

RAGE * ACROSS APPALACHIA™



*A Regional Sourcebook
for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™ and Changeling: The Dreaming™*

RACE*ACROSS APPALACHIA

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Requiem for a Dying Culture
by Jackie Cassada



Spirit Messengers

"Git on outside now and wait fer me if you want a story afore bed!" The old woman grabbed a faded gray sweater from its peg on the wall by the door and, slipping it around her bony shoulders against the evening's chill, watched the gaggle of children shove their way past her onto the cabin's broad front porch.

Inside, the grownups were clustered near the wood stove, getting ready for the evening's entertainment. Billie Mae, the old woman's daughter and the mother of most of the tow-headed children now scrambling around for the best positions on the porch's rough board floor, was scraping the evening's leftovers — rib bones, gristle and potato peelings — into a cracked bowl to put out for the family's coonhounds. Luke, Billie Mae's husband, had already brought out his banjo. Taking the best seat nearest the stove, he held the instrument up to his ear, one hand softly plucking the strings one at a time, checking the tuning. On the other side of the stove, a young man with shoulder length blond hair and a light fuzz growing on his cheeks, tuned a gut-string guitar. Home from college for what they termed in Berea the "fall break," Ansel Forshay seemed out to prove that a few months' booklearning hadn't changed him, but his store-bought clothes and sometimes mystifying conversation said different. The old woman shook her head, knowing with a certainty that came from somewhere inside her, that her

youngest son's visits would grow less and less frequent. Ansel's older brother Jared, visiting from the other side of the rise, cupped a pair of spoons in his hands. He practiced a rhythm or two on his knees while his wife Malvina, a dark-haired beauty with high cheekbones that spoke of more than a little Cherokee blood in her veins, resined up the bow of the fiddle she clutched under her arm. It was their oldest daughter Josie, nearly fourteen and still trying to decide if she was too old to play with her cousins, who interested the old woman, and for whom tonight's story was most important.

"Sure you won't stay and sing with us, Mama?" Billie Mae called out as she settled herself on a stool near her husband, smoothing her poplin skirt down over her knees.

"You'uns start without me," the old woman said. "Someone's got to git the kids outta earshot of them love ballets." Grasping a gnarled oak cane that rested beside the door, the old woman stepped out onto the porch, where her audience of grandchildren awaited.

The thin sliver of moon was just cresting the top of the towering pines, its pale arc of light brushing only the tips of the long grasses which filled the clearing around the sprawling cabin. Despite its looks, the wooden structure had weathered most of the century. Her own husband, Fingal Forshay, had built the cabin to replace the older one, built

some generations before by his own grandpappy when his kin had claimed the cove for their own. The old woman sighed heavily, pushing back a strand of dull gray hair that had escaped its bun. Unbound, her hair — long golden curls of it had once brushed the back of her knees when she walked — still touched the middle of her back, though now there were but a few blond reminders of what the Bible folk called a woman's "crowning glory." Fingal had loved her hair.

"Come sit, Granny," a young boy's voice piped up. "We saved yer place."

She shook the cobwebs out of her head — memories were for private times — and made her way slowly across the porch to the old metal glider. She settled herself onto its slatted seat and waited while the space around her filled in with grandchildren. Bettina, nearly nine and full of herself for being the oldest of Billie Mae's children, shoved in beside her grandmother. Her brother, Luke Jr., took the remaining space on the glider. Three-year-old Alvey pulled himself into her lap and squirmed his way into the hollow between her elbow and her side.

The twins, Lyle and Lila, sat on cane-bottomed chairs that they had pulled to either side of the glider. Perched on the porch railing, her back against the upright and her arms wrapped around her knees for balance, Josie, the only grandchild to bear the Forshay name, huddled in the shadows just outside the light that shone through the cabin windows. One day she would be a beauty — not Forshay blond, but dark like her mother, Cherokee dark, raven's wing dark.

Now she was just gawky and uncertain, poised on the borderline between girlhood and — something else.

The old woman sat quietly for a minute, listening to the rusty hinges of the glider creak rhythmically back and forth as she rocked. Tonight's story would have to be told carefully, so that when the time came, Josie would understand.

From inside the house, the murmur of low voices told the old woman that the usual argument of what song to play first was still going on.

"Lyle, ease the door shut, would you?" Her voice wasn't loud, but the six-year-old scrambled out of the chair and minded her. Both the twins were like that, she thought, eager to please their way into the affection they sometimes missed by being stuck in the middle of the brood. The voices inside grew muffled.

"Now — listen fer a minute," she said, letting the sounds of the night fill her ears. Recognizing the game, all the children quieted down. Even Alvey stopped fidgeting and stuck a grimy thumb into his mouth. Josie listened, too, although her grandmother thought she could see the child's nostrils flare as well, as if smelling the breeze. The old woman nodded to herself. "Tell me what you hear."

"Crickets!" Bettina said. "Jillions of 'em."

"Them ain't crickets," Luke Jr. scoffed. "Them's katydid's."

"There's a right passel of crickets, all right," the old woman said. Bettina gave her brother a smug look. "Katydid's, too, if I hear correctly." The look disappeared, then reappeared on Luke Jr.'s face.



"I hear a hoot owl," Lila said quietly. "Way back in the trees, behind the crickets."

"I hear it, too," Lyle echoed. "It means someone's gonna die." His words were hushed and reverent.

"'At ain't no hooter, it's a screech owl." Luke Jr. said. "I learned about them in school. And they don't mean no death is near neither, do they, Granny?"

Everyone grew quiet, waiting for the old woman to answer.

"Well," she began, "some folks allow as how it does and some folks hold differently. But that sound don't come from a screech owl nor no hootie owl. That's a great horned owl, and you don't hear many of them nowadays."

"I hear somethin' else." Josie's voice was barely a whisper.

The hairs on the back of the old woman's neck prickled. She had heard it, too, but thought it was only for her ears. "What did you hear, Josie-girl?" she asked.

Josie shook her head, dark hair falling in her face as she did so. "Nothin'," she said.

"Josie's a liar, Josie's a liar," Luke Jr. taunted. Beside him, Bettina took up the chant.

Alvey started to whimper. "Story?" he asked, the word coming out garbled from around his thumb.

"I'm not lying," Josie said hotly. "I did too hear something. It was — it was wolves." She spat out the last word defiantly.

*I'll twine 'mid the ringlets of raven black hair,
The lilies so pale and the roses so fair,
The myrtle so bright with an emerald hue,
And the pale aronatus with eyes of bright blue.*

The sounds of music suddenly coming together into a recognizable song burst through the pocket of silence generated by Josie's pronouncement. The old woman smiled at the tune, thankful for its timely interruption. The Wildwood Flower was one of Fingal's favorite songs, and he'd often sang it to her in his mellow baritone. Never mind that her hair wasn't black. Now Billie Mae's voice, a reedy, untrained soprano, wrapped itself around the words, giving a plaintive regretfulness to the tune. The old woman knew that Josie's father would be staring at her mother all the way through the song.

"There ain't no wolves around here," Lila said, her childish voice pitched high above the music.

"There were wolves here once," the old woman said, "a long time ago, when the Indians lived here."

"But they're gone," Luke Jr. said. "And the Indians, too."

"Josie's part Indian," Bettina said. The old woman caught a hint of something — pride or accusation — in the smug little voice.

"Cherokee," Josie said, her voice almost a snarl. "It's Cherokee, not Indian. And I did too hear a wolf."

"Maybe so," the old woman said. "There's wolves in the Smokies now, so I hear. Who's to say they're not comin' back?"

"Maybe she heard a ghost wolf," Lyle said, his eyes bright with self-induced fear. "Tell us a ghost story, Granny."

"I wanna hear about fairies," Lila said, "like the ones in the picture book Ansel brought us from town." Lila had spent the earlier part of the afternoon solemnly paging through the lavishly illustrated book of Grimm's Fairy Tales, her eyes lingering on the pages that depicted blonde princesses in beautiful gowns and ethereal, winged beings with luminescent eyes and gossamer clothing.

"I'll bet Josie wants a Indian story." Luke Jr.'s voice held just a trace of a challenge in it.

"An Indian story, not a Indian," Bettina pronounced. "Don't you know nothin'?"

The old woman shook her head. The bickering would go on for a good many years yet. As soon as Alvey could string together more than two or three words, he'd be in on it, too. It was in the blood, she reckoned, this jockeying for position within the pack.

But she'd seen them all stand together when something from outside threatened them, like the time their father had taken them all to the movies, had even coaxed her to make the trip down the mountain to the Silver Palace Theatre. It was one of those full-length cartoon-pictures that the kids had heard about in school and begged to go see. All about lions and hyenas. They had attracted a bunch of attention in the theatre because the kids didn't know enough to be quiet all the way through, and Bettina had started crying when she asked to go to the bathroom and would somebody turn the lights on so she could see how to get there.

When the movie was over and they all came out of the theatre to pile back into Luke Sr.'s truck, a bunch of city kids who had been in the audience started whispering and laughing among themselves, poking fun at the family of hillbillies. One of them pitched a quarter at Luke and hit Bettina in the back instead. Luke had thrown enough things at Bettina himself, but this time he whipped around and started going for the city kids, his eyes full of blood and fury. The twins were all set to go, too, only their daddy held them each by a hand and made it clear they weren't going anywhere. It was all she could do to hold Bettina back, while Luke Sr. called his son down from the warpath.

The kids argued in the truck all the way home.

"Granny," someone tugged at her shawl. The old woman realized that she had been woolgathering again.

"Josie," she said, "what kind of story do you want to hear? A fairy story or a haint tale?"

"I don't care," Josie said, her attention still caught by the dark woods that lay beyond the warm circle of light surrounding the cabin. "Anything's okay."

The old woman smiled to herself. This was the night she would tell the story she had been waiting to tell for almost fourteen years.

"Oncet upon a time," she began...



"It's a fairy story," Lila said breathlessly. "They always start out that way."

The old woman gave Lila a look. "I can't tell a story if you're not gonna listen," she said. Lila straightened in her chair and tried to look prim.

"...a long time ago, afore the white folks came to these mountains..."

"It's an Indian story," Luke Jr. said, sounding a little disappointed. "Sorry, Gran'," he added as Bettina poked him in the side.

"Listen, and you'll find out what kind of story it is," the old woman said. "Them what talks never hears, or learns. Now I'll have to start over from the beginning if I can even remember what it was I was gonna tell."

She counted to thirty in her head, slowly, to drive the point home. When the time passed in a silence broken only by soft sleep noises coming from Alvey, who was up long past his bedtime, she started over. She'd tell Alvey a story all to himself in the morning, she thought, one more suitable for his tender years.

"Oncet upon a time, long before the white folks came to these mountains, other footsteps left their prints on the ground. Acrost a bridge of land way up in Alaska, only it weren't called that then, all the way from Siberia or whatever hit was called afore history begun, a string of animals and humans and other creatures come a'lookin' for a place to settle down. Mammoths as big as houses and bisons bigger

than trailers and mountain elk roamed all through the countryside, and so did them that hunted them for food."

"Inthians?" Waking up, Alvey mouthed the word around the thumb in his mouth.

The old woman nodded. "The earliest ones was called the Woodland tribes, but later groups came after 'em — the Cherokee and Choctaw. But they weren't the only hunters that came here acrost that icy bridge."

"Wolves came here," whispered Josie, not turning her head away from the darkness beyond the cabin.

"They did," the old woman said. "Packs of red wolves and gray ones, too. The Cherokee called them spirit messengers, and believed they could cross back and forth between this world and the spirit world."

"Could they?" Lyle asked. "Were they ghosts?"

Fingal, with his red hair and his laughing eyes, moved like a ghost through her life, roaming the hills and valleys with his elusive friends, but always, always returning to her and the safe haven of their mountain cabin. What little she had of him was not enough, but she had made do with it.

"Ghosts ain't the only things that travel in the spirit world," she said.

"Medicine men and shamans do," Luke said in his showing-off voice. "One of 'em came to school and give us a lesson on all that stuff."

The old woman cleared her throat, and Luke ducked his head. "Go on, Granny," he mumbled.

"I 'us goin' to," she said tartly. "The fair folk came along, too, with the Cherokee and the others." The old woman looked at Lila as she spoke. Lila stared at her for a moment before her eyes grew wide.

"Fairies?" she asked, her voice a breathy hope.

"The invisible people," the old woman said, nodding. "The Cherokee called them Nunnehi and the Yunwi Tsunsi'. They lived in the hidden places, where no one could go, in caves and waterfalls, and deep in the forest. They were neither hunter nor hunted, but they were dancers and singers and helpers and harmers, and they lived their lives just outside the sight of mortal folks."

"Where'd they go to?" Bettina was interested in spite of herself. "How come we can't see them no more?"

"Cause they's invisible," Luke sneered.

"Some folks say that when the Cherokee were sent from their lands to make room for the white folks, most of the invisible people went with them," the old woman said. "And the ones that stayed, took one look at what had come to the mountains in place of the tribes and hid themselves but good. Others said that when folks stopped believin' in them, they just withered up and died."

"Did they turn into ghosts, then?" Lyle ignored the look from his twin.

"I'm not so sure they left," the old woman said, smiling. "Someone found the jacket you lost when you wuz over by

the crick and returned it all clean and smelling like honeysuckle. 'Course," she continued, "when the white folks came, they brought their own fair folk with them. My momma used to swear that she could see 'em out dancin' by the bald in the moonlight, but then she had the second sight and knew when folks was going to die or what day a woman would have her baby."

"Does that mean you got faerie blood?" The question came from Josie, and the old woman blessed her silently for providing the opening she needed for the heart of the story.

"Your granddaddy Fingal used to say so," she said, "but then he also claimed that the blood of the red wolves ran in his veins."

"Did it?" Again the questioner was Josie, and the question sounded more like a demand.

It was a warm night when the mountain mists clung to the trees and the moon overhead was an eerie patch of whiteness barely visible through the clouds. She and Fingal ran through the forest, careless of where they were going, driven only by the need to run and feel and lose themselves in the mystery of the night and of each other. They found a clearing and Fingal enfolded her in his arms and laughed and cried and kissed her and howled — yes, howled — his rapture to the milky moon.

The old woman tensed, holding her breath for a few seconds as she watched the children gathered around her on the porch. Inside, the music was still going strong as a chorus of voices filled the night.



*Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, Lord, by and by?
There's a better home a'waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky*

She waited for the sound of Luke's banjo to take over the melody between verses before she let her breath out slowly.

"One night," she said, "just after your granddaddy and I built this cabin, I woke up suddenly from a deep sleep. I rolled over and found myself alone in the bed. I figured that Fingal had gotten himself up in the night fer some necessary business, so I just lay there and waited for him to come back to bed. It was a night not too different from tonight, only the moon was near to full, a singer's moon, it was, and a storyteller's moon. It shone through the window in our bedroom. I lay in the bed and listened to the cicadas and the horny owls that had nested up in the pines, and fur in the distance, I even heard a loon call out — and that's a rare thing to hear. That's when I heard the howling start."

The old woman had let her voice drop into a low singsong as she relived that terrible and beautiful night, so many years ago. Lila whimpered and got down from her chair to clamber into the old woman's lap next to Alvey, who had once again let the voices and the faint music lull him to sleep.

"I got up and looked out the window, wondering if I should call out fer Fingal. Then I forgot to do anything but stare at the pack of wolves gathered in the clearing over by the trees."

"Them trees?" Josie pointed to the place which had held her interest all night.

The old woman shook her head and gestured toward the side of the cabin. "Back yonder," she said softly, "back where the piney woods are thickest over near the crick. They was the most magnificent and the scariest things I ever set my eyes on, and they was all gathered in a circle howling up at the moon through the trees. And one of 'em, the biggest one, had a coat that in the moonlight was the color of your granddaddy's red hair."

"Was they real?" Luke Jr. asked, "or was it a spirit vision like the Cherokees had?"

"It was as real as you or me," the old woman said. "I watched 'em for a time, and listened to their howls weave in and out like threads in a loom. After awhile, I figured they didn't mean no harm. Finally, they stopped and one by one they touched noses to the big red wolf and then they slipped into the woods—" she paused, looking directly at Lyle, waiting.

"—like ghosts," he whispered obligingly.

"Like ghosts," she echoed. "Only they wasn't ghosts. Soon the big wolf was left standing in the clearing, sniffin' the air and lettin' the moon touch his fur with silver. About then I decided I'd best go back to bed. When your granddaddy came back from wherever he'd been, I pretended I was asleep. He never said nothing about that night, not in all the years we

was together, but I remember feeling his wet feet in the bed next to me, like he'd been standing out in the dewy grass. I never saw the wolves again, but sometimes I had the feeling they was just on the edge of the clearing watching to make sure that Fingal and I could raise our children in peace."

"What happened to all the wolves, Granny?" Josie asked.

"The white folks hunted them to death," the old woman said. "Just like they did everything else that threatened their claim on the land." She shook her head sadly. "We are a greedy people," she said. "We drove out the Cherokee and hunted the wolf and frightened off the fair folk, all so we could stake out our territory."

"But there's still Cherokees here," said Luke. "Or Josie and her mom wouldn't be here."

The old woman nodded. "Some Cherokee stayed behind, just like some of the invisible people and, I believe, just like some of the wolves." She looked straight at Josie this time, looked at her until the girl turned her head away from the forest and returned her stare. "I don't think those were ghost wolves you heard," she said, softly, as the porch and the music and the other children seemed to fade from her perceptions. Only the dark-haired girl perched on the porch rail, halfway between the comforts of the cabin and the wildness of the nearby woods, remained focused in her sight.

"Fingal heard the call," she said, "and I think you can hear it, too. I think you know, somewhere inside you, what you're meant to do about it, granddaughter of the red wolf and the Cherokee."

Fingal had told her that one day he might not come back from his mysterious wanderings, and that if he should ever fail to return, she should hold onto the memory of him that would live on in their children and grandchildren. One day, his words came true. Ever since then, she had bided her time, raising her children and waiting for one of them to show the signs that Fingal's blood lived on. She had thought, for many years, as Billie Mae and Jared and Ansel grew into adulthood, that Fingal had been the last. Until she took a good look at Jared's daughter Josie, part Irish, part Cherokee, and part something else. Then she knew what she had been waiting for, and that tonight, her vigil was at an end.

"I think those were ghost wolves we heard," Lyle said decisively.

The old woman nodded. "It could be you're not wrong," she said. "This place is full of ghosts tonight, and before we catch our deaths sittin' out here, we oughta go back inside and help your folks finish up the singin'." Pulling her sweater around her and lifting Alvey onto her shoulder, she rose from the glider and led the children into the house. Josie lagged behind, her dark eyes still looking back toward the dark trees.

"Your mama and daddy said you can stay here with your cousins for a few days," the old woman said. "They'll be going back down the mountain in a little while." Josie nodded, her face flushed as she stood inside the doorway, reluctant to



enter the bright room full of music and commotion. "You listen hard tonight, when you've gone to bed," the old woman told her.

Later that night, much later, after the household had settled down to sleep, the old woman lay awake in her bed, listening to the sounds of the night. Absently, her hand strayed to the empty half of the bed, Fingal's side. She closed her eyes for a moment, and in that moment she was once again a young bride with long golden hair and Fingal, her red-haired man of fire and laughter, pressed his body close to hers. She thought for an instant that she could feel his breath against her neck. Almost, she felt as if she could turn her head and open her eyes and see him lying next to her in the moonlit darkness. Suddenly, she knew that the breathing she felt was not in her imaginings. She was not alone in her room. She opened her eyes.

Josie stood by her bedside, looking like a ghost in a long white nightshirt the old woman had made years ago for Fingal and which she had tucked away in her hopechest. It smelled of mothballs and cedar, and the cloth was worn thin in places, but she had pulled it out for Josie to wear against the evening's chill.

The old woman sat up in the bed and pulled back the covers, patting the space beside her. Josie clambered onto the bed and sat next to her, leaning her back against the headboard and drawing her knees up under her chin.

"You give me a fright," the old woman said. "I thought sure you were a haint come to fetch me to the other side."

"I thought you was asleep," Josie mumbled. "I was tryin' to be quiet so's I wouldn't wake you."

The old woman chuckled quietly. "If you'd wanted to let me be, you wouldn't of come in here in the first place," she said. "I wasn't asleep. I was waitin'."

"Waitin'?" Josie asked. "Fer what?"

"Just waitin'," the old woman said. "Maybe fer you to come in and set with me fer a spell."

They sat for several minutes without speaking. Outside, the wind buffeted the trees around the cabin, at times drowning out the steady chorus of crickets and katydids. Finally, Josie raised her head and looked at the window next to the bed.

"Is that where you saw 'em?" Josie asked. The old woman followed her granddaughter's gaze and stared out at the darkness beyond the cabin. The window's reflection framed both their faces — one old and full of memories, the other young and full of dreams. There hadn't always been glass in the window, the old woman thought. That night, long ago, there had been nothing between her and the glorious vision of the wild wolves except a wooden shutter that she had rarely used except in the dead of winter.

"That's where they were," the old woman replied. Josie nodded, as if her grandmother's word and the presence of the window were proof enough.

"I been listening, like you told me to," Josie said.

"Did you hear anything?" the old woman asked her, knowing that this was the reason for the girl's visit to her room. She could feel the child's body tremble, not from the chilly night air, but from some inner anticipation that waited only for permission to seek its fulfillment. The old woman realized that her part was not yet done. The story she had begun on the porch still needed an ending that only she could give.

"I heard what I heard before," Josie said. "Only diff'rent, this time."

"Diff'rent, how?" the old woman said. The wind had died down, and now she could hear owls calling to each other in the trees and the panicked scurrying of small critters for shelter as they realized the nearness of their hunters.

"Like they was talking to each other," Josie whispered. "Like they was callin' fer someone." She looked at her grandmother with shining eyes. "Was it true, what you said about them being spirit messengers?"

The old woman considered her next words carefully as she continued to stare out the window. Far away, near the trees, figures seemed to be moving in the darkness.

"That's what the Cherokee called 'em," she said. "And they knew a sight more about wolves than most people. Now git up and open the window," she told the girl. "It's a mite stuffy in here."

"Ain't you afraid you'll catch cold?" Josie asked.

"When your grandfather was here, he always slept with the window open," the old woman said. She watched as Josie scrambled down from the bed and padded over to push the window open. A blast of cold air filled the room, bringing with it the scent of balsam and pine. She pulled the covers up around her chin to block off the worst of the chill. Josie

stood by the open window, unbothered by the cold, drawn to what she saw outside. The chirping of the crickets grew almost unbearably loud, then stopped suddenly as another sound took its place, soft but unmistakable.

"I can't see nothin'!" Josie said, gripping the window sill with both hands and leaning out into the night.

"But you can hear 'em, cain't you?" the old woman said. "And you know who the someone is they're calling fer."

Josie pulled her head back into the room and looked at her grandmother, her face a mixture of wild excitement and barely concealed fear.

"What'm I supposed to do, Granny?" she pleaded.

"You do what you were born to do, Josie," the old woman said softly. "The spirit world needs its messengers something fierce. Now what I'm goin' to do is go to sleep." She lowered herself into the bed once more, tucking the covers tight around her body. "Stand there and look as long as you like, but shut the window afore you leave the room," she said. "And you might check the front door. I don't remember if I put the latch on it or not."

The old woman turned over on her side and closed her eyes. She had taken no more than a few deep breaths meant to convince her grandchild that she had fallen asleep when she heard the sound of Josie shutting the window, followed by the soft pad of her bare feet as she tiptoed out of the bedroom. A few minutes later, the sound of the front door opening and shutting told her all she needed to know. An overwhelming tiredness filled her, but she forced herself to stay awake until she caught, almost outside the range of her hearing, a chorus of voices howling a welcome to someone who had finally answered their call.

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to the memories of Floating Eagle Feather, storyteller and world traveler, whose belief in the power of his art to transform hearts and minds first awoke in me an appreciation for the sacredness of stories, and Manly Wade Wellman, whose novels have revealed the magic of the mountains to thousands of readers.



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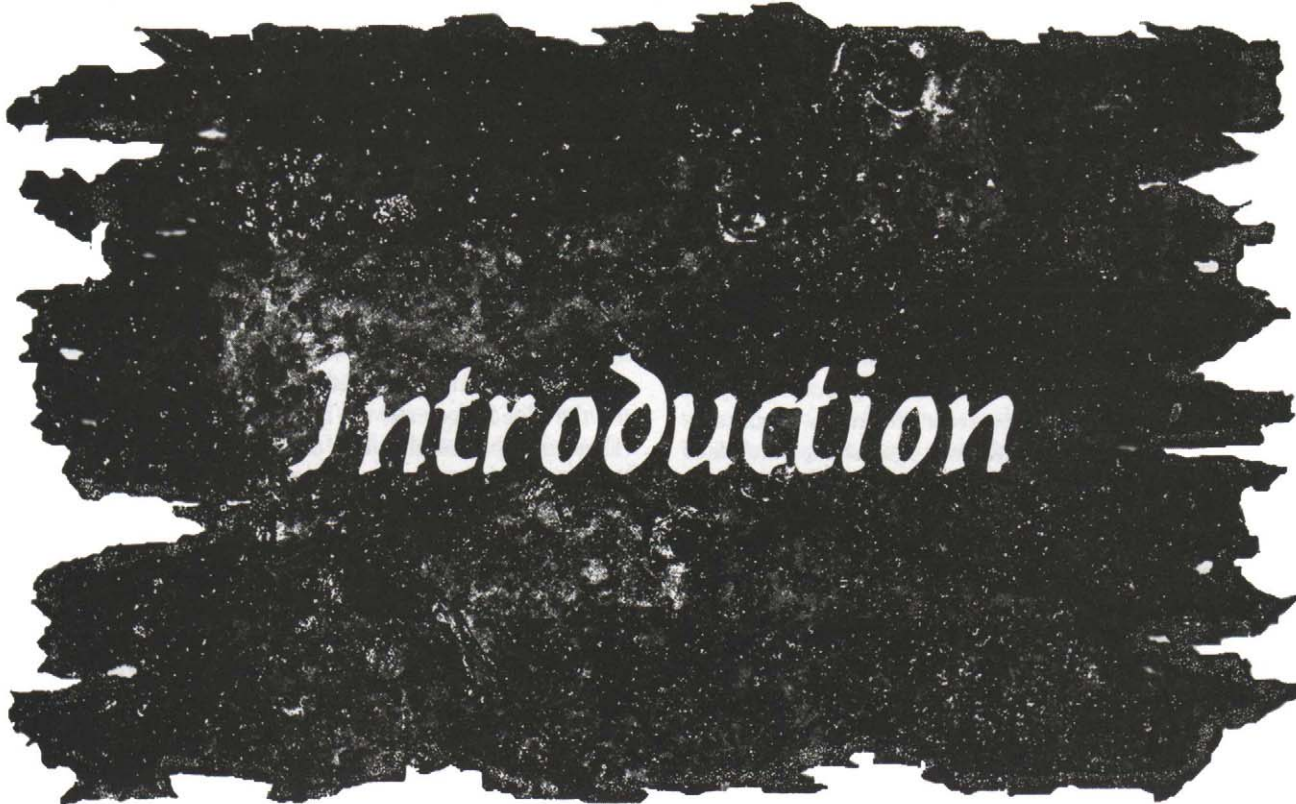


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Introduction

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
— Psalms 121

Gentled by the magic of time and blanketed by Gaia's green mantle, the Appalachian mountain range stands in silent testimonial to a quickly fading dream. Once a well-spring of magic and a haven to all manner of Wyld creatures, these ancient mountains are now locked in an inescapable war to preserve a way of life that has become targeted for extinction. Where once Gaia's loving presence manifested itself in wild profusion, the progress of the Weaver and the corruption of the Wyrms have begun to leech the land of its spiritual power, a power desperately needed by those who would stand as Gaia's protectors in the face of the coming Apocalypse.

The War for Appalachia spans centuries. From bloody battles that have left their mark in the pages of history books to clandestine plots to destroy a land and its culture, the permutations of Gaia's struggle to retain one of her few remaining strongholds reflect the peculiar alliances forged by necessity and common purpose. Just as the agents of the Wyrms and the Weaver affect everything they touch, weakening the inherent magic of the land and severing the connection between the material and spiritual worlds, so, too, do the defenders of the Wyld — the Garou of Appalachia and their allies — channel their powers to thwart the designs of their enemies. Participants in this protracted struggle find themselves confronted by confusing choices, as the demarcation lines between sides become as nebulous as the mists that give the mountains of Appalachia their distinctive appearance.

Nowhere is this strange and eerie conflict more perplexing than in the southeastern portion of the Appalachians, where a dying culture takes desperate measures to survive and a tormented earth cries out for vengeance.

Appalachian Images

The southern Appalachians greet newcomers with an overwhelming sense of profligate beauty. Blue mountains stretch in all directions, for as far as the eye can see.

Virgin forest, much of it old growth, presents a vista largely unchanged by the incursions of civilization. The density of this temperate rainforest hints at secret places and hidden creatures within its depths. Between the oddly shaped mountain peaks, many placid valleys and secluded coves serve as gathering places for the human inhabitants of the region while a network of rivers carves its way through the landscape, erupting in dramatic waterfalls and cascading whitewater rapids.

Twisting dirt roads wind tortuously up mountain slopes, dwindling into little more than trails that lead sometimes nowhere and sometimes to an isolated dwelling, a pocket of existence rarely seen by outsiders. This is the homeland of the mountaineer, the hillbilly, the moonshiner.

Other roads pass through these mountains, paved highways that connect the sparse cities of Appalachia with each other and with the rest of the country. This is the breeding

ground for progress, where the urban Appalachians seek to put aside their dated culture and embrace the 20th century.

Apart from and yet a part of Appalachia is a third realm, where descendants of the first Appalachian natives retain a vestige of the land that was once theirs. This is the eastern tribal home of the Cherokee Nation, where an ancient civilization bares its face to the winds of change and challenges a host of sightseers to look with unclouded eyes at what was nearly lost through promises given and betrayed.

Intersecting all these faces of Appalachia is the world of the Garou, a divided world where the Uktena and Fianna strive, not always successfully, to put aside past differences and spearhead a united front to combat the ravages of the Wyrms; where Bone Gnawer enclaves deep within the mountains fight a savage and dirty guerrilla war against the Kinfolk of their Wyrms-tainted cousins. In the cities, the Glass Walkers and the Children of Gaia face a subtler struggle to control the inevitable workings of the Weaver and to strike a balance between the creation of new patterns and the irretrievable loss of old traditions.

The Faces of the Enemy

The curse of the Wyrms eats deep into the soul of Appalachia. Finally given a vehicle for expression with the arrival of the European settlers, the Wyrms now oversees a massive campaign to wrest control of the land's power from its protectors. Thousands of acres of forestlands have disappeared, the prey of loggers and land clearers, road builders and city planners. In Kentucky and Tennessee, the scars left by strip mining bear testimony to the savage torture of Gaia's proud sentinels, the

mountains which once proclaimed her glory to the open skies. The horrid legacy of the nuclear age brings the threat of even worse pits of corruption as the isolated, sparsely settled mountains are targeted as prime spots for radioactive and toxic waste disposal.

The Weaver, as well, has solidified her power base in the once unspoiled fastness of the mountains. Once-peaceful valleys now echo with the noise of cities. Though unable to match the vast metropolises of the rest of the country, these rapidly growing urban centers — along with the network of connecting highways — erect barriers of concrete and steel between the earth and the powers of the Wyld. Where rain-drenched mist covered the mountains, sparking names like the Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge, now the haze of pollution rises above the valleys and obscures the vistas that were once the joy of Gaia's children.

But Weaver and Wyrms are known quantities to the Garou who struggle daily to preserve one of the Wyld's vanishing territories. Their faces and ploys are familiar elements in a never-ending conflict. The ancient mountains of Appalachia hold other terrors whose origins lie in the very closeness of the realms beyond the Gauntlet.

The Umbra's spiritual energy flows with little impediment throughout the mountains of southeastern America, providing entry to a host of entities whose natures reflect the darkness from which they originate. Some of these "monsters" and "haints" are Wyrms creatures, but many stem from the deep chaos of the Wyld. Still others are able to penetrate the Shroud which separates the Dark Umbra from the living world.

Perhaps the most dangerous and elusive enemy the Garou must face has its source in the very land and culture they are trying to preserve. Geography and time have conspired to isolate the people of Appalachia just long enough for cultural stagnation to set in. Just as the Pure Ones were unable to cope with the onslaught of the Wyrms-tainted European invaders except through becoming entrenched in unnegotiable (and therefore losing) positions, the mountain folk of Appalachia have become mired in patterns that no longer hold the same viability they once had. The qualities that lend strength to the Appalachian character have in many cases become transmuted into grotesque mockeries of their original forms. Pride and independence have given way to arrogance and stubbornness. The meaning behind ancient traditions has been forgotten, leaving the poor substitute of superstition in its wake. The passionate spirituality that once informed religion in the mountains of Appalachia now exists as blind sectarian intolerance. The close-knit sense of community that once welded together the people of the mountains now serves to create a wall of suspicion and mistrust between them and potential allies from the world outside.

The true war for Appalachia is a war to resurrect the spirit of a dying culture from the tomb which threatens to preserve only its mummified remains. The Garou in Appalachia must learn to examine their own blind spots and to see their particular role in the war to preserve the Wyld as part of a larger struggle. The battle against the Wyrms cannot be won without help, nor can time reverse itself to recreate a past that no longer exists. The



Appalachian Garou must embrace the present — even if compromise is the cost. For many Garou, the price may be too high to pay.

How To Use This Book

To understand Appalachia is to learn to look beyond the stereotypes and to grasp how the culture of an area influences its people. This sourcebook attempts to explore both the archetypal images of the region and the truth behind those images, to reveal the Appalachian reality from which the stereotypes were derived, and to provide enough information about this richly evocative land and culture to enable Storytellers to fashion chronicles that will immerse a troupe of characters in the struggles of a dying culture.

The Garou in Appalachia are unmistakably marked by the geography and culture that surround them. The endless vista of mountains caressing the horizon exercises a hypnotic effect on the long-time resident, instilling a feeling of timeless security and changelessness that often results in complacency. To the newcomer or the tourist, the mountains often seem more sinister. For someone raised in flatlands or coastal areas, the circumscribing silhouettes of the Blue Ridge, the Great Smokies, the Cumberlands and other mountain chains can foster a sense of claustrophobia, a fear that the world is collapsing inward. Many non-natives outgrow this sensation, and not a few decide to remain in the area. But others never overcome their anxieties at being caged in by these ancient guardians of the Pure Land's eastern reaches. No one who stands in the valleys of the Appalachians and looks up at the mountains that surround them remains untouched.

The nature of an individual's reaction to the mountain vastness is often the determining factor in her relationship to others, a factor that cuts across class distinctions, ethnic and racial backgrounds, and tribal loyalties. The Appalachian Garou are as affected by this phenomenon as anyone else, and a Bone Gnawer from Tennessee may find she has more in common with a Silver Fang from Kentucky or a Fianna from North Carolina than with those of her own tribe who live in New York, Chicago or San Francisco. In conflicts which involve regional differences, this allegiance to a common territory often overrides all other loyalties.

The World of Darkness, Appalachian Style

In the "Gothic-Punk" universe, Appalachia occupies a special place. The gross dividing lines between rich and poor, the oppressiveness of organized religion and government, and the nihilistic abandon of the younger generation still characterize the area, but the Appalachian "stamp" is unmistakably evident. The cities of the area combine the decadent architecture of the 1920s, a period of frantic urbanization in Appalachia, with more modern styles, creating a unique blend of art-deco kitsch and the functional brutality of the postwar era.

Few urban centers boast skyscrapers of any height, but the mountains which form the backdrop for Appalachian cityscapes substitute their own megalithic presence, more cumbersome in some ways than any tower of steel and concrete.

It is in the depths of these densely-forested mountains that the term "Gothic" comes into its own. Towering trees, some of the world's last remaining virgin forest, cast an ominous pall over the land, their arching branches forming the buttresses of dark cathedrals to unknown and unspeakable gods. Below the earth, vast caverns sprawl like abandoned museums, preserving eerie rock formations, relics of a prehistoric time. A shroudlike cloak of fog permeates the landscape, rising in steaming tendrils from lakes and rivers, drifting down from the mountaintops at dawn and sunset, devouring the horizon so that the border line between the real and the surreal ceases to exist.

The men and women who inhabit this darker Appalachia carry within them dark secrets, curses of blood and lust and greed. Hostile to the outsider, deadly when crossed or threatened, these forgotten children of the coves and hollers move like living ghosts through the backwoods. The grim tales of murderous moonshiners and sinister mountaineers have their origins in these gaunt-faced, hollow-eyed people of the Appalachian wilderness.

The Feel of Appalachia

In many ways, Appalachia is a country within a country. Despite its connections with the modern world, the region retains many distinct characteristics which mark its inhabitants as "different" — as Appalachian. The cultivation and proliferation of Appalachian folk art, crafts, speech, legends, customs and dress lends a unique flavor to both the countryside and the cities of the southeastern mountains.

In order to capture the flavor of Appalachia, to make the land of mountaineers and moonshine stand out as more than just a geographical setting for a *Werewolf* chronicle, a Storyteller should be prepared to spice her stories set in this region with a "goodly" dollop of local color. This can be achieved in several different ways — through descriptions of the physical surroundings that highlight the dramatic topography of the mountains, through emphasizing the regional idiosyncrasies of the area, and perhaps most importantly, through the attitude and speech of the local individuals with whom the Garou characters will interact.

Chapter Two provides the physical details of the southeastern Appalachian mountains, but it is up to the Storyteller to use these details to evoke an unforgettable atmosphere. By conjuring up images of blue-gray mountain peaks fading into the mist or disappearing against the overcast sky, of looming black shadow-mountains silhouetted against the sun's last rays, of twisting mountain trails that suddenly open upon panoramic vistas of an unending procession of forested mountain tops, the Storyteller makes the landscape part of the story, a silent partner in the tales she and her players create for themselves.

Appalachian Dialect

The language of Appalachian people displays many unique characteristics. Some think these derive from its lack of linguistic evolution due to a long period of isolation. Whether or not this is true is a matter for scholars. The fact remains that the mountaineers, like many other cultural groups, seem to have their own peculiar way of speaking. Often looked down upon by educated people, the Appalachian dialect irrevocably marks those who speak it with the stamp of the mountains.

Judicious use by a Storyteller of the following words and phrases will emphasize the "otherness" of the inhabitants of the southeastern Appalachians.

Ast or Ax — ask
 Ballet (pronounced BAL-it) — ballad
 Blockade liquor — moonshine
 Blockader — moonshiner
 Bothen — both
 Budget — bundle (of clothes)
 Chimbley — chimney
 Country pins — counterpanes
 Dip — to use snuff
 Elst — else
 Everwhat — whatever
 Everwhen — whenever
 Everwhich — whichever
 Everwho — whoever
 Fetch me — bring me
 Furriner — foreigner, anyone not from the mountains
 Goose drownder — cloudburst
 Granny women — midwives
 Greens — any kind of green leafy vegetable (turnips, collards, kale, etc.)
 Hit — it
 Holp — help
 Hoppytoad — toad

I swan — I swear
 Jay bird — blue jay
 Ketch — catch
 Kiverlid — coverlet
 'Lasses — molasses
 Miseries — indeterminate aches and pains
 Onliest — only
 Painter — panther (cougar or mountain lion)
 Passel — large group or large amount of something (a "passel of greens")
 Pizen — poison
 Poke — small bag or sack
 Ramp — wild garlic or onion
 Right much — very much
 Sallet — green salad
 Slut — candle made from fat-filled saucer with a wick made of cotton cloth
 Sop — gravy
 Step-ins — underpants
 Tow sack — burlap bag
 Warnut — walnut
 Woolly heads — dense evergreen thickets
 Yaller janders — yellow jaundice
 Yander — yonder
 You'uns — mountain version of you all or y'all

Appalachian speech plays havoc with standard rules of grammar and pronunciation. To affect a tolerable (tol'able) resemblance to the mountain accent (or twang), use "heared" for "heard," "learnt" for learned, "air" for "our," "afeared" for "afraid," and remember that "ain't" is a perfectly acceptable form of "is not." A few stock phrases such as "I reckon" or "I figger" for "I think," or "seems like" for "it seems" can go a long way toward creating believable caricatures of mountain speech. Be careful not to overdo either the dialect or the pronunciation, however. The language of the mountains is colorful, not stupid-sounding.

In addition to visual imagery, the sounds and smells of the region should reflect the peculiar atmosphere of Appalachia. Once away from the familiar noises common to most modern cities, the sounds that penetrate the stillness of Appalachian forests and valleys should convey a remoteness that hints of a world somehow "other" than the land beyond the mountains. Particularly at night, when vision is difficult without some sort of enhancement through Gifts or devices, noises have a communicative power all their own. The strains of banjo music echoing across a broad valley, the drone of locusts and crickets filling the silence so that nothing else — not even the approach of an enemy — can be heard, the softly

persistent hooting of an owl hidden in the distant treetops, the plaintive harmonies of a tent-revival choir rising from the banks near a baptismal stream; all resonate with a singularly Appalachian voice. The **Werewolf Storytellers Handbook** contains an essay on the importance of describing odors — particularly for Garou characters. The description of the sweet, yeasty aroma of fermenting corn mash which indicates the proximity of a hidden moonshine still, the musky odor of bear in the deep forests of the Great Smokies, the cloying stench of old-time hair tonic still used by old-timers, or the stifling smell of turnips boiling over an open flame in a stuffy backwoods cabin warmed by a kerosene heater creates associa-

tive connections for the players that make further details unnecessary.

Just as certain traditions, customs and rites differentiate one ethnic group from another, the living folk culture of Appalachia separates its adherents from America's national mainstream. The pre-industrial, largely self-sufficient methods which the early European settlers in the region employed still persist in many remote areas of Appalachia — and even in larger cities these traditions have lingered on as “Appalachian chic.” When Garou characters meet with an important contact at a local restaurant, they should find themselves confronted with a menu featuring “country-fried” (battered and breaded) steak, eggs and grits, or cornbread and pinto beans rather than standard meat-and-potatoes fare. Entertainments such as square or contra-dancing, bluegrass music fests, turkey shoots, hog callings and pig pickings can provide unique background settings for scenes where Garou characters must contend with large numbers of people subject to the effects of the Delirium.

Since the real atmosphere of most stories comes from roleplaying encounters between the player characters and Storyteller-controlled personalities, the appearance and speech patterns of allies and antagonists in Appalachian stories must be used to invoke a regional feel. In larger Appalachian cities, this distinction in dress and language is not as noticeable — although fashions and slang are not quite up-to-date. (Think of what was “in” five years ago and assume that it has just penetrated Appalachian “modern” culture.) In rural Appalachia, however, the difference between locals and outsiders is evident to the eye and ear. Homespun dresses, overalls, flannel or denim shirts (not worn as a tribute to “grunge”) present a “look” which is quite different from designer-jeans or power-suits. Even if a Storyteller is not comfortable with accents, the insertion of a few local idioms into the speech of individuals encountered by Garou characters can establish a regional flavor.

Contents

Chapter One provides a broad overview of the history of southeastern Appalachia, from the coming of the Pure Ones to this unspoiled region to the invasion by European colonists, a process that began in the 18th century and, in some ways, is still going on in the form of increased tourism. Various social and cultural issues that affect the region, are also detailed as well as the clandestine machinations of the Wyrms' minions and the equally covert counteractions by the forces of Gaia.

Chapter Two covers the geography of the Appalachian mountain range, with a particular focus on the mountains that dominate southeastern Kentucky, eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina. Major cities as well as smaller towns and tourist attractions are discussed, along with the complex system of rivers that carve their way through the mountains. Here are also listed the Garou Protectorates and major caerns found in the southeastern Appalachians, along with the many other places of power — pools of Quintessence, faerie mounds, Haunts and Wyrms Blights — that have arisen or been created in the area.

Chapter Three introduces the Garou of Appalachia and their Kinfolk. Although a few tribes dominate the region, most tribes have some representatives in Appalachia and some actively seek to increase their influence. Others of the Changing Breed are also present in the area and a few individuals are detailed in this section as well.

Chapter Four details the world of Appalachian changelings. In addition to the exiled children of the Dreaming who sought refuge in the mountains from the tide of Banality that swept through Europe, Appalachia has its native faeries, who find themselves doubly threatened by the encroaching tide of modern disbelief and by their European cousins. Rules for creating both European and Nunnehi changelings for Storyteller use are included, as well as profiles of some of the Appalachian fae.

Chapter Five presents a roster of the forces aligned against the Garou as well as neutral groups whose involvement on one side or the other could alter the balance of power between Gaia's warriors and the servants of the Wyrms. Black Spiral Dancers and their Kinfolk, a host of Wyrms creatures, and other malign spirits and beings as well as mortal enemies make the struggle for Appalachia's soul an arduous and perilous one. The majority of the region's small Kindred population fall into the category of “enemies,” by design or default, although there are rare exceptions. The closeness of the Umbra has also given rise to a number of creatures unique to Appalachia, and they, too, are described here.

Chapter Six contains a three-part chronicle, “Appalachian Moonrise,” intended as an example of the kinds of stories that can be told against the backdrop of Appalachia's backwoods and mountain roads. Additional ideas for other stories focusing on various aspects of the region are also provided as spurs to the Storyteller's imagination.

An appendix introduces some new totems for Appalachian Garou as well as new fetishes, talens and Gifts based on the region's native and imported cultures. New totems include plant and rock spirits allied to the Nunnehi. The appendix also presents hints for using the traditional music and stories of the mountains as a means of adding depth and atmosphere to Appalachian chronicles.

Theme: Tradition vs. Change: Difficult Choices

In many ways, Appalachia has been looked upon as America's backward child, the last to learn the ways of modern civilization. But how much of this is due to an inherent lack of appreciation for progress, and how much is an actual realization that “backwardness” is perhaps the only way to preserve what is left of Gaia's legacy? Can Appalachia buy into the American Dream without losing its soul or surrendering to the Wyrms and the Weaver? Mountain culture, crafts and music are either being suppressed or co-opted as “hillbilly chic.” The Cherokees, the last remnants of the “first Appalachians,” struggle to maintain some vestige of their old ways despite the pressures of economic

survival. In some ways, Appalachia must adapt to survive, but how far is too far? Is compromise possible? Can a balance be attained that resembles the original balance of the Triad?

The arrow of time moves in one direction, towards a future defined by change. Modern civilization has weakened the connections between Gaia and her creation. The Wyrms pollute and destroys. The Weaver alienates and distances. Those who cling to the traditional ways often find themselves on the losing side in the battle for survival in an increasingly hostile and competitive environment.

The Garou of Appalachia fight against an army of elusive foes. Unlike many arenas of combat, where lines are clearly drawn and evil dons an appropriate mask, the antagonists in the war for Appalachia cloak themselves in honeyed promises. Appalachian culture is changing as the outside world daily impinges, bringing roads, industry, pollution and the "perks" of the modern world. Satellite dishes dot the coves and "hollers" of the mountains, and the once-isolated cities of the area are now more links on the information highway. The old ways are being replaced by newer technology; where they remain, they serve as a means of attracting tourists to view the "quaint customs" of a dying culture.

Change seems inevitable — but is it? Although the past cannot be recaptured, it may not be too late to transform the future. By bringing the modern world to Appalachia and forcing its inhabitants headlong into the present, the agents of the Weaver and the Wyrms have placed powerful tools into the hands of Gaia's preservers — if Gaia's soldiers are clever enough and resourceful enough to use them wisely.

Mood: Haunting and Past-Ridden

The past still lives in the Appalachian Mountains. Generations of mountain folk have preserved the old ways in crafts, stories, ballads and instrumental music. Years of isolation have created a unique language, the mountain dialect, whose colorful expressions bear witness to an older style of speech. Folk customs and 'superstitions' conceal remnants of knowledge from a time before the coming of science heralded the end of magical truth. In some places as yet untouched by the modern world, these truths still hold power. Garou characters drawn to the Appalachian Mountains should feel haunted by these constant reminders of a simpler, wiser, and more elegant past.

At the same time, Appalachia has witnessed its share of violence, bloodshed and tragedy. The land is "ghost-ridden," and restless spirits cry out for vengeance. The mystical bond between the land and its settlers has too often been corrupted into a desire for possession. Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks and other tribes fought each other over disputed territory, just as later white settlers would fight the "savage" natives for their right to the land. The French and Indian War, the American Revolution, the War of 1812 and the Civil War have all staked out their bloody claims to Appalachian ground. Feuds between mountain clans, battles

between moonshiners and government agents, crimes of passion and acts of desperation have seeded the Dark Umbra with a host of wraiths still bound by the cords of unfinished destiny to the sites of their deaths.

Sources

Information on the southeastern Appalachian region runs the gamut from scholarly treatises on social conditions to popular fiction. One must always take care to sort out fact from misrepresentation, reality from stereotype and accuracy from glamorization. Even lies and exaggerations contain some value, however, since much about a place's image can be gleaned from these distortions. The following list of resources is intended to assist the Storyteller in supplementing the information found in this sourcebook. The World of Darkness presents a warped vision of the real world, so even the most fallacious examples of Appalachian motifs may provide grist for the Storyteller's mill.

Non-Fiction

Trail of Tears, by John Ehle. A celebrated author of numerous novels set in and around the southeastern Appalachians brings a novelist's imagination and sensitivity to the powerful and moving story of the removal of the Cherokee from the region. Ehle writes with clarity and sympathy, portraying the complex history of hope and betrayal which led to the division of the Cherokee Nation and forever stained the inheritance of today's "native" Appalachians. In addition, Ehle's novels provide an insight into the character of the region and its inhabitants.

Strangers in High Places, by Michael Frome. Ostensibly a history of the establishment of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, this graceful work also traces the history of the Appalachian region through the exploration of the individuals who wedded their lives and fortunes to the area. Frome's biases are evident, and not everyone will agree with his conclusions, but the sincerity and care that inform his writing are indisputable. The sheer wealth of information — based on anecdotes, scholarship and first hand observation — makes this a worthwhile sourcebook for Storytellers and players.

Colonialism in Modern America: the Appalachian Case, edited by Helen Matthews Lewis, Linda Johnson and Don Askins. The colonial exploitation of Appalachia is the theme which connects the provocative and revealing essays in this scholarly work. Focusing on the deflation of stereotypes, the rape of Appalachia's forests and coal resources, and the depredations and degradation foisted on the people of Appalachia by federal and state governmental programs of "assistance," this volume is almost guaranteed to deglamorize the region for all but the hardest sentimentalists.

Eighty English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, collected by Cecil J. Sharp and Maud Karpeles. Many traditional mountain ballads had their origins in the British Isles, and this collection, excerpted from the more extensive

English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, presents a good sampling of the regional folk music. A study of the lyrics, many of which tell stories of murder, adultery, incest and other dark passions, can suggest themes or motifs for Appalachian chronicles.

The Spiritual Reawakening of the Great Smoky Mountains, by Page Bryant. This regional bestseller presents an eclectically spiritual interpretation of the cosmology of the Smokies and reflects the growing interest in shamanism, New Age awareness, and alternative religious experiences. Discussions of ley lines, magnetic power grids, sacred sites and spirit creatures provide a wealth of possibilities for chronicles set in the Appalachians.

History, Myths, and Sacred Formulas of the Cherokees, by James Mooney. This classic work of ethnography presents a wealth of information on the history, customs, legends and rituals of the Cherokee. Although it is not easy reading, it is an eminently useful tool for Storytellers.

Fiction

Many excellent novels portraying Appalachian life are currently available. The "Silver John" novels of Manly Wade Wellman, written in mountain dialect, portray a land where spirits, demons, druids and various supernatural critters lurk in the deep hollers and on the lonely balds. Mystery writer Sharon McCrumb's "ballad series" (*Hangman's Beautiful Daughter*; *She Walks These Hills*; *If Ever I Return, Pretty Peggy-O*) makes use of the Appalachian mountains as a setting for modern-day crime. The novels of Thomas Wolfe and John Ehle also draw on the richness of the Appalachian mountains and their history.

Films

The Last of the Mohicans, starring Daniel Day-Lewis. Based on James Fennimore Cooper's novel, this film was shot largely in the mountains of western North Carolina. Considerable controversy surrounded the failure to employ the native Cherokee of the region in the filming. Still, the scenery in the film is spectacular, showcasing the natural beauty of the area.

Thunder Road, starring Robert Mitchum. Mitchum wrote and directed this story of moonshiners and revenuers in the mountains of Kentucky. Many scenes in this film were shot in Asheville, North Carolina, and the nearby mountains. Typical of other films of the '50s, this nevertheless captures some of the local ambiance. Keep the salt shaker handy, but watch it anyway. (Black and white)

Nell, starring Jodie Foster and Liam Neeson. Based on the play "Idioglossia," which was set in the Pacific Northwest, the movie's story and its filming were relocated to Western North Carolina. Although the contrast between the idyllic life of mountain isolation and the frenetic bustle of modern society verges on romantic exaggeration, the photography captures the beauty of the mountains of Graham County and nearby Fontana.



Deliverance, starring Burt Reynolds and John Voigt. The search for the stereotypical degenerate mountaineer ends here, yet some of the mountain folk encountered by the city-born heroes of this psychological adventure film are portrayed with genuine, albeit condescending, sympathy. Spectacular footage of whitewater rapids and the deep backwoods gives a breathtaking look at a vanishing wilderness.

Music

The rich tradition of Appalachian music encompasses the folk tunes and ballads brought from the British Isles and Europe as well as the bluegrass and country styles derived from them. Folk rock and "southern rock" also have roots in the mountains. Vintage recordings by the Carter Family have preserved many of the old mountain ballads in relatively unadorned form, while numerous collections of bluegrass tunes (Irish reels with a mountain twang) capture the feel of the homemade music of the hills. Appalachian ballads were a mainstay in the repertoire of 60s and 70s folk artists such as Joan Baez, the Kingston Trio, Pete Seeger and Peter, Paul and Mary. Modern Appalachian musicians reflect the mix of old and new music. Songwriters like Billy Edd Wheeler use the traditional ballad form to write songs about coal mining and disappearing cultural landmarks. Folk traditionalists David Holt, Jean Ritchie and Phil and Gaye Johnson keep the old songs alive, while other musicians, such as John Prine and the Metro Blues All-Stars (a bluegrass/blues band from Johnson City, Tennessee) breathe a new life into a music as old as the hills.



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Chapter One: From the Beginning (An Appalachian History)

We have become masters of topography. We can rearrange the landscape to suit our fancy, and we can build whatever we please. But having learned to move mountains, we should not forget that mountains still have the power to move us.

— Roger B. Swain, *Saving Graces: Sojourns of a Backyard Biologist*

Appalachia Before the White Man

Gaia's Country: the Land of the Sky

The Appalachian mountain range had its genesis 200 million years ago when the violent shifting of rocks deep within the earth caused the eastern end of the North American continent to buckle. Long before the birth of the Rockies, the Appalachian mountains were already old and the forces of time and weather carved their marks on the rocky surfaces, gradually eroding the massive peaks and creating the graceful, distinctive, gentle lines that characterize the world's oldest mountains.

Driven south by the glaciers that marked the Ice Age, animals and vegetation migrated to the more hospitable climate of the Appalachians, taking root and thriving alongside the already lush growth. The venerable mountains, no longer towering but no less majestic for their age, offered shelter to the remnants of primeval forest.

In this land of verdant forests and ancient mountains, the Wyld reigned supreme. Wyld spirits made their homes in the coves and hollows, in caves and near mountain springs, marking the places where the Umbra touched upon this unspoiled wilderness. The very air was rich with magical essence, and the spirits of Gaia, her totem messengers, visited the earthly paradise that flourished in the mountains.

All this time, hiding patiently in the deepest recesses of the earth, the Wyrms waited, forced to content itself with what corrosion it could easily manifest through the naturally destructive forces of nature. While the Wyld held sway over the surface, the Wyrms rested uneasily, sensing that its time would eventually come.

The migration of people across the Siberian land bridge into the Pure Land heralded a new time of change. From their secret places, the creatures of the Wyld watched the arrival of the Garou and their human charges. For these timeless children of the Wyld, time had begun.

Along with the Pure Ones came the children of the Dreaming. In this land of mountains and mists, the pathways to Arcadia were never far away. Drawn by the dreams of those who migrated across the continent into the southeastern mountains of the Pure Land, these faeries became known



to the Pure Ones as the Yunwi Tsunsi', or Little People, for when they manifested themselves to the humans, they appeared as small wizened old men or delicately beautiful young men and women with long, flowing black hair. The Pure Ones also dubbed them Nunnehi — the ones who live anywhere — for they recognized them as creatures of nature and the Dreaming. The Pure Ones accepted them as another part of Gaia's bounty, one more miracle in this miraculous new country. Like the forces of nature, the Nunnehi could be helpful at some times, hurtful at others.

While the Wendigo remained with the tribes that settled in the northwestern part of the Pure Land, the Croatan and Uktena accompanied the other humans as they spread throughout the continent. Some of the Pure Ones continued east to inhabit the lands along the coast of their new land. With them went the Croatan Garou. Some Uktena accompanied the people who would later become the Seminoles, on their journey southward. The rest remained with the tribes who chose to stay in the mountains. Some of these early peoples died out or were assimilated into other tribes that came from the area north of the Ohio River to settle in the fertile southern mountains: the Cherokees, the Choctaw, the Chickasaw and the Creek. Of these, the most numerous were the Cherokee, who called themselves Ani-Kituhwagi — the "Principal People."

The Cherokee and the Uktena: an Alliance For the Earth

The Pure Ones who settled in the southern Appalachian region found a pattern to their existence that mirrored the cycles of their natural surroundings. In this land of untold bounty and natural beauty, they prospered and created a way of life for themselves that took into account the will and temperament of Gaia. Like the wolf packs and the herds of deer, they formed tribes along family lines. They accepted their role in the natural order of things. As caretakers of Gaia's bounty, they walked softly on the land, taking from the earth, but giving of themselves in return. As predators, they hunted the abundant food animals, taking what they needed for survival, propitiating the spirits of the animals whose lives gave them sustenance.

The Uktena who accompanied the Pure Ones realized that these humans were capable of controlling themselves. The same culture that bred the hunter also gave birth to the warrior, and intertribal warfare, not unlike the Garou's own struggles for dominance within their tribe, served to keep the human population constant. Shifting relations between Cherokee, Chickasaw and Creek often escalated to the point of war, and raids among the tribes were not uncommon. The Impergium was not needed. Instead the Uktena served as distant guides for their human charges. The concept of the wolf as a messenger from the spirit world became entrenched in the religious beliefs of the Pure Ones. Others of the

changing races, the Gurahl and a few Bastet, settled in the region, and likewise made their way into the sacred practices of the people.

The Garou in Appalachia had ample time to seek out Gaia's sacred places and establish caerns in her most secluded areas. They chose these locations carefully, respectfully avoiding the high, grassy "balds" — treeless mounds — which had been marked by the faeries for their own. Gnosis flowed freely through the gentle mountains, and the Uktena faced the unique problem of having too many possible choices. After long deliberation, they settled on a few major caerns where they would tap and focus Gaia's power for the good of the land.

The Pure Ones, too, found their own places of power in the lands they settled. The first shamans walked the land of dreams and learned the wisdom hidden in the mountains. They discovered how to draw forth the energies of the land to amplify their magic. As the civilizations of the Pure Ones became less nomadic and more settled, villages rose up near these places of power.

With the passing of the centuries, the Weaver made her presence known. The human urge to make things, to create pattern from raw materials, manifested itself in the crafts of the Pure Ones. Though the materials at hand were the simple tools of Stone Age civilization, the tribes of the mountains fashioned pottery from the rich clay that surrounded them, wove baskets from the supple reeds in plentiful supply along the rivers, and wore clothing made from the skins of the animals they hunted for food. Weapons for hunting and for warfare — the bow and arrow, spear and club — came from the trees of the forest and the rocks that underpinned the land. The Cherokee, in particular, responded to the Weaver's prompting to organize. Townships and villages dotted the hills and valleys of the Appalachians, each with its ruling council led by a chief.

The practice of slavery was not uncommon among the tribes of the Appalachians, but unlike the African slave trade introduced later by the Europeans, the keeping of slaves was connected primarily to status rather than economic concerns. Among the Cherokee, slaves were referred to as *ati nahsa'i* or *atsi nabsa'i* — "creatures who required care," whether human or animal. These dependents were most commonly drawn from the ranks of war-captives — warriors taken alive in battle or women and children seized in raids on other tribes. The more creatures an individual supported, the greater the status conferred.

The Wyrms, too, found ways to insert its vile influence into the Pure Land. While the native people were protected by their faith and compact with Gaia from direct assault by the Wyrms, its minions stalked the land in the form of monsters, spreading terror by night and claiming a few dark places for their own. The Uktena discovered some of these Wyrms and placed Banetenders there as guardians. The Dreamspeakers of the Pure Ones found others and fought the Wyrms creatures with their own Awakened powers. But some places remained hidden, and in these places the Wyrms waited for the coming of those who could give human form to its powers.

The Coming of the Europeans

You know who they were

They were the ones who killed their brothers to steal from others

You know who they were

They were the ones whose sons and daughters are doing the same

And in their hearts, what did they feel?

Did they think they had the right to steal

Another man's land, who had no name

Oh, they didn't think he'd feel the pain

Why did you do it, white man?

Why did you do it, white man?

— Steeleye Span, "White Man"

The Scot-Irish Influx: Homesteaders, Frontiersmen, Fianna and Fae

As the tide of disbelief in things spiritual or magical swept through Europe, many of the European faeries traveled westward to the Pure Land, which they called the Summer Lands or the Isles of the Blest. Long before the ships of European explorers touched the shores of the continents of North and South America, the fae of Europe made their way across the faerie trods — pathways through the Dreaming — to settle in lands still untouched by the age of science and reason. Where these European faeries proved willing to share their new home with the Little People who had preceded them, pacts were signed and oaths of peace were sworn. In other places, however, great wars — invisible to the eyes of mortals — were fought, presaging the human conflicts that were to come with the arrival of human refugees and settlers from Europe.

In 1540, Hernando De Soto led an expedition north from Florida in search of gold. Although he did not find what he sought, he encountered the Cherokee and the other tribes of the Great Smoky Mountains before turning back unrewarded. During the next 30 years, a few other Spanish fortune seekers followed De Soto's path. Archaeological evidence of their efforts to find riches remains near what is now Franklin, NC, but the Spanish left no lasting presence in the mountains — except for the European diseases they introduced to the unprotected natives. For the first time, the people of the Appalachians knew the ravages of smallpox and other alien maladies.

The first white people to settle the region were traders, trappers, explorers, frontiersmen and others who wished to escape the confines of the English colonies by going westward into the wilderness beyond the colonial territories.

Because the British governors of the New World wanted to keep a firm grip on their holdings and because the mountains which formed the western border of Colonial America were also claimed by the French and the native peoples, settlers were discouraged. Yet those who saw the land wanted it, and many of these early mountaineers moved their families into the fertile coves and mountain valleys despite official prohibition. Since many of these settlers were Fianna Kinfolk, a few Fianna moved into the area as well to protect their bloodlines and to revel in the rare beauty afforded by the unspoiled land. A second immigration of faeries, changelings who now clothed themselves in mortal flesh as a shield against the worst ravages of disbelief and rationality, arrived with the Irish, Scottish and English settlers. Initially, the Cherokee welcomed their pale brothers. There were only a few of them and, far from being a threat, these individuals seemed to want nothing more than to trade, offering tools the Cherokee could not produce in exchange for animal hide. Some of the new arrivals married native women and were adopted into the tribe.

But these traders and explorers were only the first wave. Although many of the newcomers attuned themselves to the natural beauty of their surroundings and sought only to escape the depredations of their colonial masters, others came on behalf of those masters to open the wilderness to settlement by land-hungry families. Still others came at the behest of the Wyrms, who at last found a medium through which it could express its urge to destroy.

The Appalachian tribes found themselves caught between warring groups of settlers from France and England, each eager to possess the land for themselves and for their governments. The British seemed the most amenable, offering not only valuable trade goods but muskets and rifles for defense as well. The particulars of the relationship between the Cherokee and the British were defined by a number of treaties, delineating boundaries between English territories and native lands.

In 1763, as a result of their assistance in the French and Indian War, the British signed a treaty with the Cherokee establishing the Blue Ridge Mountains of the Appalachian chain as the western boundary of British lands and forbidding white settlement of the land beyond those mountains. Unfortunately, this did not stop the influx of settlers. Even more determined not to allow a distant king to dictate the course of their lives and livelihoods, more settlers flocked to the mountains. The rugged individualism of these Appalachian settlers, honed by continued opposition to laws and governments they found unsuitable, was eventually to develop into a steadfast contrariness that would prove to be an asset in the ongoing struggle to preserve Appalachian culture from dissolution.

Selling the Appalachians

You have bought a fair land, but there is a cloud hanging over it... You will find it dark and bloody.

— Dragging Canoe, son of Cherokee chief Attakullakulla, after the Henderson Purchase

In 1775, just before the American Revolution, the Transylvania Company negotiated the purchase of several million acres of land comprising what is now central and western Kentucky and much of northern Tennessee. The company was headed by Richard Henderson, a lawyer from the Carolinas with ambitions to found a fourteenth colony. The Henderson Purchase not only cut off the Cherokees' access to the Ohio River and the rich hunting lands fed by the mighty waterway, but also opened up a vast area of territory to European settlers. Henderson's principal agent for this sale was a rugged mountain explorer named Daniel Boone, a complex man who warred against the native tribes while adopting their customs and adapting himself to the wilderness he both respected and helped to destroy.

For the Uktena, who had monitored the progress of the Pure Ones, the wholesale delivery of chunks of the Pure Land into the hands of the European settlers came as a rude awakening. Even more disheartening was the discovery that other Garou, primarily Fianna and the Get of Fenris, played a part in the acquisition of territory that was under the protection of the Uktena and their flock.

The European Garou who came to the New World in the company of their Kinfolk had fled the Wym-tainted Old Country in search of a new beginning. Like the early settlers who sought escape from the persecutions of the churches of England and Rome, these Garou saw the endless vista of mountains, rivers and forests as a haven of plenty. The only stumbling block to their dreams was that the land was already occupied.

Where the settlers saw the native peoples of the Appalachians as uncultured savages, ignorant of the natural wealth that surrounded them, the Fianna and Get of Fenris who accompanied their Irish, Scotch-Irish and German flocks viewed the Uktena as neglectful guardians of Gaia's lands. The Uktena, for their part, viewed the Fianna and Get of Fenris newcomers as potential usurpers. Thus began the bitter infighting among Garou that has marked the course of the battle for Gaia in the New World.

The Uktena response to the growing incursion of European settlers provided too little too late. The Cherokees were divided in their attitudes towards the pale foreigners, who wanted to trade money and goods for ownership rights to the land they occupied. Many chiefs foresaw the inevitability of white ascendancy and decided that their best course of action lay in making a profit from the sale of their lands and seeking new territory as far away from the settlers as possible. Others were determined to stand firm, turning their backs on the corruptive influence of the Europeans and defending their right to remain in their mountain homes. For the most part, the Uktena sided with the latter group, urging



these Cherokee separatists to acts of war on the pioneers foolish enough to settle on native grounds. A few Uktena, however, supported the advocates of compromise and concession, providing yet another layer of divisiveness that made the advances of the Europeans a foregone conclusion.

The American Revolution

Because the English King had made treaties with the Cherokee, guaranteeing their sovereignty over their own lands and limiting (in theory, at least) the expansion of white settlers, the tribes of the Pure Ones sided with the British when the American colonists finally engaged in open rebellion against the Crown. Led by Dragging Canoe, the son of Attakullakulla, the head chief of the Cherokee nation, an army of warriors from many tribes — united perhaps for the first time in a war to preserve their lands — staged swift and brutal raids on white settlements in the Carolinas. Retaliation from the settlers followed quickly as armies of settlers sought out and destroyed native townships. In the mountains and plateaus of Appalachia, there were no civilians. Women and children on both sides were butchered in the bloody frontier battles that characterized the Appalachian version of the American Revolution. Siding with their respective flocks, Uktena battled Fianna and Get of Fenris in what seemed to each side to be the predicted Apocalypse.

The turning point for the war in Appalachia was the Battle of King's Mountain in 1780, a disastrous defeat for the British and their allies and one which began Cornwallis's downward spiral to Yorktown and surrender. Colonial armies led by mountain-born John Sevier, known to the Cherokee as *Tsanusdi* or "Little John," followed up their victory with a savage war of attrition against the Cherokee, burning whole villages and condemning women and children to slavery, breaking the will of the native tribes in the process. To the victors, as usual, went the spoils — including the coveted lands of the Appalachian territory.

In the aftermath of the American Revolution, the government of the fledgling United States recognized the Cherokee Nation by signing the Treaty of Hopewell in 1785, in which the boundaries between Cherokee and American lands were defined. The states which bordered on these lands protested, since they needed new territory to award to veterans of the war. Once again, a pattern was established — this one forcing the Cherokee into an uncomfortable alliance with the Great Father (the President) against the individual states' governments. This early example of the conflict between the rights of the states and the supremacy of the federal government would later erupt in cataclysmic proportions during the American Civil War. In the meantime, the new nation formed from the thirteen colonies, no longer bound by British constraints, found a vast western wilderness waiting for settlement.

In 1784, a group of settlers on the westernmost border of North Carolina declared their independence from that state and embarked on an attempt at a fourteenth colony — the short-lived State of Franklin, with its capital in what is now Jonesboro, Tennessee. The same John Sevier who earlier had fought the Cherokee during the American Revolution became the first governor of the new “state,” which immediately began to encroach upon territories guaranteed to the native population by the Treaty of Hopewell. After four years of fruitless effort to gain recognition by the federal government, the experiment in statehood collapsed under the weight of its own internal turmoil. But the damage had been done. More land had been claimed for the European invaders, and the inevitable conflicts between settlers and natives led to increasing tensions along the new nation’s western frontier. Sevier continued his self-imposed war against the Cherokee — a campaign which included the assassination of tribal chiefs. Eventually he became the first governor of Tennessee and later a member of Congress, bringing his war against the “savage” tribes of the Appalachians into the halls of power.

America Comes to Appalachia

In 1791, the Cherokee chiefs once again accepted the inevitable by signing the Treaty of Holston, which ceded prime hunting lands to the white settlers. Four years later, Tennessee became the 16th of the United States. The cities of Knoxville, Maryville, and Sevierville (named after John Sevier) grew up on land thus wrested from the Cherokee. Across the Great Smoky Mountains, in North Carolina, the western part of the state was also staking its claim to Cherokee lands, with the incorporation of the city of Asheville (also in 1795) and other towns on land taken from the Cherokee and given to veterans of the Revolutionary War.

The end of the eighteenth century saw a tremendous influx of settlers, encouraged by the new American government’s urge for expansion and their own desires for land and liberty. These new arrivals represented a host of nationalities, among them the Palatine Germans from Pennsylvania, French Huguenots, English, lowland Scots, Irish and Welsh. Most of them were Protestants — Presbyterians, Baptists, Moravians, Congregationalists, Methodists and other sects broken away from the Church of England. These groups saw the mountains of Appalachia both as havens in which they could establish homogeneous communities and as fertile missionary territory, complete with a population of “native savages” waiting to be converted.

While fulfilling their own goals to enlarge their flocks and spread their particular versions of Christianity, these missionaries also served a larger purpose. The federal government, aware that its territories included a large population of indigenous people with no particular loyalty to the United States, sanctioned various movements intended to “civilize” the natives, particularly the Cherokee, whom they saw as most capable of being “enlightened.” At the

same time as white settlers were taking over lands once held by the Pure Ones, missionaries were building schools and churches in Cherokee lands.

During this time period, the rift between assimilationists and separatists grew within the ranks of the Cherokee — and was mirrored in the Uktena who watched the slow erosion of their authority in the Appalachians. For many Cherokee, their only hope lay in becoming enough like the white settlers to be accorded citizenship (and land privileges) in the United States. These Cherokee made earnest efforts to accept the new teachings brought to them by the missionaries and educators. Their children attended mission schools where they learned English (and in some cases were forbidden to speak their own language) and were taught European methods of agriculture and craftsmanship. The missionaries exhorted the Cherokee to put aside their pagan rituals and customs and to embrace the Christian God as the first step in becoming acceptable to “civilized” society. Tribal chiefs such as John Ross and Major Ridge emerged as leaders during this tricky period of negotiation and conciliation.

At the same time, other Cherokee were experiencing a rebirth of the old ways, recognizing that their spiritual death lay in the abandonment of their own special connections to the spirit world. These proponents of separation avoided mixed-blood marriages, by now quite common among the Cherokee, and staunchly opposed the adoption of the settlers’ culture, language and religion.

By the turn of the century, a pattern was established — with the able assistance of minions of both the Weaver and the Wyrn — that would result in the near destruction of the Cherokee in the eastern United States.

The “Removal” of the Cherokee: The Trail of Tears and the Uktena Dispersal

*The spirits of my people cry for
the lands that have been taken from them.
They cry for the difficult destinies
of those who follow
and they cry for the stones lying
inside your hearts.*

— MariJo Moore, “Waterless Tears on the Trail”

The Opening of the Trail

Despite the wishes of the states of the Appalachian region (Tennessee, Georgia, etc.) to acquire the fertile lands of the Cherokee nation, the Cherokees tried to maintain their independence. This long struggle culminated in the forced removal of the Cherokee, a march known as The Trail of Tears.

Long dormant in the Pure Land, the Wyrms began to weaken the hold of the Uktena and their Cherokee Kinfolk. Likewise, the Weaver saw her chance to broaden her web over the new lands now open to her influence.

The white settlers were all too susceptible to the seductions of the Wyrms. Obsessed by their desire to acquire wealth in the form of land to cultivate and exploit, the servants of the Wyrms redoubled their efforts to remove the obvious obstacles in their path toward conquest of the Appalachians.

Even more devastating to Gaia's cause, the Wyrms were able to corrupt many European Garou and their Kinfolk, convincing them that they alone were worthy caretakers of the continent. Believing that the Uktena would be hopelessly inept at dealing with the growing influx of newcomers to the region, the European Garou (which by now included not only Fianna and Get of Fenris, but Silver Fangs, Children of Gaia, Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers) fell unwittingly into the hands of their enemy in their decision to force the Uktena from the region. The concept of manifest destiny — that the white race had a right to the lands of the New World — was supported by a number of Garou and their Kinfolk as well as by the majority of settlers in the Appalachians.

A series of treaties signed at Tellico between the Cherokee and the U.S. government between 1798 and 1805 signaled the beginning of the end for Uktena supremacy in the eastern United States. Internal division within the Cherokee prevented the formation of a united front. It is not certain that even a single-minded resistance to the political machinations of the government would have resulted in anything other than wholesale defeat. Many Uktena listened to the whisperings of the Wyrms as well as the counseling of the Weaver and encouraged their Kinfolk to compromise.

Over the next decade the Cherokee made a concerted effort to adapt to the now-dominant culture that surrounded them and began inexorably to squeeze them out of arable lands into the high mountains. In 1809, the Cherokee established a code of laws based on the American legal system and shortly thereafter instituted their own mounted patrols — "light horse guards" — to police their own people after the fashion of the white settlers. Cherokee leaders visited Washington and met with various U.S. Presidents during this period to plead their right to remain on tribal lands. The White Father in Washington (whoever he happened to be at the time) generally responded with expressed concern for the well-being of the Cherokee, but as the century progressed, the messages from the capital began to intimate that the best course of action for all concerned would be for the Cherokee to remove themselves beyond the reach of white settlers. The Cherokee National Council, established in 1802, attempted to deal honestly with the American government, seeking recognition on equal terms, but the Wyrms' corrupting influence led many leaders down the path of bribery.

The Cherokee who advocated assimilation into white society fell prey to the same vices that afflicted those whose ways they imitated. Many tribal chiefs became plantation owners, managing large estates in the farmlands still available to them. They lived in large houses and owned African slaves, less for the labor provided than for the status such ownership conferred. Mistakenly believing that acting and dressing like white men would result in their eventual securing of their own place in the United States, the Cherokee failed to take into account the internal friction between state and federal governments. In particular, Georgia and Tennessee resented Washington's usurpation of what they felt was their right to determine their own boundaries.

Meanwhile, the cause of Cherokee separatism was growing. In 1812, when war again broke out between the United States and England, the Uktena who saw only the steady encroachment of the Wyrms saw their chance to make a decisive stand.

The Shawnee Chief Tecumseh and his brother Tenkwatawa, called the Prophet, began a campaign to unite all the tribes — Shawnee, Sioux, Creek, Cherokee and Chickasaw — into a confederacy whose aim was to drive the white man from the area. Tecumseh saw the English as potential allies whose successes could help contain the spread of the American nation. Many Uktena encouraged their Kinfolk to join with Tecumseh. The Cherokee, however, after much debate, declined, as once again the forces advocating moderation and peace with the Americans gained the upper hand. Instead, civil war broke out between two Creek factions — one comprised of younger warriors inspired by Tecumseh's message, the other made up of more conservative Creeks who declined to make war with the whites. The Cherokee found themselves drawn into a war to put down the "Red Sticks," as the younger Creeks were known.

On the advice of the U.S. government's federal agent, Return J. Meigs, Cherokee warriors entered the war as members of the volunteer army from Tennessee. Many of them served under General Andrew Jackson, an ambitious frontier politician and Indian fighter who hated the English and saw the native tribes of Appalachia as obstacles in the path of American territorial expansion. Despite his misgivings, Jackson was forced to admit that the Cherokee soldiers under his command were consummate wilderness fighters when their skill in tactics and battle proved the turning point in his war against the Creek.

After the Cherokee defeated the Creek, Jackson went on to fight the British in Louisiana and win fame as the hero of the Battle of New Orleans. His prominence drew the attention of members of the Seventh Generation, who enlisted his support to further their cause — the defilement of humanity through the corruption of its most basic values. The Cherokee, meanwhile, returned to their homes to find that American soldiers — on their own way to war — had despoiled their lands, stealing crops and horses as war supplies. The federal government largely ignored their protests.



Tecumseh's death and the defeat of the Creek and the British removed the most deadly threat to American westward expansion. The Creek forfeited most of their lands as a result of the Red Sticks' war against the whites. Only the "pesky Indians" who remained in the Appalachians, desperately clinging to a dwindling homeland, now prevented the new country's growth. Responding to the states' demands for more land, the U.S. government began a steady push to oust the Cherokee from the Appalachians by buying their land out from under them. The mandate for "removal" of the Cherokee was received in Washington by President Madison, who himself advocated the "peaceful" relocation of the tribes occupying potential American lands.

In 1817, two thousand Cherokee moved westward to Arkansas, ceding their lands in the east to the United States. In 1819, a treaty between the U.S. government and the Cherokee claimed most of the Great Smoky Mountains for America, setting the eastern border of Cherokee lands at the Little Tennessee River. Only a few Cherokee were left behind in the Smokies, fortunate recipients of a loophole in the treaty that allowed their lands the status of "individual reservations." One of these was Drowning Bear, an Uktena Kinfolk initiated into the Dreamspeaker Tradition. He and his followers turned away from the offerings of the white settlers and remained in the high mountains where they avoided contact with white customs, language and religion. They also forswore the curse of the white man's liquor,

which was already beginning to assert its corruptive influence among the Pure Ones.

In 1821, a Cherokee silver worker alternately called Sikwa'yi, George Gist (his name among the white traders) or Sequoyah presented the Cherokee National Council with the results of nearly a decade of labor — a written alphabet for the complex sounds of the Cherokee language. This Weaver-inspired gift of literacy not only enabled the Cherokee to preserve their people's traditions and lore on paper, but also became a new medium of communication for expressing the goals of the Cherokee nation.

The Cherokee Nation

"We, the representatives of the people of the Cherokee Nation in convention assembled, in order to establish justice, ensure tranquility, promote our common welfare, and secure to ourselves and our posterity the blessing of liberty; acknowledging with humility the goodness of the sovereign Ruler of the Universe, in offering us an opportunity so favorable to the design, and imploring his aid and direction in its accomplishment, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Government of the Cherokee Nation."

— preamble to the Constitution of the Cherokee Nation, adopted in 1827

In Georgia and Alabama, the Cherokee still held fast to their lands. Here the leaders of the tribes began consolidat-

ing their limited powers to establish themselves on an equal footing with the United States. In 1820, a judicial administration incorporating eight districts was formed, along with a republican government under a Principal Chief and a bicameral legislature. Emerging as leaders of the Cherokee nation were John Ross and Major Ridge, mixed-bloods whose commitment to the welfare of their people led them along two different paths. The establishment of a Cherokee National Supreme Court in 1822, the designation of the city of New Echota, in the Cherokee lands of northern Georgia, as the capital of the Cherokee nation and the adoption of a written constitution gave the Cherokee hope that they would be able to remain on tribal lands in coexistence with the larger American nation that surrounded them.

Other forces, however, were eagerly seeking the removal of the Cherokee and their Uktena guardians from the region. The discovery of gold in the mountains of southeastern Appalachia became the lever used by the Wyrms to pry the Cherokee from their sacred ground. The states whose claims to land overlapped the Cherokees' national boundaries clamored for the removal of the natives who stood in the way of expansion. Gold fever brought hordes of Wym-driven fortune-seekers into the area.

In 1828, Andrew Jackson became president of the United States, and the Wyrms found a dependable ally in its struggle to oust Gaia's guardians from their long-time home. The passage of the Indian Removal Act in 1830 began the inevitable countdown. Given license by the U.S. Government, the states began confiscating Cherokee lands. They passed laws prohibiting the Cherokee from participating in public assemblies, mining for gold, or testifying in court. Despite a Supreme Court decision supporting the sovereignty of the Cherokee nation, the drive for relocation continued as the affected states, urged on by President Jackson, defied Washington's judicial authority. In the person of "Old Hickory," the machinations of the Seventh Generation conspired to rip apart the fabric of Cherokee society, separating them from the land which gave them sustenance and preparing the way for a near-genocidal assault on the descendants of the Pure Ones.

The Garou of the region were divided, as well, by the schemes of Wym-ridden politicians and greed-mongers. The Uktena were reluctant to leave the site of so many places of power and knowledge. Not only their caerns were at stake, but other places where Wym spirits had been arduously bound and which required constant monitoring to ensure the binding remained strong. Some Uktena considered the Dreamspeakers among the Cherokee as allies in their quest for knowledge of the Wyrms and its weaknesses. If the Cherokee were forced to abandon their lands, the shamans would leave as well — and the places they guarded would be vulnerable to assault. Some European Garou, seduced by misplaced feelings of destiny, supported the efforts to clear the land of the Cherokee,

reasoning that, by virtue of their familiarity with the new civilization taking shape on the American continent, they would be fitter guardians of Gaia. Under cover of the violent struggles between white usurper and native defender, European Garou attempted to seize Uktena caerns and learn the locations of other sites of power in the Appalachians.

By this time, many Cherokee felt that removal was inevitable and began to prepare for it as best they could by selling off the land that remained to them in return for money and goods to assist them in their new home west of the Mississippi. Others, under the leadership of John Ross, insisted on their right to remain in their own land.

This bitter division also split the Uktena into two opposed camps. One group geared up for a battle to defend their caerns, while others — determined to accompany their Kinfolk into exile — prepared for a transfer of power to their European successors.

The Cherokee, however, were not without allies in their struggle to remain in the mountains. Some European Garou were not blinded by their pride. A belated lobby, urged on by Fianna who recognized in the persecution of the Cherokee the echoes of their own ancestors' struggles in Ireland and Scotland, attempted to stay the arm of the U.S. government. Included in the list of supporters of the Cherokee's right to retain their mountain lands were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and Davy Crockett. The minions of the Wyrms refused to give way. In 1838, under the command of General Winfield Scott, the eviction of the Cherokee began. 14,000 men, women and children were rounded up and confined in concentration camps until their army "escort" was ready.

"The Trail Where We Cried"

The long road into exile, which came to be known as the Trail of Tears, began in October 1838. It ended in March 1839, with the arrival of the eastern Cherokee in the Oklahoma lands set aside for them. In addition to the physical hardships of travel across unfamiliar and unforgiving territory in the depths of the winter, starvation and disease were responsible for the death of one-fifth of the Cherokee who undertook the forced march to a strange land.

The inheritors of the lands once occupied by the Cherokee were quick to seize upon their new acquisitions. The minions of the Wyrms rejoiced, confident that they had won a major victory. Many European Garou likewise saw the removal of the Cherokee as desirable, since the apparent absence of the Uktena meant that they had no more rivals for Gaia's stewardship in the mountains. They were wrong.

In spite of the efforts to drive out the Cherokee, a few determined groups remained behind, taking shelter in the

many cave systems under the mountains, hiding in the deep woods, or escaping from the soldiers along the trail and returning to their homes. Assisted by a few Uktena who also stayed behind, unwilling to hand over their secrets to the invaders, even if they were other Garou, this remnant eventually won the right to stay in the home of their ancestors. Through the efforts of William Thomas, a white trader, land speculator and friend of the aging chief Drowning Bear, many of the Cherokee living in Western North Carolina were able to stay on land he had bought, land which later became the cornerstone of the Qualla Reservation of the Eastern Band of the Cherokee.

Because so many Uktena traveled west with the exiled Cherokee, many caerns they had protected were abandoned, their locations unknown to those who supplanted the native Garou. The Uktena who remained behind were loath to share their knowledge with their European counterparts; they held councils and moots in which they hotly debated the protection of the Appalachian caerns. Factions arose within the decimated Uktena ranks. One group advocated accepting necessity. Gaia's holy places needed protection from the Wyrms-creatures and tainted humans that now had free reign over the land, and all Garou, even the European newcomers, should be enlisted in the work of guardianship. Another group, driven by anger, insisted that the foreign Garou should pay the price for their folly. The invaders had taken their land; let them try to keep it without the help of the Uktena.

While the debates raged, the agents of the Wyrms set about their task, laying the seeds of corruption that would blossom in the heartland of the mountains. Word began to spread that there was a vast land in the Appalachians waiting for settlement. The removal of the Cherokee had opened the way for a flood of homesteaders and land developers, many of whom saw a wealth of resources in the forests and under the earth which were ripe for exploitation. Others, who followed the pattern of the Weaver, sought to build upon the land and to make paths — roads and railroads — for others to follow. By the time the Uktena had settled their differences and had agreed, at least in part, to share some of their secrets with the European Garou, the Wyrms and the Weaver were firmly in place.

The Civil War and Reconstruction: Appalachian Style

Brother Against Brother: Pack vs. Pack

Like many of the border states during the Civil War, Appalachia suffered from divided loyalties. When North Carolina joined the Confederacy after the attack on Fort Sumter, many mountaineers in the western part of the state saw little point in joining in a war which they felt did not affect

them. Despite their state's allegiance to the Southern cause, many in eastern Tennessee volunteered to fight in the Union Army. Kentucky's avowed "neutrality" did not stop individuals from joining battle according to their conscience or their desire for adventure and excitement.

Although many people sympathized with the Union's abolitionist policies, others saw the Confederacy as the last bastion of "states' rights." The reluctance to submit to any centralized authority, ingrained in the hearts of natives of the Southern Highlands, brought many individuals into the rebel camp. There were others, too, who recognized that at the heart of the "War Between the States" lay another conflict, the triumph of industrialization over an agriculturally based economy. Unlike much of the hard-core South, Appalachia had few large plantations to speak of and was not so dependent on slave labor for productivity. The end result of all this was that a number of Appalachians joined the Union Army. This set neighbor against neighbor, and sometimes caused splits in families.

The Kinfolk and Garou of Appalachia were likewise affected. Some saw the evils of slavery and opposed the rampant spread of agriculture, where others saw a Union victory as an open door to the industrialization of the Appalachian wilderness. In many cases, old tribal rivalries arose and the presence of Fianna Kinfolk on one side was just cause in the minds of some tribes, such as the Get of Fenris, to join the other army. Young Garou saw a vehicle for venting their Rage and for testing their warriors' skills. Many longstanding feuds between Appalachian families had their origin during this period. Where Kinfolk were involved, the perpetuation of these blood-wars has, in some cases, caused dissension among (and in some cases within) the Garou tribes.

Both the Union and Confederate armies fought skirmishes in the mountains. In addition, the warren of coves and hidden places made the Appalachians an ideal hideaway for deserters, outlaws and renegades. Many of these were Kinfolk of the Black Spiral Dancers, who gleefully chose this time of unrest and confusion to stake their own claim upon the land.

Resources For the Taking: the Way of the Weaver

The aftermath of the Civil War saw the botched efforts of "Reconstruction" in the defeated South. The mountains did not suffer the wholesale depletion of their livelihood to same extent as the plantation-bound, cotton-dependent regions of the South. Nevertheless, the breakdown of established ways and the change in power structure brought on by the fall of the Confederacy resulted in an influx of new invaders to the area.

During the period between the end of the War Between the States and the turn of the century, land speculators descended upon the rich forest lands of Appalachia. In eastern Kentucky, Northern investors sent their agents to purchase the mineral rights to the land, assuring the people who owned the land that they would retain their claim to the surface. Many

mountain families saw a simple way to increase their wealth and accepted these agents' money for the growing coal industry. Throughout the Appalachians, the lumber companies began buying up acres of forest, much of it virgin timber. Railroad lines began to penetrate the mountains, since it was necessary to assure the timely delivery of raw resources to the industrial Northeast, where they could be turned into marketable commodities. Factories set up stakes in many of the small towns of eastern Tennessee, while the larger cities of Knoxville and Chattanooga were targeted for wholesale industrial development.

At this time, as well, a concerted effort was begun to "educate" the mountain-folk. Missionaries and educators arrived in Appalachia, possessed by a desire to better the quality of life and learning for the backward mountaineers. Some native Appalachians, exposed by their war experiences to the greater American culture that had somehow passed them by, applauded this effort to transform a largely illiterate populace into citizens of a forward-looking, progressive nation. Education, as defined by the American legal system, was moved out of the home and into the school room.

As the region's cities began to flourish in their own right, the Glass Walkers, who had heretofore little reason to interest themselves in rural Appalachia, saw their opportunity to help direct the development of urbanization in the mountains. Arriving with their Kinfolk, these Garou quickly set about trying to establish their influence where they felt it was most needed, hoping that they could ensure the harmonious integration of human population centers with Gaia's Wyld places. In most cases, their dreams were doomed to failure thanks in part to the manipulations of the Wyrms and in part to the lack of cooperation afforded them by the Garou who were already based in the Appalachians and who saw the Glass Walkers as just another unwanted outside influence.

The Children of Gaia were already present in the Appalachians due to the early arrival of their Kinfolk with the first missionaries to the Cherokee. They received a boost to their numbers during the last half of the 19th century. Unlike the Glass Walkers, the Children of Gaia experienced less hostility, primarily because of their willingness to defer to the Garou already in place. Their Kinfolk, however, were to some extent treated by the locals as outsiders or "furriners," a fact which roused the resentment of some of the normally peaceful Garou.

The Twentieth Century

Thus two Appalachias grew up in the same domain, side by side and yet strangers to each other. One, the Appalachia of Power and Wealth, consists of huge land, coal, oil, gas, timber and quarry companies that "recover" the minerals from the earth; rail, barge and pipeline companies that convey the minerals to markets; and steel, refining, chemical and utility firms that convert the minerals to marketable products. This Appalachia, headquartered in New York and Philadelphia, is allied to mighty banks and insurance companies...

The second Appalachia is a land devastated by decades of quarrying, drilling, tunneling and strip-mining. Five thousand miles of its streams are silted and poisoned beyond any present capacity to restore them, and as many more are being reduced to the same dismal state. Its people are the old, the young who are planning to leave and the legions of crippled and sick. Its lawyers thrive on lawsuits engendered by an ultrahazardous environment.

— Harry M. Caudill, "O, Appalachia" (1973)

Industrial Rape and Exploiters of the Land: the Wyrms Begins to Crawl

*Then the coal company came,
With the world's largest shovel,
Well they tortured the timber
And they stripped all the land.
And then they dug for the coal,
Til the land was forsaken,
Then they wrote it all down
As the progress of man.*

— John Prine, "Paradise"

The real rape of the Appalachian wilderness did not reach its full extent until the beginning of the 20th century, when the seeds planted by the post-Civil War profiteers and carpetbaggers brought forth their terrible fruit. In some ways, the history of Appalachia in the first half of the 1900s can be summed up by the words "logging" and "strip mining." The discovery of the "seemingly inexhaustible resources" of the Appalachian wilderness proved too much for the Northern industrialists to resist. The growth of the railroads made transporting raw materials in quantity a feasible enterprise. With few laws to curb excesses, Appalachia became the victim of America's greed.

In eastern Kentucky, Northern and British coal companies began systematically mining the land they had purchased for a few cents to the acre. Deep mines gouged holes in the ground, while the more economical method of strip mining razed thousands of acres of land. The mountaineers who had sold the mineral rights to their property discovered just what they had sold when the big machines moved in and they were forced to move out. A series of company towns grew up around the mines. Many former landowners were compelled by necessity to labor as miners, slaves to the companies in all but name.

To transport the mined coal to the industrial processing centers of the northeast and overseas to Europe, railroad lines were laid through the mountains. The sparse population of the surrounding area could not supply enough labor for both railroad construction and mining operations, so workers were imported to do the job. Many of these were immigrants brought from Europe by labor agents, black and

white sharecroppers from the deep South lured by promises of a new start, and Chinese laborers commandeered by the railroads. Crowded into dismal boom towns owned and operated by the companies, resented by the longtime residents who saw only their strangeness and the competition their presence provided, these newcomers to the region accelerated the already developing stratification process whereby a few absentee property owners held all the wealth, while the majority lived in abject poverty.

Eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina lacked the rich coal deposits of Kentucky, but both areas possessed thousands of acres of virgin forest ripe for the taking. As the coal companies ravaged Kentucky, the lumber companies pillaged the forests of the Smokies and the Blue Ridge. Instead of mining towns, logging camps grew up overnight. By the 1930's, most of the old-growth balsam forests of the Tennessee mountains had fallen to the axe, and railroad lines destroyed even more land as a by-product of their construction.

To the Garou who watched all this with growing rage at their inability to stop it, the hand of the Wyrms was all too evident. One by one, Wyrms creatures that had once been firmly bound and guarded by Uktena Banetenders found unexpected and welcome release as the mining machines and foresters' axes freed them from their Umbral prisons. Local Garou expended their energies trying to hunt down and destroy these creatures before they could do further harm to an already damaged land. The Fianna Ahroun Seamus Laughs-at-the-Kill roamed the forests of the Great Smoky Mountains, seeking out and battling the Wyrms' minions loosed by the carelessness of the logging companies. In Kentucky's Harlan County, a fierce pack made up of members of the Get of Fenris and led by the veteran Dieter Wyrms-crusher, prevented the emergence of a powerful Nexus Crawler who had long been trapped in a seam of coal. That battle, resulting in the collapse of the mine, appeared to be just another disaster in the dangerous business of coal-extraction. Only the Skald Jutta Runesister survived to howl the true tale of her pack's costly victory over the Wyrms.

The crisis that developed over the combined destruction of the land (with the subsequent creation of Wyrmsites within the Appalachian Umbra) and the exponential increase in population finally succeeded in uniting all the region's Garou, regardless of their territorial claims. Even the Uktena realized the necessity for at least temporarily putting aside old grudges to deal with the assault on Gaia. While the Fianna, Get of Fenris, Uktena and rural Bone Gnawers harried the despoilers of the land, the Glass Walkers and Children of Gaia and their Kinfolk made inroads towards bettering the living conditions of the human population through their efforts in the growth of labor unions.

Playgrounds for the Rich: Land Developers and a Kindred Plot

At the same time that industrialists were systematically raping the land, the idle rich were beginning to discover the beauties of the Appalachian wilderness. Appalachia became a "vacation land" for the sons and daughters of the rich and the beautiful. In the 1890s, George Washington Vanderbilt, whose grandfather had made his fortune in the railroad and shipping industries, purchased 2,000 acres near the city of Asheville, NC for the purpose of constructing a resort home. Noted architect Richard Morris Hunt designed the "Biltmore House" — or the Vanderbilt Chateau — in the castlelike style of the French chateaux of the Loire. To landscape the grounds, Vanderbilt hired Frederick Law Olmsted, the extraordinary landscape designer (and Bone Gnawer Kinfolk) responsible for the creation of New York's Central Park (see Werewolf: the Apocalypse). Olmsted, in turn, brought Gifford Pinchot whose European-learned concepts of forestry and forest management would eventually pioneer the National Forest Service.

The crisp mountain air was deemed salubrious for people suffering from various ailments from tuberculosis and asthma to dipsomania (alcoholism), and a number of prestigious sanatoria were established for those wealthy enough to "take the cure."

In the early part of the 20th century, Asheville and other cities played host to celebrities like F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald. This served to open up the region to "cultural expansion" as the migratory fair-weather residents brought with them the customs and lifestyle of the northern cities which were their bases of operations. Coincidentally, they exposed the region's natives to a way of life they could only envy. In many of the cities of Appalachia, a new branch of employment opened up — as servants to tend to the needs and maintain the homes of Appalachia's part-time aristocracy and as staff for the many hotels and resorts.

The Battle for the Wilderness

In 1911, the Weeks Law was passed, the result of intense lobbying by astute Kinfolk and other environmentalists in Washington, enabling the establishment of national forests in the eastern United States. One of the primary proponents of federal purchase and management of vanishing forest lands was the same Gifford Pinchot who first introduced forestry to George Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt's widow in 1916 deeded 80,000 acres of forest land (part of the Biltmore estate) to the U.S. Government, thus forming the core of the Pisgah National Forest. As national forests and park areas began to spring up all over the country as a way of preserving (and utilizing and making money from) the wilderness, a

movement to section off a large part of the Great Smoky Mountains as a National Park began to gain momentum.

For the Garou, this period of affluent interest in the region seemed both a boon and a curse. As the mark of the Weaver grew stronger across the land, the local population experienced a greater exposure to the outside world. The modernization of Appalachia began to undermine the traditional way of life, loosening the connections between the people and the land. The progress of the Wyrms, however, was abated somewhat by the fact that the influential families who spent their summers in the mountains were able to preserve a great deal of the wilderness, at least in the areas where they took up residence.

The early decades of the 20th century also brought the attention of the Kindred, whose interest in human affairs led them to investigate the area. Although the lack of population discouraged intensive settlement by the undead, the privacy afforded by the mountainous terrain attracted a few Kindred seeking to build their own power bases away from prying eyes. A number of Appalachian towns became "one-vampire" princedoms. Other Kindred, particularly the Toreador and the Ventrue, acted through agents to larger cities, such as Asheville, Knoxville and Chattanooga, hoping to influence sufficient expansion to enable them to relocate there with their broods.

The collapse of the stock market and the Depression of the 1930s brought this period of thoughtless exploitation to an abrupt end. The repercussions manifested themselves in the sudden depletion of the region's fragile economy. Summer homes were shut down and sold off, luxury hotels closed, and the people whose livelihood was dependent on the regular influx of monied visitors found themselves unemployed.

In 1933, President Roosevelt signed the Tennessee Valley Authority Act (TVA) and with the stroke of his pen changed the course of Appalachian history. Over the next 20 years, a system of dams and hydroelectric power plants tamed the Tennessee River, increasing its navigability and reducing the potential flood damage that limited the agricultural development of the Tennessee Valley. While this wholesale monument to the Weaver resulted in the rapid rise of the living standard of the people affected by its presence and in the creation of a number of scenic lakes which would become the nucleus of a water-based recreational industry, it also had a dark side. The evacuation of whole communities (many of which contained large numbers of Kinfolk) from land destined to become artificial lakes severed many Garou from their kinship network. Additionally, the destruction of the land loosed a number of bound Wyrms creatures. Finding and rebinding them diverted the attention of local Garou from the less immediate but longer-lasting foothold gained by the Wyrms.

The need to fuel its steam plants made TVA one of the area's largest coal purchasers, and its predilection for cheap coal (low heat/high sulfur) increased atmospheric pollu-



tion. Although TVA became one of the largest spurs to employment in the Tennessee Valley (including the Cumberland Plateau region), most of the jobs created were dependent on its existence. While improving the quality of life (by modern standards) for the area's human population, the Tennessee Valley Authority also assisted indirectly in the degradation of land in other areas through its support of the coal and lumber industries.

The Tourist Industry

"They [the mountains] ain't changed so much 'til the last few years. For quite a while I knew everybody between here and Dillsboro, every family. I could tell you who lived up and down all the creeks and everything about them. Now I don't even know my own neighbors that live around here. They're from Florida. Well, they call them Florida people, but most of them's raised up North, ain't they? New York, Pennsylvania. They go to Florida and they get dissatisfied there, and they come back here maybe from Florida. People like Florida, but it's just more of a vacationing place. They're making a vacation ground out of this, ain't they? This whole mountain area through here is just getting to be a tourist section, ain't it?"

— Grady Reed, mountain resident, in *Mountain Voices*

The latter half of the 20th century saw a revival of interest in "land development" in Appalachia. For an increasingly mobile population with time and money on their hands, the mountains once again began to attract hordes of tourists and part-time residents. Investors and land speculators built theme parks, hotels, and recreational resorts, including ski slopes complete with artificial snow on some of the higher mountains.

In 1961, the Cataloochee Ski Resort became the South's first mecca for skiers; others soon followed. The Nantahala Outdoor Center, founded in 1972, quickly made a name as a haven for wilderness sports enthusiasts, offering courses in rock climbing as well as whitewater raft excursions and mountain bike tours. The mountains themselves continued to provide the main impetus for the influx of tourists who came to the area in droves to see the spectacular fall colors. Although sight-seeing provided an inexpensive form of recreation for out-of-towners, these visitors still needed places to stay and things to do while they were taking in the local color. This set the stage for local and outside entrepreneurs, who devised a number of ways for tourists to spend their time and money.

The road system through the mountains soon became lined with hundreds of souvenir shops where "authentic" mountain and Native American goods could be purchased. Many scenic mountain formations like Blowing Rock, Looking Glass Falls, Linville Caverns and Chimney Rock were transformed into "attractions," surrounded by commercial enterprises including hotels, stores, restaurants and golf courses.

While the Garou of Appalachia are united in their opposition to the more obvious forms of environmental

destruction such as mining, deforestation, air and water pollution, they are more divided over the incursion of the Weaver into the area. Many Glass Walkers and younger Garou of other tribes see the increase in population to be a potential asset to the war for Gaia. They reason that the more people who are exposed to the real beauty afforded by nature, the more advocates they will gain for preservation of the wilderness. Even the most urban of the Glass Walkers, however, quail at the hideously blatant commercialization and trivialization of the mountain landscape. English folklorist Cecil Sharpe suggested when he visited the mountains in 1917 that a fence be built around the southern Appalachians to keep outside influences from ruining the culture. This thought appeals greatly to the Garou.

Vanishing Culture: the Mainstreaming of Appalachia

It's not enough to simply own a region if you cannot control it and then exploit it. In order to do this, you need people in the middle who will do the dirty work. You need an educated class willing to run the local businesses, set up schools and other institutions which train people to do the job and keep their minds and mouths shut. You need an educated class to keep poor people in their "place."

Around the world wherever empires are built, you can see the same process at work. An educated class is built from the native people — a class whose loyalties are not to their own people but to the people who own the region. These educated people, the middle men, are paid well with material benefits, money, status, and power. And they rule with an iron fist. Once such a system is established, it's not necessary for the rich folks to pass down orders to their stooges. The stooges already know what their self interests are and they will protect them at all costs.

— Mike Clark, "Education and Exploitation" in *Colonialism in Modern America: the Appalachian Case*

Improving the Appalachian Mind

The 20th century further brought an influx of "educators" and scholars to the area, drawn by the discovery of the quaint Highland culture that had remained untouched for nearly 200 years. Well-meaning individuals came to the mountains to collect the stories and ballads of the "hillbillies," while missionaries of various sorts came to proselytize.

Educators arrived, filled with their convictions that the backwards people of Appalachia needed to be brought into the mainstream of American culture. Bright mountain children were targeted, taught to speak "proper English" instead of their antiquated mountain dialect, and sent out of the region to be educated in the universities of the Northeast. These children would later return, convinced of their duty to help erase the "stigma" attached to their mountain heritage.

Institutions of higher learning were established in Appalachia. Privately funded colleges endowed by various religions, such as Berea College in Kentucky and Warren

Wilson College in North Carolina, as well as adjuncts of state universities, sought to broaden the horizons of youthful Appalachians. A high percentage of the schools that prospered in the region, however, were not liberal arts colleges or universities, but vocational schools and teachers' colleges. The message inherent in their existence was clear: teach the mountaineer to aspire, but not too highly; teach the hillbilly a trade, but not a profession; inculcate in her a sense of superiority over her less educated neighbors; then send her out to teach those neighbors her advanced attitudes. Most importantly, make her despise her roots and seek to imitate the customs and mores of the modern world.

Unfortunately, many Glass Walker and Children of Gaia Kinfolk were involved in this campaign to educate the highland natives. In most cases, this was due to the belief that once the world had discovered the mountain culture, the mountaineer's best defense lay in an increased ability to deal with the outside world on its own terms and in its own language. Regardless of their motivation, however, the resultant erosion of mountain values and their replacement with modern notions has taken its toll. Where the Wyrms made great inroads in the devastation of the land, the Weaver's greatest success came from her systematic (and nearly successful) attempt to destroy the culture of Appalachia.

The region's isolation has gradually dissolved due to the continued growth of its cities and the efforts of educators and social reformers. In part, the Weaver has been assisted by the Glass Walkers, who see the benefits inherent in progress and look somewhat dimly on their backwoods Garou cousins. This presents a problematic situation for the Garou of the region, and serves to divide them, weakening their ability to fight the Wyrms' growing influence.

Carving the Roads

In 1935, the construction of a scenic roadway across the top of the Appalachian Mountain Range from the Shenandoah Mountains in Virginia through North Carolina's Blue Ridge to the Great Smokies of Tennessee began. Known as the Blue Ridge Parkway, this highway had the stated intention of making the mountain scenery accessible by automobile, a boon for visitors unwilling to risk the perils of direct confrontation with the wilderness. Despite attempts to conform to the contours of the mountains and minimize the impact on the environment, the building of the Parkway involved blasting away huge chunks of the mountains. Agents of the Wyrms were on hand to ensure that at least some of the places destroyed to make way for this scenic roadway were places once sacred to the Wyld. Vengeance-of-the-Mountains, a bold Uktena Theurge, made a name for himself and brought his tribe much glory with his relentless pursuit of many of the Wyrms-spirits released by the carving of the mountains.

The system of superhighways, or interstates, has also resulted in the loss of much mountain wilderness. Begun in

1956, when the federal government authorized \$25 billion for interstate highway construction, major connectors like I-40, I-26, and I-75 now link Appalachia with the rest of the country. Now areas such as the Great Smokies National Park are within 12 hours of half the U.S. population. These tangible strands of the Weaver's web have drastically increased the number of visitors to the area and made it possible for the native population to easily cross the mountains to see the outside world for themselves. Some of them never return.

The War on Poverty - and on Appalachia

In the 1960's, the United States awoke to the fact that the land of opportunity was also a land of devastating, soul-deadening poverty and that one of its largest trouble spots was the southeastern Appalachian region. Here, the work of the coal companies, lumber industries and railroads had systematically divested the native population of the means for survival. Assistance programs such as Head Start and VISTA were begun under the administrations of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson in order to bring relief to America's underprivileged.

While much needed help was provided, these government projects also played into the hands of the Weaver and, in some cases, the Wyrms. Idealistic outsiders came from "up North" (or "out West") to labor and teach among Appalachia's poor blacks and whites. In so doing, these do-gooders furthered the goal of forcing the mountain families to assimilate themselves into the American mainstream. Increasingly, more and more communities found themselves dependent on government social programs. Self-serving industry had raped the land, and sometimes well-meaning educators had imposed alien values on the minds of the mountain people. Now, the insidious threads of poverty and social inferiority were being used to break the once stubbornly self-sufficient Appalachian spirit.

Toxic Wastelands: Marks of the Wyrms

*Down in the valley 'bout a mile from me
Where the crows no longer cry
There's a great big earth-moving monster machine
Stands ten stories high
The ground he can eat is a sight
Takes a hundred tons at a bite
He can dig up the grass
It's a fact
But he can't put it back*

— Billy Edd Wheeler, "Goliath (They Can't Put It Back)"

The latter part of the 20th century has seen a new twist to the plans of the Wyrms. Already successful in establishing its presence in the ravaged coal fields of Kentucky, the blasted forestlands of Tennessee and North Carolina, and along the gouges carved by the intrusion of highways into

the region, the Wyrn now seeks new ways whereby it can expand its territory. The coming of industry has brought pollution to the mountains and valleys, poisoned the mighty rivers that course through the land, and driven away or exterminated many species of plant and animal life. The constant flock of tourists to the region (as well as the great numbers of local sightseers) has made litter an everpresent blight across the landscape. In mountain areas close to the highways and interstates, the smell of burning rubber and overstressed brakes is often the most pervasive odor on the breeze.

With the advent of nuclear power and the increasing production of biochemical wastes, the Appalachian region, due to its relatively low population density, has been targeted by some groups as an ideal dumping ground for America's toxic by-products. Many Appalachian states use their lack of regulatory laws affecting business and labor to attract industry, not realizing (or perhaps not caring) that they are responsible for the destruction of the environment. With few laws to prevent environmental pollution, Appalachia has become a fertile ground for irresponsible businesses and uncaring government.

Even in areas not suitable for toxic substance disposal, dangers exist from the roads along which vehicles bearing hazardous materials travel. The steep mountain grades of many highways through Appalachia make accidental release of these volatile and poisonous materials inevitable along some stretches of road, particularly when the drivers of these vehicles are Bane-ridden to their deaths.

Although environmental impact groups and concerned citizens and lobbyists in the real world have fought to discourage the use of the Appalachian wilderness as America's garbage disposal center, in the World of Darkness their success has been severely limited by the dark powers arrayed against them. The Black Spiral Kinfolk have their lobbyists and agents, too, who work to ensure that Appalachia is given priority consideration for disposal of biochemicals and other toxins. The likelihood of locating a nuclear waste dump in the mountains or nearby valleys can provide a focus for an entire chronicle, particularly if the site chosen impinges on the bawn of one of the local caerns.

The Forgotten Ones: the Survival of the Cherokee

The history of the Cherokee who remained in the Appalachian highlands after the forced removal of most of their tribe forms a parallel story of a people's struggle for cultural survival. More than a thousand Cherokee avoided the forced removal policies by hiding in the hills of the Smokies and the Blue Ridge, sheltering in caves and living off the land that had once been theirs but which now formed the states of Tennessee and North Carolina. The heroic efforts of Spirit-of-the-Hunt, an Uktena Galliard, resulted in the successful



concealment of several Kinfolk families. The Oconaluftee Cherokee, staunch separatists who had opposed the policy of accession to U.S. government treaties, had withdrawn from the Cherokee nation to relocate in western North Carolina, in areas which did not fall under the presidential onus of dispersal. A few Uktena also stayed behind, watching over their Kinfolk as well as acting as guardians for the caerns that remained open.

Through the assistance of William Thomas, a white trader sympathetic to the Cherokee, the Oconaluftee were able to acquire land (held in trust for them by Thomas) and, eventually, citizenship in the state of North Carolina. These lands became the core of the Qualla Boundary, also known as the Cherokee Indian Reservation. In 1868, the federal government recognized the Eastern Cherokee as a separate tribe. After Thomas' death, the status of Cherokee lands fell into dispute as their benefactor's creditors attempted to lay claim to the territory as payment for debts. To settle the matter, the federal government moved, granting protected status to Cherokee holdings and forbidding the sale of the lands to non-Cherokees without the permission of the Cherokee Council or the President. For the Oconaluftee, once staunch traditionalists, the only path to cultural survival and territorial integrity lay through the road to compromise. This time, they traveled that path.

In 1889, Nimrod Jarret Smith, principal chief of the Eastern Band, worked for the incorporation of the tribe, leading to its eventual recognition by the federal government as an independent political entity. Through the remainder of the 19th century and the first half of the 20th, the Eastern Cherokee fought an uphill battle to retain not only their identity as a distinct people but also their fiscal and political independence. Falling short of white standards of literacy and education, these descendants of Cherokee nationalists failed to qualify for voting privileges. Denied the vote, in much the same manner as the South and Southeast's African-American population had been, the Cherokee turned to internal politics. Once again, divisions arose between those who favored assimilation into mainstream America and those who held out for preservation of the old ways.

Meanwhile, just as many Cherokee were tempted by the supposed advantages of assimilation, a number of whites with some Cherokee blood in their veins clamored to join the Eastern Band. While some of these mixed-blood individuals sought to reaffirm their Cherokee identity, others were inspired by the prospect of sharing in the tribe's sales of lumber resources from the forests on their lands. Since the Cherokee accepted anyone with as little as one-thirty-second part native blood (within five generations), the number of mixed bloods soon outnumbered the full-blooded Cherokee. The expansion of the Cherokee population strained tribal resources, coming to a head in the Great Depression of the 1930s. Like their mountaineer counterparts, the proud natives of the Appalachians found themselves forced to accept government assistance in the form of federal funds, programs and schools in order to survive.

The creation of the Great Smokies National Park in 1934 proved to be a mixed blessing for the Eastern Band of the Cherokee, whose lands abutted the entrance to the park. With the advent of tourism, the Oconaluftee Cherokee simultaneously experienced a boost to their economy and a threat to their culture. The town of Cherokee, occupying a strip of land on either side of the main westbound access to the national park, offers a curious and disturbing combination of tourist traps and authentic cultural experiences. The tourist industry brings a substantial income to the tribe, augmented by the institution of legalized gambling — an enterprise which falls outside the control of the state legislature.

Like their Kinfolk, the Uktena Garou have divided into two camps. One staunch group of separatists eschews the attempts to treat with the American mainstream, and still holds the European Garou in contempt for failing to prevent the encroachment of both Wyrms and Weaver in the Pure Land. Other Uktena, however, see that the only hope for resolving past mistakes lies in making alliances with other Garou and building a power base to combat present enemies.

The War for Appalachia: Hearts and Minds

*Sometimes a whole farm family comes awake
in a close dark place over a motor's hum
to find their farm's been rolled up like a rug
with them inside it. They will be shaken onto
the streets of Cincinnati, Dayton or Detroit.
It's a ring, a syndicate dismantling farms
on dark nights, filing their serial numbers
smooth, smuggling them north like stolen cars,
disposing of them part by stolen part...*

— Jim Wayne Miller, "Small Farms Disappearing in Tennessee"

The Overt Struggle

The war for Appalachia has a dual front. The first, most obvious battle, is the daily struggle to retain the particular character of the region in the face of massive pressures from within and without. Each new "discovery" of Appalachia — by the settlers from Europe in the 17th century, by the mining companies, loggers, and Yankee industrialists after the Civil War, by the nouveau riche and the folk history collectors in the early 20th century, and, lastly, by the liberal "do-gooders" of the 1960s — has had an irreversible impact on the mountains and on the people of the area. Somehow, Appalachia has managed to preserve a good part of its culture and its wilderness, but the battle has not been easy.

The Civilizers of Appalachia: Government, Industry, and Educators

The unholy trinity of governmental machinations, industrial development and educational manipulators has formed a powerful alliance which seems determined to corrupt what is left of Gaia's pristine wilderness in very basic ways: through the destruction of the land, the centralization of power, and the eradication of the native culture. In the last century, the determination of federal and state governments to extend their rule to the mountain backwoods — the last remaining outpost of the independent spirit — has forced Appalachia into the American mainstream. By interstate, by airlines, and by rail, Appalachia is inextricably tied to the rest of the country.

The mining and logging companies and the railroads were the first business interests to lay claim to Appalachia, but other industries soon followed. Reconstruction in Appalachia took the form, in many cases, of the establishment of Northern-owned companies of various types: the furniture industry, garment and textile businesses, various plants and factories and the tourist industry. Labor unions, though desperately needed in many high-risk industries (such as coal mining), met with unexpected resistance. In many cases, the refusal of the mountaineers to "join" any organization prevented them from making use of the protections offered by the unions.

The customs and traditions encountered by visitors to Appalachia, along with the minimalistic lifestyle of many backwoods farmers, convinced a number of special interest groups that education was vital to the progress of the region. The flood of social reformers, religious proselytizers and dedicated teachers has washed over the southeastern mountains, attempting to sweep away all vestiges of the old-fashioned, reactionary thought that still clung to the people of the Blue Ridge, the Smokies and the Cumberlands. The benefits of modern life, in most cases, have proved too seductive to resist. Generations of Appalachian young have forsaken the old ways of their elders to embrace the standards and mores of the world beyond the mountains.

Religion in Appalachia: Two Sides of a Coin

Give me that old time religion

That old time religion

Give me that old time religion

It's good enough for me

— traditional black American spiritual

Bible Belt Traditionalism

Like much of the South, Appalachia has a reputation for religious conservatism and many churches in the region conform to the stereotypical "Bible-Belt" mental-

ity. Since the arrival of the first missionaries, Appalachian religion has developed an overwhelmingly Protestant character. For decades, Catholics, Jews, and other religious groups were viewed with suspicion and outright prejudice. In many cases, however, religious bias stemmed largely from the fact that Protestant settlers arrived first in the area; the later arrival of Catholic settlers came as an intrusion. The religious wars of Europe cast their shadows on the mountains of Appalachia.

The missionary legacy has resulted in an aggressively evangelical approach to religion in Appalachia along with a tradition of education. Before their removal, the Cherokee were seen as pagans in need of the civilizing effects of the Christian faith, and schools became the tool for conversion. Since these missionary schools were often the only centers of learning in the Appalachian wilderness, education became synonymous with religious education.

In the absence of other cohesive structures, the local church became the center of activity for many mountain communities. Both black and white churches became a firm anchor for their congregations. It is no accident that religion kindled the zeal of both the civil rights movement in the South and the segregationist response to that movement.

As the succeeding "discoveries" of Appalachia by northern industrialists and entrepreneurs brought new populations to the area, mountaineers reacted with resentment and suspicion to the alien ways of the outsiders. The immigrants brought with them their own religions, and for the first time, significant Catholic and Jewish populations took hold in the mountains. Resentment against these newcomers took the form of religious as well as social animosity. Already conservative, the Protestantism of Appalachia took on a decidedly reactionary stance.

Variations on a Theme

Snake handling, for instance, didn't originate back in the hills somewhere. It started when people came down from the hills to discover they were surrounded by a hostile and spiritually dead culture. All along their border with the modern world — in places like Newport, Tennessee, and Sand Mountain, Alabama — they recoiled. They threw up defenses. When their own resources failed, they called down the Holy Ghost. They put their hands through fire. They drank poison. They took up serpents.

— Dennis Covington, *Salvation on Sand Mountain: Snake Handling and Redemption in Southern Appalachia*

The religious practice of taking up serpents is an Appalachian phenomenon, but it is not unique to the region. Snake handling calls to mind rituals from ancient religions and tribal cultures. Its renaissance in the mountains of East Tennessee and other parts of Appalachia during the early twentieth century takeover of the region by northern capitalists, can be viewed in a number of ways.

The most obvious explanation stems from the belief, held by many Protestant fundamentalists, that the imposition of modern culture — with all its worldly temptations — constitutes a series of trials for the faithful. The taking up of serpents — the Biblical symbol for the original tempter — is seen as an act of faith in divine protection.

In many cultures, the serpent is the embodiment of wisdom and knowledge, dangerous qualities in a world where ignorance is rewarded. The Uktena totem spirit, known to the Cherokee as a serpentlike creature, embraces secrets and encourages those who acknowledge it to do likewise. The removal of the Cherokee resulted in the depletion of Kinfolk for the Uktena Garou who stayed in the mountains. Although most Uktena Kinfolk still come from the remaining Cherokee population, some Uktena Garou have allied themselves with the mountaineers, particularly those groups — such as snake handlers — who have become alienated by the encroachment of the modern world into their corner of the universe. The irony inherent in choosing Kinfolk from among the descendants of those who supported the ousting of the Cherokee is not lost on the Uktena.

Doubly ironic is the fact that this same population serves as a Kinfolk source for local Black Spiral Dancers, who recognize the serpent as a physical manifestation of the Wyrms. The instances of violence and accidental death surrounding the practice of snake handling have drawn the attention of these corrupted Garou. Where the Black Spirals have claimed some communities of snake handlers as breeding stock, they have encouraged their Kinfolk to even greater acts of risk, delighting in the perversion of faith resulting from their activities.

Other religious groups have been drawn to the area in recent years. Both the Sufi and Baha'i have flourished in the Appalachians. Seeking either isolated spots to establish communities or attracted by the relative nearness of the Umbral world, various nature cults, New Age religions and neopagans, including former members of the Pan-inspired Findhorn community in Scotland, have established bases in the mountains they consider to be centers of magical power. By the same token, darker religions also dwell in the coves and hollows of the region, siphoning off Gaia's energy for their own corrupt rituals.

Freedom Fighters: Environmentalists and Preservers of Culture

Arrayed against the triple threat to Gaia are groups of Garou, Kinfolk, and enlightened humans who seek to prevent the wholesale absorption of Appalachia into the sterile techno-industrial lifestyle which characterizes most of America. Some areas once blighted by the Wyrms or coopted by Weaver-based industries have been reclaimed by environmentalists. Other groups are determined to prove that Appalachian culture is valid even in the modern world and is perhaps the best model of how to live in

harmony with the environment. Spearheading these groups are various Children of Gaia, Fianna and assorted other Garou.

Campaigns to clean up polluted rivers, reclaim blighted wilderness areas and oppose any urban redevelopment which ignores consequences to the environment enjoy the strong support of local Children of Gaia and Glass Walkers. The Fianna support movements to revitalize local craft industries and preserve the rich musical tradition of the mountains.

The Uktena are involved in a different, though related, struggle — the preservation of the Cherokee culture. Although tourism and gambling have increased the wealth of the Eastern Band, some Cherokee deplore the cost to the preservation of tribal ways and customs. Others see the exposure of their culture, even hyped for popular consumption, as a way of educating outsiders who might otherwise remain ignorant of the history of the area's oldest population. Uktena who maintain ties with the Cherokee reservation are caught between opposing camps. Many younger Garou agree that their Kinfolk's prosperity depends on taking advantage of the tourist trade. It seems reasonable to them that the children of the white invaders should contribute to the economy of the people whose lands they appropriated. Uktena elders, however, deplore both tourism and gambling as demeaning, and feel that the Cherokee who profit from these activities are selling out to the Weaver, if not the Wyrms.

Race Relations in Appalachia

While both the Cherokee and white populations of Appalachia participated in the economic and social system of slavery, the number of African-American slaves was far fewer than in the cotton states of the deep South or the vast tobacco plantations of the southeast. Although it is a mistake to say that racism does not exist in Appalachia, its character bears, as does everything else, the stamp of the mountains.

The Civil War divided many Appalachian states; mountaineers in both North Carolina and Tennessee were less rabidly secessionist than their flatland cousins. Kentucky remained officially neutral, but supplied soldiers to both Confederate and Union armies. Abolitionist sentiment existed in the mountains to a greater degree than in the rest of the South.

At the heart of Appalachian racism lies the embitterment caused by Reconstruction policies, which fostered divisiveness between poor whites and newly enfranchised blacks. Like the rest of the South, Appalachia instituted segregationist policies and discriminated against its black population in the areas of jobs, housing and education. Unlike the rest of the South, the relatively small percentage of blacks in Appalachia — less than 10% in most of the area — made racist excesses less visible.



During the Civil Rights movement of the 1950s and 1960s, Appalachia avoided most of the attention that focused on the rest of the south. This was less because desegregation was particularly welcome than because Appalachian blacks were overwhelmingly outnumbered and lacked the same support for their efforts as their counterparts in the South's Cotton Belt. Desegregation eventually came, and with it, the trappings of equality. Yet the Klan still has roots in the backwoods and the vestiges of racism are hard to eliminate.

Just as blacks in Appalachia have hidden enemies, they also have secret friends. Many black families have been adopted by the Uktena, Bone Gnawers and Children of Gaia as Kinfolk. In particular, the Children of Gaia helped reduce the violence of desegregation in the mountains. Interracial couples in Appalachia are not an uncommon sight. Many of these come from the presence of religions like the Baha'i, who encourage mixed marriages as a way to promote universal harmony; others stem from an Appalachian tradition that judges individuals apart from their ethnic group and recognizes common interests and shared hardships as more important than race in bringing people together.

Ambivalence and unpredictability characterize modern race relations in the region. Staunch racists often exempt blacks they know personally from their generalized attitudes towards the race. Appalachian whites may consider blacks as equals in some areas but not in others. As with other aspects of the Appalachian character, assumptions are always dangerous.

The Shadow War

More Cities/More People: Kindred Ambitions

Until the 20th century, most Kindred ignored the Appalachian region because it lacked an adequate population to support them. One of the oldest vampires to settle in the region, an elder of the Lasombra clan fleeing the newly formed Sabbat, traveled with De Soto to the Great Smoky Mountains and made his home there. With the arrival of Europeans in the Appalachians, a few other Kindred arrived during the 18th and 19th century. Fleeing their connections to the Camarilla and the Sabbat, they found safe havens among carefully cultivated herds of mountain folk, not unlike the relationship of Garou and their Kinfolk. By limiting their numbers, these Kindred have remained undiscovered. Some of them may even have common cause with the environmentalists, since they can only profit from the lack of competition for herds among the kine.

The Southern Lords of the Camarilla, who profited from the slave-based economy of the South before the Civil War, had little interest in an area so remote from the

lines of power in the country and so little suited to a plantation economy. That situation, however, began to change in the last half of the twentieth century as other Kindred, who have great plans for the "development" of Appalachia, have begun working behind the scenes to encourage the growth of population centers and the establishment of a suitable environment for their existence. Their goals fit in quite well with the plans of the Wyrn and the Weaver for Appalachia.

The Garou of the area are not yet aware of the far-ranging plans these Kindred have. Although they have noted with some serious concern the increasing migration of people from regions outside Appalachia and the active solicitation of industry and businesses by local government, the Garou see it as a sign that the Weaver is busily at work in the area.

Warriors for the Wyld: the Garou Fight Back

Ecoterrorists, militant Native Americans, historical preservationists: at the heart of the counterstruggle, because they see most clearly where the battle lines are drawn, stand the Garou. Recognizing that the situation in Appalachia is still salvageable, a few individuals among the Garou in Appalachia are beginning to see the necessity of forming a unified front encompassing other groups who can employ supernatural or other special talents for the reclamation of the land and its culture. The war for Appalachia can still be won, but it may involve bending the rules and making allies in unlikely places.

Pockets of potentially powerful allies exist throughout Appalachia, provided the Garou can first locate and then reach an accord with these sympathetic enclaves. It remains to be seen whether Garou can work with mages, changelings, and even wraiths or Kindred to combat an enemy which threatens them all.



Chapter Two: The Geography of Appalachia

Mountains, too, have a lineage. A spine of towering rocks that rises in Georgia and ends with the sea in Nova Scotia, the Appalachian Mountains have long-lost kinfolk on the other side of the Atlantic. The bloodline that marks that kinship is a vein of a green mineral called serpentine that snakes an intermittent trail from Georgia to Newfoundland, and then appears again in the western extremity of the Caledonides in Ireland. From there the traces stretch through Scotland, Wales, and England, turning northward through the Shetland Islands, with a branch touching Greenland, and another line crossing Scandinavia to end in the Arctic Circle. The Pre-Cambrian rocks of Newfoundland and those of the Caledonides in Ireland match: once, so many millions of years ago that not even fish existed yet, these mountains were together. The soapstone bowls carved by America's eastern Indians and the steatite spindle whorls used by Viking weavers were talc-stone drops of mountain blood from kindred hills.

Perhaps when the pioneer descendants of those ancient Celts halted their covered wagons, looked up at the green mountains of Appalachia and felt at home, they were more right than they knew.

— Sharon McCrumb, *She Walks These Hills*

The Oldest Mountains in the World

The hills sit here like old dethroned kings, met for consultation: they would be very garrulous, surely, but the exquisite peace of the pastoral scene below them has stilled their life; they have forgotten the ancient anarchy which brought them forth; they dream and dream away, without discussion or endeavor.

— Sidney Lanier, *Tiger Lilies*

The Appalachian Mountain Range forms the eastern spine of the North American continent. Beginning in Newfoundland, the Appalachians consist of a connected series of mountain ranges that include the White Mountains of New

Hampshire, the Green Mountains of Vermont, New York's Catskill and Adirondack Mountains, the Alleghenies of Pennsylvania and Virginia, the Cumberland Mountains and Cumberland Plateau of Kentucky and Tennessee, the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina, and the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina and northern Georgia.

Formed as the result of three major tectonic movements, the Taconic and Acadian Orogenies and the Appalachian Revolution, between 250 and 500 million years ago, these



elder mountains bear testimony to the history of the earth's formation. Before the breaking apart of Pangaea, the Appalachians (old even then) were part of a greater range of mountains which stretched across what would become Greenland, Scandinavia, and the Highlands of Scotland. Arguably, they are the oldest mountains in the world.

The extended birth throes of the Appalachians has resulted in the juxtaposition of igneous and sedimentary rock, metamorphic gneiss (the oldest known rock type), granite, schist, shale, limestone, sandstone and quartz. Vast deposits of coal as well as great limestone caverns beneath the surface of the mountains attest to the inexorable cycles of organic decay and inorganic erosion.

The Southern Appalachians

This sourcebook concentrates on the southern mountains of the Appalachian chain. Together, the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky, the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina and the Great Smoky Mountains on the North Carolina-Tennessee border form a culturally unique environment in defiance of political boundaries. This is the region most often termed as "Appalachia" in demographic and sociological studies, as well as in the popular imagination. Although considered a part of the American "South," the southern Appalachians share a climate and ecology quite different from the states of which they are a part.

The valleys are warm in summer, with temperatures in the 90s, while the higher elevations (between five and six thousand feet) rarely exceed 80° F. The humidity and attendant rainfall falls within rainforest parameters, promoting lush and varied vegetation common to temperate climates. Winters are cold but short; even the lowlands of the mountains experience brief periods of freezing, while the temperature in the highest mountains frequently falls well below zero.

The flora and fauna of the southern Appalachians offer a curious mixture of temperate and alpine species, some of them quite rare. Although the glaciers of the Ice Age never extended into these mountains, the massive encroachment of ice forced many northern plants southward where their seeds took root and flourished. Likewise, animals commonly found in colder climes make their homes in the upper elevations of the southern Appalachians.

Over 130 species of trees and nearly 2500 forms of plant life blanket the southern Appalachians, making it a center for biological diversity and species coexistence. Besides providing a refuge for numerous alpine plants, the region contains over 200 plants unique to the area. Trees include the yellow poplar (or tulip tree), basswood, silverbell, eastern hemlock, black cherry, sugar maple, magnolia, dogwood, American beech, buckeye, oak, chestnut, hickory, pine, spruce, balsam and Fraser firs. This mixture of coniferous and deciduous growth insures both a year-round covering of multihued greenery as well as a riotous display of brilliant

colors in the fall months. Flowering plants such as the rhododendron and azalea, trillium, violets, wild geraniums, lilies (some of them found only in the southern Appalachians), hepatica, bluets and phacelia flourish in the mountains, along with a host of ferns, mosses, and herbaceous plants such as fennel, horehound, ginseng, feverfew and sarsaparilla.

The variety of animal life in the southern Appalachians reflects a combination of climate, elevation and supporting vegetation. Over 30 species of salamander inhabit the region and, in fact, depend on specific requirements of moisture and elevation for their existence. The northern flying squirrel and red squirrel, snowshoe hare, shrew and rock vole are examples of northern species which have relocated to the southern Appalachians, coexisting with more typical mammals such as the opossum, skunk, chipmunk, raccoon, black bear, river otter and bobcat. Among the birds that make their home in the mountains are various migratory geese, songbirds such as cardinals, wrens, chickadees and vireos along with a great many owls. Even the cry of the loon is sometimes heard in the higher elevations of the southern Appalachians.

Amphibian and reptile species include the bullfrog, tree frog, snapping turtle, painted turtle, glass lizard, copperhead, racer, rattlesnake, king snake and the common garter snake. Over 300 species of fish dwell in the rivers and lakes of the southern Appalachians; some of them, like the snail darter, live on the verge of extinction due to the destruction of their few remaining habitats.

In the last two centuries, since the colonization of the Appalachians by European settlers and the subsequent "civilization" of the area, the environment of the mountains has undergone considerable stress. The fragmentation of the forest by lumber operations; the denuding of many of the mountains, particularly in Kentucky, through strip mining; the pollution from increased industrialization and population growth; the carving of roads and railroads through the mountains; the influx of hundreds of thousands of seasonal visitors to the region: all are factors that continually threaten the fragile ecology of the southern Appalachians.

Rivers

A vast network of rivers flows through the Appalachian mountains. The force of these waterways carved the mountain valleys long ago. They served in part as travel routes for the native tribes of Appalachia and, later, for European settlers. The Tennessee Valley Authority, in the 20th century, harnessed the power of some of these rivers to provide energy for the development of the region, particularly along the Tennessee Valley.

To the chosen tribe of the great water-spirit Uktena, the rivers are a visible reminder of their connection with Gaia. The Uktena are therefore particularly outraged by the growing pollution that poisons these channels for the earth's lifeblood. The ecology of any wilderness is a fragile balance, and each time a river dies or is polluted beyond reclamation, the land around it sickens and dies as well.

Cumberland River

From its headwaters near Oven Fork, Kentucky, the Cumberland River flows 700 miles to empty into the Ohio River, changing the course of its flow from south to north in its passage. Cumberland Falls, the heart of the Garou protectorate for the region, forms one of the landmarks along the river's route. Part of the Cumberland has been classified as a wild river, with restrictions on land usage along its banks. The proliferation of whitewater along this portion attracts large numbers of canoers and kayakers. Lake Cumberland, in southern Kentucky, is part of the Cumberland waterway.

French Broad River

The French Broad River originates near the Devil's Courthouse, a little over 20 miles southwest of Asheville, North Carolina. Its north-northwesterly course takes it through the Blue Ridge and Smoky Mountains as far as Knoxville, Tennessee, where it joins the Holston River to become the Tennessee River. This major waterway encompasses long stretches of wide, gently flowing waters and courses of rapid, twisting whitewater and passes through some of the region's most fertile and ecologically varied areas. Once renowned for its fishing, the river has suffered from industrial pollution. Beneath the waters of Douglas Lake, created from part of the French Broad by the damming efforts of the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA), lies an Indian burial ground.

Pigeon River

Sometimes called the Big Pigeon River, this waterway rises in the Blue Ridge Mountains and flows for approximately 100 miles until it terminates near the mouth of the French Broad at Douglas Reservoir in Tennessee. Its meandering course takes it past the cities of Canton and Clyde, North Carolina, where local industries have seriously damaged the water's once excellent quality, prompting many of the region's residents to rename it "the Dead Pigeon River." In Tennessee, the Pigeon River skirts the eastern border of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Tennessee River

The Tennessee River, one of the Southeast's major water systems, has its origin at the confluence of the Holston and French Broad Rivers, near Knoxville, TN. Its 652-mile course takes it past Knoxville and Chattanooga, around Lookout Mountain, and across the Alabama and Georgia borders. It reenters Tennessee at the Pickwick Landing Dam west of Nashville and flows northward into Kentucky, where it finally empties into the Ohio River at Paducah, Kentucky. Although a steamboat successfully navigated its entire length in 1828, the variations of water flow and steep slopes in parts of the river bed — resulting in numerous courses of rapids — presented major obstacles to regular water traffic. The Tennessee Valley Authority targeted the Tennessee River for "improvements," constructing a series of multipurpose dams along the river's course in the interests of flood control, navigation and hydroelectric power.

Appalachian Sites of Power

In the World of Darkness, the destruction of the Appalachian ecosystem is almost assured. Despite their best efforts, the Garou are faced with nearly insurmountable problems made worse by the underlying friction that characterizes Garou society. The Garou's best hope, however, lies in the strong underpinning of tradition that has become the hallmark of Appalachian culture. The traditional beliefs of the Cherokee combined with the remnants of the "old ways" of the white settlers conceal powerful remedies which can be effective in combating the excesses of the Weaver and the corruption of the Wyrn. The most effective weapon against Gaia's enemies lies within the land itself, for the mountains of southern Appalachia are steeped in ancient magic.

Where Gaia Still Walks: Garou Protectorates

Today the Garou's influence in the southeastern Appalachians extends over five major protectorates, which roughly correspond to the primary geographical features of the area. Three of these protectorates encompass the Blue Ridge, Unaka-Great Smokies and Cumberland Mountains. The fourth protectorate consists of the Cumberland Plateau and its nearby mountains. The smallest, though perhaps the most vital protectorate of the region, includes the remaining homeland of the Cherokee east of the Mississippi, and is the only one of the protectorates administered by a single tribe.

Major parts of the southeastern Appalachians have been designated as either national forest or national parklands, a double-edged sword for the Garou, who appreciate the efforts made to preserve the wilderness by restricting access, but resent the tourists and sightseers who flock to these recreational spots. The relationship between the Garou and the National Park Administration and National Forestry Service is a tenuous one, fraught with complications and requiring a degree of subtlety and compromise which is often beyond the capability of most werewolves.

The descriptions of the five protectorates which follow include their geographic borders, significant population centers within their compass and the most prominent caern. Storytellers should feel free to develop other caerns more appropriate to their individual chronicles, although care should be taken in the placement of these powerful centers of Gaia's presence. The abundance of potential locations for such places will require restraint on the part of the Storyteller to avoid overpopulation of one single area. Caerns have always been rare and are growing moreso. In some cases, guidelines are given for the location of other sites such as Wyrn Blights, mage chantries, Kindred havens, wraith Haunts, and changeling freeholds. Some of these places are explained more fully in Chapters Four and Five, but others are left as prods to the Storyteller's imagination.

The Anakeesta Protectorate (Great Smoky Mountains region)

...a range so varied in temperament and aspects that it was thought to be imbued with a life of its own.

— John Ehle, *Trail of Tears*

Parallel to the Blue Ridge Mountains, the Great Smoky Mountains straddle the man-made border between North Carolina and Tennessee, in proud refutation of artificial lines of demarcation. Part of the larger Unaka range of peaks, which includes the Unicoi, Bald, Northern Unaka and Iron Mountains, this majestic spread of mountains also hosts part of the Appalachian Trail. A number of rivers, including the French Broad, Tennessee, Nolichucky, Hiwassee and Pigeon Rivers, traverse these mountains on their way to the Mississippi basin. More than fifteen peaks exceed 5,000 feet, giving these mountains an undeniable presence. Named for one of the oldest types of rock found in the region, the Anakeesta Protectorate contains the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, the Joyce Kilmer, Cherokee and Nantahala National Forests and the Fontana Dam region.

By far, the largest city within the borders of the protectorate is Knoxville, TN (pop. 165,000), a city which has fallen solidly under the web of the Weaver. Since its selection as a site for the 1982 World's Fair, Knoxville has also come to the attention of Kindred from outside the area who, acting through their agents, are spurring the city to increased growth, all with the intention of achieving viable population levels. The Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers within the city are faced with a critical dilemma — that of attempting to preserve the city's elements which they feel do not conflict with Gaia's will while facing the unforeseen consequences of their dalliance with the Weaver. Many Garou already blame their urban cousins for the incursions and landscape alterations caused by the dam-building projects spearheaded in the 1930s by the Tennessee Valley Authority, whose headquarters is in Knoxville.

Smaller cities in the protectorate include the Tri-City region of Kingsport (pop. 36,300), Johnson City (pop. 49,400) and Bristol (pop. 23,400). Here, too, the conflict between preserving the region's history and tradition and gaining respectability in the eyes of the modern world presents a challenge for the Garou. The chemical and industrial factories that provide a wealth of jobs for the people of Kingsport have dangerously damaged the air quality of the region, while both the active promotion of tourism and the development of commercial markets continue to draw more and more people to the area. Even smaller towns pose their own problems for local Garou.

Gatlinburg and Pigeon Forge, both with populations under 4,000, have become little more than tourist come-ons

and shopping meccas for the thousands of visitors in the nearby Great Smokies National Park. Jonesborough (pop. 3,100), once the capital of the "Lost State of Franklin," has made historic preservation its business — a paradox that troubles many Garou, though the Glass Walkers point to it with pride. The annual Storytelling Festival held in Jonesborough provides the region's Galliards with a chance to gather informally, away from the constraints of their tribes, and share stories — and (a few disgruntled Garou charge) tribal secrets.

The city of Oak Ridge, located less than 30 miles from Knoxville, is a site of particular interest for Appalachian Garou. During World War II, Oak Ridge housed the secret government facility which developed the first atom bomb. Today, the community of Oak Ridge contains both the Graphite Reactor, a nuclear reactor which is open to the public, and the Oak Ridge Gaseous Diffusion Plant. Various facilities in and around the city are currently engaged in research sponsored by the Department of Energy. Although the Garou rightly suspect that large parts of Oak Ridge have been lost to the Wyrms, they are unaware of the full extent of supernatural activity in the area. (See Chapter Five.)

Other cities include Newport (pop. 7,123), the county seat of Cocke County and a center for mountain recreational activities; Bybee (pop. 340), a farming community near the French Broad and Nolichucky rivers; Parrottsville (121), Tennessee's third oldest town; Elizabethton (11,900), a center for visitors to nearby Roan Mountain and Lake Wautauga; Dandridge (1,540) a city nearly destroyed when the TVA dammed the nearby French Broad to create Lake Douglas; Loudon (4,026), near the Tellico Dam; Norris (1,303), the home of the Museum of Appalachia and a near neighbor of Norris Dam, the first of the TVA's artificial constructs; Clinton (620), a town on Norris Lake; Sevierville (7,178), another tourist's haven near the Great Smoky Mountain National Park; and Townsend (329), near the Tuckaleechee Caverns.

Sept of the Changing Seasons

Caern: Blanket Mountain

Level: 4

Gauntlet: 3

Type: Healing

Tribal Structure: Open, but jointly administered by the Fianna, Silver Fangs and the Children of Gaia.

Totem: Salamander

Geography

The Great Smoky Mountains National Park covers 517,000 acres of mountains along the North Carolina-Tennessee border. Geologically, these mountains contain both metamorphic rock from the Blue Ridge and more recent sedimentary stone common to the Tennessee Valley. Granite, gneiss, quartzites, shales, slates, schists and sand-



stones all bear witness to the long, sometimes violent and dramatic evolution of the hills.

Within the national park are large stands of virgin timber which make up the largest single area of unlogged forest in the eastern U.S. Due to the vast diversity of biological life found there, the park has been designated as an International Biosphere Preserve. The protectorate is bordered on the south by the massive Fontana Lake system and on the east by the Cataloochee Divide (the Cataloochee Ski Slopes form the far side of the border). On the north, the border is formed by US 73, which runs through the Tennessee towns of Gatlinburg and Townsend, and on the west by Chilhowee Lake, the Great Smokies National Park, which includes numerous distinctive rock formations, waterfalls, heath and grassy balds, as well as an abundance of streams. The Oconoluftee, Little, and Little Pigeon Rivers, along with many creeks, water the national park and provide homes for aquatic and amphibian life.

Efforts by park authorities to minimize the number of roads, particularly paved ones, have only partially succeeded. The Newfound Gap Road (known outside the park as US 441) bisects the park on a northwest/southeast axis from Gatlinburg, Tennessee to Cherokee, North Carolina. Other, smaller roads make forays by car into the parklands possible. Over 900 miles of trails, including bridle trails, footpaths, logging roads and ancient pathways once used by the native tribes, allow access by foot to some of the park's more remote regions.

The bawn of the Sept of the Changing Seasons encompasses the national park and the nearby town of Gatlinburg on the Tennessee side of the park. Although this is an unusually large area, the importance of the lands surrounding the actual caern makes it necessary for the resident Garou to keep a watchful eye over the park's entirety. In addition, there is a constant threat of outside intrusions in the form of tourists, well-meaning nature enthusiasts, and more malevolent factors such as the development of adjacent areas and pollution from acid rain and automobile exhaust. Areas overseen by the sept's members include some of the park's most spectacular and popular features. Mountains such as Clingman's Dome, Mt. Guyot, Mt. Le Conte, the Chimney Tops, Cataloochie Mountain and Balsam Mountain are obvious centers of attention, but these promontories are only a few of the natural attractions contained within the park. Silers, Andrews and Gregory Balds provide prime examples of the spectacular treeless clearings of grass or heath whose origins have puzzled naturalists. Waterfalls and cascades such as Laurel Falls, Ramsay Cascade and Rainbow Falls mark where time and nature have carved passages through the mountains.

The Sept of the Changing Seasons also act as guardians for the animal population of the park. In addition to the black bears, for whom the park is a sanctuary, and the river otter, brought back from extinction, the Garou have a personal interest in the protection of the reinsertion of a small red wolf population. The historic village of Cades

Cove, with its carefully preserved buildings, stands as a memorial to the families that once inhabited the lands now claimed by the national park. Park authorities allow a few ranchers to graze cattle in the Cades Cove area, not far from the site chosen for the insertion of the red wolves. The occasional loss of livestock to the wolves has resulted in complaints by cattle-owners, some of whom have threatened to take action against the wolves.

The wild boars who inhabit the park are an object of concern for the sept; introduced to a nearby hunting preserve in the early 20th century, many escaped and now roam the parklands, where they compete with the black bears and other indigenous wildlife for food and territory. Rumors hint that some boars have been corrupted by the Wyrms in order to ravage the landscape; these tales serve to increase the sept's watchfulness with regard to these greedy intruders.

The caern of the Sept of the Changing Seasons lies near the top of Blanket Mountain. Less accessible than some of the other mountains in the park — the hike to the top is considered "strenuous" — the relative privacy makes concealment of the caern less difficult than in a more popular location. The heart of the caern lies near a deep pool surrounded by thick growths of rhododendron. It is from the special qualities of the pool that the caern derives its healing character.

The Umbral image of the national park reflects the original, unspoiled beauty of the mountains as they were when the Pure Ones first arrived. Where manmade areas exist, such as campgrounds and ranger or fire towers, the brightness diminishes somewhat, as elements of the Weaver are visible in the form of web-like structures. Places once owned by logging companies and other mercantile interests show signs of the pain inflicted upon Gaia's surface. Even where these areas have been reclaimed by nature, a lingering sadness remains as a permanent reminder of the sufferings of the land.

History

The early woodland tribes who wandered through the Smoky Mountain region left little evidence of their passing, so light was their step on the land and so gentle their touch upon the wilderness that surrounded them. The Cherokee, who migrated south from the Ohio Valley, made their homes in the mountains' shadows, in the fertile river valleys and along the foothills. Deep Creek campground, once the site of Kituwha — the first town established by the Cherokee — lies just within the boundaries of what is now the national park. Called *Shaconage*, the "place of the blue smoke," the Great Smoky Mountains provided rich lands for hunting. More importantly, the mountains fed the spirits of the Cherokee, for they were home to the Little People. These creatures of the Dreaming, in the time before the white men came, dwelled in harmony with the Cherokee and preserved their legends and their history. Every year, Cherokee Dreamspeakers and other wise ones of the tribe journeyed to the Chimney Tops, deep within the mountains. There they

shared stories and knowledge, and there they sang and danced with the Little People, who passed on their stores of ancient wisdom and forgotten lore in return for new stories.

Other faerie creatures began to make their appearance in the Smokies, driven westward by the growing tide of disbelief in the spiritual world. These creatures found a second home in the place of blue smoke, so like the highlands they left behind in the isles of Britain. In many instances, the European faeries wanted only to share the land with the native children of the Dreaming, but this was not always the case. Presaging the actions of the invaders to come, many of these newcomers wrested land for themselves from the Little People, setting up their own faerie castles and fortresses amid the lush mountainscape.

The coming of European settlers to the region marked the end of the idyll. Little by little, the Cherokee were driven from their lands and lost access to the mountains which had fostered their souls. Many of the Uktena, who had lived among the Cherokee as teachers or who had tended Gaia's sacred places unhindered by the need to stand watch over their human charges, reluctantly sealed their caerns and traveled west with their Kinfolk. The Little People, too, were driven into hiding by the pale-skinned settlers, who brought with them the beginnings of a scientific rationalism and cultural materialism that fostered a strong tide of disbelief in things unseen. Like their European cousins, the native faeries learned to clothe themselves in mortality to withstand the onslaught of mundane rationalism brought by the settlers to the mountains. Only a few Europeans, who held to the old beliefs in magic and dreams, ever made contact with the Little People. Soon, however, even casual encounters between the Little People and the white settlers dwindled as the cold iron of the railroads began to carve pathways through the mountains, forcing all the creatures of faerie into deep hiding.

The 19th century saw the domination of the mountains by European claimants, who farmed the arable land to exhaustion and then cast their covetous eyes on the rich fields of timber that lined the mountain slopes. The lumber companies moved into the mountains; Champion Lumber, the largest of these enterprises, laid claim to nearly one-fifth of the land which would eventually house the national park. Railroads, logging roads and sawmills soon defaced the forested slopes, destroying thousands of acres of timber and exposing the rest of the forest to the ravages of fires.

In the early 20th century, however, a few far-sighted individuals began to recognize the treasures that were disappearing beneath the blades of the axe and the teeth of the saw. The journalistic writings of Horace Kephart, along with his popular book, *Our Southern Highlanders*, alerted idealists to the need to preserve a dying culture and a dying land.

The formation, in 1923, of the Great Smoky Mountains Conservation Association awoke a hope in the lovers of the wilderness that land lost to progress could once more be reclaimed. The local Garou — mostly Fianna, Silver Fangs and Get of Fenris — and their Kinfolk threw their support

behind efforts to fund the park and reacquire the designated mountain lands from the lumber companies and commercial interests that occupied them. Other interested groups, including some resident Verbena, other mages and the faeries (now known as changelings), lent their natural and supernatural influences to the creation of the park as well, seeing in its formation the possibility of strengthening the weakening ties with the spirit realms. Even more clandestine support came from a few Kindred in the region, who saw the park's possibilities for increasing the human population of the nearby cities.

Public monies from North Carolina and Tennessee as well as funding by private groups, including a five-million dollar contribution from John D. Rockefeller, enabled the purchase of the chosen park site. Many families who lived in the region readily sold their land; those who didn't faced eviction as their homes were condemned by the state. Of the eighteen lumber companies in the area, Champion Paper held out the longest, but they, too, eventually conceded their territory to the park's supporters. In 1934, Congress authorized the park's development, and in 1940, President Franklin D. Roosevelt dedicated the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Once it became clear that a national park would be a reality, the Garou who had been driven from the region by the presence of the lumber companies returned to search for places to open a caern. The depredations of the logging industry had destroyed many sites, while the protective enchantments woven by the Little People blocked other sacred places from even the Garou's keen Umbral senses. Finally, the diligence of the Garou was rewarded: Salamander, whose children flourished in the cool, moist temperate climate of the Smokies, led a Silver Fang Theurge, Alexander Whitemane, to a pool near the top of Blanket Mountain. Whitemane sent out a call which was answered by a number of local Garou; the resulting Rite of Caern Opening created a caern of healing, vital to the recovery of the land. Thus was born the Sept of the Changing Seasons.

Today, the members of the sept face a number of challenges as the popularity of the Great Smokies National Park brings millions of visitors to the mountains each year. The construction of a road through the park linking the towns of Cherokee, NC and Gatlinburg, TN not only destroyed the park's integrity, but also brought the pollution from exhaust fumes and burning rubber that much closer to the wild places. The sept has attempted to encourage their Kinfolk and any other sympathetic souls to fight future road construction through the national park. In the meantime, they are also considering the possibility of searching for a second caern on the other side of the park, even though this would mean dividing their already meager numbers.

In addition to the national park, members of the sept also try to keep an eye on other regions of the Smokies, a difficult task in a vast area filled with mountains and swift-running rivers. The sept's greatest fear is that concentrating their efforts on one small part of the Smokies will result in the



eventual loss of other areas beyond their ability to protect. Some of the younger Garou are beginning to consider forging an alliance with other supernatural creatures to create a network capable of blanketing the entire region. Because they fear their elders' disapproval, they are keeping their efforts a closely guarded secret. Ironically, they are unaware of the strange fruit their dreams have already borne.

People of the Changing Seasons

William Banecrusher, a Silver Fang Ahroun, has held the office of Sept Leader since the death of his predecessor in a forest fire five years ago. The elderly Silver Fang Bathsheba Heart-of-the-Trillium serves as Warder and resident mother figure for the younger Garou. Michael Spiritsinger, a member of the Children of Gaia, has recently assumed the important function of Gatekeeper. The Fianna Ragabash Grainne Dances-in-Moonlight eloquently fulfills her post as Master of the Challenge. The Fianna Ahroun Patrick Striker holds the position of Keeper of the Land. Since his arrival in 1991, the Red Talon Forest-Runner has served as Master of the Rite.

Land of the Sky Protectorate (Blue Ridge Mountains)

And true, the hills were left — with these deteriorations; and all around, far-flung in their great barricades, the immense wild grandeur of the mountain wall, the great Blue Ridge across which they had come long, long ago; and which had held them from the world.

And the old formations of the earth were left: the boiling clamor of the rocky streams, the cool slant darkness of the mountain hollows. Something wild, world-lost, and lyrical... was somehow left: the sound of rock-bright waters, birds calls, and something swift and fleeting in a wood; the way light comes and goes; cloud shadows passing on a hill; the wind through the hill grasses, and the quality of light — something world-lost, far, and haunting... in the quality of light; and little shacks and cabins stuck to hill or hollow, sunken, tiny, in the gap; the small, heart-piercing wisps of smoke that coiled into the clear immensity of weather from some mountain shack, with its poignant evidence that men fasten to a ledge, and draw their living from a patch of earth — because they have been here so long and love it and cannot be made to leave; together with lost voices of one's kinsmen long ago — all this was left, but their inheritance was bare. Something had come into the wilderness, and had left the barren land.

— Thomas Wolfe, *The Hills Beyond*

Covering the western portion of North Carolina like a sheltering blanket, the Blue Ridge Mountains actually consist of a number of ranges including the Black Mountains, the Craggies, and parts of the transverse Balsam mountains. The Blue Ridge Parkway, a scenic highway that winds along the crests of the major mountains from Virginia's Shenandoah

Valley to its terminus inside the Great Smoky Mountain National Park, bisects the protectorate along a northeast-southwest axis, while the city of Asheville follows the course of the French Broad River valley from the northwest to the southeast.

Mount Mitchell, the highest peak in the eastern United States (6,684 feet) dominates the northeastern quarter of the protectorate, along with Grandfather Mountain (5,964 feet).

The southeastern quarter includes Blowing Rock and the Linville Falls/Linville Caverns area as well as parts of the Craggy Mountains (which also extend across the Parkway to Mount Mitchell). The northwest quarter contains Mount Pisgah (5,749 feet), Cold Mountain (6,030 feet), Shining Rock, Lick Stone Bald and Richland Balsam Mountain (6,540 feet). The southwest quarter includes the Pisgah National Forest, Sugar Loaf Mountain, Grassy Bald, Old Bald and the Devil's Courthouse.

The Land of the Sky Protectorate also includes a number of cities and townships within its scope. The largest city, Asheville (pop. 61,000), serves as both a center of commerce and culture for western North Carolina. Asheville's location in the center of the Blue Ridge Mountains has made it a convenient summer home for wealthy outsiders, while its prominence as the birthplace of author Thomas Wolfe has given it some standing among the nation's literati. A campus of the University of North Carolina is also located in the city and attracts students from many parts of the country. This cross-pollination has led to a cosmopolitan mix of people and attitudes atypical for a city of its size. For this reason, Asheville is watched carefully by a small community of Glass Walkers and Children of Gaia and their Kinfolk. Since the turn of the century, these Garou have maintained a tenuous alliance with the few Kindred in the city (see Chapter Five) but recent movements to encourage city expansion and industrial growth are stretching relations to the breaking point.

South of Asheville, the city of Hendersonville (pop. 7,300) has developed a reputation as a retirement community and has attracted a sizeable population of elderly and relatively affluent people. Much of the land surrounding Hendersonville is owned by outside developers. To the north, near Grandfather Mountain, the city of Boone (pop. 12,900) centers around Appalachian State University. Also known as a resort area due to its proximity to various tourist sites, Boone also attracts its share of intellectuals and students, many of whom are sensitive to the erosion of Appalachia's wilderness and culture.

A number of smaller towns and communities are spotted throughout the mountains of the Blue Ridge. Their relative inconspicuousness makes them ideal havens and refuges for various denizens of the World of Darkness. A coven of Verbena in Black Mountain (pop. 5,400) has gifted that small community with an increased spiritual awareness while a small Celestial Chorus chantry near Weaverville (pop. 2,100) buttresses the more orthodox "religious" fervor

already implanted in the area. The pollution from the industrial waste near Canton (pop. 3,800) has drawn a number of Banes and provides an ideal location for a small Hive of Black Spiral Dancers.

The proximity of the town of Linville (pop. 240) to Grandfather Mountain, Linville Caverns and Linville Gorge and Falls enables the local Garou of the Sept of the Grandfather (see below) to keep a wary eye on the supernatural forces that have gathered in the region. Some Garou suspect that servants of the Wyrms are attempting to build an enclave under the noses of Gaia's protectors, but efforts to locate the center of the spiritual unease in the area have so far proven fruitless.

Chimney Rock and Hickory Nut Gorge draw thousands of tourists yearly to their spectacular scenery. Although the dramatic chimneylike rock formation has been developed for the use of spectators, some of the old magic still clings to the majestic Hickory Nut Falls. The area's Garou deplore the taming of Chimney Rock but lack the resources to do anything about it. Sitting atop the Eastern Continental Divide, the town of Blowing Rock (pop. 1,257) has grown up as a resort area. The rock from which the town derives its name juts out over the 2,000' Johns River Gorge. The curious effects of wind currents surrounding the rock, which cause small objects thrown over the edge to "fall upwards," has attracted the attention of an eccentric local mage interested in etheric phenomena. The nearby Tweetsie Railroad theme park is another source of irritation to Garou in the region.

Sept of the Grandfather

But the Grandfather: He (never neuter it: never feminine she: always masculine he) is actually akin to you and claims it; look(s) down lovingly upon you; welcomes you when you come to see him; entertains you in the highest high-peak style; yet himself sits or reclines at the head of the table and sleeps alone in his own big bed.

He is your grandfather!

— Rev. Hight C. Moore, 1939

Caern: Grandfather Mountain

Level: 3

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Hospitality

Tribal Structure: Open, but controlled by Fianna.

Totem(s): Tanawha; the Grandfather

Geography

At 5,964 feet, Grandfather Mountain stands as the tallest mountain in the Blue Ridge Mountain chain. It is also, quite possibly, the oldest mountain in the world. Although the primary rock formations that make up the threefold peaks of the mountain date from the Upper Pre-Cambrian age (800 million years ago), even older rocks along the mountainside show evidence of a billion-year old genesis. The Cherokee

name for Grandfather Mountain was Tanawha, a great bird spirit, but the triple rock formation's striking resemblance to the profile of a bearded old man, lying on his back contemplating the heavens, prompted white settlers to name it Grandfather Mountain.

The mountain's heights are home to a curious mixture of plants native to the region and alpine vegetation identical to the sort found as far north as Canada, a testimony to glacial migration of plant species. In addition to spectacular displays of rhododendron, mountain laurel, galax and Appalachian sand-myrtle are stands of red spruce, Canada mayflower and hobblebush, all typical of more northerly climes. Birds from the north — winter wrens, veeeries, juncos and other cold-weather species — make Grandfather Mountain their home. In summer, the temperature hovers in the high 70s, while in winter, the icy winds that gust along the exposed mountain face bring sub-zero temperatures and gales that sometimes exceed 150 miles per hour. Torrential rains in the warmer seasons give way to heavy snowfalls in the depths of winter.

The bawn includes the mountain proper and the surrounding lowlands, including MacRae Meadows, at the base of the mountain — the site of the annual Highland Games. Although Grandfather Mountain is one of the chief tourist attractions of the Southern Appalachians and plays host to swarms of tourists throughout the year, the special nature of the caern takes into consideration the constant invasion of sightseers and nature lovers.

The center of the caern lies along the less-developed southern face of the mountain, in a clearing concealed by heavy forest growth. A carefully warded trail, traversable only by Garou or Kinfolk, leads from the mountain's summit to the caern's heart — a jagged outcropping of rock that the elders of the sept refer to as "Gaia's Gift."

In the Umbra, Grandfather Mountain appears as it did before the advent of the white settlers, thanks to the unique rituals that lend strength to the caern's totem spirits. The original virgin forestland seems almost untouched, although a great feeling of sadness surrounds the areas that no longer have a counterpart in the physical world. The manmade structures of the mountain appear as shadowy places, pockets of the Weaver in an otherwise unsullied paradise.

History

Before the invasion of white settlers, Grandfather Mountain was home to the native tribes that wandered the area. At least one cave on the mountainside was discovered to contain 5,000-year-old pottery shards and spear tips. A powerful caern dedicated to Tanawha guarded the mountain, and preserved it as a haven for the Wyld.

Although De Soto may have passed near the area during his brief excursion to the mountains in the 16th century, it was not until the 1700s that the land was opened to settlement by English colonists. When the Cherokee were driven from the area, the Uktena closed the caern rather than share its secrets with the Fianna usurpers who stood ready to take

over. For many years, Fianna Theurges attempted to locate the site of the abandoned caern, jealously defending it from other Garou (in particular the Get of Fenris) who also wanted to reopen it. Reputed involvement by Fianna Kinfolk in the private purchase of Grandfather Mountain in 1885 was seen by Fianna Garou as an indication that they could continue their search without interference from other Garou. Private ownership of the mountain, however, proved to be a mixed blessing as the newly formed Linville Improvement Company proceeded to construct trails and roads to take advantage of Grandfather Mountain's dramatic overlooks and scenic vistas.

Agents of the Wyrms were also on the alert and mounted a subtle campaign to destroy the mountain, hoping to subvert attempts by the Garou to locate the hidden caern. Heavy taxation by the U. S. government forced the mountain's owners to open the forestland of Grandfather Mountain to lumber operations in the 1920s and the deforestation of the mountain began. Vast expanses of virgin balsam and other trees fell to the saw, while a series of forest fires destroyed much of the vegetation on the east end of the mountain. In response to these attacks, Fianna and Glass Walker Kinfolk involved with the National Park Service attempted to buy the mountain and place it under its "protection." In 1949, Dougal Mountain-Speaker, a brash young Fianna Theurge, succeeded in discovering what he thought was the original Uktena caern. With his pack, he participated in the Rite of Caern Opening and confronted not only the totem spirit Tanawha but awoke a second spirit — an entity who called it/himself "the Grandfather" and who represented the life of the mountain itself. These spirits offered their patronage of the caern, requiring that the Fianna acknowledge the rights of all Garou to share in the life of the holy place. In return, they promised their assistance in preventing the total destruction of the Wyld places of Grandfather Mountain.

In 1952, as a result of the death of its owner, the Linville Improvement Company was dissolved, and the new owner ousted the Park Service after an 11-year court battle. Over the years, Grandfather Mountain became one of the area's most popular and least offensive tourist attractions, focusing on the need to make its wild places a source of inspiration for the public.

Many Fianna saw the Weaver's signature written across the face of the mountain, particularly in the Mile-High-Bridge leading to the summit of the mountain, the visitors' center, and other manmade attractions. This led them to suspect the involvement of Glass Walker Kinfolk. They realized, however, that part of their pact with their new caern's totem spirits prevented them from taking action against their Weaver-minded Garou brothers and sisters. In a rare spirit of compromise, the Fianna assisted their Kinfolk's efforts and worked to insure that at least some of Grandfather Mountain remained inviolate.

In 1993, the United Nations declared Grandfather Mountain an International Biosphere Reserve, one of 311 such

reserves and the only one that is privately owned. As a haven for more than 40 endangered plant and animal species, including the peregrine falcon and the bald and golden eagles, Grandfather Mountain falls under the protection of the Nature Conservancy. The Sept of the Grandfather feels that the Wyrms' progress has been deflected for now, but they are too aware of the growing pressures that threaten the fragile ecosphere of the mountain. As the lands around them fall prey to vast roadways and denser populations, pollution from outside is encroaching.

People of the Grandfather

Until recently, Dougal Mountain-Speaker led the Sept of the Grandfather. Now in his 70s, the elderly Fianna Theurge serves as Warder. The position of Sept Leader has fallen to Bridey-Kate Davis (Sister of the Winds), a Fianna Philodox. Reuben "Earth-Defender" Bruckner, an Ahroun of the Get of Fenris, leads the Guardians of the sept. Leah Hopebringer, a Galliard of the Children of Gaia, is the youngest ranking Garou, serving as Keeper of the Land. Standing Rock, an aging (though still in his prime) Uktena Theurge holds the position of Gatekeeper, while Carson Sandler, a Silver Fang Galliard proudly serves as Master of the Rite. The Master of the Challenge is Lodi Clawfoot, a brash young Bone Gnawer Ragabash metis.

Shawanese Protectorate (Cumberland Mountains)

The Eastern Highlands of Kentucky, bordering on Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia, contains some of the region's most breathtaking natural features as well as some of the most Wym-ravaged land. This is coal country, and the history of the Wym's progress is written on the face of the scarred mountains denuded by strip-mining and clear cutting. The Daniel Boone National Forest and Cumberland Falls State Resort Park have preserved some of the region's wilderness, but the Garou of the Shawanese Protectorate are constantly caught up in the battle to prevent further incursions.

Together, the Cumberland Mountains and the northern part of the tableland known as the Cumberland Plateau cover the eastern portion of Kentucky. Extending east to the Big Sandy and Tug Fork rivers, which form the boundary between Kentucky and West Virginia, north to the Ohio River (the border between Ohio and Kentucky), and south to the high crests of Cumberland and Pine Mountains, on the border between Kentucky and Virginia, the region encompassed by the Shawanese Protectorate includes some of the country's richest coal resources. The Cumberland Gap, an historic passage through the mountains first used as a warrior's path by Native American tribes and later part of Daniel Boone's Wilderness Road, falls within the protectorate. The Cumberland River, once called Shawanese by the tribes native to the region, also winds through the area.

Located within the boundaries of the protectorate are a number of small cities and towns, most of which have populations of less than 10,000. Foremost among these is Berea (9,126), Kentucky, which bills itself as the "gateway to Appalachia" and houses the Appalachian Museum, which celebrates the local crafts of the mountain people. Founded in the 1850s by the abolitionist preacher Rev. John Gregg, the town, along with the school he began (later known as Berea college) fostered principles of interracial harmony until the passage of segregationist laws in 1904 forced the formation of a separate school for blacks and reduced the town's considerable black population (nearly 40%).

Throughout the first half of the 20th century, Berea College gained a reputation as a place where poor Appalachian students received a tuition-free education in return for work. Various missionary churches, including the Congregationalist, Presbyterian and Baptist sects, associated themselves with the college in a spirit of interdenominational cooperation. Since desegregation, Berea College has tried to attract blacks to the area, but the regaining of proportional equality is slow in coming. Both the college and the town have become known as centers for the preservation of Appalachian culture and crafts. The Children of Gaia, who recognize the atmosphere in the town as conducive to their dreams for teaching humans the need to live according to Gaia's principles, have made Berea one of their chief concerns.

Other cities in the Shawanese Protectorate include Corbin (7,419), the region's leading railroad center and the home of the first Kentucky Fried Chicken franchise; London (5,757), midway between Lexington and the Cumberland gap and a former center for coal and timber interests; and Renfro Valley, a tiny community that has incorporated as a center for country music and gospel (as well as a snare for tourists) in the area. Williamsburg (5,493), the home of Cumberland College and its Appalachian Center and Museum, lies at the bend of the Cumberland River, not far from the Cumberland Falls State Resort Park; Garou are worried about recent plans by the automotive industry to establish a parts plant in the area.

Middlesboro (11,328), founded by a Scottish industrialist involved in the British iron and Swedish timber industries, has had a rocky economic history. Early backing from Britain disappeared with the region's failure to supply significant amounts of iron; the coal industry, however, prospered in the region until the Depression of the 1930s. Floods and tornadoes frustrated attempts at revitalization until the construction of the Cumberland Gap Tunnel routed travel into the area. Environmental concerns over the pollution of nearby Yellow Creek by local tanning industries have garnered the support of local Garou.

Somerset (10,733), near Lake Cumberland, survived the decline of the railroad through the advent of tourism in the area; now it is a center of medicine for south-central Kentucky.

Sept of the Moon's Blessing

Caern: Cumberland Falls

Level: 3

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Visions

Tribal Structure: Open

Totem: Woodpecker (red-cockaded)

Geography

The Daniel Boone National Forest occupies 670,000 acres of timberland in eastern Kentucky. The Cumberland River flows through the park connecting Lake Cumberland (west of the national forest) to Laurel River Lake, inside the boundaries of the park itself. A variety of hardwood trees including hickories, poplars and oaks as well as an abundance of yellow pines provide a rich timber harvest under the auspices of the national forestry management program. Wild animals and vegetation proliferate in this semi-protected region. The veery, junco, and several species of warblers nest only in this region of Kentucky, and the red-cockaded woodpecker has made its home in the pine forests near Cumberland Falls.

As one of the largest falls in the southeast, Cumberland Falls has been called Kentucky's greatest natural wonder. Rising (or falling) 75' along its 120' length, the spectacular waterfall sends millions of gallons of water plunging over its sandstone lip at a rate that sometimes exceeds 400,000 gallons per second. The force of the water creates a perpetual mist that rises from the pool at the base of the falls, and on clear nights when the moon is full, this ethereal curtain reflects and refracts moonlight, creating the "moonbow" phenomenon — a night rainbow. Only Victoria Falls in Africa shares this peculiar conjunction of darkness, light and water.

The rapids of the Cumberland River provide vast stretches of whitewater, making the area popular with kayakers and river runners. An abundance of fish, including bass, catfish, and trout attract fishing enthusiasts to the site, and limited hunting of turkey, deer, grouse and squirrel is permitted within the national forest.

The caern's bawn encompasses the Cumberland Falls State Resort Park, which lies within the Daniel Boone National Forest. Here the Garou of the Sept of the Moon's Blessing maintain a careful watch on the tourists who visit the park and the falls, and attempt to ameliorate some of the damage caused by human use of the lands nearby.

The caern's center is located near the head of the falls, at a spot difficult to reach by most tourists, but easy for Garou in Lupus form. A large, flat sandstone rock marks the heart of the caern.

In the Umbra, the waterfall appears even more glorious than its physical counterpart, undiminished by time. The forest growth surrounding the Cumberland River at the falls is heavier and, at times, seems almost sentient. Luna's touch

on the mists of the falls makes opening Moon Bridges an easier task on nights of the moonbow (minus one to difficulties). Some Garou have claimed that an incarnation of Luna occasionally manifests in the Umbra near the falls.

History

Before the coming of European settlers to the Cumberlands, the forests of eastern Kentucky provided the Cherokee and Shawnee with fertile hunting grounds and many ancient trails through the mountains attest to the wanderings of these native people. Competition for the verdant lands resulted in war between the Cherokee and Shawnee, and eventually the Shawnee conceded the hunting grounds and left the area.

French explorers discovered the Cumberlands nearly 100 years before Daniel Boone made his famous forays into the eastern Kentucky wilderness, paving the way for permanent settlement of the area by disgruntled and land-hungry people from the British Isles and other European nations.

Although coal mining operations covered most of eastern Kentucky, the major coal fields lay to the east of the forest; here, timber proved a valuable commodity. In 1937, President Roosevelt enacted a proclamation creating the Cumberland National Forest, although the forest's name was later changed to the Daniel Boone National Forest in honor of the area's most inveterate explorer. The Cumberland Falls State Resort Park was created in the 1930s through private funding to protect the natural wonder from industrial interests. Some of the funds set aside for the park came from Kinfolk of local Garou, who had already discovered the unique properties of the falls and were determined to preserve it from desecration by Weaver-inspired business or Wyrn-tainted polluters.

The Sept of the Moon's Blessing has been in existence for nearly a hundred years, since a Black Fury Freebooter, a Ragabash named Artemis Silver-Dawn, discovered it during a visionquest as a cub. Unwilling to tie herself down to any one spot, but recognizing the treasure that had been dropped into her lap, she gathered together some Garou she had met in her travels through the mountains and took them to the mighty falls. When the caern was opened, the totem spirit of Woodpecker contacted the Garou and agreed to lend her assistance and blessing. The relative ease with which Moon Bridges can be opened here make this caern a natural headquarters for Appalachian Garou, and provides swift communication between it and the other caerns within the mountains.

People of the Moon's Blessing

Hattie Thunderwife, an Ahroun of the Children of Gaia, has led the sept for the last decade. The Silver Fang Ahroun Josiah Windford serves as Warder and second-in-command of the sept. Gayle MacMullain ("Leafbright"), a Fianna Philodox, holds the position of Keeper of the Land, while the Fianna Theurge Lugh ("Lew") Light-on-the-Water serves as Master of the Rite. The Stargazer Ragabash Galileo



Crosses-the-Stars has been the Master of the Challenge since his predecessor's disappearance two years ago. The young Black Fury Galliard Maya Wordweaver holds the position of Gatekeeper.

Protectorate of the Long River (Cumberland Plateau)

Just west of the Great Smokies lies the Cumberland Plateau, a broad stretch of low mountain ranges that marks the westernmost end of the Appalachian chain. Here the Cumberland Mountains devolve into gentle hills, merging with the Smokies near the border of Tennessee and Georgia. The vast Tennessee River waterway forms the single most distinctive feature of the region.

While the plateau itself stretches across the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, the upper and lower regions have very different characters, hence each has its own protectorate. Unlike the northern (Kentucky) portion of the plateau, which has suffered extensively from coal mining operations and clear-cutting, the southern region (Tennessee) faces problems of a different kind. The Tennessee Valley Authority maintains an office in downtown Chattanooga, and the region is part of the vast TVA network of dams and artificial lakes.

Lookout Mountain, which straddles the boundaries of Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, is the region's most prominent peak. Along with nearby Signal Mountain, these southernmost sentinels of the Appalachian chain mark the southern and western borders of the protectorate. Its northern borders extend almost to Oak Ridge, Tennessee (within the Anakeesta Protectorate) while to the east, it includes parts of the Cherokee and Nantahala National Forests.

Smaller in area than the Anakeesta, Land of the Sky, and Shawanese protectorates, the Protectorate of the Long River holds more than enough challenges for the Garou of the region. In addition to the overriding presence of the Tennessee Valley Authority in the Tennessee Valley, the metropolitan area around Chattanooga continues to grow.

Chattanooga, with its population of 152,466 (the Standard Metropolitan Area has a population of 433,210), is the largest city in southeastern Tennessee. The city hugs the Tennessee River near Moccasin Bend, and has capitalized on its location and history to become a mountain recreation center, offering a wide variety of entertainments for residents and tourists alike. The city and its environs are populous enough to support a small community of Kindred, who would like to see even more regional growth.

Other places of note within the protectorate include Ruby Falls, a 145' waterfall inside Lookout Mountain Caverns; Signal Mountain, which offers a panoramic view of the Grand Canyon of the Tennessee between Signal and Raccoon Mountain; and Chickamauga Lake, one of the TVA's major recreational lakes.

Cities within the borders of the protectorate include Dayton (pop. 5,671), the setting for the famous Scopes Evolution Trial (or "Monkey Trial") in 1925; Sweetwater (pop. 5,066), which serves as the entrance for the Lost Sea underground lake; and Cleveland (pop. 30,354), a stopping-off point for tourists who wish to visit nearby Chilowhee Mountain or take advantage of the Ocoee River's whitewater courses.

Sept of the Mountain Watch

Caern: Lookout Mountain

Level: 2

Gauntlet: 5

Type: Vigilance

Tribal Structure: Open (although Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers predominate)

Totem: 'Possum

Geography

The Cherokee name for Lookout Mountain — *Tsantanugi* (rock that comes to a point) — evolved into the name for the city that eventually arose in the elbow-bend created by Lookout Mountain and the Tennessee River. The mountain itself stretches for 100 miles into Georgia and Alabama, and is partially contained within the boundaries of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park. Like most of the plateau region, the vegetation consists of

hardwood forests and also boasts many varieties of wildflowers, shrubs, ferns and lichens. Interesting rock formations, including cavelike openings and dramatic overhangs and overlooks, provide challenges for the hikers who traverse the trails that run through both the mountain and the park.

The bawn of the caern includes all of Lookout Mountain, including its Georgia and Alabama extensions. The caern's center, however, lies within a secluded cave entrance along a relatively inaccessible trail near the mountain's northernmost point. From a concealed lookout place nearby, the members of the Sept of the Mountain Watch are able to view the sprawling city of Chattanooga and much of the plateau region that stretches beyond the city.

The Umbra around Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga is a disturbing place, full of images of sadness from the area's history and nearly dominated by the presence of the Weaver. There are a few unspoiled Wyld places along the mountain and in parts of the surrounding park, and the Garou strive to protect these fragile areas from further despoilment.

History

The region around Lookout Mountain forms the geographic center of the Tennessee Valley, and was once heavily populated by the Cherokee of the Upper Towns. In 1817, the trading post of Ross's Landing was created by a Scots-Cherokee trader to facilitate commerce between the Cherokee and the growing population of white settlers in the region. In 1837, Ross's Landing served as one of the centers for the removal of the Cherokee, marking the beginning of the Trail of Tears. A year after the Cherokee exile, Ross's Landing incorporated, calling itself "Chattanooga."

The Civil War came to Chattanooga with a vengeance. Its location as a rail center made its control vital to the Union army. The Battle of Chickamauga, which took place on September 20, 1863, resulted in a victory for Confederate troops; their failure to take advantage of their success, however, led to a later confrontation — the "Battle above the Clouds" — in late November. Like the Cherokee before them, Confederate troops used Lookout and Signal Mountains for both reconnaissance and communications. The second battle for control of the city ended with Chattanooga in Union hands and opened the way for Sherman's march to the sea.

After the war, the rails were rebuilt and the Cincinnati-Southern Line became the first post-Civil War link between North and South. A late 19th century attempt to make the city a center for iron mining fell through due to the difficulty of extracting the ore from the nearby mountains, but the 20th century has seen major growth as Chattanooga has discovered its calling as a haven for tourists and a pleasure center for the Southeast.

Chattanooga has a significantly higher proportion of African-Americans than many other cities of the Southeast, and serves as a center for Afro-American history and culture. In Chattanooga, the country music tradition meets up

with the blues, and the city is the birthplace of the "southern blues," as distinct from its northern counterpart.

As the city grew, it attracted a number of Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers, who attempted to direct urban development along culturally and environmentally responsible lines. Lookout Mountain seemed the most likely spot for locating a caern. After many trials, during which the caern-seekers traveled in the Umbra attempting to atone for the injustices against the native tribes and their Uktena guardians, their efforts were rewarded. Opossum, or 'Possum, as she asked to be called, offered to oversee the opening of a caern on Lookout Mountain.

People of the Mountain Watch

The Glass Walker Ahroun Roy Hartley holds the position of Sept Leader despite some inter-sept conflicts, primarily from members who blame him for not preventing the expansion of Chattanooga. His fellow Glass Walker, the Philodox Sylvie Webb uses her position as Warder to ensure that Hartley's rivals keep their disagreements on the philosophical level — at least within the caern. Payback, a Bone Gnawer metis, keeps a ferocious hold on his prestigious position as Keeper of the Land, a post which provides him superb opportunities to collect vast amounts of "stuff" left behind by visitors to Lookout Mountain. The position of Master of the Rite belongs to Lisl Eyes-of-the-Raven-and-Knower-of-Secrets, a lupus Godi of the Get of Fenris. The Fianna Theurge Malcolm Macdonald is the sept's Gatekeeper. Stephen Back-to-the-land, a Glass Walker Ragabash, serves as Master of the Challenge, and is Hartley's most outspoken critic.

Protectorate of the Ani-Kituwaghi (Cherokee Indian Reservation, Oconaluftee Village)

The smallest of the Appalachian protectorates, the Protectorate of the Ani-Kituwaghi (or Principal People) is limited to the territory of the Qualla Boundary — the reservation and official home of the Eastern Band of the Cherokee. The 56,000 acres within the reservation include the towns of Cherokee (or Yellow Hill, at the North Carolina gateway to the Great Smokies National Park), Soco Gap (the easternmost portion of the Qualla Boundary), Big Cove (a stronghold of tribal conservatives and traditionalism), Paint Town, Wolf Town and Bird Town. With the exception of Big Cove, most of the communities within the Qualla Boundary have veered toward acceptance of at least some vestiges of the dominant culture of Appalachia.

The Oconoluftee, its Ravens Fork tributary and Soco Creek water the lands of the Qualla Boundary. The reservation includes both mountains and valleys. The vegetation

and animal life of the area is identical to other parts of the Great Smokies — varied and tenacious. The feature that distinguishes the Protectorate of the Ani-Kituwaghi from its neighboring Great Smokies Protectorate is a psychological one: this protectorate is the last stronghold of the Uktena and their native Kinfolk in the Appalachian southeast.

Sept of the Seven Clans

Caern: Big Cove Hollow

Level: 5

Gauntlet: 3

Type: Gnosis

Tribal Structure: Closed, although visitors are allowed at certain times.

Totem: Uktena

Geography

Located deep within the boundaries of the reservation, the community of Big Cove struggles to hold onto tribal ways and to avoid assimilation into the surrounding culture. Protected by mountainous terrain, the inhabitants of this conservative stronghold have tried to preserve as many of the old traditions as possible — including the practice of conjuring and the sacred ball game once so important to the Cherokee.

Just outside the Big Cove community, a small mountain hollow serves as the site for the Sept of the Seven Tribes. Although the caern's bawn technically includes the entire reservation, only a few members of the sept are willing to travel as far as the town of Cherokee and broach the massive assault of tourism which comprises that town's chief industry. Most of the Uktena in the area of the reservation decry what they see as the abandonment through popularization of tribal ways. Younger Uktena are more realistic, and recognize that the Cherokee's best hope for survival rests with economic independence (provided by the millions of tourist dollars pumped into the area each year) and with familiarizing white America with the ways of the real Appalachian natives.

The heart of the caern lies near a small spring that branches off Raven's Fork. Here the water-spirit of Uktena gives council to members of the sept and occasionally imparts secrets and tantalizing hints of forgotten lore.

The Umbrascape preserves much of the original beauty of the area, with great forests and fertile valleys teeming with wildlife. An overall atmosphere of sadness, reflecting the sufferings of the Cherokee in their struggle to remain in their mountain homeland, permeates the Umbra, however, and serves as a constant reminder to the Garou of their Kinfolk's travail.

History

In 1889, the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians incorporated under a charter from the state of North Carolina and



occupied a tract of land in the Smoky Mountains known as the Qualla Boundary. One of the first priorities for the Uktena who accompanied these Cherokee was the opening of a caern in the new lands. Thus, the Sept of the Seven Tribes has the distinction of being the oldest existing caern in the southeastern Appalachians.

Since their emergence as a separate nation, distinct from the Oklahoma Cherokees, the fortunes of the Eastern Cherokee have reflected the split between conservatives and progressives. The formation of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park brought jobs and money to the reservation along with other programs sponsored by the Indian New Deal, the brainchild of President Roosevelt's Indian commissioner, John Collier. Education and medical care became available to residents of the reservation, and the temptation to adopt modern ways seriously endangered efforts to preserve tribal culture.

The introduction of bingo and other gambling enterprises as part of the reservation's economy has caused problems for the state of North Carolina, raising questions as to whether or not state gambling laws apply within the reservation. In addition, the issue of tribal membership causes much division; many conservatives favor restricting membership to full-blooded or near full-blooded Cherokee. Others feel that allowing persons with even trace amounts of Cherokee blood to join the tribe helps vitalize the tribe and increases the overall population. The equation of numbers of voices to political power is a lesson that has been learned at great cost.

Currently, the Uktena in the region are concerned primarily with ensuring that their Kinfolk remain strong and that the tribal traditions are preserved. Another concern is the small colony of wolves, whose existence is the sept's best-kept secret. These wolves, under the care of a trusted Kinfolk, help keep the lupus strain strong among the members of the sept.

People of the Seven Tribes Sept

Unlike most Garou sept structures, the Uktena of the Sept of the Seven Clans have divided the leadership of their sept into seven positions, honoring the seven clans of the Cherokee: Bird, Paint, Deer, Wolf, Blue, Long Hair and Wild Potato. The seventh position comes from the Cherokee tradition of having a leader for peacetime and a leader for wartime; hence, there are two Sept Leaders. Since the members of the sept consider themselves to be in a state of perpetual war, the war leader currently commands the sept. The peacetime leader holds the honorary position of Master of Secrets.

The current Sept Leader, representing the Wolf Clan, is Stands-His-Ground, a staunch member of the separatist faction among the Uktena. The Theurge Smiling Moondaughter holds the position of Master of Rites, representing the Wild Potato or Bear Clan.

The post of Warder, ascribed to the Blue or Panther Clan, is held by the venerable Ahroun Jacob Watches-the-Sunrise. His metis daughter Moonskin recently earned the

position of Keeper of the Land, representing the Bird Clan. The position of Master of the Challenge, representing the Deer Clan is held by the Galliard Sings-to-the-Waters. The Theurge Bridgemaker has served for many years as the sept's Gatekeeper, a position assigned to the Paint Clan. The Master of Secrets, representing the Long Hair or Wind Clan, is the Philodox Ayita Stormcrow.

Haunted Sites: The Past Never Dies

The Shroud that separates the physical world from the Dark Umbra is thinner in the southeastern Appalachians than in most other parts of the world. The long period of separation and isolation from the forces of progress have caused less erosion of folk beliefs and superstitions, so that most inhabitants of the mountains not only believe in ghosts, spooks, 'haints or spirits, but many have claimed to have seen them. Ghost stories and haunted sites are part of Appalachian folklore. Only in the cities, where modern beliefs have supplanted the "old ways," has the Shroud begun to thicken, and even there, the occasional haunted spot still projects an almost tangible pall.

There are literally hundreds of Haunts, both large and small, salted throughout the Appalachians. The few described below hint at the variety of wraiths whose spirits still inhabit the Appalachian Shadowlands.

Ducktown, Tennessee, near the Georgia-Tennessee border, is in the center of an area known for its copper mines. The Isabella mine is a haunt for a number of wraiths whose lives ended in those mines.

Near Johnson City, Tennessee, a small cave on the Tipton-Haynes farm, now a historical preserve, once served as an overnight stopping place for travelers through the region. Used by Native American tribes and white settlers, the mountain shelter bore witness to a vast panorama of human intercourse. Many wraiths still find themselves tied to the cave, occasionally manifesting themselves to unwary sightseers. Some people claim to have seen Daniel Boone's ghostly image within the confines of the cave.

The phenomenon known as the Brown Mountain Lights has been attributed to intrusions from the Shadowlands beyond the Shroud, as atmospheric phenomena, and as the manifestations of the elusive bog-creature known as a will-o'-the-wisp. Visible from a number of vantage points including Linville Gorge and Jonas Ridge, these lights — mysterious balloon-sized reddish pinpoint of illumination — seem to originate near Brown Mountain, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Residents of Brown Mountain link the first recorded appearance of the lights with the mysterious murder of a local woman, possibly by her husband. These people claim that the woman's spirit regularly returns to the site of her death.

Faerie Sites: Mounds and Faerie Rings

The closing of the gates to Arcadia forced the few faeries that remained behind to adopt mortal guises, becoming "changelings" who live in the mortal world save for those rare occasions with they are infused with Glamour and can experience again something of their immortal realm. The tide of mortal ignorance and disbelief, which the changelings refer to as Banality, limits their access to their faerie lives to a few sheltered places where Glamour collects.

Because of their openness to the life of the spirit and their extended isolation from some of the worst excesses of modern Banal society, the people of the Appalachians have continued — far longer than most of their counterparts in other parts of the Americas — to believe in "spirits," a broad category that includes ghosts, monsters and faeries. The mountains themselves have retained much of the Glamour that originally covered the world in the days before history. Thus, there are a number of hidden faerie glens scattered throughout the region's most remote places. In addition, there are a few freeholds where changeling society congregates.

In the late 1960s, the gates to Arcadia opened again for a brief period, and many of the noble faeries — the sidhe — reentered the world. Forced to assume the guise of changelings, these proud folk promptly reestablished their own version of faerie society, one with strong Celtic and medieval underpinnings. Claimed by the Kingdom of Willows, which extends through most of the American southeast, the Duchy of Appalachia attempts to regulate changeling society in the southeastern mountains. The area is further subdivided into counties (ruled by counts) and baronies (under the control of barons).

Unfortunately, but not unexpectedly, the changelings who remained behind when the closing of the gates to Arcadia first separated the physical world from the world of the Dreaming resented the sudden imposition of a courtly hierarchy on their unstructured existence. While most of the commoner changelings (or Kithain) — pooka, eshu, boggans and other faerie races — pay lip service to whatever noble presumes to command their loyalty, in reality the stubborn fae of Appalachia generally ignore the doings of the nobility. The native fair folk, the Nunnehi, likewise resent the arrival of yet another invasion of foreign changelings. In some instances, the returning sidhe have had the wisdom to seek the permission of the native changelings to establish freeholds in the region. Where this has not been done, the Nunnehi delight in harassing the intruders.

The County of Balsam

The Black Mountain Range, northeast of the Blue Ridge Mountains, contains the area's highest peak, Mount Mitchell, which rises 6,684' and contains three distinct zones of forest: oak and hickory at the lowest level, deciduous growth in the middle elevations, and spruce-fir in its highest regions. Once endangered by excessive logging practices, Mount Mitchell has been saved from ravaging by the tourist industry. Now the mountain is a favorite spot for hikers and campers, many of whom make the arduous journey to the observation tower at the mountain's peak, where they are rewarded with a spectacular vista (on clear days) of the surrounding mountains.

Near the top of Mt. Mitchell is an abandoned campsite, its popularity surpassed by other campgrounds in more accessible locations. In this secluded spot, the Countess of Balsam, otherwise known as the Lady of the Black Dome — a former name for Mt. Mitchell — has an elegant freehold. Seelie changelings, nobles and commoners alike, make frequent pilgrimages to Countess Toireasa's court. A treaty with local Nunnehi, who have their own village nearby, has kept the two changeling strongholds at peace with one another. The exchange of hostages, or fosterlings, further guarantees that neither group will initiate hostilities against the other.

Occasionally, the King of Willows will journey from his freehold in western Tennessee to enjoy the mountain scenery and lament with the countess over the plethora of rebellious Kithain in the region.

Cloudburst on Roan Mountain

Not far from Johnson City, Tennessee, the mountain ridge known as Roan Mountain spans the border between Tennessee and North Carolina. Known for its many treeless balds and its relative isolation, the mountain was once a battleground between the Catawba and Cherokee tribes. In the 20th century, it became an attraction for tourists, though it did not draw the immense crowds that flocked to other locations in the Blue Ridge and Smoky mountains. For many years, until its abandonment in 1910, the hotel-resort known as Cloudland, situated near the top of Roan Mountain, provided an inexpensive haven for vacationers to the region.

The stone foundations of Cloudland still stand amid a growing forest of spruce and fir trees, a lonely testament to a bygone era. Hidden from the eyes of mortals, however, cloaked by enchantments, a group of changelings has established a freehold atop Roan Mountain. Openly flaunting their opposition to the Seelie Court of the Duchy of Appalachia, this motley (commoner group) of Unseelie faerie rebels have constructed a chimeric replica of the old Cloudland Hotel. Calling themselves the Cloudburst Black and Bluegrass Band, they perform at festivals throughout the region. Their music is a raucous fusion of bluegrass and African tribal rhythms (courtesy of their eshu drummer Django Hillrunner) and their

concerts are often the occasions for spontaneous brawls and free-for-alls. (They have a habit of disappearing, seemingly into thin air, whenever this happens.)

The sound of their rehearsals has given rise to the legends surrounding the mysterious "music of the mountains" sometimes heard along the ridges of Roan Mountain.

Crafters of Highcastle Eyrie

Rock Castle County, Kentucky, hosts another small group of Kithain whose presence is unknown to the ruling powers of the Kingdom of Willows. The Highcastle Crafters (as this motley calls itself) consists of a pair of sidhe lovers who fled the Kingdom of Apples (in the North) and a trio of allied commoners. This group inhabits the ruins of a deserted faerie fort, where they invest much of their time and energy pursuing various crafts such as jewelry making, brewing, woodcarving, instrument making, and concocting herbal medicines. (See **Freeholds and Hidden Glens**, a sourcebook for **Changeling: the Dreaming** for a more complete write-up on the Highcastle Crafters.)

Walkers on the Mountain

Once a site where Cherokee shamans came to exchange stories and lore with their Nunnehi spirit-cousins, the mountain formation known as the Chimney Tops, within the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, is now a site for a group of Nunnehi changelings. Although the area is popular with visitors to the park, these Native American Kithain have made a home for themselves within a crevice in the mountainside, a place that appears impossible for even an expert climber to traverse.

The chief of this Nunnehi tribe has recently begun overtures to some of the Garou of the Sept of the Changing Seasons, hoping to form an alliance to strengthen the protection of the parklands. So far, the most receptive of these Garou has been the wolf-man known as Forest Runner.

Wyld Sites: Lines of Power and Pools of Quintessence

There are some regions in the world where lines of magical power cross each other in such profusion that the land fairly bristles with energy. In the 1960s, a community in the north of Scotland arose around one such place. That community, called Findhorn, communicated with the spirits in the Umbra and coaxed them to help the barren land around them bring forth food in abundance. Later, members of the Findhorn community left, seeking out other places where the ley lines were strong. They found one of those places in the Blue Ridge Mountains, another in the Smokies, and a third in the Cumberland.

The magick in these regions is pure and wild, rich in both Gnosis and Quintessence. More importantly, the magick draws people to it. A number of communities, from a small

group of Sufis to an obscure group of snake-handlers, have based their settlements near these lines, unconsciously drawing spiritual strength from their presence.

Some of these Wyld places are, in fact, sites of former Croatan caerns, long since abandoned by that extinct tribe and as yet unknown to the local Garou. Mages who have rediscovered these nodes of power are for the most part ignorant of the origins of these natural fonts of magickal energy. Still other sites are simply reservoirs of magick waiting to be tapped.

Near the town of Tryon, along the border between North and South Carolina in the area known as the Dark Corner, a coven of Verbenas has grown to include both backwoods witchwomen and more sophisticated Tradition members whose ancestry reflects the growing cosmopolitan nature of the region. A powerful node of Quintessence in Warrior Mountain Cave, in the nearby Howard Gap area, provides the entrance to their modest Horizon Realm. Members of the Dark Corner Coven believe that this was once the site of a now abandoned Croatan caern and they have been careful to leave undisturbed the strange pictograms carved into the cave walls. A few times over the last two centuries, Uktena have visited the site and studied the runes, but have made no move to reclaim the site. Whether this is because of their small numbers or because the presence of the coven has made the area unsuitable for a caern is unknown.

The Devil's Courthouse, located deep within the Pisgah National Forest, is a mountaintop of bare, jagged rock. According to local legend, a cave within the rock has served as the court chambers of the devil. Cherokee legend holds that the menacing, tricksterish giant Judaculla (see Chapter Five) used to dance in this spot. Recently, a Nephandus has made the Devil's Courthouse his private base for meditation, drawing from the power that has gathered in the spot over the centuries.

The rural lands around Leicester and Sandy Mush, outside of Asheville, North Carolina have long been considered centers of power and have attracted communities of Sufi and other small religious and New Age groups over the years, along with individual Tradition mages who have sought out the privacy of areas coves and hollows for their personal quests for Ascension.

Hellholes: Where the Wyrms' Blood Boils

Freed at last by the arrival of the Europeans, the Wyrms has managed in the succeeding centuries to establish a firm hold in some areas of southeastern Appalachia. Once-pristine forest has been left forever scarred and plundered by strip mines and massive logging. Unregulated dumping of toxic wastes from local industries, drawn to the area by its favorable labor conditions (i.e., the absence of unions) and the lack of environmental restrictions, has caused the pollution of some of the region's most powerful rivers. The spread of black lung disease throughout the coal mining regions of southeastern Appala-

chia and brown lung disease associated with the textile industry have provided further openings for the Wyrms to attach itself to human victims.

Harlan County, KY

Although the mining industry left its mark throughout eastern Kentucky, Harlan County epitomizes some of the worst excesses of the search for coal. One of the state's most economically depressed regions through much of the twentieth century, both people and land bear the scars of the callousness of big business. Near the coal-town of Lynch, Kentucky, a played-out mine has become waterlogged, forming a subterranean lake of poisonous water that pollutes its surroundings. In the Umbra, this site has become a Hellhole for a number of Banes. Similar pockets of Wym-taint exist in other parts of the Coal Belt.

Pigeon River

Waste pollution from the lumber industry has transformed the once-clear waters of the Pigeon River into a foul stream that has killed off much of the aquatic life dependent on it. Despite recent attempts to clean up the river, only a few places have been restored to some semblance of their original state.

Near the town of Canton, North Carolina, not far from one of the strongest areas of pollution, a group of Black Spiral Dancers has created a Hive in an underground cave along the banks of the river. From this base of operations, they have embarked on an insidious campaign to spread their Wym-inspired insanity to nearby communities, inciting humans to violence and increasing the ranks of their Kinfolk.

Oak Ridge, Tennessee

Once the site for the Manhattan Project, which developed the atomic bomb during World War II, the city of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, northwest of Knoxville, now houses the American Museum of Science and Energy. It is also home to the Graphite Reactor, a national historic landmark as well as the oldest continuously run nuclear facility; the Bull Run Steam Plant, a coal-powered generating plant managed by the Tennessee Valley Authority; and the Children's Museum of Oak Ridge. Unfortunately, this apparently placid community has attracted numerous Banes to the Umbra surrounding it. Spawned by the early experiments in the production of atomic energy for military purposes, these radioactive Banes seek out unwary visitors, either infecting them with various wasting diseases or possessing them, creating a particularly vicious type of fomori.



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Chapter Three: The Changing Breed of the Mountains

The southeastern Appalachians are drenched in magick of all sorts and the emanations from these ancient hills have drawn to the area numerous individuals and groups sensitive to the presence of the supernatural. The Wyld is still strong in many parts of the mountains; hence the presence of nearly 200 Garou in a relatively small area. The mountains and rivers that break up the landscape make travel difficult, since it is rarely possible to travel directly from one point to another. Because of this, many Garou feel that their numbers are, if anything, too small. Despite this, werewolves from outside the area often meet with resistance, even from members of their own tribe. The relative isolation of the mountains has created a kind of insularity that outsiders find difficult to overcome. The Garou of Appalachia have more in common with each other than with those from other regions. In fact, they often feel a stronger kinship with non-Garou from Appalachia than with their own Changing Breed.

The Politics of the Garou: Families, Feuds, and Flatlanders

I never had to ask, What am I?

I stared at my blood-kin and thought,

So this, dear God, is what I am.

— Andrew Hudgins, "Begotten"

Between 150 and 200 Garou live in the southeastern Appalachians. Almost all the Garou tribes are represented in Appalachia, although some have only a handful of members. As the first Garou to establish themselves in the southeastern mountains, the Uktena consider themselves the only "native" Garou in the area. Of the European Garou, the Fianna, Bone Gnawers, Get of Fenris, Silver

Fangs and Children of Gaia all have histories that go back as far as the first white settlers in the region, and their numbers reflect their length of residence. The Black Furies, Glass Walkers and Stargazers all have small but significant presence in the area. Only a handful of Silent Striders make the mountains their home, usually as a stopping point on some larger travel circuit. Recently, the Red Talons have taken an interest in the area due to the re-introduction of a small population of red wolves into the Great Smoky Mountains.

The internal politics of the Garou have developed along very different lines from the usual intertribal alliances and hostilities. Almost all interaction between differing tribes of Garou in Appalachia stems from their history in the region.

The most obvious rift exists between the Uktena and all the other Garou. Memories of the European invasion and the forcible exile of most of the Cherokee and other native American tribes puts a strain on relations between the Uktena and their fellow Garou. Some Uktena, particularly the younger members of the tribe, recognize the necessity of putting aside old hostilities and coming to an accommodation with the European Garou, but many of the elders of the tribe cannot and will not forget that the European Garou brought with them both the Weaver and the Wym.

Within the community of European Garou, there is yet a further division. On the one side are the Fianna, Bone Gnawers, Children of Gaia, Get of Fenris and Silver Fangs. This unlikely alliance, which ignores more traditional tribal enmities, stems from the fact that all these tribes were already established in the Appalachians before the Civil War — and before the advent of post-war industrialization and urbanization. Opposed to them are the Glass Walkers, Black Furies and Stargazers, whose relatively late arrival in the area has branded them as newcomers.

The divisions between Appalachian Garou, however, are not static. Depending on the issue, factional lines may be crossed and new alliances and enmities formed. Bone Gnawers in the cities may find themselves opposed to their Hillfolk cousins and allied to their Glass Walker citymates over aspects of urban development (an important Glass Walker concern) and tourism, but may stand by their rural brothers and sisters over the politics of moonshine. Families of feuding Kinfolk cause further divisions, particularly among the Fianna, as Garou territoriality exerts itself.

In fact, the role of Kinfolk in the Appalachians offers some insight into the vagaries of Garou interrelations. Because of their long isolation from greater American society, reliance on family ties and extended kinship networks forms one of the strongest bonds holding together the people of Appalachia. When neighbors were few and far between and the nearest city was most of a day's journey over the mountain, families were forced to depend on each other for survival. The infrastructure provided by cities — police protection, judicial systems, and other means of arbitrating disputes and punishing crimes — rarely affected the populations of the mountain coves and hollows. Conflicts over land ownership and personal grudges had to be settled on the spot — often violently. When such instances occurred, blood ties often determined

the drawing of battle lines. In many cases, relations between Garou in Appalachia reflect the relative standing of their Kinfolk and those families allied with them. Thus it is possible for two Fianna to stand as implacable enemies because of their allegiance to feuding Kinfolk families — and just as likely for intermarriage between Kinfolk on both sides to embroil other Garou tribes in the emotional mix.

Internal dissension, however strongly rooted, will always take second place to an outside threat. Many Appalachian Garou see any newcomers to their territory as unwanted meddlers at best and blatant enemies at worst. Sometimes this includes other Garou, particularly if they come to the area as self-appointed saviors and do-gooders, a mistake made by many well-meaning but misinformed immigrants to the area. Garou who come into Appalachia from outside the region would be well advised to familiarize themselves with the "lay of the land" before they dare to present any solutions or offers of help to the region's native protectors.

The Tribes: a Who's Who of Appalachian Garou

Black Furies

*I have dreamed on this mountain
Since first I was my mother's daughter
And you can't just take my dreams away — not with me watching
You may drive a big machine
But I was born a great big woman
No you can't just take my dreams away — without me fighting
No you can't just take my dreams away
— Holly Near, "Mountain Song"*

The Black Furies had a late start in Appalachia, since their Kinfolk did not arrive in any significant numbers until the mid-20th century, after World War II. There are about a dozen Black Furies in southeastern Appalachia. The presence of sizeable Greek communities in several Appalachian cities has ensured the presence of a few Kinfolk. For the most part, the Black Furies are engaged in a constant struggle to protect the women of the region. The feminism of the 20th century came late to the Appalachians. Although the tradition of equality between the sexes was a part of the original culture of the Cherokee, the white settlers instituted their practice of male supremacy, a tradition that has been hard to break.

Most of the Black Furies are scattered among the various protectorates of the region, but one pack of Freebooters roams the mountains in search of abandoned Uktena caerns and other sacred sites. Though the tribe is not united under one leader, the Freebooter Artemis Silver-Dawn, by virtue of her age and renown, is considered the spiritual leader of the region's Black Furies. Maya Wordweaver, a young Galliard, serves as Gatekeeper for the Sept of the Moon's Blessing.

Elektra Daygreeter

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Tribe: Black Furies (Amazons of Diana)

Nature/Demeanor: Caregiver/Fanatic

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 2, Leadership 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Law 2, Linguistics 1 (Greek), Occult 2, Politics 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Kinfolk 1, Past Life 1, Resources 1

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Sense Wyrms, Truth of Gaia; (2) Staredown, Strength of Purpose

Rank: 2

Rage 4, Gnosis 5, Willpower 7

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing; (Minor Rite) Greet the Moon; (Mystic) Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: None

Image: In Homid form, Elektra is a compactly built woman in her late 20s, with olive skin, dark curly hair, and piercing dark eyes — evidence of her Greek ancestry. She favors loose clothing such as flannel shirts and denim and wears no jewelry except for small gold studs in her ears. Her Lupus form is that of a chunky black wolf with white streaks running through her slightly crinkled fur.

Roleplaying Notes: You are dedicated to bettering the status of the region's women and children by any means within your grasp. You have discovered that many mountain men will back down from a "feisty" woman, so you have cultivated an aggressive manner in your dealings with them. Speak quickly, using hand gestures, vocal emphasis and body language to convey the intensity of your passionate commitment. You find it hard to feel comfortable around men, sensing in them a potential for violence that has no connection to your own internal Rage. You prefer the company of women, and resent the way your fellow Garou are increasingly pressuring you to seek some worthy human man for breeding.

History: Born into the Greek Orthodox community of western North Carolina, Elektra constantly rebelled against the traditional female roles encouraged by her family. Her obvious intellectual curiosity was a source of both pride and embarrassment to her parents, who failed to understand why their youngest daughter could not be satisfied with "girlish" expectations. Only Elektra's grandmother, a matriarch from the Old Country, seemed nonplused by her granddaughter's discontent, assuring her that "everything you are going through now has a greater purpose which will be made clear to you in time."



Just before Elektra's thirteenth birthday, her grandmother announced that she intended to make a pilgrimage, to return to Greece for what might be a final visit. Furthermore, she insisted that Elektra accompany her on her journey. Thus it was that on the secluded isle of Eccube (see **Caerns: Places of Power**), among the Black Fury Garou who regarded her grandmother as Kinfolk and sister, Elektra underwent her First Change and came into her legacy.

Elektra's family noticed a marked change in their rebellious daughter upon her return from Greece, but attributed it to the maturing process. To all intents, Elektra became a model child, although somewhat secretive. She developed an interest in hiking and camping, using supervised camping trips as an excuse to make contact with the Sept of the Grandfather. After finishing high school, Elektra enrolled at Appalachian State University in Boone, NC, where she quickly became active in local efforts to help abused women and children.

Elektra now divides her time between the wilderness, where she serves as a liaison between the Sept of the Grandfather and other local Garou, and the nearby urban centers where she pursues her guardianship of the area's human population, specifically women and children. As a volunteer for several women's help groups in western North Carolina, she specializes in helping women extract themselves from abusive situations — a difficult task in a region where violence is often regarded as a normal mode of communication. She usually succeeds. She pays particular attention to the safety of female hikers and campers who make use of the Appalachian Trail and the many campgrounds in the Blue Ridge mountains.



Lycoris Moon-Sister

Position: Pack Leader, Appalachian Freebooters

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Black Furies (Freebooter)

Nature/Demeanor: Gallant/Judge

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 1, Primal-Urge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Drive 1, Melee 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledge: Enigmas 3, Investigation 2, Linguistics 1, Occult 1, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Mentor 2

Gifts: (1) Heightened Senses, Inspiration, Smell of Man; (2) Curse of Aeolus, The Falling Touch, Sense Silver; (3) Flames of Hestia, Messenger's Fortitude

Rank: 3

Rage 5, Gnosis 6, Willpower 7

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing; (Caern) Rite of the Opened Caern; (Minor) Breath of Gaia; (Mystic Rite of Binding, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of the Unveiled Glen

Fetishes: Elk Tooth Necklace

Image: Lycoris is a rangy young woman in her late teens, with long straight dark hair (tipped with white) and sharp features. In Lupus form, she is a rangy black wolf with white-tipped fur. Lycoris generally dresses in comfortable hiking clothes, since she spends most of her time in the wilderness. When she visits the cities, she occasionally deigns to wear more civilized duds.

Roleplaying Notes: Once the shock of what you were had worn off, you realized that you had a vital reason for existing, something far beyond the limitations of your human cultural expectations. You enjoy roughing it, and can't understand why you ever felt differently about life in the wilderness. Although you sometimes return to Chattanooga, you have been reluctant to resume contact with your family; it's better for them to think that you simply disappeared, so different have you become. Lately, you have been obsessed with tracking down rumors of a lost Croatan fetish — part of a mammoth skeleton — thought to be sequestered away somewhere in the mountains. You have traced it as far as eastern Kentucky, but there are also hints that it originally came from western North Carolina. You would like to find it and see it placed in the care of some reliable elders, maybe even in the legendary Sept of Bygone Visions in Greece, although you hate the thought of letting anything so old or so reputedly powerful leave the mountains.

History: Born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, Lycoris spent most of her childhood helping out in the Greek restaurant owned by her parents. She became active in the local Greek Orthodox community, learned to speak fluent Greek, and immersed herself in various ethnic activities. Her First Change was traumatic, and she fled her home and the city in terror, fearful of the damned creature she had become. She was discovered by an elderly member of the Black Furies, Artemis Silver-Dawn, who took her under her wing and taught her the ways of the Garou and of her tribe. Artemis also enlisted her in her own camp, the Freebooters.

Today, Lycoris roams the mountains of southeastern Appalachia with her pack, searching for rumors of lost Croatan artifacts and other items sacred to the Garou. She is particularly interested in possible lost Croatan caerns. She affiliates herself with the Sept of the Mountain Watch, although she despises the conciliatory politics of its Sept Leader, Glass Walker Roy Hartley. She suspects that the sept's Theurge, Lisl Eyes-of-the-Forest-and-Knower-of-Secrets, exercises some unnatural hold over Hartley, but cannot prove her allegations. Her travels often take her far from the boundaries of the protectorate. She knows a little of the history of the Mammoth's Bone fetish (see Chapter Six), particularly regarding its origin. She does not know where it is at present, although she suspects it is somewhere in Kentucky.

Bone Gnawers

My daddy paid the bills by working in that old
coal mine

My daddy paid the bills by working in that old
coal mine

My Uncle's in the hills honey
cooking up that old moonshine

Coalmine, Moonshine — Get on down the line

Coalmine, Moonshine — Get on down the line

— The Metro Blues All-Stars, "Coalmine, Moonshine"

The deep backwoods are the home for several close-knit clans of these Garou and their Kinfolk. Although most Bone Gnawers find their places in the back alleys and deserted sections of the cities, the Appalachian Bone Gnawers have migrated to some of the more inaccessible areas of the mountains. Here, along with their human Kinfolk, they have found for themselves a paradise away from civilization — and away from their persecutors and revilers among the other Garou tribes. Here, too, they provide a service to Gaia little appreciated by their peers. They are not the only Garou who have formed enclaves deep in the hills. Black Spiral Dancers and their Kinfolk have staked their claim to some of the coves and 'hollers' forgotten by Gaia's protectors. Under the guise of bitter feuds, Bone Gnawers and Black Spiral Dancers wage a bloody battle.

The Bone Gnawers accompanied some of the earliest European settlers to the region. Their charges were the dispossessed, landless individuals, outlaws and misfits who came to the mountains seeking refuge. They can be found among the mining folk of Kentucky, the cheap labor imported to build the railroads of the 19th century, and, of course, among the moonshiners. Next to the Fianna and Get of Fenris, the Bone Gnawers are the most widely represented European Garou in the area, numbering anywhere between 20 and 30.

Bone Gnawer Kinfolk are a close-knit society. Although not all of them are completely aware of the heritage they bear, they are inordinately and obstinately proud of their families. Kinship is important to them, and marriages among cousins are not uncommon, giving some credence to the charges of incest and inbreeding among the "backward" mountaineers. Sex between closer blood-relatives is frowned on by the Bone Gnawer hillfolk. (See the discussion on the Black Spiral Dancer Kinfolk in Chapter Five for more information on incestuous relationships.)

Notable Bone Gnawers include the metis Ahroun Payback, Keeper of the Land for the Sept of the Mountain Watch and Miz' Flora Gray, whose efforts among the homeless community in Asheville have earned her considerable renown among members of the Hood.



Armageddeon Ryddell

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Bone Gnawer

Nature/Demeanor: Fanatic/Lone Wolf

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 1

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Repair 2

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Kentucky hills) 3, Brewing 3, Enigmas 1, Herbalism 2

Backgrounds: Allies 1, Kinfolk 4

Gifts: (1) Cooking, Falling Touch, Smell of Man

Rank: 2

Rage 5, Gnosis 6, Willpower 5

Rites: (Minor) Bone Rhythms; (Mystic) Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: None

Flaws: Enemy (the Bledson family)

Image: At 6'2" and nearly 300 pounds, with long, unkempt dirty blond hair and muddy gray-green eyes, Armageddeon epitomizes the classic "hillbilly" stereotype. He wears faded and patched overalls (sometimes without a shirt) and though he owns a sturdy pair of workboots, he wears them only when he has to. In his Lupus form, he resembles a large yellow "wolfhound." His

Glabro form, which he often assumes to scare off revenuers or other intruders from his family's still, resembles the "hairy man" of many mountain tales. As a Crinos, Armageddeon is just plain huge.

Roleplaying Notes: You don't have to go lookin' fer Gaia's enemies. So long as one single member of the Bledson family is left alive, you know where to find the Wyrms. You've made it clear that your pack is welcome in Rydell Cove anytime, but that when they leave, you won't be runnin' with 'em. Your place is here, with your daddy's still and your momma's good cookin'. You already lost a brother and a sister to the Black Spirals by gallivantin' around huntin' for what was just over the hill. That won't happen agin.

History: Born into a large family of Bone Gnawer Kinfolk tucked away in a secluded cove in the Kentucky hills not far from the Cumberland Gap, Armageddeon and the rest of his brothers and sisters managed to thrive without most of the comforts associated with modern life. Dodging persistent truant officers, avoiding "chores" (such as they were), keeping watch for approaching "revenooers" or "gov'mint men," and roaming the surrounding woods occupied most of his childhood. As he grew older, Armageddeon was initiated into the family business — the making of moonshine. He was also taught, along with all the Rydell children, to steer clear of the Bledson family who lived in the next cove. Every now and then, uncles and aunts and cousins from the other side of the hill would descend on the Rydells for a few days of potluck and stories and a sampling of the latest batch. Sometimes the boy would overhear odd conversations about him during these family convocations, as one or another of his distant uncles would ask his parents if "the boy" (meaning him) was beginning to show any of "the signs."

One day, two of his uncles paid an unexpected visit and, with his parent's permission, took Armageddeon with them into the deep woods and introduced him to his Garou heritage. For a time, Armageddeon traveled with a pack of Bone Gnawers and discovered the extensive network of Kinfolk salted throughout the Kentucky hills. He learned, as well, of the enemies of Gaia that also secreted themselves in the mountains. In addition to Black Spiral Dancers, whole families of fomori made their homes in the deep woods and secret coves. Little by little, Armageddeon began to realize that some of these fomori "varmints" sounded a lot like the Bledson family that lived not too far from his home. The more he thought about it the more worried he became about the safety of his brothers and sisters, until he finally decided that, much as he liked roaming the wild places, his Kinfolk needed him more. As a younger pack member, Armageddeon had to wheedle his packmates into joining him, but eventually he had his way.

As he neared his home, Armageddeon's sense of urgency grew, and even his pack began to feel that the Ahroun cub was onto something. The sound of gunshots and screams coming from Rydell's Cove confirmed Armageddeon's fears. Although he'd had a few run-ins with Wyrms creatures during his travels through the hills, the rage he felt as he saw

his Kinfolk under attack by fomori exceeded anything he had ever experienced. For the first time in his new existence, Armageddeon tasted the blood of his enemy and reveled in it. When it was over, and the corpses of the fomori lay strewn around the bloody cove, Armageddeon found the bodies of his two youngest siblings, eight-year-old Ezekiel and seven-year-old Hepzibah, both of them savagely mutilated. It took all of his battered packmates to restrain him during the rage that followed.

Since that time, Armageddeon has never been far from his family. He still keeps in touch with his pack, but not even the Apocalypse could make him leave the people he has vowed to protect. His family doesn't speak of the attack that cost them two of their children, nor do they mention what they saw during the battle between the fomori of the Bledson family and their son's pack in Crinos form. But the Rydell family sleeps easier at night now, and the safety of the family's moonshine business is secured.

Backalley

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Galliard

Tribe: Bone Gnawers (The Hood)

Nature/Demeanor: Caregiver/Maker

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 2 (4/5/5/4)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/0/0)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

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

Skills: Drive 1, Firearms 1, Melee 3, Repair 2, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Computers 1, Enigmas 3, Investigation 1, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 2

Gifts: (1) Heightened Senses, Mindspeak, Scent of Sweet Honey; (2) Burrow, Distractions, Find the Prize

Rank: 2

Rage 5, Gnosis 6, Willpower 5

Rites: (Mystic) Rite of Binding, Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: Lost Keyring

Image: A scrawny young man who appears to be in his early 20s, Backalley is wire-thin and bone-hard, with shaggy brown hair and usually a few days growth of stubble on his chin. As a wolf, he is small and scruffy, with brownish-gray fur. Although his Crinos form is still formidable, it is considerably smaller than the average Garou.

Roleplaying Notes: When you lived with Eddy, he talked to you all the time, so learning human speech was not as difficult for you as it could have been (grammar is something else again). You like people, and don't understand the disdain some of your packmates have for humans. Technology fascinates you, even simple gadgets, and you like to fiddle with anything you find that can be taken apart and put



back together again. Although you remember being a wolf, you spend most of your time in Homid form (hands are just too convenient).

History: Backalley was born in the Knoxville Zoo. As the runt of the litter, the scrawny wolf pup had to struggle for survival among his more rambunctious litter mates. A staff member took pity on the game little scrapper and took it upon himself, without consulting his supervisors, to give the pup a new lease on life and acquire a faithful companion in the bargain. After stealing the pup and reporting its death to zoo officials, Eddy Loftis took the sickly animal home and nursed him with pilfered food from the zoo supplemented by table scraps. Backalley thrived on the unorthodox diet, and was well on his way to becoming a permanent member of the Loftis household (him and Eddy) when disaster struck.

The apartment above Eddy's caught fire one night, while Eddy was sleeping off a well-earned weekend binge. Backalley smelled the smoke and sensed danger to himself and his sleeping master, but his frantic efforts to waken Eddy had no effect. The nearly two-year-old wolf panicked when the living room ceiling collapsed from the fire raging overhead. Howling and snarling in fear, he dashed into Eddy's bedroom and tried to pull the comatose man from his bed. Suddenly he found himself shifting form into a huge creature with strength enough to lift Eddy Loftis in his arms and crash through the window into the alley behind the apartment building. Confused by his new body, Backalley still managed to carry Loftis away from the conflagration before fleeing, terrorized by the change that had come over him.

For several days after the fire, Backalley roamed the streets of Knoxville, uncertain of what he was and afraid to seek out Eddy, the only person he knew. Finally, he was discovered by one of the members of Megan Alexander's pack of city Garou. The pack took him in and taught him the basics of life as a preserver of Gaia in the midst of the

Weaver, and introduced him to the rudiments of human civilization. With their help, Backalley tracked down Eddy. Loftis had lost everything in the fire, and his profound depression cost him his job at the zoo as well. Now one of the homeless, he wandered the streets of the city, sleeping in shelters or abandoned buildings. Thankfully, he received food and his favorite brand of beer from a mysterious donor. The plight of his former master awoke in Backalley a sympathy for other human castaways. His clandestine acts of kindness for Eddy and other members of the homeless population attracted the attention of a few other Knoxville Bone Gnawers, members of the Hood.

Backalley remains one of the most valuable, though sometimes unappreciated, members of Megan's pack. His contacts with the lowest rungs of Knoxville society provide his pack with much valuable information. He is an "expert" on Kindred activities in the city, although not all of his facts are reliable.

Lodi Clawfoot

Position: Master of the Challenge, Sept of the Grandfather

Breed: Meris

Auspice: Ragabash

Tribe: Bone Gnawers

Nature/Demeanor: Maker/Jester

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Primal-Urge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 1, Kailindo 3, Melee 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Herbalism 2, Medicine 2, Occult 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: None

Gifts: (1) Blur of the Milky Eye, Cooking, Heightened Senses; (2) Alter Sense, Blissful Ignorance, Curse of Hatred; (3) Open Moon Bridge, Silence

Rank: 3

Rage 4, Gnosis 5, Willpower 7

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Contrition; (Minor) Greet the Moon, Greet the Sun; (Mystic) Rite of Talisman Dedication; (Renown) Rite of Praise

Fetishes: Harmony Flute

Image: Lodi appears as a young woman in her early 20s, with blond hair worn in a long braid and mischievous blue eyes. Her Lupus form resembles a yellow-coated cross between a wolf and a coonhound. She retains her long hair even in Crinos form. In all forms, her claw foot is immediately apparent. Lodi wears comfortable, loose clothing, and usually goes barefoot, since it is difficult to find a shoe that will fit her deformed foot.



Roleplaying Notes: Your parents told you that Gaia loves you even if you were born from a Garou-Garou match. You once heard a preacher on television talk about how God loves sinners, so you figured it must be the same sort of thing. You don't believe for a minute that Gaia meant for your parents to disappear. If you felt more comfortable in cities and if you had the first clue to go on, you'd be in Knoxville tracking them down right now. You're proud of your ability to defend yourself, and you wish you could do something really important to prove to other Garou that metis are just as good as anyone else, but you don't know yet what that something is. In the meantime, until you get a clear sign from somewhere, you'll just keep up the good humor and the playfulness that makes others forget your "wrongful" birth.

History: Born in the rural community of Leicester, North Carolina, not far from Asheville, Lodi was an "accidental" metis. Her Garou father, a grizzled scrapper named One-Ear, fell in love with Claudie Milleroy, a woman he thought was one of the local community of Bone Gnawer Kinfolk. Claudie's pregnancy triggered her own late "change." One-Ear and Claudie discussed their predicament at length, and finally decided that they would trust Gaia and bring their offspring to term.

Both parents were present at Lodi's birth, anxiously waiting Gaia's judgment on their forbidden mating. The infant Crinos seemed to be perfectly formed, until she was fully drawn from her mother's womb; only then was her metis disfigurement made plain. Her right foot was shaped like a mangled claw. One-Ear and Claudie took one look at the product of their love, a gurgling, laughing, deformed but ultimately beautiful daughter, and decided that Gaia's gift of life was not to be spurned.

Lodi grew up secure in the knowledge of what she was, and her parents made every effort to minimize her limitations. Although her clawfoot hampered her physical movements,

she soon learned to compensate, developing a scrabbling gait in Homid form and a three-legged lope in Lupus form that gave her almost normal movement. From infancy, she manifested an uncommonly playful temperament along with a sense of daring that pushed her to take risks that kept both her parents on edge, expecting disaster.

One-Ear presented both his wife and child to the Sept of the Grandfather when Lodi was still very young. After consulting with the elders of the sept, Lodi's parents decided to ensure that their daughter got special training so that her defect would not hold her back. They traveled via Moon Bridge to the Sept of the Moon's Blessing in Kentucky, and arranged for Lodi to study Kailindo with the resident Star-gazer, Galileo Crosses-the-Stars. The eager young Ragabash readily learned (or tried to learn) anything that was taught to her.

When Lodi was 15, her parents left her in the care of her tutor to travel to Knoxville, where One-Ear hoped to get in touch with the city's local Bone Gnawer community. They never returned, and attempts to find out what happened to them failed. Lodi was devastated by their loss, but refused to allow anyone to pity her. She determined that one day she would discover what happened to them, although she hadn't the faintest idea of how to start. In the midst of her confusion and sorrow, one of the younger Garou in the Sept of the Moon's Blessing hinted that her tragedy was Gaia's way of punishing her parents. To her tormentor's surprise, Lodi demonstrated just how well she had learned her lessons in Kailindo. Although she felt justified in her action, she realized that her time in Kentucky was over.

She returned to the Sept of the Grandfather, where her personality and game determination won her a place in the sept. Eventually, she was accorded the status of Master of the Challenge in honor of her struggle to overcome her physical impediment. She still wants to go to Knoxville to try to find out what happened to her parents, but she is unwilling to leave her duties at the sept. She collects information about the area from anyone she meets, often mixing with the tourists from Tennessee who visit Grandfather Mountain and quizzing them about strange goings on near Knoxville.

Children of Gaia

*To our elders who teach us of our creation and
our past*

*So we may preserve mother earth for ancestors
yet to come*

We are the land

*To our brothers and sisters and all living things
across mother earth*

Her beauty we've destroyed

*And denied the honor the Creator has given each
individual*

The truth lies in our hands

All my relations

— Pura Fe, Soni, Jen, Traditional, "Ancestor Song"

The Children of Gaia came to the mountains of Appalachia in two major waves. Among the missionary folk and educators who built missions and schools among the mountain folk of the area in the 19th century were some Kinfolk of the Children of Gaia. A second wave of Garou and Kinfolk from this tribe of conciliators arrived in the 1960s, as America's social conscience discovered and recognized the existence of the rural poor. Members of this tribe are among the most outspoken cultural preservationists and environmentalists, active in trying to break the cycle of Appalachian poverty and apathy without destroying the culture or harming Gaia in the process. They are also the most likely to seek alliances wherever they can find them in the war for Gaia. About 20 Children of Gaia currently make the southeastern Appalachians their home.

Prominent members of the tribe include Michael Spiritsinger, Gatekeeper for the Sept of the Changing Seasons and Myron Delacroix, a Kentucky-based social worker who specializes in locating lost cubs.

Leah Hopebringer

Position: Keeper of the Land (Sept of the Grandfather)

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Tribe: Children of Gaia

Nature/Demeanor: Visionary/Maker

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Primal-Urge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Meditation 2, Melee 1, Performance 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Grandfather Mountain) 3, Enigmas 2, Herbalism 2, Linguistics 2 (Cherokee, Sign Language), Occult 1, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Past Life 1

Gifts: (1) Mother's Touch, Persuasion, Scent of the True Form; (2) Calm, Spellbinding Oration; (3) Chant of Morpheus, Good Faith, Spirit Friend

Rank: 3

Rage 5, Gnosis 7, Willpower 7

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Contrition; (Caern) Rite of the Opened Caern; (Minor)

Bonehythms, Breath of Gaia; (Mystic) Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Spirit Awakening

Fetishes: Truth Feather

Image: Leah is a striking young woman in her middle twenties, whose coffee-colored skin contrasts with her dark blond hair and pale green eyes. She generally dresses in Appalachian "folk" clothing, homespun or handwoven, and frequently wears jewelry made from natural items. In her Lupus form, she is a tawny wolf with gold-tipped fur and icy-green eyes.

Roleplaying Notes: Your goal in life is to bring the spirit of Gaia into manifestation in the hearts of humans and non-humans alike. Your parents' faith and belief in the equality of all races has become magnified in you to a belief in the equality of all sentient creatures — even those who are supposedly "of the Wyrms." You seriously believe that most individuals can be saved. You are passionately devoted to the natural world, for nature contains the secrets of co-existence. Sometimes you get carried away by your enthusiasm, but most of the time you try to infect those around you in more indirect ways.

History: Leah was born to Children of Gaia Kinfolk who were members of a Baha'i community near Black Mountain, NC. She never thought that having parents of two different races was strange until she encountered some bullies at school who thought otherwise, taunting her unmercifully. Even as a child, she felt unexplainable surges of rage and struggled to control her urge to rip apart the kids who called her names. Her parents tried to instill in her a peaceful, non-violent approach to her persecutors — with only limited success. Finally, they removed her from school and taught her at home.

During a field trip to the Great Smokies with her parents when she was fourteen, Leah got lost. On her first night alone in the deep forest, she changed, an experience that both terrified and elated her. It also attracted the attention of the Little People who live near the Chimney Tops. By indirect means, tantalizing and teasing her, they led the confused child to nearby Blanket Mountain, where members of the Sept of the Changing Seasons found her and gave her a crash course in her Garou heritage and told her of the Sept of the Grandfather, closer to her home.

Leah was returned to her frantic parents two days later, "discovered" by one of the park's rangers. She returned home and continued to live with her parents, seemingly none the worse for her experience in the wild. In fact, she seemed fascinated with the wilderness, and repeatedly pestered her



parents to take her to Grandfather Mountain, where she would meet with members of the Sept of the Grandfather and continue her education. She met others of the Children of Gaia and was elated to learn of the principles upon which her tribe was founded. Her Rite of Passage took place when she was sixteen.

Leah attended Warren Wilson College in nearby Swannanoa, a college with a reputation for interracial harmony and student activism. One of her teachers, also one of the Children of Gaia, helped her conceal her nature long enough for her to graduate with a degree in Appalachian studies. While she was still in college she continued to make regular visits to Grandfather Mountain, and eventually the sept accepted her as a member. She considers her appointment as Keeper of the Land a great honor. She is troubled by her attraction to Reuben Bruckner, the soft-spoken Get of Fenris who heads the sept's Guardians. Like other Children of Gaia, she believes that love and procreation are two distinct activities, but she doubts that she would ever be able to convince Bruckner or her septmates to accept that distinction. She has begun to overcompensate for her feelings by provoking Bruckner at every opportunity, seeking to forestall any possible discovery of her passion for him.

Her early experiences with the Little People have given her a fascination with Cherokee history and culture; she constantly pesters Standing Rock for as much knowledge as the old Uktena is willing to give her. She would love to see all the Garou of the region unite with other creatures of the spirit world and reclaim the land and culture from the forces that threaten to destroy it.

Hattie Thunderwife

Position: Sept Leader, Sept of the Moon's Blessing

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Children of Gaia

Nature/Demeanor: Alpha/Survivor

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4 (3/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 1, Etiquette 1, Firearms 2, Melee 1, Leadership 4, Survival 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Law 1, Herbalism 3, Politics 2, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Mentor 1

Gifts: (1) Falling Touch, Smell of Man, Resist Pain; (2) Grandmother's Touch, Luna's Armor, Spirit of they, Staredown, True Fear; (3) Combat Healing, Dazzle, Silver Claws; (4) Stoking Fury's Furnace; (5) The Living Wood, Part the Veil, Strength of Will

Rank: 5

Rage 7, Gnosis 8, Willpower 8

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Comfort, Rite of the Opened Sky; (Caern) Moot Rite; (Death) Gathering for the Departed; (Minor Rites) all; (Mystic) Rite of Binding, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Totem; (Punishment) Rite of Ostracism; (Renown) Rite of Accomplishment, Rite of Passage, Rite of Praise, Rite of Wounding

Fetishes: Gaia's Poultice

Image: Hattie Thunderwife is a large, amply built woman in her mid-40s. Her looks and carriage bear the unmistakable stamp of her mountain roots. She usually dresses in loose-fitting print dresses or coveralls (never jeans), and fights a never-ending battle to keep her long, dark auburn hair under control. In Lupus form, she is a large, chunky gray-brown wolf. Her Crinos form goes without saying.

Roleplaying Notes: Sometimes the peace of Gaia has to be beaten into a person, and you're just the woman to do it. You use your size to good advantage, particularly when facing down anti-union thugs and bullies in general. Against servants of the Wyrms, you unleash your fury without hesitation. You know just what to say to your sept members to get them to give just a little bit more. Sooner or later, you'll have them all "whupped" into shape, and then the Garou of Kentucky will be a force to be reckoned with.

History: Born Hattie Jenkins to a poor mining family in Harlan County, Kentucky, Hattie's First Change came upon her earlier than most Garou. Before she was 10, her father's union activities brought some unwelcome callers to her family's company hovel late one night. Hattie woke up to the sounds of her mother's screams and her father's groans as company goons methodically and brutally taught the uppity union organizer a lesson. Hattie doesn't like to remember precisely what she did when the red haze of fury came over her, but when she was next aware of her surroundings, the goons lay in pools of blood on the floor of her parents' tiny bedroom. Hattie's father died in the hospital of massive internal injuries and her hysterical mother, who claimed that the "avenger of God" had come down to visit justice on the iniquitous, was sent to a mental hospital for "observation." Hattie, bloodstains and all, was put in a foster home until her mother's sanity could be assessed.

Hattie ran away from the foster home and hid from the authorities for three days until a social worker finally located her. Fortunately, the social worker was a member of the Children of Gaia. Myron Delacroix had seen Hattie's files and suspected that she was a Garou. When he found her, Hattie was hungry, scared, and determined to rescue her mother. After promising his aid, Myron took the child to the Sept of the Moon's Blessing. He was able to get Hattie's mother, whose mind had become permanently unhinged, placed in a comfortable sanitarium. He also concealed his discovery of the child from the authorities, so that "Hattie Jenkins" became a permanently missing person.



Since then, Hattie has struggled to control her temper and to channel her Rage in useful ways, such as visiting punishment on those who despoil the land or who attempt to grind others under their heels. Eastern Kentucky has presented her with plenty of opportunities to act as Gaia's "avenging angel."

Ten years ago, she took over the leadership of the Sept of the Moon's Blessing when its former Sept Leader died in a battle with a Wurm-creature. Since then, Hattie has used her formidable size and forceful personality to inspire the members of the sept to take a greater interest in social affairs. She regards the Garou of Knoxville in general, and Glass Walker Megan Alexander in particular, with barely disguised contempt, feeling that they have misplaced their priorities by involvement in the Weaver's wiles. She despises the degradation of the human spirit that prevails among the economic victims of King Coal almost as much as she hates what has been done to the beauty of the land in the name of profit and greed. She would love to find some great all-purpose cure for the land and its people.

Fianna

*In Appalachia — our family graveyards —
Where all the headstones standing face the east —
Of Keltic blood, when Stonehenge was the portal,
Our fathers' fathers watched the Druid priest*

*Liter by liter down my life stream running —
The blood and fog and flame —
Remembering when Stonehenge was the portal
Before the Romans came.
— Louise McNeill, "Scotch Irish"*

Along with the Uktena, the Fianna comprise the most significant grouping of Garou. Arriving along with their Kinfolk among the numerous settlers from England, Ireland,

Scotland and Wales, they were among the earliest of the European Garou to inhabit the region. They were among the first to recognize the similarity between the Appalachian mountains and the "old country," particularly the Scottish Highlands, and have consistently worked to keep alive the customs and traditions of their human ancestors. Fianna Galliards have helped spark revivals of Celtic music and made strong contributions to the storytelling tradition that persists in the mountains. Although they were among the bitterest enemies of the Uktena in the struggle for Garou ascendancy in Appalachia, they and their adversaries share a deep devotion to and identification with the land they have made their home. About 30 Fianna inhabit the region.

Many Appalachian Fianna have distinguished themselves in Garou politics and society. The Ragabash Grainne Dances-in-Moonlight occupies the post of Master of the Challenge for the Sept of the Changing Seasons. Bridey-Kate Davis ("Sister of the Winds") heads the Sept of the Grandfather and oversees the annual gathering of the tribe that takes place each July during the Highland Games on Grandfather Mountain. Philodox Gayle MacMullain ("Leafbright") serves as Keeper of the Land for the Sept of the Moon's Blessing, while her tribemate Lugh Light-on-the-Water acts as that Sept's Master of the Rite. Theurge Malcolm Macdonald is the Gatekeeper for the Sept of the Mountain Watch.

Caitlin Dooley ("Songmaker")

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Galliard

Tribe: Fianna (Songkeepers)

Nature/Demeanor: Visionary/Confidant

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 2 (4/5/5/4)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Primal-Urge 4

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Melee 1, Performance 4 (old ballads), Survival 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Faerie Lore 2, Herbalism 4, Linguistics 4 (Cherokee, Erse, Gaelic, Welsh), Occult 4, Poisons 3, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Past Life 3

Gifts: (1) Beast Speech, Call of the Wild, Persuasion, Resist Toxin; (2) Brew, Dreampeak, Howl of the Banshee, Howl of the Unseen; (3) Cairbre's Tongue, Faerie Kin, Song of the Siren, Tongues; (4) Bridge Walker, Shadows By the Fire, Spirit Ward, Troll's Bridge; (5) Fabric of the Mind

Rank: 5

Rage 5, Gnosis 9, Willpower 7



Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Contrition; (Death) Gathering for the Departed, Rite of the Winter Wolf; (Minor) Bone Rhythms, Greet the Moon; (Mystic) Rite of Binding, Rite of Inspiration ("Awen's Blessing"), Rite of Summoning, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Fetish; (Punishment) Stone of Scorn, Satire Rite; (Renown) Rite of Accomplishment

Fetishes: Knot of Protection

Image: Caitlin Dooley is a frail, elderly woman (in her 60s or even 70s) with long, silver hair that still shows a few red streaks. She usually wears long print dresses and keeps her hair plaited atop her head. In her Lupus form, she is an aging reddish-colored wolf with many, many silver hairs, particularly around her eyes and muzzle. It is in her Crinos form that her age shows most plainly, for although she is not small, she is thin and lacks the physical resiliency of her youth.

Roleplaying Notes: You are approaching the end of your stay on Gaia's lovely surface. Soon, when she calls you, you will go willingly to her bosom. In the meantime, however, nothing is going to stop you from seeking and dreaming and singing and ministering to the people who need you, whether they are Garou or human. Lately, your dreams have been disturbing, as if something very powerful has been released into the world.

History: Caitlin Dooley has led three lives. She grew up in a family of Fianna Kinfolk and her change came as no surprise to her (she had dreamed about it for weeks before it happened). Her musical talent made her membership in the Songkeepers camp a natural, and after her Rite of Passage she traveled the Appalachians in search of music. That was how she stumbled on "Jack the Whistler," one of the fair folk who, like her, shared a thirst for the knowledge contained in song and story. Caitlin and Jack wandered the hills together for a time, more than friends but less than lovers.

In her middle years, Caitlin felt the need for some stability, and joined the Sept of the Moon's Blessing, becoming their official lorekeeper and their best storyteller. She occasionally went traveling, and more than once ran into Jack (who never seemed to age). She was beginning to think that she would pass the rest of her days in the shelter of the Kentucky caern when she began having dreams and visions, some of them related to a past life. In that incarnation, she bore the name Brightsong and lived in the mountains of the Blue Ridge. Brightsong gave shelter to a young Cherokee warrior who was attempting to evade forced exile from his homeland; he confided in her that he had been entrusted with a sacred totem object, a bone from one of the great mammoths that roamed the land before history began.

Caitlin's dreams prompted her to leave the sept once more and seek a secluded existence in the deep woods where she could concentrate on unraveling her puzzling visions. She still lives in Kentucky, in a ramshackle (on the outside, at least) cabin tucked away in a hard-to-reach cove not far from the Cumberland Gap. Some of the humans who live within a day's tramp of her believe she is a "conjure woman" or "wise woman" and occasionally come to her for cures and remedies. She dispenses them in return for gifts of food or bits of folklore and ballads. Jack (still youthful) also visits her from time to time, never more than a "whistle" away, as he says. She has told him of her dreams, and he has promised to pass along anything he can discover about a "mammoth's bone."

In addition to her dreams of the past, Caitlin has also been disturbed by the sense that something very evil lurks not far from her clearing. She suspects that it has to do with the Wyrms. She has shared her concern with members of the Sept of the Moon's Blessing, but she realizes that they are hard pressed with matters closer to home. The best she can do is keep her keen senses alert for any signs of strengthening of the evil. A local Bone Gnawer, Armageddeon Rydell, who lives with his large family of Kinfolk across the mountain from her, swears that the evil she senses comes from the Bledson family that lives somewhere "hereabouts."

Patrick Sheehan ("Striker")

Position: Keeper of the Land, Sept of the Changing Seasons

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Fianna

Nature/Demeanor: Alpha/Traditionalist

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 5 (5/6/7/7), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 2, Primal-Urge 2, Swimming 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 2, Melee 3, Leadership 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Great Smoky Mountains National Park) 4, Computer 1, Enigmas 1, Investigation 1, Law 1, Medicine 1, Politics 1, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Pure Breed 2, Resources 2

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Razor Claws, Resist Toxin; (2) Jam Technology, Luck of the Irish, Sense Silver, Spirit of the Fray, True Fear; (3) Combat Healing, Heart of Fury

Rank: 3

Rage 6, Gnosis 6, Willpower 7

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing; (Minor) Hunting Prayer, Prayer for the Prey; (Mystic) Rite of Talisman Dedication; (Renown) Rite of Wounding

Fetishes: Tears of Gaia

Image: Striker is a rangy, good looking man in his late 20s. When he is not wearing his ranger uniform, he dresses for the outdoors. His flaming red hair is worn short. He usually presents the image of an upright protector of the forests and a solicitous guide for visitors to the national park.

Roleplaying Notes: You love being in the forest, although sometimes you find the policies of your employers hard to swallow. Still, you have been able to compromise in order to provide protection and secrecy for your sept — and it is hard to deny your boyhood dream, even if the reality doesn't measure up. If you had your way, however, you would close off the park to humans — period. You know that others in the sept are more tolerant than you, and you try to curb yourself around the older, more powerful members. Someday, when you feel ready, you will challenge the Sept Leader for his position. Then, there will be some changes.

History: Ever since he was a young boy, Striker wanted to be a forest ranger like his father. His discovery that he was a Garou did little to change that ambition, and Striker carefully juggled life as a human and as a Fianna cub until he had achieved his goal. His assignment to the national park involved some string-pulling by some savvy elders of the Sept of the Changing Seasons, who saw the advantage of having one of their own involved in park management. Striker's job has made him a natural for the position of Keeper of the Land, and he takes his responsibilities very seriously. In so far as he can, he tries to keep the entire park as free of contamination as possible; visitors who deface the trees or casually toss litter on the ground in his sight never, never, never forget the lesson he is all too willing to teach them.

Striker has noticed a disturbing trend among sept members who favor seeking out alliances with faeries and mages and other creatures. Although as a Fianna, Striker has heard tales of the fair folk and his tribe's associations with them, he doubts the wisdom of deliberately courting the fickle fae. Magic-working humans, to his way of thinking, are even worse allies. He blames the current leader of the sept, William Banecrusher, for this unfortunate trend, and is waiting his opportunity to challenge the Silver Fang Ahroun for leadership.

Striker also has a problem with those who try to blame him for history's excesses. He has nothing against the Uktena, but he firmly believes that their time as guardians of the Americas is over. The Fianna and other Garou who succeeded in wresting



the land from the Uktena only proved their right to the land and the Uktena's inability to hold it. Gaia wants the strongest possible guardians for her blessed wilderness, and Striker is not one to blame himself for belonging to the victors in a war to determine who was more fit to guard the land. He has nearly come to blows with Thomas Hard Rain, the leader of a radical group of Uktena called the Redfangs, over territorial rights between the Sept of the Changing Seasons and the Sept of the Seven Clans. Although judicious negotiations between the leaders of the two septs narrowly avoided a duel to the death, Striker has sworn blood-feud against Hard Rain, considering him to be an interloper within the boundaries of the Anakeesta Protectorate. The next meeting between them could result in a serious blow to inter-sept cooperation.

Dougal Mountain-Speaker

Position: Warder of the Sept of the Grandfather (formerly Sept Leader)

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Tribe: Fianna

Nature/Demeanor: Visionary/Curmudgeon

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3 (3/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Expression 2, Instruction 3, Primal-Urge 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 1, Melee 2, Leadership 2, Performance 2, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Grandfather Mountain) 4, Enigmas 4, Herbalism 1, Linguistics 2 (Cherokee, Irish), Occult 4, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Contacts 2

Gifts: (1) Mother's Touch, Persuasion, Sense Wyrn, Spirit Speech; (2) Command Spirit, Name the Spirit, Sight from Beyond, Staredown; (3) Disquiet, Exorcism, Pulse of the Invisible; (4) Cocoon, Drain Spirit, Spirit Ward, Ultimate Argument of Logic; (5) Assimilation, The Malleable Spirit, Shadow Play

Rank: 5

Rage 6, Gnosis 8, Willpower 9

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Contrition; (Caern) Moot Rite, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of the Shrouded Glen, Rite of Caern Building; (Death) Gathering for the Departed; (Mystic) Rite of Binding, Rite of Talsman Dedication, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of the Totem; (Renown) Rite of Passage

Fetishes: Dowsing Rod (see Appendix)

Image: In his late 70s, Dougal is a spry old man with a balding dome (which he refers to as his "treeless bald") of almost-red hair. His Lupus form is that of an aged reddish wolf. He rarely voluntarily assumes Crinos form nowadays, since that form, too, is showing evidence of thinning hair. He dresses like an old mountaineer. (He is an old mountaineer!)

Roleplaying Notes: You nearly died when you insisted on participating in the rite that opened this caern, and life since then has sorta been all downhill. You feel like you "peaked" early, and few things you have done in the succeeding years have measured up; even your battles with the Wyrn critters and other nasty things have been anticlimactic next to the thrill of nearly dying and then meeting the twin spirits of the caern. You knew when it was time to step aside and pass the leadership of the sept to someone else and you're pleased that the sept saw fit to honor you with the position of Warder. You expect that sooner or later you'll take that last long walk to a deserved rest, but you keep putting that time off, hoping that you'll be able to participate in one last glorious deed.

History: Dougal's mother was a Verbena Kinfolk who knew that her son would one day become a Garou. From childhood, Dougal grew up believing in magick and looking forward to the day when his "wolf-self" would awaken. His mother readily surrendered her son after his First Change to the Fianna who came for him.

Dougal's interest in magick fortunately coincided with his Auspice, and the young Theurge greedily learned every Gift and rite he could from those who were willing to teach him. His discovery of the lost Uktena caern on Grandfather Mountain made his reputation among the local Garou, and even though he was still very young, he was offered the position of Sept Leader. Although he did not personally lead the rite that reopened the caern, he insisted on being part of the dangerous ritual. It nearly cost him his life, but it awoke in him an insatiable thirst for risk-taking. Only his duties as Sept Leader tempered his recklessness.

Now that he is Warder of the Sept of the Grandfather, he spends his time puttering around the caern, grousing at the lack of "spunk" in these "modern" Garou. He has heard

rumors that dark things are brewing near Linville and would love to be able to find out the truth of the matter. Even more, he would love the chance to sink his teeth into something really ferocious and go to Gaia in a blaze of song and glory.

Get of Fenris

*You must remember this when I am gone,
And tell your sons — for you will have tall sons,
And times will come when answers will not wait.
Remember this: if ever defeat is black
Upon your eyelids, go to the wilderness
In the dread last of trouble, for your foe
Tangles there, more than you, and paths are strange
To him, that are your paths, in the wilderness,
And were your fathers' paths, and once were mine.
— Donald Davidson, "Sanctuary"*

The Pennsylvania "Dutch" (Deutsch), German settlers from the northern Appalachian region, migrated south along the Appalachian trail. Along with them came a few Get of Fenris and their Kinfolk. The region contains industrious, often parochial, communities of Germanic and Nordic stock. Unlike the Get of Fenris who have settled other regions of the American continent, the Appalachian Get lack the rigid militarism so often attributed to their tribe, although they are more conservative in outlook than many other Garou of the region. Currently there are 20 members of the Get of Fenris scattered among the Appalachian protectorates.

Although there are no Get of Fenris occupying positions of leadership in the Appalachian septs, many serve as Guardians for their protectorates. Gunter Might-of-Thor-on-the-Mountain acts as leader of the Warclaws of the Mountain Watch for the Protectorate of the Long River. The aging Forseti (Philodox), Dagmar Icedottir, lends her wise counsel





to the Sept of the Moon's Blessing, while Jorgen Hammersong, a Skald whose prose-poems chronicle the history of the Get's Kinfolk in Appalachia as well as the deeds of the heroes of the tribe, makes his home with the Sept of the Changing Seasons. The racial superiority which characterizes many Get of Fenris has surfaced in the person of Wolfram Blood-of-Fenris, whose pack of pure-breed fanatics undermines serious efforts for a unified Garou presence in the region.

Reuben "Earth-Defender" Bruckner

Position: Guardian Leader, Sept of the Grandfather

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Get of Fenris (Fangs of Garm)

Nature/Demeanor: Maker/Judge

Physical: Strength 5 (7/9/8/6), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 5 (subdue), Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Expression 1, Primal-Urge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 1, Etiquette 1, Meditation 2, Melee 4 (Disarm), Leadership 1, Repair 2, Survival 2, Swimming 2

Knowledges: Agriculture 2, Enigmas 1, Law 1, Linguistics 1 (German), Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Kinfolk 2

Gifts: (1) Falling Touch, Persuasion, Resist Pain; (2) Snarl of the Predator, Spirit of the Fray, Stare-down

Rank: 2

Rage 5, Gnosis 6, Willpower 9

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Contrition; (Death) Gathering for the Departed; (Mystic) Rite of Talisman Dedication; (Renown) Rite of Accomplishment, Rite of Wounding

Fetishes: Friendship Ring

Image: Reuben is a tall blond man in his mid-20s. He has a full, carefully maintained beard and wears his shoulder-length hair pulled back at the neck. He dresses in simple, sturdy black or gray clothing and usually wears a broad-brimmed hat. His Lupus form is that of an enormous gray wolf with an unusually calm face. In his Crinos form, Reuben appears foreboding and awe-inspiring rather than outright bloodthirsty.

Roleplaying Notes: Thou art a warrior by nature and blood, but thy primary impulse is to protect and defend rather than to challenge or attack. Thine upbringing among Quakers has left its mark in thy speech, which is slow, deliberate, and liberally peppered with "thees" and "thous." Thine attitude toward most conflict is summed up in the following phrase, which thou hast had occasion to use more than once: "Friend, I would not hurt thee for all the world, but thou art standing where I am about to thrust my claw."

History: Reuben grew up in a small community not far from Asheville. His Get of Fenris father met and married a young woman whose family had been marked as Kinfolk since their arrival in Pennsylvania in the 1700s. The Bruckners moved to Western North Carolina in the early 1900s, where they have farmed a small valley ever since. They brought with them not only their love for the simple, uncluttered life and the traditions of hard work and frugality, but also their staunch Quaker faith. Ulric Vengeance-of-Odin died in a battle against a Wyrms creature, so the boy's grandfather and uncles provided him with a series of stern, pacifistic role models whose attitudes he soon adopted.

Reuben's change came late, when he was nearly twenty, and his abrupt realization of his potential for violence shook him to the core. He was quickly brought to the attention of a local pack of Get of Fenris, who attempted to instill in him the proper warlike behavior. Reuben's long years of self-control prevailed, however, and although he soon learned enough combat skills to make him a truly formidable opponent in battle, he lacked the killer instinct and the proud belligerence of his tribemates. When the position of Chief Guardian of the Sept of the Grandfather became vacant, Reuben was chosen by Dougal to fill the intertribal caern's empty post. His relatively mild behavior has since served to improve the Get's "public image" in the eyes of other Garou. Believing that bonds of friendship strengthen a sept's defensive capabilities, Reuben has worked hard to establish close ties with his septmates. His inability to overcome the inexplicable animosity of Leah Hopebringer troubles him. He fears that it may begin to sow seeds of dissension among the sept. Unless he can



resolve the tension between them, Reuben is afraid that one or the other may have to leave the sept.

In recent years, Reuben has discovered the existence of the Fangs of Garm camp within the Get and has discovered that there are others not unlike himself within his warlike tribe.

Lisl Eyes-of-the-Forest-and-Knower-of-Secrets

Position: Master of the Rite, Sept of the Mountain Watch

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Godi (Theurge)

Tribe: Get of Fenris

Nature/Demeanor: Penitent/Autist

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/1/4/4)

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Primal-Urge 3

Skills: Etiquette 2, Melee 1, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Occult 4, Rituals 4, Wyrn Lore 1

Backgrounds: Mentor 4

Gifts: (1) Heightened Senses, Leap of the Kangaroo, Mother's Touch, Resist Pain, Sense Wyrn, Spirit Speech (2) Command Spirit, Eye of the Eagle, Halt the Coward's Flight, Scent of Sight, Sense the Unnatural, Sight from Beyond; (3) Name the Spirit, Pulse of the Invisible, Venom Blood; (4) Beast Life, Gnaw, Hero's Stand, Spirit Drain

Rank: 4

Rage 7, Gnosis 9, Willpower 8

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Contrition; (Caern) Moot Rite, Rite of the Opened Bridge, Rite of

the Opened Caern, Rite of the Shrouded Glen; (Death) Gathering for the Departed; (Minor) all; (Mystic Rites) Rite of Binding, Rite of SpiritAwakening, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Fetih; (Punishment) Rite of Ostracism, The Rendin of the Veil; (Renown) Rite of Accomplishment, Rite of Wounding; (Seasonal) Rite of Keres, Rite of Reawakening, Rite of the Winter Winds, The Great Hunt

Fetishes: Gnostic Bag, Heart of the Spirit, Phoebe's Veil, Spirit Tracer, Spirit Whistle

Image: Lisl's Homid form resembles a Norse ice maiden: pale blond hair, paler blue eyes, and stately features. As a wolf, she is a perfectly formed light gray wolf. Her apparent lack of interest in clothing, other than its suitability for covering her human form, is often seen by her sept members as a deliberate attempt to downplay her attractiveness. They are right.

Roleplaying Notes: You have much to atone for. Gaia has given you a chance to redeem yourself from the sicknesses of your past. Doing so is your private battle, however, and cannot distract from your purpose as one of Gaia's protectors. You do not speak often, for the language of humans is still ungainly to your ears. You prefer your birth form, but realize that the constant passage of humans through the bawn of your caern means that you must sometimes conceal your true self. You feel sorry for puny humans, but have no mercy for Leeches (although the memory of the extra power from Leech blood still sings in your veins). Above all, you must hide your past from others, particularly those of your tribe. Somehow, you do not think they would understand.

History: Lisl's past is something she rarely discloses to anyone lest she be condemned for her secret shame. Unlike most wolf cubs, Lisl began her life on the private reserve of a wealthy breeder of endangered species, a "southern" gentleman who made his fortune providing exotic pets to those who could pay the outrageous prices he charged. When she was a few months old, Lisl (then called "Frisky,") was sold to a Chattanooga millionaire, a recluse who lived outside the city on a large estate. The wolf cub only saw her master at night, when he would visit her and give her warm milk mixed with blood. Lisl soon came to regard this cold-skinned man-thing as the center of her world. Under his training, she became the fierce defender and protector of Louis Pettigrass, Chattanooga's Tremere elder.

One night, some mortal hunters evaded the estate's security system and accosted Pettigrass with wooden stakes, garlic, crosses and silver (!!). The arrogant Tremere avoided their stakes, ignored their other paraphernalia, and sicced his faithful wolf-ghoul on his attackers. Lisl's first wound from a silver dagger triggered her First Change, and the hunters were history. Pettigrass was amazed at his good fortune to have acquired a Lupine as a Blood Bound servant, and was further impressed by his ghou's Homid form. Thus began a strange relationship between master and slave that to this day haunts Lisl's dreams.

Pettigrass began forcing Lisl to remain in Homid form so that he could squire the lovely Nordic-looking female to various cultural events in Chattanooga, where Pettigrass was

known as an enigmatic but faithful supporter of the arts and city development. The rumors of the millionaire's "involvement" with the aloof beauty — he forbade her to speak unless he was present to monitor her conversations — also acted as an added buffer to his disguise as a normal (albeit eccentric) human.

Pettigrass was so confident in the strength of his Blood Bond, that he experimented with the limits of Lisl's obedience to him. The helpless Garou found herself subjected to continual humiliation. Occasionally she was ordered to act as Pettigrass's enforcer and procurer of victims for his blood-hunger. Her only real respite from her master's petty torments came during the day, when he was asleep and she was confined to his outer chambers, or when he allowed her to witness some of his thaumaturgical practices. This exposure to vampiric magic awakened in Lisl an awareness of her own innate ability to touch the spirit world, though she was helpless to do so as long as she remained in thrall.

Unsuspected by Pettigrass, his mistreatment of Lisl pushed her to the edge of her enforced loyalty to him. Lisl's opportunity to break away from her tortuous existence came when she encountered Roy Hartley at one of Chattanooga's many fundraising events. Hartley, a Glass Walker, recognized Lisl as a Garou. Intrigued by her association with one of the Chattanooga Leeches, Hartley managed to gain a few private moments with Lisl. With great difficulty, he convinced her to confide in him. Haltingly, lacking many necessary words, Lisl reluctantly opened her heart to the first person like herself she had ever met. When he heard her story, it was all Hartley could do to keep from raging on the spot. Before he parted company with her, Hartley promised Lisl that he would help her and cautioned her against drinking any more of Pettigrass's blood. He also promised her that he would not reveal the depths to which she had fallen.

Two nights later, Hartley led the forces of the Sept of the Mountain Watch to Pettigrass's estate. This time, the vampire did not escape the wrath of his hunters. Anticipating that Pettigrass would order Lisl to defend him, Hartley assigned three of his septmates to the sole task of subduing her. The other Garou overwhelmed Pettigrass before he could bring his magic to bear upon them. Hartley ripped Pettigrass's heart from his body, and with the vampire's death, Lisl's bond was broken. For the first time in her life, the young Garou knew freedom.

Since that time, Lisl has become a valued member of the Sept of the Mountain Watch, who were able to identify her as one of the Get of Fenris and who have overseen her belated education in the ways of Gaia. Since her reclamation, Lisl has met other members of the Get and now calls herself a Godi rather than a Theurge. She has earned her position as Master of the Rite through her devotion to the mystic ways of Gaia and her ferocious willingness to defend the caern. Only Hartley knows her full story; the rest of the sept think that she was merely a prisoner under the vampire's domination. Her early experiences have left their marks on her in the form of an insatiable desire to learn as many Gifts and rites as she can, a reluctance to assume Homid form unless absolutely necessary, and a secret craving for the blood of Leeches.

Glass Walkers

*A full moon rose
through the chain-link fence
as my father lifted me over.
The Country Club pool
had been closed since dark,
but there we stood
staring into the pure
star-glazed water of the rich.
"We're as good as they are,"
my father whispered.*

— Stephen E. Smith, "Advice"

These urban-oriented Garou found little in the Appalachian area to attract them until the early 20th century, when a wave of interest in the area caused a growth in urbanization as cities expanded to accommodate the increasing numbers of tourists and health-seekers. Today, about 15 Glass Walkers make their homes in the larger cities of the region: Chattanooga, Knoxville, Kingsport, and Johnson City, Tennessee; Asheville, North Carolina; Lexington, Kentucky (on the outer fringe of the Appalachians) and a few other places. Glass Walkers and their Kinfolk, many of whom are still considered outsiders by native Appalachians, are in the vanguard of the struggle to control the direction of urban development.

Prominent Glass Walkers include the Philodox Sylvie Webb, the Warder of the Sept of the Mountain Watch and the Ragabash Stephen Back-to-the-Land, Master of the Challenge for the Chattanooga sept. Miles Creighton, a Knoxville-based Glass Walker Theurge, owns his own earth-friendly software company, a two-edged distinction that has accrued for him much status among the region's Glass Walkers but has less value for the other tribes.

Megan Alexander

Position: Leader, Pack of the Patchwork Quilt

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Tribe: Glass Walkers (City Farmers)

Nature/Demeanor: Alpha/Director

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Expression 4, Primal-Urge 1, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 3, Etiquette 3, Firearms 4, Leadership 4, Melee 1

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Knoxville) 4, Computer 3, Investigation 3, Law 4, Occult 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3

Gifts: (1) Agro Culture, Control Simple Machine, Persuasion, Scent of the True Form, Smell of Man, Truth of Gaia; (2) Call to Duty, Jam Technology, Pennies From Heaven, Power Surge, Staredown; (3) Control Complex Machine, Disquiet, Elemental Favor, Weak Arm; (4) Attunement, Cocoon, Roll Over, Tech Speak

Rank: 4

Rage 4, Gnosis 6, Willpower 7

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing; (Caern) Moot Rite; (Minor) Breath of Gaia; (Mystic) Rite of Binding, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Talisman Dedication; (Renown) Rite of Accomplishment

Fetishes: Moonwatch, Streetlight Changer

Image: Megan Alexander realizes the importance of image in dealing with the bureaucracy of Knoxville's government and cultural structures. She cultivates a stylish look that blends a dress-for-success classicism with a touch of Appalachian chic. She is a slim woman in her late 20s, with shoulder-length dark hair and fine, almost foxlike features. Her Lupus form is that of a trim, dark-coated wolf with bright eyes and a sharply pointed muzzle. She radiates an air of competency and aggressiveness.

Roleplaying Notes: Your discovery that you were one of the Garou was only your first indication of the multiple roles in which Gaia has cast you. Besides your obligations to the Glass Walker community in Knoxville and the southeast, you also feel that intertribal cooperation is important, hence the creation of your multitribal pack. You have even gone so far as to allow marginal contact with the few Leeches in the city, at least some of whom share your concern with restricting Knoxville's growth to manageable levels. They don't want the competition. Lately, however, you have begun to suspect that there may be other Leeches in the city who are less tolerable. You would love to find some way to undermine their activities without damaging your reputation as a local spokesperson for environmental awareness and cultural preservation.

History: A child prodigy, Megan enrolled in the University of Tennessee when she was 14, determined to major in economics. Her First Change took her completely by surprise. One of the professors at the university's veterinary school, a Glass Walker elder, discovered the frightened "girl-in-wolf-form" howling her confusion at the moon. He quickly took her in and made her aware of her heritage and of Glass Walker society in the Southeast.

Megan quickly adapted to her dual life, finished her education and became one of Knoxville's premiere businesswomen and its most outspoken lobbyist for responsible development of urban resources. Her leadership capabilities attracted a number of young Garou to her and together they formed the Pack of the Patchwork Quilt. They opened a small caern near the Knoxville Zoo and work diligently to protect the zoo's imprisoned population as well as to foster a sense of cultural preservation among the humans of the city.

Megan is a strong believer in networking and maintains strong contacts with the local Glass Walkers and other



Garou throughout the southeast. She has recently begun sharing information with Roy Hartley, Sept Leader for the Sept of the Mountain Watch. She and her pack frequently visit the Sept of the Changing Seasons, where they revel in the chance to experience the "real wilderness." Privately, Megan is glad to return to the city, where she feels her most important work lies, but she acknowledges the necessity of paying her debt to the "inner wolf." She avoids contact with the Sept of the Moon's Blessing because she senses the keen disapproval of its Sept Leader, Hattie Thunderwife.

Recently, she has become disturbed by the emergence of a new real-estate development company in downtown Knoxville. Smoky Mountain Futures has been busily acquiring land and buildings with historic or cultural significance. Their apparent aim is to replace those structures with ones more suitable to the "Knoxville-of-the-future," a concept which Megan suspects has little room for Gaia within its parameters. She is hampered in her opposition to the company because any overt attacks on it will jeopardize the influence she has with the city planners. Attempts at electronic investigation of the company's finances have been mysteriously thwarted, a fact which confirms her suspicions that Smoky Mountain Futures is up to no good.

Roy Hartley

Position: Sept Leader, Sept of the Mountain Watch

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Glass Walker (Corporate Wolves)

Nature/Demeanor: Alpha/Director

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2),

Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 1, Expression 2, Intimidation 2, Primal-Urge 1, Streetwise 2

Skills: Drive 3, Etiquette 4, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Leadership 4

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Chattanooga metropolitan area) 4, Computer 4, Enigmas 1, Investigation 2, Law 4, Occult 2, Politics 3, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 4, Resources 4

Gifts: (1) Control Simple Machine, Inspiration, Persuasion, Razor Claws; (2) Cybersenses, Jam Technology, Sense Silver, Staredown, Steel Fur, True Fear; (3) Control Complex Machine, Silver Claws; (4) Clenched Jaw, Tech Speak; (5) Assimilation, Calm the Flock, Strength of Will

Rank: 5

Rage 6, Gnosis 6, Willpower 7

Rites: (Mystic) Rite of Binding, Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of Talisman Dedication; (Punishment) Rite of Ostracism; (Renown) Rite of Accomplishment, Rite of Passage, Rite of Wounding

Fetishes: Money Tracer, Tie Tack of Persuasion

Image: Except for his dark skin, Hartley is indistinguishable from any other successful executive in Chattanooga's thriving business community. He is an attractive black man who dresses in classic, tailored suits. His only outward sign of rebellion comes from the diamond stud he wears in his left ear. In Lupus form, he is an athletic, black-furred wolf.

Roleplaying Notes: You are an expert at assimilation. You wholeheartedly support and promote the awareness of Afro-American culture and history, but you also realize the importance of white and Native American "folk" ways as well. You operate on your instincts in treading a line between Weaver and Wyld; you feel that both are elements of Gaia that can not be neglected. You have a reputation as

both a warrior and a loyal ally among the Garou in the region.

History: Hartley grew up in Chattanooga's black community and learned of his African heritage long before he learned of his other legacy. By the time of his First Change, he was already dedicated to bettering the position of blacks in the city and throughout the region. His Glass Walker mentors were quick to encourage the young man to pursue his interest in business, and before long, Hartley became a mover and shaker in the area's economy. Introduced early to the multiracial Sept of the Mountain Watch, Hartley developed a keen interest in preserving what was left of Lookout and nearby Signal Mountains from further travesties by the tourist industry. As Sept Leader, he fights to keep Chattanooga's approach to city growth "honest"; he realizes that this is a formidable task, one which may be beyond the resources of area Garou.

He has been forced to compromise with the city's vampire population so many times, that he gained genuine satisfaction in planning and executing the rescue of the captive Get of Fenris, Lisl, from the clutches of one of Chattanooga's Leeches. Relations with the cadavers were strained for some time after that glorious episode, which garnered much renown for the entire sept. Fortunately, vampires have fewer loyalties than Garou and soon the affair was all but forgotten.

Hartley is keenly aware of the area's complex racial attitudes, which espouse surface equality while promoting cultural and economic backstabbing. He relishes his influential position in Chattanooga's business community and does whatever he can to promote the welfare of local blacks. His belief that city and nature must learn to coexist mirrors his view of cooperation between blacks and whites. He is normally a patient man with many of his white colleagues' inadvertently racist attitudes, but when he encounters blatant or deliberate racism, he does not let it go unpunished (though retribution may be deferred to a more opportune moment). Neo-Nazis in the region do not rest easily, and more than one has experienced a visitation by some nameless nocturnal terror.

Lately, he has begun meeting Megan Alexander in the hopes of finding common ground between the Glass Walkers in Knoxville and Chattanooga. He is aware that some members of his Sept may misinterpret his initiative, seeing it as evidence of an Appalachian Glass Walker conspiracy, but he feels that broadening contacts between Garou in the mountains is a risk worth taking.



Red Talons

*I am singing when I greet the dawn
The song the spirit warriors taught to me.
I am singing what few dawns remain to me in life,
Until with the spirits I will praise the dawn.*

— Jean Starr, "Spirit Defenders"

By the turn of the century, wolves had all but disappeared from the Appalachians, killed by hunters or driven from the area by the encroachment of civilization upon their hunting grounds. The existence of a small number of wolves in the region, sequestered in the deep woods and protected by the Garou or their Kinfolk, is a carefully guarded secret. The recent insertion of the red wolf into the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, a controversial experiment which has drawn public attention, is a matter of concern to the Red Talons, who heretofore had no presence in the Appalachians. One member of that tribe has set up residence near the small pack of wolves to keep an eye on things and to protect their interests.

Forest Runner

Position: Master of the Rite, Sept of the Changing Seasons

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Philodox

Tribe: Red Talons

Nature/Demeanor: Caregiver/Maker

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 5 (5/6/7/7), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 5, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Primal-Urge 4



Skills: Animal Ken 5, Melee 1, Performance 2, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 5, Occult 3, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Rites 5

Gifts: (1) Beast Speech, Heightened Senses, Leap of the Kangaroo, Scent of Running Water, Scent of the True Form; (2) Beastmind, King of the Beasts, Scent of Sight, Sense of the Prey, Sense the Unnatural; (3) Catfeet, Trackless Waste, Wisdom of the Ancient Ways; (4) Avalanche, Gnaw, Scent of Beyond

Rank: 4

Rage 5, Gnosis 8, Willpower 9

Rites: All — even the ones that seem to have no bearing on true wolf-children

Fetishes: None

Image: Forest Runner's Homid form resembles a shaggy, unkempt red-haired man in his late 20s. He usually selects his clothes by whether or not they fit, caring little for their appearance. His birth-form is that of a muscular, agile red wolf. In Crinos form, Forest Runner is all red fur and fury.

Roleplaying Notes: Your tribe has chosen you for the important task of protecting your wolf-brothers in the mountains called smoky — a good name for them since the air is filled with the stench and smoke from the humans' metal-boxes. You try to get along with the other members of the sept, who have honored you with much status by making you Master of the Rite. It is good that you know so many rites, even those which you see no need for. You are even trying to hide your disgust with the many humans who tramp through the sacred forests and mountains. Sometimes it is not easy, but you keep reminding yourself that the survival of the red wolves in the park comes first. All else comes after.

History: When a small group of red wolves was introduced into the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in 1993, following a failed attempt two years earlier, the Red Talons decided that one of their number should journey to the park to make certain that this group of wolves survived and flourished. Forest Runner was chosen as the Red Talon most likely to coexist with other Garou tribes as well as with humans.

The Sept of the Changing Seasons was impressed with their new sept member. Forest Runner's familiarity with Garou Rites soon led to his appointment as Master of the Rite for the sept, an appointment which allowed the former holder of the position to make a long-awaited final journey into the Umbra. Forest Runner has spent a good deal of time trying to teach the members of the sept the true ways of the wolf, something which most of them sorely lack.

Forest Runner spends most of his time roaming the forests and keeping an eye on the wolf pack near Cades' Cove. He still does not understand why he shouldn't avail himself of an occasional tasty cow from the herds that

graze not far from the red wolves' territory. In deference to the insistence by his septmates that he leave the cattle alone, he contents himself with pulling down the odd deer or other game animal in the park. (He is always careful to conceal the remains from accidental discovery by forest rangers or unwary tourists.)

Lately, Forest Runner has discovered a group of spirit people that live not far from the sept. He has had numerous conversations with them, and has found that they believe him to be a messenger between the spirit world and the physical world. They have told him of another world they call the "dreaming" and he is anxious to learn more of this world, too. So far, he has not told other members of the sept about these people. For all he knows, they may already be aware of their existence.

Shadow Lords

*She remembers the name;
dead is the name she remembers, wakes
to the drum of the rain
as it breaks its long sticks
in the dark, on the round world rolling.
— Betty Adcock, "Elizabeth, Playing"*

The relative scarcity of Shadow Lord Kinfolk as well as the tribe's general lack of interest in the Appalachians to date has made their presence in the mountains minimal. They tend to gravitate toward cities and, although the isolated beauty of the Appalachian mountains occasionally brings visitors, only one Garou native to the region claims the Shadow Lords as her tribe.

Tarith

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Tribe: "Shadow Lords"

Nature/Demeanor: Visionary/Mediator

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 5 (5/6/7/7), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 4, Intimidation 1, Primal-Urge 3, Subterfuge 3, Streetwise 1

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Melee 3, Stealth 5, Survival 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Linguistics 1 (Cherokee), Medicine 2, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 3

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Resist Pain, Scent of the True Form, Smell of Man; (2) Stare-down

Rank: 2

Rage 6, Gnosis 7, Willpower 8



Rites: (Mystic) Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Questing Stone

Fetishes: none

Image: Tarith is a dark-haired Appalachian waif with exotic features that hint of some Cherokee blood. She usually dresses in ragged jeans, a patched denim jacket and a peasant-style shirt with embroidery around the neck. Her Lupus form is that of a midnight black wolf. In Crinos, the soft edges disappear and her fur is spiked and shiny.

Roleplaying Notes: If anybody knew what you really were, they would kill you — slowly. Someday you're going to run into a real Shadow Lord and then it will be all over creation that you're a fake. You've been lucky so far passin' yourself off as a visitor to some of the caerns. Gaia hasn't called down lightning on you or anything like that, so maybe she recognizes that you never actually danced the Spiral and that you're trying to fight what you are. It's hard playing catch-as-catch-can with learning Gifts and rites and such. No one's noticed yet that you don't know any of the Shadow Lord Gifts, but then, no one wants to get too close to a Shadow Lord. Some days you feel like just packin' it all in and givin' yourself up to someone. You just can't figure out which would be worse — to die at the hands of Gaia's Garou or to live as a member of your real tribe, the Black Spiral Dancers.

History: Tarith grew up in a family of Black Spiral Kinfolk not far from Canton, near the Pigeon River in western North Carolina. She still bears scars from the abuse heaped on her during her formative years, all in an attempt to prepare her for the fate that was marked for her. Her First Change came one night when her father and her uncle came into her room to "surprise her." Instead, she surprised them but good.

She fled the bloody scene as fast as she could and ran smack into the people who were waiting for her, alerted by a Kin-Fetch to her change. They dragged her away to their home — or Hive as they called it — practically on top of a trash dump by

the river. They proceeded to enlighten her as to what she was, a Black Spiral Dancer, and to tease her about what she would have to do to become a member of the tribe. Suddenly, a lot of things that never made sense in her life became all too clear — like why she had such a miserable upbringing and why none of her family seemed to care much about anything.

Something inside Tarith snapped, and she decided that this time she was going to make her own decision about her future. She was canny enough to play along with her abductors, pretending interest in all the grisly details of her impending initiation and picking up some information on the various other tribes of Garou — “the enemy.” On the night before her Rite of Passage, when she would be forced to dance the Spiral and confront the Wurm, Tarith escaped, changing to wolf form and disappearing into the surrounding hills.

Her first trip into the Umbra was accidental, but she met a friendly spirit who taught her how to sniff out a person's true form. She used that Gift to discover other Garou in the area. From the information she gleaned from her Black Spiral kidnappers, she was able to claim that she was a Shadow Lord, and her claim was believed. When asked about her past, Tarith claims that she was kicked out of her tribe because she didn't fit in and that she is wandering the hills in search of someplace she belongs. Essentially, this is not far from the truth. She is vague on details about the Shadow Lords, and when pressed about her lack of knowledge she says that she was never properly initiated into the tribe (also not false).

Tarith has so far succeeded in preventing her discovery by the Black Spirals, but she lives in constant fear that they will track her down. She tries to keep on the move and never permanently hooks up with any Garou lest she draw her troubles down on them as well.

Silent Striders

*I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger,
A traveling through this world of woe.
But there's no sickness, toil, or danger,
In this bright world to which I go.
I'm going there to see my father,
I'm going there no more to roam.
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.*

— “Poor Wayfaring Stranger,” traditional Appalachian hymn

Among the million plus tourists who visit the Appalachians each year are a few of these nomadic Garou. Drawn here by wanderlust, attracted by the fluctuations in the Gauntlet that sometimes bring the Umbra very close to certain parts of the mountains or sent to open lines of communication between distant Garou and their Appalachian brothers and sisters, the occasional Silent Strider will make an appearance in the area and remain until the urge to



leave is once more upon her. There are currently four Silent Striders roaming the mountains of Appalachia. Most notable of these lone travelers is Halimah Falak, who moved from northern Scotland's Findhorn community in 1970 to the mountains of western North Carolina where she now searches for evidence of untapped sources of Gaia's power.

Anubis Hillwalker

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Galliard

Tribe: Silent Strider (Seeker)

Nature/Demeanor: Visionary/Caregiver

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Expression 4 (preaching), Intimidation 1, Primal-Urge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Etiquette 1, Melee 2, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Appalachian mountains) 4, Enigmas 3, Herbalism 2, Investigation 1, Linguistics 4 (Cherokee, Egyptian, Gaelic, Greek), Medicine 1, Occult 4, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 2, Pure Breed 3

Gifts: (1) Mindspeak, Persuasion, Sense Wurm, Speed of Thought; (2) Blissful Ignorance, Dreampeak, Messenger's Fortitude, Stare-down, Summon Talisman; (3) Adaptation, Eye of the Cobra, The Great Leap, Long Running, Message Glance, Reshape Object, Tongues

Rank: 3

Rage 5, Gnosis 9, Willpower 7

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Contrition; (Death) Gathering for the Departed, Rite of the Winter Wolf; (Minor) all; (Mystic) Baptism of Fire, Rite of Binding, Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Becoming, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Fetish

Fetishes: Madstone (see Appendix)

Image: Whatever marks of ethnic origin Anubis may have had are obscured by his weathered complexion and the lines carved by wind and weather on his craggy face. He appears to be a dusky-skinned, dark-haired man in his mid-30s. He dresses in comfortable traveling clothes, but keeps a "preaching suit" and good shoes in his knapsack. His Lupus form resembles a sleek jackal. His Crinos form is as weather-beaten as his Homid shape.

Roleplaying Notes: The world is one place, Gaia's place, and her children are one family. You don't understand why there are so many divisions in the world. Then you remember that behind all the evils that mar Gaia's beauty lies the Wym. You have visited many places since your youth, but these hills and these people have become special to you. Here, you are certain you can begin the work of uniting everyone in the work of protecting Gaia.

History: Anubis's mother was a preacher's daughter who enjoyed a few nights of forbidden pleasure with a traveling stranger and then bore the fruit of her sin into the world. Despite the stigma of bastardy, Anubis (or Joseph, as his mother named him) had a relatively happy childhood, although one somewhat circumscribed by the dictates of his family's religion. His grandfather doted on the boy; at the same time, he never let his daughter forget the error of her ways. Anubis' mother died in what was passed off as a "drowning accident" when the child was five years old.

From that time on, "Joseph" spent most of his time at his grandfather's side and preached his first sermon when he was ten. He memorized most of the Bible by the time he was twelve, and was well on his way to following in his grandfather's footsteps when he experienced his First Change. Terrified that he was possessed by the devil, the boy begged his grandfather to exorcise him. The ceremony only brought forth a further manifestation of Anubis' demon-shape, and his grandfather, overcome by the Delirium, lapsed into a babbling, mindless state.

The boy tried to care for his grandfather, wracked by pangs of guilt for what he had done. Finally, a stranger appeared at the boy's door, introduced himself as Horeb Farseer, and claimed the boy as his son. Horeb did something to restore the mind of Anubis' grandfather and then took the boy away with him.

Anubis, as he chose to call himself, still has bitter memories of his mother's untimely death (he now believes she committed suicide) and his own ignorance of his true nature. The Silent Striders have done their best to help him deal with his traumatic past and, for the most part, have succeeded. Anubis simply tries not to think about what pains him. Instead, he concentrates on a vision that came to him

during his Rite of Passage, a vision that infuses his life with the same meaning he once found in his grandfather's religion.

Anubis now wanders southeastern Appalachia, from the Kentucky coal country of the Cumberlands all the way to Chattanooga, with eastern detours through western North Carolina. At every small community he passes through, he visits with the locals and brings them "the gospel" — at least his own version of the gospel. He has developed an evangelical religion which emphasizes respect for the land and the old ways, and contains enough familiar elements to pass itself off as an offshoot of Christianity. His charismatic presence and his knowledge of various scriptures (he has added both the Koran and the Torah to his repertoire as well as Cherokee spiritualism) have won a number of mountaineers to "the love of God in the land." He has handled snakes, spoken in tongues, led his followers to the "waters of rebirth" and held tent meetings throughout the Blue Ridge, Smoky and Cumberland Mountains.

In Kentucky, he stumbled upon a group of odd individuals who, he later discovered, were changelings — faeries trapped in the mortal world. He is one of the few non-changelings ever allowed to visit the stronghold of the Highcastle Crafters in Kentucky's Cumberland Mountains. He now keeps his eyes out for other signs of faerie presence, hoping that he can enlist them in Gaia's fight to preserve Her land.

Silver Fangs

*You have outlived even fear, the treachery
of bone and fat and sinew.*

*Who would send his eyes on books
when history is what the heart has known?*

— Kathryn Bright Gurkin, "Nonagenarian"

Although the Appalachians are not part of the deep South, a few Southern aristocrats have made their way to the region. Some of these were Silver Fang Kinfolk. The few large plantations that existed in Appalachia prior to the Civil War, including the horse farms of Kentucky, led to the establishment of an elite upper class. A few Silver Fangs moved in these circles. After the Civil War, many of these Garou and their Kinfolk abandoned the area, but the ones that stayed have maintained as many of the old ways as possible in a society that increasingly panders to the lowest common denominator. The Silver Fangs are (with a few exceptions) staunch traditionalists who exemplify the conservative attitude of many Appalachians. About 15 Silver Fangs claim the mountains as their hereditary home.

Notable Silver Fangs include William Banecrusher, the leader of the Sept of the Changing Seasons as well as his mentor and septmate, the aging Philodox Bathsheba Heart-of-the-Trillium. Carson Sandler, a Galliard famous for his repertoire of Garou legends, holds the position of Master of the Rite for the Sept of the Grandfather.



Josiah Windford

Position: Warder, Sept of the Moon's Blessing

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Silver Fangs

Nature/Demeanor: Director/Gallant

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 5 (4/0/5/5)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 2, Primal-Urge 2

Skills: Archery 4, Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Firearms 1, Leadership 2, Melee 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Linguistics 3 (Greek, Latin, Russian), Occult 4, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Past Life 4, Pure Breed 4

Gifts: (1) Inspiration, Lament Flame, Persuasion, Razor Claws, Sense Wyrms; (2) Awe, Luna's Armor, Spirit of the Fray, Staredown, True Fear; (3) Disquiet, Heart of Fury, Princely Bearing, Silver Claws, Wrath of Gaia; (4) Ignore Wound, Mastery, Mindblock, Spirit Ward, Stoking Fury's Furnace

Rank: 4

Rage 5, Gnosis 6, Willpower 6

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing; (Caern) Moot Rite, Rite of the Opened Caern; (Minor) Breath of Gaia, Greet the Moon, Greet the Sun; (Mystic) Rite of Talisman Dedication; (Renown) Rite of Accomplishment, Rite of Wounding

Fetishes: Grand Klaive

Image: Josiah is an uncommonly handsome man in his mid-30s. His silver hair, which he wears long and proudly, is natural. He carries himself like a king, and usually dresses in fine, if somewhat archaic, clothing. His idea of "casual" wear is a belted tunic, tight-fitting denim trousers (he will not call them "jeans"), and knee-high boots. In Lupus form he is an awe-inspiring silver "poster-wolf." If his Crinos form weren't so formidable, it, too, might be considered beautiful in a terrifying way. In all his forms, Josiah is fond of jewelry, particularly the kind that announces his presence. (He has no use for stealth.)

Roleplaying Notes: You come from a race of kings and queens of Gaia's lost empire. Your human Kinfolk were descendants of old English royalty — very old English royalty. If others but knew whose spirits lived on in you and conversed with you regularly, guiding your actions, they would immediately cease their petty bickering and acknowledge you as their rightful ruler. You are merciful enough, however, to acknowledge their limitations and allow them their own delusions of grandeur. There are Wyrms-creatures to be fought (an eternal struggle in which you have distinguished yourself time and time again) and land to be husbanded. These things take precedence over mere personal gratification. Still, it would be nice if your septmates would occasionally remember the oaths of fealty that bound them to you....

History: Josiah Windford grew up in Asheville, North Carolina. His early years were spent in the best schools his parents' considerable wealth could afford. As a boy he was athletic, competitive, and a dreamer; his mind was filled with medieval fantasies and he briefly considered a career in the military (when he was nine) as the closest thing in the modern world to being a knight.

Fortunately for Josiah, he was marked as a "Garou-to-be" shortly after his birth and just before his First Change, a Kin-Fetch summoned some of the region's Silver Fangs. Josiah disappeared from his exclusive boarding school and was educated in the ways of his tribe. When Josiah finally returned to his bewildered and frantic parents nearly a year later, he found himself something of a local celebrity; his parents had believed him kidnapped and had spent many anguished weeks waiting for a ransom note that failed to come. The ensuing manhunt turned up no evidence of the boy, and he was given up for dead. His return "from the grave" garnered a good deal of publicity in the local papers, so much so that for nearly two years, Josiah had to keep his contacts with area Garou very discreet. He spent much of his time alone on his parents' well-guarded estate outside Asheville, wandering in his sizeable backyard and dreaming of the time when he could freely fight Gaia's battles with the Wyrms.

It was during that time that the young Silver Fang received the first inklings of his heroic past lives as well as the beginnings of a serious (though not particularly harmful) delusion. Josiah became convinced that he was the reincarnation of the "real" King Arthur. His king, how-

ever, didn't match any of the historical and mythical versions. Instead, he was a daring Silver Fang warrior-king who nearly established Gaia's paradise in Britain before his work was undone by the infamous Black Spiral Dancer known as Mordred.

When Josiah was eighteen, he announced to his family that he was going to strike out on his own, to prove himself and to find his true purpose in life. Since Josiah was legally an adult, his parents could do nothing to prevent his departure; to ensure his well-being, however, they gave him a credit card and promised to make good any debts he might incur.

Josiah roamed the mountains for many years with a pack of Silver Fangs and Fianna, and garnered much collective glory through their battles with the Wyrms in Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina. During one of their encounters with a now-defunct hive of Black Spirals in Kentucky, Josiah discovered a Grand Klaive lying at the bottom of an oil-fouled pond. For him, it was the final proof of his true identity; Excalibur had come home.

After a time, Josiah's pack fell prey to infighting and he left them in disgust, claiming that they were no true knights of Gaia if they could not work together. He came close to the despair of Harano before he was discovered by Hattie Thunderwife, who adopted him into the Sept of the Moon's Blessing. Since then, he has proven to be an asset to the sept. His tales of past deeds (not just his own) have inspired many of the younger Garou. He accepted the position of Warder as his due and faithfully discharges his duties, firmly believing that the king is the land. He has no desire to leave the environs of the caern, which he considers to be the center of his rightful domain. If his occasional insistence on courtly behavior annoys his septmates, they feel it is a small price to pay for his fidelity as a proven warrior of Gaia.

Stargazers

*This night a million stars pin back the sky
To make a jeweled roof above this earth
And I must go to hear the night winds cry
Over these ancient hills that gave me birth.
— Jesse Stuart, "These Hills I Love"*

The powerful emanations of the Appalachian Umbra, with its portent of great mysteries to be fathomed, often draws a few of these ethereal Garou to the area.

The increasing interest in mountain magic, shamanism, and holistic approaches to life have given the Stargazers an anchor here. Three of these seekers of Gaia's truths currently reside in the region. Deborah Jewel-of-Morning currently resides near Lookout Mountain, using the Sept of the Mountain Watch as the base from which she conducts her passion for collecting stories of supernatural manifestations.

Galileo Crosses-the-Stars

Position: Master of the Challenge, Sept of the Moon's Blessing

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ragabash

Tribe: Stargazer (The Zephyr)

Nature/Demeanor: Visionary/Jester

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 5 (5/6/7/7), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 5 (4/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 4, Empathy 2, Expression 4 (subtle jibes), Instruction 3, Primal-Urge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 1, Kailindo 4, Meditation 3, Melee 2, Performance 4 (spontaneous poetry), Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Appalachian Mountains) 3, Enigmas 4, Faerie Lore 2, Investigation 2, Medicine 2, Occult 4, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Mentor 3

Gifts: (1) Balance, Open Seal, Persuasion, Sense Wyrms, Smell of Man; (2) Blissful Ignorance, Inner Strength, Staredown, Surface Attunement, Taking the Forgotten; (3) Clarity, Flyfeet, Merciful Blow, Open Moon Bridge, Reshape Object; (4) Luna's Blessing, Preternatural Awareness

Rank: 4

Rage 4, Gnosis 7, Willpower 9

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing; (Caern) Rite of the Opened Bridge, Rite of the Opened Caern; (Minor) Greet the Moon, Greet the Sun; (Mystic) Rite of Becoming, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the



Questing Stone; (Punishment) Rite of Ostracism, Satire Rite, Stone of Scorn, Voice of the Jackal

Fetishes: None

Image: Galileo is a man in his mid-20s with dark black hair shot through with red highlights. His exotic features hint of some Oriental ancestry, as well as a smidgen of Native American and Anglo stock. He likes to wear white or cream-colored clothing: loose fitting muslin shirts and drawstring pants. In wolf form he is a slender black wolf with a mahogany undercoat. His Crinos form is both frightening and graceful.

Roleplaying Notes: You have learned that laughter is not necessarily a response to joy; more often it is the best defense against despair. You still mourn the useless death of your faerie mother, and see in what happened to her a reflection of the savagery daily perpetrated on Gaia's body. This vision of sorrow is too intense for you to inflict on others without the buffer of humor, so you strive at all times to cloak your inner pain in the antics of your Auspice. You are happiest when you are teaching others — like the brave metis Lodi Clawfoot — the ways of Kailindo, so you seek out opportunities to instruct younger Garou whenever possible. You still hope that one day you will find someone who knew your mother, or someone who can teach you more about changelings. You believe that the children of the Dreaming and the children of the wolf are not that far apart; you are living proof.

History: Galileo was born on top of Mt. Pisgah beneath the stars on the same day humans landed on the moon. His Garou father, Siddhartha Travels-with-Beauty, was present at his birth. The young boy spent his childhood traveling in the company of his parents as they roamed the mountains on a perpetual pilgrimage. Galileo's mother, Amina, was one of the fair folk, a changeling who belonged to the nomadic faerie race known as the eshu. From the beginning, the boy was taught both Garou and faerie lore, on the off chance that the child might reveal himself as either a Garou or one of the fae. Because he was always on the move, Galileo's parents served as his only teachers.

Unfortunately, the boy's First Change was more traumatic than his upbringing would suggest. During one of their circuits through eastern Kentucky, the family passed through a small community which had just been visited by the Reverend Jimmy Tucker, a notorious inciter of racial and religious bigotry. The odd-looking trio — a man apparently of mixed Asian and Anglo blood, a lovely woman with African and Native American features, and a child who was obviously of indeterminate ethnic background — was attacked by a group of tough-looking mountain men wielding knives, clubs, broken bottles and tire irons.

Seeing a rare eruption of Siddhartha into Crinos form, Galileo likewise transformed. The two fierce Garou easily defeated the thugs, but not before the attackers had beaten Amina to death. Howling their despair amid the mangled bodies of their foes, Galileo and his father bore their

mother's body away from the town to bury her beneath the stars. Siddhartha tearfully explained to his son the full tragedy of Amina's death from iron; her faerie spirit was forever lost to both this world and her cherished, lost world of the Dreaming.

From that time on, the boy and his father traveled the mountains together. To help assuage his grief, Siddhartha taught his son all he knew about the Stargazers, even journeying to the tribe's holy places in distant lands to introduce Galileo to as many of the mysteries of the tribe as possible and to restore his own failing spirits. Galileo finally parted from his father in Tibet, where Siddhartha chose to live out the end of his life in the company of other members of his tribe. Galileo returned to the mountains of his birth, and has been searching ever since for other evidence of his mother's people — or any of the children of the Dreaming.

When a chance visit to the Sept of the Moon's Blessing on the night of the moonbow revealed Luna's splendid, multicolored rainbow to Galileo, the Garou was fascinated by the phenomenon. He has since become the sept's Master of the Challenge, where his acerbic, sometimes tragic, humor and sarcasm as well as his mastery of the art of Kailindo ensures that all challenges within the sept are both creative and thought-provoking. As often as permitted, Galileo travels the Moon Bridges between the Appalachian caerns, serving as a messenger for the various septs as well as using his visits to continue his own private search for the fae.

Uktena

*Uk'ten', they say, was a fearsome creature,
His body so thick
Only a tall man could see over him,
Heavy with men he had eaten.
His scales glittered, his wicked horns gleamed,
And on his forehead was a blazing crystal,
Large as a man's two fists.*

*The crystal, large as a man's two fists,
Transparent as water,
With a blood-red vein down the middle,
Stone of prophecy, stone of power,
Stone that must have blood
Before it speaks.*

— Jean Starr, "Uk'ten"

Along with the Fianna, the Uktena are the most numerous Garou present in the region. After the Trail of Tears caused the depletion of the remnants of the Pure Ones, many caerns had to be abandoned or reluctantly ceded to other tribes. Only one major caern remains under the guardianship of the Uktena. The Eastern Band of the Cherokee provides a strong network of Kinfolk for these Garou, and

the lands encompassed by the Qualla Boundary Reservation serve as the focus for the greatest concentration of Uktena.

There are 25 Uktena in the mountains of Appalachia. Although most of them are within the Sept of the Seven Clans, a few have allied themselves with the other protectorates in the region. These Uktena see the struggle to preserve Appalachian folk culture as worthy of their support.

Prominent among the Uktena are the council members of the Sept of the Seven Clans. Sept Leader Stands-His-Ground leads the Uktena separatists, enjoying the support of the Master of Rite, Smiling Moondaughter. Those who favor cooperation with other Garou tribes include the Master of the Challenge, Sings-to-the-Waters and Warder Jacob Watches-the Sunrise. Moondance, one of the few Uktena metis to rise to prominence in the region, serves as Keeper of the Land. The Gatekeeper, Bridgemaker, tries to stay out of Garou politics altogether.

Thomas Hard Rain ("Screams-in-Fury")

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Uktena

Nature/Demeanor: Fanatic/Predator

Physical: Strength 5 (7/9/8/6), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

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

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Herbalism 2, Rituals 2, Wyrms Lore 2

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 2

Gifts: (1) Heightened Senses, Leap of the Kangaroo, Razor Claws, The Falling Touch; (2) Scent of Sight, Sense Magic, Sense Silver, Sense the Unnatural, Spirit of the Fish, Spirit of the Fray, True Fear

Rank: 2

Rage 8, Gnosis 7, Willpower 7

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing; (Mystic) Rite of Summoning, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Hunting Ground

Fetishes: Fire Starter

Image: In Homid form, Screams-in-Fury is an extremely muscular, though not excessively tall, Cherokee male with shaggy black hair that falls into his eyes. His Lupus form, in which he is more comfortable, is that of a compact, sinewy dark brown (nearly black) wolf. His Crinos form is nearly as broad as it is tall and extremely hairy.

Roleplaying Notes: Humans, most of them, are a sickness upon the land. You are proud to be Garou, but at the same time you loathe the part of you that resembles the stinking



two-legged defilers of the land. Even if they are not Wyrmtainted, humans are all too easily used by the Wyrms. Sometimes you would like to kill every one who is not wolf or Garou or human Kinfolk, but you know that doing so would be unwise — at least for the present. Snarl and growl at anyone who looks at you the wrong way. Then snarl and growl some more until they leave. If they really bother you, attack them.

History: Screams-in-Fury grew up among the wolf-pack secretly maintained by the Uktena within the boundaries of the reservation. Even as a cub, he was a wanderer, and often strayed far from his pack's normal hunting grounds. An early encounter with poachers who had stolen onto the reservation via the nearby Nantahala National Forest marked him with an intense hatred for humans. His First Change was traumatic, since he was forced to come to terms with his own partly human nature.

The members of the Sept of the Seven Clans found the young Garou difficult to deal with because of the intensity of his Rage. Although he never officially joined the ranks of the Ronin, Screams-in-Fury had so many differences with members of the sept that he finally struck off on his own, taking with him a few other Garou who, like him, were dissatisfied with the relative inactivity of their septmates. He blames Ayita Stormcrow for poisoning the minds of the elders against him.

Calling themselves the Red Fangs of the Wyld, Screams-in-Fury and his pack roam the national forests, parks and unclaimed wilderness areas of Appalachia seeking excuses to vent their fury at those who would despoil Gaia. He refuses to recognize the boundaries which divide Appalachia into distinct protectorates, and his incursions into the territory claimed by the Sept of the Changing Seasons has earned him the eternal hatred of Patrick Sheehan ("Striker"), the Sept's Keeper of the Land. He has sworn that their next meeting will be their last.



When he has had to interact with humans, Screams-in-Fury has taken the name Thomas Hard Rain, calling himself after an apocalyptic protest song he heard once and whose sentiments he admires. Screams-in-Fury is particularly interested in rooting out Wyrms-creatures, but he is also responsible for retributive strikes on hunters and poachers. His chief ambition is to acquire some powerful fetish that will enable him to destroy as many of Gaia's defilers as possible.

Standing Rock

Position: Gatekeeper, Sept of the Grandfather

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Tribe: Uktena (Earth Guides)

Nature/Demeanor: Caregiver/Curmudgeon

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Instruction (Cherokee traditions) 4, Mimicry 2, Primal-Urge 3

Skills: Archery 2, Melee 2, Meditation 3, Performance 2, Poisons 3, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Grandfather Mountain) 4, Enigmas 4, Faerie Lore (Native American faeries) 4, Herbalism 4, Linguistics (English, Gaelic, Uktena Sign Language) 3, Occult 4, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Kinfolk 3

Gifts: (1) Mother's Touch, Persuasion, Sense Magic, Sense Wyrms, Shroud, Spirit Speech; (2) Command Spirit, Name the Spirit, Sight from Beyond, Spirit of the Bird, Spirit of the Fish, Stare-down; (3) Call Flame Spirit, Exorcism, Invisibility, Pulse of the Invisible, Reshape

Object, Scrying, Secrets; (4) Call Elemental, Pointing the Bone, Spirit Drain, Spirit Ward; (5) The Malleable Spirit, Part the Veil, Spirit Vessel

Rank: 5

Rage 6, Gnosis 9, Willpower 8

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Contrition; (Caern) Moot Rite, Rite of Caern Building, Rite of the Opened Bridge, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of the Opened Sky, Rite of the Shrouded Glen; (Death) Gathering for the Departed, Rite of the Winter Wolf (Minor) all; (Mystic) Rite of Becoming, Rite of Binding, Rite of the Hunting Ground, Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of the Totem; (Punishment), Gaia's Vengeful Teeth Rite of Ostracism, Stone of Scorn, The Rending of the Veil, Voice of the Jackal; (Renown) Rite of Accomplishment, Rite of Lasting Glory, Rite of Passage, Rite of Wounding; (Seasonal) all

Fetishes: Caern fetishes (Beard of the Grandfather, Tanawha's Feather; see Appendix), Spirit Drum

Image: Standing Rock appears to be a mature Cherokee man with weathered features and dark, penetrating eyes. His black hair, streaked with silver and gray, is worn in traditional Cherokee style. He generally dresses in faded jeans and plaid shirts, although occasionally he dons ceremonial clothing for certain Garou and Cherokee rituals. In Lupus form, he is a small, stocky dark-haired wolf with gray muzzle hairs.

Roleplaying Notes: You are willing to teach anyone who is willing to learn, provided they can put up with a crotchety old "Indian's" constant badgering. Those who can penetrate your crusty exterior deserve to be rewarded with knowledge. Your openness with sharing information marks you as different from most Uktena, but you have secrets as well. These you do not share with anyone. Foremost among these secrets is the fact that you converse with the Invisible People, the Nunnehi and the Yunwi Tsunsi, on a regular basis. When they are ready to make their presence known to others, they will tell you, but until then, your jaws are locked tight.

History: Standing Rock's Kinfolk parents were traditional Cherokee-speakers who raised their son to cherish the history and culture of the Principle People. Even when he was young, the boy saw the vast differences between the Cherokee who attempted to assimilate the culture of the white man and the ones who held fast to the old ways. Standing Rock became interested in shamanic rituals at an early age, and studied with some of the local conjurers near Big Cove, in the Qualla Boundary. His First Change came during a vision quest.

Since then, Standing Rock has become one of the most powerful Uktena Theurges in the Appalachian region. His loyalty to his Cherokee Kinfolk is fierce, but he has developed the wisdom to see that the solutions to Gaia's problems lie partly in helping other peoples return to the old ways, or — if they have none — embrace a way of life that will teach

them reverence for the earth. A dream-message from Tanawha led him to the Sept of the Grandfather many years ago. As the Gatekeeper for the sept, Standing Rock tries to encourage the various Appalachian septs to maintain contact with each other. He uses his membership in the intertribal caern to instruct younger Garou of the other tribes in Native American culture. He has also learned the old traditions of other cultures; in particular, the Celtic seasonal rites hold great interest for him.

Sadly, Standing Rock finds some of the greatest resistance to intertribal cooperation comes from the Uktena of the Sept of the Seven Tribes. He understands their reluctance to interact too closely with the descendants of the European Garou, but he feels that this is a mistake.

Ayita Stormcrow

Position: Master of Secrets, Sept of the Seven Clans

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Tribe: Uktena (Ghost Dance)

Nature/Demeanor: Fanatic/Judge

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3 (3/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Primal-Urge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 2, Melee (knife) 4, Performance (traditional dances) 4, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Herbalism 3, Linguistics (Cherokee, Algonquin, Blackfoot, Navaho) 4, Occult 3, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Kinfolk 2, Past Life 4

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Resist Pain, Scent of the True Form, Shroud, Truth of Gaia; (2) Call to Duty, Staredown, Strength of Purpose; (3) Disquiet, Invisibility, Tongues, Wisdom of the Ancient Ways; (4) Harano, Scent of Beyond, Take the True Form

Rank: 4

Rage 6, Gnosis 8, Willpower 7

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Contrition, Rite of Going to Water (see Appendix); (Caern) Moot Rite, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of the Opened Sky; Rite of Thanksgiving (see Appendix); (Death) Gathering for the Departed; (Minor) all; (Mystic) Baptism of Fire, Rite of Becoming, Rite of Binding, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of the Fetish; (Punishment) Rite of Ostracism; (Renown) Rite of Accomplishment, Rite of Passage, Rite of Wounding

Fetishes: Bells of Rain, Dream Trap, Gnostic Bag

Image: Ayita (whose name means "first in the dance") is an attractive Cherokee in her late twenties, with high, angular cheekbones and lustrous black hair which hangs past her waist. She often dresses in traditional Cherokee clothing, although occasionally she wears jeans and homespun shirts for

traveling in the wilderness. Her Lupus form is that of a long-haired black wolf.

Roleplaying Notes: The old ways are being lost, both among the Garou and among the descendants of the Pure Ones. You fight daily to keep those ancient customs alive, for they contain the secrets which will give the Garou and Gaia's other defenders (if there are any) the power to fight the Wyrms in the Last Days. You feel that it is important for as many Kinfolk as possible to return to the old ways, and you openly proselytize whenever you get the chance. Although you no longer hate the dominant European-based culture that surrounds you, you try to have as little to do with it as possible. You have one or two friends among some of the Fianna who have expressed genuine interest in learning Native American traditions, but they are exceptions. Still, you never turn down any true seekers among the Garou, regardless of their tribe.

History: Ayita was born near the town of Cherokee, at the edge of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Her parents operated one of the tourist businesses that line the road to the park, and Ayita was exposed at a young age to the temptations of "modern American culture." She rebelled at the idea of becoming like the loudmouthed, boorish tourists that came to gawk at the quaint customs of the "red man," and immersed herself in the heritage of her people.

When she was 13, a group of Uktena from the Sept of the Seven Clans abducted her, sensing the imminence of her First Change. Although she later returned to her parents, who railed at her for running away from home for no apparent reason, she continued to receive visits from her new Garou family. She also began to study the Cherokee language in earnest, since neither of her parents spoke anything but English. When she was 16, she announced to her family that she was moving to Big Cove, where she intended to study the ways of her people.

Ayita learned as much as she could of the dances and ceremonies of the Cherokee and soon began attending



powwows all over the country with some of her more gregarious septmates. At one of those gatherings, she met a group of Wendigo who introduced her to the Ghost Dance camp. She has since become an enthusiastic member of that bi-tribal group. She travels in the Umbra whenever she can, searching for evidence of the Croatan. She has heard of a powerful Croatan fetish that still exists somewhere in the mountains and which rightfully belongs with her sept. Her ancestors Voice-in-the-Night and Singing Water have spoken to her in dreams and visions, warning her that the fetish needs to be returned to the Uktena before the time of the Apocalypse.

Within the Sept of the Seven Clans, Ayita's voice is a strong one, urging her Uktena brothers and sisters to find a middle road that will preserve the old ways of their Cherokee Kinfolk and incorporate the valuable traditions of other Appalachian cultures. She abhors the attitude of Thomas Hard Rain and his Red Fangs and never ceases trying to convince her septmates to take measures to contain the angry Garou's uncontrolled fury.

Wendigo

You don't stand a chance against my prayers

You don't stand a chance against my love

They outlawed the Ghost Dance

But we shall live again, we shall live again

— Jim Wilson and Robbie Robertson, "Ghost Dance"

Although the Wendigo, as a tribe, remain exclusively in the northern regions of the North American continent, a few individuals have traveled to the Appalachians, drawn to the higher elevations of the Smokies and the Blue Ridge. One member of this reclusive tribe has adopted the mountains as his home.



Hears-the-Wild-Goose-Call

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Galliard

Tribe: Wendigo

Nature/Demeanor: Maker/Confidant

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Expression (Storytelling) 5, Mimicry 2, Primal-Urge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Performance 3, Repair 1, Stealth 2, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Herbalism 4, Linguistics (Cherokee, English, French, Spanish, Universal Sign Language) 4, Occult 2, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Familiar Spirit 2, Resources 1

Gifts: (1) Beast Speech, Call of the Breeze, Call of the Wyld, Mindspeak, Persuasion; (2) Dreamspeak, Speak with the Wind-Spirits, Staredown; (3) Reshape Object, Skyrunning

Rank: 3

Rage 4, Gnosis 8, Willpower 7

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Contrition; (Minor) all; (Mystic) Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of Talisman Dedication; (Renown) Rite of Accomplishment

Fetishes: Storybag

Image: Hears-the-Wild-Goose-Call is a small young man of Nez Percé stock. He dresses in the style of various Native American tribes as a personal statement of his belief in the oneness of native people, and he is fond of hand-crafted jewelry. In Lupus form, he is a slender wolf with a rich dark mahogany coat.

Roleplaying Notes: You believe that through the power of stories you can heal many of the wounds that have so long divided the Garou. It is also your firm conviction that humans can be turned from their destructive ways through the influence of stories that show them a better way. You respect the struggles of many human groups to gain dignity and respect, and many of your tales are dedicated to promoting the end of discrimination and bigotry. When humans learn to stop abusing each other, perhaps then they can learn to stop abusing Gaia.

History: Joseph Plainsong was born in Idaho to a family of Kinfolk who honored the traditional ways and were aware of their Garou blood. Besides instilling in him the customs of the Nez Percé, the boy's parents also taught him the value of stories. The boy's First Change was greeted by his family with joy, and Joseph Plainsong joined a local sept of Wendigo. During one of his many visits to the Umbra, Joseph answered the distress call of a wild goose spirit who had been set upon by a Bane. Together, Garou and spirit

defeated the Wyrn creature. Since that time, the goose spirit has attached herself to Joseph, and in honor of their friendship, the Garou changed his name to Hears-the-Wild-Goose-Call.

Hears-the-Wild-Goose-Call spent much time traveling throughout the northwest collecting stories from various tribes and telling those tales at powwows and Garou moots. He swiftly gained a reputation as an evocative and compelling presenter of legends and began receiving invitations from other Garou tribes, including the Uktena of the eastern continent, to visit and learn their tales.

When his travels brought him to Appalachia, Hears-the-Wild-Goose-Call felt an overwhelming sense of "home" and has remained in the area for over five years. His interest in stories has expanded to include European, African and Asian tales as well as stories that reflect the struggles of various human populations — women, blacks, gays, and other oppressed groups. He is beginning to learn many of the mountain stories as well and is fascinated by the Fianna tales and ballads of the fair folk.

His love of stories and his growing ability to compose his own tales has drawn the attention of the local changeling population. Both Nunnehi and European changelings have sought him out, usually without revealing their true natures, and have listened in rapt attention to his performances at area craft shows. Hears-the-Wild-Goose-Call has penetrated the mortal disguise of several members of his changeling following, but he is too polite to bring this to their attention. He believes that when the time is right, the children of the Dreaming will come to him with their secrets. Until then, he is content to wait for what may be the greatest stories of them all.

Packs in the Appalachians

In addition to the Garou who maintain the various caerns that serve as centers for the Appalachian protectorates, there are a number of Garou packs who operate independently or semi-independently of the caerns.

The Patchwork Quilt

Based in Knoxville and led by Glass Walker Megan Alexander, this inter-tribal pack consists of Glass Walker Theurge Miles Creighton (the owner of Creighton Industries, a Gaia-centered software company), the Bone Gnawer Galliard Backalley, a rebellious Silver Fang Ahroun named "Free," and Serena Dreamchild, a Ragabash from the Children of Gaia.

Loon's Companions

This pack of young Garou divides their time between the Sept of the Grandfather and the Sept of the Moon's Blessing. Gus Overland, a reticent Ahroun of the Get of Fenris, leads the pack. Other members include Fianna Galliard Will Tinker, Bone Gnawer Ragabash Billie Jo Whately, Silver

Fang Philodox Ashley Elizabeth Heartwell, and a pair of lupus Theurges — a Silent Strider named Talib and the young Uktena Kijika-Adahy ("Walks-Quietly-in-the-Woods"). Their pack totem is Loon, who adopted them during a seeking ritual near Cumberland Falls.

Appalachian Freebooters

Lycoris Moon-Sister leads this group of three Black Fury Freebooters and one Uktena Raider, who travel the region in search of lost caerns and track down rumors of powerful magic.

Fianna Fiddlers

This is a loose association of the area's musically inclined Fianna. They are not an official pack, but keep in touch with each other by attending local music festivals. They have a yearly reunion at the Highland Games on Grandfather Mountain.

Others of the Changing Breeds

The Garou are not the only shapechanging species to inhabit the southern Appalachians. Gaia's powerful presence in the area made the mountains a safe haven for many of the Changing Breed. The Native American peoples who settled the mountain valleys and forest lands accepted the fact that spirit-creatures dwelt near them, and paid honor to these beings, making them part of their myths. Only with the coming of the white men did the Gurahl, the Bagheera, the Qualmi and others begin to withdraw from the world, seeking refuge in the Umbra or in protected areas far from the sights and sounds of the Wyrn-tainted invaders. A few remained behind to keep an eye on their children and their few remaining Kinfolk.

Gurahl (Werebear)

The black bear population of the southern Appalachians, particularly the Great Smokies and parts of the Blue Ridge, is a constant source of concern for the Gurahl. Because of their dangerously small number, these eldest of the Changing Breed (as they view themselves) are scattered over the world. One ancient Gurahl, Bessie Hardwinter, has taken it upon herself to keep watch over her ursine Kinfolk in the Appalachian region.

Bessie Hardwinter

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Crescent

Nature/Demeanor: Caregiver/Maker

Physical: Strength 4 (7/9/8/6), Dexterity 3 (3/2/1/2), Stamina 4 (7/8/9/7)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (1/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4 (4/3/4/4), Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 4, Instruction 2, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 4, Swimming 2

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Etiquette 3, Leadership 2, Stealth 3, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Herbalism 4, Medicine 2, Occult 3, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 1, Kinfolk 2

Gifts: (1) Beast Speech, Mindspeak, Mother's Touch, Resist Pain, Scent of the True Form, Sense Wyrms; (2) Dreampeak, King of the Beasts, Sense the Unnatural, Strength of Purpose; (3) Adaptation, Trackless Waste; (4) Beast Life, Serenity

Rage 5, Gnosis 8, Willpower 7

Rank: 4

Rites: (Accord) Rite of Cleansing; (Caern) Rite of the Opened Caern; (Mystic) Finding the Ancient Cache, Rite of Rending the Gauntlet, Rite of the Ban, Rite of the Healing Winds, Rite of the Long Sleep, Rite of the Pure Earth, Rite of the River-Portent; (Renown) Rite of Passage

Fetishes: Gaia's Poultice

Image: Bessie appears to be a tall, stocky Cherokee woman in her late 60s, although in reality she is much, much older. She wears baggy men's pants and flannel shirts when she is "at home." When she interacts with human society,

she "dresses up" in clothes appropriate to a plain-living mountain matron. Her gray hair frizzes around her head. In ursine form she is a large black bear with an abundance of silver hairs, particularly around her muzzle.

Roleplaying Notes: You've lived in these mountains for as long as you can remember, and that's a right long time. Now that you've decided to throw your weight around in human circles, where decisions are made, you wonder why you waited so long to do so. Intimidation works wonders, particularly when you're filled with the spirit of the she-bear. Use your size and age to advantage when dealing with recalcitrant humans, particularly men. Almost anybody will buckle when you look at them with that "I'm-old-enough-to-have-known-you-when-you-were-in-diapers" expression on your face.

History: Bessie Hardwinter was born to a family of Cherokee in whom the blood of the bear ran strong. She remembers the time before the coming of the Europeans to the Appalachian Mountains. Among the Cherokee, she was known as Old Bear Woman and wandered among the tribes sharing her healing gifts and herbal knowledge with those in need. Most of her Kinfolk left the area during the forced migration of the Cherokee, but a few managed to remain behind, becoming part of the Eastern Band Cherokee. Bessie agonized over the decimation of the black bear population in the Smokies and Blue Ridge Mountains, and for a while despair drove her into isolation. A dream-visit from Great Bear changed all that, however, and filled her with determination to do something to protect her ursine cousins.

Over the last few decades, Bessie has become a forceful voice in the movement to save the black bear. Using the few human Kinfolk she has managed to foster, she has helped in the establishment of habitats for the black bear in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park and on Grandfather Mountain. It is due to her efforts that chained "dancing bears" are no longer a common tourist attraction.

Pumonca (Werecougar)

The Appalachians were once the home of the cougar, also known as the Eastern panther. Called Klahdaghi, "Lord of the Forest" by the Cherokee, mountaineers referred to the great beasts as "painters." Over the centuries of white settlement, they were hunted almost to extinction. "Almost," because every now and then, as recently as 1975, someone reports sighting one of these legendary beasts or coming across evidence of its presence. In fact, four Pumonca maintain Den Realms in the Great Smokies, near Panther Creek on the western edge of the National Park, near Panther Mountain, on the North/South Carolina border, one in the Linville Gorge area not far from Grandfather Mountain, and another in Kentucky, near the Cumberland Gap.



M'risa Manycolors

Tribe: Pumonca

Nature/Demeanor: Maker/Visionary

Physical: Strength 2 (3/5/4/3), Dexterity 4 (5/7/7/7), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

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

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Crafts 2, Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Performance 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Investigation 2, Linguistics 2 (Gaelic, Cherokee), Medicine 1, Occult 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Den Realm 2, Pride (Kinfolk) 2

Gifts: (1) Catfeet, Lick Wounds, Razor Claws, Sense Wurm; (2) Eerie Eyes, Luna's Armor, Snarl of the Predator, Taking the Forgotten, Touch the Mind; (3) Call the Pride, Cat Fear, Purr

Rank: 3

Rage 4, Gnosis 6, Willpower 6

Rites: (Den) Rite of Claiming, Taghairm Rite, The Badger's Burrow; (Mystic) Rite of Binding, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Fetish

Fetishes: Eye of the "Painter" (Level 2, Gnosis 5; this fetish is a smoothly polished piece of striated rock marked like a cat's eye. When activated, it will provide the user with the Gift: Eyes of the Cat.)

Image: In Homid form, M'risa is a small woman in her early twenties, with sharp, catlike features and long tawny hair streaked with hints of brown and red. In Crinos, she is a striking, panther-faced woman. Her Feline form is that of a golden mountain lion, with red and brown hairs on her "points" (ears, nose, paws and tail). Her clothing is a mixture of Appalachian homespun and Cherokee beadwork.

Roleplaying Notes: The human capacity to make things and create music and word-songs has always fascinated you. Until recently, you spent most of your time in your Den Realm, teaching yourself some of the local crafts and practicing folk songs. You have an ingrained fear and distrust of Garou, but this just drives you to try to find and watch them. You know how to use your natural attractiveness to your advantage in dealing with humans; you are curious to know if it will work on Garou.

History: M'risa Manycolors is the product of a rare mating of Cherokee Pumonca Kinfolk and Scotch-Irish mountaineer. Before she experienced her first transformation, she grew up steeped in the folklore and traditions of both cultures. She particularly loves music, and has learned many Irish ballads and Cherokee songs. A rumor that local Garou gather each year at Grandfather Mountain's Highland Games has led her to begin attending that event on a regular basis, hoping to discover and



contact some Garou who might be disposed to be friendly. Her natural fear of the Garou has so far kept her from doing more than prowling through the crowds at the games searching for signs of Gaia's wolf-children. She has dreams of reclaiming land where the children of Bastet can wander in freedom and believes that the Garou may provide the key to accomplishing her dreams.

Kitsune (Werefox)

By far the strangest non-Garou shapechanger in the region is the exiled Kitsune, Hideo Ishii, who has made his home in Tryon, North Carolina. The mountains of Appalachia shelter significant populations of both red and gray foxes, many of whom have fallen victim to the continued popularity of the fox hunt. In recent years, however, these often maligned predators have acquired a bold, quixotic champion who combines the business of protection with personal recreation.

Hideo Ishii

Breed: Kojin (Homid)

Path: Kataribe (Bard)

Nature/Demeanor: Jester/Conformist

Physical: Strength 1 (1/1/2/1), Dexterity 3 (3/4/6/7), Stamina 2 (2/4/7/4)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 5 (3/4/3/4), Appearance 4 (2/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Expression 4, Mimicry 2, Primal-Urge 2, Subterfuge 3, Swimming 2

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Disguise 2, Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Performance 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Linguistics 1 (English), Rituals 2



Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Resources 4

Merits/Flaws: Fast Learner, Lack of Scent

Jyu-ho: (1) Beast Speech, Fable, Persuasion, Seduction; (2) Distractions, DreamSpeak, Moon Dance; (3) Call of the Dead, Eye of the Cobra, Seek, Walking Between Worlds; (4) Forgetfulness, Spirit Ward; (5) Assimilation

Rank/Tails: 5

Rage 3, Gnosis 6, Willpower 6

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Gathering for the Departed, Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: None

Image: Hideo appears to be a tall (5'11"), attractive Oriental male in his mid-40s. Everything he wears, from business suits to riding gear to golf clothes, is tailored, expensive, and tasteful. His hair is shoulder-length and carefully styled. He wears no jewelry, but carries an antique gold pocket watch.

Roleplaying Notes: Listen more than you speak. Flatter without quite sucking-up. If you find a vulnerable point, exploit it in a way that allows you to enjoy the spectacle rather than get the blame. The only thing more fun than seeing a self-important boob make a fool of himself is setting him up to do so.

History: After many years of playing the role of stereotypical Japanese tourist in the United States as a means of gathering interesting tales and causing mischief, Hideo decided to settle for a while in the Appalachian mountains. The prospect of infiltrating and disrupting the institution of the Fox Hunt led him to the town of Tryon in the Dark Corner region of western North Carolina, where fox hunting enjoys tremendous popularity among the local aristocrats. Five years ago, Hideo began buying up property for improvement and resale. He is active in the Tryon social scene, participating in golf, community theatre, and the Hunt. Hideo earned his red jacket in record time and has not

missed a single hunt since that day. He has one of the finest stables in the area and has taken a particular interest in the training of the hounds. Hideo has purchased much of the land upon which the Hunt takes place and is involved with the movement to form a trust to protect the traditional Hunt lands from further development. Interestingly enough, Hideo's arrival has coincided with the beginning of a very disappointing period for the Hunt; not a single fox has been caught in the last five years.

Ananasi (Werespider)

At least one of the children of Queen Ananasa inhabits Linville Caverns, but there are rumors of others throughout the various cave systems that pockmark the mountains of Appalachia.

Arachilia Longley

Breed: Homid

Nature/Demeanor: Autist/Survivor

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Intimidate 1, Primal-Urge 3, Ventriloquism 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Hypnotism 2, Melee 3, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Investigation 2, Medicine 2, Occult 3, Poisons 4, Science 2, Speleology 4

Backgrounds: Resources 2

Gifts: (1) Blur of the Milky Eye, Create Element, Eyes of the Cat, Resist Toxin; (2) Blissful Ignorance, Insect Eyes, Replenishment of the Flesh; (3) Spinnerets, The Great Leap, Visceral Agony

Rank: 3 (Among Ananasi only)

Gnosis 4, Willpower 5



Blood Pool: variable (1-10)

Image: In Homid form, Arachilia is a tall, willowy dark-skinned woman with elaborately corn-rowed hair. She favors African-style clothing in rich, dark patterns. Her movements are stately and elegant and she turns heads whenever she interacts in human society. Her Pithus form combines her natural elegance with a formidable appearance, although she more closely resembles the pale *Nesticus carolinensis* (Linville Caverns Spider, indigenous to the Linville cave system) than she does the black widow shape of other Ananasi. Her Lilian form is attractive in a nightmarish sort of way and bears ritual scarification marks in honor of Queen Ananasa. Her Crawlerling form is a cluster of small cave spiders and attracts no unusual attention in her natural habitat. It is, in fact, her best disguise, since the Linville Caverns Spiders are protected by the operators of the caverns.

Roleplaying Notes: You prefer solitary pursuits like exploring the vast cave systems of the Appalachians. Although your need for blood often necessitates contact with humans, you try to keep an emotional distance from them. You are more interested in protecting the dark places of the earth, although you are concerned for the surface depredations

which are slowly eroding Gaia's influence in Appalachia. You would like to seek out allies among the Garou or some of the other supernatural creatures who inhabit the mountains, but your instincts tell you that you would not long survive your first attempt to communicate with them as your true self.

History: Arachilia Longley's mother, an Ananasi, was a professor specializing in the study of arachnids, and, as a child, Arachilia often accompanied her on field trips throughout the area. Her father was a folklorist specializing in Afro-American and non-European cultures. Shortly after Arachilia's transformation, her father died of a heart attack, and Arachilia privately suspects that he finally buckled under the stress of keeping secret the true nature of his wife and daughter. Arachilia's mother succumbed to bouts of depression after the loss of her husband. When Arachilia was eighteen, her mother went on a solitary caving expedition from which she never returned, leaving her daughter to fend for herself. Because of this, Arachilia has become wary of developing close ties with humans. Instead, she found a home for herself in Linville Caverns, where her resemblance in Crawlerling form to the cavern's native spiders has afforded her a safe haven.



Chapter Four: Mountain Dreamers (Changelings)

Four distinct groups of faeries (or changelings) occupy the Appalachians. The original faeries, the Nunnehi, tend to remain out of sight of most mortals. The second group of European fae who fled to the Americas centuries before the arrival of white settlers is the smallest group, and most of these Kithain remain ensconced in deep glens, keeping contact only with backwoods mortals. The largest group of changelings, those who came with the waves of European settlers, have inserted themselves into some of the regions' cities or have gathered in loose groups, called motleys, in more out-of-the-way locations. The last group, composed of noble sidhe who returned from Arcadia in the late 1960s, have quickly staked out their domains in the region, sometimes without regard to claims by prior native and long-time resident changelings.

Although most changelings share a love for the natural environment, making them natural allies for the Garou, a few misfits and outcasts allow their contempt for mortals to dominate their activities. In addition, some native changelings resent the presence of Europeans of any sort — whether Garou, changelings or mortals.

The Origin of Changelings

Changelings (or faeries) are creatures born of dreams. They are the living embodiment of myths, legends, and possibilities. Their magic, called Glamour, emerges from the power of creativity. Faeries can use Glamour to fashion dreams, illusions, and imaginary creatures or things (called chimera) which exist within the world of the Dreaming, although they are invisible and intangible to mortals.

Before human minds became poisoned by the wave of rationality and disbelief which changelings call Banality, faerie and human co-existed in a symbiosis of creation and inspiration. Human Dreamers and storytellers ensured that there were always new faeries being born from their imaginings, and the faeries, in return, inspired the creative impulse within their mortal cousins. The spiritual home of the fae, the world of the Dreaming (called Arcadia), touched upon the mortal world, and human and faerie were able to traverse the borders between reality and imagination at will.

As humans became more cynical and less inclined to believe in things of the imagination, the world of the Dreaming and the mortal world began to draw apart. Over time, the situation worsened. As humans grew more inclined to substitute cold knowledge for belief, faeries found it increasingly harder to exist in the material world. Religious institutions like the Inquisition and secular organizations which espoused the new precepts of scientific reasoning either persecuted or denied the existence of the ethereal fae. The children of the Dreaming began to withdraw from the world and the world, in turn, grew further from the Dreaming.

Some places in the mortal world were slower to succumb to the wave of Banality. In the Americas, in Australia, and in parts of Africa and Asia, tribal cultures remained in closer contact with their spiritual foundations. The earliest immigrants to these "new" worlds were, in fact, European faeries in flight from the disbelief that had destroyed their ability to exist in their native lands. In the unspoiled environments of virgin forest, verdant jungles and majestic deserts, these creatures found a temporary haven where the Dreaming was still within reach and where humans still believed in magic.

and the spirit. In time, however, European expansion brought Banality in the guise of western culture and science to even the most remote parts of the world. Faeries either fled through the rapidly closing gateways to Arcadia or, if they chose to remain in the physical world, learned to clothe themselves in mortal flesh, becoming the creatures known as changelings. Thus disguised as humans, sometimes even forgetting their true natures, changelings were able to maintain a fragile bridge between the quickly fading remnants of the Dreaming and the mortal world of dwindling human creativity.

In 1969, when a rare merger between human science and inspiration placed a man on the moon, a wave of Glamour swept across the world, opening the locked gateways to the Dreaming. Many noble faeries, mistakenly believing that the tide of Banality had turned, returned to the mortal world. These unfortunates found themselves trapped once more outside the Dreaming as the gates shut behind them in an effort to keep Arcadia from becoming tainted with mortality. Prevented from returning to Arcadia, these nobles, called *sidhe*, joined the ranks of changelings, clothing themselves in mortal flesh in order to cope with the Banality that now threatened to engulf them.

Just as the Europeans established colonies in the new world in the names of their mother countries, the *sidhe* set about creating a society based on the one they had known in Arcadia and, hundreds of years earlier, in Europe. In America, they established the Kingdom of Concordia, a confederation of smaller kingdoms ruled by High King David. Their presumption sparked a general uprising by commoner changelings who had not joined the original exodus to Arcadia and whose ideas of government had grown beyond the monarchic paradigm. This conflict, known in changeling lore as the Accordance War, resulted in the *sidhe*'s eventual domination of faerie society. Commoners, however, were granted certain concessions in return for their acceptance of *sidhe* overlordship.

Appalachian Changelings

Appalachia is part of the Kingdom of Willows, which covers most of southeastern and southern America (except for Florida). The region includes a number of counties, duchies and baronies who owe allegiance to the King of Willows. Changelings who support this established pattern of government belong to the Seelie faction of faerie society. There are other groups of changelings, mostly commoners joined by a few disaffected *sidhe*, who either oppose the current rulers of changeling society or ignore their presence as much as possible. A third group, made up of changelings born from the dreams of the original Appalachians — the Cherokee and other Native American tribes — fall outside the arena of Seelie and Unseelie politics. They are the Nunnghi, and like the native mortals whose dreams gave them birth, they have become exiles in their own homeland.

Immigrant Changelings

*No more the always going forth
From ruin and our old regret,
No more the sundering of faiths
By some who taught us to forget.*

*For us, the long remembering
Of all our hearts have better known.
The darkness falls away, a door
Swings, and the traveller is home;*

—Donald Davidson, "Southward Returning"

Appalachian changelings represent various faerie races, or *kiths*. These reflect the various European cultures which made their homes in the mountains. From England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales came the mischievous *pooka*, industrious *boggans* (*brownies*), vicious *redcaps* and noble *sidhe*. Steadfast trolls and meddling *nockers* (*goblins*) accompanied the Pennsylvania Dutch or German settlers, while the presence of small but significant numbers of African-Americans brought the wandering *eshu* to the region. Rumors also hint of the existence of a few darkness-loving *sluagh* who have established bases in one or more of the areas' cave systems.

The mountains are dotted with changeling freeholds which vary from small hearths or manors which contain motleys of commoners to palatial lodges which house the noble representatives of the Kingdom of Willows. Like the Appalachian *Garou*, local changelings fear the disappearance of the area's forestlands and mountain wilderness. In addition, the abandonment of a culture rich in traditions which hark back to a time when humans still told their own stories and made their own things of beauty acts as a harbinger of the triumph of Banality in the region. Many Appalachian changelings have attempted to encourage the revival of folk arts and crafts as a means of combating the invasion of industrial progress which threatens their existence.

Multiple opportunities exist for changelings to interact with and perhaps even ally with *Garou* to defend Appalachia from her enemies. In particular, the *Fianna* might find it in their best interests to take advantage of their vaunted connection with the faeries of Ireland, while the *Get of Fenris* might enjoy similar productive alliances with local trolls (also known as "giants"). Other *Kithain* (as changelings refer to themselves) such as the *eshu* and the *sluagh* may respond to overtures from various *Garou* ambassadors. Even the aloof Silver Fangs might make common cause with the few *sidhe* nobles in the area.

The diminishing wilderness in Appalachia, however, could also result in conflict between *Garou* and changelings as each group seeks territorial rights over lands untouched by Banality, the Weaver or the Wyrms. All too often, the very reasons which should bring disparate groups together serve as divisive factors in an atmosphere where competition has usurped cooperation. A few wrong moves could result in bitter enmity between changelings and *Garou*.

Native Changelings

We are the people, and we live forever

We are the people, and our future's written on the wind

— John Cougar Mellencamp, "We Are the People"

The "Invisible People" associated with the folklore of the Native Americans of Appalachia (particularly the Cherokee) are a vital part of the region's supernatural culture. The word Nunnehi means "people who live anywhere" and includes not only the "little people" (who are not necessarily small in stature), but also a number of other races or faerie kith born from the dreams of the Native Americans who settled in Appalachia. The Nunnehi inhabit remote wilderness areas of Appalachia though they sometimes visit the fringes of human society. The region's rivers and lakes are home to the Yunwi Ama'yine'hi, or "people of the water." The group of native changelings known as Nanehi (a variant of Nunnehi used to distinguish this kith from the more general term for all "Invisible People") generally dwell in the high mountains or make their homes near burial mounds and places once sacred to the Cherokee whose dreams gave them form and substance.

Just as the Cherokee evolved from tribal nomads to town-dwellers who still depended for food on the travels of their hunters, Nunnehi society reflects this combination of nomadic and settled cultures. Townships or settled enclaves of Nunnehi serve as bases for groups of wandering hunters and warriors, who act as guardians against the encroachment of outsiders, including European changelings.

The major difference between Nunnehi and other changelings lies in their relationship to the Dreaming. Unlike other changelings, who are merely exiled from Arcadia and who can still occasionally touch the Dreaming, Nunnehi have lost their connection to their homeland in the Dreaming. To compensate, Nunnehi have gained the ability to draw Glamour directly from the natural world and are also able to enter the Umbra under certain conditions. Because of their affinity with the physical world, Nunnehi enchantments which affect nature tend to be stronger than those of other changelings. Nunnehi receive one additional success when using the Primal Art. It is easier for them to conceal their freeholds (called townships or encampments), and attempts to use Banality to overcome those places have a difficulty factor of +1.

The Nunnehi still mourn their loss of the Dreaming and commemorate it through their love for and skill in song, dance, story and artistic endeavors. Ironically, most Nunnehi tend to be extremely creative in at least one of these areas, thus making them sources of Glamour for other changelings.

Relations between the Nunnehi and other changelings are fraught with tension. In some areas, the immigrant changelings have forged elaborate treaties and sworn oaths with the Nunnehi which ensure a state of mutual respect and tolerance. In other cases, the prior claims of the Nunnehi have been ignored and a state of hostility exists between native and non-native changelings. Their intimate connection to the land has made the Nunnehi extremely territorial, and the encroachment of civilization in Appalachia puts their very existence in danger.



The traditions and customs of the Nunnehi are at least as old, if not older, than those of the changelings who came from Europe. The native changelings resent the innate arrogance represented by the establishment of the sidhe kingdoms without regard to or appreciation of the rich society which was already in existence. To the changelings of the Kingdom of Willows, the Nunnehi seem to be quaint, backwoods faeries with little knowledge of pomp and ritual. To the Nunnehi, the changeling invaders are a hasty, impatient lot who do not understand truly civilized ways.

Nunnehi and the Changing Breed: Alliance or Enmity

Recent threats to their enclaves have made the elusive Nunnehi consider seeking potential allies among the Garou. Both groups fear the loss of the wilderness due to the destructive practices of human technology and urbanization. In addition, the Nunnehi have watched in growing terror as the minds and hearts of Appalachian mortals have slowly turned away from the old ways and have begun to adopt the jaded skepticism of modern culture. Banality has become a major problem for Nunnehi, as well as for other changelings in Appalachia. The Nunnehi, however, are less able to cope with Banality than their non-native cousins.

Some Nunnehi have learned about the Garou in Appalachia and have come to the conclusion that the Wyrms and the Weaver are both personifications of Banality. These Nunnehi believe that the time has come to forge an alliance with the Garou against what appears to be a common foe. By far, their most likely confederates are the Uktena, who share many of their traditions and customs. Although the Fianna appear to have an innate connection with other changelings, the Nunnehi are hesitant to join forces with Garou who may share the same lack of respect for native ways as their changeling cousins. Old wrongs still lie too near the surface for complete trust to exist between the region's native and immigrant supernatural creatures. History stands as a barrier between the Uktena and other Garou in Appalachia, between Nunnehi and immigrant changelings, and between the union of all these forces which could turn the tide in the battle for the soul of the mountains.

Character Creation

Storytellers wishing to broaden the horizons of **Werewolf** chronicles to include the complex world of the Dreaming inhabited by changelings will find Appalachia a fitting environment for bringing Garou and changelings together — either as allies or opponents. Used in conjunction with **Changeling: The Dreaming**, this section will allow the Storyteller to customize changeling personalities for inclusion in Appalachian stories.

Guidelines for Appalachian Changelings

The standard rules for character creation outlined in **Changeling: The Dreaming** may be used to create Appalachian changelings whose origins stem from the cultures and myths of America's colonizers. The differences between Kithain living in Appalachia and their counterparts in other parts of the country lie more in their outward appearance than in the fundamentals of their natures or their innate skills.

Kith

The following list provides brief descriptions of faerie kiths, along with possible mortal seemings appropriate to an Appalachian setting.

- **Boggan** — These changelings tend to be small and plump. Their faerie personas resemble the brownies of legends. Appalachian boggans may assume the mortal guise of handymen, skilled craftspersons, the operators of bed-and-breakfast establishments, or private distillers (bootleggers). Boggans are particularly skilled in crafts, though they work best when unobserved.





• **Eshu** — In their faerie personas, eshu tend to be dark-skinned with black eyes and elongated limbs. Although this kith originated in Africa, eshu may assume mortal guises from any human ethnotype. In Appalachia, the traveling storyteller, local folklore professor, fast-talking flea market vendor, or televangelist might be one of these changeling raconteurs. Eshu have a knack for being in the right place at the right time.

• **Nocker** — Nockers (or goblins) have pasty white faces, knobby hands and feet, and tough skin. Appalachiannockers can be found as grease-monkeys, stock car drivers, truck drivers/CB radio junkies, or gun-repair shop owners. Nockers love to tinker with machines, although their work is always slightly flawed.

• **Pooka** — Pooka share an affinity with a particular animal and their faerie natures show evidence of this in rabbitlike ears, a long, horsey face, soulful dog-eyes, or a kittenish nose and graceful tail. Appalachian pooka, as mortals, may be found among stand-up comedians, breeders of coonhounds, hillbilly front porch-sitters, or traveling performers. Pooka have the ability to assume the form of the animal they resemble; they are unable to tell the complete truth.

• **Redcap** — Redcaps are stocky, grotesque changelings with overly wide mouths full of hideous teeth. As mortals, Appalachian redcaps might be more appropriately styled “rednecks.” They can be found among gun

enthusiasts, greasy spoon cooks, stock car fans and owners of battered pickup trucks. Redcaps have the ability to consume anything which can fit (or be made to fit) into their mouths. (They can eat their hats and when a redcap is hungry enough to eat a horse, he often does.)

• **Satyr** — Satyrs have cloven hooves, horns and lots of hair. As mortals, Appalachian satyrs can be found in southern rock and bluegrass bands, in the middle of barroom brawls, as employees in natural food stores and working out in the local gym. These lascivious changelings can arouse mortal passions and are superb athletes.

• **Sidhe** — Sidhe have elegant features, pointed ears and beautiful bodies. In Appalachia, they may be found among the local gentry, with the horse-and-hounds set, as public relations personnel or maitre d’s, or in high-visibility professions. Sidhe radiate an aura of charismatic power and can never be less than dignified in everything they do.

• **Sluagh** — Sluagh are scrawny, pale changelings who prefer darkness and speak only in whispers. Although there are not many in Appalachia, a few can be found as miners, night watchmen, third shift employees and antique or junk shop owners. Sluagh are uncannily agile and perceptive.

• **Troll** — Trolls resemble Norse giants or brutish ogres and are either ruggedly attractive or monstrously ugly. Appalachian trolls can be found on the tough-man contest circuit, as roadies for southern rock bands (or mando-

lin players for bluegrass bands), as bouncers, or as county sheriffs and game wardens. Trolls are incredibly strong and cannot be swayed from their sworn duty.

Nunnehi Character Creation

The following guidelines for creating Nunnehi characters for use by the Storyteller in her Appalachian-based chronicles build upon the rules for character generation outlined in **Changeling: The Dreaming**.

Camp

This replaces Court for Nunnehi changelings. Because Nunnehi fall outside the Seelie/Unseelie framework of mainstream changeling society, those terms are not relevant for Native-American changelings. Instead, Nunnehi belong to either the "Rock," "Dogwood," or "Laurel" camps. Rock People tend toward angry or destructive actions; they are prone to seek vengeance when wronged, and are thought to steal children. Dogwood People are caretakers and often aid humans in distress or need. Laurel People are mischievous tricksters whose pranks are usually harmless. It is possible for Nunnehi to switch from one camp to another, just as changelings can change courts from Seelie to Unseelie or from Unseelie to Seelie. Association with the Laurel camp is usually transitory. A Rock Nunnehi's anger will devolve into harmless pranks before dissipating as the Dogwood nature assumes prominence. In a similar fashion, a Dogwood Nunnehi will begin indulging in minor pranks as her compassionate tendencies decrease and her Rock nature rises to control her personality.

Legacy

Like other changelings, Nunnehi characters have dual Legacies — one to reflect their Dogwood nature, the other to represent their Rock nature. Common Dogwood Legacies include Chief, Healer, Hunter, Maker, Warrior and Wise One. Rock Legacies include Hoarder, Outcast, Raider, and Spoiler. All Nunnehi assume the Trickster Legacy when they become part of the Laurel Camp, regardless of their Rock and Dogwood archetypes.

Seeming

Nunnehi have the same three age-related seemings as other changelings, but they refer to wilders as "braves" and grumps as "elders."

Kith

There are several types or races of Nunnehi, but the three listed below are more often found in Appalachia.

- **Nanehi** — The faerie form of the Nanehi resembles an idealized version of the tribe with which they are associated. In their mortal guises, Nanehi appear as typi-

cal Native Americans, and they frequently wear tribal clothing in preference to modern styles. Although Nanehi tend to avoid towns and cities, they may sometimes be encountered attending regional powwows or wandering in the wilderness areas near their homes. The Nanehi have the ability to alter their size and appearance, increasing or decreasing their stature or enhancing their physical features.

- **Yunwi Amai'yine'hi (Water People)** — These changelings are the Nunnehi version of pooka. Associated with water, they are attuned to aquatic creatures such as fish, otters, or waterfowl; their faerie forms reflect their particular affinity. The Water People tend to stay near rivers or lakes, and are fond of fishing, boating, and other activities which keep them near their beloved element. Like pooka, Water People can transform themselves into their chosen water creature.

- **Yunwi Tsundsi' (Little People)** — These Nunnehi are similar to boggans. In their faerie seeming, Little People are short (under 5'), slender individuals, possessed of extreme beauty and physical grace and a mirthful temperament. Their mortal guise is likewise short, with somewhat coarser features. Little People are more gregarious than the Nanehi and are frequently encountered near human settlements. They are particularly fond of chil-



dren, joining in their games and protecting them from harm. Little People have the knack of hiding (becoming invisible through clever concealment or through convincing others that they cannot be seen).

Tribe

All Nunnehi belong to a tribe. Appalachian Nunnehi are either Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw or Creek. Their society and customs incorporate aspects of the tribe to which they belong.

Totem

Each Nunnehi has a spiritual connection with a totem spirit. Their close ties to nature have granted them the ability to contact the totems of plants (including trees), rocks and bodies of water. Typical Appalachian totems include birch trees, balsam firs, granite, crystal, running water, etc. The Appendix gives examples of some Nunnehi totems.

Contacting a totem spirit marks the "coming-of-age" of a Nunnehi. By the time a Nunnehi is aware of her faerie nature, she has usually received some indication of the identity of her totem—either through a dream or visionquest or by frequent contact with physical manifestations of the totem.

For example, as a Nanehi childling, Blue Feather became lost in the forest during a thunderstorm. When hunters from her tribe found her, Blue Feather was sleeping peacefully beneath the shelter of a stand of white birch trees. Later, Blue Feather dreamed of a handsome brave clad in clothes made from birchbark. These occurrences seemed to indicate to Blue Feather and to the elders of her tribe that she had an affinity with the Birch Tree totem.

A Nunnehi preparing to contact her totem spirit for the first time must prepare herself by "going to water" (similar to the Rite of Going to Water; see Appendix). Once she has purified herself, the Nunnehi then places herself in the presence of a physical representation of her totem. A tribal elder or mentor (usually one with the same totem or whose totem is also physically manifested in the chosen location) then steps sideways, taking the aspirant with her into the Umbra (see below). Once there, the Nunnehi seeking contact must sing to the totem to draw it to her.

Totem alliance is "purchased" through the Background Trait: Totem, although the costs are different for Nunnehi than Garou. This Trait also differs from the Garou Background in that it is personal to an individual Nunnehi, not a pack. Nunnehi and Garou who ally with the same totem gain different powers from that totem.

Nunnehi gain the following advantages from a totem alliance:

Gauntlet

Area	Typical Gauntlet
Science lab	9
Inner city	8
Most places	7
Rural countryside	6
Deep wilderness	5
Typical active caern/freehold	4
Powerful caern	3
The greatest caerns	2

Modifiers Difficulty

Impure totem material +1 to +3

(toxic streams, wood or stone that has been carved or worked, trees "breathing" excessive smog, etc.)

Pure totem material -1 to -3

(fresh mountain springs, old growth trees, etc.)

Stepping Sideways

Successes Shift Time

Botch	"Caught"
0	Failure; may not try again for another hour
One	5 minutes
Two	30 seconds
Three +	Instant

"Caught" means that the Nunnehi is temporarily suspended between the physical world and the Umbra. She cannot move until assisted by another Nunnehi who can step sideways or a Garou. Although the Nunnehi can neither be seen nor be attacked by physical denizens, evil spirits wander the Gauntlet looking for such trapped spirit travelers. After an hour has passed, the Nunnehi can again try to complete the travel. If that fails, he cannot leave on his own. If he is not found and pulled through by another Nunnehi or Garou, he will be caught forever.

Note: Whenever Gnosis is required, substitute Glamour instead.

- A Nunnehi's alliance with a totem is necessary for her to be able to enter the Umbra; without it, she cannot step sideways, no matter her Arts or Realms.

- A Nunnehi gains certain adjustments to her Advantages and/or Abilities, depending on the totem she allies with (see the write-up for the particular totem). Unlike Garou packs, the Nunnehi gains these adjustments permanently, and does not have to share them with others.

- The totem is not in the form of a pack avatar, but is instead a relationship with the Incarna itself, practiced through stewardship of the totem's material children (fir trees for the Fir totem, granite outcrops and rocks for the Granite totem, etc.). Thus, the Nunnehi does not need to purchase Traits for his totem; he is instead purchasing a line of communication with that spirit.

The Appendix has a list of sample Nunnehi totems. As a general rule, halve the totem's Background Cost when purchasing the totems for a Nunnehi character.

Stepping Sideways

Nunnehi with totem alliances (there are few without one) can step sideways into the Umbra. This requires Wayfare 3 or higher (Portal Passage) and Nature 2 (Verdant Forest). The Nunnehi must be in the presence of her totem material (granite for the Granite totem, etc.). Instead of using a reflective surface, the Nunnehi "walks into" her totem material — by stepping in a river, plunging into a thicket of mountain laurel, or disappearing into a giant oak.

A Bunk must be performed, but the number of successes is not automatic; the player must roll dice to see if his character succeeds or not. Thus, the Nunnehi rolls Wits (for Wayfare) + Mythlore (for Nature). The difficulty for this passage is equal to the Gauntlet, the wall between the worlds. However, this difficulty is adjusted according to the relative purity of the Nunnehi's totem material. Impure materials add one to three, depending on how tainted they are. Pure materials likewise subtract one to three, depending on how clean they are.

For instance, Crow Brother of the Little People finds himself in Knoxville and wishes to enter the Umbra. His totem is Granite, so he finds a granite rock in a city park. It has graffiti painted all over it and has been chipped in various spots. The Gauntlet is eight here, and the Storyteller adds two to Crow Brother's difficulty due to the impure totem material. Crow Brother's difficulty is 10 — it's almost impossible for him to cross over here.

A Nunnehi can bring other changelings into the Umbra with him. He must have the Fae Realm of the appropriate level (1 for commoners, 2 for nobles) and spend one Glamour point for every person brought over. All those stepping sideways must hold hands.

A changeling who cannot step sideways may find himself caught in the Umbra if his guide leaves him. In this case, he

may search out a trod (a long and dangerous task) and return to the physical world from there.

The Nunnehi's ability to enter the Umbra provides them many advantages. Banality is rare in the Umbra, usually only prevalent around areas of high Gauntlet.

While in the Umbra, Nunnehi can "peek" into the physical world by rolling their Glamour against the Gauntlet of the area.

Ancient trods exist in the Umbra, old spirit realms and domains of faerie power from before the gates to Arcadia closed. These have been empty for many centuries, unvisited by the fae. Some Nunnehi have sought these places out and use them to gain Glamour or expunge Banality, allowing them a connection to the Dreaming they otherwise do not have. However, the journey to these far off trods is usually fraught with danger, for many Banes see changelings as a tasty snack.

Abilities

New Talents for Nunnehi include Mimicry, Swimming and Throwing. Skills include Animal Ken, Archery, Climbing, Dancing, Fishing, Herbalism, Hunting, Leatherworking, Meditation, Singing, Tracking and Traps. Knowledges include Animal Lore, Area Knowledge, Plant Lore, Sign Language, Spirit Lore and Traditions. Nunnehi do not usually possess modern Abilities such as Streetwise, Drive, Computer and Science, although a few individuals have learned how to operate motorized vehicles, particularly motorcycles and ATVs.

Backgrounds

With the exception of Title, Nunnehi characters may have any of the standard changeling Backgrounds. In addition, Nunnehi characters may possess the Background: Familiar Spirit, which gives a bond of friendship with an Umbral spirit, usually an animal. (See *The Werewolf Players Guide* for a description of this Background.)

Arts

Although Nunnehi characters may possess any of the standard changeling Arts, they are more apt to specialize in Primal, Soothsay and Wayfare.

Realms

Nunnehi magic affects the same realms as the magic of standard changelings.

Bunks

Like other changelings, Nunnehi must perform specific actions, or Bunks, in order to invoke their enchantments (called cantrips). Most Nunnehi Bunks are drawn from tribal customs, although some Bunks are more general. The

following list of Bunks is arranged by the Art to which they are most closely affiliated, although any Bunk can be effective to invoke the use of any Art. The Storyteller should feel free to create additional Bunks for Nunnehi characters.

Chicanery Bunks

Level Bunk

- **Knot-tying:** Fashion an elaborate knot out of rope or twine.
- **Feathering:** Cut a notch in a feather and paint it.
- **Chant:** Intone a tribal chant.
- **Beadwork:** String together colored beads into a bracelet. Twist it to enact your Bunk.
- **Mask Your Intentions:** Wear a mask made of feathers or other natural substance.
- **Maize Gift:** Touch subject with a piece of food made from corn.
- **Sing:** Sing a song describing your intentions.
- **Storytelling:** Make up a story and tell it.
- **Courtship Dance:** Perform a dance to court your subject.

Legerdemain Bunks

Level Bunk

- **Count Coup:** Get the better of someone either verbally or by touching them when they are unaware of your presence or trying to avoid you.
- **Sign Language:** Sign or mimic your intentions.
- **Weaving:** Weave together several strands of reeds, grasses or string.
- **Make a Doll:** Shape a doll from corn husks, straw or grasses.
- **Through the Hoop:** Perform the steps of a hoop dance.
- **Shapes in the Smoke:** Inhale the fumes from a smudge pot

Primal Bunks

Level Bunk

- **Mimic Nature's Voice:** Imitate the call of a bird or animal.
- **Animal Seeming:** Mimic the actions of an animal.
- **Drive Away the Foe:** Shake a medicine rattle.
- **Sweat Lodge:** Create a mini-sweat lodge out of sticks.

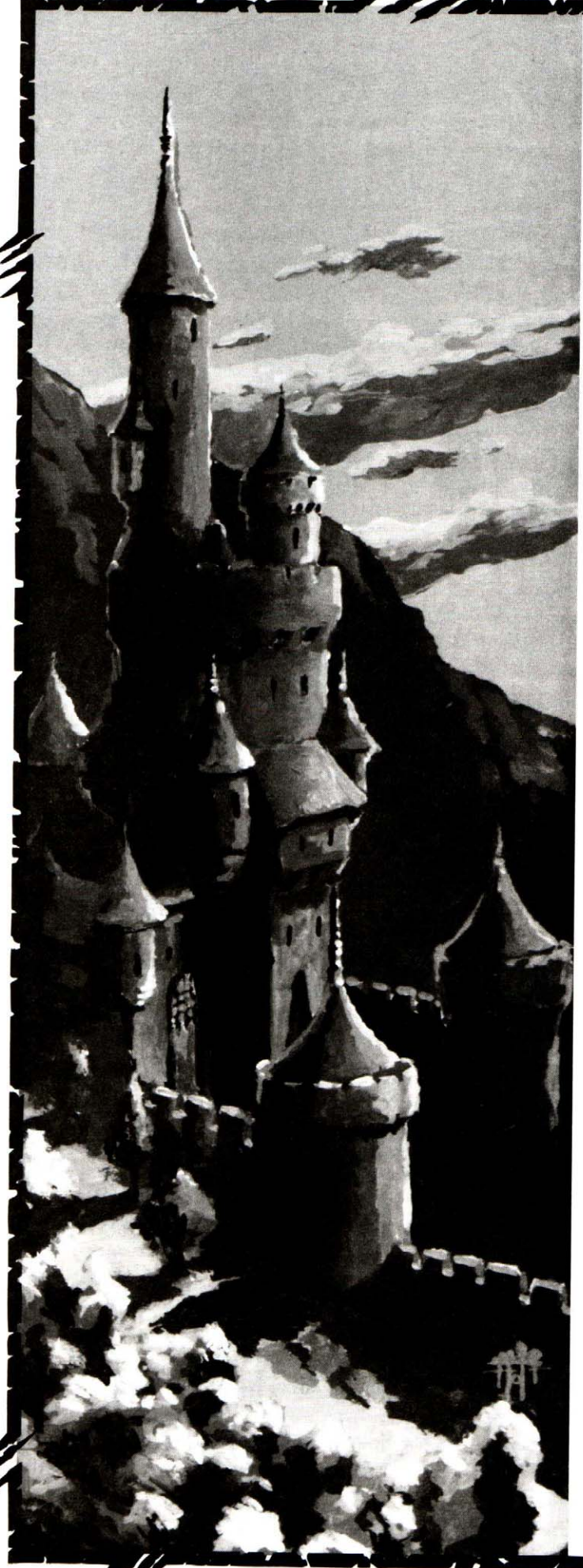


- **Broken Arrow:** Point an arrow at your foe and break it.
- **War Dance:** Perform the steps of a war dance.
- **Arrowhead:** Carve an arrowhead from flint or wood. Touch your finger to its tip when you wish to enact the Bunk.
- **War Cry:** Shout a war cry at the top of your lungs.
- **Totem Carving:** Fashion a totem figure from wood.
- **Ritual Bath:** Bathe in clear water from a natural source.

Soothsay Bunks

Level Bunk

- **Gift of the Feather:** Give your subject a feather from a "lucky" bird.
- **Belittle the Foe:** Insult your subject as outrageously and vividly as possible.
- **Tomahawk Throw:** Throw a tomahawk in the direction of your foe. You need not try to actually hit your foe.



- **Listen to the Wind:** Cup your hand around your ear and try to hear the sound of the wind.
- **Read the Sands:** Dribble colored sand onto the ground and read the patterns they form.
- **Ordeal:** Hold your hand in an open flame or perform some other test of your physical mettle.
- **Sun Dance:** Participate in the strenuous dance in honor of the sun.

Sovereign Bunks

Level Bunk

- **Peace Pipe:** Blow smoke from a peace pipe towards your subject.
- **Announce Your Prowess:** Boast about your strongest talents.
- **Remember the Ancestors:** Recite your lineage as completely as possible.
- **Eagle Dance:** Perform the regal steps to the Eagle Dance.
- **Invoke the Spirits:** Formally address the spirits of the unseen world and ask their blessing on your endeavor.
- **Potlatch:** Offer your target something of true value, by burying it near or in your subject if your subject is a place or inanimate thing.

Wayfare Bunks

Level Bunk

- **Paint the Face:** Ritually decorate your face with paint.
- **Arrow Flight:** Shoot an arrow in the direction of the intended movement.
- **Beat the Drum:** Beat a small skin drum.
- **Painted Rocks:** Arrange several hand painted stones in a row near the target of your cantrip.
- **Rawhide Painting:** Paint the scene you envision on rawhide with natural dyes and a feather.
- **Wings of the Eagle:** Hold three eagle feathers in each hand.
- **Fancy Dance:** Execute the steps of an intricate tribal dance.

Glamour and Banality

Because they are able to tap the natural world for Glamour, Nunnehi tend to have slightly higher levels of beginning Glamour than other changelings; the Storyteller should award one additional dot of Glamour to her Nunnehi characters. Conversely, they are more susceptible to Banality. When away from natural settings, difficulty factors for enchanting others are increased by one.

Gathering Glamour

Since they are severed from the Dreaming, Nunnehi cannot easily gather Glamour from human creativity (difficulties are raised by two, unless the activity is from an indigenous culture, such as a Cherokee corn dance or a Navajo sand painting). Instead, they mainly draw Glamour from Gaia herself. A Nunnehi's current Legacy determines the way in which she replenishes her supply of Glamour. Dogwood People gather Glamour from trees, Rock People from rocks or earth, and Laurel People from flowering plants and shrubs. All Nunnehi may gather Glamour from pure water. As with other changelings, Glamour may be obtained by Nunnehi in one of three ways.

Harvesting

This slow method of gathering Glamour is the Nunnehi equivalent of Reverie. In order for a Nunnehi to use this means of refreshing her supply of Glamour, she must locate a naturally occurring source. In general, it is not possible for Nunnehi to gather Glamour within the confines of a city, even when in the presence of a possible source. Plants grown in hothouses or cultivated gardens, Christmas tree farms, rock gardens or rivers flowing through the center of a city do not provide Glamour sources for Nunnehi since they are usually so influenced by Banality or simply too tainted.

System: Once she has located her source, the Nunnehi must spend at least one hour in contact with the source (dangling her feet or fingers in a flowing stream, sitting at the foot of or in the branches of a tree, climbing or sitting upon a rock or inside a stone cave, or relaxing in a field of flowers). The Nunnehi character then rolls Wits + Kenning (difficulty 7). One point of Glamour may be gathered for each success, provided the Nunnehi has spent at least one hour per success surrounded by her Glamour source. This process may only occur once per day and the same source may not be used more than once per moon's phase (i.e., a maximum of two times per month).

Raiding

Alternatively, a Nunnehi may attempt to rip Glamour from a natural source. This process, known as Raiding, is the Nunnehi version of Ravaging. Although doing so reduces the amount of time that must be dedicated to the process, a Nunnehi using this method also runs the risk of increasing her Banality.

System: The Nunnehi must be somewhat familiar with the source from which she intends to wrest Glamour. She rolls her Banality rating (difficulty 6). The number of successes equals the number of points of Glamour gained. A botch gives the Nunnehi a permanent point of Banality and may harm the target in some way.

Blessing

This is the Nunnehi method of achieving Rapture. The process of Rapture allows a changeling to receive Glamour from a work of her own creation. Since Nunnehi cannot inspire themselves in this manner, they have discovered a way to use their connection with the Umbra to achieve a similar ecstasy through the blessing of a totem spirit. This may only be attempted at the changing of the seasons (four times a year).

System: The Nunnehi must first undergo a ritual purification. When she is ready, she attempts to summon her totem spirit by offering it a song, story, dance, sand painting or other artistic form. The totem spirit will usually answer such a summons, although it will remain in the Umbra nearby. When the spirit is present, the Nunnehi rolls the appropriate Attribute + Ability score for her gift to the spirit (difficulty 7). The number of successes indicates the number of Glamour points gained directly from the totem spirit. Five successes awards the Nunnehi a permanent point of Glamour. A botch causes the spirit to flee and gives the changeling two points of temporary Banality. The Nunnehi may not try again for a Blessing until the next season change.

A Sampler of Appalachian Changelings

They are as varied as the dreams and stories which gave birth to their immortal spirits and as set in their ways as the mountains in which they dwell. Though they are not as numerous in Appalachia as in some other parts of the country, the races of faerie are well represented in the southeastern mountains. From their holdings in the ruins of abandoned luxury hotels to their camps deep in the forested wilderness, Appalachian changelings, both native and non-native, look out upon a mountain paradise that is threatened by a new ice age, the age of Banality.



Countess Toireasa

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Troubadour/Peacock

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Sidhe

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 6

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Artistic Expression (Painting) 4, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Expression 3, Kenning 4, Seduction 4

Skills: Crafts 2, Drive 1, Etiquette 4, Leadership 4, Melee 2, Performance 2, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Art 2, Enigmas 3, Linguistics (Erse, Gaelic) 2, Mythlore 3, Occult 2, Politics 3

Arts: Primal 3, Soothsay 2, Sovereign 4, Wayfare 4

Realms: Actor 5, Fae 4, Scene 3

Backgrounds: Chimera 2 (slender sword called Ladyfair; damage Str + 6), Contacts 3, Gremayre 2, Holdings 4, Resources 4, Retinue 2, Title 4

Glamour: 7

Willpower: 6

Banality: 5

Image: Toireasa is a tall, willowy woman with reddish-gold hair worn in masses of tiny braids or loose-flowing curls. She can sometimes be found near one of Mt. Mitchell's many panoramic vistas, surrounded by her easel and paints.

Roleplaying Notes: You are determined to shed the light of art and culture in this picturesque, albeit provincial, backwater land. The scenery is breathtaking (you have painted it at all times in all lights), but the people are "sooo" common. At least the mountain air contributes to the physical beauty of the local mortals.

You are the picture of charm and gaiety. Laugh, smile, and do your best to make the people around you feel that they are as good as you are. They aren't, but they shouldn't suffer because of it.

History: This sidhe noble of House Fiona rules the County of Balsam from her stronghold on Mount Mitchell. While she spends most of her time within her enchanted campground, she occasionally travels through the region in the company of a retinue of enchanted mortals, local artists whose works Toireasa helps inspire and from whom she derives the Glamour she needs for her continued faerie existence. Local changelings, whether commoners (the majority) or nobles (a rare few) are welcome to attend her court. She has an interest in attractive mortals, whom she will sometimes lure, through the use of her enchantments, into spending some timeless time in her freehold. Later, sometimes after an absence of weeks in the mortal world, the bewildered individual will awaken on a nearby mountain, unaware of how his lost time has been spent except for vague memories of revelry and passion and an intense longing for an ever-elusive sense of lost beauty.

Jack the Whistler

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Wayfarer/Riddler

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Eshu

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Expression (storytelling) 5, Kenning 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Melee 2, Performance (singing) 4, Stealth 3, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Investigation 2, Linguistics 5, Medicine 2, Mythlore 4, Occult 3

Arts: Chicanery 2, Legerdemain 2, Primal 2, Soothsay 4, Wayfare 5

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 1, Scene 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Gremayre 3, Treasures 3 (a handworked leather bracelet which allows him to alter his physical appearance in very slight ways)

Glamour: 8

Willpower: 6

Banality: 6

Image: Although Jack's faerie nature is that of a tall, elegant dark-skinned male with long slender fingers and penetrating dark eyes, he appears in his mortal guise as a lanky, sandy-haired young mountain man. Each of his three mortal identities has subtle differences: Jack the Whistler dresses in faded denims and homespun shirts and ties his shaggy hair back for comfort when telling stories; Jack



Diamond's hair is long and he favors a style of dress that identifies him with the southern folk-rock scene; Johnny O'Dell wears a black felt hat over his shoulder-length blond hair and favors western-style shirts and string-ties.

Roleplaying Notes: Songs and stories are second nature to you. You are as ready to tell them as you are to listen to them. Your greatest sadness comes from the knowledge that when you eventually grow old and die, your next mortal incarnation will not remember all the stories you have learned. You console yourself with the prospect of discovering them all over again.

History: The legend of the roving troubadour comes to life in the person of the changeling who calls himself alternatively Jack the Whistler, Jack Diamond, or Johnny O'Dell. Jack spends his time wandering the mountains of Appalachia collecting the stories and songs of the people he encounters. Like many of his kith, he enjoys the successful con, hence his assumption of different identities in different states. Jack has been around for a long time, judiciously taking advantage of his welcome in every freehold in the area to retard the natural process of aging. He has also made friends with many Nunnehi, and has been collecting their stories and legends as well. Years ago, when he first became a wilder, he took up with a woman he assumed was mortal. When he discovered that Caitlin Dooley was, in fact, a Garou, he revealed his own faerie nature to her. They wandered the hills as a pair for many years until she felt that it was time for her to join a sept. Over the years, he has kept in touch with her and still feels a great deal of affection for her even though she has aged much faster than he.

Linden Silvercrown

Court: Seelie

Legacies: Saint/Rogue

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Pooka

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Kenning 1, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Crafts 2, Etiquette 2, Melee 2, Performance 2, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Investigate 3, Linguistics 1, Mythlore 2, Occult 2

Arts: Chicanery 4, Legerdemain 4, Primal 3, Wayfare 3

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 1, Nature 3, Prop 2, Scene 2

Backgrounds: Gremayre 1, Resources 2

Glamour: 5

Willpower: 5

Banality: 4

Image: Linden's faerie form is that of an extremely attractive young woman with silver hair, pale blue eyes, and the ears and tail of a wolf. As a mortal she appears as a slender, leggy woman in her early twenties with silvery blond hair. She can also transform herself into a silver-coated wolf of extreme grace and agility.

Roleplaying Notes: Act vague and confused much of the time, because you are. Don't worry about telling the truth or not, because you're no longer sure of the difference between truth and lies. You live with a group of werewolves who believe you are one of them, so maybe you are. Other times, you think you are actually a faerie. And there was something else you need to remember...

History: Two distinct qualities differentiate the changeling race of pooka from other Kithain. These mischievous changelings have strong affinities with the animal kingdom, and each individual pooka — in her faerie form — displays characteristics of her particular soul-beast; pooka can assume the form of their special animal as well, although they must do so away from any onlookers. In addition, pooka are incapable of telling the complete truth. While they do not always lie, they often exaggerate or elaborate shamelessly upon even the simplest fact.

This combination of qualities has enabled Linden Silvercrown to pass herself off as a Silver Fang Ragabash for nearly a year. She is an off-and-on member of the Sept of the Changing Seasons, whose Garou believe that she suffers



from memory lapses as part of her tribal weakness. Sometimes she does not seem to remember that she is Garou and acts as if she were a normal human. These abnormal spells actually occur when something happens to sever Linden's connection with her faerie self, causing her to forget both her true nature and her elaborate charade. Her "septmates" have discovered that performances of particularly eloquent howls or complex circle dances will often restore Linden to herself. In actuality, the Glamour created by these musical performances reawakens the pooka's faerie self.

Linden originally embarked on her innocent duplicity with the best of intentions. She discovered the existence of the Garou and, believing them to be long-lost faerie-kin, she decided to find out more about them. Eventually, she hoped to forge an alliance between them and the local changelings with the intention of helping to combat the encroaching Banality caused by the intrusion of the modern world. She has since forgotten the reason for her deception and frequently believes that she is, in fact, a natural Garou.

Lily Wildflower

Court: Unseelie

Legacies: Scrooge/Wayfarer

Seeming: Wilder

Kith: Redcap

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 3, Kenning 1, Streetwise 1

Skills: Drive 4, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Security 2, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Investigation 3, Law 1, Politics 1

Arts: Chicanery 4, Legerdemain 5, Wayfare 2

Realms: Actor 3, Fae 1, Prop 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 1, Holdings 3, Resources 2

Glamour: 6

Willpower: 5

Banality: 5

Image: In her mortal guise, Lily Wildflower is a reedy but muscular young woman with pale skin, bright red lips, an overlarge mouth, and curly, unkempt black hair. She dresses in torn leather and blue jeans and rides her dirt bike all through the mountains. Her faerie seeming is a more extreme version of her mortal appearance.

Roleplaying Notes: Raise hell and shake its hand when you succeed. Hide the fact that your musical incompetence makes you jealous of your mates, since you need their friendship and support. Grudgingly accept the menial heft-and-tote chores they delegate to you, but pass off your ill humor as a joke. Sooner or later, you'll have your own toadies to do the work for you.

History: Lily is part of the motley that occupies the ruins of Cloudland on Roan Mountain. Though not herself musically talented like the other members of her motley, Lily acts as the group's roadie and security guard for their gigs. She has dreams of surrounding herself with hordes of human slaves to feed her insatiable desire for Glamour. She is particularly attracted to mortal musicians and often haunts local barn dances or visits clubs in Boone, Linville and other surrounding towns. Sometimes she even travels as far as Asheville or Knoxville to attend concerts by big-name bands such as Alabama and Van Halen (perennial visitors to the region). She detests Countess Toireasa and would love to find some way to humiliate her. She will jump at any opportunity to stir up trouble for the "sidhe-bitch" and her mealy-mouthed court of namby-pamby pixies.



Nunnehi

Chief Crying Tears

Camp: Dogwood

Legacies: Chief/Raider

Seeming: Elder

Kith: Nanahi

Tribe: Cherokee

Totem: Fir

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation 4, Kenning 4, Swimming 2

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Archery 3, Dancing 2, Hunting 3, Leadership 4, Melee 3, Singing 2, Stealth 3, Survival 3, Tracking 2

Knowledges: Animal Lore 4, Enigmas 3, Linguistics 2, Mythlore 2, Occult 3, Plant Lore 2, Sign Language 2, Spirit Lore 3, Traditions 5

Arts: Primal 4, Soothsay 2, Sovereign 4, Wayfare 4

Realms: Actor 4, Fae 3, Nature 4, Prop 2, Scene 4

Backgrounds: Holdings 5, Treasure 2 (headdress which adds two die to all social skills)

Glamour: 8

Willpower: 9

Banality: 5

Image: In mortal guise, Chief Crying Tears appears as a Cherokee chieftain from the pages of a history book, at once majestic and fierce. His faerie self is even grander.

Roleplaying Notes: It is time to begin healing the wounds of hatred and mistrust which have lain open too long. You believe that your people must seek the aid of others who have the desire to fight the enemies of the land. You sense a storm brewing within your tribe, but you will continue to hold out the pipe of peace in hopes that your people may form alliances which will strengthen your common cause. You are prepared to fight to defend your convictions, even if you must oppose some hotheads within your own tribe. Consider your words carefully before you speak, but once you have spoken, expect your words to be obeyed.

History: This warrior rules his tribe of Nanahi from a hidden village on the slopes of the Chimney Tops in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. His recent contacts with a Garou named Forest Runner have convinced him of the possibility of reestablishing the ancient ties between Nunnehi and other guardians of the land. Others in his tribe are not so easily persuaded, however, and would prefer to continue their policy of withdrawal from the world of mortals. Crying Tears is also leery of approaching the Sept of the Changing Seasons because of the strong Fianna presence; he



has memories of hostilities between the Nunnehi and Celtic faeries, and knows that in some areas of the Appalachians these two groups still engage in chimeric battles over territorial claims. He is afraid that the Fianna Garou might resent the presence of native faerie folk. He is also aware of the overtures being made by Linden Silvercrown, although he is ignorant of the pooka's failure to fulfill her self-appointed post as ambassador.

Some members of his tribe are planning a raid on the area near the sept with the intention of capturing Linden and preventing her from negotiating a treaty between the Garou and the European changelings in the region. They fear that such an agreement might lead to the assumption of exclusionary rights to the wilderness areas of the park.

Crying Tears would prefer to handle matters without inciting hostilities, but he does not know if a lasting peace can be established between his Kithain and a united front of European changelings and Garou.

Bright Otter

Camp: Laurel

Legacies: Maker/Hoarder

Seeming: Childling

Kith: Water People

Tribe: Cherokee

Totem: Whitewater

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 4, Kenning 1, Mimicry 2, Swimming 4

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Fishing 3, Singing 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2



Knowledges: Animal Lore 1, Enigmas 1, Linguistics 1
Arts: Primal 2, Wayfare 3
Realms: Actor 3, Fae 1, Nature 2, Prop 2, Scene 2
Backgrounds: Holdings 1, Spirit Companion 2 (fish spirit)
Glamour: 9
Willpower: 4
Banality: 3

Image: In her faerie seeming, Bright Otter is a slender childling with bright, mischievous otterlike eyes and soft, silky fur covering her body. Her mortal guise is that of a playful and inquisitive nine-year-old with long, dark braids. She dresses in a loose homespun shift which she can remove easily for quick access to her favorite element.

Roleplaying Notes: Mortals are fun to play with, especially when they take their silly boats down your river. You enjoy luring them into dangerous parts of the river to see how bravely they meet the challenge. Giggle a lot. You intend no harm to people, but sometimes the river is too much for them. Try not to cause permanent injury to people, but if things go wrong, make yourself scarce.

History: Bright Otter lives with a group of Water People who have made their home near the Ocoee River not far from Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain. She spends most of her time playing in or around the river and frequently takes the otter form because of its superb grace in the water. She is fascinated by the humans who regularly canoe or kayak down the rapid whitewater near her home, and one of her favorite occupations consists of teasing them (at least, she thinks of it as teasing). She is responsible for many overturned vessels, and gets great delight in watching their passengers scramble to safety or attempt to right their boats.

She is curious about the wolf-people who live on Lookout Mountain and would love for them to visit her, but

can't figure out a way to approach them with an invitation. She deplores the mortals who pollute her river with their leavings. Her greatest fear is that someday machines will come and dam up the river.

Bright Otter often steps sideways into the Umbra while she is surrounded by her totem element. On one of her travels, she befriended a playful fish spirit, who has taught her much about the ways of fish and has often enlisted her aid in confounding fishermen who frequent the river banks.

Footstomper

Camp: Rock
Legacies: Raider/Warrior
Seeming: Brave
Kith: Little People
Tribe: Cherokee
Totem: Granite
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5
Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 2
Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Kenning 2, Throwing 2
Skills: Climbing 3, Dancing 1, Herbalism 2, Melee 2, Stealth 4, Survival 2, Traps
Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Linguistics 1, Mythlore 1, Plant Lore 3, Traditions 2
Arts: Primal 4, Soothsay 1, Wayfare 4
Realms: Actor 2, Fae 2, Nature 2, Prop 5
Backgrounds: Chimera 2 (short bow and arrows), Holdings 2
Glamour: 7
Willpower: 7
Banality: 6



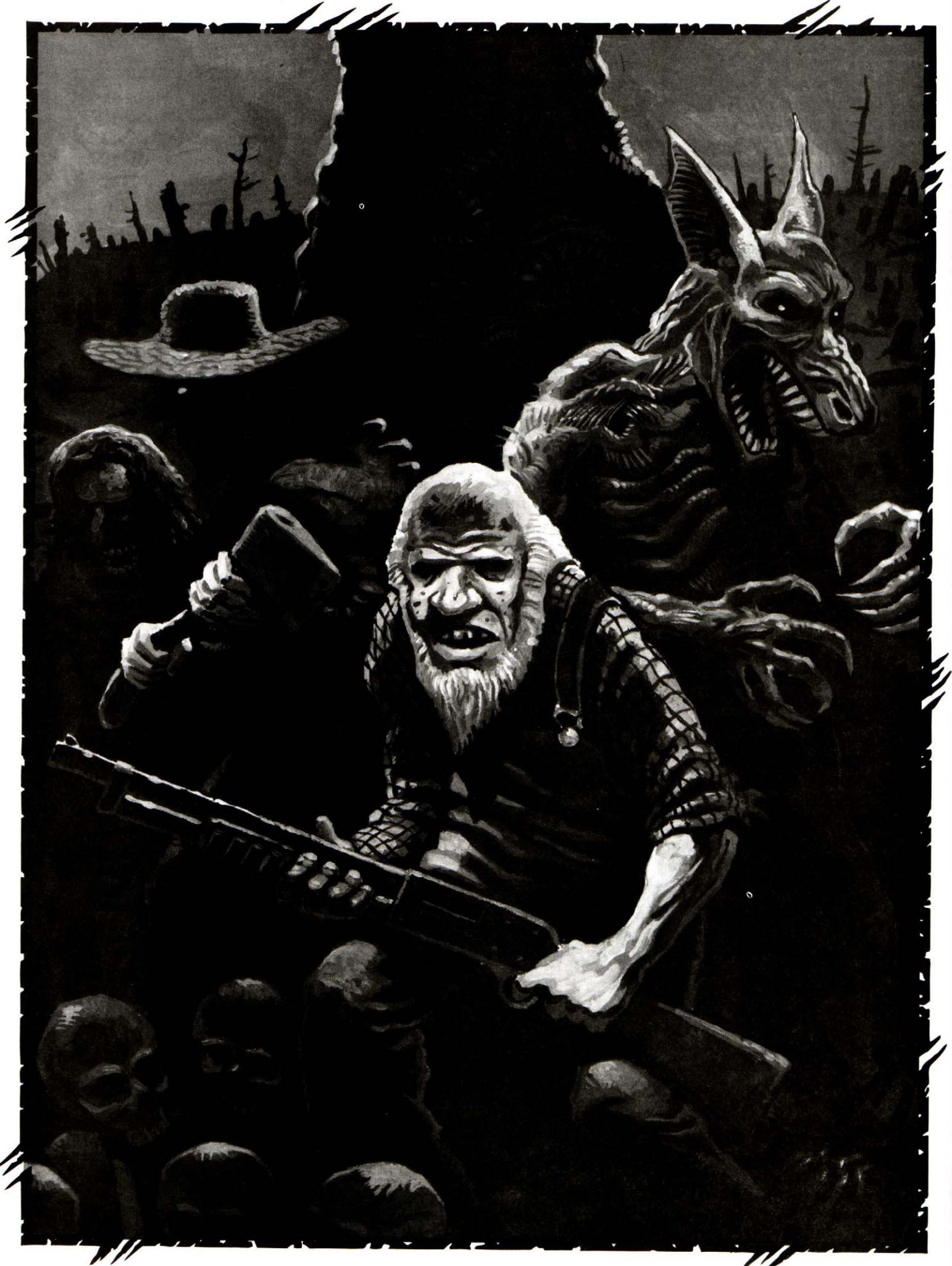
Image: As a mortal, Footstomper appears as a short (5'2") Cherokee male in his late teens with shoulder-length black hair and a perpetual scowl on his face. He dresses in jeans and a workshirt, although he adorns himself with jewelry made from natural materials. In his faerie guise, he is a diminutive (4'8"), stocky male with golden skin and dark hair.

Roleplaying Notes: You have decided that mortals are good only for target practice. They have invaded the homeland of your kith, and only through much convincing can they be made to leave. Speak little, and carry a lot of rocks.

History: Footstomper's tribe of Little People live in the middle of strip-mining country in Eastern Kentucky. Although he was originally a warrior who followed the way of the Dogwood, the humans' continual disregard for the land has brought him into the camp of the Rock. Now he

delights in singling out luckless individuals for barrages of stones, thrown from his carefully selected hiding places. Occasionally he ventures into a town and wreaks havoc on storefront windows with his well-placed missiles. Currently he's trying to get more of his tribe to join him, hoping to eventually make his human targets' lives so miserable that they'll leave the area.

Footstomper has heard that other Nunnehi in the mountains are trying to form alliances with certain shapechangers in the region. He isn't certain that they are following the wisest course of action. The changeling brave knows of the shapechangers who live near Cumberland Falls; his tribe has debated the wisdom of making overtures to these wolf-people. He has argued against it, but fears that his youth and inexperience carry little weight within the tribe. Recently, Footstomper began to form a band of raiders, intent on carrying out his plans of retribution on a larger scale.



Chapter Five: Strange Relations (Enemies and Others)

Both the Wyrms and the Weavers have their minions salted throughout the southeastern Appalachians, but they are not the only enemies Garou must face. The mountains are home to a number of indigenous supernatural creatures as well.

Black Spiral Dancers

Hey, y'all! Watch 'is!!

— famous “redneck” last words, local humor

In addition to the many Blights created by the Wyrms' minions, several large cave systems in the Appalachians are homes to Hives of Black Spiral Dancers. These warped Garou take great delight in investing the areas they inhabit with an atmosphere of terror. Not a few legends of bogeymen have their origin in encounters between unlucky humans and these depraved werewolves, often in Crinos form. The effect of the Delirium in those who survive such meetings results in the mythologizing of the nameless terror.

Enclaves of Black Spiral Dancer Kinfolk are scattered through the coves and hollows of the mountains. Battered into submission by their “masters,” these Wym-tainted Kinfolk eke out a precarious subsistence in the deep woods, living lives of grinding poverty and emotional despair. The popular image of the dangerous and desperate “mountain men” comes from encounters with these forsaken families. The Black Spirals carefully nurture desirable qualities among their unfortunate Kinfolk, seeking to maintain in their breeding stock a barely contained — and often expressed —

violence and savagery along with a lack of will to change their way of life. Incest is common among Black Spiral Kinfolk, thus ensuring the preservation of genetic mutations so dear to the minions of the Wyrms. Patterns of physical and emotional abuse have worked their way into the lives of these Kinfolk.

The Black Spiral Square Dancers

There are Hives of Black Spiral Dancers salted throughout the Appalachians, generally in places so devoid of Gaia's presence that the nearby land reeks of decay and environmental wreckage. An abandoned mine in Harlan County, Kentucky, serves as the location for the Black Lung Hive, home to a pack of Black Spiral Dancers known as the Coaltown Creepers. Another group of Black Spirals, the Pack of Radiant Corruption, dwells underneath the mountains that surround Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

A third group, which has gained notoriety for their brash campaign to corrupt as many humans as they can, are the Black Spiral Square Dancers who make their home in the Hive of the Dead Pigeon. These wily servants of the Wyrms have embarked on an insidious plot to undermine both the local human population and one of the region's most ancient institutions — the community barn or square dance. Under the guise of a bluegrass band calling themselves the Pigeon River Howlers, they perform at square dances and barn dances throughout western North Carolina. These dances

are religiously attended by many of their Kinfolk, who have orders to circulate among the crowds and teach newcomers the intricate dance patterns of the square or contra dances. These patterns mimic the convoluted twists and turns of the Black Spiral, and few attendees who participate in the dances come away unaffected by some malingering inner decay of the spirit.

Screamin' Joe Huckster ("Brother-of-Madness")

Position: Pack leader of the Black Spiral Square Dancers

Breed: Metis

Auspice: Galliard

Tribe: Black Spiral Dancers

Nature/Demeanor: Director/Show-Off

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 5 (5/6/7/7), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

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

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Leadership 2, Performance 3, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Linguistics 1 (Pictish), Occult 2, Poisons 4, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Kinfolk 3, Resources 2, Rites 2

Gifts: (1) Bane Protector, Mindspeak, Persuasion, Sense Wyrms, Shroud; (2) Distractions, Howl of the Banshee, Stare-down; (3) Allies Below, Disquiet, Eye of the Cobra, Patagia

Rank: 3

Rage: 7, Gnosis 6, Willpower 7

Rites: (Mystic) Rite of Binding, Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: Wyrms Fang Dagger



Image: In wolf form, Screamin' Joe is an oily-coated black, leggy wolf with pale yellow, snakelike eyes. As a human, he appears as a rangy, darkly attractive man with long, greased-back black hair. His snake-eyes are the same in all his forms. He cleans himself up for performances, but "at home" he is slovenly and unkempt.

Roleplaying Notes: You have a mission, and through the power of the Wyrms and your music, you will transform these mountains into the Kingdom of the Wyrms. You spend all your time composing songs and finding new twists to traditional tunes, changing their meanings and giving the melodies an eerie, disquieting feeling. You hate talking, and would rather sing your conversations. Most of all, you hate the quiet, when you can hear yourself think. You hate thinking.

History: Screamin' Joe's parents were both Black Spiral Dancers, and he was brought up in the belly of the Wyrms. His First Change came early (his parents beat him until he raged), and his mother died at the young Garou's hands. Joe was fostered with Kinfolk, where he was given a rudimentary education and taught to deal with humans. He terrorized his foster family religiously. The only thing that could pacify him was music, and he demonstrated a real flair for guitar, banjo and almost any other stringed instrument.

His derangement manifested itself about the same time he conceived the idea of forming a band. Screamin' Joe believes that his music-inspired dances will succeed in bringing all its listeners to the truth of the Wyrms. He cannot stop singing or humming or picking out some tune; silence drives him into a frenzy. His pack is hand-picked for their musical ability as well as their willingness to swallow his messianic urges. He wants to turn western North Carolina into the world's biggest Hive, with him as its leader.

Other pack members include the Ahroun bass player Pete Roach ("Slimesucker"), Theurge fiddler Rae Ellen Gantrie ("Sleeps-with-Trash"), and mandolin player Tiny Bob White (a three-hundred pound hairless metis Ragabash).

Fomori

Someone yells, "Let's squash him flat!"

Someone else yells, "I heard that!"

And I realized that evolution is still an option here.

— Reverend Billy C. Wirtz, "Freeway to Stairbird"

Fomori, or Bane-possessed humans, exist in Appalachia wherever there are signs of Wyrms-related activity. Storytellers should feel free to use the guidelines in **Werewolf: the Apocalypse** or **Freak Legion: A Players Guide to Fomori** to create suitable fomori antagonists for their Appalachian Garou characters. In some areas of the mountains, particularly in the most remote wilderness regions where small communities of humans live near pockets of pollution, groups of Banes have been known to possess entire families, creating the phenomenon known as the "fomori family." (See **Freak Legion** for a detailed description of this communal horror.)

The Bledsons

This large family makes their home deep in the Cumberland Mountains, not far from the Cumberland Gap. Not far from their sorry collection of ramshackle cabins and broken-down trailers is a forest clearing. In the clearing's center, a trash-choked stream empties into a pond of foul, black, oily-looking water. In the Umbra, this pool is the site of a Hellhole occupied by a number of Banes under the control of a perverse parody of Uktena. Every Bledson male, upon reaching his 16th birthday, is conducted by the other men in the clan to this place, where they are presented to the spirit in the pond. The ceremony, a perverse rite of passage, involves binding and blindfolding the hapless youth and leading him to the area before the pool. He is then told to jump into the water. If he refuses, he is doused with tainted moonshine and set ablaze; most of the time, the agonized victim jumps. The waters of the pool not only douse the flames (despite their oily appearance), they also act as a conduit for a Bane waiting to possess the individual.

What emerges from the pool is no longer fully human. Though he is still a member of the Bledson family and can, for a time at least, sire children on human females, the survivor of this unholy baptism is transformed into one of the fomori.

Physical: Strength 4+, Dexterity 3+, Stamina 5+

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3+, Intelligence 2, Wits 4+

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3

Skills: Drive 1, Firearms 2, Melee 2, Stealth 3, Survival 4

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (local Cumberland Mountains) 3, Brewing 3, Poisons 2, Wilderness Lore 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Consecrated 2, Resources 2

Powers: Claws or Fangs (choose one), Exoskeleton (+1 Strength and Stamina), Immunity to the Delirium, Regeneration (as Garou)

Taints: Addiction (to their own moonshine; must have a drink once per day), Breed Prejudice (other fomori are uncomfortable around the Bledsons), Doomed (because of their regenerative capabilities, some Bledson fomori die of cancer within five years of their transformation) or The Fading (other Bledson fomori slowly go utterly mad)

Willpower 6

Equipment: Shotgun, hunting knife, club

Image: Younger Bledson males and all Bledson women appear to be (and are) typical Appalachians in appearance. The family tends towards mousy brown to dark blond hair, angular features, and wiry bodies. Some of the women are fairly attractive if you overlook their bruises. The Bledson children are a pack of scrawny, underfed, neglected mountain urchins. Baths are not a favorite pastime in the Bledson households.



History: The Bledson menfolk consist of the oldest living male, Hiram Bledson, and his brothers Lowell, "Red," Scooter, Zeke, Eugene and Kyle. Their youngest brother, Micah, has not yet "gone to the pond," so he is still as human as they come. The Bledsons have been living in the same isolated hollow for five generations, raising their brood and brewing a potent brand of moonshine given a distinctive "kick" by using the water from the slow-moving, sluggish stream near the pond. The Bledsons make regular runs through the Cumberland Gap into Tennessee and North Carolina, where their Blackfire Whiskey is in demand among a select clientele. Occasionally, one or the other of the Bledson boys will get a "hunch" from the creature in the pond. They have learned to go heavily armed when following those hunches, which usually lead them into battle with Garou and other protectors of the land.

Roleplaying Notes: Scrappin' and fightin' are two of your favorite pastimes. You like bustin' guts, blowin' holes in people, and wallowing in the bloody aftermath. You've seen some strange critters, wolf-men, and you attack them on sight. They don't always know about your own special abilities until it's too late fer them. It's a bad day when you can't jump up and down on someone; that's when you go home and beat up on your wife, your sister, your kids, your dogs...



Boars Gone Bad

Some of the wild boars who roam the mountains have fallen prey to infestation by Banes, becoming ferocious Wyrms-maddened creatures who will attack anything in their path but who are especially attracted by the presence of Garou in their territory. They will interrupt whatever they are doing to seek out and attack Garou who are unfortunate enough to wander too near these creatures. Although they are usually solitary, several of these Boar-fomori may join together for a concerted assault on any Garou they sense.

Physical: Strength 7, Dexterity 3, Stamina 9

Social: Charisma 0, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 0, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 2, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 5

Skills: Survival 4

Powers: These creatures possess up to five of the following fomori powers: Berserker, Body-barbs, Hide of the Wyrms, Mega-Health, Mega-Strength

Taints: Doomed (will die within one year after transformation)

Rage 9, Willpower 10

Health Levels: OK/OK/OK/-1/-1/-1/-2/-2/-5/Incapacitated. These creatures will continue to attack for two combat turns after being Incapacitated as if they had taken no damage as

the Wyrms-spirit within them animates them for a brief period before the reality of death sinks in.

Attacks: Tusks (Strength +2), Body Slam, Trample (Strength +4), Toss (Strength +3)

Image: Boar-fomori resemble normal wild boars at a distance. Up close, however, their baleful glowing red eyes and hideously deformed spiky hide betray their unnatural state.

History: The boar was introduced into the Appalachians at the turn of the century by local fans of the hunt who imported them from Europe. The creatures thrived in the fertile woodlands, and many of them escaped their confinement on private estates. Some of them were discovered by Banes who found in them a perfect vehicle for mindless attacks on targets of various sorts, humans, other animals, trees, and especially Garou.

Roleplaying Notes: Smell enemy. Attack. Attack. Attack. (Die, maybe.) Attack until you realize you are dead.

Banes

The Umbral areas in Appalachia that have been polluted or despoiled have attracted many Banes. These spirits of corruption take many forms, depending on their environment. Near urban centers such as Knoxville, Chattanooga, and other growing metropolitan areas, Banes often embody principles of greed and exploitation. A few Bane-types common to the region are described below.

Wayside Dumpings

Before the advent of strict anti-littering legislation, thoughtless or malicious residents of the mountains deposited their trash by dumping it off the sides of mountains to land somewhere "out of sight, out of mind." In the Umbra, these unsightly mounds of corruption have attracted Banes who have assumed the form of mobile hunks of trash. They gradually extend the range of their territory by exuding an aura that lures weak-willed individuals to bring their own offerings to the heap. This often provides the Wayside Dumpings with a ready-made host, giving rise to a new fomori.

Willpower 5, Rage 5, Gnosis 3, Power 20

Charms: Blighted Touch, Corruption, Create Fires (toxic), Possession

Badwater Banes

Polluted rivers are the homes for these Wyrmspirits. Their presence not only increases the foulness of the already toxic waters but they also inject their corruption into any fish hardy enough to survive in the poisonous streams. Regular flooding tends to corrupt the land around the river as well. Humans foolish enough to attempt to fish or swim in these areas are candidates for either corruption or outright possession.

Willpower 6, Gnosis 6, Power 30

Charms: Airt Sense, Blighted Touch, Flood, Possession

Pentex and Other Industries

To date, the Appalachian mountains have not attracted heavy notice from Pentex, but this situation seems unlikely to last considering the increasing interest in industrialization of the area. One or two members of the Pentex hierarchy have invested in the following commercial enterprise near Knoxville, Tennessee.

Smoky Mountain Futures

Located in downtown Knoxville, not far from Old City, the company's offices occupies one of the historic buildings. Behind the carefully preserved facade, the building's interior has been modernized with the latest in office furnishings and equipment. Oddly disturbing modern art (supposedly the work of "local" artists) hangs on the walls alongside architects' renderings of "future Knoxville."

Kindred

Although few cities in the heart of the southern Appalachians have populations large enough to support any significant number of Kindred, a few vampires have settled in the region. Gangrel, in particular, are drawn to the mountains. In addition, the relative seclusion of the area has attracted those Kindred who have for one reason or another parted

company with either the Camarilla or the Sabbat and who simply want to remove themselves from the machinations of the Jihad. For the most part, these individuals have no desire to increase their numbers and are content to use their influence to maintain the status quo. They resent the advocates of urbanization and industrialization as heartily as the environmentalists, though they are motivated primarily by self interest. Small towns and adequate sources of food suit them just fine.

Relations between Kindred and Garou in Appalachia defy generalization. While blatant friendship is uncommon, tolerance and mutual respect are often the order of the day — provided, of course, that the vampire in question bears no noticeable Wyrmtaint.

Potential allies for the Garou include the trio of Buncombe County Kindred: the "Prince" of Asheville, the Ventrue Nathan Van de Brook who deplores the frenetic "revitalization" contingent in the city because he feels they are spoiling the region's cultural integrity; the Toreador elder Joshua Stein, who has become enamored of the local folk culture; and Jasmine, a Gangrel who has already made a tentative approach to the Sept of the Grandfather about stepping up efforts to protect the environment. These Kindred believe that "small is better," particularly when restricted growth discourages interest by both Camarilla and Sabbat vampires. They don't want to spoil the good thing they have, preferring to reign over their select herds of humans (and in Jasmine's case, cattle) as big fish in a small pond. They will give strong consideration to any alliance that will prevent an invasion by outside Kindred.



In recent years, a new breed of Kindred has begun to invade the mountain fastnesses of Appalachia. These ambitious individuals care little for the preservation of wilderness or the saving of a culture. Their desire is to promote the growth of cities and industry, to increase the population of the area, and to establish power bases for themselves. These shadow entrepreneurs from the northeast and midwest population centers use their considerable resources to buy up available land in Appalachia for "development" — either as residential communities or as sites for industry and business. Storytellers should feel free to use the rules for *Vampire: the Masquerade* in creating suitable vampire antagonists for use in Appalachian chronicles.

Regina Troquay

Regina Troquay has been living in the unexplored regions of the Tuckaleechee Caverns underneath the Great Smoky Mountains near Townsend, Tennessee, for the last twenty years. This tenth-generation Gangrel *antitribu* fled the Sabbat when her pack fell victim to the political infighting within that organization. Rather than defect to the Camarilla, which she also despises, she sought refuge in the isolated mountains of Appalachia. Like many others of her clan, Regina subsists primarily on the blood of animals. Occasionally, however, she ventures into nearby tourist towns for human sustenance. She tries not to kill her victims and is careful to hide her tracks when she does. So far, local Garou are unaware of her presence.

Mages

The Appalachians have been targeted by generations of psychics and sensitives as "centers of spiritual and geomantic power." Correspondingly, they have attracted mages from many Traditions, drawn either by the lure of abundant Quintessence to power their magick or by the relative isolation provided by the region's topography. Members of the Traditions in the region include Verbena (those old mountain witches), Dreamspeakers (particularly among the Cherokee), and representatives of the Celestial Chorus (religion is a big thing in the region).

Soaring Eagle

This Cherokee Dreamspeaker has long been the caretaker for a pack of wolves secreted in the mountains within the Qualla Boundary reservation. He is one of the Uktena's most valued and respected Kinfolk.

Beverly deSales

A recently Awakened member of the Sons of Ether, Beverly originally hails from Nebraska. She has become fascinated with the phenomenon associated with Blowing Rock and has spent the last two years researching the potentials for etheric magick in the region. She now makes her home in the area near Chimney Rock and Lake Lure, North Carolina.



The Dark Corner Coven

The Dark Corner Coven consists of 13 members of the Verbena Tradition who have established themselves in the area near Tryon, North Carolina. Many of them are actively involved in the region's businesses and in local government, although they are very discreet about their use of magick.

The House of Bethel Gospel Choir

This traveling choir composed of members of the Celestial Chorus tours the southeastern gospel circuit in their Chantry-bus. They attempt to monitor the growing influence of the Technocracy in the Appalachians and do what they can to reverse the trend.

The Technocracy

While most Tradition mages in the area respect the abundance of available Quintessence in the area and guard their sources carefully, thus marking themselves as allies in the war to preserve Appalachia, the Technocracy is not so conservation-minded towards the regions natural and human resources.

Although the Technocracy as a whole has less of a stake in the Appalachians as in other parts of the country, largely due to the region's relatively low population density, a few Progenitors have found the area an ideal place for conducting research far from the eyes of unwanted observers. Under the auspice of "government" research, one such group operates an agricultural research station just east of Kentucky's fertile bluegrass region. Not far from Berea, Kentucky, this working farm provides an excuse for genetic testing and a starting point for extending various experiments to the surrounding human population. Progenitors have also insinuated their way into various medical complexes throughout southeastern Appalachia where they provide their own version of "health care" (often involving experimental drugs and treatments) to a

population eager to taste the benefits of modern medicine and often ignorant of the real risks involved.

Members of the New World Order have also sent "missionaries" to the region to assist in the mainstreaming of Appalachia, thus bringing the hillbillies into line with their own sterile world view. Masquerading as preachers of various fundamentalist religions, these proselytizers for the NWO seek to purge their congregations of any taint of "worldliness," including their rich heritage of music and folklore. The various sourcebooks for **Mage: the Ascension** should provide the Storyteller with guidelines for fleshing out any magick-using antagonists.

Ephraim Sandler

This former Verbena master sold his soul to an infernal spirit in return for near-immortality and increased powers. Now one of the Nephandi, this ageless "conjure man" seems to be a pleasant, soft-spoken mountaineer who roams the mountains of western North Carolina "collecting" odd bits of local folklore. No one who has met him knows where he lives. Ephraim has set up his private "altar" to his demon-master at the appropriately named Devil's Courthouse. He is interested in rumors of vast stores of occult treasures hidden away in the vaults of Asheville's Biltmore House.

Wraiths

"Well you'll be walking along what they call a hang, and you will see a rock or an old stump of a tree, or stuff like that; and if you're scary, now, scary of seeing something, you'll get to looking at that, and you'll imagine there's a pair of eyes. There's a head, and then when you see the head, there's a pair of eyes. Then you'll study a little more, and there's a nose with it. Then you'll study a little more, and there's a mouth; then a little more and there's the body, hands. And then, you're running; most people run. And then, go off and tell they've seen a ghost. That's what they call a haint."

But, now a ghost is different. That's a spirit from where somebody that'd hidden their treasure, and God wanted somebody, poor people or somebody of the poor people to take it from God and not be skittish too much and not run, and stay there and talk with it and ask it what it appeared to them for, and it would tell them where it was hidden; and then they could go dig it out. That's a ghost. Now a haint like I told you is something you imagine. But a ghost is a real thing."

—Ray Hicks (oral historian and storyteller), in *Mountain Voices*

Appalachian wraiths differ from those elsewhere in the Shadowlands. Just as the physical mountains have sheltered a goodly share of outlaws, fugitives, refugees and loners over the centuries, so too have their ghostly counterparts attracted a number of Renegades and Heretics among the wraiths. In the few places where the Hierarchy (the wraith establishment) holds any power (the larger cities), only the barest token loyalty to the government of the Shadowlands

is given. Few souls are collected for shipment to Stygia, the heart of the Underworld, and the Hierarchy, for the most part, considers the wraiths of Appalachia best left to their own devices.

For the most part, Appalachian wraiths are an ornery lot, tied by strong bonds — or Fetters — not only to the people and places connected with their deaths, but often to the very mountains themselves. Many of these Restless Dead, like Asheville's Helen on the Mountain, make frequent appearances in the world of the living and have become local celebrities. Others are simply residues of near-mindless emotion, re-enacting the circumstances of their deaths at regular intervals and unable to communicate intelligibly with those who chance to witness their pitiful and sometimes terrible iterations.

The Phantom Trucker

Nearly every patch of dangerous road, from the steep grades of I-40 between Asheville and Black Mountain, North Carolina, to the perilous switchbacks that mark many of the two-lane roads throughout the mountains, has its tale of the "ghostly truckdriver" whose brakes failed during one fatal mountain run. In the most popular versions, a runaway-truck ramp seemed to provide the doomed trucker an opportunity for rescue — until he spotted a family of tourists who had chosen the gentle grade of the ramp as an impromptu picnic site. Rather than harm the innocent, the trucker deliberately drove off the mountainside, falling to his death hundreds of feet below. According to the stories, both ghostly trucker and ghostly semi can be seen on foggy nights, desperately trying to beat an eternal no-win situation.

Moriah Tallman

The area near Boone, North Carolina, not far from Grandfather Mountain, is a combination of mountains and fertile valleys, suitable for small farms and homesteads. From the two-lane highway (State Road 105) that connects Boone and Linville, North Carolina, many abandoned buildings and tumbled-down barns are visible. The wraith of Moriah Tallman haunts an overgrown patch of ground along this strip of road, the site of her tragic death. (See Chapter Six for Moriah's full story.)

Spectres

Many of the wraiths tied to the region are angry, malevolent individuals whose bitterness and anguish over their untimely or meaningless deaths have turned them against the living. Consumed by their Shadows, or twisted inner natures, these Spectres delight in spreading their unreasonable hatred throughout the physical world. The rules presented in **Wraith: the Oblivion** and other related sourcebooks should be used to construct antagonists from beyond the Shroud.

The Trapper

This Spectre has forgotten his mortal name. In life, during the early settlement of the Appalachians, he was a trailblazer and trapper and delighted in hunting wolves for their rich pelts. He was killed by a pack of angry wolves led by an Uktena lupus in the early 1800s. His spirit now returns to the site of his death, not far from Cades Cove in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. There, he seeks to terrify the tiny red wolf population. He also appears to various visitors to the park and to local cattle breeders whose herds graze in the area near Cades Cove. He feeds on the fear engendered by his nightly wolflike howls.

Humans

Not all opponents of the Garou have direct connections with the supernatural world. On their own, humans are capable of enough self-serving, destructive behavior to provide real challenges for the Garou of Appalachia. Land developers, industrialists, religious fanatics and greedy politicians all leave scars of physical and psychic hatred on the landscape and minds of the region.

Aaron Sterling

A transplant from New Jersey, Aaron Sterling saw the opportunity to make his fortune in land development in Appalachia. He is the public manager of Smoky Mountain Futures, a company that is currently buying up land in the Knoxville region with the intention of transforming the city into an Appalachian metropolitan paradise.

Reverend Jimmy Tucker

Based in Kentucky's depressed coal-mining region, Reverend Jimmy Tucker finds a ready audience for his gospel of hatred directed against minorities and other "outsiders." Tucker is a charismatic speaker who is able to incite his listeners to acts of violence against the preacher's current target. Strangers traveling in small groups are in danger when passing through communities where Tucker has recently conducted one of his tent meetings.

Indigenous Beasties

In addition to the creatures described below, the **Werewolf Storytellers Handbook** includes a number of monsters and spirits of Appalachian origin. The Little People, Unakas, and Utluntu—or Spearfinger—detailed in that sourcebook are all denizens of the mountains and can be used to add local color to Chronicles set in Appalachia.

Raven Mockers

"My first thought was, they were dark and sort of secret — they stood up but they weren't right tall. Maybe five feet or so, for the most part. They looked to be draped and folded round about, like as if they had on cloaks or blankets... Their heads

were round and dark, with a knobby look all over them, and the heads and those wrappings were the same sooty-looking color that, in the sunlight, might could have been a deep, dirty brown... with eyes like coals of fire that had died down to a scummy pink... the skull was squashed low and shallow above and its jaw was wide and shallow below. Its mouth hung loose and ugly and went all the way across, and its two pink shining eyes hung deep back in it, in hollows like pits under two big bony brows like jackknife handles."

— Manly Wade Wellman, *The Old Gods Waken*

Of all the Wyrms-creatures known and feared by the Cherokee, the Raven Mockers are perhaps the deadliest. Appearing in the daytime as withered humans of indeterminate age and able to assume either male or female guise, these beings reveal their truly monstrous forms only at night. They are drawn to the side of the sick and dying, where they drain the remaining life from their victims, adding the time stolen to their own existence. Their vampiric-seeming nature is just that, for the Raven Mockers arose from a vile blending of the essence of spirits born of the Wyrms with the blood of the Children of Caine. These Umbral spirits are cunning and deadly, more so because they usually band together to attack their victims.

Age 8, Gnosis 5, Willpower 6, Power 35 (+ 10 for every Health Level drained from a human victim)

Charms: Airt Sense, Drain Essence (Cost: 5; the spirit must Materialize next to a sick target, then roll Gnosis against a difficulty of 7. The target may resist with Willpower. Success drains one Health Level from the target. When all Health Levels are gone, the target is dead.), Invisibility, Materialize (Cost: 23; Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Bite: Strength + 1, Claws: Strength + 2, Health Levels 10), Shapeshift, Tracking, Updraft

Image: In Materialized form, Raven Mockers are squat (5' tall), ugly creatures with round, hairless heads and soot-colored skin. They have low, overhanging brows, burning red eyes, and broad gaping mouths filled with sharp fangs. They possess batlike flaps of skin which allow them to fly and which they draw about themselves, thus making them seem cloaked in dark, shapeless robes. They use their ability to shapeshift into human form to allow them to travel in daylight, although they cannot attack in this form.

History: Only the oldest Uktena Theurges suspect their true origin, and the story of the creation of the Raven Mockers is not one that is willingly told, for it is a tale of failed vigilance against the Wyrms. When the Garou of the Uktena, Wendigo and Croatan first led the Pure Ones across the land bridge into the Pure Land, the Wyrms were aware of the arrival of humans. As the Garou traveled the American continents with their human charges, hunting and binding any Wym spirits they discovered, the Wyrms began casting about blindly for ways to combat them.



Nothing worked, for the Pure Ones were resistant to the corruption of the Wyrms, until a group of Umbral Wyrms made a pact with an ancient vampire — some say Nosferatu himself, though others claim it was one of his progeny. The infusion of potent vampire blood by these spirits sparked a curious transformation, spawning a new creature that was able to manifest bodily in the physical world. Now able to walk among the Pure Ones, the Raven Mockers (so called for the ravenlike cry they make when hunting) insinuated themselves into the tribe of Pure Ones that settled the Appalachian region.

Raven Mockers steal life from humans too weak to resist their attacks, most typically individuals who are themselves near death. Often acting in a group, Raven Mockers attack in the night. Cloaked in invisibility, they use their bat-like wings to fly unerringly to their victim where, if they meet no opposition, they torment their hapless prey to death. Raven Mockers ritually remove the heart from their victims and devour it, a process which leaves no scar on the corpse.

Uktena Theurges and Cherokee shamans have discovered a few ways to kill or defeat Raven Mockers. Fire will destroy them (damaging both their Materialized form and their Power), and cedar smoke will keep them at bay. Raven Mockers create others of their kind by inducing a

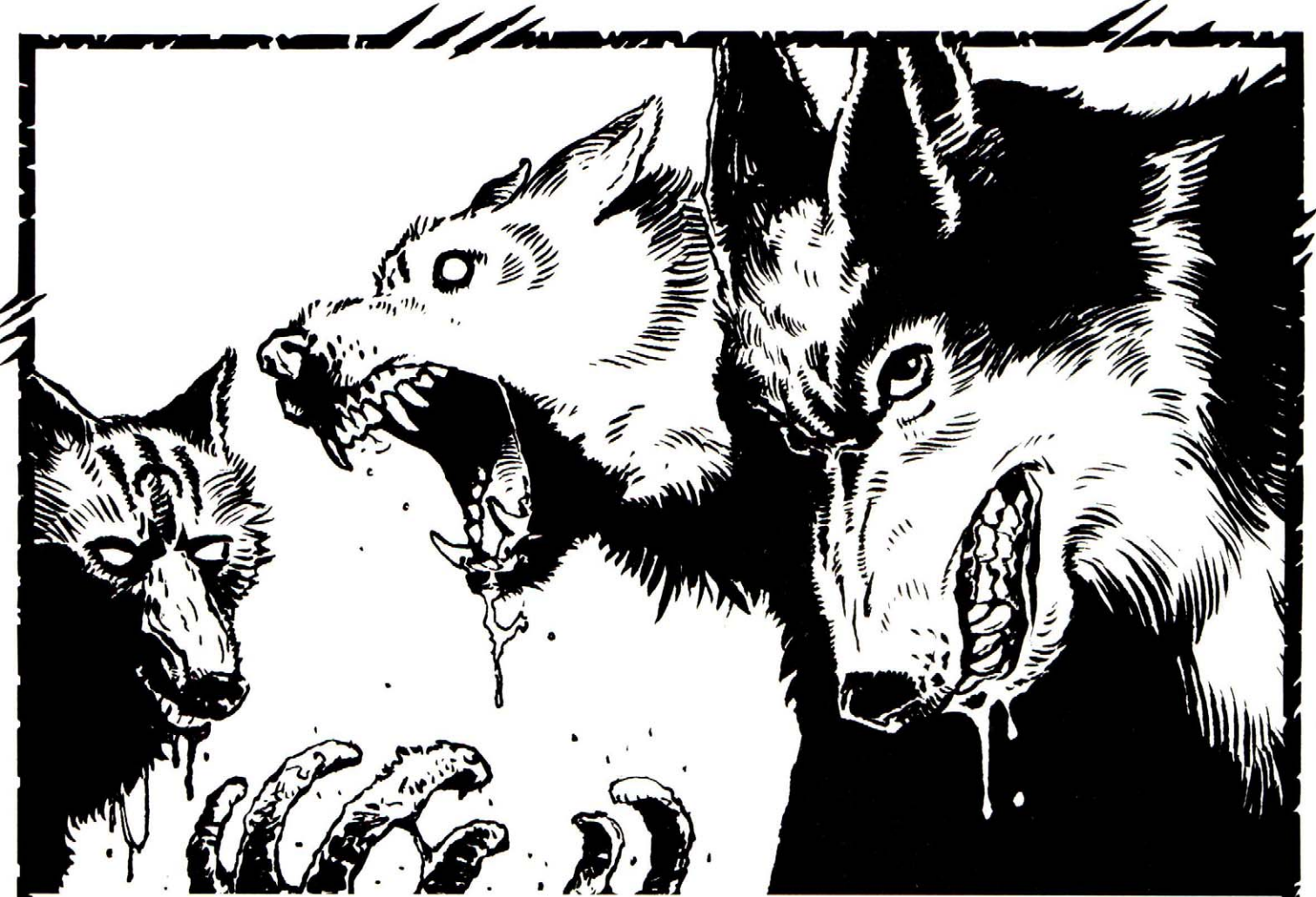
mortal to partake of their unholy repast, and stories are told of Cherokee warriors who have encountered Raven Mockers in human guise who have offered to share a meal with them.

Tsul'kalu (Judaculla) the Slant-Eyed Giant of the Mountains

The old woman came and looked in, and there she saw a great giant, with long slanting eyes... lying doubled up on the floor, with his head against the rafters in the left-hand corner at the back, and his toes scraping the roof in the right-hand corner by the door.

— James Mooney, *History, Myths, and Sacred Formulas of the Cherokees*

The giant known as Tsul'kalu, or Judaculla, lived on the slope of a mountain near the Tuckaseegee River where it flows through the Nantahala National Forest near the meeting point of Swain, Jackson and Haywood Counties. Known by the Cherokee as the lord of the game, this massive visitor from the spirit world was often invoked in hunting ceremonies.



Rage 7, Gnosis 8, Willpower 7, Power 60

Charms: Airt Sense, Disorient, Forest Sense, Materialize (Cost: 35; Strength 10, Dexterity 3, Stamina 8, Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Intimidation 5, Health Levels 12, Punch: Strength +1), Tracking, Umbraquake

Image: Tsul'kalu appears as an enormous, attractive Cherokee male with high cheekbones and slanting eyes. His long black hair is worn in traditional Cherokee style, and he dresses in clothes made from deerskin.

History: A famous Cherokee legend tells of Tsul'kalu's courtship of and marriage to a young maiden. The girl's family was disturbed by the fact that the new husband refused to show himself to anyone but his bride. Tsul'kalu finally became angered by the repeated attempts to spy on him by his wife's relatives and departed the area. Later, his wife and child joined him, finally severing their connections with their mortal kin to be with the giant.

The mountain known as Jutaculla Old Fields contains a large bald on its slope. This treeless clearing, over a hundred acres wide, marks the spot where Tsul'kalu had his dwelling. Other areas in the region, such as the rock once known as Tsula'sinuñ'yi ("where the footprint is"), bear imprints made by the giant's passing.

The coming of the Europeans and their failure to honor him as game-lord drove Tsul'kalu away from the mountains. Today the slant-eyed giant still roams the Umbra around his old hunting grounds, occasionally Materializing to frighten off poachers in the area. Although he is not hostile toward Uktena Garou, other tribes should approach him in the Umbra with the greatest respect, for his memory is as long as his stride.

Fire-Carrier

There is one spirit that goes about at night with a light. The Cherokee call it Atsil'-dihye'gi, "The Fire-Carrier," and they are all afraid of it, because they think it dangerous, although they do not know much about it. They do not even know exactly what it looks like, because they are afraid to stop when they see it.

— James Mooney, *History, Myths, and Sacred Formulas of the Cherokees*

Often called will-o'-the-wisps by Europeans, these moving balls of flickering, sometimes fiery, lights are most often seen near marshes or swamps, although sometimes they appear in areas far from these natural features. Some folks believe that the Brown Mountain Lights are actually will-o'-the-wisps. The Cherokee recognized and

feared these unexplainable phenomena as creatures from the spirit world. Because they could not communicate with these eerie balls of light, they wisely chose to avoid them whenever possible.

Fire-Carriers are actually Wyld-spirits who manifest from time to time in the material world. Though they are not inherently malevolent, they take a wicked delight in luring mortals to dangerous spots — steep mountain precipices, bottomless marshes, and swift-flowing rock-

filled rapids. They do not realize that they are leading these fleshy beings to their deaths, but they do feed on the life-energy given off by the demise of their mortal victims. Most often, unwary travelers through the mountains mistake these mysterious lights as distress flares or campfires.

Rage 3, Gnosis 6, Willpower 4, Power 20 (+3 for every injury or death caused)

Charms: Airt Sense, Disorient





Chapter Six: Appalachian Moonrise

Introduction

"Appalachian Moonrise" is a chronicle in three chapters meant to introduce **Werewolf** players to the atmosphere, culture, and peculiar politics of the region and to give them a chance to consider the difficult choices facing Appalachian Garou. The images of Appalachia portrayed by the media are just that — gross stereotypes that do not accurately portray the complexity of the southeastern mountains. Neither the unlettered, moonshine-brewing, rifle-toting hillbilly nor the primitive, ballad-singing, barefoot practitioner of the folk arts represents the variety of people found in the Appalachians. These stereotypes do exist, but there are endless varieties within the common categorizations and most Appalachians do not fit conveniently into a particular mold. Seeing beyond the images into the souls of the Appalachian people, discovering the truths concealed behind the stories and legends of the mountains, and making decisions based on grim reality rather than fanciful lies and misrepresentations are the ultimate challenges with which both Storyteller and players must deal. Above all, however, the stories which make up this chronicle should capture the flavor of a land haunted by a bloody past, where the veneer of modern civilization barely contains the pent-up anger of a people tired of being mocked and a land nearly broken by the enemies of the Wyld. Appalachia's wilderness and her culture are dying, or worse, being warped and corrupted into gross parodies. Can both the land and the culture be saved? Or must hard choices be made that will benefit one at the expense of the other?

The Plot

"Appalachian Moonrise" hinges on the discovery and theft of a powerful fetish once belonging to the lost Croatan tribe. The search for the fetish and the thief who stole it will take the troupe into the Southern Appalachians, exposing them to the deep backwoods and the thriving cities, both places filled with danger for the unwary or the just plain boorish. Each of the three stories focuses on a different area of the southern Appalachians: the Cumberland Mountains of southeastern Kentucky, the Great Smokies of Eastern Tennessee, and the Blue Ridge Mountains of western North Carolina.

Theme

Difficult choices is the overall theme of this sourcebook, and the necessity of making hard decisions will haunt the players throughout this chronicle. Natural enemies may prove to be temporary allies for a common cause while seemingly friendly folk may act as obstacles, even opponents, for reasons which will not be readily apparent. Appalachian culture is struggling to maintain its existence. If it is doomed, then the wilderness supported by that culture will surely fall. In dire straits, desperate measures must be taken, and those measures are not always the most obvious ones.



Mood

"Appalachian Moonrise" has three distinct moods, one for each chapter it encompasses.

- "Kentucky Moonshine" should have the feel of the Appalachian backwoods. Southeastern Kentucky is a region famous (or infamous) for bitter feuds among mountain families. It is also a land of illicit moonshine and persistent revenuers. The characters should sense an undercurrent of danger in even the "friendly" encounters, for the mountaineers of the region don't take kindly to strangers until they've taken their measure. The mountains of Kentucky have also been the victim of massive exploitation of the natural coal resources. The evidence of strip mining and the abject poverty of many areas should remind the players that the menace they feel is not entirely without reason.

- "Tennessee Waltz" introduces the political and social complexities of modern Appalachia. Still straddling the centuries, urban centers such as Knoxville, where most of this story takes place, exhibit unique problems. Outside forces seek to impose the benefits of modernization, often with the assistance of locals intent on "improving" the quality of life in the region through development and increased industrialization.

- "Carolina Moon" emphasizes the supernatural, as ghosts from the past and creatures from mountain legends surround the characters' search for a long-dead woman whose story is entwined with that of the fetish they have obtained. Laced throughout the chronicle is the presence of the elusive fae of Appalachia, the changelings whose Glamour may serve as a buttress not only against the forces of Banality, but against the erosive power of the Wyrms.

The Story Behind the Story

At the heart of the chronicle is the legend of a lost Croatan fetish, an artifact of great power which has never been used and perhaps was never meant to be used, for its existence is a lesson in humility for all who possess it. It is possible that the characters may never learn the whole story of the fetish's history; the chronicle can be played without certain facts ever coming to light. The Storyteller should be aware of the background in case parts of it become relevant.

The Legend of Mammoth's Bone

When three Garou tribes — Croatan, Wendigo, and Uktena — first brought humans across the Ice Bridge to the Pure Land, they wandered freely throughout the vast continent, following the animals that came with them. The people followed the herds of bison, elk and mammoth, for these animals provided them with all they needed to sustain themselves in Gaia's unspoiled country. Of all these animals, only Mammoth, known for his wisdom, saw ahead into

Mammoth's Bone

Level 7, Gnosis 8

This powerful Croatan artifact contains a bone sliver from Mammoth. It passed from Croatan hands into the guardianship of the Uktena just before the tribe sacrificed itself.

If the fetish is buried in the ground and activated it will purify the land around it from all Wyrmtaint, restoring that land (roughly the area of a small mountaintop) to its original Wyld state. If the site is a caern, the caern is strengthened by one level (level four caerns become level five, etc.). This process, however, will also set free any creatures who have been bound to that spot, whether they are Banes, wraiths whose Fetters link them to the site, vampires in torpor, or imprisoned spirits from the infernal realms. Once free, these creatures may not remain within the area protected by Mammoth's Bone.

Once it is buried, the fetish may be retrieved and used again in another place. If this is done, however, the purified land is once again susceptible to Wyrmtaint or infestation by other malign spirits and creatures and loses the extra caern level. Thus, it can be used for the temporary cleansing of a particularly befouled region. So long as it remains in the ground, the land around it is virtually impregnable against assaults by creatures of the Wyrms, Banality or Oblivion.

The few Theurges who have heard rumors of this fetish believe that it is meant to be used to create an island of safety and succor during the time of the Apocalypse, ensuring that the Garou will have at least one place in which they can replenish their Gnosis and regroup during that cataclysmic time. No one has yet determined just where that place should be, although there are strong indications that, since the fetish was introduced into the Appalachians, those ancient mountains might serve as the last bastion of the Garou against the armies of the Wyrms.

However, the fetish is presently cursed. The spiritual horror of the death of Moriah and her children (see "Carolina Moon") has tainted it. One complete moon phase after the fetish has come into the possession of a Garou, the werewolf will become haunted by terrible nightmares of burning children until the fetish is returned to Moriah.

System: The fetish needs to be activated by someone. A failure means that the fetish cannot be activated again for another season. A botch means that the site at which the fetish is buried can never be purified by the fetish.

the future, and saw the dark time when the Wyrms would openly walk the face of the land and wreak destruction across the mountains and forests. In dreams, the spirit of Mammoth tried to warn the people and the Garou, but the Dreamspeakers of the Pure Ones and the Theurges of the three Garou tribes put aside these dreams as false sendings. The land they had found was safe from the Wyrms.

Realizing that his warnings fell on deaf ears, Mammoth began to call his children away from the physical world back to their spirit home. In the physical world, the mammoth became extinct. One Croatan alone heeded the warnings, but his tribe refused to listen to him. He bargained with Mammoth in the spirit world for some assistance in the face of the prophesied coming of the Wyrms. This Theurge, whose name has been forgotten or removed from memory, faced many trials to prove his dedication to Mammoth. Eventually, Mammoth believed him. He gifted the Theurge with a sliver of one of his mighty tusks and put part of his spirit into that sliver.

"This is a fetish of wisdom and power. It is meant to be used to create a sanctuary for the warriors of Gaia in the days of the Wyrms' greatest onslaught."

"But how will I know when those days are upon us?" cried the distressed Theurge.

"I have said it is a totem of wisdom and power," said Mammoth. "The power comes from its ability to transform and purify the land in which it is buried. The wisdom is something you must learn in order to use it rightly. When you are wise enough, you will know when and where it must be used."

With that, the Theurge found himself cast back into the physical world, possessed of a great fetish and a greater reluctance to use it. The Theurge dedicated the rest of his life to acquiring wisdom, and before he died, he passed the fetish to another Theurge — along with the story of its getting. For many centuries, no one dared to use the fetish.

The History of Mammoth's Bone in the World

Before the last battle of the Croatan tribe, the possessor of Mammoth's Bone slipped sideways into the spirit world and sought out once again the spirit of Mammoth, to ascertain whether or not the time was right to use the sacred fetish. What transpired during that journey will never be known, but when the Theurge returned, she bestowed the fetish upon Voice-in-the-Night, a visiting Uktena Theurge, sending him off with a warning lest he, too, become caught up in the Croatan's final struggle. Since that time, until the Trail of Tears, the Uktena jealously guarded one of the few remaining pieces of evidence that their Croatan brothers and sisters once walked the earth.

During the removal of the Cherokees, Singing Water, the Uktena guardian of the fetish, died to allow some of her Cherokee Kinfolk to escape the soldiers for the safety of some mountain caves. Before she died, she gave the fetish

into the hands of a Cherokee warrior, telling him enough of the fetish's history to ensure that he would keep it safe. She charged him to see that it ended up in the hands of one of the Changing Breed who would surely come to claim it one day.

The warrior and his family hid from the soldiers, and became part of the core of Cherokee who would remain in the mountains as the Eastern Band of the Cherokee Nation. Before his death in 1879, he passed the fetish to his daughter, who gave it to her own eldest child, a son, before she died in 1892. This son, who had taken the name Joseph Tallman, married a white woman named Moriah, and because of his love for her, he gave her the fetish as a wedding gift, remembering even less of his mother's story than his mother remembered of her father's tale. He told her that the fetish was very old, and that it should remain in the family until the rightful owner returned to claim it.

In 1910, Moriah's husband died an early and untimely death, and the young widow had only the barest means of supporting herself and her children. When she learned that scholars from the north were interested in uncovering the history and folk legends of the mountain people, she contacted one of these scholars and proposed to sell him an ancient family heirloom made from the bone of a mammoth. The scholar did not quite believe this untutored person, and offered her a small sum the chance that it might be genuine. Moriah refused him, naming a much larger price. When the scholar said he was no longer interested, Moriah took her leave, vowing that she would keep trying until she could find a buyer. No matter how hard she tried, however, none of the scholars and archaeologists she visited would believe such an outlandish tale as she told them.

Others, however, did believe her. Some Black Spiral Kinfolk overheard her bargaining and determined to acquire the fetish for themselves. They followed Moriah to her home and attacked her there, killing her and her children, and setting fire to her house. Before they could retrieve the object from her body, they were set upon by neighbors who heard the struggle. Being only humans, though Kinfolk, and cowards to boot, the murderers fled. The would-be rescuers could only stand and watch as Moriah's house burned to the ground, along with her and her children. Later, sifting through the charred rubble, one of the neighbors, a man named Everett Peebles, found a strange object, a polished piece of what looked like bone attached to a leather thong apparently untouched by the fire. He said nothing to the others who were with him, but pocketed it. It remained with him, a source of mystery and, strangely enough, comfort, until he died of old age in 1975.

Upon Everett's death, his inheritance passed to his nephew, Lester Peebles. In 1980, Lester moved from North Carolina to Kentucky. After his move, he discovered the object among some boxes of his uncle's things, and not knowing what it was, called in some experts on "bones and such" to attempt to identify it. Realizing that it seemed to be the bone of a mammoth, Lester donated it to Berea College, thinking that a place of learning would be a better resting place for the

artifact than his own cabin far in the mountains. It thus remained in the dusty archives of Berea College's anthropology department until its discovery by Professor Alma Childe, a long-time staff member of the college and a Children of Gaia Kinfolk.

Story Summary of "Appalachian Moonrise"

Prelude

The events which trigger the chronicle take place in the historic community of Berea, Kentucky. As an anthropology professor specializing in pre-Colombian lifestyles in the southeastern Appalachians, Professor Alma Childe has conducted much research into the Native American tribes that once inhabited the mountains. Although the majority of her findings have helped add to the knowledge of the region's early history, some of it has remained unpublished. Aware of her Garou kinship, Professor Childe has conducted her own investigations into the history of the early Garou tribes — the Uktena, Wendigo, and the extinct Croatan tribe. She has been funneling her discoveries to various members of the Sept of the Moon's Blessing.

Recently she discovered a strange object, reputedly the bone of a mammoth, buried in the college's archives. She has identified it (from close examination of the worn runes, carved as if by talons upon its surface) as a potential Garou fetish, possibly even of Croatan origin.

Her initial response to her finding was to notify the Sept of the Moon's Blessing and to request that someone from the sept be sent to transport the object back to the safety of their caern. While she was waiting for a response from the Garou in Cumberland Falls, she began further investigations into the origin of the object, which she stored in a safe in her office. All she was able to learn was that it was donated by an old mountaineer named Lester Peebles, from Corbin, Kentucky.

Before the fetish could be claimed, however, it was stolen from Professor Childe's office. Even before she notified the police, Professor Childe sent word to Hattie Thunderwife, informing her of the bone's disappearance.

The thief is a Fianna Theurge named Neil Crier, a fanatic proponent of the doctrine of Garou supremacy who argued once too often for the reinstitution of the Impergium, this time in Appalachia. Ousted from the Sept of the Changing Seasons ten years ago for his irresponsible behavior, Crier wandered around Tennessee and Kentucky, a Ronin on the fringes of Garou society. He also spent much time in some of the small towns of Kentucky, where he made contact with local bootleggers and developed a taste for homebrewed liquor.



Recently, he acquired a sample of some Wyrms-tainted moonshine made by the Bledson family, in the hills near Corbin, Kentucky. This spirit-poisoning brew has driven Crier past the brink of insanity into full blown madness. He has become one of the Bledsons' regular customers, dependent on their moonshine to fend off the dark thoughts which are torturing his mind. The Bledsons have been using him to spy on local Garou activity, reporting anything unusual to them in return for quart jugs of their potent liquor. Crier has been aware of the Kinfolk network in Kentucky, and, in particular, of Alma Childe's work in Berea.

Professor Childe's inquiries into the history of the mammoth's bone aroused Crier's attention. Anxious to acquire the possible fetish for himself, he broke into her office, ripped open her safe, and took the object.

As a Theurge, Crier was able to determine the nature of the fetish. Unfortunately for him, his waning Gnosis (a by-product of his addiction to the Bledson's moonshine) has made it impossible for him to attune himself to the fetish. He has found himself in the unenviable position of possessing an item which could help him begin to realize his twisted dreams but which is too powerful for him to use.

His immediate impulse, upon taking the fetish, was to head for the Bledsons, who have intimated that they have powers of their own. Crier hoped to wrest the secret of the Bledson's powers from them and gain them for himself, thus enabling him to use the fetish. The Bledsons, however, have their own agenda for Crier and the fetish.

The growing Wyrms-taint within him has made it difficult for Crier to control his Rage. In his flight, he has left a bloody path to follow.

Chapter One: Kentucky Moonshine

The Garou pack enters the chronicle in response to a strongly worded request from the Sept of the Moon's Blessing, asking them to track down the thief and retrieve the stolen fetish. To do this, the characters must first travel to Berea and talk with Alma Childe, who can give them the details of the theft and provide them with some information to start them on their search, including the information that the fetish was last in the possession of Lester Peebles. They may also investigate a recent spate of livestock slaughtering and some unsolved murders in the area, which indicate possible attacks by a Garou in the throes of Rage.

Locating Lester Peebles will directly involve the pack with the Bledsons, who are trying to cover up all knowledge of the fetish Crier has brought to their attention. Following up on the reports of savage violence in the area will lead to the discovery of the tainted moonshine, and thence to the Bledsons as well.

Either way, the characters' search for Crier and the fetish will involve them in a local feud between the Bledsons and the Cauderells, a family of Bone Gnawer Kinfolk. The Cauderells can provide the characters with information regarding a strange, "hairy" visitor to the Bledsons as well as

their involvement in the making and selling of bad moonshine (as opposed to the superior brew distilled by the Cauderells). They should be provided with enough impetus to pay a visit to the Bledsons' homestead, deep in the Kentucky woods.

On the way, the pack will hear the distinct howl of a Garou in distress. If they answer the call, they will have the opportunity to rescue an aging Garou (Caitlin Dooley) from an attack by Bane-possessed wild boars. The appearance of Jack the Whistler, a wandering storyteller and Caitlin's long-time friend, will provide the characters with additional information about the history of the fetish.

By the time the pack reaches the Bledsons', they will discover that the menfolk have gone deep into the forest to the site of their still and of their dark secret — a Hellhole which houses a group of Banes who have been transforming successive generations of Bledson men into fomori. Crier is with them, and is about to become a sacrifice to the Banes. The characters will have a tough fight on their hands, but if they have rescued Caitlin and befriended Jack and the Cauderells, their good deeds will come back to haunt them. At this point, Crier's fate will be in their hands.

Although the characters will have found the thief, they will learn that the fetish has already been taken by one of the remaining Bledsons to Knoxville, Tennessee and that another Bledson has just left with a load of tainted moonshine, headed for the Cumberland Gap. The pack's best hope for locating the fetish is to attempt to catch up with the Bledson bootlegger and find out from him where in Knoxville the fetish has been taken. "Kentucky Moonshine" culminates in a moonlight car chase through the mountains, with its climax in the Cumberland Gap. In the aftermath, the characters should learn enough to send them to Knoxville in search of a company called Smoky Mountain Futures.

Chapter Two: Tennessee Waltz

Although the attempt to recover Mammoth's Bone dominates "Tennessee Waltz," this story introduces a slightly different theme: the attempt to bring Appalachian culture into line with mainstream America, to the detriment of the local traditions. The characters' investigations of Smoky Mountain Futures will involve them in a territorial conflict with a pack of local Garou led by a Glass Walker trying to maintain a shaky balance between progress and preservation. They will need to come to terms with these Garou before they can continue their pursuit of the fetish.

These Garou demand a challenge, one which will prove to the characters that the city Garou's guardianship is necessary, for great evil exists nearby: The pack must travel through the Oak Ridge nuclear facility. They need do nothing more than traverse the grounds in the physical world and the Umbra, but doing so will bring a shocking

revelation of the Wyrms' grip on the land. Once they have completed this task, the local Garou will be convinced of their intents and aid them in their quest. Without this aid, further investigation will be tough for the characters.

Investigation of Smoky Mountain Futures will turn up the information that the company is motivated only by the greedy ambitions of its owner, Aaron Sterling, a New Jersey land developer who has seen an opportunity for making a great deal of money in buying useless historical and cultural landmarks and razing them to make room for condominiums, shopping malls and modern recreational facilities. Sterling, however, also has a lucrative sideline: acquiring and selling Native American artifacts; his willingness to pay good money for fragments of bones, pottery shards and other evidence of early Appalachian tribal cultures has spread throughout the region and has even reached the ears of the Bledsons. Sterling has purchased Mammoth's Bone and is seeking a buyer (for a substantial amount of money).

Once the characters have gained possession of the fetish, they will cross paths with country singer Jack Diamond (otherwise known as "Jack the Whistler"). Having met the pack in Kentucky, Jack will perform his version of a ballad telling Moriah Tallman's story and will suggest that the characters travel to North Carolina's Blue Ridge Mountains to search for Moriah's restless spirit. In addition, members of the pack will begin having haunting dreams which will not leave them until they perform one last gesture of compassion for the last guardian of Mammoth's Bone.

Chapter Three: Carolina Moon

"Carolina Moon" should have the air of a ghost story, as the ancient mountain forests hold secrets from many ages: sacred burial grounds, magic "pools" of power, faerie rings, and haunted places. Here the characters will meet an aging Cherokee shaman (a Dreamspeaker) named Soaring Eagle, and will be able to stave off an attack by a flock of Raven Mockers. Soaring Eagle will be able to help them interpret their dreams and will direct them to Johnny O'Dell, a roving balladeer and storyteller. Johnny will tell them the precise location of Moriah's death. If the pack has not yet made the connection between Jack the Whistler, Jack Diamond and Johnny O'Dell, the wandering changeling troubadour will finally reveal himself to the Garou. He will ask to accompany them on the last leg of their quest so that he can witness the end of the story of a ghost bound to the place where she died because of her failure to protect what was entrusted to her. The characters will be able to locate the ruins of the Tallman cabin, where they must overcome the initial hostility of Moriah's wraith. If they release Moriah from her self-imposed punishment, they will find themselves the inheritor of the guardianship of Mammoth's Bone. Whether or not they decide to keep the fetish for themselves or turn it over to some other protector is perhaps the most difficult choice the characters will ultimately have to face.

Kentucky Moonshine

Scene One: Welcome to Berea

The pack receives an urgent request from Galileo Crosses-the-Stars, a member of the Sept of the Moon's Blessing, asking them to investigate the theft of a possible Croatan fetish. They are told to contact Professor Alma Childe, a long-time staff member of Berea College and a Children of Gaia Kinfolk. Galileo should relate the information on Alma Childe presented in the story synopsis (above) up to Childe's report of the bone's theft.

Once they arrive in Berea, the characters may locate Professor Childe at her office on the Berea campus. She will inform them that three nights ago, someone broke into her office and removed the object from her safe. Although she immediately notified the sept, she also had to report the theft to the local authorities. The police were able to determine only that the robber must have been excessively strong, since the safe's door was ripped from its hinges. The only tracks they were able to find were what appeared to be dog prints leading away from the office's ground floor window. Professor Childe fears that a Garou may be responsible for the deed. If so, she does not want the police to be the ones to apprehend the criminal. Furthermore, she is afraid that the fetish will fall into the wrong hands — Garou or mortal. Her convictions that a Garou stole the fetish are strengthened by a series of newspaper clippings she has saved. She has been checking the papers since the theft and has come upon what she thinks might be evidence of the presence of a rogue Garou in the region. She will allow the characters to search her office. She will also suggest that the characters locate Lester Peebles and see if he can provide any additional information about the bone which might identify it as a Garou fetish.

A search of Professor Childe's office will confirm the police's findings and turn up a few strands of what might be wolf's hair wedged into a crack in the window sill (something the police investigators missed). A successful use of Sense Wyrms will detect residual Wyrms-taint, since Crier's bloodstream was full of Bledson-brewed moonshine.

The newspaper clippings contain reports of "marauding beasts" ravaging the countryside, slaughtering livestock. Sketchy information from "eyewitnesses" describes, variously, a "hairy psycho lunatic," "some weirdo in a bear-suit," or "an enormous wild dog — maybe even a wolf that got loose from a zoo." The most recent incident involves the savage butchery of a number of brood mares belonging to a local horse farmer named Philip Cameron.

Although the characters may want to attempt to track the footprints outside Professor Childe's office, this will be a very difficult task; they must make three successes on a Perception + Primal-Urge roll (difficulty 9) for every mile traveled. Either investigating the Cameron Stables (Scene Two) or looking up Lester Peebles (Scene Three) will prove more fruitful.



Scene Two: Dead Horses

Located in Rockcastle County's Renfro Valley, not far from the town of Mt. Vernon, the Cameron Stables are owned by Philip Cameron and managed by his daughter Judith. The stables supply saddle horses and occasionally show horses or jumpers. The characters will be referred to Judith Cameron if they visit the stables. She will be reluctant to answer questions until convinced that the characters are not thrillseekers or disaster junkies. She can show them the pasture where the horses were killed. Although the bodies of the slaughtered brood mares have been removed from the site, some traces can still be found. Large chunks of pasturage have been ripped out of the ground by hooves and claws, and the earth is soaked in horse blood. A single success on a Perception + Investigation roll (difficulty 7), will turn up some tufts of wiry hair similar to the hair found in Professor Childe's office. Multiple successes will also uncover a mason jar near the edge of the pasture. The jar contains a few drops of white liquid which can readily be identified by its odor as moonshine. Sense Wyrms will detect the presence of Wyrmtaint in the liquid.

Judith Cameron

Judith is a horsey looking woman in her mid-20s, who dresses in riding tweeds and carries herself in a businesslike manner. She has no patience with thrillseekers, but can be persuaded to answer questions posed by people whom she considers to be competent investigators. She is intelligent and knowledgeable in her field of expertise.

Scene Three: Into the Backwoods

The characters can locate Lester Peebles by "asking around," since "Old Man Peebles," as those who know him refer to him, is a legend in the area, the last of his family and one of the old time mountaineers. Lester Peebles lives in a cabin back in the hills near Corbin, Kentucky. The last few miles leading to his home are inaccessible by car. When the characters come across Peebles cabin, they will need to announce their presence, or else Old Man Peebles will take a pot shot at them through his front window with a shotgun. Once the werewolves sort themselves out, assuming that they do, Lester Peebles will emerge from the cabin, gun still in hand, to talk to the strangers. If they win him over, he will invite them into his home and tell them what he remembers about the fetish — the "luck bone" — as he calls it. His Uncle Everett, who died in 1975, found it somewhere in North Carolina and claimed it was a piece of mammoth bone.

The Storyteller should impart the information given in the story synopsis concerning Lester's involvement with Mammoth's Bone. The old man's knowledge ends with his donation of the "luck bone" to Berea.

Lester will tell the characters that he's certain that there was a story attached to the bone, but he doesn't know it. If any one would, it would be Jack the Whistler — a "feller" who wanders through the area from time to time, telling stories for his keep and doing odd jobs for people.

Scene Four: Strangers in the Night

While the characters are still talking with Peebles, the Bledsons will choose this opportunity to attack. These "mountain men" are fomori who have learned of Mammoth's Bone from Neil Crier and have decided to eliminate Peebles to prevent him from talking to anyone else about it. It is up to the Storyteller to decide just how many Bledsons are involved in the attack, but the odds in this situation should favor the attackers. Help is on the way. Use the information given in Chapter Four to create the antagonists for this encounter.

If the characters are losing badly, or whenever it seems appropriate for the drama of the story, another factor will enter the fray. The fomori are not the only armed men out in the woods.

Feuds are a long-standing custom in Kentucky and other parts of Appalachia, dating in many cases from Civil War rivalries. Over the years, the Bledsons have garnered the enmity of the Cauderell clan, a few of whom have followed their rivals to Peebles' cabin — armed for bear. They will join in the fight, announcing their presence with whoops, hollers, and a bevy of gunshots.

The Cauderells are Bone Gnawer Kinfolk, although they are unaware of the fact. They have lived in the hills all their lives and have seen many sights that would have them labeled as lunatics in any other society. They fear neither ghost, nor haint, nor bogeyman, particularly if the "bogeyman" in question is a Bledson. Their intervention should help turn the tide. They will hang around after the fight to see if "old man Peebles" is alright and will invite the characters to "come on up to the homestead if you ain't got no place else to stay the night."

Traits for the Bledson fomori can be found in Chapter Five. They are big, brutal and ugly, giving reality to the stereotypical image of the dangerous wild men of the mountains. They are dressed in tattered jeans and heavy shirts with leather vests, and have stringy brown or dirty blond hair and hairy faces. They've only got one thing on their minds, and that's the death of Old Man Peebles. "He knows too dang much about the bone." This is the best way they know of covering their tracks and keepin' anyone from finding out that their family has gotten hold of it and the wolf-man who took it.

Cauderell "Good-ole Boys" (Bone Gnawer Kinfolk)

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 1

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 2, Firearms 4 (shotgun), Repair 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Cumberland Mountains) 4, Brewing 4, Wilderness Lore 4

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Resources 2

Willpower: 5

Equipment: Shotgun, hunting knife, club

Image: The Cauderells are tough, lanky mountain men who look dangerous but are merely protective of their land and their backyard "micro-brewery." They tend towards fair to red hair and ruddy, sun-weathered complexions. Like the Bledsons, they wear jeans and sturdy shirts and vests.

Roleplaying Notes: If the Bledsons are up to somethin', you're bound and determined to stop it. Those sons of bitches are no-'count, evil-blooded cusses who don't deserve to live. Everything they touch is pizened by their bad blood. You keep close watch on them, and when they make a move, you go after 'em. Their enemies are your friends. Period.

Scene Five: The Cauderell Homestead : Mountain Moonshine

The Cauderells have a still behind their home in the mountains — actually a small collection of cabins in a nearby hollow; the lifestyles of the Cauderells vary — from rural primitive to Martin Cauderell's satellite dish. The Cauderell women are, for the most part, stereotypical mountain women; they do most of the work around the house — what work there is — and spend most of their time cooking for the men and herding the children (of whom there are hordes). The men have names like Zebediah, Martin, Clyde, Buck, Lyle, Woodrow, and Jeb. The women are Gladys, Luellen, Lizbeth, Hester, Carlene and Holly. The children are referred to as "you'uns."

This scene can provide an opportunity for the Garou characters to rest and recover from any wounds, if necessary, and replenish their Gnosis through meditation in the nearby forest. The gregarious family will tell the characters about Caitlin, the "old woman of the hills," and that the cry of wolves is often heard coming from near her cabin. They will talk about the Bledsons: Most of them start out alright until they get to be about fourteen or fifteen. Then they "change" and turn nasty. The Bledsons are responsible for the circulation of a particularly vicious variety of moonshine, called Blackfire Whiskey, which the Cauderells suspect is made with "pizened" water from the polluted

stream that runs near the Bledsons' homestead. According to various Cauderells, who try to keep an eye on what their enemies are up to, the Bledsons had a strange "hairy" visitor just the other night.

The Storyteller should use this scene to communicate various pieces of necessary information to the characters. First of all, the "hairy visitor" is, of course, Neil Crier, who has gone to the Bledsons for assistance and for more of their moonshine. Secondly, if the characters are not already aware of the fact that they have just battled a family of fomori, the information the Cauderells impart to them should convince them that the Bledson family is tainted by the Wyrms. Finally, the references to the Blackfire Whiskey should allow the characters to make the connection between the moonshine found in the Camerons' pasture (if they went there in Scene Two) and the source of the foul liquor.

Additionally, this scene can give the Storyteller the opportunity to showcase mountain hospitality. Although the characters will probably want to get on with their mission, they may be beginning to tire and may simply need to stop and rest for a time. They can't find a better place than with the Cauderells.

When the characters are ready, it should be clear that their trail leads to the Bledsons. One of the Cauderells can give them directions to the Bledson homestead, about five miles away.

Scene Six: The Old Woman of the Hills

As the characters are making their way on foot through the woods or (if they have a jeep or other all-terrain vehicle) via a series of twisting dirt roads, they will hear a Howl of Succor from a Garou in trouble. If they respond to the plea for help, they will find themselves at the home of Caitlin Dooley, a Fianna elder who lives in retirement in the Kentucky woods.

Caitlin Dooley's home is a rustic cabin about two miles as the crow flies from the Cauderells' homestead. As the characters approach, they will see that Caitlin is in Crinos form and is valiantly trying to defend herself from a trio of oversized boars who appear unnaturally strong. Sense Wyrms (if the characters take the time to use the Gift) will indicate that the boars are, indeed, Wyrms-creatures. (See "Boars Gone Bad," in Chapter Five, for the boar fomori Traits.)

Caitlin will be grateful if the characters save her from the boars. If they ask her about the Bledsons, she will tell them that she suspects that they are servants of the Wyrms. She is aware of the presence of "something" foul in the vicinity, but her physical frailness has prevented her from doing more than investigating the source. She knows that the waters near their home have been tainted. Unfortunately, the Bledsons have begun to suspect that she has been snooping

around their land and she thinks that they might have somehow sent the boars to kill her.

If any of the characters are hurt, Caitlin will use Mother's Touch to heal them. (A complete description of Caitlin Dooley is given in Chapter Three, under the roster of Appalachian Fianna). The characters may also be treated to the sight of a small pack of grey wolves that Caitlin has been protecting.

Scene Seven: Jack the Whistler

The sound of a clear, melodic whistling will announce the arrival of Jack the Whistler. Jack, besides being a changeling, is also a Storyteller device to prod reluctant or confused groups in the desired direction through his songs and stories. If the Garou approach him properly, he will tell them what he knows of the fetish's history. He will not, at this time, mention where Moriah Tallman was killed. He will, however, tell them the story of the fetish's origin, admitting to his considerable knowledge of Garou lore gained from his travels with Caitlin many years ago. Unless he volunteers the information, Caitlin will not tell the characters that Jack is a changeling. A character who possesses the Gift: Scent of the True Form can use it successfully to discover something about Jack's nature, revealing him for what he is.

Complete statistics on Jack the Whistler are given in Chapter Four.

After this scene, the characters should continue on to the Bledsons.

Scene Eight: All in the Family

When the characters arrive at the Bledsons homestead, they will find only the women and children at home. All the Bledson women and the children have marks of physical abuse on their bodies, some new, some old and fading, some permanent. The women will respond sullenly to any questions the characters ask them, but will not attempt to lie to them. (They just don't care...) They will tell the characters that a big hairy stranger has been staying with them for the last day or so and that their menfolk have taken him to the "secret place." The characters can either force one of the women to lead them to the Bledson men or they can follow the obvious trails left by the fomori. Sense Wyrms will also act as a homing beacon, pointing the way to the Hellhole in the woods behind the Bledsons' cabins.

The woods and the stream where the Bledsons have their ritual "initiation" make up a fetid Hellhole. The rest of the Bledsons are here with Crier and are preparing to introduce him to their family Bane. They will attack as soon as they are aware of the characters' presence. Crier will also turn on the characters, transforming to Crinos form as his Rage overwhelms him.

If the characters look like they will lose the fight, the Storyteller may choose to call in reinforcements. Based on the packs' previous encounters with the Cauderells, Caitlin, and Jack — any of them may show up to aid in the fight, either by physical means or through the use of Gifts or (in Jack's case) Glamour.

Crier will fight to the death unless the characters make a special attempt to take him alive. If they can capture and subdue him, he will tell them that "his" fetish has been taken away from him and sold to someone in Knoxville. He will also inform them that a carload of Blackfire Whiskey left for Tennessee and that their only real chance to get his fetish back for him will be to catch up with the Bledson bootlegger and find out where the bone was taken. This should be enough to send the characters on their way.

If, however, the characters decide, with typical Garou stubbornness, to try to reclaim the Hellhole, they must first fight the powerful trio of Badwater Banes currently residing in the pond.

Reclaiming the Hellhole for Gaia will involve some complicated rites more appropriately performed by the elders of a sept. If Caitlin is present at the end of the battle, she will offer to contact the Sept of the Moon's Blessing and ask for their help in purifying the Hellhole.

Bledsons

Use the Traits given in Chapter Five for the Bledsons. There are four of them in the clearing.



Neil Crier

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Tribe: Fianna

Nature/Demeanor: Deviant/Loner

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Primal-Urge 2

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Linguistics 1, Occult 3, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 1, Pure Breed 2

Gifts: (1) Mother's Touch, Persuasion, Smell of Man; (2) Howl of the Banshee, Spirit Speech, Staredown; (3) Disquiet, Reshape Object

Rank: 3

Rage 9, Gnosis 3, Willpower 6

Rites: (Mystic) Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: None

Image: In Homid form, Neil Crier is a large, red-haired man with intense dark green eyes and a look of perpetual anger on his face. His Lupus form is that of a large, rangy wolf with matted red fur. His Crinos form most clearly reflects his current madness. The faint smell of liquor permeates him all the time. His clothes are dirty and torn and he has not bothered to clean himself in weeks.

Roleplaying Notes: You had a mission once, to lead the Garou to war against the human cancer...or something like that. You can't remember exactly what it was. All you know is that your blood is on fire with the anger that is only dulled by the Bledsons' liquor. You had something powerful in your grasp, but they took it from you in return for what you needed. Then they led you to the woods. You can feel the Rage building inside you.

It's so easy to rage and so good to fight and kill. Do it. Now.

History: Ousted from the Sept of the Changing Seasons for his overly aggressive posture towards humans, Crier has spent the last several years roaming the mountains of Tennessee and eastern Kentucky looking for some way to get enough power to begin a war on humankind. Luck brought him word of Mammoth's Bone, something he had heard about as a young Theurge. He managed to steal the fetish, but his plans ended with its possession. Addicted to the Bledsons' toxic moonshine, his only real thought was to make his way, rampaging as he traveled, to their homestead. The Bledsons gave him enough of their Blackfire Whiskey to kill a horse, and thoroughly numb the senses of a Garou. Then they took his fetish and sold it in Knoxville to a company called Smoky Mountain Futures. (Even in a drunken haze, Crier was able to retain part of the conversation going on around him at the Bledsons.) After that, the Bledsons



decided to take Crier to their "secret place" and introduce him to the source of their power.

Badwater Bane

Willpower 6, Gnosis 6, Power 40

Charms: Airt Sense, Blighted Touch, Flood, Possession

This is a slightly more powerful version of the Bane listed in Chapter Five. There are three of them.

Scene Nine: Moonshine and Manhunting

If the characters kill Crier before he has a chance to tell them of the fate of Mammoth's Bone, there are still some ways in which they can pick up its trail once more. On their way to the Bledsons, some of the Cauderells stopped to speak with the Bledson women and learned that a load of moonshine was on its way to Tennessee in a car driven by the last remaining Bledson male (assuming that the characters have slain the other Bledson fomori). Both the Cauderells and Caitlin will again testify that they have heard that the 'shine distilled by the Bledsons is vile stuff, and that wherever a load of it is delivered, there seems to be a distinct increase in violence and "sheer devilry" for a time.

If the characters do not have a vehicle of their own, the Cauderells will offer to let them borrow one of theirs.

The atmosphere of this scene is enhanced if it takes place at night. US 25E runs from Corbin, Kentucky through Cumberland Gap. The characters should feel the creepiness of traveling along dangerous mountain roads, lit only by Luna's fickle beams.

The Bledsons' vehicle should come into view just as the characters near the Gap.



At this point they can begin to do some serious “catching-up.” **Werewolf: The Apocalypse** provides rules for conducting high speed car chases under “Stunt Driving.” Using these guidelines, the Storyteller should make this scene as exciting as possible (or, failing that, as brief as possible). The characters should catch up with — and get a chance to finish off — the last of the Bledsons. Before they do, however, they may want to get enough information from him to allow them to continue the chase. The fomor will inform the characters that their “damned bone” has been sold to Smoky Mountain Futures in Knoxville. If the Bledson fomor dies before the characters find out this necessary piece of information, they can discover a card for Smoky Mountain Futures in the glove compartment of the Bledsons’ vehicle. The name Aaron Sterling appears on the card as well, listing him as manager of SMF and as a “dealer in valuable antiquities.”

Ending Kentucky Moonshine

This story ends with the fetich thief dead or captured. Although the characters do not yet have the fetich, they should derive some sense of victory from learning the fetich’s history and from their defeat of the Bledsons and the possible reclamation of a Hellhole from the Wyrms. The next obvious step for the characters is to travel to Knoxville and attempt to locate Mammoth’s Bone before it changes hands once again.

Tennessee Waltz

Scene One: Big City Blues

The characters should arrive in Knoxville following the information gleaned from the end of the previous story: namely, that the fetich being sought after by both the Garou and the minions of the Wyrms has made its way to Knoxville.

Knoxville is a large city (relatively speaking), and the pack may wish to garner some assistance in their quest by getting in touch with the local Garou. If they don’t and begin immediately nosing about the city searching for the location of Smoky Mountain Futures, they will attract the attention of the members of the Patchwork Quilt, who are also investigating the company. The characters will probably be spotted by Backalley (the pack member most likely to be “on the streets” when the characters arrive in town). Backalley’s traits are listed in Chapter Three under Appalachian Bone Gnawers. Unless the pack is careful to ask permission to pursue their search, they may find themselves challenged by these city Garou.

The Patchwork Quilt will be reluctant to take the characters to their caern, since they are very protective of it, but will agree to a first meeting at Hannigan’s, a bar in Old City.

Scene Two: Urban Politics, Garou-Style

Hannigan's is an Irish/country pub/saloon in Knoxville's Old City. When the characters arrive, Backalley will be waiting to take them to a back room where Glass Walker Megan Alexander and her pack have already assembled. (Megan's traits are listed in Chapter Three under Appalachian Glass Walkers.) Even if the characters are properly respectful and ask for help from Megan's pack, the assistance of the Patchwork Quilt will not be given without a price. Because they are keenly aware of the disregard in which most city Garou are held by their wilderness cousins, the Patchwork Quilt will challenge the characters to a "deed," ostensibly to prove their merit. In actuality, Megan and her packmates would like other Garou to experience first-hand the very real threat that lurks less than 25 miles from Knoxville. Among their other duties, the Patchwork Quilt has devoted itself to keeping watch over the Hellhole created by the presence of the Oak Ridge nuclear laboratory.

The nature of the deed is simple, on the surface. The characters need only walk across the grounds of the facility, taking note of what is there. Midway through their journey, they must enter the Umbra and continue their sight-seeing tour from the other side of the Gauntlet. The Patchwork Quilt will warn the characters not to actually enter any of the buildings on the site. They need only cross the grounds around the facility.

There are a number of reasons why the characters should accept the Patchwork Quilt's challenge. First and foremost, the search for Mammoth's Bone requires that the characters do whatever is necessary to ensure that they locate the fetish, even submit to a challenge by a pack of Urrah. The challenge itself may involve matters of pride and pack honor, not to mention glory at having successfully traversed dangerous territory. (Whether or not such a deed would add to the pack's reputation for wisdom is another matter entirely....)

Since the Patchwork Quilt really needs the assistance of Garou from outside the city in solving one of their own problems, they will do whatever they must to encourage the characters to accept their challenge — including insulting the courage and determination of the visiting Garou. It is possible for the characters to refuse the Patchwork Quilt's challenge, but it should be clear that finding Mammoth's Bone will be much easier with the good will and assistance of local Garou.

Scene Three: Waltzing through the Fire

Once the characters agree to the challenge, the Patchwork Quilt will escort them to the intersection of State Road 95 and Bethel Valley Road, on the edge of the grounds of the Oak Ridge Nuclear Laboratory and its adjacent facilities. The Knoxville Garou will explain that

the characters need only follow Bethel Valley Road until they reach the University of Tennessee Arboretum. The Patchwork Quilt will be waiting at the intersection of Bethel Valley Road and State Route 62, just down the road from the arboretum.

The distance the characters will have to travel is less than five miles along a roughly straight line from west to east. Their journey will take them past two of the buildings which make up the heart of the Oak Ridge complex — the ORNL building itself and, across the road, the Graphite Reactor, which is the oldest still-operating nuclear facility in the world.

These buildings are actually complexes made up of several adjoining structures. They appear solid, austere and institutionally ugly. To the physical senses, the land around these sites seems ordinary — green lawns separate the buildings from the road, and the Appalachian foothills can be seen against the sky in the distance. Successful uses of the Gifts Sense Wyrms or Sense the Unnatural (difficulty of 5) will detect significant Wyrms taint — both residual and current — particularly near the actual buildings. The characters may also notice the prevalence of barbed wire fencing which blocks access to any streams running through the grounds as well as signs warning passers-by to avoid all contact with the water. The proliferation of manmade structures, including parking lots, should be an automatic tip-off to the presence of the Weaver as well.

Oak Ridge in the Umbra

At some point, the characters must make their decision to traverse the Gauntlet and enter the Umbra. The Gauntlet varies between 8 (in the grassy areas between the road and the buildings) and 9 (near the buildings themselves) throughout the Oak Ridge complex. Once the characters enter the Umbra, they will experience the full force of the area's taint. The sky glows with an eerie green and orange phosphorescence, and the ground is cracked and barren, blackened by the corrupting presence of the Wyrms' minions who have made this Hellhole their home. A foul odor permeates the air, combining the worst elements of vegetable rot and carrion stench. Hot breezes whistle past the characters. Within this foul place, intermittent flashes of light (Umbral radiation) illuminate the characters, making their bones appear as dull red, heavy solid masses outlined against their almost-invisible skin (or fur). The characters may fear radiation poisoning, but when they leave the area, they will merely have a reddish, somewhat painful flush to their skins, as if they had been mildly sunburned. Nonetheless, the feeling remains for a day or so afterward, reminding them of their close brush with the Wyrms' emanations.

The two building complexes are gigantic, hideous constructs engulfed in strands of the Weaver's Web and twisted into malevolent parodies of their physical shapes by the visible presence of the Wyrms' corruption. It should be clear to the characters that the Patchwork Quilt's warning not to attempt to enter any of the buildings was meant to be taken

seriously. By merely viewing these grotesque paeans to the Wyrms, the characters will automatically gain a point of Rage.

While the characters are in the Umbra they will be attacked by a pair of Banes that hover along the fringes of the Hellhole. These particular creatures travel together, and although they are less powerful individually than most of their kind, the one-two punch they provide by operating in tandem should pose a challenge for the characters.

These are slightly weaker versions of the Banes described in **Book of the Wyrms**. The Storyteller may wish to adjust the number and type of Banes confronting the characters. The purpose of this encounter is to challenge the characters' combat abilities and to give them a chance to fight actual Wyrms creatures on hostile turf. The Garou, if they work together, should be able to defeat the Banes, although they may be in need of healing when the fight is over.

If the characters are foolish or reckless enough to disregard the warnings of the Patchwork Quilt and actually enter the buildings housing the nuclear facilities and the graphite reactor, they will be attacked by extremely powerful Balefire Banes (see **Book of the Wyrms** for descriptions and traits if this happens). Only one Balefire Bane will attack them at first, but if they do not take the hint and exit the building, others will swarm the pack. It is unlikely that the characters will survive this course of action.

Hogling (Smog Bane)

This creature takes the form of a thick cloud of noxious fumes that rolls through the air toward its target. The variety found around Oak Ridge glows with a sickly green luminescence.

Willpower 3, Rage 8, Gnosis 7, Power 30

Charms: Airt Sense, Reform, Shroud, Updraft (as Air Elemental)

H'ruggling (Sludge Bane)

This rolling pile of waste oozes toward its victims, leaving a trail of slime behind in its wake. It radiates an eerie yellow-orange glow.

Willpower 9, Rage 3, Gnosis 5, Power 25

Charms: Burrow, Odious Aroma, Avalanche, Gaia's Vengeance

The Patchwork Quilt will be waiting for the characters when they emerge from the Umbra after their "tour." At this point, the city Garou will be willing to assist the characters.

Scene Four: Trading Favors

Once the characters have successfully completed their challenge, The Patchwork Quilt will offer their assistance in return for a favor. Since the characters need to visit Smoky Mountain Futures in order to pursue their search for Mammoth's Bone, Megan will ask the visiting Garou to do some investigative work on behalf of the Patchwork Quilt.

Recently, Megan has noticed a spate of real estate dealings of interest, primarily because all the territory being purchased has involved land with cultural significance to the area. The Patchwork Quilt is concerned that this will contribute to the decline of local culture, which still values respect for the old ways. Megan, in particular, believes that cities can exist in harmony with Gaia and the Wyld, but not if they become sterile metropolises like the industrial megacities of the Northeast and Midwest. Smoky Mountain Futures seems to be in charge of this push for land redevelopment.

The company has the interest of some members of the Knoxville City Council and this support is what troubles Megan and her pack. Megan, herself, is an active lobbyist with various historical and cultural groups in the city and can't afford to jeopardize her considerable influence with local city planners by indulging in covert stealth actions or clandestine investigations. She will suggest that if the characters want her pack's permission and discreet assistance in investigating Smoky Mountain Futures, they might consider trying to discover some information for her as well. Both Megan and Miles Creighton, the pack's other Glass Walker, will admit that their attempts to hack into the company's records turned up no information. They suspect that Smoky Mountain Futures keeps its important records in paper files rather than in their computers.

Assuming the characters agree to help out the Knoxville Garou (and refusing to do so would be hard to imagine), they will be given the address of Smoky Mountain Futures if they don't already know it from their own preliminary investigation of phone books or other public information. If the characters decide to sneak into the company's office, Megan will offer to use her Computer Knowledge to bypass Smoky Mountain Futures' security system. If the characters wish to pose as land dealers, Backalley will use Streetwise to provide them with appropriate (forged) identification and credentials. Because they need to keep their noses clean, the Patchwork Quilt will not be able to supply the characters with additional personnel.

Scene Five: Smoky Mountain Futures : Limited

The offices of Smoky Mountain Futures are located in downtown Knoxville, not far from Old City. The interior of the historic building which houses the company has been modernized with the latest in office furnishings and equip-



ment. Oddly disturbing modern art hangs on the walls alongside architects' renderings of "future Knoxville." These portrayals of a modern Knoxville present images of a sterile, ultra-modern metropolis in which the color green has no place.

If the pack chooses to approach the building during office hours (10 a.m. to 6 p.m.), they will probably interact with one of the secretaries, who will attempt to give them an appointment with her boss, Aaron Sterling for the following day. A successful use of the Gift: Persuasion or three successes on a Manipulation + Subterfuge (or Fast Talk) roll (difficulty 6) will convince the secretary to give them an immediate interview with Sterling — provided the characters can present convincing credentials. (If they don't have Backalley's forged credentials, they cannot get an appointment at all, unless one of the characters is a businessperson with a convincing reason for being there.)

Sterling is an affable enough person, although as a transplant from New Jersey, his fast-talking Yankee ways can be offputting to many mountaineers. If the characters gain access to Sterling under the pretense of being interested in purchasing land, he will make no immediate commitments and will insist on running a credit check on the prospective buyers.

The characters will have to actually get a look at the company's records in order to get any further information about the business itself. They can either do this the "quick

and dirty" way, by using brute force to compel Sterling to open his files, or they can visit the office after hours.

They will need to succeed in a Dexterity + Security or Streetwise roll (difficulty 7) to bypass the building's security system unless they have made previous arrangements with the Patchwork Quilt. Otherwise, they will alert the local police by setting off an alarm.

Entering the office through the Umbra requires traversing a Gauntlet of 8, but leaves no traces of forced entry. Since Smoky Mountain Futures has its offices downtown, the Umbra is dominated by evidence of the Weaver. Buildings are masses of cobwebs and Pattern Spiders dart in and out among the strands of the Weaver's Web. Because of its age, the building which houses Smoky Mountain Futures has a physical presence in the Umbra, but it is a sterile gray structure marked by signs of the Weaver. The characters may encounter a Pattern Spider within the confines of the building.

Once the characters gain access to the building's interior, however, they will be home free. A successful Intelligence + Investigation roll will locate the files they need. However, these files do not exist in the Umbra. The characters must step back into the physical world to find them. This will set off the motion alarms in the building, alerting the police. If the pack gains aid from the Patchwork Quilt, the interior alarms will be shut down temporarily (for an hour at the most).

The information which will help pinpoint the whereabouts of the fetish as well as provide Megan and her pack with

the hard facts they need about the business behind the business of land development. This information is contained in paper files only, not on a computer.

In addition to their purchase of buildings and land with historical and cultural significance, Smoky Mountain Futures is buying up land around the city rumored to have once been inhabited by local tribes of Native Americans and is sponsoring digs on these plots. The excavations going on in these acquired lands, while providing the groundwork for several housing developments and industrial parks, doubles as a means of searching for artifacts from the pre-European days.

A ledger detailing a number of transactions between Sterling and various local antique collectors and regional museums tells the tale of a man who is interested only in making as much money as possible. The desecration of sacred ground means nothing to him compared to the sale price for pre-Colombian artifacts.

The pack can find an entry in this ledger describing a "bone sliver, thought to be that of a mammoth, on a leather thong." There is no indication that the object has been sold, so the characters can safely conclude that Mammoth's Bone is still in Sterling's possession. Whether they attempt to locate and steal the fetish or attempt to acquire it through more legitimate means is up to them.

Sterling's office contains a sturdy wall safe. Three successes on Dexterity + Enigmas is required to solve the combination to the safe. Otherwise, a Strength Feat may be attempted to open it. The fetish, wrapped in a silk cloth for protection, is inside the safe.

It is possible for the pack to buy Mammoth's Bone from Sterling — provided they have access to anywhere from \$35-50,000. Unless one of the characters has Resources 5, they will have to get the money some other way. If the pack contains any Glass Walkers or has a computer expert among them, they may be able to hack their way into a fortune. If they have acquired copies of Smoky Mountain Futures files and can deliver the information on land purchases to the Patchwork

Quilt, either Megan or Miles will use their talents to fund the pack.

Acquiring the fetish through strongarm tactics or appearing to Sterling in Crinos form and demanding that he turn it over to them also present viable options, though they may leave Sterling somewhat the worse for wear both mentally and physically.

After the pack has gotten Mammoth's Bone, they will be invited to meet once more with members of the Patchwork Quilt at Hannigan's.

Scene Six: An Evening with Jack Diamond

The band performing when the characters arrive for their meeting is Jack Diamond and the Ruff. Jack is a lanky, personable young man with a resonant voice. His music consists of a combination of country rock and Irish-Appalachian folk rock. He will approach the characters during a break (having seen them before as Jack the Whistler and knowing something of their search) and tells them that he has a song for them which he will perform at the beginning of his next set. This eerie ballad tells the tale of Moriah Tallman, and should pique the characters' interest. After his set, Jack will present the characters with a copy of the ballad and will suggest that if they are looking for a place to take their new "acquisition," they would do well to travel to the Blue Ridge Mountains of western North Carolina to track down Moriah's restless spirit. He will also tell them that their first stop in North Carolina should be at the home of Soaring Eagle in Big Cove. Before he takes his leave of the characters, Jack will tell them that the bone needs to be taken to the place where it last disappeared from Garou kenning.

His obvious familiarity with the characters' quest and his use of words like "Garou" may arouse suspicions about his true nature. As in Kentucky Waltz, a successful use of Scent of the True Form will reveal him as a changeling. Three successes on a Perception + Primal-Urge roll (difficulty 7) will detect that he smells like Jack the Whistler. By the time these tests have been performed, however, Jack will be gone (using his eshu power of Wayfare to disappear quickly).

Ending Tennessee Waltz

This story ends with the characters in possession of Mammoth's Bone. Any character attuning herself to the fetish will know its powers as described in the Story Synopsis. If the characters do not head for the Blue Ridge Mountains, they will begin having a series of disturbing dreams involving a burning house and the death cries of a woman and her children. They will realize that there is still some unfinished business that needs to be taken care of.

Pattern Spider

This minion of the Weaver looks like a large spider. Although its primary function is to spin and maintain the strands of the Weaver's Pattern Web, it will also attack any creature it perceives as a threat to its work.

Willpower 6, Rage 4, Gnosis 6,
Power 25

Charms: Calcify, Solidify Reality



Carolina Moon

Scene One: Raven Mockers

The characters will need to travel to the Qualla Boundary Reservation, on the North Carolina side of the Great Smokies National Park, to get to the small town of Big Cove. They will be able to get directions from some of the locals to the home of Soaring Eagle, who has a reputation as a healer and a keeper of the old ways of the Cherokee. As the characters arrive at the modest home of Soaring Eagle, however, they will sense that something is wrong. Sense Wyrms will detect a strong Wyrms-presence inside the house. The pack is about to meet up with some of the most fearsome monsters from Cherokee legend.

A group of seven Raven Mockers has gathered near the modest home of Soaring Eagle, drawn by the Dreamspeaker's illness (a lingering flu). The elderly shaman lies in a trance on his bed, performing a ritual of self-healing. Although Soaring Eagle had taken certain precautions (such as burning cedar wood) to protect himself, his supply of cedar is gone and these creatures have moved in for the kill. The characters will arrive just as the Raven Mockers are prepar-

ing to swarm the helpless shaman and drain him of his remaining years of life. If the characters are willing to help fend off these creatures, they will earn the gratitude of Soaring Eagle and, ultimately, the Uktena of the Sept of the Seven Clans.

Soaring Eagle will thank the characters and will then ask them why they knew to come to him. He will make it clear that he recognizes them as Garou (he is able to use his magick to perceive their true forms). If they tell him that they were told to seek him out, he will listen to their tale. He will ask them if they have had dreams, and if they tell him of the burning house and the dying woman and children, he will interpret the dreams to mean that they must seek out the site of the tragedy and find a way to ease the spirit who is calling to them for help. He will also tell the characters that if they want to know about local legends, they need to find a singer named Johnny O'Dell. Despite the fact that he is a white man, he respects the old ways and knows many stories.

Details on the Raven Mockers' appearance, Traits and motivations are given in Chapter Five. Raven Mockers are cowards when outnumbered. If more than half of them are defeated, the others will deMaterialize and flee into the Umbra.

The Wind in the Hollows ("Moriah's Song")

— by Jack Diamond

Oh, dig my grave and let me sleep
Where the mountains mourn and the winds do weep
And above my breast let the poppies grow
And o'er my head let the cold winds blow
Let the wind in the hollows sing high and low
Let the wind in the hollows sing low

I had a love and he gave to me
A treasure fine from his legacy
I made a vow by the moon above
That his gift I'd keep in the name of love
Let the wind in the hollows sing high and low
Let the wind in the hollows sing low

Then the cold winds came and my love grew still
And I laid him down 'neath the lonely hill
And I turned my face to the western sky
And I bid farewell to the days gone by
Let the wind in the hollows sing high and low
Let the wind in the hollows sing low

He left no fortune to call my own
Just a pair of babes and a piece of bone
With a heavy heart and a dreary load
I set my feet on the western road
Let the wind in the hollows sing high and low
Let the wind in the hollows sing low

"Kind sir, kind sir, if you pity me
Take this piece of bone from my legacy
It's a token rare and a treasure fine
It is all I have of what once was mine."
Let the wind in the hollows sing high and low
Let the wind in the hollows sing low

"That worthless bone is no treasure rare
But a pauper's dream borne upon the air"
So I took my babes and I went back home
Where the night bird sings and the winds do moan
Let the wind in the hollows sing high and low
Let the wind in the hollows sing low

In the dark of night came a howling cry
"Give us what you have or your babes will die"
"By the moon that shines over yonder tree,
No treasure of mine will you take from me"
Let the wind in the hollows sing high and low
Let the wind in the hollows sing low

Now the cold winds blow o'er my lonely bed
But I walk the lands of the restless dead
Never will my soul know the peaceful sleep
All for a vow that I could not keep
Let the wind in the hollows sing high and low
Let the wind in the hollows sing low

Oh, dig my grave and let me sleep

where the mountains mourn and the winds do weep

and above my breast let the poppies grow

and o'er my head let the cold winds blow

Let the wind in the hollows sing high and low

Let the wind in the hollows sing low





Soaring Eagle, Uktena Kinfolk

Nature: Visionary
Demeanor: Caregiver

Essence: Questing
Tradition: Dreamspeaker
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5
Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Empathy 4
Skills: Animal Ken 3, Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Performance 2, Stealth 3
Knowledges: Cosmology 3, Enigmas 4, Garou Lore 3, Linguistics 3, Medicine 4, Occult 4, Spirit Lore 4
Backgrounds: Allies 4, Avatar 5, Resources 1
Spheres: Life 3, Mind 4, Prime 4, Spirit 3
Willpower: 8
Arete: 8
Quintessence: 6
Paradox: 2

Image: Soaring Eagle is an elderly Cherokee male in extremely good physical condition (when not overcome by illness). His long hair has just gone completely gray, but his eyes are as youthful as a brave's. He dresses casually unless he is performing an official ritual or a traditional ceremony.

Roleplaying Notes: You are proud and dignified, but not without humor. Hide your natural arrogance behind a self-deprecatory wit. Speak slowly and methodically. Make others wait for you to voice your thoughts completely. Chide them for their impatience if they interrupt you.

History: Soaring Eagle was initiated into the Dreamspeaker Tradition at the age of fourteen, when his Avatar suddenly Awakened. Later, the young shaman attended medical school so that he could master as many

forms of healing as possible. Soaring Eagle knows of his Uktena blood and is proud of his status as Kinfolk. He is prouder of the small pack of wolves under his care, who serve to keep the lupus blood strong among the local Uktena. Despite his abilities to stave off disease in himself, he sometimes feels it necessary to allow his body to exercise only its natural abilities. His recent decision to do so has proven a costly one.

Scene Three: Johnny O'Dell

Finding Johnny O'Dell will be as easy or as difficult as the Storyteller wishes to make it. Since the singer/storyteller is actually the eshu Jack the Whistler or Jack Diamond, most likely he will find the characters. Johnny has been performing in the town of Cherokee, playing a variety of country ballads and traditional folk songs interspersed with mountain stories and Native American tales. If the characters attend one of his concerts and seek him out afterwards, he will pretend not to recognize them. He will, however, gladly agree to a session of storyswapping.

(At the Storyteller's discretion, this could be an excuse to introduce players to the art of telling stories by suggesting that each Garou character relate some folk tale or story for the entertainment of the group.)

Johnny will finally relate the sad tale of Moriah Tallman, locating her death site in the area near Boone, North Carolina, not far from the Sept of the Grandfather. If the characters have not already realized that Johnny O'Dell is also Jack Diamond and Jack the Whistler, they will get another chance to do so at this time.

In any case, Johnny should provide the characters with enough information to send them in search of Moriah's ghost. He will ask if he can accompany them in order to see how Moriah's story finally ends.

Scene Four: Moriah's Ghost

Both the story and chronicle culminate with this scene. Ideally, for greatest effect, the encounter with the ghost of Moriah Tallman should occur after dark. The road to Boone, a narrow two-lane highway that passes through farmlands bordered on either side by mountains, is dark and spooky, as the silhouettes of trees against the night sky form a silent gauntlet between which the characters must travel.

The Storyteller should work to create an atmosphere of eerie anticipation during the trip to Moriah's deathsite. The haunting call of a whippoorwill or the chilling cry of a screech owl piercing the otherwise silent evening can imbue the night with an appropriate level of creepiness.

The fetish, as it grows nearer to the spot where its last guardian died, will begin to exert a definite pull, and the characters should have no trouble locating the ruins of the Tallman farmhouse. Only a few pieces of the foundation remain, and they are overgrown by weeds and kudzu. In addition, if the characters are traveling by car, the vehicle's

headlights suddenly fade and the car's engine dies. They have reached their destination.

It is here that the characters may attempt to contact Moriah. The Storyteller should pull out all the stops in describing the encounter between the characters and Moriah's wraith. Not realizing that the characters are anything more than the usual sightseers, Moriah will initially attempt to drive them away when they approach the ruins of her farmhouse. A breeze springs up out of nowhere accompanied by an ear-shattering scream. Sounds of mournful sobbing escalate into anguished screams and small sticks and stones begin flying around the characters. As they near the burnt-out foundations of the house, the wind takes on a searing heat, sucking the oxygen out of the air momentarily as the ground beneath the characters bursts into flame, surrounding them in a circle of fire. The Garou will need to make Rage rolls to avoid a fox frenzy. Those who succeed will notice that, strangely enough, the flames seem hot but do not appear to burn either the grass or anything else they touch.

Slowly rising from the center of the ruins, a pale, translucent figure of a woman dressed in turn-of-the-century clothing (a long homespun dress and bonnet) and wreathed in insubstantial flames materializes before the characters, her right hand held out expectantly. As she burns before them, she whispers, "Give me the bone." The characters may attempt to reason with her or may wish to ascertain her intentions, but she will not negotiate. She continues to repeat, "Give me the bone. I must take care of it."

If the characters refuse, they will find themselves unable to leave the fiery circle. The earth around them erupts, throwing large rocks in their way, and nearby trees crash to the ground, blocking their escape. The longer they hesitate, the more the violence grows, accompanied by louder and more terrifying shrieks and screams. Moriah has waited long enough. She cannot let them go without giving her the bone which traps her in never-ending agony.

In the end, the characters will simply have to make a leap of faith. If the pack decides to give the fetish to her, one of Moriah's hands will fully materialize and take the fetish. After a few seconds, she will then offer it to the characters, thus fulfilling her charge and resolving this bit of unfinished business. (Storytellers and players familiar with **Wraith: the Oblivion** will recognize this as a resolution of one of Moriah's "Fetters," and a necessary step for her to achieve Transcendence.)

During this scene, Johnny O'Dell will remain on the sidelines, neither helping or hindering the characters. He is sincere about his desire to see the conclusion to Moriah's tale and he will not try to influence the course of events in any way.

Once Moriah has discharged her duty, the characters will see her pale form turn away from them and disappear in the distance, calling out "Jeannie! Michah! Where are you? Come on home, now. It's too cold to be out playing..."

as her image fades. No longer a trapped, failed guardian, she is only a mother searching for her lost children. Her burden has been passed to the characters.

Roleplaying games being what they are, not every story necessarily ends with a definitive ending. The players may be so spooked that they do everything in their power to flee. In this case, the Storyteller should throw obstacles in their path to prevent this (falling trees, etc.), but allow it if the players will have it no other way.

However, the characters will be haunted ever after by images of the fetish's past. Visions of Moriah's children screaming and burning in the house will waken them in the weeks, months or years to come. This is not actually Moriah haunting the fetish; it is the fetish which is cursed. Only when the fetish is returned to Moriah will the nightmares end. Only then will the fetish cease to be cursed. Moriah is bound to this site by her Fetter, so the story can take place years later if necessary (although hopefully not).

Moriah Tallman, Failed Protector

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Penitent

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Intimidation 1

Skills: Cooking 2, Etiquette 3, Weaving 4

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (local) 2, Finance 1, Herbalism 2, Occult 1, Stealth 2

Backgrounds: Haunt 2, Memoriam 1

Passions: Atone for failure (Guilt) 4, Find her children (Love) 3

Arcanos: Argos 1, Embody 3, Pandemonium 3

Fetters: Deathsite, 3; Mammoth's Bone, 3; Wedding ring, 2; Husband's grave, 2

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 8

Shadow: Martyr

Angst: 7

Thorns: Death's Sigil (burning odor)

Shadow Passions: Punish herself (Despair) 4, Abandon her children (Guilt) 2

Image: Moriah appears as a thin woman in her 30s with dark hair parted in the middle and held in a bun at her neck. She has a plain, not unpretty, face with a long, straight nose and sad, dark eyes. She wears a black mourning dress from the turn of the century.

Roleplaying Notes: Your children need you but you must pay for the promise you broke. You must wait here until someone comes along and brings back the piece of bone that has caused you so much pain. Your children are too young to be alone in the darkness, and you cannot go to them until you are free.



History: Moriah's life has been detailed in the story synopsis. Since her murder, she has confined herself to her deathsite, waiting in perpetual guilt for a chance to atone for her failure to guard Mammoth's Bone. She is also afraid that the ones to whom the relic belongs will want to punish her. She is torn between her desire for atonement and her fear of retribution.

Scene Seven: Mammoth

Although the chronicle has ended, there is an epilogue. The characters may decide to return to the Sept of the Moon's Blessing with the fetish or to go to one of the other Appalachian caerns. Once the pack arrives at a place where they feel safe, they will be visited by the spirit of Mammoth, who will commend them for their persistence and reward them with an additional point of permanent Gnosis. Before leaving, the ancient totem spirit will repeat the warning originally given to the Croatan Theurge who first received the fetish.

Ending Carolina Moon

The characters will finally need to decide what to do with Mammoth's Bone. Because it is extremely powerful, it will continue to attract all kinds of unwanted attention unless it is protected within the wards of a caern or hidden in the Umbra. The Storyteller should encourage players to consider carefully what use their characters will make of this fetish, but should abide by their decision.

If the characters come from European tribes, the assistance they provided Soaring Eagle will present them with an opportunity to attempt to soothe some of the old antagonisms between the Uktena and the other Garou.

Recovering the fetish will garner considerable renown for the characters. Their deeds will be sung and howled through all the septs of Appalachia if they succeed. They may suddenly find themselves in demand as regional troubleshooters.

Other Story Ideas for Appalachia

Wolves in the Park

The survival of the red wolf in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park is an ongoing concern. Wolves have many enemies, not the least of whom are humans who still believe in the legends of "man-eating" wolves. The Spectre known as the Trapper has decided to destroy the current pack of red wolves released into the Smokies. To this end, he has possessed a local cattle breeder and has begun hunting down the wolves. Characters may encounter the Trapper in a number of ways: by being shot at by him if they assume Lupus form for a run through the woods; by intercepting a panicked wolf fleeing from the Trapper's gun; or by searching for the mysterious hunter of wolves who has begun to wage war on the wolf pack.

Complications will arise due to the fact that the possessed individual does not remember his actions if confronted with evidence of his deeds. Discovering the Trapper's existence will involve a great deal of observation and some knowledge of the Occult or of Spirit Lore. But how to kill a ghost?

Blackwater

Many communities are making attempts to clean up the rivers of Appalachia. Other groups are more interested in making certain that the rivers remain polluted. The Black Spiral Square Dancers have a vested interest in the continued defilement of the Pigeon River. News of recent attempts to sabotage clean-up efforts along its banks will lead the characters to a discovery of the Hive of the Dead Pigeon and to a head-to-head confrontation with the Black Spiral pack.

Urban "Renewal"

Campaigns to revitalize and develop some of Appalachia's larger cities may stem from ulterior motives. The sudden influx of a large number of individuals in combination with a massive urban development campaign in one of the many small towns in Appalachia may arouse the interest of local Garou, particularly when the unsolved murder rate in the town skyrockets. Investigations will turn up evidence that a vampire, along with her ghouls, has decided to stake out territory for herself in the relatively unclaimed Appalachian wilderness. She has manipulated the town's rapid population growth in order to ensure a steady food supply. The characters may discover this through the death of one of their Kinfolk or through reading about a blood-draining serial killer in the newspapers. Discovery of the vampire may spark a search for other Leeches in Appalachia.

A Storyteller wishing to emphasize that not all Appalachian Kindred are enemies of the Garou may wish to adapt this idea for use in a **Vampire-Werewolf** crossover.

Whitewater Spirits

Recently, Bright Otter's (see Chapter Four) pranks have nearly cost the lives of several whitewater rafters, including some of the characters' Kinfolk, who claimed to have seen a little girl dancing about in the middle of the raging currents as if she were playing in a backyard pool. Investigations may result in the characters' discovery of the existence of the Water

People. How the Garou treat these mischievous changelings and what they do to convince Bright Otter to stop teasing mortals can evolve into either a Garou-Nunnehi alliance or a war between changelings and the Changing Breed.

Roadside Attraction

A young Garou cub has gone missing. He was last seen at a local roadside attraction stand which touts snake handlers and sells all sorts of roadside consumer kitsch (banjo playing frog statues, etc.). The stand, actually a house leading to a cavern complex, is run by the Reverend Cletus Smith, a snakehandler himself. He has cages of snakes all over the property, but does the actual performances in the caves (a path is well-lit for tourists to find their way) at noon, three o'clock in the afternoon, and ten o'clock at night.

Cletus is actually Black Spiral Dancer Kinfolk. His performances are for the benefit of his cousins, who hide in the caves watching the tourists. Occasionally, they will leap out and make a snack of the visiting nuclear family (mom, pop, son, daughter and dog, too). Cletus then sends the family car off a nearby cliff, leaving authorities to believe the family plunged to their deaths, with their bodies eaten by wild animals.

The young cub wandered into the performance and was kidnapped by Black Spirals, who plan to make him dance their labyrinth soon. Can the player characters figure out what's going on in time to save her?

Bear Necessities

Wolves in zoos sometimes give birth to Garou cubs, and local Garou try to discover these cubs before they experience their First Change in captivity. A group of Garou who act as regular monitors for the Knoxville Zoo witness a rare event: a yearling bear cub experiences a traumatic transformation which reveals her to be the first Gurahl born in many, many years. The characters must locate one of the elusive werebears and deliver the new Gurahl to those who can raise her properly.

The search will not be easy, for it will involve confronting the inborn distrust between Gurahl and Garou. Success could open the door for alliances between the Garou and others of the Changing Breed.



Appendix: Appalachia in Song and Symbol

...and those are right scary songs, with bloody last verses to them. I wondered myself who it was had made them up such songs, and why folks liked to hear them so much.

— Manly Wade Wellman, *The Lost and the Lurking*

Secrets in Songs

*Don't sing love songs, you'll wake my mother
She's sleeping here right by my side
And in her right hand's a silver dagger
She says that I can't be your bride*

— “Silver Dagger,” traditional Appalachian folk tune

Many of the ballads found in the mountains of Appalachia are versions of songs native to Scotland and Ireland. Ballad structures rely on repeated refrains or stock phrases, and often tell dark stories in cryptic language, relying on innuendo and implications. Their longevity and the relative purity of their forms indicates some other motivations behind their structure than simply telling a story of (pick one) madness, murder, adultery, suicide, incest, etc. Some of the nonsense refrains seem almost ritualistic, while the salient details of other ballads seem descriptive of rites or sacrifices. Considering the fact that these ballads date from as early as the 1600s and come from a time when the Church in England and Ireland was adamant in its pursuit of witches and pagans, it is not unbelievable that the ballads were used as a way of preserving crucial beliefs or rituals under the noses of the Inquisition.

The ballad “Silver Dagger” seems to contain cryptic references to the Garou in its opening verse. The Impergium left humans with bitter, though obscured memories of a time when they were considered little more than breeding stock for the Garou. The “silver dagger” used by the mother in the ballad to protect her daughter indicates that a few individuals, at least, knew the effectiveness of silver weapons against the Changing Breed.

The bloody end of “Matty Groves,” (variously known as “Matthy Groves,” “Lord Musgrave,” and “Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard”) describes the proper way to kill a vampire. Although the ballad itself appears to relate the adulterous affair between a noblewoman and a commoner, the gory details of the nobleman’s revenge suggest that more lies behind the tale than a simple morality lesson.

*He took his wife by her lily-white hand,
He led her into the hall,
He drew his sword, cut off her head
And kicked it against the wall.*

— “Matthy Groves,” traditional ballad

References in ballads to the uses of certain herbs, flowers or trees suggests that these songs may have been used to preserve forbidden knowledge of these natural materials in an age when the Church attempted to eradicate all vestiges of druidic or pagan rituals. Folk ballads passed down vital information about herbal remedies; the sketchy allusions suggest, moreover, that these songs may have served as mnemonic triggers meant to call to mind instructions and rituals that could not be safely written down.

There is a herb in father's garden

And some they call it rue.

The fish will dive, the swallow fly,

But a man will never be true.

— "Good-Morning My Pretty Little Miss," traditional ballad

O down in yon valley there grows a green willow;

I wish it were across my breast.

It might cut off all grief and sorrow

And set my troubled mind at rest.

— "Arise! Arise!," traditional ballad

The use of willow bark and leaves to control fevers and calm the mind and rue's effectiveness in controlling blood circulation (including menstrual flow) were known to midwives, many of whom were members of the Verbena Tradition.

Lady Marg'ret was buried in the old churchyard,

Sweet William was buried close by;

And out of her there sprung a red rose

And out of him a brier.

They grew so tall and they grew so high

They scarce could grow any higher;

And there they tied in a true lover's knot,

The red rose and the brier.

— "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," traditional ballad

The "lover's knot" made of entwined roses and briers figures in several ballads. In "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," two lovers die and are buried in a "churchyard," indicative of the prevalence of Christian ceremony. The symbols of love that grow from their graves, however, suggests the persistence of pagan beliefs that underlie the trappings of the dominant religion.

Several ballads refer to faeries, most commonly in the form of "elfin knights" and contain either clues as to how to recognize the children of the Dreaming as well as how to attract or avoid them.

Go tell him to clear me one acre of ground,

Setherwood, sale, rosemary and thyme,

Betwixt the sea and the sealand side

And then he'll be a true lover of mine.

— "The Lovers' Tasks" ("The Elfin Knight"), traditional ballad

He followed her up, he followed her down

And into the room where she lay;

She had not the power to flee from his arms,

Nor the tongue to answer him Nay.

— "The Outlandish Knight" ("Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight"), traditional ballad

The repeating nonsense refrains of many ancient ballads may not, in fact, be nonsense at all; druids and priests of ancient religions often used chants of apparently meaningless syllables to focus their magick. Attaching these forbidden incantations as choruses to popular ballads made it possible to preserve them and pass them along to new generations. Think of "Fa la la la la, la la, la la," when next you sing "Deck the Halls," a "Yuletide" (not Christmas) carol which seems to describe pagan or druidic rituals for greeting the new year. Over time, however, many of these choruses became corrupted and no longer have the same effect as the original chants.

There were two crows sat on a tree,

Lardy hip tie hoddy ho ho,

There were two crows sat on a tree,

And they were black as crows could be.

Lardy hardy hip tie hoddy ho ho.

— "The Two Crows" ("The Three Ravens"), traditional ballad

Storytellers with an interest in the origin of folk ballads may find ways to build stories around discovering the true meaning behind the ancient lyrics, now altered by time and fading memories. A comprehensive book of Appalachian or Irish ballads can supply any number of ideas for linking together song and story.

Fetishes and Talens

Caern Fetish

Level (half the totem cost), Gnosis (varies)

This fetish comes in many varieties. Its purpose is to allow the Gatekeeper of a caern to communicate directly with the totem spirit of that caern. To do so, the Garou activates the fetish and may ask one question of the totem. This may be performed only once per moon phase. Caern fetishes usually contain something associated with the totem spirit, such as a feather from a bird totem, the hair of an animal, or a piece of rock.

Dowsing Rod

Level 1, Gnosis 5

This forked stick of hazel, hickory, oak, ash or yew is useful in locating particularly unspoiled areas (such as likely sites for caerns). It must be activated, and the user must concentrate in a distraction-free atmosphere for its power to work properly. If the rod is passed over a spot where there is significant Wyrms taint, it has a chance of shattering. (The Storyteller should roll the rod's Gnosis; on a botch, the rod will snap and be useless ever after.)

Madstone

Level 3, Gnosis 5

This is a stone taken from an unpolluted place (like a clear river, a hidden cave, or an inaccessible clearing). When it is activated and placed upon a poisoned wound (such as from a snakebite or from a toxic Wyrms-creature), it will draw out

the poison as if the Gift: Resist Toxin had been used. It will also cure rabies either in the victim of a bite from an infected animal or in the animal itself.

Storybag

Level 2, Gnosis 5

This fetish is usually a cloth bag decorated by its maker with beads, embroidery, or colorful dyes. This useful item retains the important elements of stories which are spoken into the bag. Whenever a Garou attuned to the bag wishes to make certain that she remembers a particular story, she may activate the bag, which will release the highlights of that story into her mind. This adds an extra die to Expression or Performance rolls. Most Garou whose Kinfolk come from cultures which value oral storytelling have some version of this fetish.

Rites

Rite of Going to Water (Mystical)

Level One

This rite is a form of personal purification which takes its form from the Cherokee ritual called "going to water." Like the Rite of Cleansing, it removes existing contamination from the Garou performing the rite; it can, however, be used simply as a preparation for involvement in other rites. To perform this rite, the Garou must immerse herself in a stream or pond (running water is best, but not necessary) while expelling all inner impurities and worries in a howl of release. This rite is most commonly known to the Uktena and Wendigo.

System: This rite affects only the caster, although Garou who know the rite often "go to water" at the same time. If the rite is successful, the Garou can lower the difficulty of the next rite in which she participates by one. The Garou may "go to water" at any time, but the benefit conferred by the rite must be used within eight hours of its casting.

Rite of Thanksgiving (or the Green Corn Dance)

Level Two

This rite is based on the Green Corn Dance used by the Cherokee to celebrate the corn harvest. The Uktena use it to strengthen their ties with their Kinfolk and to remind themselves of their connections with human society. This rite is usually performed to the accompaniment of drums and howls.

System: This rite is usually led by a female Garou, often an elder, who represents both the Green Corn Woman and Gaia. She stands in the center of the circle of dancers, holding a torch that symbolizes the life-giving warmth of Gaia's bounty. Kinfolk are always invited to participate in this celebration and are vital to its performance. Regular performance of this rite by Garou and their Kinfolk increases the chances for the successful birth of Garou children among the participants.

Appalachian Totems

The Grandfather

Background Cost: 7

The Grandfather represents the protective nature of the mountain which bears its name. He symbolizes the wisdom that comes from extreme age as well as the solidity of a rock. He is a tolerant and hospitable spirit and will not abide petty bickering in his vicinity.

Traits: Each of Grandfather's children gains three dice to add in any combination to his or her social rolls once per story. In addition, individual pack members can add one to their Strength during any combat which takes place on solid ground, upon, or inside a mountain. Each pack member gains Athletics 2 when involved in rock climbing.

Ban: Grandfather's children must never be too hasty in judging others by their race, social group, or other distinguishing factor. Obvious enemies are excluded from this stricture.

Loon

Background Cost: 5

The loon is a rare visitor to the Appalachians, but its eerie call is sometimes heard in the region. A diving bird who thrives in colder climes, Loon is also noted for its playful antics.

Traits: Children of Loon gain Swimming 2, Athletics 2 and the Gift: Surface Attunement. In addition, pack members who thank Loon before seeking food from rivers and streams will never go away empty-handed. Besides enhancing the effects of traditional Garou Howls, Loon teaches her children a special howl. Known as the Cry of Awakening, this eerie wail evokes forgotten memories of past lives in any Garou who hear it (add one die to listener's Past Life rolls).

Ban: Those who honor Loon must seek ways to prevent the extinction of the species. Additionally, packs chosen by Loon must seek out opportunities to "play."

Mammoth (Totem)

Gilushti, the Strong Hairy One — the ancient mammoth. It meant wisdom and power and charm against evil.

— Manly Wade Wellman, *The Old Gods Waken*

Background Cost: 7

Mammoth is a powerful spirit whose children no longer walk the earth. This giant exists only in the Umbra. Mammoth symbolizes awesome power coupled with the ability to use that power wisely. Ancient humans once hunted the mammoth, which, like the buffalo, provided food and clothing for many individuals. Mammoth's bones were sometimes used in the building of shelters for early peoples.

Traits: Each of Mammoth's children gain Enigmas 2 and add two to their Strength. Once per season, his children can use the Gift: Summon the Great Beast, calling a mammoth to appear.

Ban: Children of Mammoth must never be bullies and must avoid the temptation to seek power for its own sake.

Mammoth (Great Beast)

Physical: Strength 10, Dexterity 5, Stamina 9

Social: Charisma 0, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 1, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 6, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 5

Abilities: Animal Ken 4

Rage 10, Gnosis 10, Willpower 10

Health: OK/OK/OK/OK/-1/-1/-2/-2/-3/-4/-5/
Incapacitated

Attacks: Mammoths can attack with tusks (Strength +3). Five or more successes with this attack indicates that the mammoth has impaled its victim and can subsequently hurl it into the air for additional damage upon landing. Mammoths can use their massive feet to trample (Strength +5). Like all Great Beasts, mammoths regenerate two Health Levels per round. If killed, they Reform in the Deep Umbra.

Along with other mega-fauna of the Ice Age, mammoths roamed the Southern Appalachians 12,000 years ago. Hunted by the Paleo-Indian peoples who first inhabited the region, mammoths became extinct as the Ice Age ended. When these beasts travel the earth, they tend to favor the territories where their herds once ranged freely. Attempts to summon them outside their natural environs increase the difficulty of the Gift by two unless the summoner is a child of Mammoth.

Although mammoths are not naturally aggressive, they are fierce defenders when attacked.

Opossum

Background Cost: 4

The only marsupial to thrive in North America, 'Possum is a wily survivor, able to exist in the wilderness as well as in cities. 'Possum has learned the value of deception in escaping dangerous situations, but when cornered she is a fierce adversary. Her immunity to snake venoms aids 'Possum's success in keeping the snake population under control.

Traits: Packs who follow 'Possum gain Stealth 3 and the Gift: Resist Toxin. In addition, each pack member gains automatic initiative when cornered or forced into combat.

Ban: Children of 'Possum must never kill one of her children. They must be particularly careful when driving, especially on rainy nights, and must attempt to decently dispose of any "roadkill" they encounter.

Red-cockaded Woodpecker

Background Cost: 4

This endangered bird makes her home in the sticky pine forests of the southeast. In Appalachia she lives in eastern Kentucky, one of her swiftly dwindling natural habitats. She is known for her tenacity and agility.

Traits: Each of Woodpecker's children gain Athletics 2 and Survival 2. Her children also have an easier time foraging for food in the wilderness, particularly in the form of vegetation. Woodpecker grants her followers the Gift: Spirit of the Bird. Children of the Red-cockaded Woodpecker can maneuver with ease through sticky substances such as tar, quicksand or pine resin.

Ban: Children of the Red-cockaded Woodpecker must attempt to prevent the extinction of this species. They must avoid causing harm to any woodpeckers they encounter.

Salamander

Background Cost: 4

Salamander is famous for her ability to survive through the use of protective coloration. She demonstrates the wisdom of stealth and the need to adapt to the local surroundings. Some species, known as lungless salamanders, absorb oxygen through their skin rather than by breathing.

Traits: Packs who follow Salamander gain Stealth 2 and the Gift: Blissful Ignorance. In addition, each pack member is able to exist for a short time (one scene per story) without breathable air.

Ban: Followers of Salamander must avoid causing harm to any salamander they see. They must immediately seek atonement for any salamander killed accidentally. They must also work to preserve lands where salamanders currently thrive.

Tanawha

Background Cost: 6

This great bird spirit is the totem spirit of Grandfather Mountain. He symbolizes the pride of the predator in pursuit of his prey. In addition, like most birds, he represents the connection between earth and sky. Although Tanawha dwells in the Umbra near his physical home, he will accept the homage of an individual Garou or a pack willing to abide by his strictures.

Traits: Packs chosen by Tanawha add an extra two dice to any Perception rolls made under the open sky. In addition, each pack member gains the Gift: Spirit of the Bird.

Ban: Tanawha's children must protect all predator birds and must avenge any deliberately caused deaths of eagles, hawks and falcons that come to their attention.

Nunnehi Totems

The spirits of plants, minerals and the elements are frequently willing to adopt Nunnehi as their charges. It is this relationship with these Umbral beings that enables Nunnehi to step sideways. The totem spirits detailed below

should give Storytellers ideas for designing their own Nunnehi totems for use in Appalachian chronicles.

Nunnehi may ally with any Garou totem (at half the Background Cost). However, it is rare for them to choose animal totems, since they would then have to be in the presence of that animal to enter the Umbra. Likewise, a Nunnehi who allies with Grandfather Thunder would only be able to step sideways during a thunderstorm.

Garou may also ally with a plant or rock totem, but it is rare for them to do so. The totem may refuse the Garou supplicant. Gaia's wolves are predators and hunters, and their realm is that of animals and elements. Their Rage unnerves most plant and rock totems. Nonetheless, Children of Gaia (cannabis), Uktena (peyote) and Stargazers (crystals) have been known to choose these spirits as their benefactors.

Optional rule: No Garou may ally with a rock or plant totem if his Rage Trait is higher than the totem's cost. If his Rage becomes higher after alliance, the totem will break the alliance until the Garou loses the extra Rage.

Fir

Background Cost: Nunnehi 2/Garou 3

Fir has many names, among them Balsam, Fraser and Spruce, but in all her forms, she is a survivor, able to withstand cold climates that are inhospitable to other species of trees. Fir does not lose her leaves each year, and the cones she produces not only give birth to others of her kind but also provide nourishment for many creatures of the forest. Her sap is the blood that warms her body year round.

Traits: Nunnehi and Garou accepted by Fir gain Survival 2 (alpine climate) and gain an additional point of Stamina.

Fir teaches her Garou children the Gift: Whisper (see New Gifts, below).

Ban: Fir requires her children to protect her diminishing forests. Children of the Fir must never cut down a fir tree and may use only dead wood for building fires or making items.

Granite

Background Cost: Nunnehi 3/Garou 5

Granite is one of the crystalline rocks that form the "basement" of the Appalachian mountains. It comprises part of the geological backbone of the area and has weathered eons of slow change. Granite appears hard and unyielding, but he is also a symbol for stability and stoicism.

Traits: Granite grants his Nunnehi and Garou children two points of Strength and Intimidate 2.

Granite teaches his Garou children the Gifts: Strength of Purpose and Stone Mask (see New Gifts, below).

Ban: Granite demands that his children never back down from a test of strength or endurance.

Whitewater

Background Cost: Nunnehi 1/Garou 2

Whitewater is known for her mercurial nature, by turns playful and menacing. She is the symbol of self-challenge and the wild, free spirit of Gaia. Whitewater delights in rapid movement and constant change. Whitewater's laughter pierces the forests and announces her presence over long distances.

Traits: Whitewater endows her Nunnehi and Garou children with Swimming 3 and Boating 2. Her children also gain an additional point of Dexterity when involved in activities which take place in rapidly moving water.

Whitewater teaches her Garou children the Gifts: Mother's Touch and Wisdom of the River (see Totem Gifts, below). Despite her Background cost, she will accept Garou of any Rage.

Ban: Whitewater requires her children to make their homes near her banks. She also asks that any who honor her refrain from polluting her rivers.

Nunnehi Totem Gifts

- **Stone Mask (Level One)** — The Garou is able to harden her mind, masking her thoughts from anyone attempting to read her mind or determine her true nature. This Gift is taught by rock spirits.

System: The Garou rolls Manipulation + Subterfuge (difficulty 6). Only one success is necessary.

- **Whisper (Level One)** — In the presence of a stand of trees, the Garou may send whispered messages over long distances — as if her words were traveling from tree to tree. This Gift is taught by tree spirits.

System: The Garou spends one Gnosis point for every 25 words of her message. No roll is necessary.

- **Wisdom of the River (Level Two)** — By immersing herself in a river, a Garou may gain knowledge of what lies upstream from her as if she were actually there. This Gift is taught by water spirits.

System: The Garou must stand in a river or sit on a river bank with her feet immersed in the water. She then rolls Perception + Alertness (difficulty 6). Each success gives her a vision of what is occurring within a distance of a mile upstream. The Garou may increase the distance of her perceptions by one additional mile for each point of Gnosis spent. This Gift does not enable the Garou to view occurrences downstream, since the waters have not yet "seen" what is happening ahead of them.

RAGE * ACROSS APPALACHIA

Down in the Holler

Deep in the backwoods of the southern Appalachian mountain range, the Garou hold out against the imminent destruction of their homes. The modern world intrudes harshly onto their sacred sites, building roads over spirit paths. The Wyrms burrows into the hearts of their Kinfolk and the Ways are forgotten.

Ancient Magic Awakens

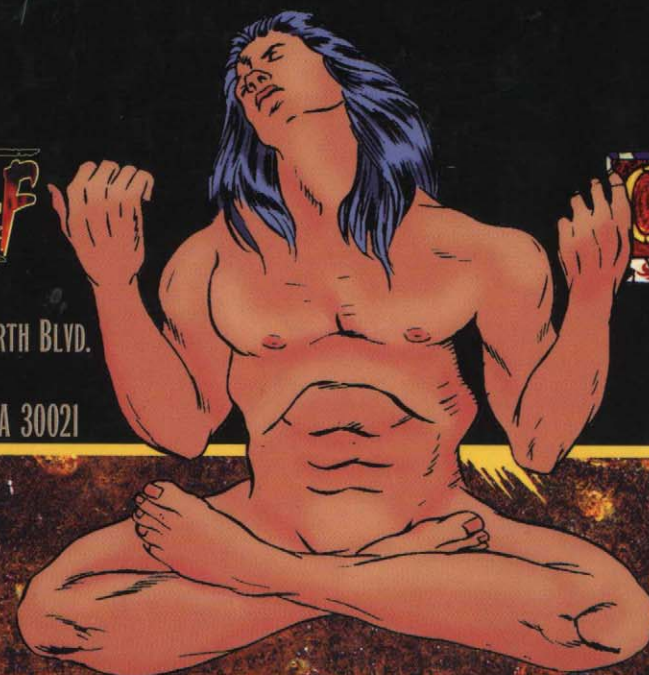
But the Garou are not alone against their enemy: The native fae have been here longer, and they will not let their freeholds fall to corruption. It's a battle of backwoods wisdom and lore against an industrial society gone mad.

Rage Across Appalachia is a regional sourcebook and chronicle setting for use with *Werewolf: The Apocalypse* and *Changeling: The Dreaming*. It includes:

- The supernatural history of Appalachia
- The local Garou, from the hillbilly Bone Gnawers to the native Uktena
- Details on the native Nunnehi changelings, including new Bunks



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