

BOOK OF AUSPICES™

The Five Faces of Luna

The trickster; the shaman; the judge; the bard; the warrior. Each werewolf follows one of the five auspices, according to the blessings of the moon. A werewolf has a great obligation to follow the ways of the moon phase under which he was born — but it isn't in vain. If he is true to his moon, he can reap great rewards and bring glory to his people. If he shames his moon, the costs will be dire.

The Five Paths of the Wolf

Book of Auspices deals with the five auspices of the Garou in never-before-seen detail. Learn the hidden spiritual knowledge of the mystical Theurge, the rites and duties of the Philodox judge, the disciplines and tactics of the warrior Ahroun. Use new moon-granted powers to enhance your abilities, or delve deeply into the mindset of what it is to be born under an auspice. Walk one road or walk them all — each is its own path to glory.

Book of Auspices contains:

- An in-depth look at each auspice role, from methodology to its role in Garou society
- Advice on getting the most roleplaying mileage out of each auspice
- New auspice-specific Gifts, rites, fetishes, Merits & Flaws, including rare Level Six Gifts

WEREWOLF
THE APOCALYPSE™



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BOOK OF AUSPICES™

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Special Dedication

To Jessica Hanna, great gamer and greater friend. We will always miss you, Heather, and Benjamin.



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LEGENDS OF THE GAROU

Four out of Five

“Anyway, that’s the deal. The tribe is willing to sponsor us — and by ‘sponsor,’ I mean ‘give us lots of money’ — if we agree.” He taps the ash off his cigarette, and gives me that tight-lipped smile again. I have no idea how he does it — the guy manages an ear-to-ear grin without parting his lips. It’s grotesque.

I fan the smoke away and look out the window. I’m really considering his offer, and it’s not the money. Hell, I make enough money — my fall line’s doing really well. It’s the notion of joining a pack. I miss it. And with the tribe’s sponsorship, we could probably travel. That’d be a nice perk — one of the many reasons I’ve been gun-shy about joining a new pack is that I’m nervous about getting tied down to one sept.

He doesn’t let up. “It’d be great, Corina. We’d be about the only uni-tribal pack operating anywhere in the country. I’ve heard on the down-low from sept leaders in four different cities that they’d be very keen on having us visit, help out,” he pauses for effect, “share stories.”

Bastard.

I never got to tell stories much in my old pack. Don’t know why. Probably because we were based out

of the Valkenberg Foundation, not a caern, so we didn’t have a monthly moot, which meant no fixed time to howl at the moon.

“So who all would it be?” He lights up at the question.

“It’d be me, you, Jack — you know, the herbalist guy — and Rowe.”

Something’s wrong here.

“That’s only four, Elton.” He shrugs. “No, I mean that’s not a complete pack.” I hold up five fingers. “I’m a Galliard, you’re a Ragabash, Jack’s a Theurge, and Rowe’s a Philodox. So where’s our full-moon?” My middle finger’s the only one left up, but he doesn’t notice.

Elton stubs out his cigarette. “Well, we did have a line on this one kid but he got killed defending a caern outside Phoenix. Tough break, but I really think we could go ahead without an Ahroun.” He smirks. “Not like we don’t *all* know how to fight, right?”

I shake my head. “Yeah, that’s pretty much what we said, too, and it almost got us all killed. ‘Not like we *all* don’t know the Litany.’ Christ in a cartoon.”

“What are you talking about, Corina?”