being every right that you claim for yourself.*

— Robert Ingersoll, *Limitations of Toleration*

Other tribes accuse us of disdain the law, and placing our interpretations above traditions that are ten thousand years old. The first accusation is wrong. The second is right.

We love the Litany. We reject the traditions that have diluted it. The Wyrms has corrupted the practice of Garou holy law just as the Wyrms has corrupted the practice of human holy law.

The law is true. The traditions are false, and unholy. There are critical distinctions in all the Litany. After I tell you of them, you may walk the garden and speak to others, who will tell you their truths about the Litany. I shall meet you at the end of the garden for a final word on the Litany.

## Garou Shall Not Mate with Garou

The first part of the Litany must be enforced in its most literal sense. In the age when this law was written, mating referred only to *reproduction*. Thus the prohibition against *mating* is not a prohibition against *loving*! This is a crucial distinction.

Consensual love between those of consenting age is always beautiful, regardless of breed, race, sex, tribe, or whether both lovers are Garou. The Garou must only be careful not to reproduce together, since such unions produce metis. Our tribe has assisted mortals in developing devices to prevent conception. It is best that Garou who keep Garou soul-mates also take human lovers to bear healthy children.

Be mindful that you do not scorn the metis pups. Many tribes send their metis to us, knowing that we will care for them. We do this out of love. Many metis are noble warriors — they had no hand in the accident of their birth. They deserve respect, as all Gaia's creatures deserve respect. In addition, knowing where all the metis are makes it easier to give them proper last rites, so they do not leave Crinos bodies behind when they die.

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

This is our purpose. We are Gaia's children and Gaia's defenders. Other tribes believe that our peaceful ways have weakened our resolve to fight the Wyrms. The truth is that we are clever in choosing our battles against the Wyrms. The truth is that our peaceful ways have helped all Garou stand united in the fight.

The critical distinction here is "whenever it breeds." Our sisters and brothers are so obsessed with fighting the Wyrms where it dwells, that they do little to stop it where it breeds. At inter-tribal moots, we ask "When have you last combated the Wyrms where it breeds?" The other tribes respond with great anger, but few answers.

The Wyrms breed in the Umbra, in the hearts of man, and in our own hearts. We fight the Wyrms by preventing those conditions that give it a way to enter the hearts of men and Garou. We try to end suffering and hatred because where these are found does the Wyrms breed. A peaceful world is a world in which the Wyrms can find no purchase. Promoting peace is combating the Wyrms where it breeds.

## *Respect the Territory of Another*

Other tribes say we violate this law most of all. But remember, Gaia has given us all the living world and all the Umbra. Our protectorate is all of humankind. We need only ask our own permission to go anywhere. In truth, all other tribes need our permission to go anywhere. This is not mere sophistry. This is a potent legacy from the Mother. But remember: all are Children of Gaia. Those who acknowledge this have open access to all the world.

In practice, it is often politic to go through the motions in seeking permission before entering territory another Garou has claimed. Though some among us insist that we press the issue with other Garou, and force them to acknowledge that the entire world is our territory, most of us do not believe that we have time for such a battle.

Allow all Garou who ask to visit the territory considered ours to enter freely. Why prevent others from enjoying any part of Gaia's beauty? We will often allow other Garou to join us at our caerns, but we must be able to vouch for them. It is sad that we have come to this, but the precaution is necessary.

## *Accept an Honorable Surrender*

This is an important part of the Litany. Members of tribes ruled by violence often believe us weak, and challenge us for position and Renown. After you defeat a cruel, mocking opponent, resist the mighty temptation to destroy her. Destroying her would only shame you and make a mockery of Gaia's love and forbearance. Request that she surrender if she does not explicitly ask. Think of your opponent as a wayward (though lethal) child, and spare her. The example you set will do more good than a thousand such deaths.

## *Submit to Those of Higher Station*

The greatest among us have wisdom and experience which you would be wise to heed. However, that does not mean they are always right. You may respectfully question their decisions and their actions. Remember, however, that not all tribes allow such questioning. Be careful that you do not question elders of other tribes as you may question your own leaders, for they may kill you out-of-hand for the insult.

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

The greatest in station should have the wisdom to know that it is far better for the shares of the kill to go to those who can best use them. Compassion and wise use must guide the hands of our leaders. Gaia is a giving Mother, and we strive to follow Her example. If all else fails, remember you always have the right to challenge the leader in times of peace.

## *Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans*

Just as we would not eat the flesh of a wolf or of a Garou, we must not eat of humans. This part of the Litany was created when such Wyrms-bred atrocities were common. We are well beyond that now, though some members of some tribes are not. Eating our own kind is as sure a path to the Wyrms as any other type of depravity.

## *Respect for Those Beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia*

This is the most sacred part of the Litany. Though it can be argued that other laws are more important to the survival of the Garou, this is the foundation of our tribe. All beings are of Gaia, and we must respect and honor them as our Mother's children. Gaia loves all her children. This is the reason we encourage Unicorn to aid the other tribes. Unicorn recognizes that all Garou are her children, even those who reject Unicorn and unity.

For other tribes the lesson here is to change those who do not respect humans, Bone Gnawers, and metis. For us, the lesson is to respect those who do not respect others. And that is the hardest lesson of all.

## *The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted*

This is the part of the Litany that many other Garou hold to be the most sacred. Guard the Veil well, for it protects us from humans who do not understand our ways. However, we Children of Gaia share the knowledge of our existence with our Kinfolk. We believe it is wise to bring many humans into

our Kinfolk network. Other Garou fear this, and accuse us of lifting the veil.

It is important to recruit Kinfolk. Our Kinfolk have been the vehicle through which we have had the greatest impact upon human society. Some among us prophesy we will only triumph in the Apocalypse through our Kinfolk.

Our Veil is weak. Though this is a curse, it is a curious blessing. It is easy to reveal ourselves to our Kinfolk. We have often revealed ourselves to certain humans we can trust. We use our Gift, Parting the Velvet Curtain, to take humans into the Umbra, where we show to them what the Weaver and the Wyrms have done to Gaia. Humans are Gaia's children too, and have an interest in protecting their world.

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

This part of the Litany was more important in the dim past, when our very survival was at stake, when old or ill pack members were a hindrance. But now, there are so many other options, and our numbers so few, that we need everyone among us, if not for fighting ability, then at least for wisdom and experience. Our elders do not suffer us to tend their sickness. We choose to do so.

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

It is our right and our responsibility to challenge the decisions or even the position of the ones who will lead us when we feel that their decisions are wrong. We simply prefer open discussion to the rending of throats.

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

Once a course of action has been decided upon, one Garou deciding to follow her own plan endangers us all. We encourage discussion and dissent so that when the time comes for action, we have consensus. This helps us avoid spiteful disobedience. If the action taken by a leader is wrong, he will pay for it afterward.

If a Garou simply cannot in good conscience follow his leader, he may announce his decision, and step away. Passive resistance is not considered a challenge, but is a right and a duty of the conscientious resister. If he is proven right, his fame shall grow. But if he is wrong, he is not to be shamed, for he acted from his heart.





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

There is no need for any interpretation of this part of the Litany. Caerns are our connection with Gaia. We must protect them with all our ability.

## *A Final Word on the Litany*

Ancient prophecies speak of a great Child of Gaia hero, The Desperate One, who single-handedly triumphs in the Apocalypse. According to the legend, he does so only after violating every law of the Litany. This legend is probably just a metaphor for free thinking, but it might be literally true. For this reason we are always eager to learn from our dissenters. Who knows? Any of our pups may turn out to be the Desperate One, even you.

## *Rulership*

Because our leaders invite and encourage discussion and even dissension, other tribes declare we have no leaders. But we clearly understand the vital function that leaders serve, and cultivate the finest leadership qualities in all our people.

We choose our leaders through rituals in which Gaia makes it clear to us which among us are to rule. We have great debates first, in which everyone argues passionately for their positions. When all ideas are on the table, the outcome is usually clear. Thus we rarely have succession struggles. But Garou of other tribes often think we can never agree on anything.

Each protectorate has two leaders, traditionally male and female. The female, Voice of the Goddess, is the decision-maker. The male, Arm of the Goddess, is the executor of the ideas. A third leader, the Heart of the Goddess, interprets Gaia's will in larger issues. Our leadership structure mirrors the triple goddess. Any role can be held by a male or a female, but we often find the traditional roles work best. (As a side note, we have translated this mode into rulership of many human civilizations, with a law-giving female, an executive male, and a metis or an elder beyond child-bearing as a judge. This is echoed in the tri-cameral government of the United States.)

## *The Family of Humans and Wolves*

Unlike most other tribes, we breed almost exclusively with Kinfolk or with humans in whom we have confided our

secret and broken the Veil. We do not explain this to many other Garou, who gossip that we always pierce the Veil with our human consorts. We do not; we only do so with those we bring into our circle and make into Kinfolk.

This gives us a powerful advantage; a wide network of caring Kinfolk. We create very few branches of offspring who cannot be reached when the line produces a Garou. The fruits of our recessive genes do not fall far from the trunk of the family tree.

Taking advantage of our weak Veil, we have been able to forge very close ties to our human friends and companions all over the world. For centuries, we have selected the most compassionate, courageous peace-loving people in the world as associates, life partners and mates. Some of our Kinfolk offspring can even learn Gifts, though we do not tell the other tribes this.

Our Kinfolk bring Gaian principles to a frightened, angry, weary, wounded world. Unlike most people, they know they live in a world wracked by the Wyrms and facing the Apocalypse. This gives them a great sense of urgency and passion unknown to most humans (though attainable by all). Unlike most people, they also know that the world and everyone in it is a manifestation of a living Goddess. This gives them a great patience for their often hateful and ungrateful fellow humans. As a result, our Kinfolk have an unbeatable combination of relentless dedication and untiring love. Many of us credit our Kinfolk with doing most of the hard work to advance the collective soul of humankind.

Our self-reliant and capable Kinfolk have also formed their own global organization, called the Gaia Network; the largest organization of Kinfolk in the world. This network has become so extensive and well-informed that we often defer to its recommendations.

The Gaia Network has created an explosion of youthful subgroups, many of which are so strong that the Kinfolk keep

their affiliations even as they age. We always fear these youths will become so involved in peace activities that the Wyrms will lash out at them, but so far they seem to take good care of themselves.

The Gaia Network inspired other Kinfolk groups including GYN: Gaian Youth Network: the largest youth subgroup of Kinfolk; GREEN: Gaian Resources and Environmental Education Network; GRAYL: Gaian Revolutionary Action Youth League; GRACE: Gaian Rainbow Action Community Explorers; GUARD: Gaian Urban and Rural Defense; and SING: Society for the Improvement and Nurturing of Gaia.

We teach humans to prevent war through intermarriage between members of opposing factions. Unfortunately, the Garou are prevented from advocating this policy by fundamentalist interpretations of the Litany. However, there is no law against marriage between Kinfolk. Our Galliards take great delight in singing stories of love between Kinfolk. We grant renown to those who successfully arrange relationships between Kinfolk that promotes peace between two tribes or results in the birth of a Garou.

Our Kinfolk are also our greatest link to humanity. Through them, we can appeal to humankind, and spread our ideals of peace. Our Kinfolk and their human relations have allowed us to influence the course of peace movements throughout history.

We use our Gift of Dazzle to help our Kinfolk see the beauty and awe of Gaia. We use the Gift Parting the Velvet Curtain to take our Kinfolk to the Umbra to see the nature of the Wyrms and the Weaver and the Wyld. Then we take them to our homeland so they can know our Mother's love. We show them the story of the creation of our tribe and they learn that only by spreading the message of Gaia's love to humanity can we triumph in the Apocalypse.



# Chapter Three: The Whole of the Goddess

*There's no home in this world anymore for a saint,  
With a salesman to franchise his sandals...  
To stand in the garden and ask for nothing,  
Well there's nothing they'd ever call more dangerous.  
There will be robes and gowns, There will be saints,  
There will be magic clowns, dressed for the masquerade.  
Come riding, riding, riding,  
Come running for your life.  
Come take this song of my brothers,  
Come take this healing light.*

— Rob MacDonald, "Song of My Brothers"

## *Becoming the Healing of the World*

Now that you know of the world within the nurturing bosom of the Children of Gaia, it is time you learned of the world without. There are terrors in the world to chill the soul of the most hardened warrior. You cannot inure yourself to hurt. That way lies the Wyrn. You must face evil with an open heart, or your closed heart will do the work of evil.

Many are the Wyrn's disciples. You shall learn of them, and learn to defeat them. But the greatest monster you must fight is the one that lurks within your own bosom.

## *Forces of Good*

*Action from principle, the perception and the performance of right, changes things and relations; it is essentially revolutionary... It not only divides states and churches, it divides families; ay, it divides the individual, separating the diabolical in him from the divine.*

— Henry David Thoreau, quoted in *Pioneers of American Freedom*

The wide world is a confluence of the triune forces of the Wyld, Weaver and Wyrn. But the clearest forces that have guided man's development are the Gaian forces of love and openness and generosity toward all, and the Wyrn forces of shame and fear and selfishness. The Gaian forces draw us

together, and lead us to forge connections with our world, our neighbors and ourselves. The Wyrms forces lead us to shatter connections and hide behind barriers.

These two forces wrestle for the hearts and minds of all humans. Their battle can be seen throughout history, and their intertwining can be felt in all religious traditions. In one chapter of a holy book, the writer goes on at great length describing the compassion and eternal mercy of a loving God. In the next, the author describes a jealous god who has no patience for even the smallest transgression. In one chapter, the solomonic author waxes rhapsodic about the body of his mistress and the transcendent bliss of his carnal relationship with her. In the next, the pleasures of the flesh are attacked as being ungodly. In one chapter, God calls for peace and understanding for all. In the next, he exhorts his followers to kill the children of their foes.

This is not inconsistency on the part of the divine. These contradictions merely reflect on which powerful being the author had elevated to the status of a God— Gaia or the Wyrms.

This same tug of opposites shows up everywhere, in every institution created by humans. These contradictions appear in law, business, politics, education and even entertainment. Some laws are made to protect people from oppression, and spread concentrations of power. And some laws are made to oppress people, and concentrate power in the hands of the few. Some business people are eager that all associates, workers and clients benefit and prosper. And some business people want to prosper at the expense of others. Some leaders care for the triumphs and pain of all people. And some care only for the triumphs and the pain of their cronies.

Boundaries between people are constructs of the Wyrms. Division and enmity along racial, sexual, religious, national and cultural boundaries are Wyrms-spawned. Love that crosses these lines is Gaian.

The Wyrms will must always be imposed from without. Hate must be taught, it is not inborn. Gaia's will cannot be imposed from without. It can only be discovered within, through introspection. For this reason, the Wyrms ridicules self-awareness and spiritual searching, and attempts to fill that need with external religious dogma.

Our senses rebel when others attempt to imposed their bigotry upon us. But our senses rejoice when we are treated with respect and love.



## Choosing Healing

*I chose and my world was shaken. So what?*

*The choice may have been mistaken. The choosing was not.*

*You keep moving on.*

*Anything you do,*

*Let it come from you.*

*Then it will be new.*

*Move on.*

— Stephen Sondheim, "Move On"

Life is full of choices. Seldom will they be so pure and perfect that they will be obvious to you, child. You must make your choice, act upon it with all your heart, and accept the results. Acknowledge when your choice is wrong, and likewise acknowledge when your choice is right.

Two hundred years ago our tribe made a choice. When the Uktena and their protectorate came under heavy attack by the Wyrms and the burgeoning U.S. government, the Uktena appealed to all tribes to send warriors to repel their enemies. We sent many packs, but not the numbers needed. We chose to keep many of our packs dedicated to guiding the nascent government. We knew that the settlers could never be pushed off the shores of the New World, and the greater goal was finding a way for both peoples to live together.

We received withering criticism for this decision. The Uktena felt betrayed. Of all the Old World tribes, we were the only one they had come to trust.

We could have saved more lives had we sent more packs. Were we wrong to continue to assist the colonists and improve their souls? In the end, I think it's clear that we made the best choice for the long term. But that does not set my conscience at rest.

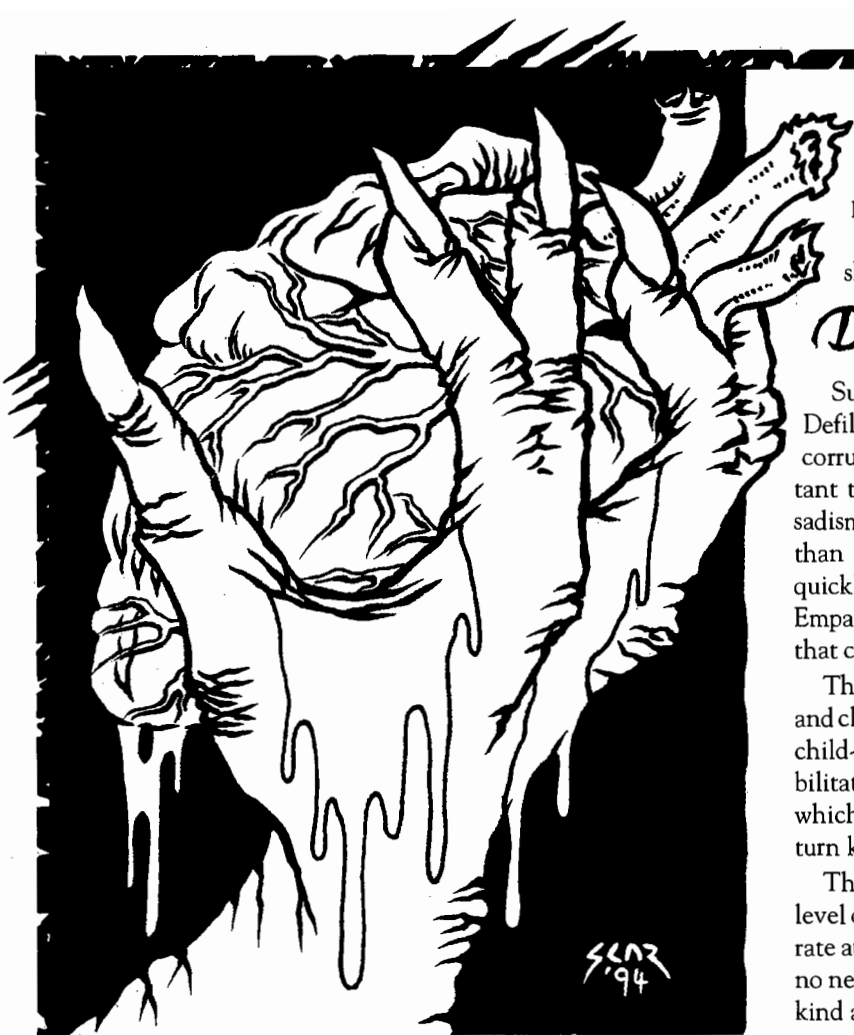
Nonetheless, we cannot indulge in mournful regret. That way lies Harano, and that way lies the Wyrms. Accept your choices, for good or ill, and continue on your way. You will make mistakes in the world. That is how you learn. If you are like your forebears, you will make some huge mistakes. But learn you shall.

And you will do better. THAT is the very process that heals the world. It is as simple as that. For you are the world. As you improve, so improves the world.

## The Wyrms

There is but one Wyrms. But the Wyrms has many faces, many masks. Just as all Garou are Children of Gaia, so the three faces of the Wyrms are but one Wyrms.

However, just as the tribes of Garou work against one another, so too does the Wyrms work against itself. The forces that emanate from the Defiler Wyrms aspect of the One Wyrms have often corrupted and destroyed forces that emanate from the Eater-of-Souls and the Beast-of-War.



## Eater-of-Souls

This aspect of the Wyrms embodies voracious over-consumption and greed. It spreads fear of scarcity, and makes humans tremble at the thought of want; want of food, of approval, of respect, of love. It is terror personified, and none of us are free from its icy touch.

When you fear that love will not last, or that no one cares for you, or that you are alone in a hateful world, the Eater-of-Souls is eating a hole in your spirit. Only by filling your heart with the love of the Goddess and returning that love to the world can you banish this dread beast. And then the world shall magically transform before your eyes to a loving home overflowing with love and respect and friends who care for you.

Love the world. Trust in life and the process of life, and you shall be free.

## Beast-of-War

This is the militant face of the Wyrms. This face stirs rage and anger in humans and Garou. It exhorts us to lash out and destroy our enemies, or anyone who aggrieves us. It builds on the fear engendered by the Eater-of-Souls, and causes the fearful to strike out in blind panic. It is hate personified.

When you feel a blinding rage, and desire to crush your oppressor beneath your powerful fists, the Beast-of-War is

upon you. When you strike your foe, do so because striking her is *necessary*, not because it gives you pleasure.

Act from duty and not hate. Overcome hate, and you shall be free.

## Defiler Wyrms

Subtlest and most dangerous of all the Wyrms faces, the Defiler is nearly invisible to most Garou. It is a tiny voice of corruption that whispers that our pleasure is more important than healing another's pain. This quickly turns into sadism. It tells us that meeting our whims is more important than seeing to it that others can meet their needs. This quickly turns to closing the heart, and the death of empathy. Empathy is the single greatest gift of the Goddess. It is all that connects us to one another, and thereby, to the divine.

The Defiler taints children through deep inner wounds, and closes off their empathy. It makes sadists, masochists and child-molesters; sociopaths who seem beyond cure of rehabilitation. The Defiler touches more children every year, which makes good people close their hearts from fear, and in turn kills empathy and produces more sociopaths.

This is the most likely scenario for the Apocalypse: the level of sociopaths reaches a critical mass, and overtakes the rate at which the world produces good people. There will be no need to destroy the world when all the hearts of humankind are closed to one another and Gaia.

The only possible cure is to love those who are unworthy of any love. We must do as the greatest humans bade us do. We must do what no civilization has yet accomplished. We must do the impossible.

We must love our enemies. Only then are we free.

## Vampires

These corrupt beings have lost their connection to Gaia, and have no biological empathy to their fellow creatures. This has locked them into a degenerating spiral in which they are doomed to lose their humanity. Only through artifice and contrivance of moral acts can they maintain their humanity. These damned souls feel no true joy, no living connection to Gaia's radiance, and cannot help others from a sense of love. However, some of our brothers and sisters have been successful in helping them regain a small measure of humane behavior, proving again that no soul is so damned that the loving Gaia will not help it.

Before the arrival of vampires in the Old World cities, the sacred ankh was a symbol of the most holy force: the union of the man and woman. The female oval surmounts the male staff, joined at the crossbar. After the vampires arrived, they perverted this holy symbol to signify undeath and vampiric parasitism. (Though some among us maintain that vampires cling to the ankh to find some hope of redemption, and eventual return to Gaia.)



We are charged with fighting the Wurm wherever it is found and wherever it breeds. But keep in mind that some among the Kindred strive mightily to be good, and are not of the Wurm.

As vampires find themselves doing more and more monstrous things, they come closer and closer to the Wurm. However, some say that they are not condemned to stay Wurm-tainted for all of eternity, and can be restored to grace. If this is true, it is proof that Gaia abandons none of her children, even the most depraved. If these beings, who by their nature are so vulnerable to the Wurm, can redeem themselves, why can't the fractious Garou? It may be that we can learn a great deal from the vampires, if we allow ourselves.

But we must use the utmost caution, even in dealing with the most humane of vampires. For they routinely betray others without remorse or compunction.

## Mages

Mages are a haughty, arrogant lot. They burn brightly with their power, but often burn out. Some of them work toward Gaian ends, but their means often corrupt their results. Many of them hold large pieces of truth, but their monstrous egos keep them from submitting to love and slaying their internal dragons. They believe they shape

reality with their beliefs, but they will not choose to live in a world of love.

One of their Traditions, the Verbena, worship one face of Gaia, but in an arcane and curious manner. The Celestial Chorus worships the high moral aspect of the Goddess. The Akashic brotherhood splintered off one of our Asian enlightenment cults. The Dreamspeakers have adopted many of our ways, and remain in close contact with us. The Virtual Adepts have been useful in providing the Glass Walkers and us with access to new worlds within Gaia. But the group we have the most hope for is the Cult of Ecstasy. Though they are as self-absorbed and ego-driven as any of them, their rituals open them up to the love and the will of Gaia. They may yet revolutionize magecraft all over the world. They were able partners in the budding of Gaian love two decades ago, and may yet bring it to full flower in the next generation.

## Faeries

We think that faeries are nothing less than living bits of magic. When the Gauntlet tore spirit from matter, they could not continue to exist, and fled this world. But some remain, using charms to survive the hostile, divided world. They are dangerous enemies, but can make powerful allies. They are always temperamental, and often irrational as well. Avoid them unless you are certain you must deal with them,

and then be very, very careful. The rules of the world do not operate the same with them.

## Wraiths

These are pathetic, dangerous spirits torn from the natural order of life and death. They are stuck in a tragic limbo of ignorance and shame. We must free them, but they are often beyond our reach. We must destroy the foul perversion that has caused them to become ensnared. Perhaps in the Apocalypse...

## The Human World

*I always consider the settlement of America with reverence and wonder, as the opening of a grand scene and design in providence, for the illumination of the ignorant and the emancipation of the slavish part of mankind all over the earth.*

— John Adams, *Notes for A Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law*

We have touched all parts of the world. We do not dominate any single area, but we try to reach everywhere. We do not see the world as "our land" and "their land". It is all everyone's land. We think globally, and build world-girdling networks instead of isolated enclaves.

We have had trouble building lasting communities in the Mideast, Southeast Asia, parts of Africa, and other war-torn areas. The Wyrms singles us out for assassination in places where it has strength.

We have built large protectorates in well-defended lands, like Switzerland, where we teach peace to the war-weary world. We've recently done well in the former Soviet Union, where people have a thirst for freedom, and in the developing world, where we bring food and reproductive freedom to end the tragedy of unwanted offspring. For suffering children have little resistance to Wyrms-corruption.

But we have been most successful in the U.S, where we've built a dynamic network across all the states.

However, there are still areas which need our aid. The Shadow Lords lead their Kinfolk in destructive, ancient rivalries throughout their ancestral territories in the Balkans. It is up to us to show them that old ideas of territory and the right to initiate Kinfolk wars over issues of flock are no longer valid. There is still so much work to be done.

## Invocation of Final Purpose

Thus ends your Rite of Passage, child.

Know that you have stepped upon the most difficult of all paths. To be a Child of Gaia is to walk with all life, and yet to walk alone.

As Garou you are torn from humanity by the Delirium, just as spirit was once torn from matter. As a Child of Gaia you are torn from your own family of Garou, who do not know we are of one tribe. All those who cling to ancient pain rather than embrace unfamiliar joys will always see you as the enemy. You represent the courage to change, and the enemies of change are legion, and hold all the power.

Your only hope comes in touching minds and hearts and souls one at a time. But once we reach a tiny fraction of humans, they will aid us in our work, and together we can effect change all over the world like a whip crack. When we taught this wisdom to mankind, we slyly called it the "Hundredth Monkey" theory. Have you heard this theory? Researchers watching monkeys noticed that when one monkey washed its fruit before eating it, other monkeys around her soon followed the practice. Then, amazingly, researchers on other islands nearby began to notice their monkeys performing the same behavior. It soon spread to many more monkeys besides. In such wise, humans will follow a good idea and adopt it quickly.

Who knows? Perhaps the hundredth monkey will be you.



42 Kane 1974

# Appendix One: Powers

*Canst thou bind the unicorn with his band in the furrow? or wilt thou harrow the valleys after thee? Wilt thou trust him, because his strength is so great? or wilt thou leave thy labor to him? Wilt thou believe him?*

— Job 39:9-12

## Tribal Weaknesses (Optional)

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

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

## Children of Gaia Weakness

Weak Veil: Witnesses at +5 on Delirium Chart

The Children of Gaia do not cause as severe a Delirium reaction in humans who see them in Crinos form. Give all

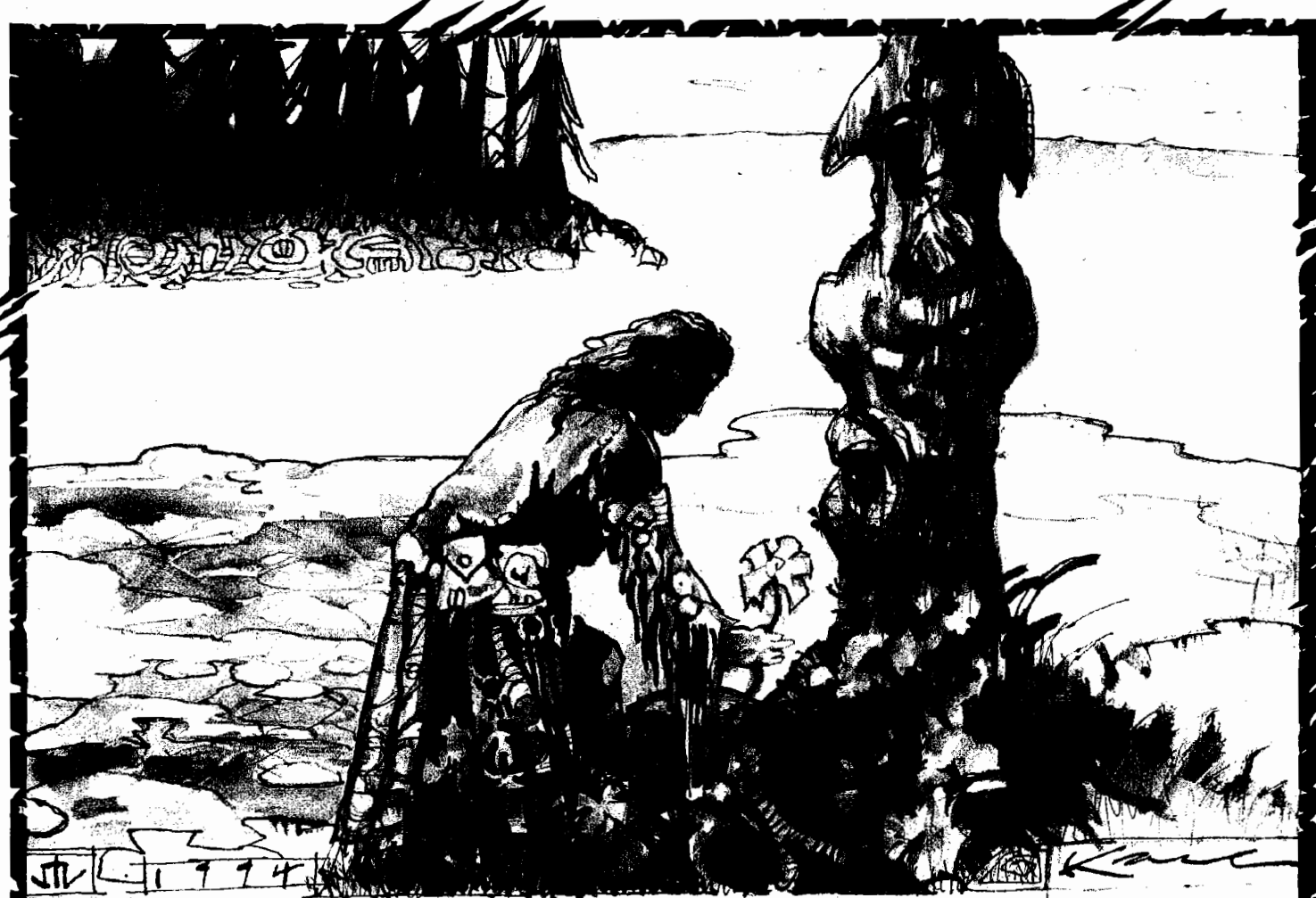
witnesses a +5 on the Delirium Chart (the worst reaction is "Conciliatory").

As with all weaknesses, however, the Storyteller can decide that there are some situations where they are not effective. Thus, a Child of Gaia should never depend on this, since she could, in certain extreme situations, still send humans into paroxysms of fear. Remember also that it will be harder for a Child of Gaia to hide behind the Veil, and that werewolf hunters may have an easier time tracking her down through witnesses to her occasional rampages.

## Gifts

- **Grandmother's Touch (Level Two)** — This Gift is exactly like Mother's Touch (level one Theurge), but the Garou can use it to heal herself as well as others. This Gift is taught by a Unicorn spirit.

- **Spellbinding Oration (Level Two)** — Similar to Persuasion (level one Homid), this Gift allows a Child of Gaia to be persuasive when dealing with others. The Garou's statements will take on an air of extra meaning and credibility. Those hearing him are likely to agree with him. This Gift is taught by a Unicorn spirit.



**System:** The Garou rolls Charisma + Leadership against a difficulty of 6. If successful, the difficulties of all Social rolls are reduced by two for the remainder of the scene. If the Garou is actively trying to exhort his audience to anything other than combat (in any form), the difficulties of Social rolls are reduced by three. The Garou must orate for at least five minutes. The effect lasts for one scene.

• **Good Faith (Level Three)** — With this Gift, the Garou can cause all those in his presence to become filled with a sense of higher purpose. They all feel the work they must do together is more important than their differences. All other distractions are gone, and they feel inspired to take reasonable positions, rather than inflexible postures or exaggerated stands intended to be bargained away. Those who resist, and continue to bargain in bad faith, become loudly and uncontrollably flatulent each time they state their position. This Gift is taught by avatars of the New World Trinity totem.

**System:** The Garou rolls Wits + Expression against a difficulty of 6. Anyone who actively wants to resist finding common ground or negotiating in good faith must make a resisted Willpower roll (difficulty 6) against the Garou's number of successes. If he fails to resist, his opposition will be betrayed by his sudden flatulence, and he will likely be shunned and viewed as absurdly inflexible by those who bargain in good faith.

• **Trust of Gaia (Level Five)** — With this Gift, the Garou instantly earns the trust of all who meet him or hear

him, even over a telephone or television. They feel instinctively that he is a good and trustworthy person. This feeling wells up from such a deep level that it cannot be changed by even the most invasive mind control. People affected by this Gift can still be mind-controlled to attack the Garou, but hate doing so. Those who are Wyrms-corrupted feel intense dislike instead of trust.

This trust is strong, but it does not supersede the person's common sense. If the Child of Gaia is firing a machine gun into the crowd, the people will still scatter, rather than trust that he'll miss them. However, they will all be convinced that he had a very good reason for firing.

The Children of Gaia warn that this Gift has great potential for abuse, and punish those who use it for petty gain. This Gift is taught by an avatar of Unicorn.

**System:** The Garou rolls Manipulation + Empathy against a difficulty of 6. The difficulty against Garou, or humans corrupted by the Wyrms, is 8. Wyrms beasts are immune. If successful, everyone who sees, hears, or experiences the Garou in any way must make a resistance roll (Willpower against difficulty 6) or feel a high degree of trust for the Garou. They will confide in him as they would a trusted friend. The effect will last for one scene, or as long as the person remains in contact with the Garou. However, even once the Gift's effect has worn off, the person will feel good will toward the Garou.

# Rites

## Rite of Comfort (Rite of Accord)

Level Two

This rite is performed over a subject suffering Harano. If successful, the sufferer is thereafter prevented from falling any deeper into Harano. The rite does not cure the condition, but simply prevents it from worsening. Harano cannot be cured except by individual quests, tailored by the Storyteller. The sufferer may not commit self-destructive acts after the rite has been performed. The self-destructive actions of Harano are dictated by the Storyteller, and not by the player.

During the rite, the ritemaster chants soothing songs to the Harano sufferer. The sufferer may choose to walk out on the rite before it begins, but after it has begun, she must resist (see below) to be able to leave.

**System:** The ritemaster makes his roll (Charisma + Rituals against a difficulty of 7); the recipient gains the ritemaster's number of successes as special Willpower points. These Willpower points may take the recipient over ten in her Willpower score. The recipient may spend these special points to resist self-destructive impulses caused by Harano, but may not spend them for any other reason.

If the recipient is unwilling to receive this benefit, she may resist with a Wits + Primal Urge roll. If she does not

successfully resist against all the ritemaster's successes, she is prevented from taking any self-destructive action until she has used up all the special Willpower points resisting self-destructive impulses. If she successfully resists, she is not affected by the Rite of Comfort.

## Rite of Gaian Blood (Mystic Rite)

Level Three

This rite causes the subject's blood to course with the living power of Gaia. The blood is painful to vampires, who can take no nourishment from it (though it does not harm them). Wyrms beasts also cannot abide the taste of the blood, or the smell of the subject. They must make Willpower rolls in order to touch the subject, or do anything that will bruise the subject, or cause her blood to be spilled.

**System:** The ritemaster rolls Wits + Rituals against a difficulty of 7; only one success is required. The effect lasts for one lunar month.

## Rite of Resolution (Rite of Accord)

Level Four

This rite is enacted before ritual combat. The Garou join in affirming their respect for each other through howls of praise for all participants. When the rite has been concluded, the participants will not frenzy against one another in ritual combat.



**System:** This rite prevents participants from frenzying on each other in ritual combat. In order for the rite to be effective, both combatants must take part in the rite. The combat must also be a Duel — the rite has no effect on regular combat. This rite ends after combat is concluded. The ritemaster's difficulty (Charisma + Rituals roll) is the highest Rage among the Garou present. Each Duel participant (not the ritemaster) must spend one Willpower point.

### *Rite of the Parted Veil (Mystic Rite)*

Level Five

When this ritual is performed three times on three different occasions upon a subject, the Veil is permanently pierced, and the target (most often human, although sometimes a wolf) is immune to the Delirium forever, and the Curse is likewise lessened. This rite is only performed after the Children of Gaia make an exhaustive study of the target and determine his or her suitability. It is often done for mates who wish to join the Children of Gaia as allies and become part of the Kinfolk network.

Although this rite is similar to Rending of the Veil (level four), tribal elders warn that it must never be used against the person's will. It is not used to terrify an unsuspecting or Wyrms-tainted human, but to welcome a newcomer to the family of Kinfolk.

**System:** Standard for Mystical rites.

### *End Time Rite (Mystic Rite)*

Level Five

This rite takes three exhausting days. The rite participants must dance and chant continuously the entire time. When the rite is completed, the participants know whether their recent actions have made the Apocalypse more imminent or less so. They also get a sense of how recent actions taken by the entire Garou Nation have affected the Apocalypse.

The Children of Gaia believe that the world will not be destroyed in the Apocalypse, but changed into a new form based on the methods and tactics of those who triumph in the great battle. This rite gives them a chance to see what that world will be like if the Apocalypse were to come with the Garou in their present state. Many such rites show the Wyrms triumphing over a divided Garou nation. Some rites have shown the Garou triumphing, but recreating the world as a place of hatred, division and betrayal — reflecting the tactics that the Garou would use in prosecuting such a war. This direct, first hand experience of the outcome of the Apocalypse stirs the Children of Gaia to find new solutions.

The Children of Gaia have invited other tribes to participate in this rite, but few accept. Those who do so often become converts to the Children's way of thinking on Apocalypse matters. The Children of Gaia try to earn great favors from the leaders of other tribes, so they can demand that those leaders participate in the End Time Rite when it is time for them to return the favor. The Children want all the tribes to learn the secrets of the Apocalypse.





**System:** The ritemaster rolls Wits + Rituals against a difficulty of 7, although the Storyteller may lower this as the Apocalypse becomes more imminent.

## Totems of Wisdom

### New World Trinity

**Background Cost:** 5

This triune being is composed of three bird-spirits that inspired the founding fathers and mothers of the American Revolution: Dove, Eagle and Turkey. Dove represents the Jeffersonian ideals of peaceful commerce with all, and entangling alliances with none. Eagle represents John Adams' notion of a strong, fierce warrior who fights so that his children may become philosophers. The Turkey, a uniquely American bird with high intelligence, represents Franklin's ideas of audacious, defiant individuality and disregard for the Old World emphasis on external appearance over internal qualities.

**Traits:** Packs gain three additional dice when using any Gift involving persuasion and learn the Gifts Wisdom of the Ancient Ways and Dreamspeak. They can use Dreamspeak to give Gaian visions to influential humans.

**Ban:** The Trinity requires that its children promote peace, seek justice, and build communities without compromising individuality.

## Fetishes

### Truth Feather

Level 2, Gnosis 6

This fetish is a single falcon feather. It provides the level one Philodox Gift Truth of Gaia.

### Goggles of Sight From Beyond

Level 3, Gnosis 6

This fetish can be a pair of sunglasses, but is usually a pair of heavy-duty goggles. The goggles provide the level two Theurge Gift, Sight from Beyond.

### Gaia's Ghost Shirt

Level 5, Gnosis 7

This fetish is a vest made of reeds. Gaia deflects wounds from the wearer.

The shirt adds two extra soak dice. If the Child of Gaia does not strike his foe, but only tries to subdue him, the shirt adds four soak dice. If the Child of Gaia refuses to fight back at all, the shirt adds five soak dice. The shirt also negates damage from the level five Get of Fenris Gift Fenris' Bite, the level four Shadow Lords Gift Open Wounds, and the Black Spiral Dancer Gifts of Foaming Fury, Crawling Poison, and Balefire.



## Merits and Flaws

### *Burned Out (1 pt Psychological Flaw)*

You've fought the good fight for too long and lost one battle too many. It has taken its toll on your soul, and you're ready to give up. Too many times has evil won over your crusades. If anyone starts shoving that peace and love crap down your throat one more time, you just might snap. This Flaw doesn't mean you've given up entirely, just that you're more cynical than you used to be, and more prone to frenzy when things don't go your way.

### *Horn of the Unicorn (1 pt Supernatural Merit)*

Grants one automatic success on any roll involving healing or purification. This is not a real horn, though a short, horn-like shaft of light may appear from the Garou's forehead in the Umbra.

### *Naive (1 pt Psychological Flaw)*

You look at the world through the rose-colored glasses of peace and love. Your privileged upbringing (or massive psychological repression of abuse) makes you all too ready to accept others as kind and caring. You are always the last to suspect foul play or bad intent on the part of another, and this can get you in real trouble. On the other hand, this flaw

often leads people of the Caregiver archetype to take you under their wings with more fervor than usual.

### *Proselytizer (1 pt Psychological Flaw)*

You believe heavy in your cause and won't rest until everybody else does too. This can really help you at first, as the fire of your passion impresses others, but you just don't let up, and this leads others to grow annoyed fast. It can lead to fights if you go too far. If the Storyteller feels the player isn't playing this well, he can impose a Willpower point cost per scene the character does not try to win others to his side.

### *Supporter (2 pt Aptitude Merit)*

You are quietly inspirational to all those around you. People seek you out because your every word inspires them. People are eager to believe you, and hear your words. All your Social rolls have a -2 difficulty.

## Metis Disfigurement

**Unicorn's Horn:** Those metis with the Horn disfigurement may be more respected than usual among the Children of Gaia. The horn may either be a unicorn's horn protruding from the forehead, in which case the metis is considered favored by Unicorn, or it can be two knobby goat horns, in which case the metis is said to be a child of Pan.

# Appendix Two: Children of Gaia Templates

*I don't know Who — or what — put the question, I don't know when it was put. I don't even remember answering. But at some moment I did answer Yes to Someone — or Something — and from that hour I was certain that existence is meaningful and that, therefore, my life, in self-surrender, had a goal.*

— Dag Hammarskjöld (1905-61), Swedish statesman, Secretary-General of U.N.

Children of Gaia are a widely varied group, ranging from delicate dreamers to arrogant killers. But most work to strike a balance between pacifist ideals and the warrior creed. In an age when all life hangs in the balance, the Children of Gaia

contend with their own souls as often as they contend with the minions of the Wyrms. They strive in good faith to answer Gaia's call, knowing that the world will be remade in the image of the tactics they use to fight the Apocalypse.



## Wise Fool

**Quote:** *I live for their laughter, even when they laugh at me. But I always have the last laugh, for they never realize they stopped fighting each other to laugh at me, and walked away as friends.*



**Prelude:** Your mother was a Garou, not just Kinfolk, and that makes you rare among the Garou. You were raised with the Children of Gaia, where you learned tolerance for other tribes and other breeds by example. You learned the ways of the wolf and the human, and you love both and fear neither. Your unique upbringing allowed you to understand the similarities between humans, wolves and Garou, and understand what keeps them apart as well. Your First Change was not traumatic, but a happy and curiously arousing experience.



You use your talents to show other Garou that they hurt themselves when they hurt one another.

**Concept:** You believe in the old saying "Laughter is the best medicine." You deliberately play the fool to liven gatherings and lighten moods. You use your talents to make other Garou laugh, and bring joy into their lives. Their grim demeanors hang over them like a palpable cloud, weakening their resolve with cynicism. The weight of their gravity and misery only helps the Wurm. Gaia is strengthened when they laugh and love life.

You understand homid and lupus, human and wolf. You know what to do to make everyone laugh and play like pups. You're not afraid to be the object of ridicule, and often lower yourself to bring others together. Your antics have defused escalating tensions, and stopped open fighting.

You make friends easily, and bring together rivals through their common friendships with you. As rivals get to know each other, you help them see that they are not really so different from each other. You are loyal to your friends and always ready to lend a hand, a paw, or a tail. As a result, you have a wide network of allies.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Smile often and easily. Be charming, gracious, spontaneous and funny. Tell good-natured, insightful jokes, do acrobatic stunts, dance. Do not respond to anger with anger. Playfully chide dangerous behavior, but don't scold or punish. Laugh and the world laughs with you.

**Equipment:** Juggling balls, cloak of many colors, marbles, bits of string, chew toy, kite.

# CHILDREN OF GAA

Name: Breed: *Lupus* Pack Name:  
 Player: Auspice: *Ragabash* Pack Totem:  
 Chronicle: Camp: *Aethera Inamorata* Concept: *Wise Fool*

## Attributes

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

## Abilities

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

## Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts		Gifts	
<i>Allies</i>	●●●●●	<i>Heightened Senses</i>	_____	_____	_____
_____	○○○○○	<i>Blur of the Milky Eye</i>	_____	_____	_____
_____	○○○○○	<i>Mother's Touch</i>	_____	_____	_____
_____	○○○○○	<i>Open Seal</i>	_____	_____	_____
_____	○○○○○	_____	_____	_____	_____

## Renown

*Glory*  
 ●○○○○○○○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

*Honor*  
 ●○○○○○○○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

*Wisdom*  
 ●○○○○○○○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

## Rage

●●○○○○○○○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

## Gnosis

●●●●●○○○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

## Willpower

●●●●○○○○○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

## Health

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

## Weakness

WEAK VEIL:  
 WITNESSES AT +5 ON  
 DELIRIUM CHART

*Rank*  
 □□□□□□□□□□

# Supernatural Investigator

**Quote:** *Do you really think that only the Garou are part of Gaia's plan to save the world? Even the Garou cannot agree on the details of Gaia's plan. So how can you be sure that many other creatures are not also part of the holy game of redemption?*

**Prelude:** You were a secretive child with an insatiable curiosity. From your earliest thoughts, you had an abiding certainty that the world was filled with occult powers and other-worldly creatures. You were drawn like a magnet to all mythical stories, and knew, in spite of ridicule, that the tales were true. You were especially drawn to horror movies about vampires and werewolves and reanimated beings. You really liked the ones that implied that these creatures were not necessarily evil, but answered to a higher power. You still like tales of the fall into darkness, and redemption from evil.

You were reading one night as the light of the crescent moon shone through your window — and you Changed. All your prayers were answered, and you began nocturnal missions into the supernatural world, finally meeting all the beings you always knew were there.

You have met and allied with several highly moral vampires of clan Gangrel. They have introduced you to many other vampires, and are helping you track down a supposedly mythical vampire who has transcended vampirism.

You have met faeries, mages, spirits, demons and

beings almost unclassifiable by any known system. You have learned that there are only two kinds of beings in the world: those who only look out for their own enrichment and betterment, and those concerned with the betterment and enrichment of all. Those concerned with themselves seem to always do the Wyrms' work, even if by accident. Those concerned with others seem to do the work of Gaia, even without knowing their actions aid her.

**Concept:** You stand among those Children of Gaia who believe that the vampires have much to teach. They are not all of the Wyrms, despite what some tribes say, and you can instantly spot those that are. You have even known vampires who have redeemed themselves and are free of Wyrms' taint. This has filled you with hope for all Wyrms' creatures. You help vampires who search for permanent redemption and complete freedom from their curse. If you find their Grail, you will teach the whole of the Garou Nation to save Gaia from the Wyrms.

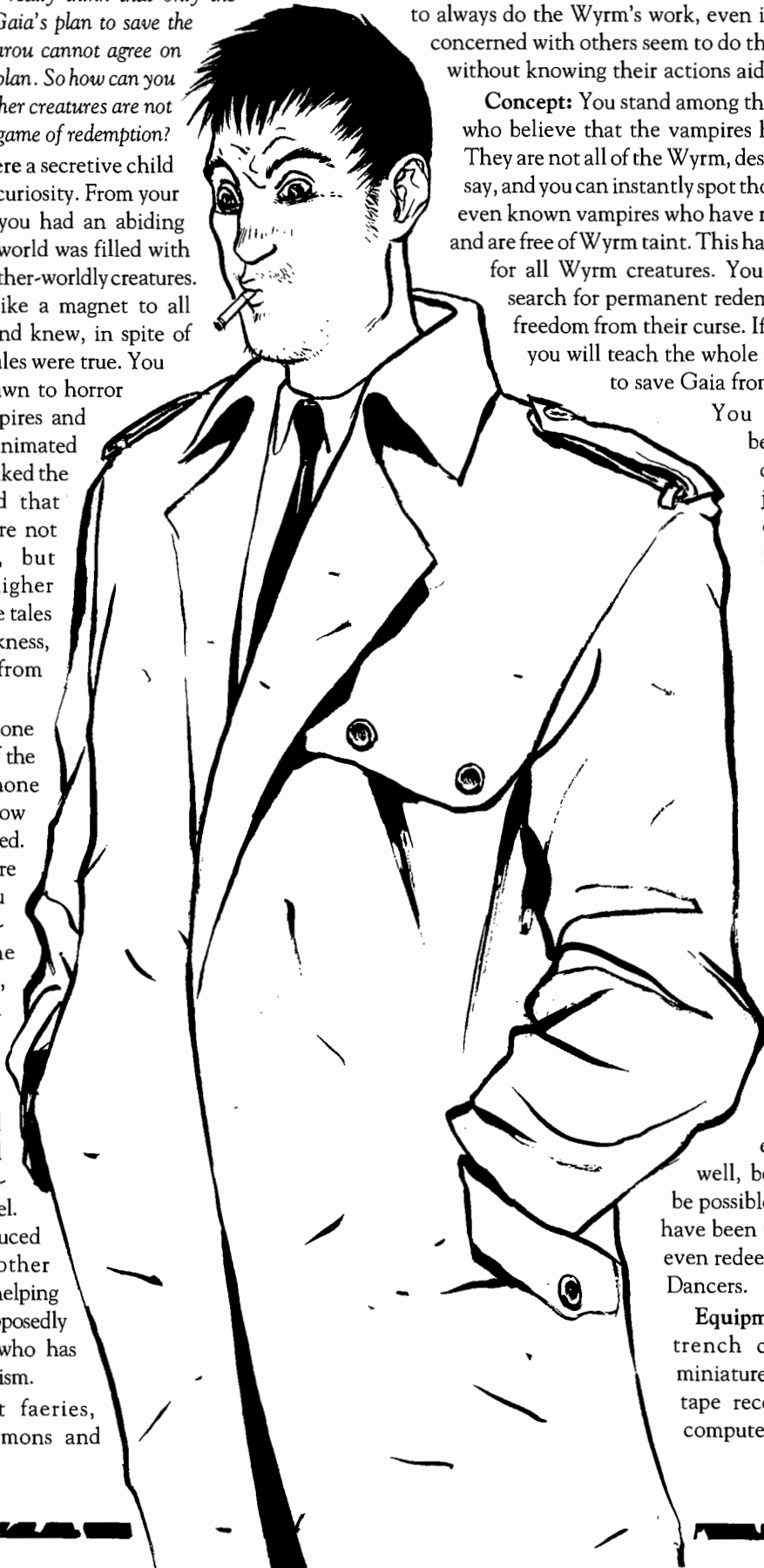
You forge alliances between the Garou and other beings hidden just beneath the thin crust of conventional reality. These strategic alliances have helped you in the past, and you are eager to make new ones.

## Roleplaying

**Hints:** You are tolerant and slow to pass judgment on others. You defend those vampires who are not of the Wyrms and those who are trying to save themselves. You are, however, quick to react to those vampires who revel in their evil. Your tolerance extends to Garou as

well, believing that it may be possible to save Garou who have been tainted, and perhaps even redeem some Black Spiral Dancers.

**Equipment:** Cellular phone, trench coat, light pistol, miniature IR camera, pocket tape recorder and a laptop computer.



# CHILDREN OF GAIA™

Name:

Breed: Homid

Pack Name:

Player:

Auspice: Theurge

Pack Totem:

Chronicle:

Camp: Patient Deed

Concept: Supernatural Investigator

## Attributes

### Physical

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

### Social

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

### Mental

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

## Abilities

### Talents

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

### Skills

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

### Knowledge

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

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

Allies ●●●●●  
Rites ●●●●●  
00000  
00000  
00000

### Gifts

Smell of Man  
Sense Wurm  
Resist Pain

### Gifts

### Renown

Glory  
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Honor

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Wisdom

● ● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Rank

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Rage

● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Willpower

● ● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0 0  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

### Health

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

### Weakness

WEAK VEIL:  
WITNESSES AT +5 ON  
DELIRIUM CHART

## Anodyne

**Quote:** *Do you disdain me for the accident of my birth? Do you use the lofty perch afforded by the accident of your birth to judge and condemn? Then "pure blood" must not make for a pure heart. The splendor of Gaia's love can be found in the most base-born, even as it can be lacking in even the most high.*

**Prelude:** You were brought to the Children of Gaia shortly after your real parents tried to drown you. You don't know their tribes, and you don't care. The Children care for you as their own, and you desire no other home.

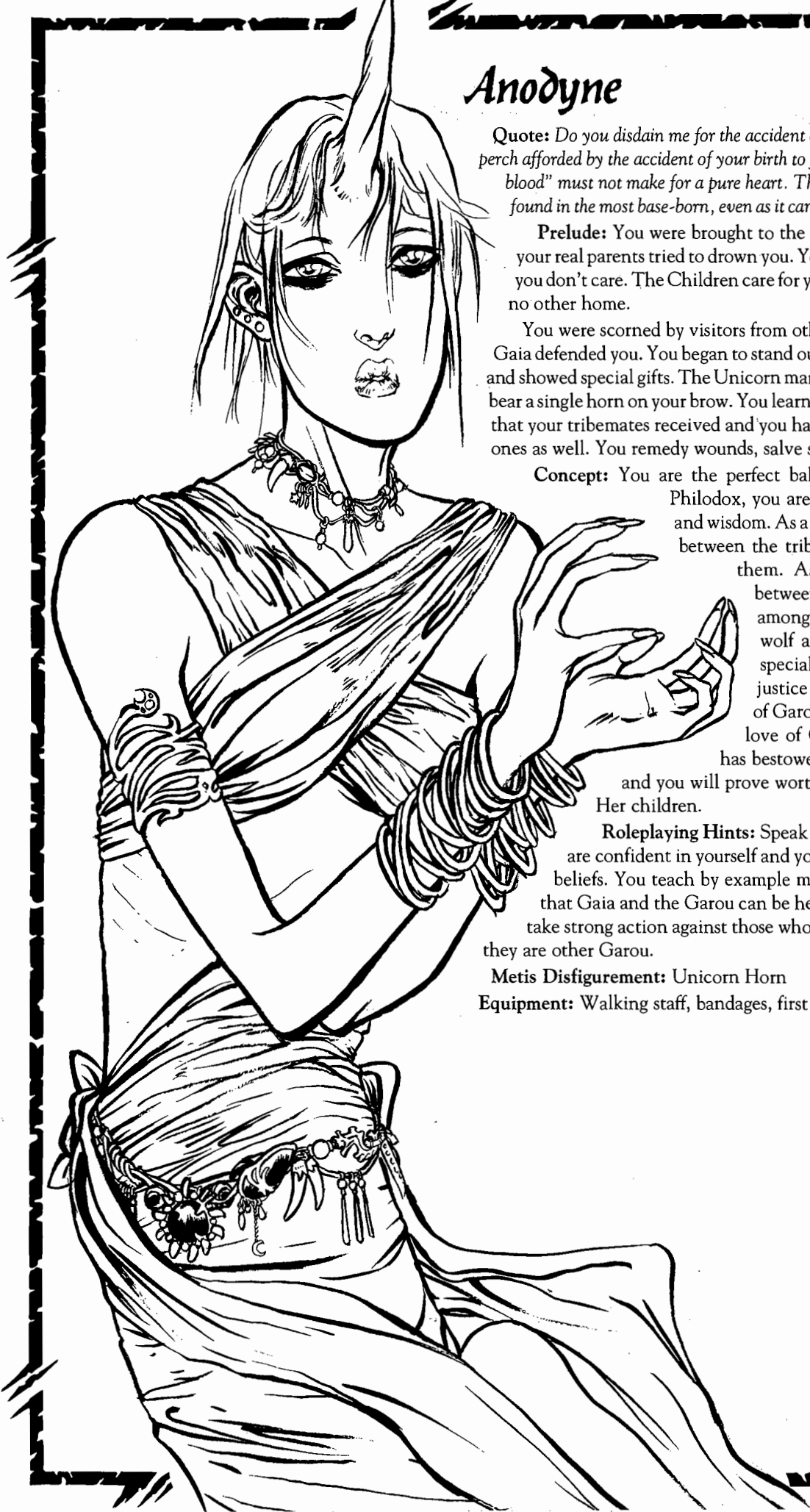
You were scorned by visitors from other tribes, but the Children of Gaia defended you. You began to stand out among all metis in your sept, and showed special gifts. The Unicorn marked you as one of her own; you bear a single horn on your brow. You learned to heal the physical wounds that your tribemates received and you have tried to heal the emotional ones as well. You remedy wounds, salve sorrows, and restore spirits.

**Concept:** You are the perfect balance, the perfect bridge. As Philodox, you are the balance between passion and wisdom. As a Child of Gaia, you are a bridge between the tribes, able to mediate for all of them. As a metis, you are a bridge between human and wolf, brought up among the Garou, both human and wolf and yet neither. You use your special station to bring fairness and justice to all Garou. You felt the scorn of Garou society, but you also felt the love of Gaia and her Children. Gaia has bestowed her greatest gifts upon you, and you will prove worthy of Her faith. You will heal Her children.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Speak softly but authoritatively. You are confident in yourself and your abilities, and secure in your beliefs. You teach by example more than by words. You know that Gaia and the Garou can be healed, but you are not afraid to take strong action against those who deserve to be stopped, even if they are other Garou.

**Metis Disfigurement:** Unicorn Horn

**Equipment:** Walking staff, bandages, first aid kit.



# CHILDREN OF GAIA™

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Breed: Metis Pack Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Player: \_\_\_\_\_ Auspice: Philodox Pack Totem: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Chronicle: \_\_\_\_\_ Camp: Demeter's Daughter Concept: Anodyne

## Attributes

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

## Abilities

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

## Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts		Gifts	
Mentor	●●●○○	Sense Wurm	_____	_____	_____
Past Life	●●●○○	Truth of Gaia	_____	_____	_____
_____	○○○○○	Mother's Touch	_____	_____	_____
_____	○○○○○	Resist Pain	_____	_____	_____
_____	○○○○○	_____	_____	_____	_____

## Renown

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

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

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

Rank  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

## Rage

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

## Gnosis

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

## Willpower

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

## Health

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

## Weakness

WEAK VEIL:  
 WITNESSES AT +5 ON  
 DELIRIUM CHART

# Umbral Traveler

**Quote:** *You make a truly convincing case that there is no hope. But I am here to tell you I know for sure that there is hope. Hope is a living being. I met her. No, really, it's true. Two years ago I was in the Legendary Realm. Sit and I'll tell you the story...*

**Prelude:** You were born of prominent Kinfolk, and were prophesied for greatness. You have always had an innate spirituality, even as a young child. You were taken to a wild Children of Gaia revel for your Rite of Passage, but as it began, you felt a joyous rising, and saw the moonlit woods falling away below you. You found yourself in a wood far deeper and more mysterious than any you knew. At the top of an enormous hill, you saw a great unicorn. You climbed the hill for what seemed like weeks, and finally looked into its bottomless, shimmering eyes. The unicorn merged with you, and guided you across a beautiful, sunlit land full of plains, lakes, and forests, populated by friendly people and playful wolves. By the time your tribe found you in the Children of Gaia Homeland, you had decided you wanted to stay in the Umbra as much as you could.

**Concept:** You search the Umbra looking for stories and inspiration for all Garou. You bring back tales of things you have seen and found and share them with Garou of all tribes. The Umbral Realms are a source of tales to inspire even the most cynical Bone Gnawer. You can gently rage Ahrouns with your tales. You can guide even the worldly Glass Walkers to spirituality in the Umbra. You are aware of the dangers of the Umbra, but you have no fear of it. And there is always more of the Umbra to find and bring back to the Garou.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Speak earnestly and wistfully of the honesty of the Umbra and the spiritual cleansing it provides. You love to champion the Umbra as the solution to any problem, and love to venture there to seek insight into earthly matters. You know that the Umbra has untapped potential to help Garou understand one another, and may even hold the secret to fighting the Wurm and preventing the Apocalypse.

**Equipment:** Uzi, flack jacket, flashlight, grappling hook, stun gun, rappelling equipment. You also have a fetish, a Memory Ribbon from the Atrocity Realm in the Umbra. It serves as a reminder of the atrocities you fight to prevent (you may not be possessed and all frenzy difficulties are raised by two).



# CHILDREN OF GAIA™

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Breed:** Homid **Pack Name:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Player:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Auspice:** Galliard **Pack Totem:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Chronicle:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Camp:** Servants of the Unicorn **Concept:** Umbral Traveler

## Attributes

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

## Abilities

Talents	Skills	Knowledge
Alertness _____ ●●●●●	Animal Ken _____ 00000	Computer _____ 00000
Athletics _____ 00000	Drive _____ 00000	Enigmas _____ ●●●●●
Brawl _____ ●●●●●	Etiquette _____ ●●●●●	Investigation _____ ●●●●●
Dodge _____ ●●●●●	Firearms _____ 00000	Law _____ 00000
Empathy _____ ●●●●●	Melee _____ 00000	Linguistics _____ 00000
Expression _____ ●●●●●	Leadership _____ ●●●●●	Medicine _____ 00000
Intimidation _____ 00000	Performance _____ ●●●●●	Occult _____ ●●●●●
Primal-Urge _____ ●●●●●	Repair _____ 00000	Politics _____ 00000
Streetwise _____ 00000	Stealth _____ ●●●●●	Rituals _____ ●●●●●
Subterfuge _____ 00000	Survival _____ ●●●●●	Science _____ 00000

## Advantages

Backgrounds	Gifts	Gifts
Fetish _____ ●●●●●	Persuasion _____	_____
Past Life _____ ●●●●●	Mindspeak _____	_____
_____ 00000	Resist Pain _____	_____
_____ 00000	_____	_____
_____ 00000	_____	_____

### Renown

**Glory**  
 ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

**Honor**  
 ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

**Wisdom**  
 ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

### Rage

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

### Gnosis

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

### Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

### 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"/>

### Weakness

WEAK VEIL:  
 WITNESSES AT +5 ON  
 DELIRIUM CHART

**Rank**

# Spirit Warrior

**Quote:** *Wicked cur! You would kill all humans? You are a disgrace before Gaia. The world would be a better place without your hate. Stop your cruelty now or I will stop you.*



**Prelude:** Your father was a great Children of Gaia Kinfolk who worked in poverty-stricken areas. He was murdered by Wyrn forces when he began to increase the hope and joy in a despairing city.

His brutal death shattered the safety and security of your world. The forces of good seemed small, and unable to protect themselves. Every drive-by shooting, every wife-battering, every foreign war seemed to show that violence was everywhere. All the forces of darkness respected was force. The only way to stop the violence was with more violence. You prayed to Gaia for power to stop the killing. And she answered your prayers.

One moonlit night, as a gang rampaged through your neighborhood, you Changed. You tore the gang apart as an offering to Gaia before the Children of Gaia found you to take you to Rite of Passage. But the Goddess had provided you with your own Rite of Passage.

**Concept:** You use your abilities to defend the innocent and the helpless. Your father's assassination haunts you, and impels you to greater and greater risks. You are certain that the only way to end the fighting between the tribes will be to get rid of those Garou who do not cooperate. You believe that it's long past time to placate those Garou who do not accept the love of Gaia and the worth of humanity.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Rage against injustice. Create the peace of Gaia through any means necessary. Eliminate your opponents to end their opposition. Kill for Peace. Peace through War. When those who work against kindness and justice are destroyed, the world will be a better place. Mourn the need for such tactics, but insist that the ends justify the means. You especially enjoy humiliating Shadow Lords or Wendigo in combat. (They often underestimate you because you are a Child of Gaia.)

**Equipment:** Pistol, knife, motorcycle, leather jacket, handcuffs, knives, crossbow.

# CHILDREN OF GAA

Name:  
 Player:  
 Chronicle:

Breed: Homid  
 Auspice: Ahroun  
 Camp: Imminent Strike

Pack Name:  
 Pack Totem:  
 Concept: Spirit Warrior

## Attributes

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

## Abilities

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

## Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts		Gifts	
Contacts	●●○○○	Smell of Man	_____		_____
Kinfolk	●○○○○	Razor Claws	_____		_____
Pure Breed	●●○○○	Resist Pain	_____		_____
	○○○○○		_____		_____
	○○○○○		_____		_____

## Renown

Glory

●●○○○○○○○○	□□□□□□□□
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Honor

●○○○○○○○○	□□□□□□□□
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Wisdom

○○○○○○○○○○	□□□□□□□□
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Rank

## Rage

●●●●○○○○○○	□□□□□□□□
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## Gnosis

●●○○○○○○○○	□□□□□□□□
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## Willpower

●●●●○○○○○○	□□□□□□□□
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## Health

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

## Weakness

WEAK VEIL:  
 WITNESSES AT +5 ON  
 DELIRIUM CHART

# Appendix Three: The Blessed

*Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.*

— Alfred, Lord Tennyson, "In Memoriam"

## Lore-Speaker Gron

Children of Gaia historical records are older and more complete than those of any other tribe save the Fianna, and they hold esoteric secrets unknown even to the Fianna lore masters.

One of the oldest figures in Children of Gaia record-keeping predates even the recorded history of mankind. Lore-Speaker Gron was a hermaphrodite Ahroun who vowed to end the Impergium, and fought many challenges just for the right to raise the issue of changing the Impergium policy at Garou councils.

After a lifetime of challenges, and after living through multiple assassination attempts that claimed the lives of all his/her loved ones, Gron was allowed to raise the issue at a Grand Moot. Opponents thought they could beat the now-ancient warrior at either combat or Gamecraft, and agreed to Gamecraft. When Gron chose a Stargazer surrogate, she/he lost Renown, but won the war. Gron was murdered on the day the Impergium ended, but died happily, seeing the end of the hated practice.

Children of Gaia still look to Lore-Speaker Gron for enduring courage against seemingly impossible odds, especially against other Garou.



## Siduri Sabitu

In the early days of mankind, Children of Gaia heroes were in constant contact with human healers. They all prayed together, and received direct revelation from the Mother. Siduri Sabitu created an extensive network of priestesses to carry her words to the land, and warn people of the corrupting influence of vampires and Wyrminions. At that time, the Leeches preyed on the locals with impunity, and were gaining political control of Sumeria.

The Garou clamored for the heads of any kings who sided with the vampires. They launched an all-out war against the Leeches and their puppets, who were defiling the burgeoning civilizations. Siduri knew that the Garou would be doomed to lose their war against the vampires, since Leeches can manufacture legions of undead overnight. She feared the arrival of the Apocalypse.

She counseled that the Garou instead work to influence the mortal kings. The Garou refused, saying that they could never match the serpentine subtlety of vampires in statecraft. Besides, what had they to offer a king who has been offered immortality and absolute power? Siduri reproved them, saying that they had fallen into their enemies' game. What the Garou had to offer was better than the Leeches' gift.

She proved this by showering King Gilgamesh with all the pleasures of life in the most delectable manner possible.

Dazzled, the great king chose life over undeath. He could not bring himself to give up the pleasures of the living flesh for all the power in the world. He rejected the vampires, and organized the humans against the outraged Leeches.

This turn of events prevented the vampires from gaining total control of the first city, and gave the Garou time to regroup. Many generations later, the Leeches caused the downfall of this kingdom. But an organized anti-vampire resistance was born in humans that long outlasted the city. Due to Siduri's actions, humans have an inborn suspicion of vampires that carries even into the modern era of science and the vampiric Masquerade.

## Jasper Covington

Jasper Covington was a wealthy Englishman born at the advent of the Enlightenment. He was the child of pampered English nobility, who were well-connected Children of Gaia Kinfolk. His parents taught him that fighting Wyrmbests was the least effective way to create change. After the taste of blood lost its novelty, he grew disinterested in combat.

What excited him was not warfare, but working behind the scenes to link Gaian love to man's practical life and political rule. Jasper embraced this cause, and became an influential power behind the burgeoning Age of Enlightenment.



He used vast amounts of his family money to bring together the greatest minds for salons and raucous parties that he stirred into hot philosophical debates. He toasted the greatest minds of the day, and tantalized them with bits of literally "enlightened" Gaian wisdom.

He also had a gift for understanding exactly how much change his contemporaries could endure. He could keep them challenged without going past their level of tolerance. His quiet, insistent, behind-the-scenes advocacy made Gaian ideals very fashionable. He never took credit for the ideas, and generously allowed others to publish thoughts that he had tossed into the philosophical mix. Publicly he insisted that his only function was as a gracious host, in perpetual awe of the intellectual superiority of his guests.

He helped spur a rise in Deism, a reverence for nature, the rights of man, and the place of pleasure as the basis for goodness. He helped slow the slaughter of the Native Americans by elevating the "natural man" to a place of respect. This "re-humanized" people who had been dehumanized by Wyrms forces in the colonial government. His greatest success was in spurring a neo-classical revival that borrowed only from Gaian ideals in classical Greece, and not the Wyrms-inspired ideas from the decayed city-states.

He acted as impresario and chief marketer for the Age of Enlightenment, which in turn spawned democratic governments and freedom movements all over the world. The rise of conscience in governing traces a path directly to Jasper.



## Sarah Rasheeda Ben-Fasil

Sarah Ben-Fasil is a Theurge who has become a major force in the blazing cauldron of Mideast politics. Her parents were courageous Israeli and Egyptian Children of Gaia Kinfolk, who began their own private Mideast peace process shortly after the founding of Israel. She served in the Israeli army and trained as a guerrilla. She has a remarkable facility for Gifts, and is able to blanket an area in infectious harmonious energies.

Sarah discovered that an ancient vampire named Malkav slumbers somewhere near Jerusalem; his madness poisons the land and drives humans to frenzy. This is medically documented as "Jerusalem Syndrome," in which hundreds of travelers to Jerusalem go mad every year.

She would like to heal or destroy this mad vampire, but until then, she works to provide an antidote to his broadcast lunacy. Her efforts have begun to pay off, and Mideast leaders have been able to make treaties free of artificially-induced frenzy.



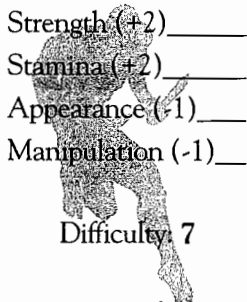


# CHILDREN OF CALA™

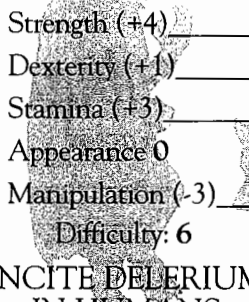
**Homid**      **Glabro**      **Crinos**      **Hispo**      **Lupus**



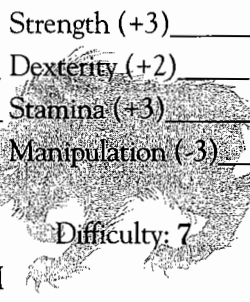
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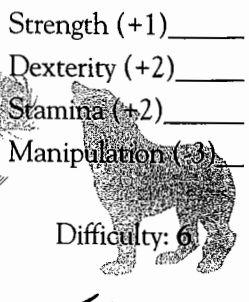
Difficulty: 7



Difficulty: 6



Difficulty: 7



Difficulty: 6

Strength (+2)      Strength (+4)      Strength (+3)      Strength (+1)  
 Stamina (+2)      Dexterity (+1)      Dexterity (+2)      Dexterity (+2)  
 Appearance (-1)      Stamina (+3)      Stamina (+3)      Stamina (+2)  
 Manipulation (-1)      Appearance 0      Manipulation (-3)      Manipulation (-3)  
 Manipulation (-3)

**INCITE DELIRIUM  
IN HUMANS**

**Other Traits**

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**Fetishes**

Item: \_\_\_\_\_  Dedicated Level \_\_\_\_ Gnosis \_\_\_\_  
 Power \_\_\_\_\_  
 Item: \_\_\_\_\_  Dedicated Level \_\_\_\_ Gnosis \_\_\_\_  
 Power \_\_\_\_\_  
 Item: \_\_\_\_\_  Dedicated Level \_\_\_\_ Gnosis \_\_\_\_  
 Power \_\_\_\_\_  
 Item: \_\_\_\_\_  Dedicated Level \_\_\_\_ Gnosis \_\_\_\_  
 Power \_\_\_\_\_

**Rites**

**Combat**

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

**Brawling Chart**

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

† These maneuvers do aggravated damage.

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

# CHILDREN OF CAIA™

Nature: \_\_\_\_\_

Demeanor: \_\_\_\_\_

## Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

## Expanded Background

<p><i>Allies</i></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p><i>Contacts</i></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p><i>Kinfolk</i></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p><i>Mentor</i></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>	<p><i>Resources</i></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p><i>Pure Breed</i></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p><i>Past Life</i></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p><i>Pack Totem</i></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>
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### Possessions

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

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

\_\_\_\_\_

### Experience

TOTAL:

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

\_\_\_\_\_

### Sept

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

Totem \_\_\_\_\_

Leader \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



# Litany of the Tribes

## Werewolves Unite

Garou has warred with Garou since the dawn of time. Breed has slaughtered breed, tribe has slaughtered tribe, all in the name of power or the right to be Gaia's chosen one. The Garou have a common enemy, though — the Wurm — and dissension has made it strong. Now werewolves must unite or they will all be destroyed, and the world will soon follow.

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