

T H E A R T O F :
WEREWOLF
THE APOCALYPSE™



A Visual Reference for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™

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People want to be werewolves, deep down. Most of them don't know it, but they do. Who wouldn't want that kind of supernatural strength, the ability to tear obstacles apart? The speed and stamina of a wild animal? The wisdom and cunning of a culture of hunters and shamans? The connection to the land itself? The strength of purpose of knowing who you are and why you're here? Who wouldn't want to fight *the* good fight — assuming such a fight exists at all?

And that's the concept that **Werewolf: The Apocalypse** was founded on — that if given the chance, people would actually like to step into a wolf's skin for a while, to run on four paws through the woods and hunt monstrous prey by the full moon. The rulebook itself is loaded with fiction that conveys the world of the Garou to the reader, and rules to make the transition from ordinary person to werewolf — even if only in the imagination — all the easier.

And, by the way, art.

Don't think that the art is just an afterthought, though. Far from it. You see, one of the major problems in trying to convey a vivid, gripping portrait of werewolves — werewolves that are in many ways the ideal of shape-shifting myths from around the world — is that, well, the real world is somewhat lacking in visual aids. We knew that our werewolves had to be stronger, faster, more furious, more *real* than anything Hollywood had managed so far. And the best, most efficient way to get across that the Garou are *not* the werewolves you're used to was to show the reader what they looked like. Not tell — show.

And that's what we — or rather, our artists — did. Gone was the Lon Chaneyish "lumberjack with fur and fangs" look; gone was the idea that werewolves could only

choose from human or wolf form. Instead, they created the Crinos form — the perfect blend of human intelligence and animal beauty, massive and strong while retaining a streamlined grace. This wasn't a Hollywood werewolf — this was a *Garou*. This was the werewolf to be afraid of — a killing machine that will tear off the door of your pickup, rip open a wall to get to you. Wherever you went, you weren't safe from a werewolf like this. And at the same time, this was a form that carried grace and beauty with it — it could be dignified or savage, regal or monstrous. It was everything we make Nature out to be. Not to be too grandiose in my praise for the artists' creation, but it was, well, perfect.

The rest is history. **Werewolf's** look continued to evolve, but it always remained unquestionably its own. Even more impressively, it remained distinct no matter what artist took on the subject matter. Sleek-limbed Silent Striders rendered in clean black brushstrokes, monstrous shaggy Get of Fenris in energetic pencil, serene Stargazers drifting through a watercolor spirit world, jaggedly, even violently rendered Black Spiral Dancers — all unquestionably of the same people. All unquestionably Garou.

This book contains the very best of years of **Werewolf**, the images that draw us into the world of the Garou. The pieces within throw aside Hollywood's cheap fur suits and clumsy CGI, and create a world where werewolves feel *real*. No matter how large the world of **Werewolf** grows (and it's a *huge* world, let me tell you), this art has always managed to capture every aspect. Each piece tells a story of tragedy or passion or triumph or horror or wisdom or trickery — and they all blend together, making the setting all the richer for the layers and layers of texture.

Enjoy.

Ethan Skemp







Ron Spencer



Scott Hampton



Tony DiTerlizzi



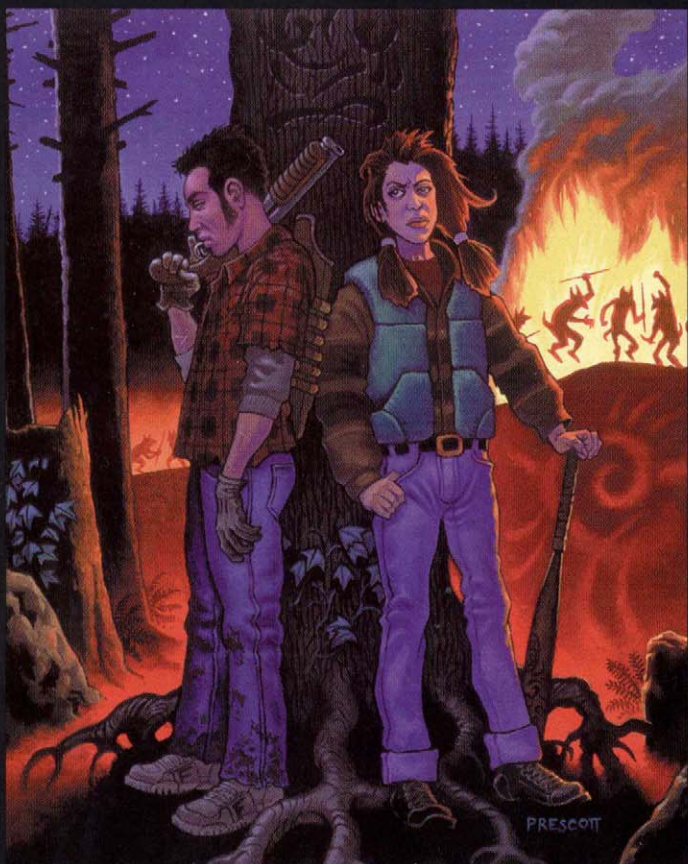
Richard Kane Ferguson



Steve Stone



Steve Prescott



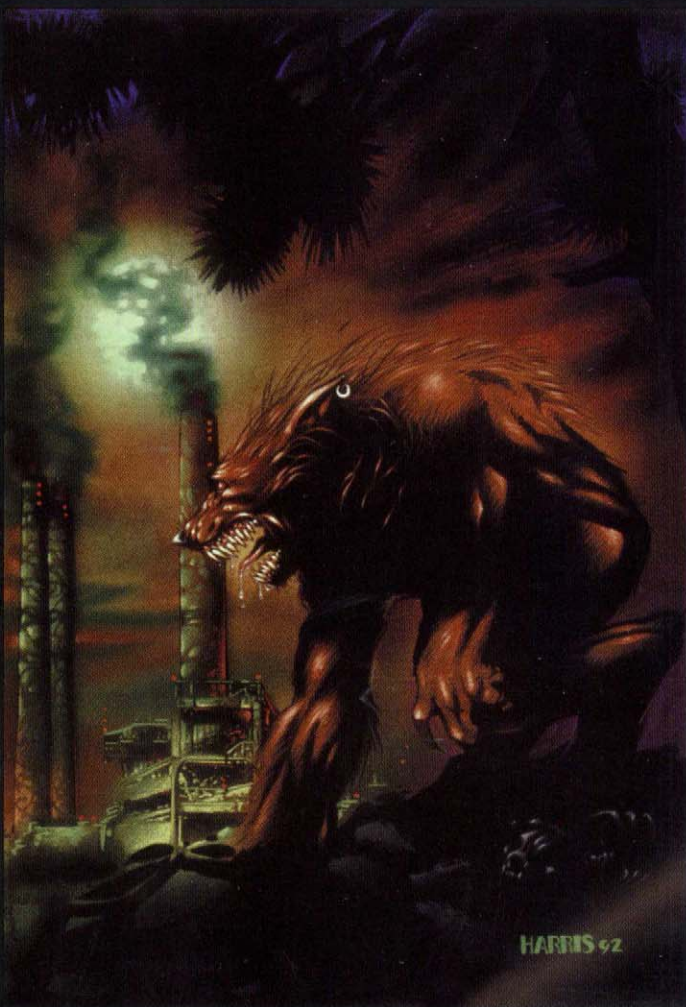
Tony Harris



Mark Jackson



Tony Harris





Forms

The Garou are shapeshifters of great ability, far more versatile than the werewolves of myth or film. They are far more than “humans who can turn into wolves” — these beasts are designed to shift easily from wolf to human, with a range of forms in between.

- The **Homid** form is virtually indistinguishable from that of an ordinary human being; in this form, the werewolf can travel through cities and crowds without being discovered.

- Like some sort of lupine Mr. Hyde, the **Glabro** form can still pass for human — somewhat — but while drawing on a portion of the werewolf’s true power. Stronger, faster and more resilient than Homid, the Glabro form is still just a shadow of the werewolf’s true killing power.

- The **Crinos** form is the true battle form of the Garou, the form they take when no solution save violence will do. A hybrid of human and wolf, infused with the superhuman strength of this warrior race, the Crinos Garou is one of the most efficient killing machines in the world. Humans suffer such terrifying ancestral memories when witnessing an angry Crinos that they often break down into hysterics, forcing themselves to forget that such a monster exists.

- The **Hispo** is the massive wolf of nightmare, a throwback to prehistoric days when the dire wolves were the size of ponies. It’s a form designed to hunt — and to kill.

- Finally, the **Lupus** form is the true “wolf” form of the Garou, allowing werewolves to hunt and live among wolf packs, or to call on the speed and superior senses of the wolf. Many a hunter has come to a horrible end after wounding a werewolf that he mistook for an ordinary animal — or the mate of a Garou who has chosen to live as a wolf for a time.

Lunar Auspices

Legend ties werewolves to the moon. Perhaps, depending on the story, a werewolf is only able to change when the moon is full — or perhaps the full moon drives him into a berserk rage, compelling him to hunt down the very people he loves best.

The legends, however, are somewhat lacking. The Garou are indeed tied to the moon — it is their patron, in some ways their goddess. Luna — for so they call her — blessed the werewolves long ago with a portion of her strength and wisdom. When a new cub is born, the phase of the moon overhead offers him particular strengths and weaknesses. This moon phase — his auspice — colors his role in Garou society, influencing his very destiny.



VTB

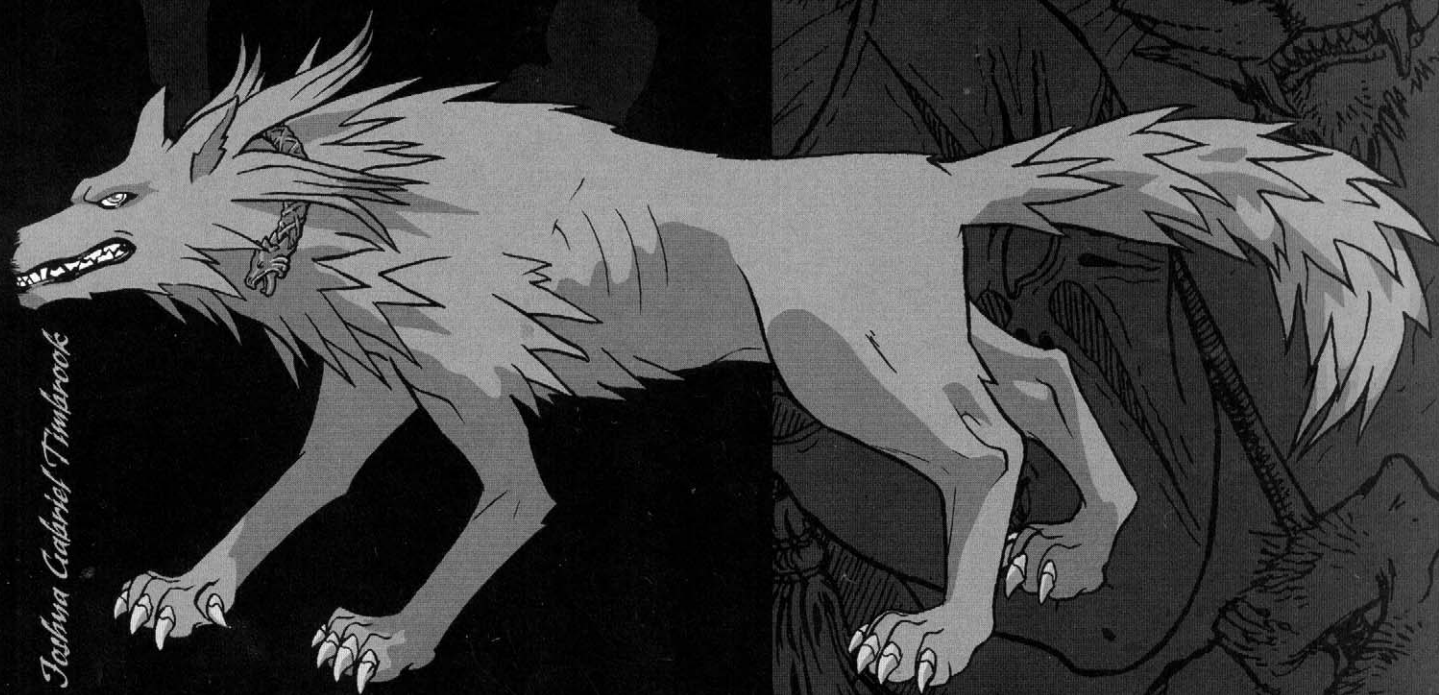


Ragabash

The werewolves born under the new moon, the children of the darkest skies, are born to the role of the Ragabash. The New Moons' task is to uncover secrets, to question and bend the traditional laws, to use trickery to teach others lessons of humility and patience, and even to kill with stealth when necessary. The Ragabash knows that nothing is what it seems, and that wisdom lies in the most unlikely of places — and he isn't afraid of getting his paws dirty to prove it.

Oh yeah, here comes the almighty Philodox, fresh from his skyscraper aerie, come to lay down the law to all us sorry wretches who just don't follow the Litany in just the right way. You gonna raise your hackles at me, boss? Seems to me you shouldn't be comin' down so hard on a law-abidin' pack like mine when you got Wyrmsign closer to your own home. Or didn't you know that your chum Pirelli's in the pay of no less than a goddamn vampire? Didn't find that out in your code o' laws, did ya? Well, hell, what are we keeping you around for?

Raw-Back, Bone Gnawer Ragabash



Theurge

The crescent moon's children are also wise, but their insight comes from a different source entirely. The Theurge is the shaman of the tribe — the mystic who communes with spirits, the wisewoman who heals and purifies and the prophet who interprets the signs of coming dangers. She is her pack's link to the spirit world, equally capable of persuading neutral spirits to aid their cause or doing battle with the spirits of the Wyrn. Without the Theurge's occult powers, the Garou's struggle to heal the ravaged spirit world would be as good as impossible.

You misunderstand my meaning. I did not mean my warning as a threat. It was a message that was dropped from the talons of Falcon himself, carried in the beak of the Simurgh, laid to rest in my heart. It was given to me to keep until I stood before you, and to repeat without error. I have done as I was bidden. Interpret the warning however you like, but I will bear no responsibility if your folly leads you to overlook the very roots of your undoing.

— Katarina Thousand-Howl, Ivory Priestess of the Silver Fangs

Tony Harris

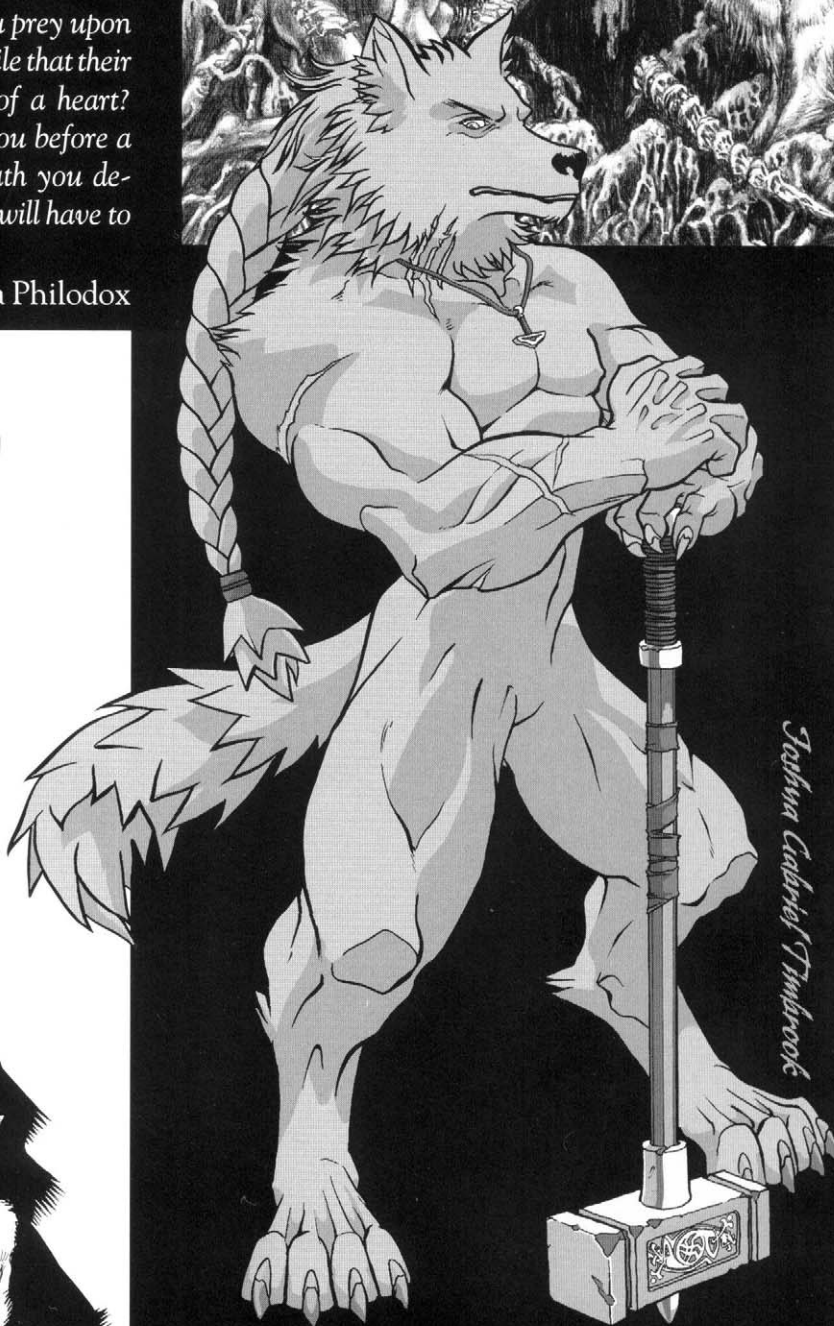
Jashua Gabriel Timberlake

Philodox

The half moon is the moon of balance, perfectly divided between light and dark. The Philodox, those born under the half moon, are entrusted with the duty of preserving that very balance by serving the Garou as judges and law-givers. A Philodox keeps the laws of the werewolves close to her heart, and stands equally ready to support those who defend the Garou code or to punish those who commit crimes against their own people. It is no easy task, being ready to settle a dispute, interpret a ruling or mete out judgement at any point. But the Half Moons do not complain — they know full well that without their efforts, many more Garou would lie dead at the claws of their brethren, slain in pointless feuds that could have been avoided.

Monster! Are you so diseased that you prey upon the children of your own kind? Are you so vile that their screams cannot reach your rotted husk of a heart? Were you one of my kind, I would pull you before a council and give you the slow, ritual death you deserve. But because you are only human, I will have to settle for "slow."

— Anrik the Scythe, Child of Gaia Philodox





Galliard

The Galliards, children of the gibbous moon, are the lorekeepers and skalds of werewolf society. In their care rests thousands upon thousands of years' worth of tales, stories that both celebrate the great deeds of their ancestors and act as cautionary lessons to guide the latest generation. The Galliard is the one who howls the anthem of war to inspire her packmates, the one who recounts the story of the pack's deeds to the elders. She is the voice of Garou society — and in many ways, she is the heart as well.

Hold on there. Before you go tearing off, it sounds to me like you need to think back and remember the story of Only One, and why jealousy can tear even great nations apart. Huh? What the hell do you mean, you weren't listening? Well, sit down and dig the wax out of your ears, then, because you're not leaving until you've learned a thing or two.

—Thunder-in-his-Belly, Wendigo Daeboudjimoot



Jasna Gabriel Timberbrook



Ahroun

The stories of werewolf attacks during the full moon have some basis in truth — and the truth behind these tales is the Ahroun. The children of the full moon are born to the path of war, dedicated to give up their very lives in battle if need be. When the moon is full, the Ahroun's Rage is at its fullest, and his enemies are in the most danger. The Ahroun may be stern or compassionate, taciturn or commanding, but he is always a creature of fury tempered with discipline. The warriors of a warrior race, they are death incarnate.

Your bad luck. My uncle might have let you go; my sister might even have forgiven you. But you crossed paths with me.

— Mahmet Ghost-Eater, Silent Strider Ahroun



Ron Spencer

Howpenny 96



Joshua Gabriel Timberbrook



Ron Spencer

The 13 Tribes

The Garou Nation

Twelve tribes make up the Garou Nation, the hidden society of the werewolves. The Garou would never have survived their countless war if not for the social unit of the tribe — the tribe is family, culture and support network all in one.

Legend holds that once all werewolves were of one tribe and none — but bitter disputes over the Impergium split them along ideological lines. Each tribe rallied to a particular philosophy, and in turn took a patron totem who embodied their ideals. At the time the tribes were first formed, there were sixteen in all, and all counted themselves among the Nation.

Times change. Now two tribes are dead, a third has fallen to the Wyrms and the fourth has largely abandoned the Garou Nation in order to fulfill "private business." The Stargazers, although no longer part of the Garou Nation, are still counted among the Gaian tribes — even though some would complain that as secessionists, they don't deserve the consideration. Conversely, the Black Spiral Dancers are still a tribe by definition — but in the eyes of all others, they may be werewolves, but they don't deserve to be numbered among the Garou.

A tribe is bound together by blood and by spirit. The werewolves of a tribe often share similar bloodlines; a newly Changed cub is almost always claimed by the tribe of her parent. Many tribes have "adopted" certain human ethnicities, and claim many Kinfolk from such sources. And yet the spiritual ties of a tribe are even stronger — through the influence of the tribal totem, werewolves without even a drop of blood in common can call one another brother and sister.

Unfortunately, the strong bonds of tribal identity are also at the heart of many disputes dividing the Garou Nation. The Get of Fenris and Black Furies treat one another as respected rivals at best and intolerable bigots at worst. The Shadow Lords covertly vie to win leadership from the Silver Fangs. The Red Talons and Glass Walkers argue bitterly over whether humans should be spared or culled. The more tightly bound a tribe's members are to one another, the less they have in common with those outside the tribe.

This division is the Garou's greatest weakness. If they cannot find a way to set aside their differences and keep from turning their Rage against one another, the Wyrms will surely win.

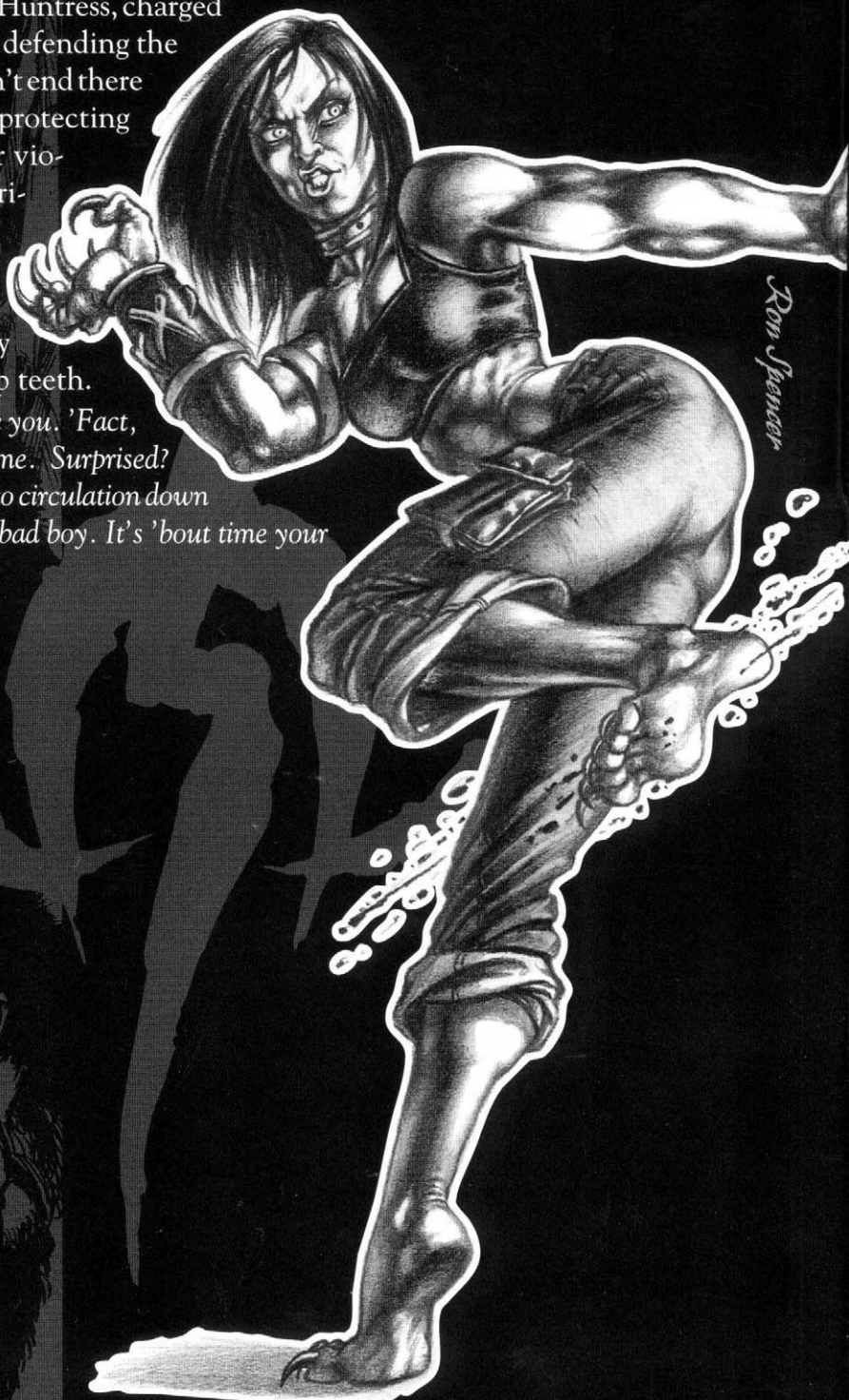




The saying “the female is the deadliest of the species” may not always be true — but you wouldn’t know it from looking at the **Black Furies**. According to tribal legend, the Furies became a tribe after Luna herself, in the guise of Artemis the Huntress, charged a pack of female Garou with the task of defending the Wyld. However, their responsibility didn’t end there — the Black Furies also bear the duty of protecting women from those who would abuse or violate them. It’s a duty they take very seriously; this tribe of warriors and mystics has zero tolerance for those who prey upon their fellow women. Those who cross the Black Furies find very quickly that these she-wolves have sharp, sharp teeth.

My momma warned me about guys like you. 'Fact, she might've even mentioned you by name. Surprised? Don't be. Turns out your name's popped into circulation down at the shelter she runs. You've been a bad, bad boy. It's 'bout time your karma caught up with you.

— Tifah Read, Freebooter



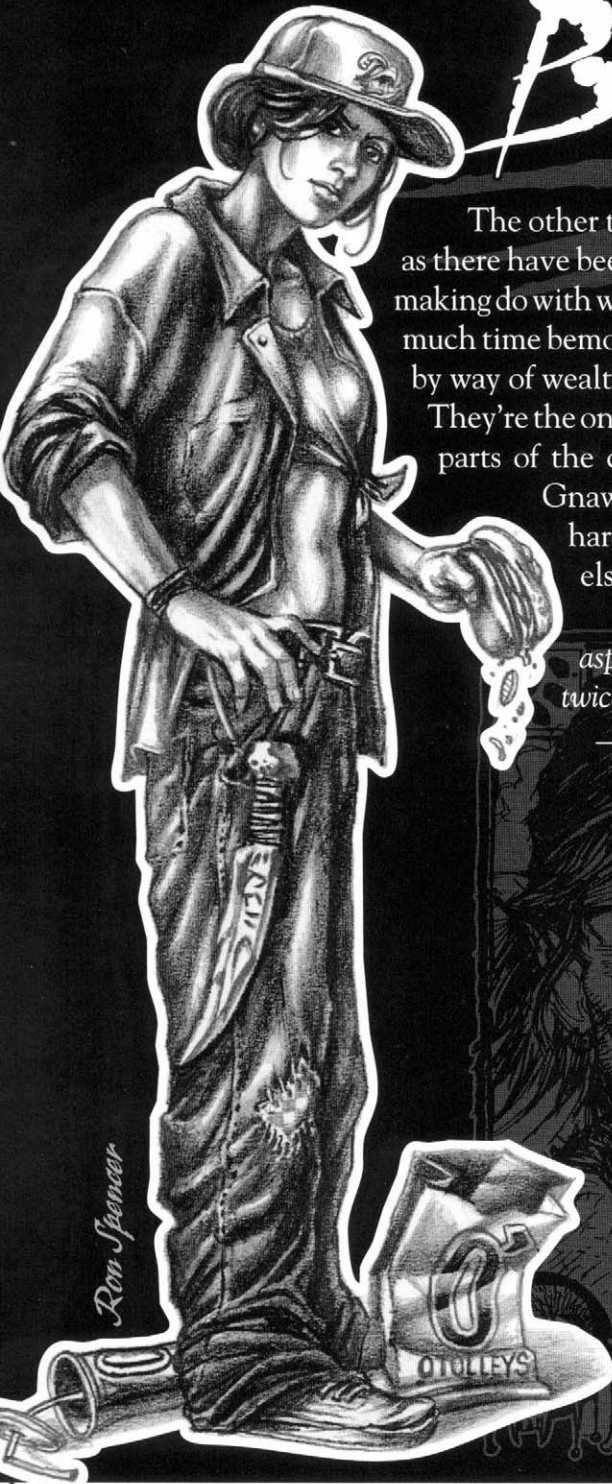
Fred Hooper



RON SPENCER © 1993

Ron Spencer

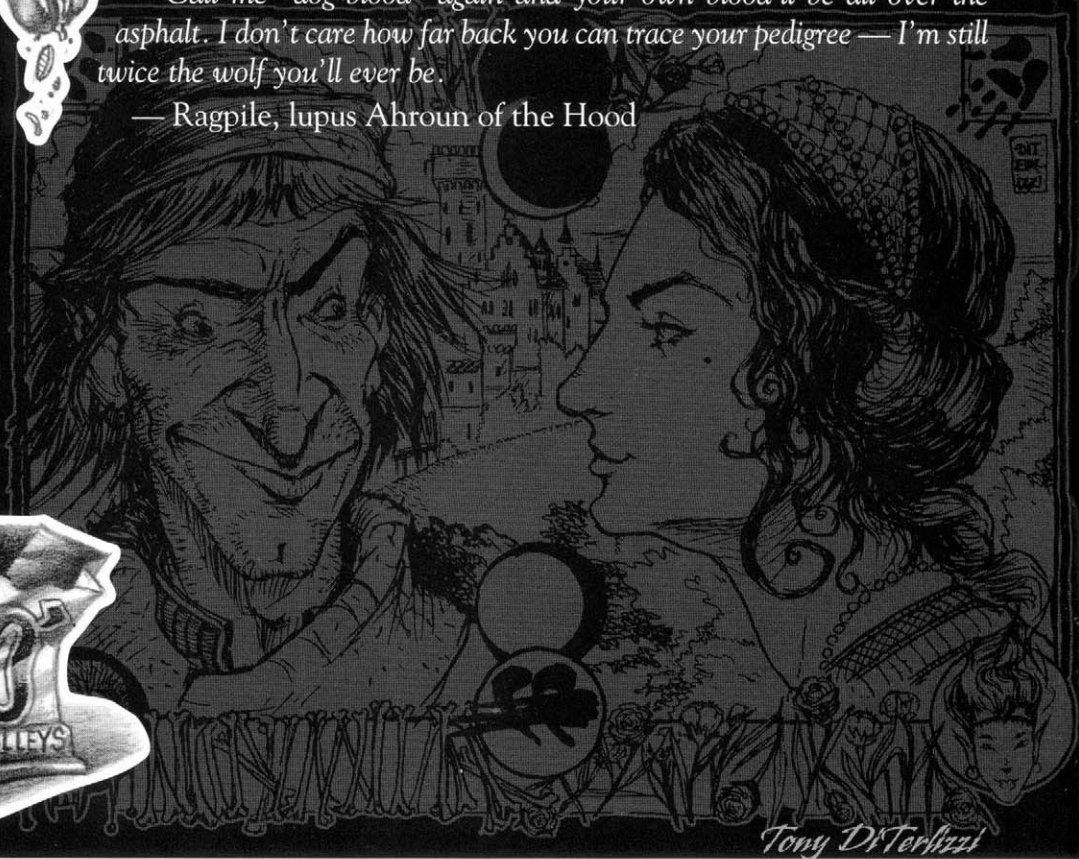
BONE GNAWERS



The other tribes don't have much respect for the Bone Gnawers. For as long as there have been tribes, the Bone Gnawers have been the "omega" tribe, the one making do with whatever scraps the others toss its way. But the Gnawers don't spend much time bemoaning their fate. Although they might not have much of anything by way of wealth or breeding, the Bone Gnawers still have their stubborn pride. They're the ones who defend the down-trodden, who hunt the Wyrms in the worst parts of the cities where not even other werewolves go. The average Bone Grawler might not be refined — or even polite — but he's not afraid of hard work or fighting dirty. The job's got to get done, even if nobody else is willing to do it.

Call me "dog-blood" again and your own blood'll be all over the asphalt. I don't care how far back you can trace your pedigree — I'm still twice the wolf you'll ever be.

— Ragpile, lupus Ahroun of the Hood





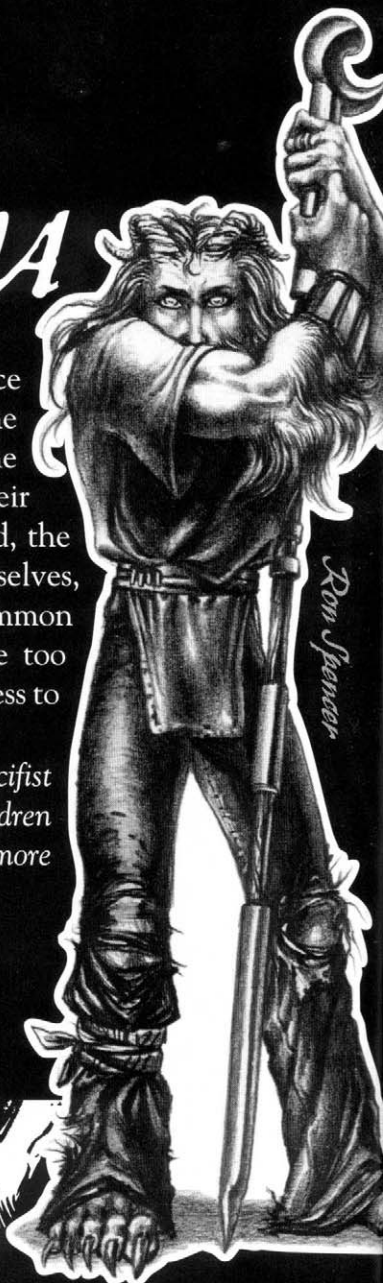
CHILDREN of GAIA

The Children of Gaia have an especially thankless lot — they are the voice that cries for peace in the midst of a nation of warriors. This isn't to say that the Children of Gaia don't believe the Garou should be fighting for Gaia — the Children are warriors willing to fight and die for the Earth Mother, just like their brethren — but the tribe was founded on the ideal that the more lives saved, the better. They strive to keep their fellow werewolves from battling amongst themselves, always mediating disputes and trying to bring rivals together against the common enemy. Although other Garou sometimes complain that the Children are too compassionate for their own good, the Children of Gaia maintain that it's useless to fight without knowing how to heal as well.

I don't know where you got the idea that we're pacifists. You're just as much a pacifist as we are — you're fighting for a world where you don't have to worry about your children getting slaughtered in their sleep, same as us. We just happen to think there are a few more options that might help us get there.

— Mikko Seven-Oaks

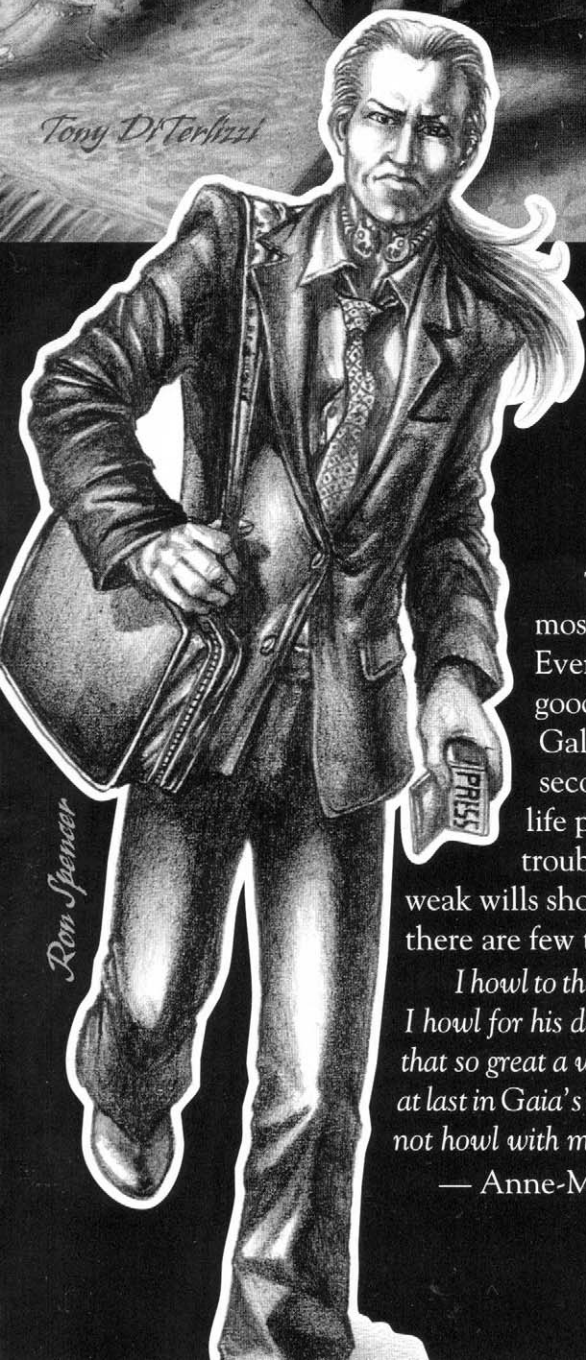
Tony DiTerlizzi







Tony DiTerlizzi



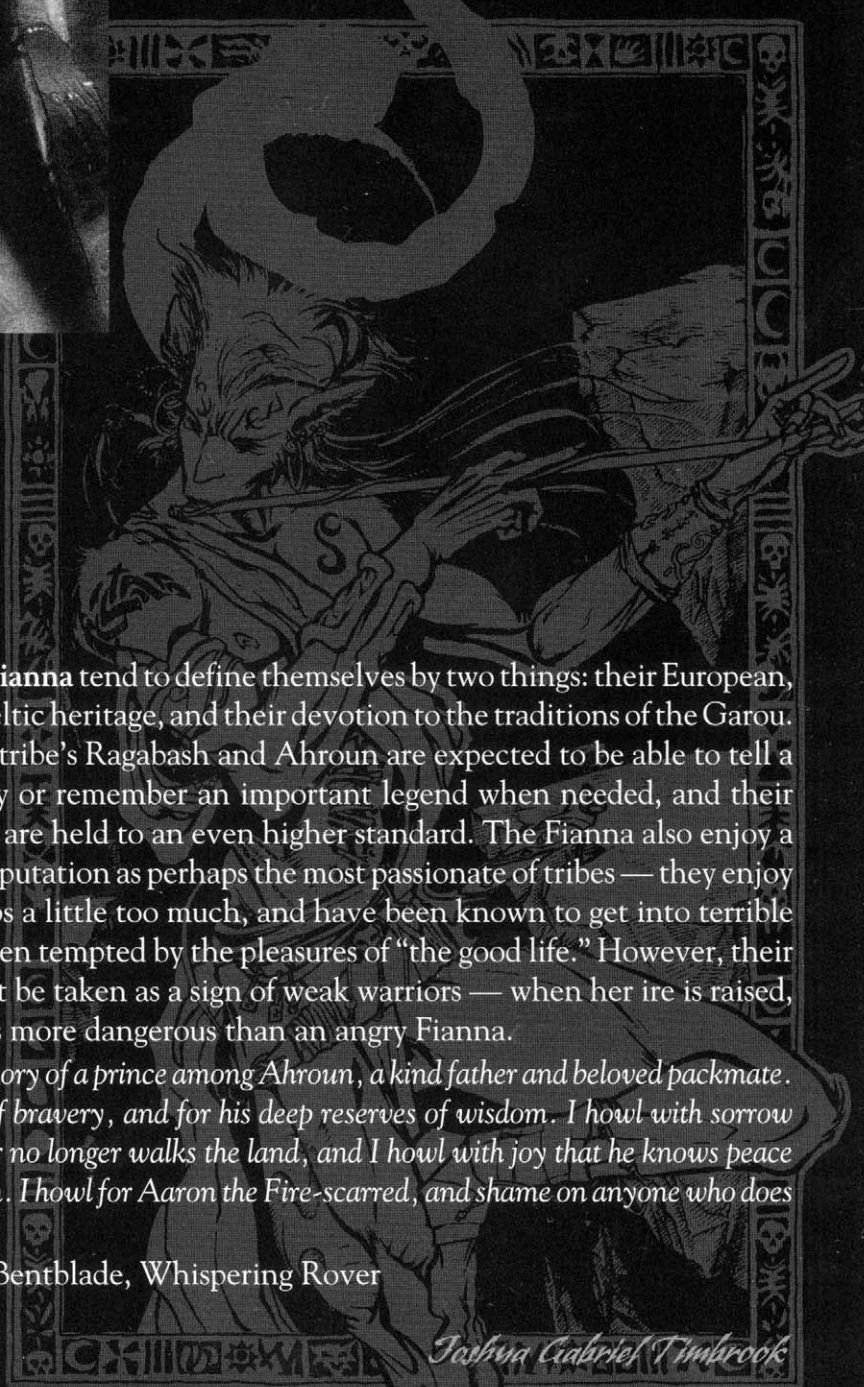
Ron Spencer

FIANNA

The **Fianna** tend to define themselves by two things: their European, mostly Celtic heritage, and their devotion to the traditions of the Garou. Even the tribe's Ragabash and Ahroun are expected to be able to tell a good story or remember an important legend when needed, and their Galliards are held to an even higher standard. The Fianna also enjoy a second reputation as perhaps the most passionate of tribes — they enjoy life perhaps a little too much, and have been known to get into terrible trouble when tempted by the pleasures of “the good life.” However, their weak wills shouldn’t be taken as a sign of weak warriors — when her ire is raised, there are few things more dangerous than an angry Fianna.

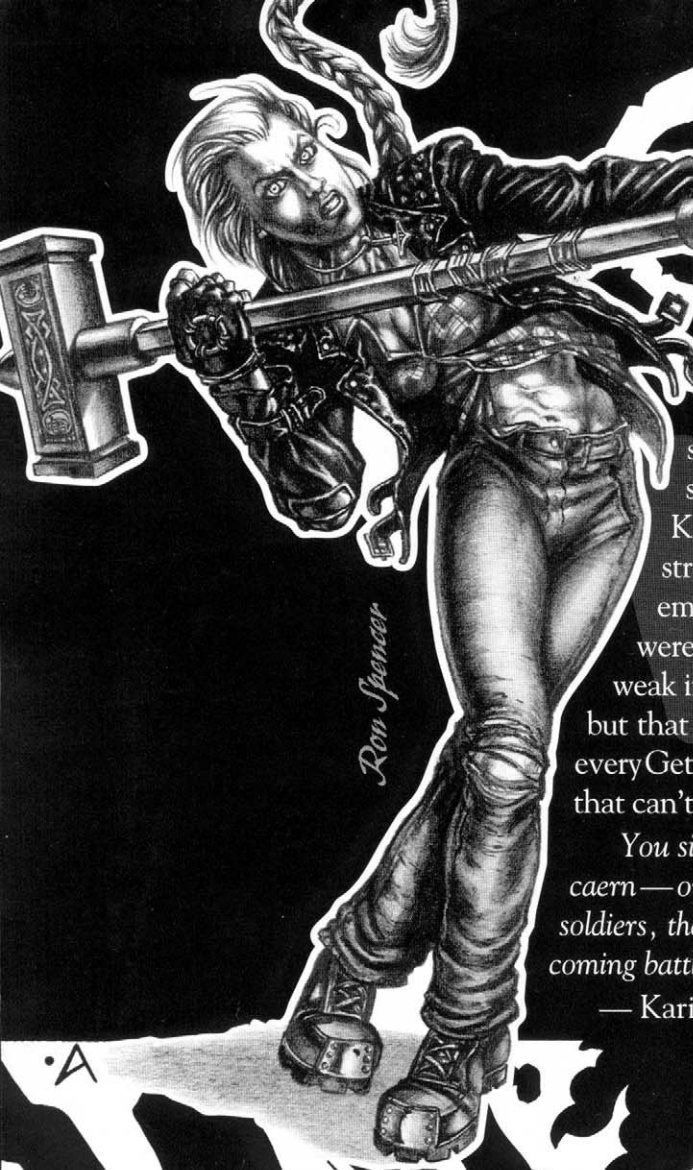
I howl to the memory of a prince among Ahroun, a kind father and beloved packmate. I howl for his deeds of bravery, and for his deep reserves of wisdom. I howl with sorrow that so great a warrior no longer walks the land, and I howl with joy that he knows peace at last in Gaia's bosom. I howl for Aaron the Fire-scarred, and shame on anyone who does not howl with me.

— Anne-Marie Bentblade, Whispering Rover



Jashna Cabriel Timberbrook





A detailed black and white illustration of a warrior from the Get of Fenris tribe. The warrior is a woman with long, braided hair, wearing a dark, intricately detailed leather tunic and pants. She is holding a large, ornate mallet or staff horizontally across her chest. The background is dark and textured.

Get of FENRIS

Ron Spencer

No tribe has a more ferocious reputation than the Get of Fenris — and they like it that way. The Get — or Fenrir, as some still call themselves — idolize strength above all other virtues: the strength to endure pain and hardship, the strength to defend one's Kin and territory, the strength to overcome Gaia's enemies, and the strength to lay down one's life for one's comrades. Unfortunately, this emphasis on strength has led far too many Get to look down upon any werewolves of other tribes (and even humans) who they see as being weak in body or character. The Fenrir aren't well-loved by many tribes, but that matters little to them. When the Final Battle comes, each and every Get will be willing to die fighting in their Mother's name — something that can't always be said for the others.

You sicken me, you worm! Run away? That's your answer? This is our caern — our home! If you won't defend your home and Kin against the Wyrms' soldiers, then you had better run as far as you can and pray that I die in this coming battle — for if I survive, you are a walking dead man.

— Karin Jarlsdottir, Forseti

Alex Sheikman



Don Spencer



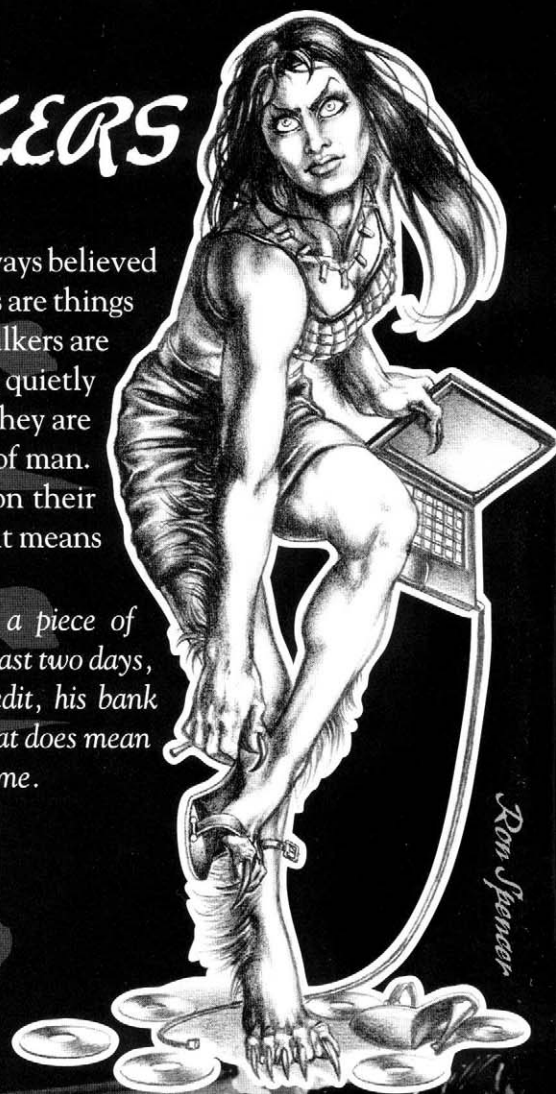
GLASS WALKERS

Not all tribes oppose the Weaver. The Glass Walkers have always believed that the Weaver, though ill, can be cured — and that her creations are things of wonder, not corruption. The most urban of tribes, the Glass Walkers are very much at home negotiating deals in the boardroom, climbing quietly up elevator shafts, or hacking into encrypted computer systems. They are allies with spirits of technology, and well-versed with the works of man. Their only weakness is a telling one — with so much emphasis on their human side, the Glass Walkers are gradually losing touch of what it means to be half wolf as well.

That was Andrew on the phone — good news. You wanted a piece of Roquesmore? Well, looks like my Theurge pal came through — for the last two days, electronic spirits have been systematically wrecking the vampire's credit, his bank accounts, and — wait for it — his home security systems. Why yes, that does mean we know where he sleeps during the day. And yes, you're quite welcome.

— DMZ, Glass Walker Galliard

Steve Prescott





RED TALONS



The best reason for any human to fear the wilderness is the tribe called the Red Talons. For millennia, the Talons have watched humanity slaughter their wolf brethren, drive entire species to extinction time and again, pollute their lands and even murder one another. As a result, most Red Talons have come to hate humans with a passion. There are no homids in the tribe — even if a Talon did manage to overcome his hatred for humanity long enough to beget a Garou child on a human mate, the rest of the tribe would never allow the young one within their ranks. Regrettably, as wolf populations dwindle, the Red Talons are in decline. Even so, they growl that it is better to die out entirely with their honor intact than embrace the very species that has done more damage to Gaia than any other.

I have nothing against you — you didn't choose where you were born. I have nothing against your Kinfolk — they've learned respect for creatures other than themselves. But the apes down there, snug in their beds, feeding off the flesh of tortured prey and living on land that was slashed and mutilated for their convenience — they are my enemies. Out of respect for you, I will not hunt them...unless they give me a specific reason to do so. If they do, then I do not stand between me and my prey.

— Silent Moon of the Lodge of the Predator Kings

Ron Spencer



SHADOW LORDS



To the **Shadow Lords**, control is everything. These dark werewolves look at the decaying state of the Garou Nation and tell one another that noble sentiments are no longer enough — more reliable, even more drastic methods are necessary to preserve the Garou as a race. As a result, the Shadow Lords use intrigue, domination and cunning as weapons, exerting as much control as possible over their surroundings. To their way of thinking, they must make certain of the Garou's eventual victory — by whatever means necessary.

Don't insult me. I wasn't trying to threaten you. I was merely pointing out a weakness in your position that others can — and probably will — exploit. Believe me, if I was trying to force you to do my bidding, you'd already be on your knees.

— Anna Kliminski

Mike Chaney &
Matt Nihilberger

Ron Spencer

James Daly



JAMES DALY '96

SILENT STRIDERS

Ray Sawyer

The Silent Striders are wanderers and rovers across the whole world — but not by choice. Unlike any other werewolf tribe, the Striders were driven from their homelands thousands of years ago, and cursed to wander ever since. They travel roads that no other werewolf walks — sometimes by choice, sometimes not. Their Crinos forms echo Anubis, the Egyptian guardian of the dead — and like their legendary counterpart, the Striders are very familiar with the spirits of the deceased. Legend has it that the entire tribe is haunted — another reason that they never stay too long in one place, but are always driven to travel onward.

Death is crouching just outside the boundaries of your bawn. I've seen his face.

— Fadil Corpsekiller, Harbinger Ragabash





SILVER FANGS



The Silver Fangs have always sat at the head of the Garou Nation. They claim that a mandate from Gaia Herself appointed them to lead the other werewolves in peacetime and in war. To their credit, they have largely taken the responsibility seriously, breeding with human nobility and attempting to treat their cousins with *noblesse oblige*. However, the Fangs have a long tradition of pride bordering on arrogance, and overselective breeding has eaten away at the tribe's stability. The Silver Fangs seem to be rotting from within. A few young Fangs are doing what they can to revitalize the faltering tribe, but it may already be too late.

I count seventeen kings, nineteen queens and innumerable nobles among my ancestors. If my word is not law, then whose is?

—IasminSunsdaughterofHouseWiseHeart

Now you're just being stupid. It's a good plan — brewed up by the best damn Theurges I know. You think I'm being all high-and-mighty, pushing it on you 'cause I can? Fine. Hell, if you want to, step on up and try to knock the piss out of me; if you can, we'll do it your way. Just keep in mind you wouldn't be the first person to try.

—KingAlbrecht

RonSpanner

AlexSheikman



STARGAZERS

Drew Tucker

The Stargazers have always valued wisdom over glory or honor — without wisdom, they claim, there is no knowledge of what glory or honor truly are. This focus on the transcendent, however, has left the Stargazers in a precarious position — they have fewer Kinfolk, even fewer Garou than any other tribe. This gradual decrease in numbers has led the tribal elders to make a hard decision — as of 2000, the tribe has formally withdrawn from the Garou Nation, in hopes of finding their center and new strength before the Apocalypse is over.

Words cannot express our regret, but we see no other way to maintain ourselves as a tribe. We have neglected our homeland for too long — that must change. We will always be brothers; we must simply decline your hospitality.

— Mehdi Dragonbrow of the Klaital Puk

Forget what the elders say. We're still friends. You need anything, you call. I'll be there the next morning — if I can.

— Leaping Rock, Zephyr Galliard



Alex Meikman



UKTENA

No other tribe knows just how much forbidden knowledge has fallen into the claws of the Uktena. By any estimation, it must be quite a bit. The Uktena have taken it upon themselves to emulate their water-spirit totem by collecting as much supernatural lore and mystic wisdom as they can. To this end, they have bred with many human cultures, expanding well beyond their American Indian roots to touch the peoples of the world. They put their arcane knowledge to good use — the Uktena are masters of destroying or imprisoning Banes that no other werewolf could oppose as effectively.

Ignorance is not bliss. It is suicide.

— Monica Trinh, Uktena
Philodox





WENDIGO

Children of winter and the north wind, the Wendigo are an implacable force of nature given flesh. This American Indian tribe suffered much during the Europeans' colonization of the Americas, and they grew even more bitter and warlike in response. Like the cannibal spirit they follow, the Wendigo are not much given to mercy or compassion. Nonetheless, the wisest among the tribe realize, particularly with the Stargazers' departure, that they must mend their bridges with the European tribes soon — the tribe that stands alone falls alone.

Too much blood stains the Wyrncomers' hands. We cannot forget. We cannot forgive. We may work with the descendants of our ancestors' murderers, but we will always remember. Always.

— Cries-in-the-Wind, lupus Ahroun of the Ottawa Wendigo





The Fallen

Thirteen tribes survive — three are gone. One fell to the Wyrms, another sacrificed itself in battle against the Enemy, and the third was murdered by its Garou cousins. Each tribe's tale is a hard lesson for the Garou Nation.

Of the fallen tribes, the **White Howlers** are held in the most contempt. The Pictish tribe vanished not in glorious battle or valiant sacrifice, but instead fell to the Wyrms. Most were reborn as the Black Spiral Dancers — the rest were slaughtered by their fallen kin. The Howlers' greatest legacy is the Garou Nation's worst nightmare.

The **Bunyip** have left perhaps the blackest mark on the Garou Nation's history. This Australian tribe did not fall to the Wyrms — they were slaughtered by their fellow werewolves. To this day, the Garou mourn that they were consumed by their Rage in such a fashion, and hope to somehow do penance.

The **Croatan** of North America died an honorable death — they sacrificed themselves, one and all, to drive a colossal manifestation of the Wyrms back into the Umbra for good. Their cause was just — but the werewolves of today still mourn the loss of such a brave tribe.

Steve Prescott



Eric Hotz



John Cobb



SCAR

SCAR 93



The Spirit World

Werewolves are creatures of two worlds — the physical world, the world that humans and animals are familiar with, and the world of spirit. The Umbra is where ideas and legends come alive, where spirits of corruption and the natural world do battle. The two worlds are separated by the Gauntlet, which prevents spirits from entering the material world or vice versa — but werewolves are able to breach the Gauntlet, questing after wisdom or doing battle in either world as necessary.

Though the two worlds are set apart, they are not completely unconnected: Events in one world carry over to the next. If a desert is turned into a toxic waste dump in the physical world, the spirit world becomes tainted in that area. If spirits of the Wyrn corrupt a building in the Umbra, the physical building becomes a more dangerous place. The Garou must do their best to keep both the physical and spirit worlds as healthy as they can — if one falls to the Enemy, the other will soon follow.

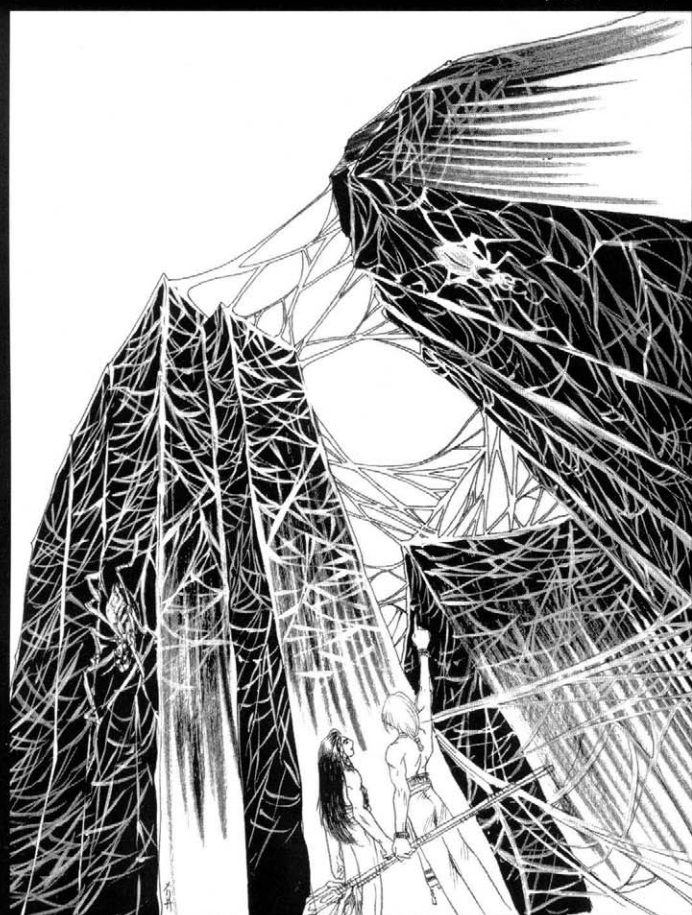
Thankfully, the Garou are not alone in their crusade. Many spirits who dwell in the Umbra are the werewolves' allies — they grant the Garou supernatural powers, empower their rites and even battle by the werewolves' side. These spirits range in power from the smallest rabbit-spirit to the mighty Celestines of the sun and moon. But even Gaia's spirit children are not immune to corruption — many a spirit has fallen to the Wyrn, becoming a hideous Bane.



Ron Brown



Brian LeBlanc



Melissa Uram



Richard Kane Ferguson

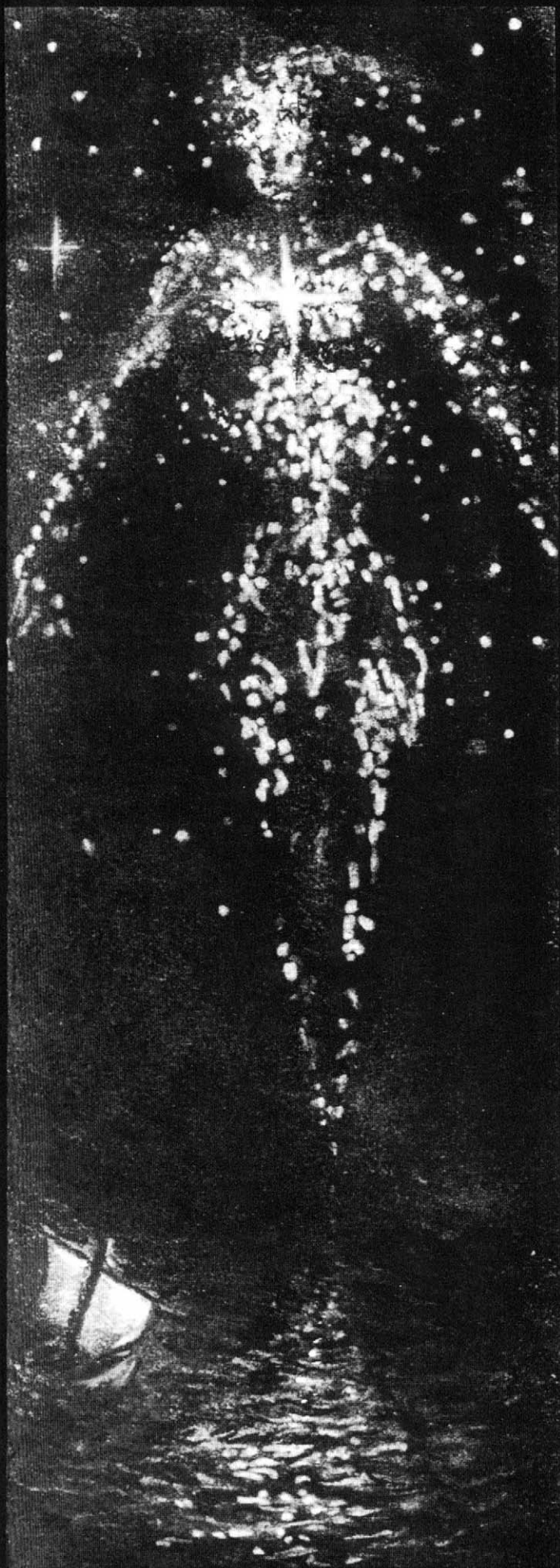


Drew Tucker



Steve Prusoff







The Triat

The war that werewolves fight began long ago, when the three mighty spirits known as the Triat became unbalanced. While they worked together, the Triat regulated the workings of the universe — now that they are at war, the world is spiraling toward Apocalypse.

John Cobb



The Wyrn

The Wyrn was originally the force of balance between Weaver and Wyld, and it prevented one from gaining too much power over the other. When the Wyrn went mad itself, it forsook Balance and instead became the embodiment of Corruption. Now the Wyrn thrashes wildly, blindly trying to smash the world into powder so that its pain can end.

Ron Brown

Cory Daulton

Brian LeBlond

EL

Ron Spencer



Ron Spencer '98

Black Spiral Dancers

The Black Spiral Dancers are a mirror image of the Garou Nation's tribes — that is, if the mirror were a funhouse mirror smeared with blood and filth. Once they were the White Howlers, a tribe as firmly on Gaia's side as any other — but their pride and fury led them into the mouth of the Wurm, and they were reborn as twisted mockeries of their former selves. Now the Black Spiral Dancers are united by a warped faith that worships the Wurm as a great father figure, one that will devour the entire world and create something more suitable for it and its servants. There is no deed too vile, no desecration too savage for the Black Spiral Dancers — in their minds, only a total violation and destruction of the world will be thorough enough to bring about the new era. There is no enemy the Garou hate more than this fallen tribe of werewolves — for the Black Spiral Dancers are what any Garou could become...and indeed, the Dancers have gathered recruits from each and every tribe in existence.

Rape Gaia? Kill Gaia? The World Bitch is already dead, you ignorant gobbet. Look at this festering world — how can you not see that this is a vast corpse, and we no more than the maggots that spawn in these fields of carrion? It's not Her voice your spirits hear — it's Her death rattle. If you truly wanted to make a better world, you'd help us flay the rancid meat from Her skeleton so that something new, something precious can be birthed from the remains. Rend or be rent, pup.

— Nhaukh, Theurge of the Dragon's Daughter Pack



Vince Locke



Ron Spencer

PENTEX

One of the Wyrms's best weapons is the shadowy megacorporation Pentex. Pentex is all but invisible to the average person; ordinary people know its various subsidiaries by heart, but see little of the megacorp itself. And Pentex is horribly dangerous because it has all this power and influence — and its Board of Directors is devoted to serving the Wyrms itself. Like some corporate cult, Pentex pushes an agenda of market manipulation, environmental damage and even behavior modification — its ultimate goal is to make all of humanity completely reliant on the megacorp for all their needs. And the Board seems convinced that its time is coming very soon...

Steve Prescott



Steve Prescott



Ron Brown

Fomori

Although Pentex's weapons are many and insidious, perhaps the most loathsome of their tools are the fomori. When a Wyrmspirit possesses a human being, it can twist that person into a mockery of himself, granting great power in exchange for damnation. Although such spirits need little help to create fomori on their own, Pentex has found ways to mass-produce these monsters, giving the megacorporation a secret army of hellish soldiers.



Larry MacDougall

The Weaver

The Weaver was given the duty of taking the Wyld's raw creations and giving them name and form. However, the Weaver went mad, and now tries to limit the world's possibilities — it craves uniformity and law, and demands a world where nothing unexpected ever happens. The Weaver's power lies with civilization and technology — the more tools humans build to control their environment, the less power the Wyld has.

John Cobb

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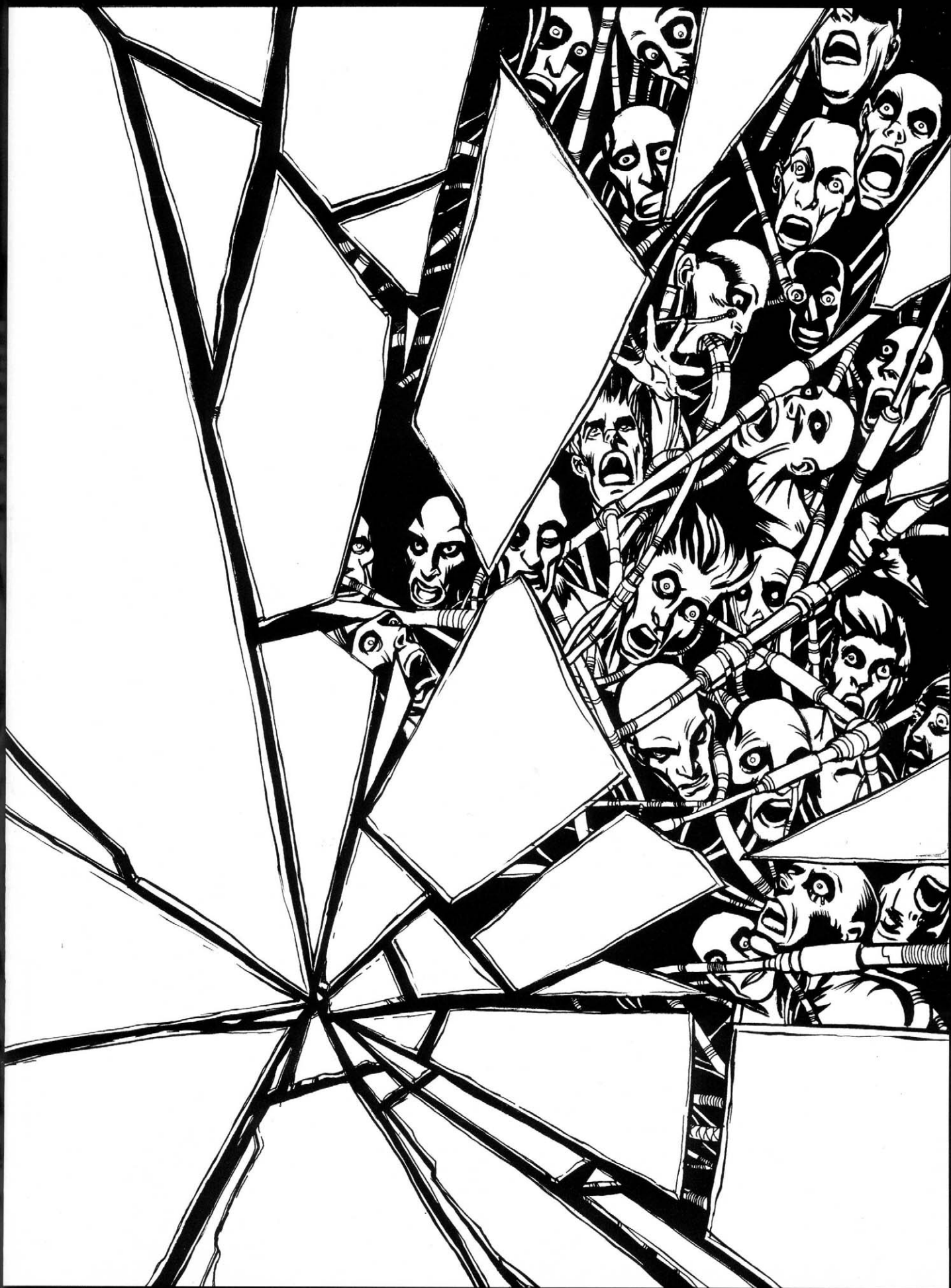
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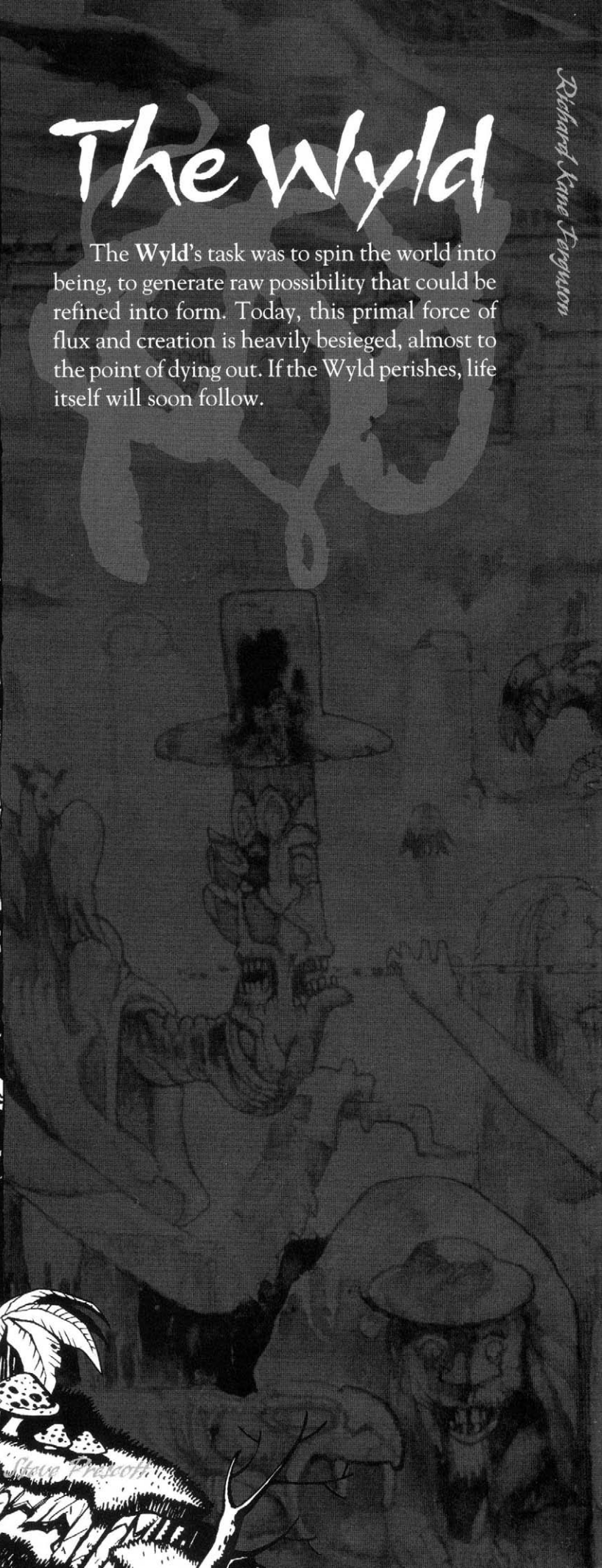




The Wyld

The Wyld's task was to spin the world into being, to generate raw possibility that could be refined into form. Today, this primal force of flux and creation is heavily besieged, almost to the point of dying out. If the Wyld perishes, life itself will soon follow.

Richard Kane Ferguson





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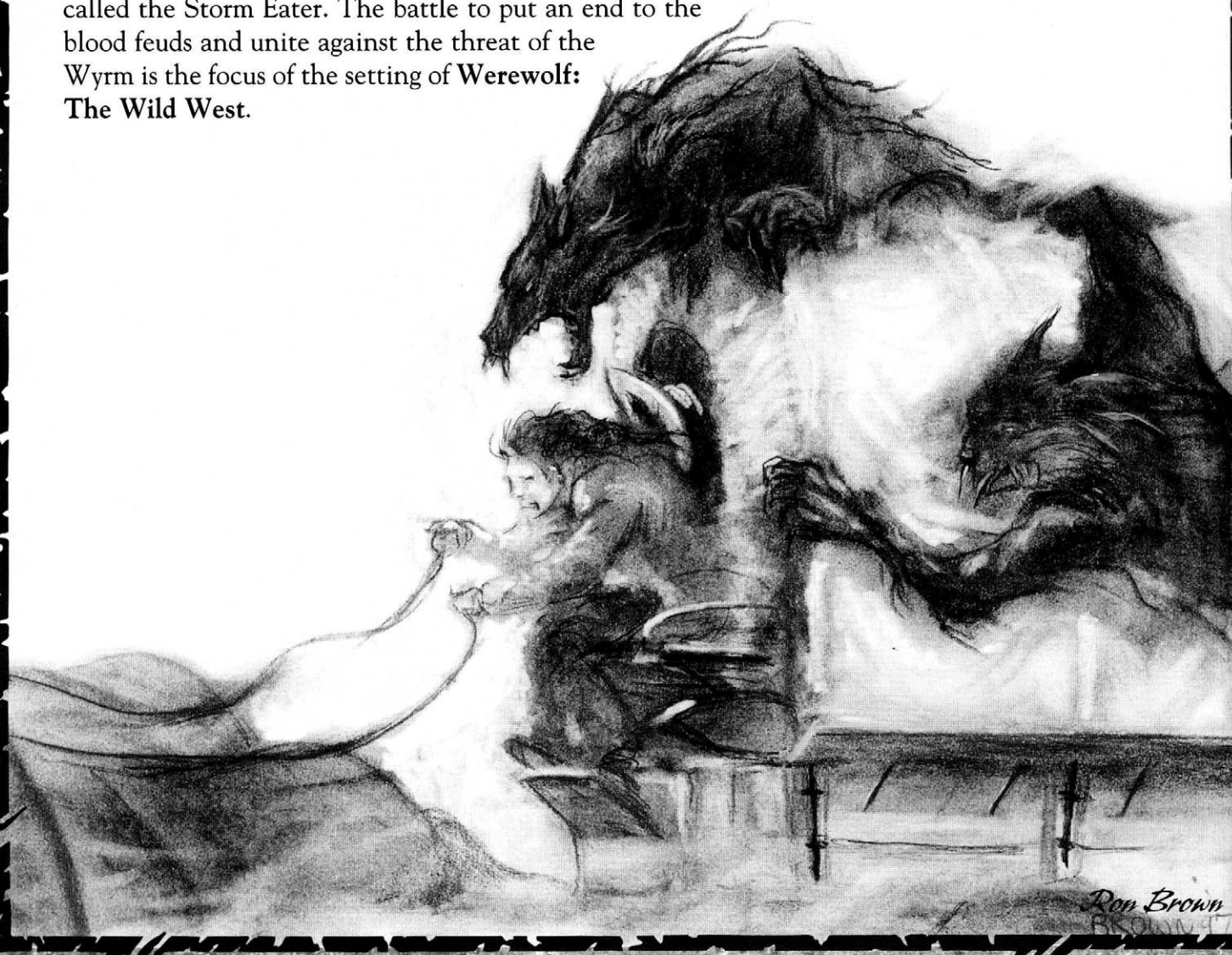
Garou History

Werewolf: The Apocalypse takes place in the End Times, with a world on the cusp of the war to end it all. However, the story of the Garou spans millennia, and not all werewolf stories are set against a modern backdrop.

In the Dark Ages, werewolves were truly in their own element. While superstitious peasants huddled around their fires and shivered, the Garou ran across the mountains and forests of Europe, defending their lands against the encroaching forces of the Wyrms. The Apocalypse was a long way off in those days, and the Garou indulged in many feuds and intrigues in the interest of building their power. But the Dark Ages were also a time when vampires were powerful and numerous, and the ancient war between Leech and Lupine was never bloodier than in the time of **Werewolf: The Dark Ages**.

Before the coming of the Europeans, the native tribes of North America patrolled their homeland, rooting out the Wyrms' creatures wherever they could find them. Three tribes lived in relative peace back then — a peace that would be shattered in the early days of colonization, when the Croatan were called on to make their great sacrifice. This is the time of the **Croatan Song**.

And in the 1800s, the American West was a battleground. American Indian and white Garou fought each other just as their Kinfolk went to war, battling for territory and so-called "honor." Those who looked past these conflicts found an entirely new menace in the form of a massive corrupt spirit called the Storm Eater. The battle to put an end to the blood feuds and unite against the threat of the Wyrms is the focus of the setting of **Werewolf: The Wild West**.



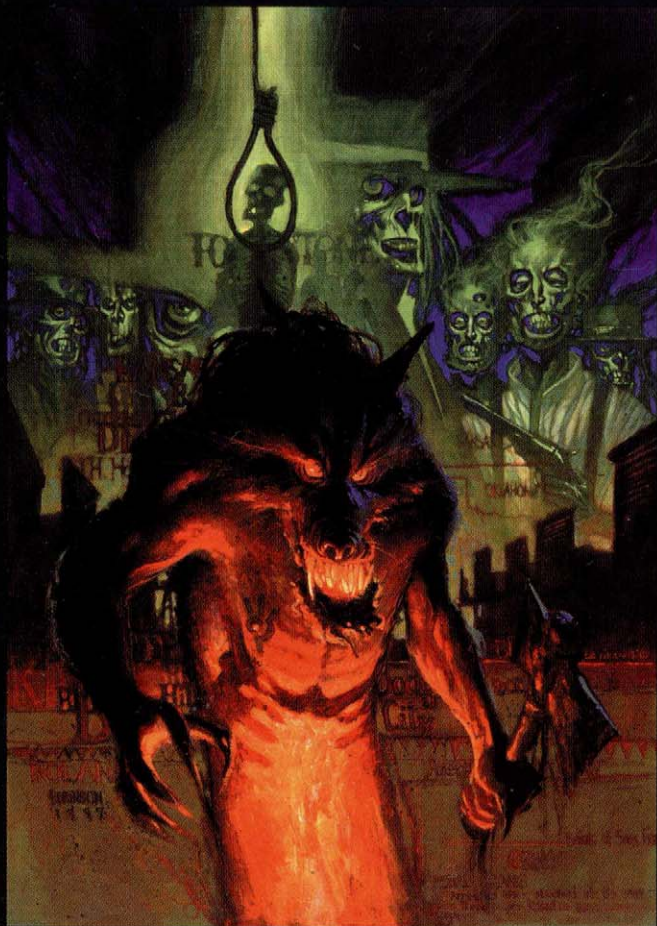
Don Brown
Illustration



Richard Kane Ferguson

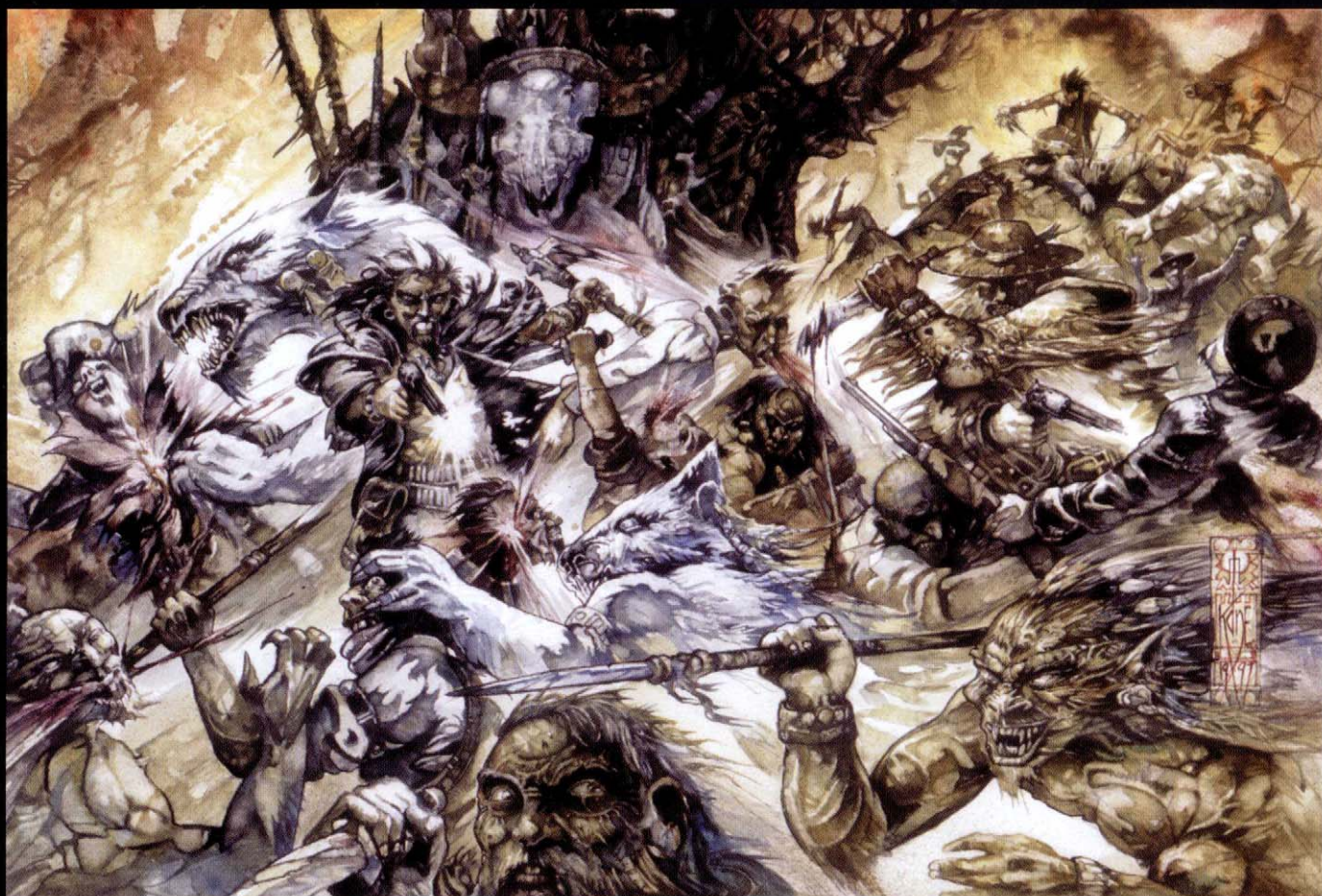


Andrew Robinson



Clayton Frobey





Mari Cabrah

In some ways, Mari Cabrah is the epitome of the Black Fury — strong, dynamic, wise and with a definite chip on her shoulder. This young Theurge endured heavy abuse growing up, which shaped her into the rock-hard warrior she is today. However, although she's no stranger to violence, Mari prefers to take a higher road where humanity is concerned — she works to prevent abuse and teach women self-defense, rather than blindly punish offenders.

Mari's a terror in a fight, particularly for a Theurge, but her skills at dealing with the spirit world are no less well-developed. She is just as adept at healing wounds as she is at dealing them out, and her time spent working with her packmates has given her an excellent grasp of tactics. She still has a mild rivalry with her packmate Albrecht — based in no small part on the scars he gave her some time ago — but that quickly falls by the wayside whenever a real foe presents itself.



Jessica Gabriel Timbrook



Steve Prescott

King Albrecht

If heroes are measured by the adversity they must overcome, then Jonas Albrecht deserves to be ranked among the greatest. His own grandfather, King Morningkill, banished Albrecht from his sept for a mere breach of etiquette. Without pack or sept, the bitter Ahroun crawled into a bottle and might have died there. But fate dictated otherwise — Albrecht not only found himself working hand-in-hand with an old rival to protect a young Lost Cub, but marked by Falcon himself for a greater destiny. When his grandfather died, Albrecht embarked on a quest for the Silver Crown to prove his right to rule. It was an almost impossible mission — and he succeeded anyway.

Albrecht is a great warrior, but in many ways far from the archetypal Silver Fang. He cares little for formality, and rarely goes out of his way to avoid offending anyone. He values his tribe, but values his packmates of other tribes just as much. Many elder Silver Fangs are frankly appalled that this young upstart commands as much loyalty as he does. But to the younger members of his tribe, and to those of other tribes, Albrecht is a symbol of possible renewal for the Silver Fangs — perhaps even for the Garou Nation.

Steve Prescott



Jeff Rebner



Tasha Campbell/Timbrook

Evan Heals-the-Past

Evan is among the most unlikely heroes the Garou Nation has ever seen. He never knew a thing about his heritage until his parents were slaughtered and he underwent his First Change — but now this young Wendigo Philodox has found his role, and fulfills it with gusto. The first white cub to be accepted into the Wendigo tribe, Evan was given the task of healing the old wounds between the Native American tribes and their European cousins. Although it has been a long, hard road, and success is still a very long way off, Evan refuses to give up. It would shame his packmates and Great Wendigo himself to do so.

Evan is still a young man, but he has grown strong quickly. With the blessing of Great Wendigo and the gifts of his distant Wendigo ancestors, he has gained mastery over winds and storms; and his heavy experience has taught him much in the ways of diplomacy and wisdom. The former Lost Cub has become a man, and would now make a fine a mentor himself — if he were not so frantically busy in these End Times, that is.



Michael Croydon

Trishna Cuddeh's Timberbrook

Tony DiTerlizzi

Margrave Koneitzko

One can serve Gaia piously without being a friend to all other Garou — at least, that is the philosophy of Margrave Yuri Koneitzko. The elder Theurge's family has claimed a portion of Eastern Europe as their protectorate for generations, handing the title of margrave down from father to son. And yet, Koneitzko — like all his family — has had to struggle constantly to hold on to what is his, lest some too-proud Silver Fang annex his lands for her own. And, of course, there are the vampires — far, far too many of them, these days. If law is to be restored to Europe, Koneitzko growls, then he will have to do it himself.

Koneitzko has many rivals among the Garou Nation, and sees several other prominent leaders — particularly the upstart King Albrecht — as potential obstacles in his path. In order to realize his dream, the powerful Theurge has gathered the loyalty of many werewolves, Shadow Lord and otherwise, ready to back him when he calls for unity. His motives are unquestionable — he desires nothing less than a unified Garou Nation, strong enough to challenge the Wyrms' forces and win the War of Apocalypse once and for all. Time will tell, though, if his methods will be his undoing....



Alex Harkman

Zhyzhak

It might seem odd to some that the greatest living warrior among the Black Spiral Dancers is a female, particularly given the tribe's penchant for sexual violation and brutal tyranny. But Zhyzhak is a very special case. Like many of her kind, her name comes from the first sound she uttered after dancing the Black Spiral — in her case, a vicious snapping of her jaws. A confirmed klazomaniac, Zhyzhak would rather scream, shout and howl than speak, and is probably incapable of whispering. She was not born for subtle maneuvering or seduction — she is a creature of raw violence, pure and simple.

Zhyzhak has been marked by several Theurges of her depraved tribe as a “chosen one” of some sort, bound to an as-yet-unclear destiny of war and slaughter. It is painfully clear, however, that she is indeed blessed by powerful Wyrnish spirits. The Green



Ron Spencer



Dragon serves as her personal totem, and her ungodly strength is perhaps partly due to its influence. Whatever the actual source of her power, Zhyzhak is arguably the strongest werewolf alive in the world today — even in Homid form, she is capable of bending steel, splintering oak and even killing a Crinos-form werewolf without overmuch effort. When she actually deigns to take up her Devilwhip or shift into Crinos, the outcome of the fight is rarely in doubt.







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Alex Sheikman



Michael Craydon



Steve Ellis



Andrew Batus

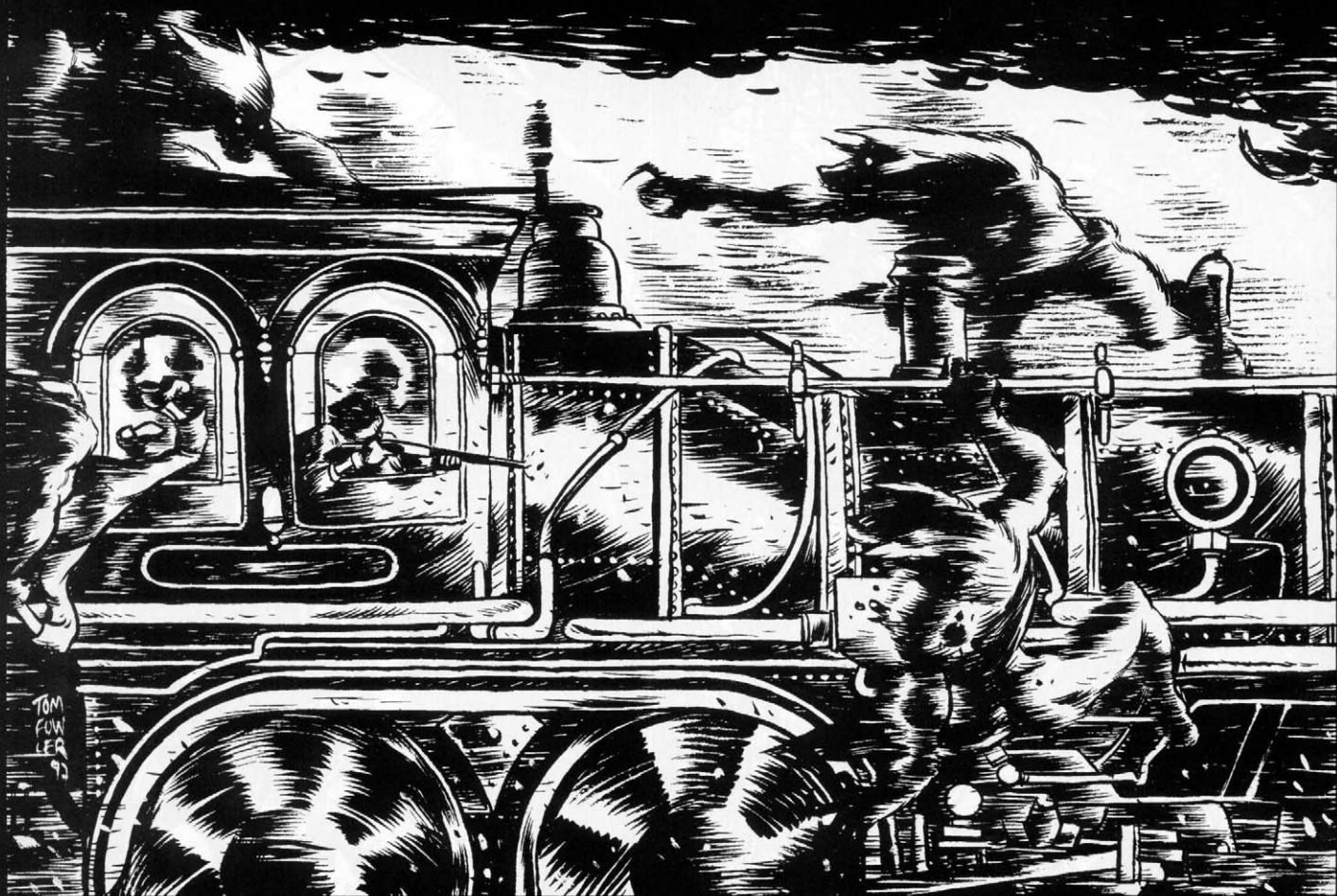


Joe Corroney



Michael Claydon

Tom Fowler



Jeff Reimer



Larry MacDougall



Anthony Hightower





Steve Prescott



Jeff Holt



Jeff Hott



Fred Hooper



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Anthony Hightower



Michael Cuydur



Vince Locke



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Ron Spencer



RON SPENCER 97





Melissa Urran



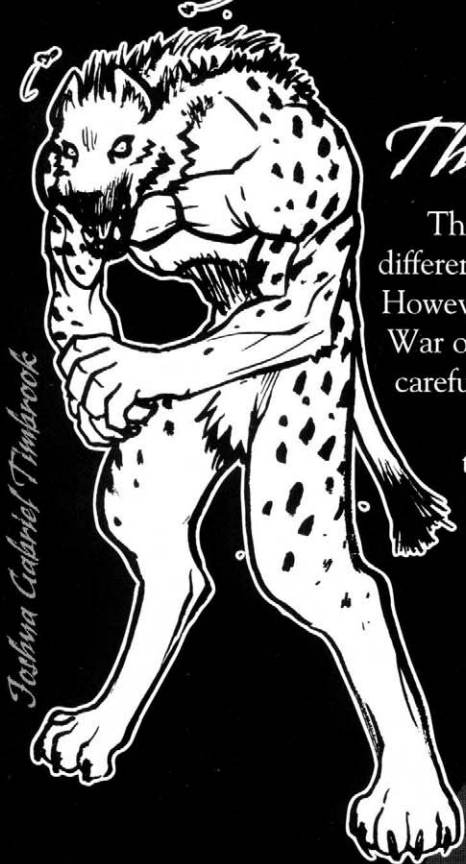
Andrew Bates



Ron Spencer



Ron Spencer



The Fera

The Garou are not the only werebeasts alive in the world. Once, many different Changing Breeds walked the earth, each serving Gaia in their own way. However, the Garou made war on these shapeshifters — the Fera — in the bloody War of Rage. Unknown to most Garou, several breeds of Fera still survive — carefully hiding from the werewolves that slaughtered their ancestors long ago.

The Ajaba werehyenas are the exiled tribe of Bastet. Once they helped their cousins gather secrets in the Mother's name — but the Bastet betrayed them, calling them murderers and traitors. Now the persecuted Ajaba turn their thoughts to revenge...

The Ananasi werespiders are more alien than even some Wyrn-corrupted monsters. These creatures are said to serve not Gaia, but some vast spider-spirit both like and unlike the Weaver. Those few Garou who know that the Ananasi still exist know far better than to trust the spider-folk.



The Bastet, who take the forms of great cats, are perhaps the werewolves' bitterest rivals. The "Eyes of Gaia" blame most of the world's problems on the Garou, and many of the werecats would rather die than aid one of the "dogs." The Bastet are swift, cunning and strong, but their pride may be the death of them.

Joshua Gabriel Timbrook

The **Corax** are the Garou's closest allies among the Fera, although even these clever raven-shifters keep the werewolves at arm's — or wing's — length. The Corax quietly aid a few Garou septs as messengers and harbingers, warning them if an otherwise invisible danger draws too close.

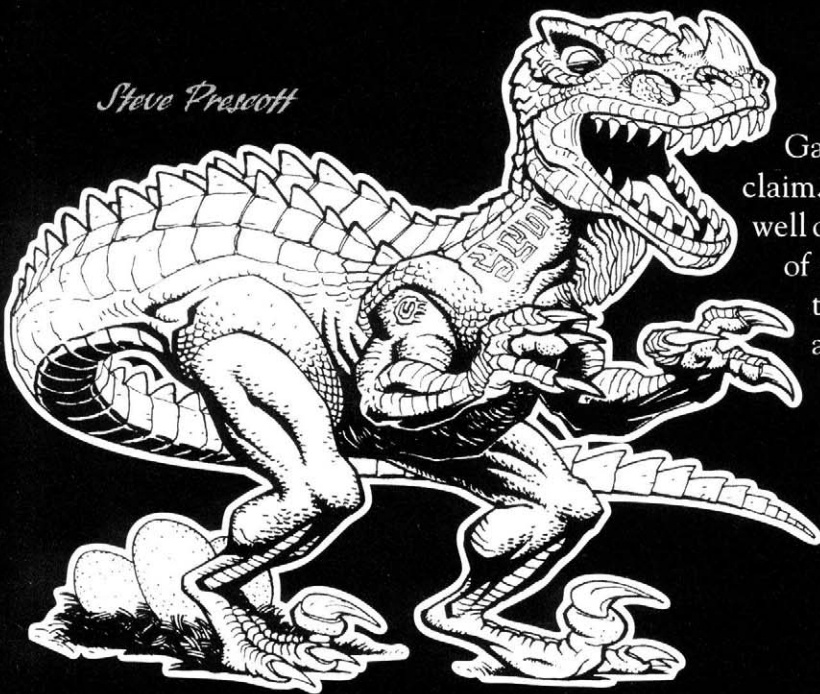


Only a very few of the **Gurahl** werebears are left — which is a great tragedy in itself. Although capable of great Rage, the Gurahl are much more renowned for their healing abilities. Too few survive to mend the world — although those that remain will certainly try.

The **Kitsune** first appeared in the East, but these fox-shifters are now beginning to explore more of the world around them. Expert sorcerers, emissaries, seducers and thieves, they walk shadowy roads in pursuit of goals that only they can see.

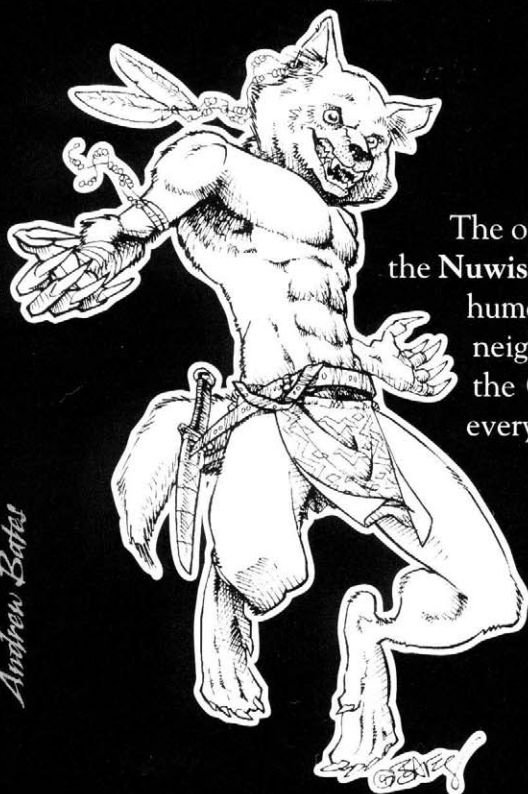


Steve Prescott



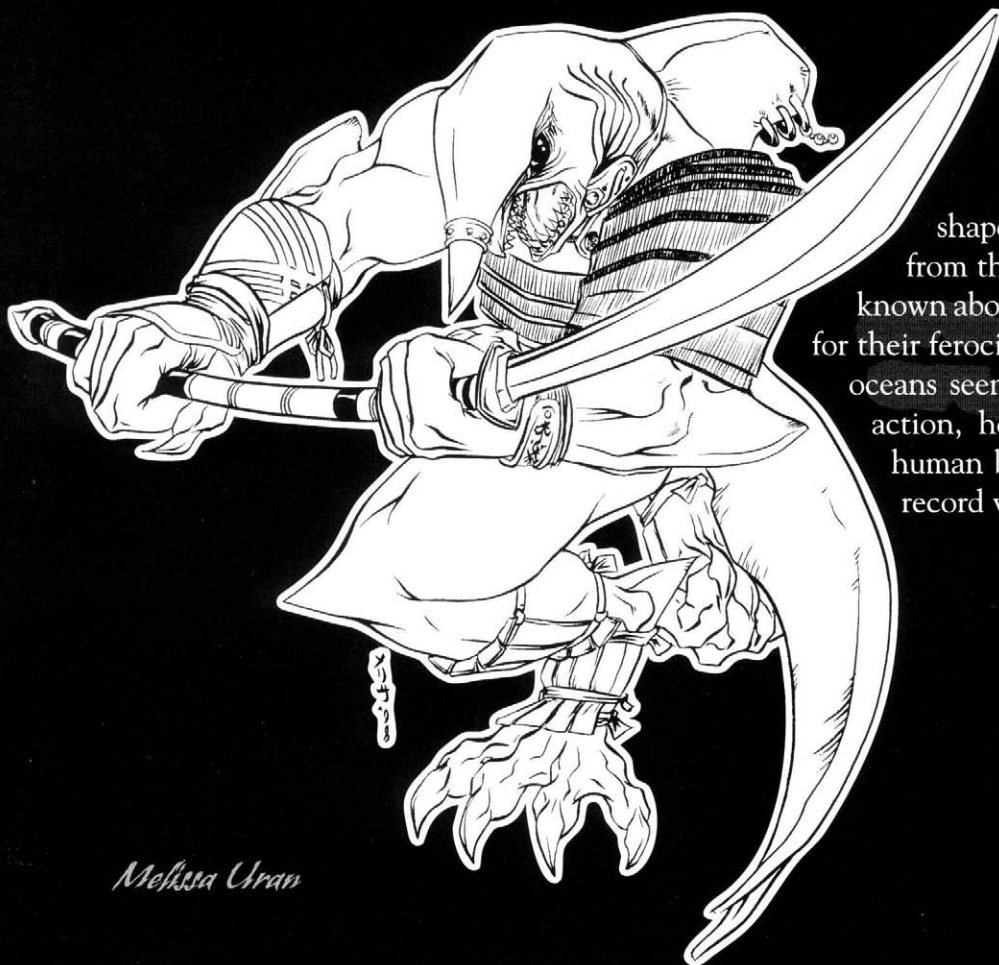
The **Mokolé** call themselves the “Memory of Gaia” — and they have evidence to back up this claim. These crocodilian shifters have access to a well of racial memory reaching back even to the age of the dinosaurs. This memory, combined with their Rage, grants the Mokolé war forms that are as much like dinosaurs or dragons as anything else — reason enough to be called the “Dragon Breed.”

The **Nagah** are the most mysterious of any Changing Breed — even their fellow Fera believe that the wereserpents are dead. This is no accident; the Nagah preserve their secrets with deadly force. If anyone were to discover exactly what the serpent-shifters’ true duty is, they would spare no effort in slaughtering the Nagah for certain.



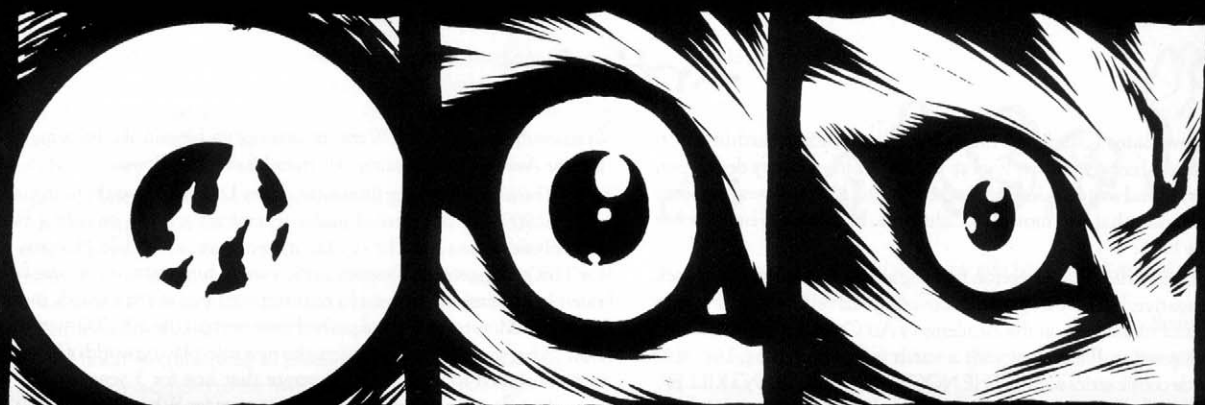
The oldest trickster myths of human culture may have their root in the **Nuwisha**. These werecoyotes are renowned for their wicked sense of humor, and have a habit of pulling dangerous pranks on their neighbors. The Nuwisha don’t do this out of sheer spite, though — the Coyote Breed means to teach an important life lesson with every trick they play.

Beneath the cities nest the **Ratkin**, a vicious breed of rat-shifter. These bitter urban wererats feel betrayed by all their fellow shapeshifters, and are pursuing a violent vendetta against the human race. To the Ratkin mind, all that is important is that the Ratkin survive the Apocalypse — whatever it takes to do so.



Aloof from all the other races of shapeshifter, the **Rokea** guard the seas from the minions of the Wyrms. Little is known about the enigmatic weresharks, save for their ferocity. The recent overfishing of the oceans seems to be stirring the Rokea into action, however; it's almost certain that human blood will soon hit the waters in record volume.

Tony Harris



HARRIS 93

Artists:

Andrew Bates (check out his website: <http://home.earthlink.net/~andrewbates/>) has worn many hats at White Wolf — Trinity developer, freelance artist and writer, sales and marketing, etc. He's still wearing some of them even now that he's moved to California. He's been to hell. He has yet to come back.

Artist and writer **Dan Breton** first began howling at the moon back in 1970, at age five, but gave it up after discovering Marvel Comics a few years later. Dan later studied Art at the Academy of Art College in SF. California where he majored in Illustration with a minor in Shapeshifting. His other works include comic series such as *THE NOCTURNALS*, *GIANTKILLER*, *THE PSYCHO* and *THRILLKILLER*.

Check out his fang-tastic website at WWW.NOCTURNALS.COM

John Bridges was educated in art and all-night gaming sessions at Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Virginia. He discovered, while still in college, that people were actually willing to pay him to do artwork. Go figure! He has since gone on to provide illustrations and graphics from his own Red Crow Studio for a number of roleplaying game companies, including White Wolf, Last Unicorn Games, Chaosium, FASA, and others. His work has also been featured in the collectible card games *Rage*, *Vampire: The Eternal Struggle*, *Dune* and *Mythos*, and his comic book credits include work for Marvel. When not doing comics or games, he does storyboards for TV commercials. He now hangs his hat at Holistic Design Inc. in Atlanta, where he is the lead visual designer and art director for the Fading Suns universe.

Ron Brown spent the 90's working in animation as an Art Director, Development Artist and Assistant Animator primarily working for Disney TV Animation, Turner Feature Animation, and Hanna Barbera Studios. His free-lance Illustration clients include: White Wolf Publishing, Dark Horse Comics, Wizards of the Coast, and Topps Comics. His self-published merchandise currently includes a comic book entitled *The Inside Out King*, limited edition prints, posters, and greeting cards. And he has recently launched a web site gallery of his work at www.insideoutking.com. Ron has devoted much of his time to teaching and is currently on the faculty of The Art Institute of Southern California and Mt. San Antonio College. He is a graduate of Art Center College of Design in Pasadena.

Mike Chaney (pencils) and **Matt Milberger** (inks) are a pair of home-grown talents and prodigal sons who have both rather recently returned to the fold after spending some time working at jobs in the "real world." Mike is a veteran of the White Wolf warehouse crew and Matt Milberger works in our Production and Design department.

John Cobb's strange and twisted art has illuminated *Werewolf* manuals for many moons. His self-proclaimed "primitive-gothic" style brings a skewed visage to the Garou. John has also haunted the pages of our World of Darkness manuals with his bizarre imagination and ink-work. It is rumored that John is completely mad and worships Satan as well.

Joe Corroney works as a professional freelance illustrator in Columbus, Ohio and is the instructor for the Comic Book/Caroon Illustration class and Electronic Illustration class at the Columbus College of Art and Design. He has provided artwork for a variety of comic book publishers including Sacred Ground Studios, DC Comics, and Image. He has been illustrating for White Wolf Publishing since 1998 and has illustrated for other role-playing game companies including Iron Crown Enterprises, West End Games, Last Unicorn Games, Wizards of the Coast, and Microsoft's *Age of Empires* collectible card game. Currently, he is illustrating for the new *Star Wars* rpg from Wizards of the Coast, completing drawing and writing chores on a new *Blood and Roses* one-shot comic book for Sacred Ground Studios, and is also working on his own creator owned comic book, *Death Avenger*. To view more of his artwork and for contact info, visit www.joecorroney.com.

It is difficult to create illustrations that are at once moody and energetic, but **James Daly** manages to do so and the combination is perfect for *Werewolf* art.

Guy Davis is perhaps best known for his work on *Sandman Mystery Theatre* for DC's Vertigo imprint. He is currently working with Dark Horse Comics on *The Nevermen* series. While his artwork is lovely, the subject matter is often best described as gruesome, but that's okay with him since he seems

to enjoy drawing horrible Wyrms-beasties for us. He will also be doing the art for *The Avenger* an upcoming title from Moonstone Books.

The award-winning illustrator, **Tony DiTerlizzi**, was born in California in 1969. He has studied under several art schools including Florida School of the Arts and The Art Institute of Fort Lauderdale. His early work for TSR's *Dungeon & Dragons* game earned him attention in the field of role-playing fantasy games. His re-interpretations of their classic monsters for 1992's *Monstrous Manual* pushed sales beyond the 200,000 mark worldwide. Afterwards, he helped create the new role-playing world of *Planescape*, and continued to exclusively illustrate that line for 3 years. In 1994, he contributed to the design of player-characters for White Wolf Games' new fairy-inspired world, *Changeling*. Next, Tony began working for Wizards of the Coast and their mega-hit card game, *Magic: the Gathering* in 1996. He continues to illustrate cards for them, and recently painted his 100th Magic card! He has completely illustrated several fine books including *Giant Bones*, *Ribbiting Tales*, (both published by Penguin Books), and *Dinosaur Summer* (published by Warner Books). The year 2000 brought a new chapter in Tony's career. *Jimmy Zangwou's Out-of-this-World Moon Pie Adventure*, released by Simon & Schuster Books, is the first of several picture books written and illustrated by Tony. Ted, his second picture book, will be released early 2001. Tony continues to write and draw out of his little studio in Park Slope, Brooklyn with his fiancée Angela and their pug-dog Goblin. For more information, visit www.diterlizzi.com

Steve Ellis's dynamic style is well-suited to an action-packed game such as *Werewolf*, though we've also put his talents to good use in *Aberrant* and *Hunter: The Reckoning*. He has also done work for Scholastic Graphic Novels on the *Confessions of a Teenage Vampire* series.

Glenn Fabry is the greatest artist we've ever worked with that we've never talked to in person. Since he insists on living over the sea and far away, all our communications with Glenn have been through faxes or other people, and yet he has provided us with some of the finest cover and promotional work we've ever had the pleasure to publish. Although Glenn has done covers all over the comics industry, check out his incredible 66 issue run on *Preacher* for some of the best cover art ever to grace comics.

Richard Kane Ferguson has recently forsaken the pastoral horse-racing country of Saratoga Springs, NY for the foggy coolth of San Francisco, but he seems to like it just fine. He is perhaps most well-known for his manifold contributions to the *Magic: The Gathering* and *Rage* card games but he also indulges in self-publishing his Totem Studio work and has more recently done some more fantastic cover work for White Wolf.

Born in Dryden, Ontario and a graduate of Sheridan College illustration, Canadian artist **Tom Fowler** has been working professionally as a cartoonist/illustrator for the last five years. Most notably in gaming, Tom's work has appeared in such games as: *Werewolf: The Wild West*, *Wraith*, *Shadowrun*, *Hell on Earth*, and *Doomtown* to name a few. In the last two years Tom's turned his attention to comics working on (among other things) the acclaimed anthology series *Oni Double Feature* for Oni Press, *The Blair Witch Chronicles* (also for Oni), and a Jar Jar Binks story in *Star Wars Tales* for Dark Horse Comics. Currently tom is working on his first european "Bande Dessinée" for Swiss publisher Éditions Paquet. Tom lives in Ottawa with his girlfriend. He is very tall, devilishly handsome, and rarely wears pants.

Illustrator, painter and printmaker, **Michael Gaydos** grew up in Ohio and studied at the Cleveland Institute of Art. His list of credits includes illustration and sequential artwork for DC, Image, Tundra, NBM, Caliber and White Wolf, among others. Michael currently resides in Nyack, NY with his wife Christine and their new son Jacob.

As inhuman as werewolves can be, Canadian **Pia Guerra** is adept at bringing out their human side, making them more sympathetic in our eyes. The emotion and storytelling her illustrations lend to *Werewolf* make the plight of the Garou seem all the more poignant.

Scott is one of the infamous **Hampton Boys**, wanted desperados of the Old West, who are known for their fast guns and beautiful artwork. Keep an eye out for Scott's many projects in the comic book industry- his usual stomping ground when he's not robbing stagecoaches.

Never let it be said that the art directors at White Wolf are above a little cradle robbing. We managed to get **Anthony Hightower** working for us before he finished art school with some lovely prints for *Wraith: The Oblivion*. Since then he has at some point lent his moody illustration style to just about every White Wolf game.

James Holt is a graduate of East Carolina University with a BFA in Fine Art Painting, specializing in portraiture and landscape. Always a fan of science fiction and fantasy he has turned his talents toward fantasy illustration for the last seven years. The challenge of bringing a vision of a fictional world to life by imagining and rendering the details that would be present in reality keeps James active in this field.

In addition to continuing to produce many fine illustrations, **Fred Hooper** has lately ascended to the hallowed position of art director at FASA so he can order around all the other freelancers on these pages.

Eric Hotz is to go-to guy if you want antique-looking illustrations. He has done a lot of fantasy RPG illustrations for a multitude of companies in recent years and has also done some self-publishing of his own fantasy setting, *The Red Stag Inn*. Check out his website: <http://www.hyperbooks.com/catalog/hotzart.html>

Mark Jackson likes to collect little black robots and demon toys of every description. He believes that when he has enough, they will all somehow come to life and do his nefarious bidding. He also believes that the entire World of Darkness is real and knows where Hoffa is buried (D.B Cooper's basement). When not under observation, Mark freelances part-time and spends the other 85% of his life Art Directing a new feature length CG film for Fathom Studios (jackson@fathomstudios.com). His online portfolio can be found at www.kimota.com. He seldom updates the site. If you complain to him about this he will say mean things about your mother.

Tony Harris, Andrew Robinson and Ray Snyder all share studio space at **Jolly Roger Studio** (Art & Skullduggery) in Macon Georgia. There they mainly create art for comic books, but occasionally we can persuade them to find time to put their fine talents to work on **Werewolf**.

Brian LeBlanc develops his artistic talent by doing project after project of RPG art, card art, comics, you name it. He shares a home with writer, Tonne Forquer and their two cats, Moundshroud and Dorothy. When he's not artting around, he likes to cook and play *Tenchu*. If you'd like a taste of his spicy art, visit his website: <http://io.spaceports.com/~bleblanc/index.html>

The multi-talented **Vince Locke** has worked on many titles for DC (*American Freaks*, *Books of Faerie*, *Sandman*, and *Witchcraft* among them) and Caliber (*Deadworld* and *Saint Germaine*). His style lends itself equally well to horror and fantasy as well as some more humanistic illustrations that he's done for *Vampire*, *Mage* and *Werewolf*. Vince will be doing the art on the *Vampire: The Masquerade* comic coming in 2001 from Moonstone Books.

Larry MacDougall lives on the Niagara Escarpment in southern Ontario. Haunted fairy tales, old legends and folk tales are what inspires him most. Larry is currently working on a children's book about a haunted goldmine. Check out Underhill Studio's website at: <http://www3.sympatico.ca/underhill>.

Against his will and better judgement, **Steve Prescott** creates illustrations for White Wolf and FASA. He works in many different styles and techniques so as to throw off the Feds. In the end however, the IRS always finds him (hiding under the sink in the kitchen). What few little scraps the government DOESN'T reap from his modest earnings he spends liberally on movies, Legos, and beer. Although he dreams of someday colonizing Wizard Island in Crater Lake, Oregon, he currently resides in mighty Columbus, Ohio with his girlfriend and a big, lazy rottweiler.

Jeff Rebner started running with the tribes to battle the Wyrms in 1992 and continues his crusade to this day. He has worked with Jim Lee at Wildstorm on the *Cybermary* series and he has worked on the *Incredible Hulk* at Marvel. Jeff is now working for Film Roman on the Fox TV show, *King of the Hill* as a character-layout artist. He lives in Los Angeles awaiting the next full moonrise under a smog-filled night.

SCAR is actually two people: Steve Carter and Antoinette Ryder. This Australian duo is infamous for bringing their underground comics look to **Werewolf** illustration and adding some great cultural design elements to the art. In their spare time they like to create comics about cannibalistic dinosaur women.

Alex Sheikman



[This enigmatic world traveler is also kind enough to send postcards from exotic locales to his homebody art director.]

1 Ron Spencer 3:13-18

- 13 And it came to pass that on the ninth day Ron was created.
- 14 And the Earth did rejoice!
- 15 And Ron did grow in the land of great humidity, even Nebraska.
- 16 Now when Ron had become of age, he did go forth seeking fortune and adventure as a crafter of images, having studied little save it were the sacred words of Lovecraft, Howard and Stan Lee.
- 17 Lo, many years and deadlines did pass, in the which Ron did subdue a comely wife. And she did produce numberless offspring.
- 18 And thus Ron is now compelled to dwell in the midst of a cornfield, producing unending images of lycanthropes, undead and all manner of "Magic"-al creatures, that he might have wherewith to feed his vast horde.

And thus it is. Amen.

British digital artist **Steve Stone** (<http://www.nexus-dna.demon.co.uk/>) has done promo art for computer games (*Sandwarriors* by Gremlin Interactive) and book covers (*The Amtrak Wars* and Terry Brooks' *Shannara* series). In addition he has teamed up with Ken Whitman to produce *Zero*, an RPG based on the images in his artwork.

It takes a very strange person to create a symbolic language system for a savage race of eight-foot killing machines who commune with nature spirits. It takes a real weirdo to duct tape thick markers to his fingers and claw at boxes in the White Wolf warehouse to determine what kind of claw marks a Garou might make if he were trying to write with his claws. And it takes a loony to then make hundreds of symbols fit into a narrative epic like the *Silver Record*. Fortunately, **Rich Thomas** is the maniac for the job.

It would be difficult to talk about the art of **Werewolf** without mentioning **Joshua Gabriel Timbrook**. He was instrumental giving our werewolves their distinct look as well as helping to define the visual appeal of much of the **World of Darkness** in *Vampire*, *Mage*, *Wraith* and *Changeling*.

Drew Tucker is currently living and working in friendly Bloomfield, New Jersey with his enchanting wife Kate and their son Griffin. Drew is furthering his education and honing his skills in New York City at the School of Visual Arts, where through line and smudge he will achieve world domination but not before he successfully markets the chicken pop - a smooth frozen chicken on a stick, with a creamy gravy center. His work will also be gracing the cover of the first *Werewolf: The Apocalypse* comic from Moonstone Books scheduled for sometime in 2001.

Melissa Uran is a freelance artist who got her start in comics, but decided to take it easy and be a gamer... err... work in gaming instead. She also does work for Exhibit A Press and VIZ Communications occasionally, but White Wolf is her current interest... well, that and Final Fantasy games....

If you look up the word nice in the dictionary, you'll find it next to a picture of **Sherilyn Van Valkenburgh**. Now look up the word talented- there she is again. Sheri is one of the few artists who still actually physically paint when they color black and white art rather than use the computer- and the difference is amazing. Her stunning technique and sense of color can be seen on better comic covers and *Borealis Legends'* Lankmar series and *Count Brass*.

Credits

Werewolf: The Apocalypse Created By: Bill Bridges, Mark Rein•Hagen and Robert Hatch, with Phil Brucato, Brian Campbell, Sam Chupp, Andrew Greenberg, Daniel Greenberg, Harry Heckel, Teeuwynn Woodruff

Book Design, Art Direction and Typesetting: Aileen E. Miles

Writer: Ethan Skemp

Art Director's Afterword:

I was so looking forward to getting the chance to do a **Werewolf** art book, but it has turned out to be the most difficult project I have ever worked on. Squeezing the best artwork from nine years of **Werewolf: The Apocalypse** into 90 or so pages wasn't easy, in fact it was impossible. There was no way to fit all the great things **Werewolf** artists have contributed over the years into this book; I couldn't even fit all of my favorites. So I had to narrow it down to the art that best expressed the themes and subjects that are most basic to **Werewolf** and those pieces that show what makes our werewolves unique.

You might notice that the art of **Werewolf** encompasses a highly eclectic mix of styles, from darkly humorous splatterpunk to ethereal abstraction and all stops in between. It's a reflection of the many faces of **Werewolf**: faith, violence, desperation, hope, serenity, chaos, primitives, techno-shamans, ancient wisdom and the hot-blooded enthusiasm of youth all rolled up together. Each artist can choose to emphasize a different aspect, just as each Storyteller does, and they often change stylistically over time or depending on the focus of the project at hand. That's what makes art directing **Werewolf** so rewarding and so challenging and that's what makes **Werewolf** books such a visual feast of style and imagery.

So, I extend my thanks to the artists herein (and in all our fine **Werewolf** products) and to the fans who make this all possible.

—Aileen E. Miles
Art Director



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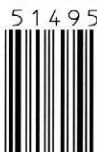
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