

# THE WEREWOLF

# PLAYERS GUIDE

"Gather, cubs, and hear the song of the mighty Garou, the Dying Race, the last Defenders of Gaia. Long have they fought against the rising dark, against the corruption that is the Wyrn. Though wounded and in pain, they fight on, alone against the End. None listen to their pleas, none heed their call. Only the Garou still Rage!"

— Maverick Tongue, Galliard of the Silver Fangs

## Rage against the Dying of the Light

In the face of Apocalypse, the Garou use every power they can muster against the armies of corruption and decay. The *Werewolf Players Guide* includes new powers for the battle, from powerful Gifts to amazing fetishes. Herein are detailed the strengths of the Garou — and their weaknesses. Discover the different camps within the 13 tribes who all vie for their own visions of the world. Sit in on a moot, from the Opening Howl to the predawn Revel. Witness the Litany enforced by the mighty Silver Pack. Uncover the secrets of the other werewolf, hiding throughout the world and nursing their ancient hate. The *Werewolf Players Guide* will enrich any **Werewolf** chronicle.

### Werewolf Players Guide includes:

- New character creation options, including Merits & Flaws, Personality Archetypes and new Gifts.
- Expanded rules for Rage and combat, including Klaive dueling and the Garou martial art of Kailindo.
- The other shapeshifters of the world, from the uncanny Bastet catfolk to the bizarre Ananasi werespiders.



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# Werewolf Players Guide





# LEGENDS OF THE GAROU

## Why the Garou Run In Packs

"Uncle, why do the Garou run in packs?" The question was respectful, and caught Black-Mane-That-Breaks-The-Spiral completely off guard. Black Mane looked down at the curious pup and shook his head.

"You may as well ask why Luna chooses to walk with the stars more often than the Sun. The Garou have run in packs for as long as Garou have been. It is our way." The pup looked at Black Mane with equal surprise; normally her uncle was more direct in answering her questions.

The young Garou shook her head sadly. "You do not know." She turned away and headed toward another section of the caern, unsatisfied with the only answer he could truthfully give her aside from the legends of the Garou. Black-Mane-That-Breaks-The-Spiral tried to avoid the legends in his lessons. He preferred to use the modern stories he was certain the younger Garou could understand more easily. The legends of the Garou were of great importance, but Black-Mane-That-Breaks-The-Spiral felt they should be savored, not used as examples. Black Mane considered his options as he grabbed a pine cone from the forest floor.

His aim was accurate. The pine cone hit his charge in the shoulder, bringing her around with a half snarl on her face as she considered who had attacked her. "The answer is inherent in us all. Can you not feel the need to run with a pack of your own? Do you wish to roam this world without others of your kind to call family?"

The Adren walked slowly back, forcing her jaws to unclench, reminding herself that she was here to learn, not to fight. Not yet at least. "Why is it inherent in us all?" she demanded. "Why

must I choose to live with the Garou, to be with the pack instead of running by myself?"

Black Mane looked at the young homid before him, saddened that she could even ask such questions; angered by his inability to ease the abuse heaped on her by the rest of the tribe. The abuse would lessen after her Rite of Passage, but how could he explain that? He motioned for the child to sit and, after a slight hesitation, she did so. Black-Mane-That-Breaks-The-Spiral looked to Luna far above him for guidance in his answers. As always, he was renewed by the love she shone down on him.

"Legends say that long ago the Garou did not run in packs. We, like so many of the werewolf, ran alone. In those days, Gaia was young, and she needed no defenders. The Wyrms were still in harmony with the Triat, not an opposing force to the Weaver and the Wyld."

Black Mane tossed a few sticks onto the small fire before him, staring into the flames as if in search of the words to help his charge understand.

"In times long gone, the Wyrms were friend to the Wyld, a mediator between the Weaver's order and the glorious Chaos that is the Wyld. Then the Weaver went mad, and took the Wyrms into her madness as well.

"Everything began to change, adapting to the ways of the Weaver and the Wyrms. Everything but Gaia. Gaia became a haven for life, a fighter against the Wyrms' corruption. Because she is mother to us all, the Garou agreed to join in her battle.



"Alone we fell quickly, but in packs we found we could survive the dangers of the Wyrn. Alone the other werebeasts stayed, choosing to fight for Gaia and the Wyld in some cases, doing battle for the Weaver or the Wyrn in others. Those who chose the Weaver soon found they had strength by themselves, those who chose the Wyrn became our enemies. Still, they all chose to run alone. They are weaker now, less in number than they once were. Of all the werebeasts, only the Garou have remained strong."

Satisfied that he had answered her question, Black Mane turned his gaze to the moon above, ignoring his charge, dismissing her. She shook her head sadly. "Why do you run with a pack?"

This time, Black Mane looked angrily at the pup. "Have I not just told you the reason?"

"No, you have told me why the Garou run in packs. How is it that you chose to run with your pack?" she countered.

Black-Mane-That-Breaks-The-Spiral smiled. This was a question he could answer.

"Once, longer ago than these old bones like to remember, I too doubted the need for a pack. During my Rite of Passage I saw that pack members could be useful, but I desired only to roam free, to feel the wind's kiss in my fur and to howl my pride to the moon. I was a fool." Black Mane shook his head in remorse.

"In those days the problems caused by the Wyrn were better hidden; I refused to believe that the Wyrn was a serious threat. I was not alone in my thoughts. Many of the pups believed they were above such petty doubts. Understand that such worries as toxic waste and nuclear disasters were still things of the future, most believed the Apocalypse was simply a fable. We know better now.

"I was not always of the woods. When I was younger I preferred the city to the areas where Gaia is strongest. I saw no need for secrecy, certain that those who saw me would never believe what they had seen. Again I say, I was a fool. Having grown to a young adult in the city, I saw no reason to change my old habits, or my beliefs that I and my friends would someday be the masters of all we saw. Those who had gone through the Rite of Passage with me tried to convince me that the ways of the Garou were best, but I would not listen. No sooner had I become an adult in the eyes of the Garou, than I decided the Garou were fools and I was far wiser.

"And so it was that I found myself in serious danger, doing what I had done all my life and doing what had never been dangerous to me before. I decided to join a group of my human friends in getting drunk. The human world still felt that I was too young to consume alcohol; but in my infinite wisdom, I decided the adults of the human world were also fools. I could do as I pleased, I was Garou, who could stop me? So I and my friends drank down the liquor that I had helped steal from a local store. We all had too much to drink. The world was tilting around us, and we were enjoying the sensation.

"Let me tell you, child, the Wyrn has many tricks for the seduction of Gaia's guardians. But I personally feel the worst of

them all is vodka; you may feel no pain while you are consuming that foul liquid, but the morning after...

"Well, anyway, we were sitting in the one place that was never bothered by the human police, Monroe's Junkyard, a massive grave to the leftovers that humans no longer wanted, when the Wyrms decided I would make a fine meal.

"Back then, the group I associated with was a street gang. We called ourselves the Spiders. Almost all the neighborhood groups were called gangs by the adults, and so it seemed that every group of friends belonged to one gang or another. But it was different then. If you fought with another gang, the worst that was likely to happen was a few bloody noses and maybe a broken arm. The Wyrms have even made the frustration of youth much harder; these days you will likely get bullet wounds for your troubles.

"There was another gang that often caused us problems, they called themselves the Silver Snakes. The Snakes were mostly boys from the other side of town, the side that had money, and they took a special pleasure in trying to beat me and my friends into a pulp at least once a week. This pleasure they derived no doubt came from the fact that they always won. When they showed themselves on our 'turf,' I knew that this time, things would be different. This time, I had the strength of a Garou to back my fists.

"That night, so many years ago, I saw the Correlli brothers — they were the biggest of the gang members, and they came from one of the richest families — coming my way. I decided that there would be no losing. I planned to tear them all apart, the hatred I felt for those who had so often defeated me was nearly limitless, or so I thought. I wasn't completely drunk, I had the good sense to stand behind my friends when I charged, making sure they could not see the fur that sprouted on my body, the way my nails lengthened and thickened, or the way my teeth grew.

"My friends did not see me change, but they certainly saw the change that came over the Correlli brothers. I had lived in the city all my life. I had gone to the same school as the Correllis. I had never once suspected that they too were Garou. Their clothes tore completely off their bodies. The wild fur spread unevenly over their flesh. For the first time in my life, I saw the horrors of true Wym Corruption. I saw the foul faces of the Black Spiral Dancers.

"Just to add to the fear I felt, my sickening feelings doubled and even tripled as the rest of the Silver Snakes transformed as well. They were not Spiral Dancers, they were fomori.

"In one second's time, I learned that all the Garou had told me was true. There really was a Wym, and I was looking seven of its agents in their twisted faces. I have never been that frightened since.

"The fomori disposed of my human friends, tearing them apart before my eyes. Bobby Carmichael, the biggest of my friends, was folded over himself. I heard the bones breaking even over the sound of his screams. Tony Carlucci was torn in half, used as a rope in a tug of war. Perhaps the worst was what the fiends did to Cindy Calhoun — by the time they were done

I think she must have been glad to die. I felt her loss the most; I had held dreams of the day when we would marry. I loved her.

"I wanted to help them. They meant all the world to me back then. I was too afraid. I was a coward. There was much I had never expected in my life — cowardice in the face of my enemy was near the top of that list. I would like to blame the vodka for my fear, but I do not like to lie. The Garou I had met and rejected were fearsome in their own right, but they never tortured another living being for the pure joy of watching that being suffer.

"I had thought the Wyrms a lie, a creation of the Garou elders to ensure that all the younger folk obeyed their commands. Seeing the reality was almost more than I could handle. I howled my pain, the loss of my friends and the loss of my youth, into the night. The howl was cut short by the attack of the Correlli brothers.

"What? Oh, I suspect they never attacked as Garou before because they too were young. Perhaps they had only recently been accepted by their own foul tribe. Or perhaps they preferred to hide their true natures behind the mask of normalcy. I have often thought that if I had not changed first, if I had not decided to flaunt the powers that Gaia and Luna granted me, that my friends might still be alive. But child, please let me finish this tale; even now to speak of this shame wounds me.

"The Black Spiral Dancers are true specialists in causing maddening pain. What they did to me was enough to make me shriek in agony. I begged for mercy; wounded and degraded, I never thought to fight back. In my soul I knew that nothing would stop the Correllis from tearing me apart, and I so wanted to live.

"The wounds they left on my body can still be seen in the scars that cover my pelt. They tore most of this ear away, leaving only the stub you see. The spot over here, just under my arm, they tore all the flesh away, leaving only the bone. I see the question in your eyes, and I shall answer truthfully. Yes, child, they are the reason I have never found a mate. That is why it is my honor to be your Uncle. I shall never know the pleasure of seeing my own pups grow to adulthood.

"It was when I was starting to desire death, that the pack that had so wanted me to join them made their presence known. From over the wooden fence that held the junkyard at bay they came, snarling in defiance of the Wym. Never have I seen a more glorious sight. Hops-Like-A-Bug landed directly on the back of one fomori, tearing with his claws and savaging the thick neck of the demon. Even as the beast was reaching for him, Sneak Thief tore the legs out from under the creature. She was a feisty one, I still miss her laughter. Truck Basher joined into the battle, and in seconds the beast was dismembered.

"The next two went down before the fury of my pack as if they were made of rags. They were shredded in a matter of seconds. I struggled to my feet and let my body heal what it could even as I joined the fray. Never has there been such a fight; it was my first battle with the Wym, and like so many things, it is the one I remember best. The Correlli brothers were ferocious in battle, but they, like me, lacked the true feelings of a pack. Each fought only for his own Glory, never to protect his