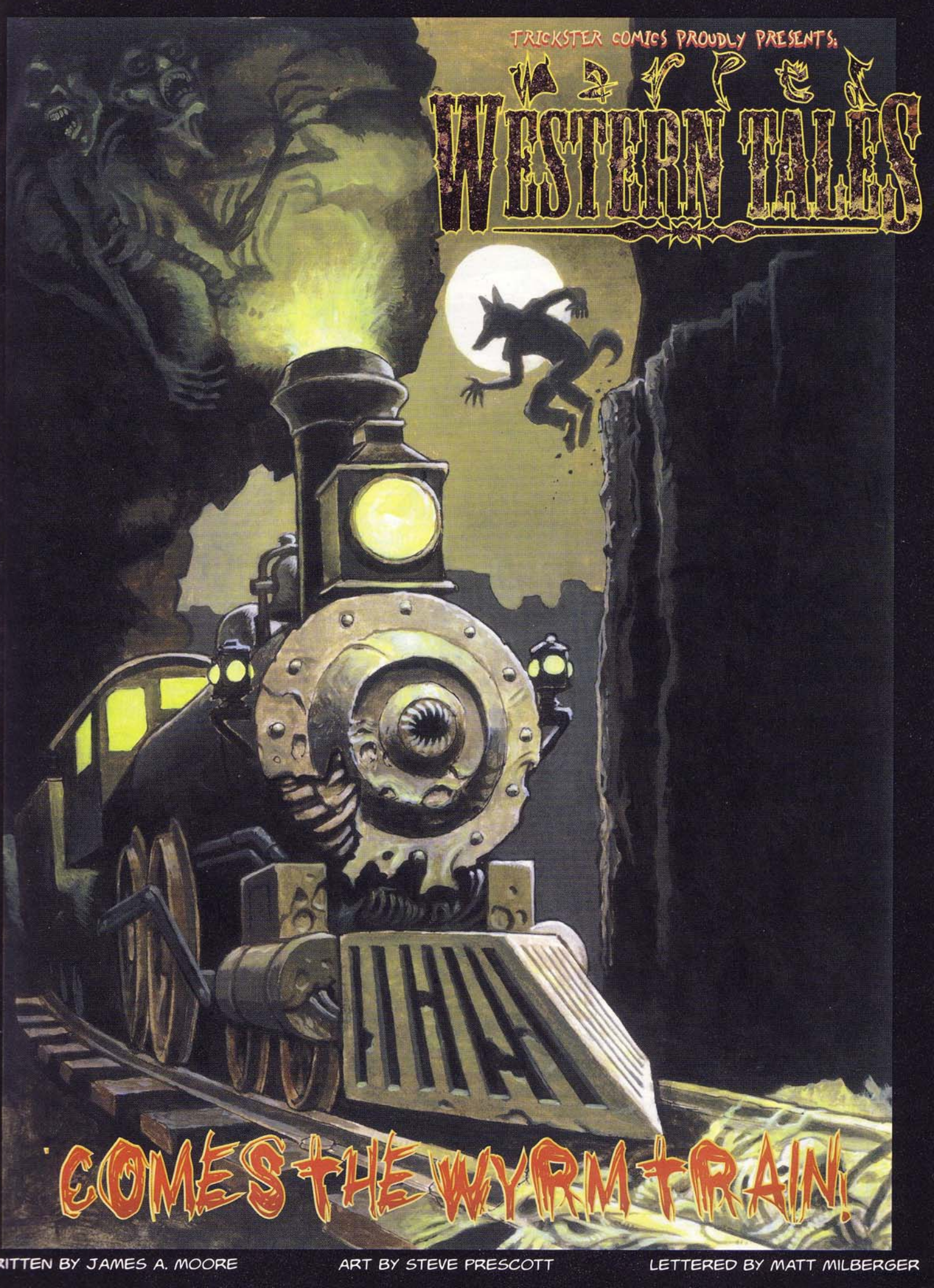


MUTWISHA

*A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™
Changing Breed Book 2*

TRICKSTER COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS:

WESTERN TALES



COMES THE WYRM TRAIN!

WRITTEN BY JAMES A. MOORE

ART BY STEVE PRESCOTT

LETTERED BY MATT MILBERGER

SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEARN. IT'S NOT THE COLOR OF THE SKIN, BUT THE PERSON WHO WEARS THE SKIN THAT MATTERS.

TRAIN STA

BOYS, LOOKS LIKE SOME *INJUNS* CAIN'T FIGURE OUT THEY *AIN'T* WANTED HERE IN TOWN.

SOME PEOPLE NEED A LESSON IN *MANNERS* TO REMIND THEM.

HOWDY, RED MAN.

HOWDY, YOURSELF.

AIN'T'CHOO A LITTLE FAR AWAY FROM THE RESERVATION?

I'M HERE TO MEET THE TRAIN. I'LL BE GONE SOON.

THEY DON'T LET *INJUNS* ON THE TRAIN. THE *LADIES* ON THERE DON'T WANT NO *LICE*.

THEN YOU SHOULD LEAVE. THE *LICE* CRAWL ON YOU LIKE A *SECOND SKIN*.

WHAT'D YOU SAY??!

ONLY THE *TRUTH*. CALM DOWN BEFORE YOU GET HURT.

ha
ha
ha
ha

DAMN, CLEETUS, I THINK HE'S MAKIN FUN OF YOU.

TEACH HIM SOME *MANNERS*, CLEETUS.



LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU LAUGH WHEN THE TRAIN RUNS YA OVER!

NOW, CLEETUS, YOU'LL ONLY GET YOURSELF HURT.



TIME TO MEET GOD, RED MAN.

I FORGIVE YOU. YOU'RE STUPID AND DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER.



GOOD-BYE, CLEETUS.

G-GET OFFA ME! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!

NO. ONLY YOU.



NOOO! NO, PLEEEASE!

CLEETUS



TRAIN DONE KNOCKED THE INJUN CLEAN OUT OF HIS SKIN! AIN'T THAT A SIGHT.

I-I COULDN'T STOP IN TIME... I TRIED TO STOP, BUT I-

OMIGOD, CLEETUS. (URP) OH DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN-

I *COULD* HAVE LET HIM LIVE, BUT HE WASN'T *WORTHY*.

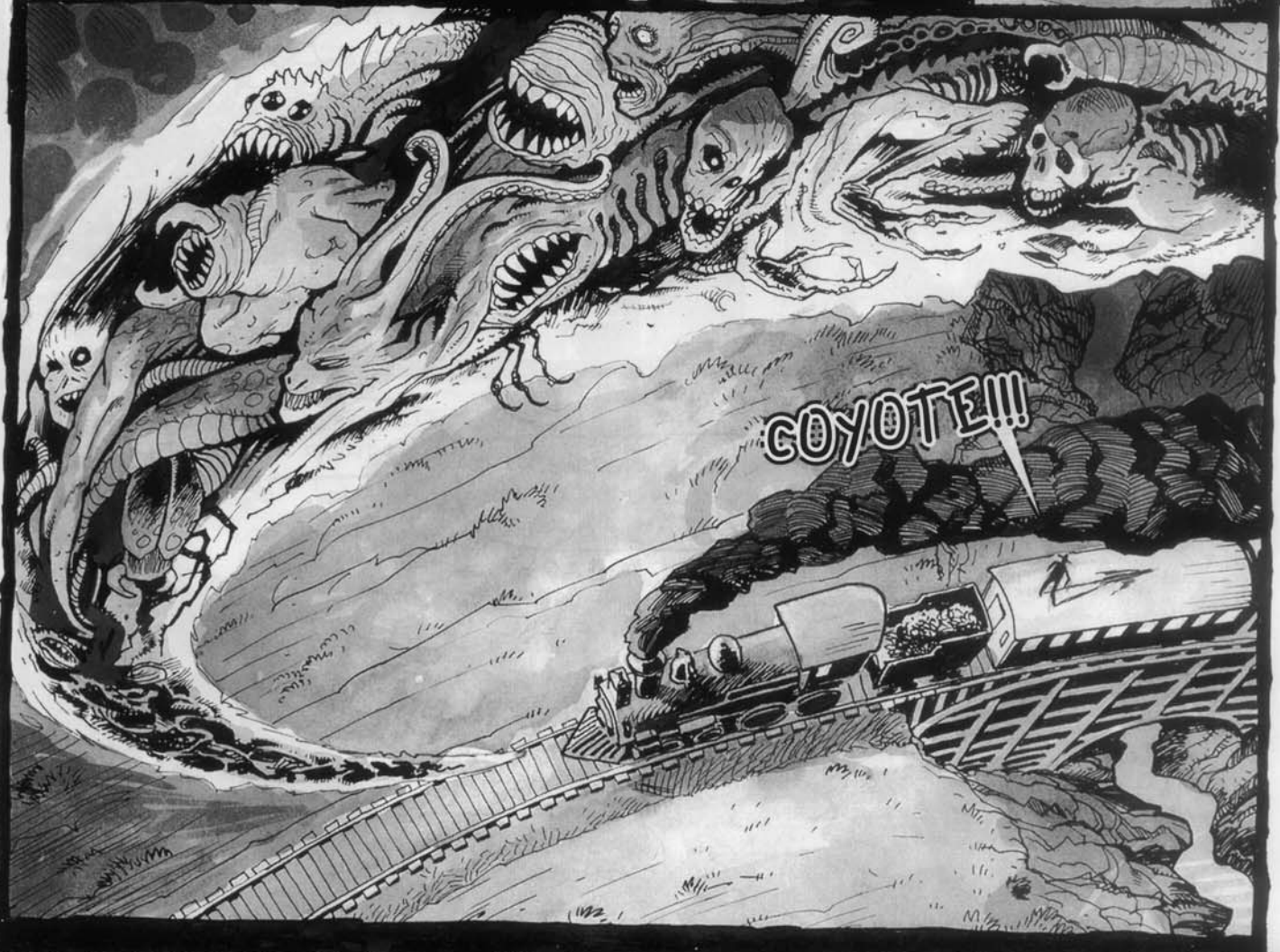
AIN'T *NO WAY* THIS HAD A *PERSON* IN IT. YOU BOYS ARE *CRAZY* -

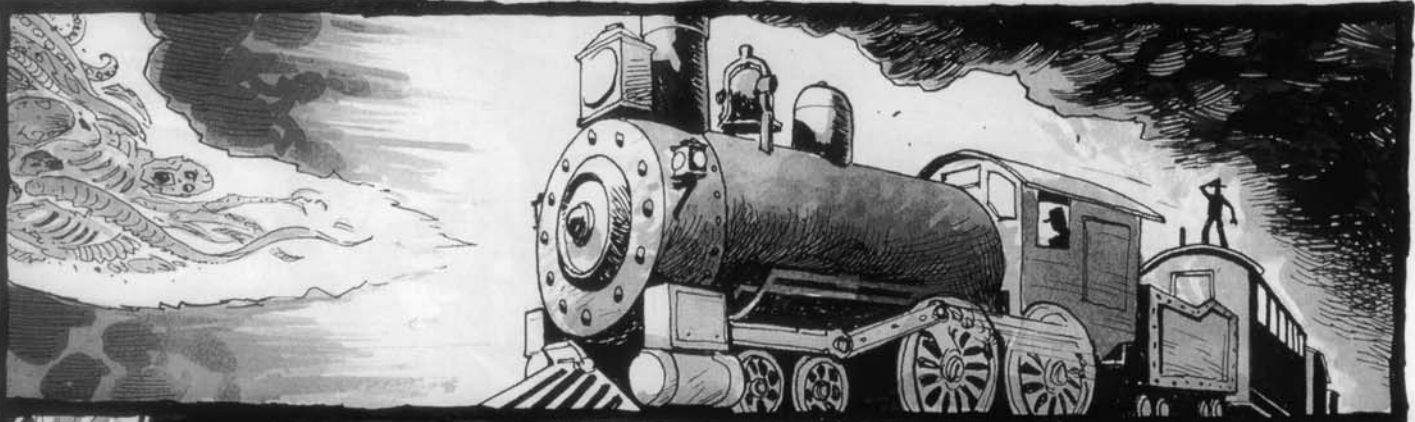
YOU OUGHT TO GO SEE *DOC VALKENBURG*. SOMEONE CALL THE *SHERIFF*.

FOOLISH *CLEETUS*. EVEN IN DEATH, HE DELAYED MY JOURNEY BY DELAYING THE TRAIN. BUT NOW I HAVE MY CHANCE TO LEARN OF THIS RAILROAD'S *SECRETS*.

NO *WYRM-TAINT* ON THE TRAIN. THERE NEVER *IS* AT THIS POINT IN ITS JOURNEY. BUT WHEN IT REACHES *CALIFORNIA*, THERE ARE NEVER ANY HUMANS LEFT - ONLY BANE-INFESTED *MOCKERIES*.

WHAT IN THE NAME OF-?





MOMMY! MOMMY!
LOOK AT THE
SKY!

MMFF. THAT'S
NICE, DEAR. GO
BACK TO SLEEP.

THREE ACES AND
TWO EIGHTS. READ
EM AND WEEP.



MOMMEEEEEEE

WHO

AAARGH!

SWEET JESUS!



MOMMY, IS DADDY
REALLY WAITING
FOR US IN SAN
FRANCISCO?

GOOD. I'M
HUNGRY.

YES, DEAR.

YOU'LL EAT AFTER I
DO, YOU LITTLE-



NOW I *KNOW*. I ALMOST WISH I DIDN'T, BUT NOW I *KNOW*.



I DON'T KNOW HOW I WILL CLOSE THE BANES' DOORWAY. THE *TRAIN* IS NOT NEARLY SO HARD TO FIGURE OUT.



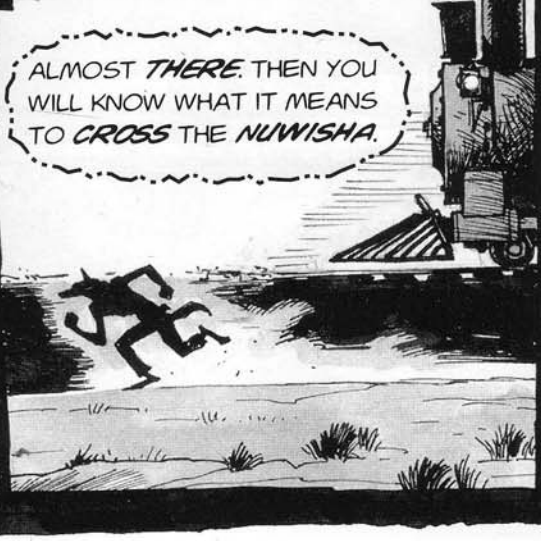
ONE THING AT A TIME. THE *TRAIN* FIRST. THE DOORWAY WILL WAIT.



TRICKSTER, GRANT ME *SPEED*. I WILL NEED YOUR *HELP* WITH THIS ONE, COYOTE.



RACE YOU, YOU BASTARD! RACE YOU AND *WIN!*



ALMOST *THERE*. THEN YOU WILL KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO *CROSS* THE *NUWISHA*.

WE WILL DANCE. YOU
AND I. WE WILL DANCE,
AND YOU WILL DIE.



THIS IS *MY* LAND,
YOU FOOLS!



GIVE ME THIS *GIFT*, COYOTE,
AND I WILL PLAY MANY *TRICKS*
ON YOUR BEHALF.




LET US DANCE
TOGETHER, YOU
BEAUTIFUL *FOOL*!!







EVEN THE *FAR UMBRA* ISN'T FAR ENOUGH, BUT *HERE* AT LEAST THE MOCKERIES CAN DO NO *HARM*.



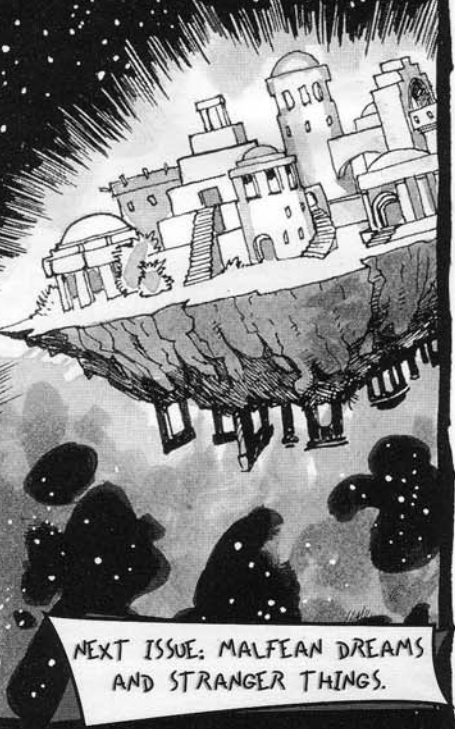
I *THANK YOU* FOR THIS GIFT, COYOTE. BUT WILL YOU DEMAND A *PRICE* FROM ME THIS TIME AS YOU HAVE IN THE *PAST*?



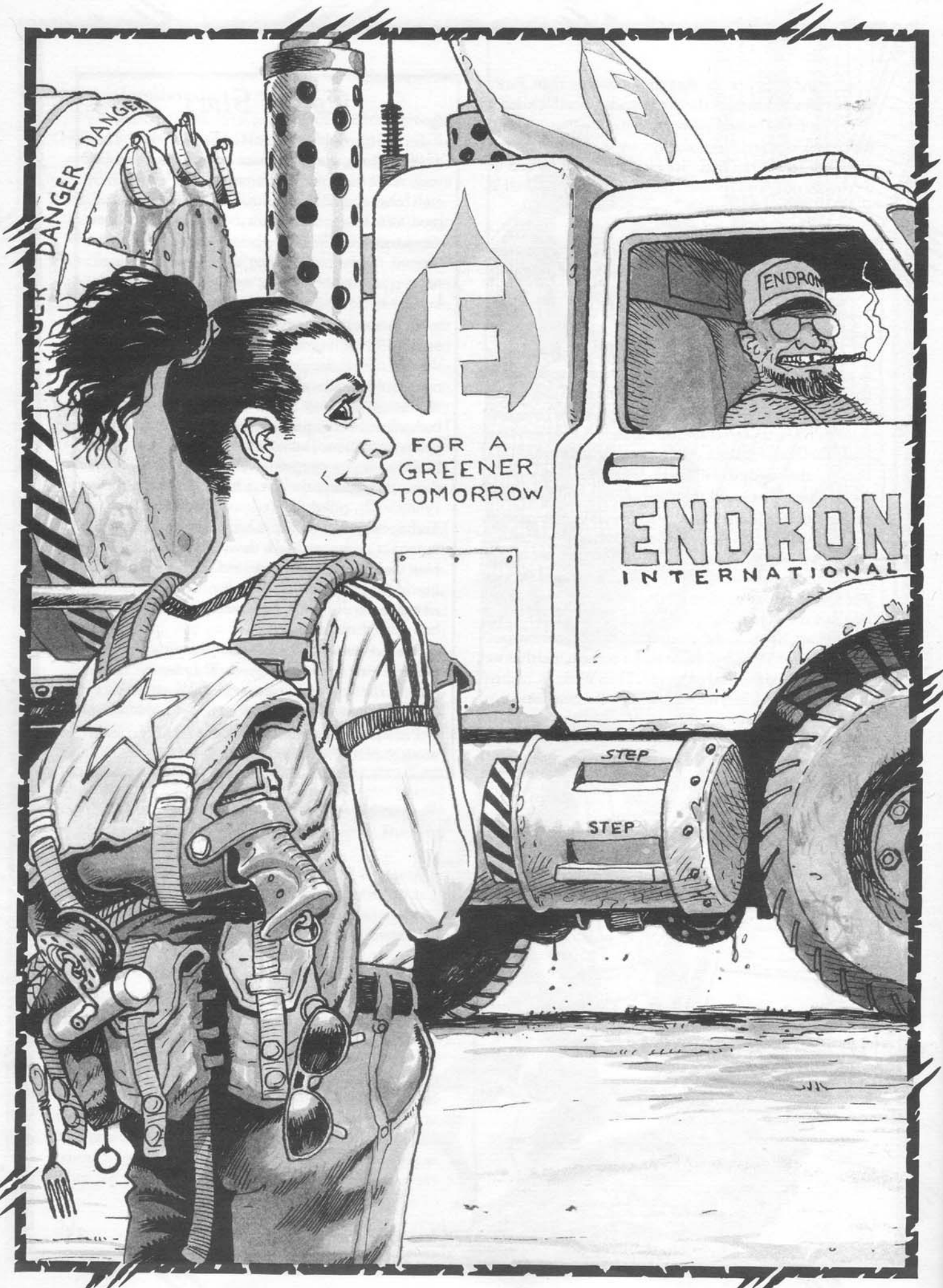
AS IF I HAD TO ASK, YOU ARE THE *TRICKSTER*, AFTER ALL. BUT I NEVER EXPECTED *THIS*.



DO YOU *HEAR ME*, COYOTE? OF ALL THE PLACES TO SEND ME, YOU CHOOSE *MALFEAS*? THIS SHOULD BE *INTERESTING*....



NEXT ISSUE: *MALFEAN DREAMS* AND *STRANGER THINGS*.



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NUWISHA™



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Introduction: Laughter on the Wind

Don't take life too seriously. You'll never get out of it alive.
— Bugs Bunny, Warner Brothers cartoons

There's a lot to learn about your new life, more than you might imagine. But there are two things that you should learn before anything else. The first thing you must understand is that there are more like you than you realize. I am Nuwisha just as you are Nuwisha. We are only two of many. The second thing you must understand is that what I just told you is a secret. We do not let others know we are strong, for they would hunt us down and kill us. I'll explain more about that later.

You probably think that your life is over. That's not true; it is barely begun. I will teach you about the world as it truly is, and you will come to understand that there is more to everything than most people see. That is a good thing to know, because when you understand the world, you begin to see the humor. Humor is important. In the long run, it's the most important thing of all.

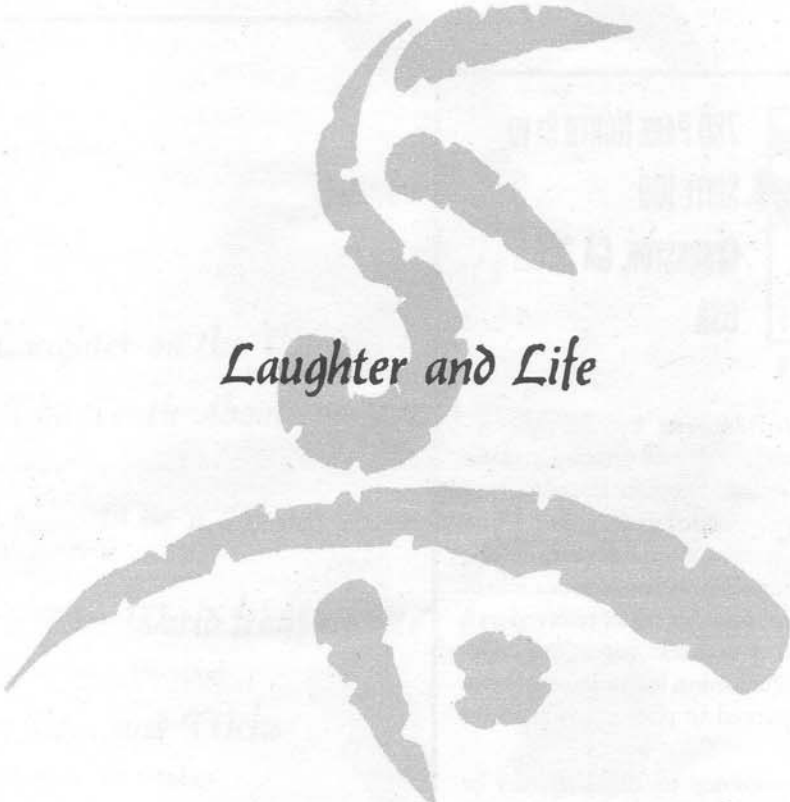
Why is humor important? Oh, my, this could take a while. Sit down — I mean it when I say this could take some time. Don't argue, just do it. Humor is important because it helps you keep the proper perspective. My teacher used to

say that he “preferred to look at the world cross-eyed and sideways.” I can see by the look on your face that you don't understand that saying. You will. You just have to be patient. In the long run, everything is just a matter of perspective. Cross-eyed and sideways is a good perspective to have.

Coyote is our father. He makes few demands on us, but those he makes are some of the few things in the world that he takes seriously. It is easier to follow his orders than to ignore them. Because — and I speak from experience here — Coyote's temper is a thousand times worse than any of the natural disasters you've ever read about. When Coyote is angry, he targets you for his jokes. Believe me, his jokes are dangerous — you could die laughing from them.

We are not alone. There are other skinchangers, and they all think that we are merely the jesters of the world. That's what we want them to think. If they see us as harmless, they cannot understand the tasks we accomplish. My name is Loki Laughs-Too-Much. Stay with me, and I'll teach you.

NUWISHA™



Laughter and Life

By James A. Moore

Chapter One: The Truth About the World

A monkey chases everything, but never catches it because he is instantly distracted by another thing. Always the joy of running and leaping, and never the awful clutter of possessions no longer desired.

—Hanuman, *The Mahabharata* (William Buck, translator)

How the World Came to Be, and How the Nuwisha Learned from Other People's Follies

Coyote was the first. When you remember that, you will understand everything else. In the very beginning, when the world was new, there was little for Coyote to do. He had no friends, and no one else to talk to. So he made others. He made ducks, for they liked to chatter and keep him company. He made water, so that it could sing him to sleep. For a while, that was enough. Later, he grew tired of ducks and

water, and decided to make the rest of the Earth. This he did by singing, as he had when he created the ducks and the water. His song was long and glorious, and many creatures came on their own, falling from the stars to listen to Coyote sing. Land was new to them, so they stayed on the Land, grateful for a place to rest. Some were animals, and others were monsters. What? I'll tell you about the monsters some other time; let me tell this my own way.

A few creatures, like the platypus, Coyote created. He made them as individuals, for Coyote had no need of servants in those days. Not all servants are mindless, but that's not the point. He wanted fun and interesting conversation, so he made each of his creations as different as he could. Except maybe for the platypus. I've heard it said that he was out of ideas when he made her. He just repeated

parts of the song in a different order to see what he would get.

As each new creature came to the Earth, Coyote studied it and learned its ways, for at heart, Coyote is a trickster, and the best way to trick someone is to appear harmless. Coyote learned to take the shapes of all the other creatures, so that he could always seem harmless. In time, many creatures forgot the stars and stayed on Earth. Now they have no other home.

Luna, the moon that hangs above us and shines her light for all to see when the mood suits her, was very upset when Coyote created the Land. "Coyote," she cried, "you have made a place that is more pleasing to the eye than I am. Now all that once lived and dwelled upon my surface have left."

Coyote smiled and said, "Luna, you are as beautiful as any creature that has ever existed. You have nothing to fear, for the creatures who left you are still close by, and they will return to you when they are ready."

Luna didn't like this answer. "It is true that I am beautiful, but the Earth has a special beauty all of her own, and I am still all alone."

"You will never be alone. I will sing to you each night, after the sun has slipped away. I will sing to you of your beauty from this day forward, for I did not mean for you to lose what you cared for."

"But what shall I do when the sun is in the sky?" asked Luna.

"The sun will keep you warm and comfort you during the day. When the night comes again, I will sing to you. That is all I can do."

Luna still felt slighted, but she accepted this offer. That is why she changes her face all the time. On some days, she accepts Coyote's apology, and on others she demands more. When Luna shines upon us all, she is happy with Coyote and the Land he created. When she turns her face away, she is angry. Coyote still calls to Luna, as do we, his children.

Things Go Wrong — and Right

Of course, Coyote made a few mistakes along the way. One of his biggest mistakes was creating humans. He created them so that they could live on the Land and be friends with the animals, but he made them from the remains of a monster, and many still held the monster's ways close to their hearts. At first all was well, but later, the humans grew greedy. Many creatures came to Coyote and said, "Brother Coyote, these humans are foolish. They do not belong here."

Coyote thought about this and said, "They are foolish, yes, but they are here now, and I will not make them go away. We will just have to accept that they are different."

Wolf plowed through the woods and herded a large number of the humans into a group between his paws. He said that he would take some of the more worthy humans into his pack. "They will grow strong with me, and will learn to respect the world."

Coyote smiled and spoke, "This is good, for the humans need guidance if they are to live in this world. Maybe I will teach some myself, maybe I will not. I have not decided yet."

Cat, ever jealous of Wolf, said that she would take some into her fold as well. "They will learn to be independent, and will know how to hunt and fend for themselves."

Coyote told her as well, "This is good, for the humans need guidance if they are to live in this world. Maybe I will teach some myself, maybe I will not. I have not decided yet."

Shark gathered a few humans and taught them to swim. "They will live in the water, where they can do no harm to the land-dwelling animals."

Bear claimed some humans as her own, taking them gently into her claws. "I will teach them to love Earth, and in times of need they will help me keep Earth strong and healthy."

Raven took some humans back to his nest, keeping them and feeding them. "They will learn to fly, and will watch the world from above the clouds. That way, they can always warn the others of approaching dangers."

Rat took some as well. He smiled to the others and carried his humans away. He said no words as to what he would do with them. Rat is like that — secretive.

Lizard gathered some humans to teach them secrets of the past. "They will remember all that is forgotten in the world, and when the time comes, they will share their secrets."

Snake wrapped his coils around some humans and hid them in the ground where he lived. "They will learn to crawl, and they will learn to swim and to hide in the bottoms of the rivers. They will learn to climb in trees and to change their colors."

Lastly, Spider came forward and gathered the rest of the humans for her web. "They will learn the glories of building a fine web, and the beauty of properly snaring their prey. They will taste the blood of their enemies, and learn to protect the crops of other humans from the insects that would destroy them."

To each of these animals, Coyote said the same thing he said to Wolf. Each one left pleased, but then Worm came forward. He groped about blindly, seeking humans that he could protect and nurture, but none could be found. "Brother Coyote!" he cried. "I would help the humans, too, but I cannot see them."

Coyote smiled, and shook his head. "Brother Worm, your sister the Spider has taken them all, for she feels that her ways are best."

"Her ways are foolish," said Worm. "If she had her way, the world would be covered with endless webs, and nothing could move without being stuck forever."

Coyote sighed, knowing that Worm was right. "Perhaps if you spoke to her, you could persuade her to let you have a few of them to learn your ways."

"I will try, Brother Coyote, but I do not think she will listen."

"Shall I help you, Brother Worm?" Coyote offered.

"I do not want your help," yelled Worm. "If you help me, I must pay you back, and I do not want that."

While Coyote watched, Worm slithered over to the web of Spider and spoke softly, "Sister Spider, I would like to teach the humans as well, but I cannot; you have taken them all. May I have a few of them to teach?"

Spider sat at the center of her web and thought about this. After a while she said, "You may have as many as you can free from my webs, Brother Worm, but you must get them yourself."

Worm smiled and began to climb. He gathered many humans to his side, wiggling his body and pulling them free from the webs. For each he gathered, 10 fell free from the web, and these humans ran far away from the area, refusing to learn from the animals who would teach them. Soon Worm had many of the humans in his grasp. When he was satisfied that he had plenty, he tried to take them from the web, only to discover that he was caught in the web himself. "Sister Spider, I am stuck in your web. Will you free me?"

Spider looked down at Worm and smiled. "No, Brother Worm. You are in my web, and you are mine. Now you must stay here for all time and keep me company."

Worm cried and called for help, but no one was there to hear him except Coyote. Coyote saw his dilemma and laughed. "You are stuck well, Brother Worm. I would help you, but I think you need to learn a lesson. I saw how many of the humans you tried to take for your own, and I must say that you are very greedy."

"I was not greedy," said Worm. "I merely wished to save them from Sister Spider, who will never allow them to think for themselves. She will take their dreams and devour them as if they were the blood of flies."

"This is true, but that is her way." Coyote shook his head sadly. "Still, I think you were trying to be greedy, for that is your way. You are always hungry and eat more than your share. I will leave you stuck in the web, and I will come and see how you are doing from time to time. Would you ask for my help now, Brother Worm, knowing that you must aid me someday in the future? If you ever ask for my help, I will give it to you."

"Never!" Worm thrashed some more, and Spider's web wrapped more tightly around him. "I will never ask for your help, Brother Coyote, for you have laughed at me."

Coyote left, laughing at Worm's folly. Spider laughed too, knowing that Worm could never escape her. Worm did



not laugh. Worm began to cry, and he still cries today. This is what went wrong with our world.

This is a tale you must not share with the other skinchangers, for they would believe that Coyote was wrong to do as he did. We know better. Worm will one day be free of his prison, should that truly be what Worm desires. Coyote left Worm there because Worm was foolish and greedy, as are all of those who follow him.

Coyote also decided to make amends in his own way for what he did. He created us. From the humans who fled when they dropped from Spider's web, Coyote chose the most crafty and daring. These he taught to be as he is. And in the teaching, he changed them. They were no longer merely human; they were as we are now. They were Nuwisha.

That is the truth about what happened, and it is also a lie. But in that story is more truth than the other Changing Breeds could hope to understand.

When the World Grew Too Small

While many of the Changing Breeds fought petty wars among themselves, seeking to hold this piece of forest or that shore of lake, we Nuwisha did as we were created to do. We sought out the truth in all things. Curiosity is perhaps the greatest weakness of the Nuwisha. It is also our greatest gift. Just as Coyote is curious, so are we curious. There isn't

a puzzle that we won't stop to solve, no matter how complicated. Once the puzzle is solved, we move on, for few among us can stand to be in one place for very long. The place that was once so wonderful and new soon grows old and dreary. Just as we began to travel, Coyote began to visit other places as well. He left Earth Mother and ran throughout the Umbra, seeking new places to see and new mysteries to unravel.

At first we were happy to wander only on one land, seeking to find new and wondrous things that had never been seen before. In those days, the chosen of the Wyrms were few. Yes, the same Worm I spoke of earlier, but driven mad by Spider's trickery. While there were not many of the Wyrms' creatures, there were enough to make our journeys dangerous. Still, there were mountains to see and caves to explore. That was far more important than safety. We learned many things, and for every good tale we could tell to Coyote, he rewarded us with a Gift, a trick that we could play on others.

All too soon, the Land became tiresome. The mountains no longer held excitement for us, and so we began to journey to other lands. But the people in those other lands were not tolerant of strangers. Coyote saw this, and taught us a special Gift. I told you of how Coyote had studied all of the creatures who came to this world, and he knew their ways better than most of them did. Most importantly, he knew how to imitate them. What Coyote learned he passed



on to his children. Coyote taught us to hide ourselves in other skins, so that we could appear as normal to the strangers as their own neighbors. Long before the Vikings crossed the sea in their war ships, the Nuwisha had learned of all the lands on Earth Mother. What? Oh — we call her Earth Mother as a sign of respect. Coyote was never the most caring of fathers, and Earth did much to nurture our people when we were young. The others have their names for Earth. The Garou — those chosen by Wolf as his own — call her Gaia, which is the only title they feel is proper. Remember that when you run across them.

Where was I? Oh, yes. We traveled many lands, and studied many people, and from time to time we would return to this land and join together to tell our tales. In this way, we learned the secrets of the other skinchangers, and we learned to mingle with them. Many of the lands we visited did not respect Coyote as we did. They knew of him, but by different names. He is really only one being, but he is also a trickster, and so he often changed his name to suit his new environment.

In truth, Coyote is the only Trickster. But because he is known in many forms and by so many names, we had to learn those new names as well. In some places, he is Ti Malice, the spider totem. In parts of Europe he is called Loki, the god of trickery. He is also called Raven, the shapechanger; Oghma, the bard; Xochipilli, the god of chance. He is the god of chance in China, as well, where he is called Chung Kuel. In Egypt he is called Ptah, for there they understood that he created Earth Mother and knew all there was to know of the heavens. In Greece they call him Pan, and his passions for love are legendary. In Japan he is called Kishijoten, and he wears the shape of a woman. There are more names, but in truth they are all just the Trickster. We call him Coyote, for that was his first name.

For many years we acted as children act, constantly tricking the others and making them do the hardest work. This may seem cruel to some, but it's Coyote's way and therefore it's our way as well. In those times, the great battle between the Wyrms and the Weaver — also known to us as Spider — was not so harsh. There was little harm in our pranks and jokes.

Times change, and the more they change, the more we must change with them. This is a secret unknown to most of the creatures that live on Earth Mother. It is a secret only because they do not wish to learn the truth. Coyote sees this, and he is sad.

When the Lessons Began

Coyote thought long and hard about the ways the humans were shaping Earth Mother. There was little he could do, for he did not wish to harm the ones he had granted freedom to. "All must live as they choose, and I am not one to tell them otherwise," he said. Still, he could not allow the changes to go on without granting a few the chance to see their errors.

The great war between Wyrms and Weaver caused many troubles, so many that Coyote could no longer come to Earth Mother without risking harm to her. As the two enemies fought, the webs of Spider grew tangled and began to snare Earth Mother. If Coyote came back, Earth Mother would surely be hurt by the damage to the Great Web of Spider. So he decided that the Nuwisha should learn to shoulder the responsibilities for him. They protested, claiming that they could not play tricks in Coyote's honor if they had to teach the others how to see the world. Coyote laughed and replied, "You do not understand, and so I will tell you. The very best pranks are those that make your opponent think. The very best jokes are those that teach the listeners to hear the truth. You must never stop playing tricks, but you must use them to teach others what you already know."

So our ancestors listened to Coyote and learned the very best sort of fun to have. Coyote in turn taught us to walk among the stars. We were the first to leave the Gaia Realm and enter the Umbra. That's what makes us special. We are the teachers. We must teach the others, but we must never let them know that they are learning anything from us. Ours is a sacred task and an important duty, but we are still very lucky, for in the teaching, we are allowed to have fun.

New Faces in the Pure Lands

What we have always simply referred to as the Land is called the Pure Lands by our cousins, the Wendigo and the Uktena. They are Garou, that is true, but they are not as bad as the Garou from other lands. The Get of Fenris, the Black Furies and the Glass Walkers — all are from other places, and all are temperamental and childish. True, we're childish, too, but in a better way. And speaking of childish, stop fidgeting — if you keep moving around, you're going to miss the good parts of the story, and I won't tell them again.

Our cousins called this country the Pure Lands because the Children of Raven, the Children of Cat, the Children of Wolf and our own people had worked hard to make certain the Wyrms' Children could not harm the Land. Those not destroyed had been forced into a deep slumber, and they were not a threat. The Uktena took pains to watch over these, ensuring that they did not rise from their sleep and cause more grief. In those days, all was peaceful here, which is how Coyote meant it to be.

Many years after we first crossed the ocean, the others came to the Pure Lands. Some of the Pure Ones had heard of them, because we have always loved to tell tales of other places. They were wary of the Europeans, but we already knew them, and so we were not afraid. "Surely," we said, "they are only curious about this land, and will return to their own place when they have looked around." We did not think about their strange beliefs in the one God, or how they fight among themselves endlessly while trying to decide which way their one God should be worshipped. We



did not think that their one God might have driven them from their own lands.

In this we were fools.

When the Europeans came to the Pure Lands, they seemed only to want peace. This was a good thing, and we were willing to share the Land. For the Land does not belong to us, we belong to the Land. The Land does not need us to survive. If we all left today, the Land would be better for the parting. That especially goes for the humans.

The Europeans seemed friendly, so we allowed them to stay. But as time passed, we came to understand that the Europeans didn't come alone. They brought with them the Children of Wyrn. Wyrn is a jealous teacher, and did not like to see a land where his ways were not followed. He whispered in the minds of the Europeans, and told them that there were better places to live further away from the ocean. Then, when the Europeans settled into new areas, he told them that even better places were just beyond their sight, even further in from where they started. The Europeans listened, and went seeking after these better places.

Now, you must understand that Coyote taught some of his tricks to many of the other children. Some of them even follow him today. Many of the Garou follow Coyote. Those born when Luna smiles upon the world he dedicates to Luna, for he never wants her to be alone again. But those born without the moon in the sky all belong to Coyote.

Coyote even taught some of his tricks to Wyrn, who learned them too well. Now and then Wyrn manages to trick the Nuwisha, which is just what happened when the Europeans came to the Pure Lands.

The Europeans came in peace, but Wyrn changed all that. Soon after they came, the strangers began to grow sullen. Their crops were not as plentiful as they had hoped, and Wyrn told them to move to new places where the crops were better. Always, the Europeans listened. When they came across places where the Pure Ones lived, the Europeans made promises and agreed to live in harmony. Again and again the Pure Ones would agree to share the Land, knowing nothing of Wyrn's ways, and always the Europeans would want more, for Wyrn never stopped whispering to them.

We played tricks and pranks on the Europeans, always hoping that they would learn. Instead, the Europeans listened to Wyrn, who told them to ignore the lessons we offered and to move on, always to move on.

The Wendigo, the Uktena and the Croatan didn't like the ways Europeans acted. They demanded blood for blood and life for life. We couldn't agree to this, so they acted without us. Many among our people wanted to stop the violence, for we saw that this was really what Wyrn desired. In the end, the Garou were too many and we were too few. Our years of traveling had kept us from growing as



fast as the Garou, and their years of staying in one place had made them far stronger in numbers. We stepped aside and allowed the battles to rage, shaking our heads sadly.

Of all the Pure Ones, only the Croatan learned of the mistake they made. Their warring and hatred of the Europeans woke one of the sleeping Wyrmlings that lay forgotten in the ground. Eater-of-Souls it was called, and it came up from the ground with a fearful roar, and even the European Garou knew that something was wrong. The Wyrmling challenged all, and many died fighting it. Still, in the end, only the Croatan understood what had to be done. In their hatred they had awakened the beast, and only their lives could save the rest of the Pure Ones. To stop Eater-of-Souls, the Croatan sacrificed themselves.

Coyote wept, because the Croatan were much like the Nuwisha. They had a special place in his heart. The Wendigo, filled with grief for the loss of their brothers, grew angrier still, swearing to destroy all of the Europeans. For them the war still continues. The Uktena vowed never to forget their sacred duty to watch the Wyrmlings again. To this day they fight against the Wurm with a subtlety that even Coyote respects, but the tools they use are dangerous. I'll tell you more about them later.

Many of the Nuwisha were angry with the Children of Wolf and scolded them for their foolishness. Both the European Garou and the Pure Ones sneered at the Nuwisha.

"What would you know of war, little coyotes? We are the ones who stopped the Eater-of-Souls, not you."

"No," explained our ancestors. "Croatan stopped the Eater-of-Souls. You merely awakened it with your foolish ways."

This was the start of the War of Rage, at least for the Nuwisha. In truth the War of Rage had long since passed, but not in the Pure Lands.

You see, the Children of Wolf felt that they were the only ones to serve Gaia, for they fought more often than all the others combined. In their pride, they decided that they were the only ones worthy of serving Earth Mother. As they had in other lands, the Garou swore to destroy all of the other Changing Breeds. The Corax were slaughtered, and the Gurahl were driven almost to death by the Garou's greater numbers. The Bastet were hunted and killed wherever they were found. The angry Garou foolishly hunted all of Gaia's servants. Even the Nuwisha were in danger.

Coyote Laughs-At-Luna was the leader of the Nuwisha in those days. She has moved on to be at Coyote's side, but back then there were few who could match her in wit or trickery. She saw what the Garou did to the other skinchangers, and she knew that this could not be allowed to happen to the Nuwisha.

The Nuwisha gathered together at their greatest kiba, the place where they connected with Coyote and the

Umbra. In the kiba, Coyote Laughs-At-Luna made her plans known. Many of the Nuwisha laughed to hear what she wanted to do, and all agreed. She chose her finest warriors and sent them to handle the hardest part of the mission. Wherever her warriors met with the European Garou, they were to make them even angrier, until the Children of Wolf could not think properly. When the werewolves were angry enough, the warriors ran away, but made sure the Garou knew where they ran.

Oh, Wolf's Children were furious! They chased after the Nuwisha, swearing to make them die slowly. The warriors just laughed, weaving their way through the forests and calling out to the Garou, making sure they stayed angry. Finally, when the race grew tiresome, and even the angriest werewolves were thinking about going home, the warriors presented their final challenges. Each offered a caern — that's the Garou name for a kiba — to the pack that promised to leave the Nuwisha in peace.

Most of Wolf's Children agreed to this, though a few still wanted vengeance. They abandoned the ones who demanded blood in the woods. Those who wanted a caern were led to a new place, a place where a star once fell from the sky and made a clearing in the woods. It was a place of great power and beauty, where the cibaku — the veil between the worlds — was very thin. All of Wolf's Children were taken there. And all arrived at the same time, for that was what Coyote Laughs-At-Luna had planned all along.

The Children of Wolf were angry. "What is this?" they demanded. "You said that if we spared you, we would have a new caern!"

The Nuwisha answered as one: "This is a caern. It is yours, and we shall make no more claim upon it."

"But what of these other Garou? Did you offer it to them as well?"

"You are all Garou who fight for Gaia. You must share this sacred place, or you must decide among yourselves who shall have it. Either way, it is yours. You would protect Earth Mother from the Wyrms and demand that no other may do so. Then Earth Mother, too, is yours. Guard them both well." With that, Coyote's Children left, leaving the werewolves to decide.

The Garou were angry, and they wanted to fight. Rather than joining together and sharing in Earth Mother's gift, they turned upon each other, bared their fangs, and attacked. This was a mistake. You see, when Earth Mother gave the kiba to the Nuwisha, she only made one demand: Any who spilled blood within her sacred place would never be able to use the gateway to the stars. Had the Garou agreed to share the caern, they would have gained a great prize. Instead, they ruined the kiba, but only for themselves. The kiba still exists, but no Garou who lives today knows where that kiba rests. They offended Earth Mother with their anger, and so are forbidden that knowledge. In this way, we protected one of our greatest treasures. Now

only the Corax, the Gurahl and the Nuwisha may use that kiba.

While the warriors kept the Garou busy in this way, the rest of our people worked hard as well. They ran throughout the Land, and found all the most powerful kibas. Once there, they called upon Coyote for aid, and danced to his glory. They showed him the trick they used on the Garou, and Coyote laughed. He was so happy that he helped them with their request. Coyote hid the most powerful kibas from everyone but the Nuwisha, making them impossible to find. When he was done, the Nuwisha joined together, all but the warriors, and they left the Land. Now most of Coyote's Children live among the stars. Only a few remain behind, like me, and wait for others to be born, so that we may teach them, just like I am teaching you.

The Garou felt that we had betrayed Earth Mother, that we had tricked them with our gift of the kiba. In truth, we sought to teach them the error of their ways. The Nuwisha knew that the Garou would fight over the kiba. That is their way. They are still children in more ways than most would understand. We hoped that by showing how easily they could lose the kiba, we could show them how easily Earth Mother could be lost. They called us tricksters, which we are, and then they ignored the warning we granted. They ignored it for far too long. Now they try to make amends. They try to stop the bleeding rivers of corruption with little more than a bucket to hold the waters.

The Wild West

The Europeans could not be stopped. Perhaps in some ways they were right when they claimed they were the chosen of Gaia. Despite our very best efforts, the Europeans came to conquer all the Land. When they encountered the Pure Ones, they made the same promises they had always made, and then they broke those promises. When the Pure Ones tried to fight back, the Europeans slaughtered them. One of the jokes we do not laugh about is the ability of the Europeans to justify whatever actions they took. If it wasn't in the name of their God, then it was in the name of a mythical beast called "progress." Between these two forces, the newcomers could find a reason for any atrocity they committed.

We Nuwisha have never been fighters. We have our warriors, true, but even our fiercest fighters prefer to leave bloodshed to another whenever possible. Violence merely causes pain. We would rather bring joy and understanding through laughter. As with the Garou, so too with the humans. We managed not to be where they could catch and crush us — most of us, at any rate. There are exceptions to every rule. That's Coyote's way, and it's our way.

From every generation of Nuwisha, Coyote chooses one who is favored. That one can accomplish amazing feats. For the generation born during the time of the European quest for the western coast of the Land, the one chosen was Laughing Manyskins. Manyskins was born of the Pure



Ones, and felt he owed them a great debt for tolerating his many pranks. When the Europeans came west, he started paying that debt.

Some claimed he was arrogant beyond words, for whenever the Europeans annoyed him, he would smile and shake his head. "Foolish ones," he would say. "You have come to my home now, and I will make certain that you know whose land you cross."

Many things have been credited to Laughing Manyskins, but only he and Coyote know which ones are true. Manyskins never tells of his own accomplishments. He prefers to tell the tales of those long gone. Some say Manyskins is the reason Custer died at the Little Bighorn. Many tell of how he brought an end to the worst of the land barons who stole from the Pure Ones, and others claim he hid our most powerful kibas from discovery when the Europeans crawled across the Land as thick as maggots on a slaughtered buffalo. Laughing Manyskins doesn't speak of these things. When asked, he merely smiles and goes on his way as if remembering wonderful tricks.

Still, for all of his tricks, Laughing Manyskins was only one Nuwisha. In the end, the Europeans took what they wanted, and there was nothing he could do. All he managed to hide was the places where no human has walked, and where even their satellites and special cameras cannot see.

He is still alive today. Perhaps, if you are lucky, you will meet him.

The Industrial Age

Humans, ever seeking to make their lives easier, are almost perfect fodder for the Wyrn. From the first time they harnessed the blood of Earth Mother, they have sought ways to burn that blood and live in luxury. For a very long time they could only burn the blood in lanterns, or use it to run a few large pieces of machinery. But as time passed, they learned to make new toys, like the automobile. As soon as they had their horseless carriages in motion, they all wanted one. To meet the demands of their peers, they created the perfect instrument of the Wyrn: the assembly line.

Soon the automobiles were everywhere, and with them they brought Blights. Where once the humans could only look for gold by hand, they now had machines that could tear the flesh of Earth Mother apart. The metals they only needed in small amounts before, they now needed in larger quantities. They needed the iron and copper to make more machines and more conveniences. For each section of the Land they scarred, they invited more Banes to feast on Earth Mother's entrails. During past times, we considered the humans' guns strange toys of little importance in the world. Now we understood that

these toys and others were more important to the humans than the Land could ever be.

The great trains moved across the Land, and they brought still more Europeans. The trains coughed out black smoke and filth, but the Land seemed large enough to handle the little clouds, and we never thought to stop them. For a while, every Nuwisha still on Earth Mother wanted nothing more than to play with the trains and tease the people who rode within the great iron horses. That stopped when the Europeans began building their factories.

The factories were strange and mysterious to us. No Pure One had ever imagined a building where people went to build more toys. Not a few toys, but hundreds of them; more than anyone could possibly need. The people who entered the buildings changed as time passed, from unwitting people into instruments of the Wyrms. Fomori, the Garou call them. They have many names, but by whatever they are called, they are deadly. Some can appear as humans, and others look like things from nightmares. They corrupt whatever they touch, and, in the process, they aid the Wyrms in his battles, all the while pretending to aid the Spider and her web.

Some of the people who created these factories gathered together and vowed to spread them throughout the world. These people joined under one banner, and declared themselves the owners of the world. But they didn't brag or make this declaration loudly. They whispered to one another and hid from sight. The machine-makers used the European governments, and manipulated the humans into believing as they do. In time, the humans came to believe that they could not live without the things these factories offered. Humans became dependent on their toys and their homes of artificial stone. Now the humans cannot build fires to protect themselves from the cold. They cannot fan themselves to escape the heat of summer. Instead the humans' toys take care of any discomfort they might feel. They work at meaningless tasks all of their lives to collect these toys, and then hand their money to the very people who vowed to kill the world. They give themselves to the people of Pentex.

We should all fear Pentex. Pentex is the Wyrms in its most treacherous form, because Pentex learned to hide what it is and appear as something else. That's what I mean when I say that the Wyrms learned well from Coyote. The Wyrms doesn't need to fight in the open, for it can seduce with songs and promises of joy. The Wyrms can make the humans see what's wrong with Earth Mother and not care that what they've done has caused all so much suffering.

The Wyrms has done what the Nuwisha have failed to do. With tricks and jests, we tried to teach the people that the world must be saved and protected. The Wyrms taught humans that Earth Mother is merely a rock on which to live and a place to put all the toys you collect to make life comfortable. The Nuwisha offered a simple life of joy and smiles. The Wyrms offered a complex life of lies and promises that are only kept when it's convenient. The Wyrms offered food that is un-



healthy and poisoned air that smells sweeter than Earth Mother's finest perfumes. The Wyrms made it possible to kill a part of Earth Mother and live within the carcass, never seeing the clear skies and cold streams that are so important to the Nuwisha. The Wyrms said, "It's okay to sleep here and to defecate here as well, because I can make the smell tolerable and keep the bad things away."

And the foolish humans listened.

The Garou claim that the last days are upon us — that Earth Mother will die and there is nothing to be done about it. The werewolves fight a war that they feel is already lost, and they do so with a passion that is insane. They fling themselves at the minions of Pentex, never thinking that they might die in the process. The Garou punish themselves for allowing the humans to grow so strong that not all the skinchangers together could hope to destroy them. Wolf's Children beat themselves about the head for allowing the humans to make weapons big enough to destroy all of Earth Mother and many of the stars as well. All the while, the Garou fight each other, insisting that their way is the best, that their method of war works better than anyone else's.

The Corax, the Gurahl, the Bastet, the Rokea, the Ananasi, the Ratkin, the Mokolé and the Nagah — all were devastated by the Garou. Others were completely destroyed, obliterated by the werewolves' vanity. We left Earth Mother in the Garou's care, and they allowed her to suffer mortal wounds again and again. Earth Mother cries, and we can only watch. We gave our word to the Garou. We told them that Gaia is theirs to watch over. In the meantime, we watch over the stars. Someday Wolf's Children might ask for our help, and then we will return to aid them as best we can. Then Worm's Children will know what trickery means, and will suffer humiliations as few have in the past.

Like Coyote, we are patient. Should the Garou ask, we will aid them. Like Worm, they are offended by our laughter. For that reason they may never ask.

To the Stars

For a long time, humans could not reach the stars. They looked at them, wondered about them, made poems and songs about them, and sometimes they fought and killed each other over who understood them better. This was good, for as long as the humans could not reach the stars, the stars were safe. When the humans sang to the stars, we listened, for the humans sang about things they could never reach and which they wanted. We believed the humans would never reach the stars.

Then they built artificial wings, planes and other funny-looking things, and sought to climb higher into the sky. We tricked and pranked their machines and flying toys, but the humans were stubborn, more stubborn about this than many things before. They refused to learn, and built jets and rockets powerful enough to bring them right up among the stars. This was a bad thing. We do not know how the humans managed to climb so high so quickly. Some of us believe they were helped by Pentex or by Pentex's ally, called the Technocracy. Pentex and the Technocracy want to map the stars, give them numbers instead of names, and take them away from everyone. Now the humans build shuttles and space stations, wanting not just to see the stars, but to live there. It is the West all over again. If you aren't frightened, then you haven't been paying attention.

We aren't sure the humans are looking at the space program with the proper respect. They see the stars as things to be used up, as places to build more homes for humans, as new places for the Wyrms to spread his poison.

Perhaps the humans need to be taught a real lesson about respecting the stars before they return to them....





Chapter Two: How to be a Proper Nuwisha

Laughter is the best medicine.
— Traditional saying

We do not follow the ways of the Garou, much as they might wish otherwise. We are not Children of Wolf; we are Children of Coyote. There has never been a reason for us to slay the humans or hold them in contempt for being what they are. Coyote made the humans as he made all of the creatures walking on Earth Mother. He made them free. The best we can manage is to teach them from time to time — and to have fun in the process.

Coyote's Faces

One of the first things you must understand is that while we all follow Coyote, there are many ways to follow him. Each face of Coyote teaches us a different method of learning and devotion. As I said before, he is the Trickster, and we are his disciples. Coyote has many faces in many lands, and each demands a different form of honoring him. Following the different forms of Coyote becomes confusing after a while. Trickster likes to make sure we stay alert, so he forces us to accept his many aspects individually.

Sometimes the demands made by Coyote in one form can cause difficulties with another of our kind. In the past Nuwisha fought among themselves almost as much as the Garou did. For that reason, we always wear a special name before the name given us by our teacher. This name announces which totem we follow. My proper name is Laughs-Too-Much; I follow the Trickster in his Loki form. For that reason, I am called Loki Laughs-Too-Much. This is a warning to any other Nuwisha I meet. The warning is simple: I am a follower of Loki, and I'll act in ways befitting a follower of Loki. You look confused. I'll explain.

Each aspect of Coyote is more different from each other than would seem possible. Each follows its own unique philosophies, and can only be followed by meeting those ideals. The Garou call their different groups "tribes." Within each tribe are several "camps," each following the beliefs of the tribal totem in a different way. For them, this is politics. For us, this is doing as Coyote demands. Humans do this, too, which is why they have so many churches to follow their one God. For



them, it is vanity and confusion. You see, we are really not that different from humans; we are simply wiser than they are.

Coyote demands that we work in camps as well. The difference with the Nuwisha is that we may switch from one camp to another whenever we please. We all follow Coyote, but sometimes one face of Coyote is better than another for our needs. If I were to follow Ti Malice instead of Loki, I would call myself Ti Malice Laughs-Too-Much. That would let you know that I am with Spider, and would prepare you for whatever tricks I might pull. To the Garou I am Laughs-Too-Much. To the Nuwisha I am Loki Laughs-Too-Much. Understand? Well, I hope so, because I don't want to teach you anything a second time. You squirm like a fish out of water, and it's very distracting.

Coyote made the game of switching totems easy for us. We have only to call to him and say what face we will follow. Sometimes we keep the Gifts we have learned, and other times he sends a Magpie-spirit down to us. The Magpie steals our knowledge of some Gifts and replaces what he stole with memories of how to use other Gifts. In this way we are always prepared, for the Gifts we are granted are the ones we will need most. Sometimes Magpie simply teaches us new Gifts, and we get to keep the old ones. That is for Coyote to decide.

When you start your life as a Nuwisha, you may choose any totem you feel suits you, except Ptah or Oghma. Ptah chooses a Nuwisha when she is considered wise enough to be trusted with the secrets of the stars. Oghma selects only those who are worthy.

Hard to decide? Well, I'll tell you of Coyote's favorite faces, and how to obey them.

Ti Malice

Ti Malice is one of Coyote's oldest forms. Ti Malice is a liar, a thief and a manipulator. In order to achieve her goals, the Spider form of Trickster will gladly kill a thousand people, so long as her dreams become reality.

Spider fascinated Coyote from the very earliest days. No matter what Spider did, she never felt remorse and she never apologized. Also, she was beautiful in a hideous way. Once, long before humans were born, Coyote asked Spider to be his mate. Spider smiled and said, "You would not like that, Brother Coyote."

"How do you know what I would like?" demanded Coyote.

"When I am done mating, I kill and devour my husband."

Coyote took her for her word, and never again offered to sleep with Spider. But her beauty and her deadly efficiency still fascinated him. So he decided he would see what life as Spider was like. He changed himself, and became Ti Malice. Coyote liked being Ti Malice so much that he continues to be her even today.

The followers of Ti Malice must be like her. They feel a constant need to build more and more complex webs. The Ti Malice's webs are not spun of silk, but of lies and treachery. When it became apparent that humans would soon dominate the world, the Ti Malice joined together and discussed how best to stop the

humans' need to destroy all they touched. They decided that the only course to take was to hide among them. Much like the Glass Walkers of the Garou, the Ti Malice play the human game and excel at it, but there are differences. The Glass Walkers seek to use the tools of the humans to destroy the Wyrms. The Ti Malice seek to use those same tools to make the humans suffer.

Many of the sins of big business fall on the heads of the Ti Malice. From unsafe working conditions to repressed minimum wages, the Ti Malice are often responsible. In some places, the taxes on money earned and land owned are so heavy that many of the humans cannot pay them and make a living. The Ti Malice have helped to make it so; they have become more aggressive as time goes on. They often flirt with the Wyrms' own machinations to achieve their goals. Again, there is a difference. The Wyrms seek to destroy everything; the Ti Malice seek to ruin the great machines of humankind. By making the humans see that their society is not working, the Ti Malice aim to drive the humans away from the cities and to make them think for themselves. Every cog of the machine that the Ti Malice stop is another victory. Many of the humans suffer as a result of these slipped wheels, but that is not important.

When the cities are abandoned, the Ti Malice will be happy. Until then, they scheme and plot, driving the humans into a greater state of despair. The small towns that litter the Land are a sign of the Ti Malice's victories. Unfortunately, many of those small towns are dying, and that is a sign of the Wyrms' victories.

Loki

Loki is a violent incarnation of the Trickster. Just as the Get of Fenris follow the call to war, so do the followers of Loki. Most Nuwisha do not like to fight. In the words of my teacher: "Better to let the others fight. I'll watch them and laugh when they and their enemies are carried away from their fields of battle. Then I'll tell others of the great deeds I did on that very field, and the numbers of my foes I defeated."

When compared to the other Changing Breeds, the Nuwisha are weak. The Gurahl and the Bastet, the Mokolé and the Garou: these are made for fighting and killing. Nuwisha are made to look at the world and learn from it. We'd much rather lead an enemy to one of the other skinchangers and let someone bigger and stronger handle the combat.

That is not Loki's way. Loki revels in battle, drinks deeply of the blood of enemies, and tells true tales of glorious combat. So with his followers. The Loki believe that they must know how to fight in order to live among the other Changing Breeds. I have slain several Garou in combat, and even held my own against a Gurahl long enough to apologize for defecating in her den. What? None of your business! It seemed a good idea at the time. Now let me talk.

The Loki are the closest things the Nuwisha have to warriors. But in truth, they're still tricksters. The Loki simply believe in taking the lessons down to a level that even the

Garou can understand. Might does not make right. The Loki train themselves vigorously in order to teach that lesson to any enemy who comes along. Sometimes Loki must fight other skinchangers; sometimes we only need to fight the Wyrms and his minions. Whatever the case, Loki are prepared to do battle and win. If a Loki is losing, she is prepared to run for her life, for a Nuwisha isn't stupid enough to die over an imagined insult — or a real one, for that matter.

Our goal isn't always to kill our enemies. With the Wyrms, killing is best, for the minions of the Wyrms don't take defeat lightly. They will hunt and hunt until they find you, and then they will devour you. Slowly.

The Garou? Well, we have long been their teachers, and we continue to teach them even though they no longer want our help. The Nuwisha taught the Children of Wolf how to break past the barrier that holds the worlds apart. We taught them the secret of traveling to the stars and coming back. Some would claim that we taught them too well, but that is a lie. What they know of the Umbra is less than half of what we know. In time, you will learn of the Umbra too. But we are talking about the faces of Coyote now.

The Loki exist to teach the Garou and others that thoughts are as important as actions. Oftentimes this means we must fight the Garou. It's very easy to make a werewolf angry, but it's much harder to make him learn from his mistakes. For most Garou, the rage they feel is all they think they need to survive.

Some have learned our lessons well, like the Children of Gaia and the Silent Striders. Others have ignored our lessons, no matter how many times we have tried to teach them. The Wendigo, the Get of Fenris, the Black Furies, the Red Talons and, to a lesser extent, the Fianna: all continue to fight first and think second. We have much work to do.

Raven

Raven is cunning and sneaky. Raven watches while others squabble, and Raven always listens. Raven has long been Coyote's friend, and many times he has saved Coyote from his own mistakes. Coyote owes so much to Raven that he sometimes becomes Raven for a time, allowing the great bird to relax for a little while. They're so much alike that they are really one and the same, even though they're different.

The followers of Raven are still tricksters, but they are also the ones who watch over the other skinchangers. The Raven spend much of their time in disguise, lurking among the other Changing Breeds and learning their ways. They are the leaders of the Nuwisha, if we can be said to have leaders. Wisdom is more important than humor for the Raven. They study all there is to see, and often help the other skinchangers avoid the most dangerous follies that come their way. At one time or another, all followers of Coyote are followers of the Raven, for that is what Coyote demands, and so that is what we do.

When the War of Rage came to the Nuwisha, it was Raven who taught us the best ways to avoid conflict. When the Garou

would attack, and she would drop me to the ground, again and again. Each time I fell, I grew angrier. As the battle progressed, the Wendigo I had defeated rose from the ground and watched the old woman humiliate me. This made me angrier. He chuckled as I was bested. He laughed as I dusted myself off and charged again.

Finally the Wendigo called out to me, "Laughs-Too-Much, you are a bigger fool than I. I had enough sense to stay down when you beat me. You have lost a hundred battles in this hour alone, and still you would fight!" I looked at the old woman, who was as clean and calm as when we began our fight. I looked at the Wendigo where he sat in the dust, bruised and bloodied, but laughing. Then I looked at myself. Even through my fur, I could see the bruises and welts from where the crone had hit me so many times. I wore enough of the desert floor to hide the color of my pelt. I was sticky with sweat and bloodied from a dozen wounds. I sat down in disgust, and I glared at the old woman. There she stood, a serene smile on her face and a twinkle in her eyes. And I knew that an Oghma had bested me.

I looked back on what I had done, and realized at last that I had almost fallen to the Wyrn. My anger was not a pure rage as the Garou are granted. My arrogance was not deserved. I had done battle only for my pride, and that is wrong. I laughed hard then, for I realized how foolish I had been.

When I turned to thank the old woman, she was gone. But she had left her skin behind. Old Man Manyskins had bested me in combat, and he had done so a hundred times over. I am a good warrior, but now I understand that there are always better warriors out there. I was lucky. I should have died for my stupidity. That is what the Oghma taught me.

The Oghma come from our very best. They do not choose Oghma, he chooses them. They are the brightest Children of Coyote, and one day I hope to join their ranks.

Xochipilli

Xochipilli is a player in the game of chance. He is constantly taking risks that are beyond his ability. Sometime he wins, and sometimes he loses. In either case, he always laughs. For Xochipilli, the thrill of challenging the odds is more exciting than humiliating a Get of Fenris at a grand moot. His children live by the same belief. They thrive on challenges that would daunt the bravest skinchangers. They do not need to brag of their deeds; others always know when the Xochipilli have accomplished a task.

Once, on a bet, a Xochipilli climbed aboard a moving plane filled with the minions of the Wyrn. When the plane was high above the ground, the Xochipilli stopped the engines by throwing feather pillows and bones into them. With all of the engines gone, the pilots tried to bring the plane down safely. The Nuwisha, Mocks-The-Odds, ripped the steering devices from the plane's wings and then shredded the tires of the plane as it tried to land. The plane rolled three times and exploded in a ball of flames. There were no survivors, except Xochipilli Mocks-The-Odds. His arm was torn off in the landing, but he laughed anyway.

The Xochipilli are insane in their actions. They are also among the luckiest of the Nuwisha.





came and demanded that we surrender our kibas that they might have caerns, we did so without argument. A few powerful kibas we hid away, but most now belong to the Garou... or so they think. Satisfied that they had driven us away, the Garou took the kibas Earth Mother granted us and used them for their own. Coyote taught us to change our shapes for hiding. Raven suggested using that same Gift as a means of continuing to use our kibas. The Garou tend our kibas for us, fighting to defend them against every foe. In turn, we have more time for solving puzzles and learning about the world. This is a good thing.

The Raven do not attempt to control the tribes of the Garou. That would be foolish. Instead, the Raven work hard to make themselves a part of the Garou community, and then they make suggestions in the right ears and see what happens. Most times, the wisest of the Ravens have managed nothing short of miracles. Some say it was a great Raven who ended the second War of Rage. He whispered in the proper ears, and the mouths belonging to those ears whispered to the leaders of the Garou tribes. In time the war ended, and no one was the wiser. In many ways, the Raven are the finest warriors we have, for they almost never have to draw blood in order to make their points known. The Changing Breeds owe much to the Raven, but do not know how much. That is best, for some of the finest tricks are the ones that are never revealed.

Oghma

Oghma is the bard. Just as Coyote sang the world into existence and brought forth many of the creatures on Earth Mother's back with his songs, Oghma sings of peace and tells the tales that enrich us all.

The followers of Oghma are the ones responsible for information. They are the memory and voice of the Nuwisha and Coyote. The Oghma sing songs of wisdom and foolishness. Their tales remind us that no one is perfect, even Coyote.

Coyote has made many mistakes. He has died countless times and comes back again and again, always a little wiser for the experience. The Oghma remind us that we too are flawed. There are very few followers of Oghma at any given time, but their task is perhaps the most important. They keep the Nuwisha humble. The Oghma remind us to laugh not only at others, but at ourselves as well. Where the Nuwisha teach others through tricks and pranks, the Oghma teach the Nuwisha in the same way.

Once, I began to believe that I was the very best at fighting. I bragged of my victories, and challenged many foes in combat. I smashed humans who challenged me, and I struck down all who fought against me. In my pride I danced very close to the maw of the Wyrn, and I was almost swallowed.

In my arrogance I forgot that the greatest sin in Coyote's eyes is pride. One day an old woman watched as I defeated yet another Garou. She was a withered crone, hardly able to stand on her frail legs. She smiled at me, and said that she could have defeated two such as the one I had just bested. I looked at the Wendigo at my feet, and I looked at the old woman. I laughed.

The crone laughed with me, and then she took her cane and swept my feet out from under me. For three hours we fought. I

Chung Kuel

Chung Kuel is also a master of the odds. However, he plays the odds in a different way. He makes sure that others lose, rather than trying to win himself. Coyote loves the ways of Chung Kuel, and often wears the face of the god of luck. The followers of Chung Kuel thrive on pranks as few others could. Rather than openly opposing their enemies, the Chung Kuel make certain that the worst kinds of luck strike their foes. Ladders fall down for no reason, or important documents on computers or in the mail are lost for all time. Theirs is a subtle art, but a very powerful one.

The Chung Kuel have managed feats that have affected the world, and they continue to do so. You have heard of the Great Depression? You have heard of the troubles the humans had with their stock market during those times? That was the work of the Chung Kuel. Pentex was new in those times. They had invested much of their money in several stocks in the hopes of gaining great profit. The Chung Kuel made sure that this didn't happen. The resulting delays were only minor in the great scheme of things, but for a time Pentex was slowed down. The Chung Kuel never toyed with the stock market again. Not because they feared they would hurt the humans, but because they knew they could. It was easier than you might imagine to cause a panic among the humans.

Breaking dams, close calls at nuclear reactors, even the landslide victories of certain politicians: all of these things

have been accomplished by the Chung Kuel. All because they decided who was an enemy and then made their enemy suffer from the worst luck. Do not think them evil, for the Chung Kuel do as they must. They slow the progress of the Wyrn, no matter what the cost.

Ptah

Ptah is the creator of the universe. He is the gateway between the worlds, the one responsible for granting life to Earth Mother. His followers are the Umbral Dansers, the guardians of the stars. All of the Nuwisha follow Ptah; most follow him all the time. Only a handful remains behind on Earth Mother, because most are busy protecting the stars and the Umbra from Wyrn's influence.

The Ptah do not fight in the way that most others do. They are the consummate tricksters. The Ptah acknowledge that some places in the Umbra are beyond recovery. Instead, they use their Gifts for the greatest good. They hide from Wyrn's minions what Wyrn must not see.

Wyrn works in mysterious ways. His puppets are often unaware of his existence or that they do his bidding. There are mages who call themselves the Void Engineers. Their purpose is to make the Umbra cease to exist. By studying the Umbra, the Void Engineers report their findings to the world, and in so doing they steal the power of the Umbra. The mages try to force the Umbra to abide by their rules, and they've had some success.



The Ptah realize that the mages' magick is too powerful to stop completely. When the Void Engineers discover a part of the Umbra, they can make that part into a portion of the Weaver's great web. So the Ptah dedicate themselves to making certain that the Void Engineers only explore the parts of the Umbra that belong to the Wyrms. Places of great power and beauty are protected from the Void Engineers.

The Garou have a select group of their family — the Wagnerians — which knows of the Ptah and the Umbral Danse. These Garou are the only ones we trust with the truth about the Nuwisha. Most believe that the War of Rage drove us to extinction. That is the way we prefer it. The Ptah help the Wagnerians in their quest to find a new Earth Mother. The Wagnerians strive to locate this other Earth Mother in order to make their Gaia stronger and to help her live. They've had some success, more than most people realize. Have you heard of the hole in the ozone layer? Well, that great gash in Earth Mother's flesh is growing smaller, in part because of the Wagnerians. We do not pull pranks on them, but we watch them closely. Too often they move near the Wyrms, and then we must guide them back to safety.

Pan and Kokopelli

Pan is the god of nature and all that implies. He is a fertility god. So too is Kokopelli. Coyote still uses the face of Pan from time to time, but he prefers to appear in the face of Kokopelli. Kokopelli demands little of his charges; mostly he insists that all of them have fun. Pan demands that they always sate their lust, but never by force. It is easy to follow these aspects of the Trickster. Both have devious senses of humor like Coyote, and normally fall into a need to satisfy their desires *now*. Their followers are much the same.

Kokopelli and Pan believe that dance is important. Dance is the celebration of life and nature, as well as the finest way to express one's feelings. From this love of dance and elegance come many of the methods the Nuwisha have developed for fighting. There is no name for our dance of war; it's simply another part of the greater dance that all of us experience in the course of our lives. Both Pan and Kokopelli love music as well, and many Nuwisha learn to play the flute or another wind instrument in order to grant music to these two aspects of Coyote.

The Kokopelli are remembered throughout the American Southwest. Where the Nuwisha traveled, Kokopelli is painted on the rocks and carved into stone. Most of these images weren't our doing, but are a remembrance of when we passed through a place and brought joy and music with us.

In many ways the Kokopelli, and even the Pan, are symbols of our youth. We must never allow the world to weigh so heavily that we forget to revel in the wild abandon of innocence. Even now, as I deal with the mantle of a Loki, I bear the sign of Kokopelli around my neck on this bone choker. When you see that sign, remember that the time to celebrate is near.

Kishijoten

Kishijoten is Coyote's nurturing aspect, even though many would doubt Coyote capable of feeling any responsibility for anyone. In truth, Kishijoten is the Trickster's way of giving guidance and care to the Nuwisha. Many times in the past Kishijoten has shown our people the kindness that heals.

The followers of Kishijoten are many, for it is in our nature to care for others, whether we truly want to or not. After the many insults the Garou have dealt us, still we forgive and still we lend aid — when we can sneak it past them. The Kishijoten are most often found with the other Changing Breeds, disguised as one of their own and ready to lend moral or physical support. You'd be surprised how often the Wendigo and the Get of Fenris need someone sympathetic to listen to their problems. Even the Red Talons cannot stand alone against the pains thrown at Earth Mother, no matter what their claims. Twice in the past, the Kishijoten have aided the leaders of the Silver Fangs, taking their madness away and preventing them from destroying all they sought to build. Of all the Garou, the Silver Fangs suffer the most. The crown of leadership is heavy, and the sins they have committed in the past haunt them. And, oh, their sins have been many. The Kishijoten do not believe in provoking combat, for that only causes more grief.

The Kishijoten follow the very hardest path, for the humor that heals is much softer than a gentle snow. It grates against our natures to be constantly kind. There is a certain maliciousness in our nature. We almost physically need to play tricks and cause mischief. Life is not as sweet when we must avoid humiliating those we meet.

The Trickster has more aspects than even we know of. Coyote is wise, but he is also carefree. He is sad, even when he is happy. He lusts for life, and crushes the life from friend and foe alike with little regard. He is almost painfully cautious, and he is careless to a fault. He is insatiably curious, and he is indifferent to what he sees. And we, his children, are more like him than even we like to admit.

Coyote's Other Children

We are not Coyote's only progeny, not by any stretch of the imagination. Coyote is lustful, and has always believed in sleeping anywhere with anyone at any time. This is not a bad thing, nor is it a good thing. It simply is.

But we are the chosen of Coyote. Of all his children, we are the ones blessed with his humor and a fraction of his power. We are the guardians of his other children, their teachers and mentors. I refer to our Kinfolk. They do not have our special gifts. They cannot heal themselves of wounds in a matter of minutes, or change shapes, or travel to the stars. Most of our tribe live in the Umbra, as they have for a very long time. Those who live here, on Earth Mother, are left with a few responsibilities. The most important of these is our Kinfolk. Without them, we are nothing.

We're not as inhibited as some of the other Changing Breeds. We don't watch over particular families of humans or particular packs of coyotes for our Kinfolk. We are everywhere. Even those of us who live in the Umbra must come home to mate. Therefore, Nuwisha must watch over all humans and all coyotes left. This does not mean that we must protect every human from harm. Instead, this means we must do what we can to prevent the intelligent ones from falling to the Wyrms. What do I mean by "intelligent ones"? I mean those who can see beyond their apartment buildings and their nine-to-five jobs. Those who can still dream and dwell within the wilds of the world. Too often the other humans find their ways offensive. They look upon the dreamers as pariahs, and fear them because they are different. That difference often leads to violence.

There's a reason for the Nuwisha to stay near the humans. That reason is simple: We must always strive to teach them patience with the strangers who dare to live differently. Failing that, we must protect the dreamers, even if we have to kill in order to ensure their safety.

The coyotes are a different story. In many places they have been almost exterminated. The great hunters of the human world look upon the coyotes and see only an enemy. How could the coyote dare come near the farm, where a cow or chicken might be killed by his teeth? What gives him the right to feed on the animals that the humans claim as their own? In their infinite carelessness, the humans often seek to destroy entire species. It's sad and foolish. Trickster placed us all here for a reason. It's not our place to question his will; we must simply obey.

Since the Europeans first came to the Land, we have watched them slay the coyote. Many would believe that the coyote is almost extinct, and they are right to do so. But now I'll tell you a secret. The Europeans believe they have driven the coyotes away from the East and forced them to go into the West. But Coyote is crafty, and so are the children who bear his name. They are still there, only better hidden than before. The coyotes live, although barely, throughout the Land. We must make certain that this remains the case. We cannot afford to live only in the desert and the mountains. We must be everywhere.

Breeds

The Garou are funny. They don't mean to be amusing, but they are just the same. To the werewolves, the race of the parent is an important aspect of life. This is not so with the Nuwisha. We have spoken now for a long time. You have fidgeted and fussed, but you have listened. You were born of humans, and so you are called a homid. I am latrani, because I was born of coyotes. Yes, I am very adept at the human-speech, thank you for noticing. I have lived among humans many times, and I continue to do so when the urge strikes me. In time, and with practice, you will learn to speak as the coyotes do, and you will be able to live among them without drawing attention. You have some ability already; your coyote speech is slurred.

We were born of different races, but we are the same race. Whether we come from man or coyote, we are still Nuwisha. Why should it make a difference who your father is or who my mother is? It should not. It does not. We are Nuwisha, and that is enough.

There's a phenomenon that the Garou find offensive. When two of their kind mate and have children, the children are usually born deformed, either in their bodies or in their minds. They are always unable to have children. They're called metis, and are sneered at by their brethren. In all of the Nuwisha history, there has never been a metis, at least not that we know of. It is possible that Coyote feels differently about mating than does his brother, Wolf. Perhaps many of us are born of two Nuwisha. If so, they have never suffered for their parents' actions. No deformities have fallen upon us. Personally, I think that there have never been children of two Nuwisha. We are too much alike to stand each other's company for too long.

Rituals

From time to time you will learn new rites and be expected to celebrate them in the proper ways. As with all things we do, these rites are a celebration of Coyote. We do not punish those who do not partake in the rites; that is Coyote's duty.

Our rites are our traditions. We perform them because to do otherwise would be wrong. We celebrate life and we celebrate death in our rites. We dance to the stars, and we sing to the Trickster. We ridicule our enemies and we praise our honored heroes, for both have earned the rites we give them.

Mostly, we perform our rites because Coyote asks this of us. He gives us so much, and he asks so little in return. We're free of natural disease. We're able to visit the stars and look back upon Earth Mother to see the dreams of others. We can run faster than humans and live far longer than coyotes. We are the Nuwisha, and that is cause enough for celebration. Do not fear Coyote's wrath, for he is a forgiving father. Rites performed out of fear are useless. Fear instead what would happen to us if we lost Coyote. Without our rites to him, he is weaker. Should he falter and die, we would be orphans, lost in the world and abandoned by the stars.

Festivals

As with rites, so with festivals. Where many of our rites can grant favor in the eyes of Coyote, the festivals are a different matter. The festivals are our way of celebrating and communing with other Nuwisha we have not seen in a very long while. The Garou call these gatherings "moots." It is a word you should know, because we most often hide among the werewolves. The proper title for our gathering is simply the Festival. There is only one meeting a year for our people. On the night of the winter solstice, we gather together in our oldest home, what the humans refer to as the dwellings of the Anasazi. We gather in the Penumbra to ensure that we are not bothered.

The Festival is a celebration of Coyote and of life. True, there is discussion of what has occurred and what will occur in

the future, but that is handled quickly, allowing us to get on with celebrating and to join as family.

Once in the past, a very curious Garou managed to find the Festival. He'd followed one of our kind who was careless. We are not a violent race, but we do understand violence. His body was never found. We do not discuss this matter with anyone, and even speaking the unfortunate fool's name is forbidden. Violence against another Nuwisha is forbidden at the Festival. The cost of violating this rule is death. Violence against intruders is encouraged. Even the Nuwisha have their secrets.

The Trickster's Laws

The Garou have certain rules they live by. These rules exist to prevent all-out war between their tribes, and to guarantee a certain level of dedication to the ideals of each tribe. Each family of the Garou interprets and follows this "Litany" in its own way. In time, you will find a tribe that suits you, and you will be "adopted" by it, though its members will not know this. They will think you belong. At that time, you will learn of their ways and their laws.

Now is the time to learn of Coyote's laws. They are few, but they are important. Coyote is well-known for his sense of humor, but there are some things he takes seriously. Even those laws that seem amusing are not broken lightly. Coyote judges the Nuwisha, and those he finds wanting are often subject to his will. When Coyote enforces the laws, it's normally not a reason to laugh — at least for the victim of his anger.

Let Fools Die a Fool's Death

It is our responsibility to save the humans from themselves and to protect them from the Wyrms. It is not our place to stop a suicide or force a person to live who is in pain. It is our place to teach those who will listen. All others are on their own. We do not interfere in wars, and we do not punish the sinners. That is for others to do. The Garou have made clear that we are not welcome to infringe on what they see as their personal mission. Coyote dictates that we let the werewolves handle matters as they will. Leave justice to the Garou. We are their teachers, not their masters.

There is an exception to this rule. We are always to make the Wyrms suffer.

Teach Those Who Need Teaching a Proper Lesson

Let the punishment fit the crime. I've just explained that we do not commit acts of vengeance. That is true. But there is no rule against helping the foolish on their way. When you find someone who desperately needs to be taught the error of his ways, you may help him. You may help him in Coyote's way, by which I mean you may prank him endlessly until he can no longer stand the thought of what he did.

I once ran across a murderer who felt no guilt or remorse for the crimes he committed. More often than you might

imagine, the ghosts of those killed by murderers find their own vengeance. In this case, no ghosts lingered in hopes of revenge. I took their place. For three weeks, I imitated the voices of those he killed. I whispered in his ear when he slept, and dropped personal items of the people he killed where he could not help finding them. Before I was done with him, he knew remorse for his deeds. He confessed to his crimes, and was punished by the humans. Later, after he'd spent four weeks in prison, he committed suicide.

I met thieves who grew frustrated when the bounty they stole was in turn stolen from them. I also took whatever else they had that I found interesting. I replaced the bullets in every gun belonging to a violent gang with blanks. Imagine their surprise when they discovered the truth. In that case, they didn't live long enough to learn from their mistakes.

Always Prank the Wyrms

The Children of Worm are our enemies. They do not care for others or teach lessons that need learning. They kill and destroy for the sheer pleasure of doing so. We return the favor to them many times over. There are tricks, and there are pranks. Tricks are for friends. Pranks are for enemies. Pranks are normally fatal, or at the very least debilitating. Don't befriend the Wyrms, save in preparation of a prank. Never trust the Wyrms, for he is surely as much a liar as Coyote and twice the braggart as well.

This is more than a matter of right or wrong, this is a personal vendetta. Worm scorned Coyote, and Coyote always remembers a slight. In torturing the Wyrms, you honor Coyote.

Be Subtle

Humans do not take well to seeing our Nuwisha nature. Many will imagine they have seen something else as time goes on. That is Brother Wolf's gift to us. We are under the Veil of the Delirium. But there are always a few who are willing to believe in us. For that reason, we do not flaunt our differences. In other lands, in distant times, the humans killed the Changing Breeds. We do not want to see this happen again.

Respect Luna

Coyote wronged Luna, and this he knows. We serenade the moon because this is the promise of Coyote.

Think, Then Act

Coyote gifted us with wits. Use them. Don't enrage an enemy you can't escape. Don't betray the location of a kiba, for we have few left. Don't mingle with the Wyrms, for he is dangerously seductive. Don't lash out in anger, for we are weaker than most other shapeshifters. Always find the humor in any situation, for laughter is our greatest gift, and can cure more than you could ever imagine.

That is our version of what the Garou call "the Litany." It is not as complex as the werewolves' laws, but it suffices.



Chapter Three: The World from Coyote's Eyes

*So I walked on high
And I stuck to the edge
To see my world below.
And I laugh at myself
As the tears roll down
Cause it's the world I know
It's the world I know
— Collective Soul, "The World I Know"*

There are only 100 of our people on the Earth at any given time. Most of us are among the stars. That leaves us a great deal of space for examining the world. The United States of America is large, but is only a fraction of what there is to see. As with Coyote, it's in our nature to explore. An open doorway is an invitation in the eyes of the Nuwisha.

Each continent is different. The humans are always there, and the Wyrn is always there, but aside from these things, each place offers its own mysteries to solve — and its own threats. There are no guarantees of safety for you, no matter where you go. You might call on other Nuwisha for aid, but by the time they arrived, it would likely be too late to help you.

For that reason, it's important to know something of the home-grown life in any area. That's the natural and supernatural as well. There are things in this world that no

Nuwisha has ever seen. For that reason alone we would travel the globe a hundred times. There are things the Nuwisha should never see, things that could destroy us with a glance or feed on our entrails for a hundred achingly slow years. That's why we must travel the globe. We must always know our enemies, even if we have never met them before.

Coyote traveled the Land many times, each time finding something new. He asks that we do the same, for though we come from the Pure Lands, our responsibilities lie everywhere.

You'll likely meet other Nuwisha during your travels. They'll seem strange to you, for they are not from the Land. Nuwisha come from everywhere. We are not tied to one place any more than we are tied to this world. Look for them; they are still your family, no matter how strange they might seem.

Asia

Coyote's Gifts to us have always been of benefit in the land called Asia. The Shadow Lords and the Stargazers are there, as are the peculiar *hengeyokai*. Among them are the Kitsune, Fox's brood. Werefoxes are strange creatures, with many strange beliefs. They are also among the few we can honestly call friends. They are like us in many ways, but they are as different as Luna from Earth Mother. That's what makes them interesting to know.

Kitsune lean more toward violence than we do, but their need to destroy is always balanced by their need to preserve. Do not question the actions of the Kitsune, for Coyote does not need us to teach them. I have long believed the Kitsune are Coyote's other children. Perhaps someday the Trickster will let me know if I am right. Kishijoten is strongest in Japan, where the Kitsune dwell. I tend to think there is a connection between the two.

The Shadow Lords rule Japan, and the Asian Glass Walkers dominate elsewhere. The Stargazers keep to the remote areas. If you must choose among the three, stay with the Stargazers. Their ways are most honest.

The Middle East

If ever a place was made for pranking, it's the Middle East. In the world of humans, there is the occasional fanatic, a rare human who insists that his ideas are the only proper ones to follow. In the Middle East, whole countries overflow with these people. To make their point, the fanatics of the Middle East strap bombs on their chests and kill themselves, taking as many others as they can with them when they die. For some reason, none of them have caught on to the fact that they all worship the same deity. They are blinded by the certainty that only their form of worship is proper. They cannot all be right, and for that reason they kill any who disagree.

I think the Wyrms are stronger in their minds than anywhere else on the planet, even in the Land. The humans rip the blood of Earth Mother from the ground here in order to buy foods grown in other parts of the world. They find nothing wrong with this. Again, they are insane.

The Silent Strider Garou still walk the land here, doing what they can to solve the mysteries of the human mind, I guess. Personally, I think they've gone crazy to stay in the area. Tread carefully in the Middle East, but be prepared to teach many lessons to those who should be taught. In a land where no life is held as sacred, even the life of an individual, pranks are the rule of the day. They do not learn well in the Middle East.

Australia

One tribe of Garou fell victim to the War of Rage. The other Garou found them wanting, and so they killed them all. Where the Children of Croatan died to save the Land,

the Children of Bunyip were slaughtered out of spite and maliciousness. Bunyip is still angry. The ghosts of his children still honor him, but they can no longer dance for him or make proper sacrifices. Never venture into the Umbra of Australia in anything but your true form. If the Bunyip see another werewolf, their hatred drives them insane. If they see a Nuwisha, they understand that we do not mean them harm. Many of the Umbral Dancers travel to the Penumbra of Australia, for the pain felt by the spirits there is a deep suffering that we can't ignore. Kishijoten would never allow us to ignore such agonies.

From time to time the Nuwisha who travel to Australia take the form of Bunyip Garou, and make celebrations in the Bunyip way. We are not the Bunyip, but the wound left by their destruction will be remembered by all Garou who come to Australia. We won't let the Garou forget that they killed their own.

Europe

Never has a land been so filled with differences. In many places you can walk for only a day and come across an entirely different culture. The vampires are strong in Europe, much stronger than they are here. As a result, the Garou are even more territorial than they are in the Land. The Get of Fenris are more savage than their American kin could hope to be. The Black Furies are equally vicious. Their long-standing feud is more obvious in Europe.

What few other skinchangers there are in Europe are harder to find, for they have learned to avoid the Garou, and in many ways we are too much like them. At a distance we can be confused for Garou.

Still, the humans in Europe are particularly amusing. Many of them insist that their particular country is superior to all others with the same zeal that the Middle Easterners show to their God.

You must be cautious if you travel to Europe. You must never reveal what you are to any Garou in that land, for their beliefs are too set, and they are suspicious of anyone who is not from their country. Many of them make the Wendigo seem calm by comparison, and that includes the more "civilized" tribes.

Great Britain

For so small a land, it has many powers. The faeries still live there. They hide themselves among the humans and avoid the ways of humans at the same time. They are a funny people, and we are very fond of them. The Fianna are strong throughout Britain, as are the Get of Fenris. Both tend more toward revelry than violence, except when they are around each other.

The Wyrms are old and powerful here, and his finest soldiers lie below your feet. The Black Spiral Dancers grow stronger and the Garou grow weaker with each passing

year. Perhaps, just perhaps, the Garou in Britain will ask for our help before they ask elsewhere.

South America

The tribes of the Pure Ones still thrive in South America. Unfortunately, the Wyrms are also thriving here. Humans, with their endless need to be the most powerful and wealthy, have found that their own people in South America are easy prey. The Wyrms' minions build new Hives for the Corrupter, crushing Earth Mother's bounty wherever they find it. Again we wait for an invitation to join in the fight. Until then, tread cautiously in the southern lands.

The Amazon Basin is in danger from the Wyrms. For the first time since they came to crush the Pure Ones, the Europeans work well together. They dwell in the very heart of the Wyrms' territory and do what they can to hold back the Wyrmlings' progress. Too little, too late, unfortunately. The forests burn, and the wonders that Earth Mother provides are destroyed. The Balam and Mokolé held the land with no difficulty. Now that the Garou have weakened them through the War of Rage, the werewolves try to take back what the Wyrms were able to steal. Proud, foolish Garou.

Sometimes we go down to South America and lend aid, in our own way, to the War of the Amazon. Nuwisha usually visit when the packs of Garou they've been walking with ends up there. When these Xochipilli are near the great war zone, certain informative papers are sometimes very easy for the Garou to find, and the Wyrms' machines often don't work as well as they should. This is all we can do. We are forbidden to join in the fight, because the Garou have claimed the war of the Amazon as their own. Coyote commands that we wait, and so we shall.

Africa

Once, long ago, we called the Silent Striders our friends, and we learned many secrets of the continent called Africa. The War of Rage changed all that. Those who were as inquisitive as we are became nonentities in our eyes. They exist like the other Garou, but they are no longer our equals. The land they once called their own is long gone to them, taken by the Leeches and swallowed by the growing desert. We miss them. They were our friends. Perhaps one day we can be friends again. In the meantime, we watch over them with a special passion, guiding them in their quests to find the truth. They are closer than all of the other tribes combined.

Africa dies. She dies slowly, true, but the Europeans have succeeded in killing her. They hunted her greatest protectors and slaughtered her bounty. The elephants are almost gone, and the gorillas are hardly more than a dream. The desert grows, and the humans who are wisest are punished for their wisdom by governments that find them offensive.





Centuries of tradition are crushed by fools who feel that dressing in the wrong fashion or ignoring their fear of nudity is a sin in the eyes of their god. Once again, the human need to force a view of not just what god should be worshipped, but how that god should be worshipped has sown the seeds for the Wym. Once again it's Earth Mother who must reap what the humans have sown.

The Ananasi are strongest in Africa. There are still many places they control and many places where they are free to do as they will. Again, they choose to fight each other. The Wym has harmed them more than most of us. They are frightening and odd, but Ti Malice is also a spider, and she is one of our greatest teachers. Do not fight the Ananasi, unless they have truly fallen to the Wym.

The Children of Cat — the Bagheera, the Swara and the Simba — once protected Africa from the Wym's greatest depredations. Now they are few, thanks to the War of Rage. The Garou do their work well when they join together. Had we not left for the stars, the Nuwisha would likely be only a memory.

North America

I have traveled to many places and seen many things that are fascinating and worthy of tales. In the end I have always returned to the Land, for it's my home in spite of everything. The Croatan are gone, and the Wendigo are mad-

dened still by their grief. The Uktena have long since lost the smile they once shared with us. The Corax are weakened, and the Gurahl are few. The Ratkin thrive in the sewers of cities instead of on the plains. The Mokolé are almost a faded memory. We Nuwisha are not allowed to roam here as we once did. Instead we guard the stars from humans and the Wym. The Nunnehi are still able to walk the Land, and they dance with us on special occasions. The Pure Ones are still here, though they are weakened by their losses and the mistreatments they have suffered at the hands of the Europeans. Their innocence is forever lost now. Luna still thrives, though, and there are great spans of the Land where wise humans tend to Earth Mother. Religion here is strong; there are less who would kill for their god, though a few exist. Slowly the humans learn that to kill the Land is to kill themselves. All in all, it's still home, in spite of its flaws. Someday I shall finally go into the Umbra, where the wisest of us dwell, but not just yet.

For now I shall thrive on the Land, and I shall teach the foolish the errors of their ways. The variety of fools found here is greater than anywhere else, and every day offers a new challenge to overcome. This is where Coyote first walked on Earth Mother. This is where his laughter is still heard in the roar of the storms and the sighing of the leaves. This is where Coyote wants me — I feel it in my bones and in the winds that brush against my fur.

The Umbra

You haven't been to the stars yet. You haven't felt the winds of heaven ruffle your fur, or smelled the special scent of the void. You will. You're Nuwisha. Earth Mother was our home once, and we can still stay here from time to time. But our place now is with Coyote, running between the stars and watching over the last places safe from the Wyrms.

There are other creatures out there that walk with us. There are so many that I could never fully explain them to you. Some things you simply must see.

In the places between the stars there are special islands of hope and nightmare. The Garou call them "Realms." We call them Domains. The Domains belong to many things. In some places they belong to the Garou, and in others they belong to humans who know magick. Most belong to no one and no thing. These we borrow to make our homes in the Umbra. There is a Domain we call Coyote's Tunnel, though there are no tunnels in the place. Coyote's Tunnel is where Coyote rests from time to time, when he has grown tired of searching the stars. Many Nuwisha have met Coyote in that sacred place. Coyote is a negligent father, but he loves his children just the same. We are always welcome in Coyote's Tunnel. The food there is filled with flavors you can't even imagine, and the very ground tells tales of Coyote's deeds. Countless doors to other places are hidden there. Most are locked and forbidden to us, but a few wait for Nuwisha to pass through. Past those unbarred entrances are the places where Trickster's other faces wait. Each totem is there, waiting to answer questions. Sometimes the answers are lies, because the wrong questions are asked. Mostly they are the truth.

From Coyote's Tunnel, any place in the Umbra is seconds away. We would all stay there, I think, if we could stand that much peace. There is so much to see! In comparison, Earth Mother is the tiniest grain of dust adrift in an endless ocean. Someday, if you're very lucky, you'll get to see all of that sea of stars.

For every wonder of the stars, there is a nightmare waiting. The Weaver and the Wyrms have hurt even the Umbra with their foolish battle. Of everything I tell you, remember this if nothing else: The Umbra is ours. We belong in the heavens, for they nurture us with endless adventures. We belong to the stars, for they must be protected, and that is our sacred duty. The webs of Spider must be shifted away, and Brother Worm must never be allowed to eat the stars. His hunger is endless, and we must always strive to keep him from the places where he is not wanted.

This is what Coyote demands. Who are we to defy him?

The Other Changing Breeds

I mention the other skinchangers, and suddenly you are paying attention. I almost think you'd rather be one of them. Well, that's only normal. They can do things we

can't, and that makes them tempting. You've got a strong sense of adventure. It'll do you well, if you can sit still long enough to hear the rest of this. Quit scowling! You look stupid when you make that face. Now then, the others....

The Garou

The other shapeshifters are our cousins, for better or worse. In many cases it's for the better, but there are exceptions to every rule. Most of us agree that the Garou are the largest exception. They're angry and bitter; they see the mistakes they have made, and still they find reasons for their every act, no matter how vile. Of course, if you point that out to the Garou, they'll invite you to stay around awhile, so they can teach you the error of your ways. When they've finished, you might walk again, but I don't think so. Petulant and proud, that's the Garou.

The Black Furies

The distinction between genders is too powerful with the Black Furies. They are brave, intelligent and capable, but they punish their own for the sin of being male. Isn't that a bit like beating your child because you didn't cut her hair right? My teacher said, "Black Furies do not suffer from premenstrual syndrome, they suffer from permanent menstrual syndrome." He said that where they could hear it, then he ran like hell. Some of them are still hoping to catch him. He was right about one thing, though: They have a permanent mean streak about twice as wide as the Rio Grande.

The Bone Gnawers

They're survivors. More importantly, they help those who need helping. Most of their kin look down on the Bone Gnawers. That's a shame, 'cause they could learn much from the scavengers if they would only try. There are a few exceptions, but for the most part, the Bone Gnawers are the best example of Garou. They're noble, they're brave, and they're resourceful. Unlike their counterparts, they think before they act. They also lack manners. I'd like them even better if they'd bathe a little more often. Some of them are proud of the fact that they have grease spots two years old on their pelts.

The Children of Gaia

The Children of Gaia came from all tribes. Unlike the others, they didn't always run rampant. Now they are a growing faction within Garou society, and they are one of the best hopes the Garou have of ever uniting as a force against the Wyrms. Many Garou look at them as weak, feeling that their desire for peace is a flaw. Perhaps someday the fools will learn. Perhaps we will teach them yet. On the other hand, some of the Children are a bit arrogant. I wonder if they'll decide that the other Changing Breeds need culling somewhere down the line.

Fianna

In this world, many a person is selected and found wanting simply because of her heritage. But in the case of the Fianna, the stereotype fits. Most drink too much and brawl too much. They sing and dance and enjoy life, but are quick to get mad and slow to calm down. With only the slightest provoking, they're as violent as the Get of Fenris. Also, like the Get, they take too much pride in the region where they were born and spend too much of their time dealing with the mistakes their human cousins make. They outdo the Get in their ability to sing sad songs, though. They should be fighting the Wyrms, not screaming for an end to the British rule of their land. On the other hand, they do know how to throw a party, and St. Patrick's Day is always fun. You haven't seen anything until you've seen a dozen drunken Garou charging down the street with their fur dyed green. That's the one day a year I think the Fianna don't care about the Veil.

Get of Fenris

The Get of Fenris believe they are the strongest of the Garou. They believe that they must teach all others how to be strong. There is a certain wisdom in that notion, but I was taught how the Get were all too eager to hunt down the other Changing Breeds during the War of Rage. I've heard tales of the atrocities some committed during the Second World War, and I know that they are often racist. They are strong in body and second to none in combat. Sadly, they lack the intelligence to rule the other tribes. They also lack the ability to see their own flaws.

They're braggarts and ruffians, but their hearts are normally in the right place. They watch out for each other, you see. There are few I'd rather have on my side if I had a fight coming, and few I'd rather tease when they are feeling high and mighty. If you want to make the Get angry enough to attack you, tell 'em they fight like girls, or that they're weak compared to the Bone Gnawers. Trust me, you'll definitely get a fight. Never fight a Get of Fenris with survival in mind. Fight to humiliate and degrade. That hurts their Nordic hearts more than losing an arm ever could.

Glass Walkers

There are Garou who live in the cities of humans and do what they can to fight against the Wyrms in political battles. The Ti Malice commend the notion, and point out that a surprising number of the Glass Walkers stop fighting the war and start playing the human game of profit and loss. Too many would sell their souls for a good pension plan. Too many have. They like to think of themselves as being special; they like to believe that they are adaptable. They are wrong, and daily they grow closer to feeding on their Mother's carcass. On the other hand, they do have nice suits, and are lots of fun to mug. I had a Ferrari automobile once. It used to belong to a Glass Walker stockbroker in New York. Now it belongs to a junkyard in Hackensack,

New Jersey. Maybe I should have learned to drive before stealing it.

Red Talons

The wolves of the Garou should be the perfect example of what Brother Wolf tried to teach his children. Unfortunately, they've allowed themselves to be tainted by the ideals of their brethren. The Red Talons look upon all humans as a blight, never realizing that some of the ones they kill are trying to help them. They have no mercy for the humans, nor room in their hearts for anything but vengeance. We could have gone that way when the humans began killing coyotes wherever they saw them, but we decided to learn from the Red Talons' errors. Coyotes are not normally hunted down with the same prejudice as wolves. I pity the Red Talons. They have lost so much, and still they cannot see what they do wrong.

Shadow Lords

The Shadow Lords are not happy with being second best. They see the Silver Fangs as their enemies, and all other Garou as pawns. I take special delight in returning the compliment. The Shadow Lords are amazingly easy to manipulate. Just soothe their perpetually wounded egos to make them useful pawns. Do not trust them. They dance too close to the heart of the Wyrms. If you're ever looking for a place to stay, getting past their security systems and borrowing their big-city apartments while they're away is always good for a laugh. Make sure you mark the territory well, so they know you've been there. It's more fun when they have to get their expensive carpets cleaned.

Silent Striders

We have a lot in common with the Silent Striders. It's far too easy to allow ourselves to think of them as friends. By all means, be friendly to the Striders. They're far more likely to strike up a conversation than any other Garou. Just never trust them. The Striders betrayed a trust once, and we cannot allow that to happen again. Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me. On the brighter side, they know the some of the best riddles.

Silver Fangs

I often wonder how the Silver Fangs can see when they constantly have their muzzles in the air. We know who caused the War of Rage. We know that their insanity is a dangerous thing. The most lethal of the Silver Fangs seem perfectly sane. They're the ones who smile politely before they order your head served to them on a golden platter. Do not trust them. They are more subtle than the Shadow Lords, but they are just as deadly. More so, for they can command the other Garou to do their bidding. Want to make an enemy fast? Start rumors about a Silver Fang's heritage.

Stargazers

We share a passionate curiosity with the Stargazers. They constantly seek the answers to every puzzle in the universe. Sometimes they're so busy looking at the stars that they forget to look where they're going. I've actually seen no less than three Stargazers walk into trees while trying to solve new riddles. Then they stop to wonder how the trees got in their way. They're silly; I like that about them. Sadly, they have become accustomed to a certain level of complexity in the puzzles they find, and often miss the easiest solutions. In all their time they have not yet realized that Worm needs freeing from his bonds. Once freed, he would also lose the rage that holds him a prisoner as surely as it does the Garou.

Uktena

There was a time when the Uktena could smile. They danced, and they sang, and they celebrated as all of the Pure Ones did. Now they have forgotten the songs and forsaken the memory of their brothers, the Croatan. In trying to make sure the Wurm can never awaken his greatest servants, they overlook the smaller perils and traps he sets for them. Too many of the Uktena fall to the Wurm's embrace. The means they use to fight him are becoming suspicious to many, and not just to the Garou or us. They cannot see the forest; the trees get in their way.

Wendigo

Where the Uktena have forgotten Croatan's sacrifice, the Wendigo cannot forget it, or forgive it. They hold a grudge that spans centuries, and they feel no pity for the foolish who are easily led astray. The Wendigo hate the Europeans with a ferocity that is unfathomable. In fighting what they hate the most, they have become all too like their enemies. They have become a bitter reflection of the Get of Fenris — just as set in keeping their stock pure, and just as determined to die for what they know in their hearts is not the proper way to act. Pain has blinded them. The entire tribe just needs to get laid and relax a little. Pass the peyote, and let's have a giggle festival.

Bastet

The werecats are solitary. They do not care for the company of humans or even each other. If they could learn what they needed to without consulting with their elders, the Bastet would likely never speak to each other. The Children of Cat are a perfect example of what happens when the student is taught well. They are independent and normally self-sufficient. They are the luckiest of the Changing Breeds, besides us.

There are almost as many tribes of Bastet as there are of Garou. The difference is, the Bastet divide by race, not by region. The Bagheera werepanthers, for example, are wise and well-learned. They are also insatiable. If something



catches their eye, they follow it endlessly in order to study it. Curiosity killed the cat, and, in the case of the Bagheera, satisfaction brought him back. In their own way, they follow Trickster. Just never tell them that. They'd take it as a slight. They are as arrogant as they are wise.

The werejaguars are a lot like the Wendigo. They don't like strangers, and they hate Europeans. The weretigers are rather like the Get of Fenris: violent and deadly. Also, they have no sense of humor. Never make references to "kitty cats" around a Khan, unless you can run very, *very* fast.

Werelions are regal and beautiful. The Simba remind me of Silver Fangs with a feline disposition. I like them especially, because they gather in prides. They are also lusty, so if you can sneak around when one of them is away from the rest of the pride, you can have a lot of fun. Be careful when you're annoying them! Coyote, but they're touchy!

The werecougars are funny. They're strong and dangerous, but they know how to smile and love a good story. Cougar was always a friend of Coyote, so we get along well with the Pumonca. Just don't use any Hollywood slang around them. I saw what one did to a Glass Walker after he called her a "squaw." It wasn't pretty, but I laughed for hours. The lynxes are just as amusing. They pretend not to care, but they have a curiosity as strong as our own. Hold something in your hands and cover it completely, just peek at it from time to time, and if there's a Qualmi in the area, he'll be doing his best to look cool and sneak a look at what you have. That's the best way to meet a werelynx. They hate secrets almost as much as they hate Europeans.

One more thing — catnip. They love catnip.

Gurahl

The Gurahl are large, amiable, fuzzy and cute. They're also strong enough to rip the average Garou in half. How can you help but like the combination? When you need a hand, the werbears are some of the first, eager to be helpful, and they are. They're also known for a very long memory when it comes to slights. Wonderful friends and deadly enemies; I'd rather keep them as friends.

Corax

The wereravens are our brothers, and the wisest of all the Changing Breeds. They know how to watch, and they know when not to act. That is more than I can say for our own people, who are often willing to sacrifice all for a good laugh. Even we could learn from the Corax. On the other hand, you can have hours of fun and games with a little glitter and some glue near a Corax's home. They can't resist examining anything shiny.

Ratkin

They are greedy to a fault and bitter over the War of Rage. They are secretive and power-hungry. The Ratkin

thrive on skullduggery and outmaneuvering the Garou. They build secret passages that they feel are inviolable, never realizing that we often walk among them. Those are their good qualities. Never turn your back on a Ratkin. It is in their nature to take advantage of that sort of opening. On the bright side, they are honest to Rat, and they admirably did their work of keeping the humans from growing too far, until the Garou slaughtered most of them. The Ratkin grow stronger now; perhaps they will again bring the humans back down to where they belong. Respect the Ratkin. They work very hard to be exactly who they are.

Mokolé

The Mokolé are our comrades. We do not fight with them and they do not fight with us. The werealligators are the history of Earth Mother, and the memories of every race that has passed into oblivion. They are knowledge that we should learn. We, in turn, are their humor. They are bitter with lessons forgotten by the others, and they are angry at the loss of so many of their own. If not for us, they would weep and scream. Instead, they endure.

Nagah

The wereserpents are a devious lot. They hide their secrets well, and it takes a great deal of time to learn any of their ways. For instance, most people think they're dead! Clever, aren't they? Fortunately, we are curious folks and willing to invest time and effort in a good trick. Respect the Nagah. I would tell you more about them, but I think you should have to go to the same amount of trouble I did to learn anything of their ways. I thought I saw a man turn into an eel once. I still can't decide if this was a Nagah.

Rokea

The weresharks are greedy. They feed constantly, and they feed well. They fight among themselves, and they crush any enemy they come across. They are a simple people with simple ways. Many have fallen to the Wyrn, but even then they remain true to themselves. They are the Children of Shark, and they do what they must. Swim with them, but do not become like them. Their ways would kill us. We are not strong enough to survive what they must endure every day of their lives. For extra fun with Rokea, spill chum in the ocean and add lots of hot sauce. They make the funniest faces when they're in the middle of a feeding frenzy.

Ananasi

Spider's Children are sturdy and strong. They have the patience to wait for years before moving in after their prey, and they can endure what would kill any other shapechanger. Unfortunately they are torn. Some serve the Weaver, some the Wyld and some the Wyrn. They have divided them-

selves, and they are killing themselves. Pity the Anangsi. They know not what they do. They do make beautiful webs, but sometimes they are too complex.

The Lost Ones

Once, long ago, there were other skinchangers. They flew high in the air and hunted on the land. They lived in trees and in caves, and they each served Earth Mother as they were told to by their creators. The Garou killed them in the War of Rage. I will speak of them no more.

The Others

Vampires

The undead are strange creatures. They constantly force themselves to new heights of manipulation in order to avoid becoming too bored with an existence they cannot tolerate. I wonder if they're driven insane when they're drained of natural life. They are amusing, however. They're easily enraged and even easier to manipulate. They thrive on their cloak-and-dagger existence, up to the point that they will allow anyone who understands their rules to play their games with them. Heh.

Mages

I have never known a weirder group of people, human or otherwise. In comparison to them, the other supernaturals all seem rational. They all believe that if everyone would

agree with them, all would be well in the world. Perhaps the problem is that they do not wish to agree with anyone else. Mages are like the religious: Each is certain that his way is better than anyone else's. Each refuses to see the merits of what his companions want, or the flaws of what he desires. It's lucky that not all of the humans have become mages, for if they had, the whole world would truly be insane.

Ghosts

The dead are almost as strange as the mages. All of them struggle to hold onto the remains of their lives, unwilling to surrender their fates to anyone other than themselves. It's a sad thing, their need to hold onto the past. The peace they want waits for them if only they would understand that they can move on to the next life. They're afraid of what they do not understand. They can't embrace the mysteries that could be answered if only they would take the necessary steps. Also, they're crazy. They talk to themselves, and then they answer themselves back.

Changelings

There are actually creatures in this world almost as wise as we are. The changelings refuse to anchor themselves in the mundane world, and strive to retain their grasp on their dreams. When one passes from this stage in their lives, it's always a sad thing. Unfortunately, they are still too human. They squabble among themselves with the same ferocity as do the Garou. But it's a beautiful thing when they laugh....





Appendix One: Toys and Tricks

Max: *Spontaneous combustion! What a stroke of luck!*
— Steve Purcell, "Sam & Max: Monkeys Violating the
Heavenly Temple"

What it is to be Nuwisha

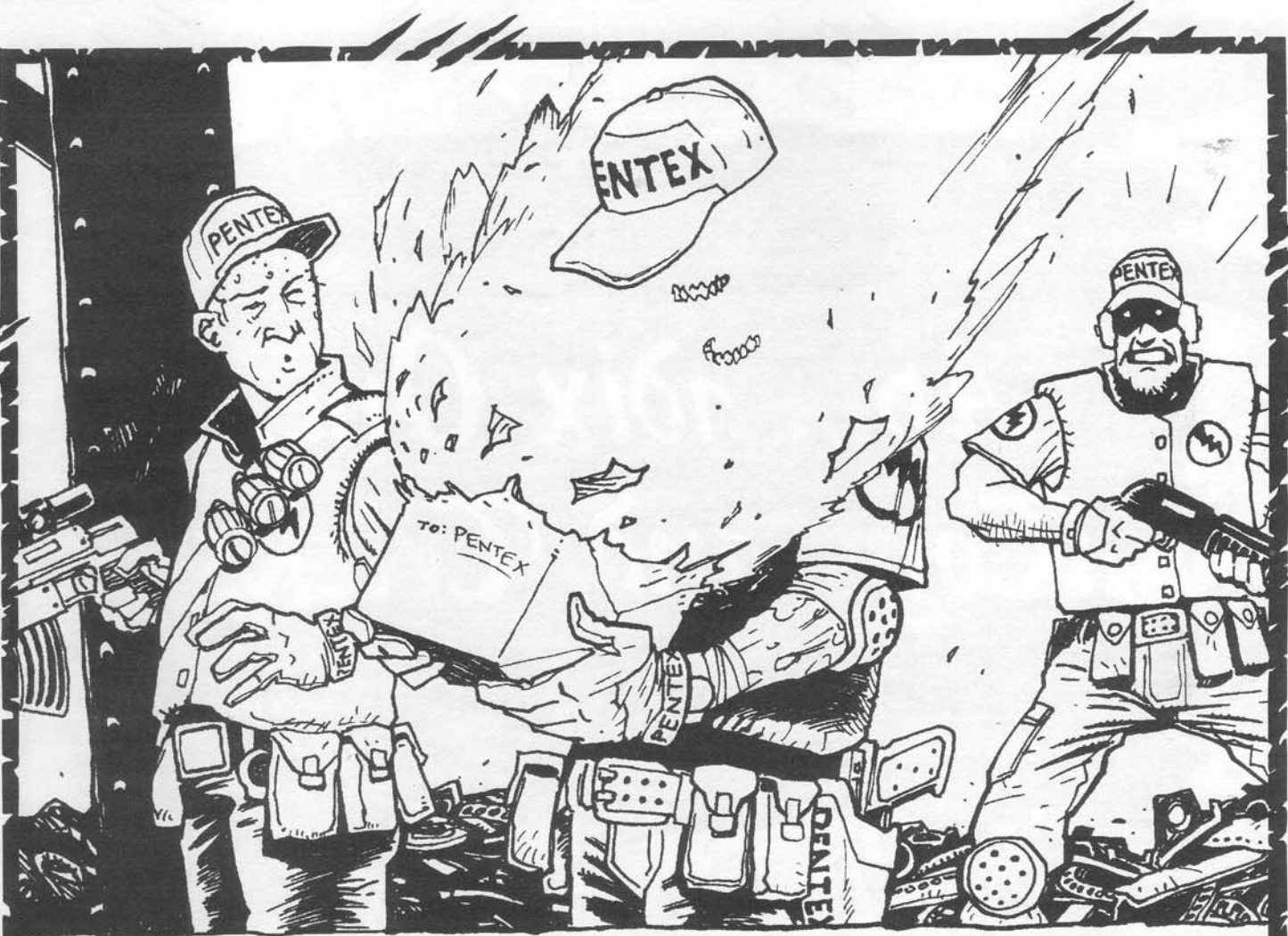
The werecoyotes break a lot of rules simply by being what they are. Unlike other shapeshifters, the Nuwisha take no special damage from silver. They also have no Rage, and can occasionally be at a disadvantage as a result. Certain Nuwisha Gifts can mimic Rage, or even allow a Nuwisha to use Rage, but in doing so the werecoyote usually has to endure the same weakness to silver that other skinchangers possess.

The Nuwisha's promiscuous nature often leads them to breed with the Kinfolk of other werereatures, or even with other members of the Changing Breeds. However, there are no "half-breeds" created when the Nuwisha mate with others, just as there are no metis for the Nuwisha. There has never been, nor should there ever be, a Nuwisha-Rokea

half-breed. The race of the mother determines the race of the child when other skinchangers mate with the werecoyotes, assuming that the child breeds true. Otherwise, the pup is Kinfolk to both skinshiffters.

Humor Renown

Where Garou believe honor to be a special mark of achievement, the Nuwisha feel that honor is inherent. Humor is far more significant to their way of thinking. Humor isn't merely a measure of how many laughs a Nuwisha can garner from a single joke or prank, however. It reflects the Nuwisha's ability to laugh at himself and the situations he finds himself in. Humor also measures the Nuwisha's originality in pranking an enemy or tricking a friend. Novelty and ingenuity are important to the werecoyotes, and to the Trickster in any of his incarnations. A creative way of handling a situation is often



rewarded. A lazy or trite solution may just as easily be punished.

Humor also helps the Nuwisha interact with each other when the time comes for the Festival. One of the main activities at the Festival is telling tales — the taller, the better. When all are finished recounting their stories of what they have done in the past year, the elders judge whether or not each individual has grown enough to deserve the special reward of new and interesting ways to investigate the world and prank foes. Nuwisha who have earned enough Renown are rewarded with new Gifts during this time. The more a Nuwisha can make her brethren laugh and enjoy themselves, the better her chances of being granted greater Renown. There are exceptions, though; from time to time Coyote simply decides to send spirits to teach the Nuwisha, just as when a werecoyote decides to change totems.

Humor Renown awards are generally left to the Storyteller to assign. These are not frivolously gained; a Nuwisha shouldn't earn Renown for punning throughout a story or playing gratuitous practical jokes on her packmates. Humor Renown comes only when the Nuwisha uses humor to instruct or in other truly constructive ways. The best measure is whether or not the prank (or other deed) would merit retelling. If "you just had to be there," it probably wasn't that noteworthy.

Merits and Flaws

The Merits and Flaws presented here are Nuwisha-specific; Garou must make do with their own (in *The Werewolf Players Guide*). In particular, Garou may *not* purchase Umbral Affinity.

Large: (1 point Merit)

A Nuwisha with this Merit is substantially larger than most of her breed, and is easily mistaken for a Garou when in Manabozho form. This size increase gives no physical bonuses, but adds one die to all Social Dice Pools when dealing with Garou.

Umbral Affinity: (2-3 point Merit)

Nuwisha with this Merit have a strong connection to the Umbra. All difficulties for passing through the Gauntlet are reduced by two, to a minimum of 3. With the 3-point Merit, the Nuwisha does not need to stare into a reflection of any sort in order to enter the Umbra.

Favored by Coyote: (6 point Merit)

Those who are favored by Coyote are granted special status in the Trickster's eyes. They need not expend Gnosis on any Gift that is directly used to perform a trick. This does not mean that the character never spends Gnosis, only that

when pulling a fast one on an opponent, she does not need to consider the Gnosis cost. This Merit is very rare and potentially easy to abuse. The Storyteller has final say as to whether or not a player must expend Gnosis on any Gift at any given time.

Bad Moon: (2 point Flaw)

Sometimes Luna gets revenge for what Coyote did to her. Nuwisha who are born under a bad moon have natural dispositions similar to the Garou. A Nuwisha born under this sign has the same outlook on life as the werewolf under the same sign, but gets none of the Garou advantages. For example, a werecoyote born under the full moon has an Ahroun temper, but cannot Rage. This Flaw cannot be taken for New Moon Nuwisha, as all Nuwisha act out the role of Ragabash anyway.

Overly Curious: (3 point Flaw)

Overly curious Nuwisha are fairly common. If there's a door halfway open, a werecoyote feels obligated to see what's on the other side. If there's a spooky noise coming from a cave that stinks of the Wyrn, she simply has to check it out. Nuwisha can't leave a mystery unsolved. Werecoyotes with this Flaw cannot resist temptation without a Willpower roll, difficulty 9.

Harano: (4 point Flaw)

Nuwisha do not normally suffer from Harano, but a werecoyote with this Flaw is as susceptible to the killing depression as a Garou. This is never a good thing for a Nuwisha.

Gifts

Nuwisha start with the same number of Gifts as do Garou. They may choose one Ragabash Gift, one Breed Gift and one Nuwisha Gift. Breed Gifts are either homid (as Garou) or latrani (who use lupus Gifts). The Gifts chosen for the character should reflect the totem she follows, and can change when the Nuwisha picks a new Trickster totem to follow.

Gifts of the Umbral Danse are marked in parentheses. These Gifts may be learned only after a Nuwisha has performed the Rite of Dancing as described in *The Werewolf Players Guide*.

- **Snake's Skin (Level One)** — With this Gift, a Nuwisha can shed a layer of skin, instantly regenerating the lost flesh, in order to slip free of extremely tight bonds and even handcuffs. This Gift may help a werecoyote avoid being thrown by an opponent. This Gift is taught by a Snake-spirit.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Dexterity + Athletics in order for the character to remove the outer layer of flesh and allow her to slip free from any bonds. An additional Dexterity + Athletics roll is required to slip free of extremely complicated traps.

Players Guide Errata

The *Werewolf Players Guide* contains certain mistakes concerning the werecoyotes. (But what do you expect with tricksters like these?) The following clarifications should be used in any chronicle involving Nuwisha.

- **Teasing Mate**, the Level Five Nuwisha Gift, causes all creatures of the same race and *same* gender (not opposite gender) to desire copulation with the target immediately.

- **Rite of Dancing**, the Level Two Rite for joining with the Umbral Dansers, only works for followers of the Ptah totem. After being accepted into the Umbral Dansers, the Nuwisha may follow whichever aspect of Trickster he desires. All Nuwisha in the Umbra follow Ptah. Ptah is effectively a tribal totem to the Nuwisha in the Umbra, much as Fenris is a tribal totem for the Get of Fenris. The Nuwisha must follow his ban in order to learn the Umbral Danse, but they may follow other aspects of Trickster as well.

- The Level Five rite: **Sing Back the Dead** is incorrect. The player must spend one permanent Gnosis per person raised by this rite, plus one permanent Gnosis for each level of damage a target suffered beyond the killing blow. For example: Old Man Manyskins must raise two werecreatures because Coyote demands it. Two permanent Gnosis points are spent automatically. However, one of the skinchangers took three levels of injury beyond what was needed to kill her. In order to resurrect both werecreatures, five permanent Gnosis must be spent.

- **Song of Kokopelli (Level One)** — This Gift allows the Nuwisha to ensure that everyone within hearing range of the Song remains calm and sedate. This Gift may cancel the frenzy of an opponent, but only for as long as the Nuwisha continues to sing. This Gift is taught by a Gaffling in service to Coyote.

System: The player rolls Manipulation + Performance, with a varying difficulty depending on the situation. Each individual may attempt to resist this effect with a Willpower roll, difficulty 6. The difficulty to resist the song's effects is increased by one for every success the player has in his initial roll. The Nuwisha's "singing" may be vocal, or any musical instrument, from pipes to drums. The Gift lasts as long as the Nuwisha's song.

- **Swollen Tongue (Level One)** — The Nuwisha uses this Gift on a target to stop that target from speaking. As soon as the Gift is in effect, the target's tongue swells, preventing any form of speech. Howls and sounds coming from the target are muffled at best. This Gift is taught by a Spider-spirit.

System: The Nuwisha must touch her target, while the player makes a Gnosis roll (difficulty of the victim's Willpower). With three or more successes, the target cannot even use sign language, as her hands begin to tremble uncontrollably. This Gift lasts for one scene.

• **Xochipilli's Touch (Level One)** — The Nuwisha using Xochipilli's Touch brings luck to herself or to a target. Usually the luck is short-term, but whether that luck is good or bad is entirely in the hands of the Nuwisha. If the luck is good, a person might discover that her cancer was misdiagnosed and is actually only a thumbprint on the x-ray, or she might win the lottery. If the luck is bad, a tire might explode during a high-speed chase, or the person might get audited by the IRS. The Nuwisha has no control over how the luck will manifest, only whether the luck will be good or bad. This Gift is normally instantaneous, but can take several hours to manifest, at the Nuwisha's discretion. This Gift is taught by an Epiphling of Luck or a Gaffling in service to Xochipilli.

System: The player rolls Wits + Enigmas, difficulty 7. The Storyteller has complete control over how Xochipilli's Luck manifests itself, but the player may increase the luck to levels that seem almost miraculously by spending a Gnosis point.

• **Camouflage (Level Two)** — As the Wendigo Gift.

• **Dance of Dionysis (Level Two)** — The target of this Gift becomes uncoordinated and extremely dizzy. His vision blurs, his ears ring, and bystanders may think he is drunk. Speech is unaffected and reasoning is possible, but all physical difficulties are increased by three. This Gift is taught by a Coyote-spirit.

System: The Nuwisha must touch her target, while the player spends one Gnosis and one Willpower point. This Gift lasts for one turn.

• **New Face (Level Two)** — The Nuwisha can completely change her identity. She may be male or female, any race or any breed. However, this Gift only changes the Homid and Latrani form of the character, and does not hide her true nature; she will still be recognizably Nuwisha if she changes shape. This Gift is taught by a spirit of Kishijoten.

System: The player rolls Manipulation + Expression, difficulty 6, and must expend one Gnosis point. This effect lasts for one scene.

• **Twisting Tongues (Level Two)** — The Nuwisha may understand any written or spoken language while using this Gift. Even sign language and facial expressions offer no trouble. While under the influence of this Gift, the Nuwisha can speak with spirits, Banes and even computers (which hardly makes for interesting conversation, but can prove worthwhile). This Gift is taught by a Trickster-spirit.

System: The player rolls Wits + Expression, difficulty 7. For every success, the character can fully comprehend the language — complete with all slang terms — for one full day. The character must employ this Gift separately for each language she wishes to comprehend.

• **Umbral Map (Level Two)** — The Nuwisha using this Gift can locate any part of the Umbra, and in some cases can even locate an individual entity in the Umbra. This Gift is taught by an Ancestor-spirit.

System: The player makes a Gnosis roll, with a varying difficulty. If the character has never before been to the target part of the Umbra, the difficulty is 7. If the character has traveled the area before, the difficulty is 6. If the character frequents the area, the difficulty is only 5. With one success, the character can pinpoint where in the Umbra he is. With two, he can determine how best to approach any area or Realm in the Umbra. With three successes, the character can get a feel for where a target is within the Umbra. With five or more successes, the character can pinpoint a target's exact location within the Umbra.

• **Dance of Abandon (Level Three)** — The Nuwisha can compel an opponent to forget everything but the need to celebrate. Where anger and hatred dwelled a moment earlier, suddenly the target of this power is filled with joy and a need to express that joy. This is used for defensive purposes primarily, as the Gift is too powerful to allow anything but celebration. There are some cases, however, where this Gift can backfire on the Nuwisha. Certain Garou, such as the Get of Fenris, tend to celebrate very violently. This Gift is taught by a Gaffling in service to Loki.

System: The player makes a Willpower roll against a difficulty equal to the opponent's Willpower. Two or more successes are necessary to activate this Gift. Dance of Abandon may only be used against one opponent at a time.

• **Gift of Laughter (Level Three)** — The Nuwisha may end a frenzy with this Gift, or may simply use it to lighten the mood in tense situations. This Gift may also be used to end the pain of someone who is mortally injured, allowing him to use the last few moments of life in full control of his faculties. This Gift is taught by a spirit of Kishijoten.

System: The player rolls Charisma + Expression against a difficulty matching the target's Willpower. At least one success is required to use this Gift, and at least three successes are needed to end a frenzy.

• **Gift of Rage (Level Three)** — The Nuwisha with this Gift can Rage. While this Gift is in effect, the Nuwisha is capable of taking the extra actions that any other Changing Breed takes for granted. The Nuwisha also loses her immunity to silver while this Gift is in action, as Coyote does not want his children to be comfortable with the notion of hatred. Gift of Rage is taught by a spirit of Loki.

System: The player makes a Gnosis roll (difficulty 7) and expends one Willpower to gain five Rage points for the duration of the scene. The character may never exceed five Rage. As long as the Nuwisha has any Rage left, she takes aggravated damage from silver.

• **Push (Level Three, Umbral Danse)** — The Nuwisha can force another being into the Umbra with this Gift. This is taught by a Coyote-spirit.

System: The player must make a Gnosis roll (difficulty of the target's Willpower) and expend one Gnosis point. The target of this Gift appears in the Penumbra.



• **Scent of Vengeance (Level Three)** — Nuwisha using this Gift can make another shapechanger recognize the scent of an old foe. Usually this scent emanates from somewhere in the distance, but the Nuwisha can also place the scent on another target, creating all sorts of havoc between innocent strangers or even close friends. When used in the latter fashion, this Gift completely masks the natural odor of the target. This Gift is taught by a Skunk-spirit.

System: The player rolls Wits + Subterfuge, difficulty 5, when producing the scent of an old foe. If the character decides to use this Gift on a target, he must successfully touch the person and spend one Gnosis point in addition to making a Wits + Subterfuge roll at a difficulty of 7.

• **Shadow Walk (Level Three)** — The Nuwisha employing this Gift may visit any aspect of the Umbra, even those normally forbidden to the Changing Breeds. This includes the Dark Umbra of the dead (which most Nuwisha avoid as both too depressing and too dangerous) and many Horizon Realms of the magi. This Gift is taught by a Gaffling of the Trickster.

System: The player must make a successful Gnosis roll, difficulty 7. Of course, the Nuwisha must still know where to go.

• **Disappearing Act (Level Four)** — The Nuwisha using this Gift seemingly disappears from sight. Enemies looking for the werecoyote can touch the Nuwisha or even

run into him, and never notice that he is there. All senses are affected, and even other Gifts or supernatural powers used for detection (Auspex and so on) cannot locate the Nuwisha as long as he remembers not to move. This Gift is normally used to avoid being killed by large mobs of enemies who desperately want the Nuwisha dead. This Gift is taught by a Cat-spirit.

System: The player expends one Willpower and one Gnosis point. The Gift lasts for as long as the character does not willingly move. The Gift stays in effect even if the character is knocked over, but the character cannot get back up without dispelling the Gift's effects.

• **Heave-Ho (Level Four)** — The Nuwisha using this Gift can throw an opponent incredible distances. The Nuwisha must still be able to lift her target, either by sheer strength or in combination with a combat maneuver. Some werecoyotes claim they have thrown opponents for several city blocks. They were not exaggerating. This Gift is taught by an Ancestor-spirit.

System: The player must roll Dexterity + Athletics and expend one Gnosis point. For each success, the character triples the normal distance he is able to throw a target (10 feet per dot of Strength is the rule of thumb). This Gift is cumulative based on the number of successes. For example, a Nuwisha with a Strength 5 could normally throw a target 50 feet. But with one success, the Nuwisha could throw the

target 150 feet, and with two successes could throw the target 450 feet. With three successes the same character could throw a target 1350 feet, and so on.

• **Locked Door (Level Four, Umbral Dance)** — The Nuwisha can bar others from entering the Umbra with this Gift. This powerful Gift is used only to prevent the Wyrms from escaping, or to avoid capture. On rare occasions Locked Door is employed to force Technocracy mages out of the Umbra. This Gift is taught by a Weaver-spirit.

System: The player rolls Willpower against a difficulty of 7 and spends three Gnosis points. This Gift lasts for one scene per success rolled.

• **Umbral Gateway (Level Five, Umbral Dance)** — The Nuwisha can open a portal into the Umbra. The Umbral Gateway is a direct opening in the Gauntlet between the worlds, and is open to anyone or anything the Nuwisha chooses to take with him. This Gift is connected to the Nuwisha, and no other creatures may use the opening without the Nuwisha's consent. Any entity attempting to pass through the portal must effectively have the Nuwisha's permission to do so. This Gift is taught by a spirit of the Trickster.

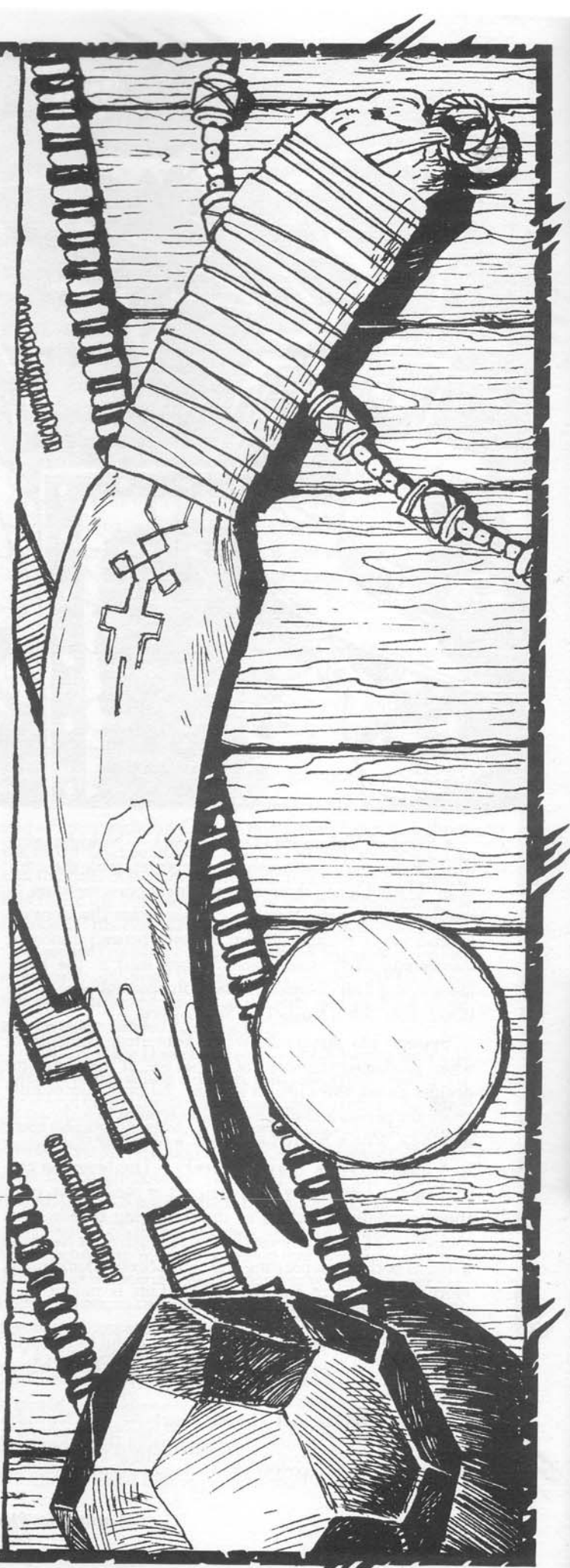
System: The player rolls Wits + Occult, difficulty 8, and expends four Gnosis points. The Umbral Gateway remains open for as long as the Nuwisha desires, but no longer than one scene.

• **Umbral Target (Level Five, Umbral Dance)** — The Nuwisha using this Gift literally throws a target into the Umbra and into any location in the Umbra that she desires. A Garou suffering from a strong Wyrms-taint could be thrown into the Atrocity Realm, or into the silver waters of Erebus. A Technocracy mage could end up in a Wyld Realm, or even tossed through the gates of Malfeas. This Gift is commonly used as a severe form of punishment, or to assist someone or something in need of special help. Several Kithain have been dropped at the Arcadia Gateway to prevent them from falling completely away from their Dreaming aspects. This Gift is taught by Coyote himself.

System: If the target of this Gift is already in the Umbra, the player need only make a Gnosis roll, difficulty 5. If the target is in the Gaia Realm, the Nuwisha must first grab the target, and the player expends one Gnosis to force the opponent into the Umbra. The effects of this Gift are instantaneous.

• **Coyote's Howl (Level Six)** — Just as Coyote is the Creator, he is also the Destroyer. In time, he will erase all that exists, for that is his duty. Coyote's Howl allows the Nuwisha to summon a small portion of Coyote's destructive power and unleash that energy on a person or area. When used, Coyote's Howl shakes all of nature and bends it into an engine of annihilation. This power might come as a tornado or as a tidal wave. It might be an earthquake or lightning storm. Whatever the case, there is little that can stand against the power of Coyote's Howl. This Gift is one of the most powerful known to the Nuwisha, and is taught by Coyote to those he finds worthy.

System: The player rolls Intelligence + Occult, difficulty 5, and spends five Gnosis points. The resulting ener-



gies released will destroy anything in their path, with rare exceptions at the Storyteller's discretion. This Gift is only usable by the most powerful Nuwisha, and will not work if the enemy faced is not a true threat to all that the Nuwisha stand for.

Fetishes

Coyote's Fang

Level 3, Gnosis 4

Coyote has died many times, normally as a result of trying to prove himself better at something than anyone else. In the process, he lost several teeth, which he grew back when he rose from the dead. Some of those canines were used to create daggers called Coyote's Fangs. Coyote's Fangs, in addition to inflicting Strength + 2 aggravated damage, also allow the bearers to attack both in and out of the Umbra simultaneously. No spirit is immune to the power of a Fang, regardless of what Realm it is in. Coyote is a selfish one, though; his Fangs only work in the hands of a Nuwisha.

Powder of Kishijoten

Level 3, Gnosis 4

This fine green powder, when mixed with blood and consumed, automatically heals any wound that is not fatal. Even aggravated wounds disappear without leaving a scar. While the powder cannot heal a mortal wound, it can significantly slow the loss of blood from the wound, and even slow poisons before they can cause any more damage. A bag typically contains enough powder for three uses.

Mirror of Ti Malice

Level 4, Gnosis 5

The Mirror of Ti Malice is a small flat disk of silver. When employed by the Nuwisha, it causes all enemies of the werecoyote, even the supernatural and other skinchangers, to suffer from the effects of the Delirium as if they were human. There is only one Mirror of Ti Malice in existence, and it has not been seen by anyone but the Nuwisha since the second War of Rage. Activating the Mirror of Ti Malice costs one Gnosis and requires a successful Gnosis roll (difficulty 6).

Pipes of Kokopelli

Level 4, Gnosis 6

These simple wooden flutes are rare, but very useful. Legends say that Kokopelli used a great set of these pipes while leading many monsters from the Pure Lands. Only the werecoyotes may use these remaining fragments of Kokopelli's pipes. A Nuwisha using one of these pipes may lead Banes and spirits into or out of the Umbra. The player rolls Wits + Performance against a difficulty equal to the Willpower of the Bane. The affected Banes may attempt to

resist the piper's influence by rolling Willpower against a difficulty equal to the total number of successes rolled by the player.

Eye of Ptah

Level 5, Gnosis 7

The Eye of Ptah is a black crystal, roughly five inches in diameter. A Nuwisha may hold this fetish to her eye and expend one Gnosis in order to know the truth about anything in the surrounding area. Any disguises turn instantly transparent, and concealed weapons are partially revealed. While the Eye of Ptah is capable of revealing the truth, it doesn't always explain all the secrets behind that truth. If a bomb is planted in a building, the Nuwisha viewing the building with the Eye will immediately understand that the building will explode, and what will cause it, but not necessarily where the bomb is located. The Eye of Ptah does not expose hidden items; it only lets the Nuwisha know what the results of the hidden item will be.

The Faces of Trickster — Totems

Trickster's faces are all one and the same, and yet still unique. Switching between totems is not a problem for the Nuwisha, as Coyote taught them to live as he does. Any incarnation of the Trickster is satisfactory, and in some cases the Nuwisha follow more than one aspect of Coyote at a time. All Umbral Dansers automatically follow Ptah, and many also follow Kishijoten simultaneously, as their sacred duty is to protect and heal the Umbra.

Any Nuwisha who follows multiple totems must honor the bans of each, but only gains special traits from one. For example, Loki Laughs-Too-Much follows both Ptah and Loki; she gains the beneficial traits that Loki has to offer, but must uphold the Bans of both totems or risk losing Trickster's favor. A player may choose not to take a personal totem during character creation, but the Nuwisha should eventually offer his loyalty to one of Coyote's faces. Nuwisha with no personal totems are considered pitiable by their race and may have difficulty learning Gifts.

Changing Gifts

When a Nuwisha chooses a new totem, the Storyteller decides which Gifts are kept and which are taken away. The person playing the Nuwisha may purchase new Gifts with any experience he has not yet spent, but the Storyteller must approve the decision. The Gifts pertaining to the Umbra are taught only to followers of Ptah, but once taught, they are almost never taken away. A Nuwisha would have to violate her sacred duty as a guardian of the Umbra before that would happen. Most likely, the other Nuwisha would punish her severely before the Gifts of Ptah were taken back.

Ti Malice

Background Cost: 4

Ti Malice is a delicate builder of manipulations. Machiavellian intrigue is her specialty. Many of the Nuwisha follow her from time to time, especially when plotting revenge.

Traits: Ti Malice adds two dice to Manipulation and Enigmas Dice Pools.

Ban: Ti Malice demands that her followers show no mercy to the weak, especially in business.

Loki

Background Cost: 7

Loki is a totem of war, but he is also the Trickster. He believes that the best humiliations are those with body counts. Loki is favored among many of the young Nuwisha.

Traits: Loki grants his followers one additional Health Level and an extra dot in any one Physical Attribute, even if the additional level increases the Attribute over 5. Loki's children can also use the special maneuvers from **The Werewolf Players Guide**.

Ban: Loki demands that his followers always accept formal challenges, even from the Wyrms. A Loki must offer her kills to her totem as sacrifice.

Kishijoten

Background Cost: 4

Kishijoten is the nurturing aspect of the Trickster. While tricks and pranks are still important, caring for the wounded is a top priority.

Traits: Kishijoten grants her children one extra Health Level and +2 to Medicine Dice Pools.

Ban: Kishijoten asks that her followers always stop to help the injured, excluding the Wyrms' minions.

Ptah

Background Cost: 5 (not available during character creation)

Ptah is the Opener of the Ways and the Creator of the Universe. He is father to all that he surveys and parent to even the most hideous of creations.

Traits: Ptah grants his followers the ability to travel the Umbra with minimal difficulty. Ptah decreases the difficulty for passing through the Gauntlet by three for all of his followers (to a minimum of 3). Only Nuwisha who follow Ptah are capable of learning the Umbral Danse. Nuwisha may use the Gift: Sense Wyrms freely while in the Umbra, and age at a fraction of their normal rate.

Ban: Ptah asks that his followers defend the stars from all that would cause them harm.



Kokopelli and Pan

Background Cost: 4

Kokopelli is the Dancer and the Jester. Pan is the Dancer and the Lover. The two are often considered one and the same by the Nuwisha. Both are fond of sensual pleasure, and thrill in seduction.

Traits: Followers of Kokopelli or Pan gain a dot in Stamina and + 2 Performance (for musical instruments only). They may also use the special combat maneuvers listed in *The Werewolf Players Guide*.

Ban: Kokopelli and Pan insist that the Nuwisha who follow them never strike out in anger.

Chung Kuel

Background Cost: 6

Chung Kuel is the Breaker of Odds and the Giver of Luck. Both good and bad fortune ride on the tails of Chung Kuel's children.

Traits: Chung Kuel's followers can cast bad luck on targets who deserve to suffer. When visiting a casino run by corrupt mobsters, a Chung Kuel might cause all of the slot machines to give away the largest prizes possible. The werecoyote could also cause the electrical system to short out in a plane that was supposed to be the villain's escape, or cause a pistol to jam and misfire when an enemy is aiming to gun down an innocent hostage. This luck is powerful, but

only works in direct proportion to how Wyrms-corrupt an opponent is.

Once per story (not necessarily at the player's request), the Storyteller should roll a die. If she rolls a 1, nothing happens. On a roll of 2-9, something minor happens to inconvenience the target of a Chung Kuel's anger. A 10 means almost certain disaster for the enemy of the Nuwisha, at the Storyteller's discretion. Storytellers shouldn't hand victory to the player by use of this power, but it certainly works well for granting a Nuwisha a well-deserved second chance.

Followers of Chung Kuel also add two dice to all Stealth and Subterfuge-related rolls.

Ban: Chung Kuel asks that the abilities he grants be used only against those who knowingly follow the Wyrms.

Xochipilli

Background Cost: 5

Xochipilli believes that the best way to live is to experience life in extremes. His followers are always taking insane chances; most even survive to tell the tale.

Traits: Xochipilli grants his children amazing luck. Deeds that should kill one of his children often fail to do so. Xochipilli's followers receive + 3 to Survival, as a reflection of how easily they find what they need to live, even in the bleakest areas.



The followers of Xochipilli also gain five soak dice whenever they are performing outrageous stunts that should prove fatal. This special ability only works when the odds are very much against the Nuwisha surviving an encounter. Optionally, the Storyteller may simply state that the character survived being in the center of a refinery when it exploded. This does not mean the character gets away unscathed; a crippled Nuwisha is still very lucky to escape an explosion of that size.

Ban: Xochipilli requests that his followers never turn away from a dare, no matter what the odds of surviving.

Oghma

Background Cost: 8 (not available during character creation)

Oghma is the Bard and the Judge. He chooses his followers from the wisest of the Nuwisha. His followers mete out the punishments they feel necessary in order to keep their fellow Nuwisha humble.

Traits: Nuwisha chosen by Oghma can call upon five Willpower points per story. They may distribute four extra dots among Physical Attributes during combat, and may distribute five extra dots among their Mental Attributes during a mental challenge. These increases are granted only while teaching another person humility. Oghma grants his children the ability to know when a Nuwisha is in need of a lesson, and ensures that his followers are never attacked by surprise.

Ban: Oghma asks that his followers never strike out in anger.

Raven

Background Cost: 5

Raven sees all and understands more than any other aspect of the Trickster. He solves riddles that others could not hope to comprehend.

Coyote's Blessing

Coyote's Blessing is a unique Gift granted to one Nuwisha in every generation. The Blessing takes the form of a special power that Coyote perceives will be most useful to the chosen Nuwisha. Once granted, the Blessing can take any form. Every Blessing is different, but all of them ensure that the bearer of the Blessing can never be tempted by the Wurm. In the past it has allowed a Nuwisha to change shape instantly and escape into the Umbra at will, regardless of the Gauntlet. The Blessing has allowed a Nuwisha to grow indestructible wings and see whatever she chose to see. The Blessing has granted the ability to remove the Wurm's taint completely from an area or being with the slightest touch. In each case, the Blessing was granted only to one being, and that being was told how that special talent would be used.

No one who has been granted Coyote's Blessing has ever misused the special favor of the Trickster. Coyote's Blessing is a sacred trust and is never abused; Storytellers should not, repeat, *not* grant this potent gift to player characters, as this would quickly throw game balance and impartiality right out the window into heavy traffic. The Nuwisha of the current generation with Coyote's Blessing hasn't identified herself yet, but such a potent trickster is best left in the Storyteller's hands.

Traits: Raven grants Nuwisha two extra dots in Enigmas and another dot in Subterfuge. Raven's children are also well-received by the Corax.

Ban: Raven asks that his children never carry wealth; they must trust in Raven to provide for them.



Nuwisha

Appendix Two: Coyote's Children

*Allow me to introduce myself. I am Wile E. Coyote, Genius.
I am not selling anything, nor am I working my way through
college. So, let's get down to cases....*

—Wile E. Coyote, Operation: Rabbit

There aren't many Nuwisha left on the Earth. Every time a werecoyote comes of age and is initiated into the Trickster's brood, another steps forever into the Umbra. Therefore, most Nuwisha walking the Land today are young tricksters, still coming into their own.

Of course, these young ones are the hope and pride of all those who have gone before. Whenever a new Nuwisha is born, Coyote laughs to think of the deeds the young one will eventually do.

The following youngsters are prime examples of the sort of Nuwisha wandering the earth today. All Ragabash by nature (if not by timing), they are the laughter of Gaia, those who question the ways and test the resolve of Gaia's children. Although no Nuwisha willingly travels with another, they maintain a loose friendship and respect that keeps the race informed of the doings of the individual. Harm a Nuwisha, especially a young one, and the rest of the werecoyotes will surely know. Laugh with a Nuwisha, especially when the joke's on you, and gain the conditional respect of them all.

Gambler

Quote: *I think you're bluffing.*

Prelude: You were born in Las Vegas, and you still find everything about the city fascinating. From the ocean of neon lights and glitter to the desperate hunger in the eyes of the gamblers, there's little you don't love about your home town — except the suffering. You like to watch the gamblers, but you always hated their desperation. The burning hunger to win sometimes made them crazy enough to hurt others.

When the First Change came upon you, you were taken away from the city by your uncle. He taught you all you needed to know deep in the desert, far from the neon lights and 24-hour fervor. He told you about the totems of the Trickster, and introduced you to their ways. Most importantly, he taught you about Chung Kuel and the importance of luck. As a proud child of Las Vegas, you knew what you would do with that knowledge.

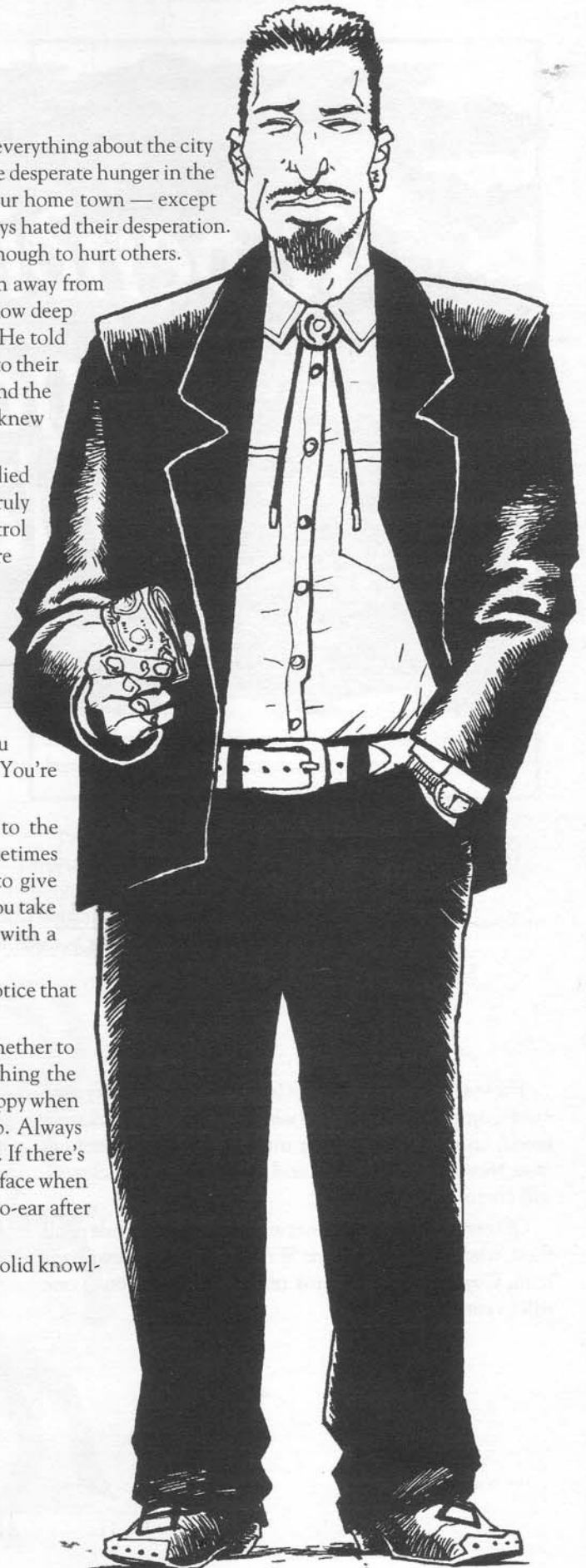
Concept: Since you chose Chung Kuel, you have studied the casinos and come up with a strategy for helping the truly hungry and hindering the minions of the Wyrms who control the city. You've won enough money for yourself to ensure that you are comfortable, and you've helped many down-and-out patrons of the casinos earn enough money to pay their bills. Sometimes a little luck makes all the difference in keeping the Wyrms' talons out of a person's soul. You've caused the casinos no end of grief, especially when you've targeted one of them as a source of trouble. You are always cautious, but you are making a difference in the best way you know, by tricking the wealthy and aiding the needy. You're everybody's friend.

These days, you hang around the casinos, listening to the clanging bells that say another person has won. You sometimes lend an ear when someone needs to talk, and you like to give advice. When no one in the casino is worthy of winning, you take matters into your own hands and play the odds yourself, with a little help from Chung Kuel.

Of course, the sharper casino owners are beginning to notice that their luck is always bad when you're around....

Roleplaying Hints: Look at everyone with an eye on whether to help them or trick them. You take special delight in dashing the dreams of petty people with large purses. You are equally happy when playing the odds yourself and beating them without help. Always remember the most important rule of life: It's all a gamble. If there's no risk, the game becomes boring. Always wear your poker face when facing a worthy opponent, but never hesitate to grin ear-to-ear after you've taken the last of your enemy's money.

Equipment: Large wad of money, expensive suit and a solid knowledge of the best escape routes.



NUWISHA™

Name:

Breed: *Humid*

Garou Pack:

Player:

Totem: *Chung Kuel*

Alias:

Chronicle:

Pants?: *\$200*

Concept: *Gambler*

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Resources ●●●●●
____ ●●●●●
____ ●●●●●
____ ●●●●●
____ ●●●●●

Gifts

Persuasion _____
Open Seal _____
Xochipilli's Touch _____

Gifts

Renown

Ferocity

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

Humor

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

Cunning

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

Rank

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Totem

Chung Kuel

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

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

Stuff

TAKES NO AGGRAVATED
DAMAGE FROM SILVER

Prankster

Quote: *Did you see the look on his face just before the train hit him? Beautiful! It was beautiful! Ha ha ha....*

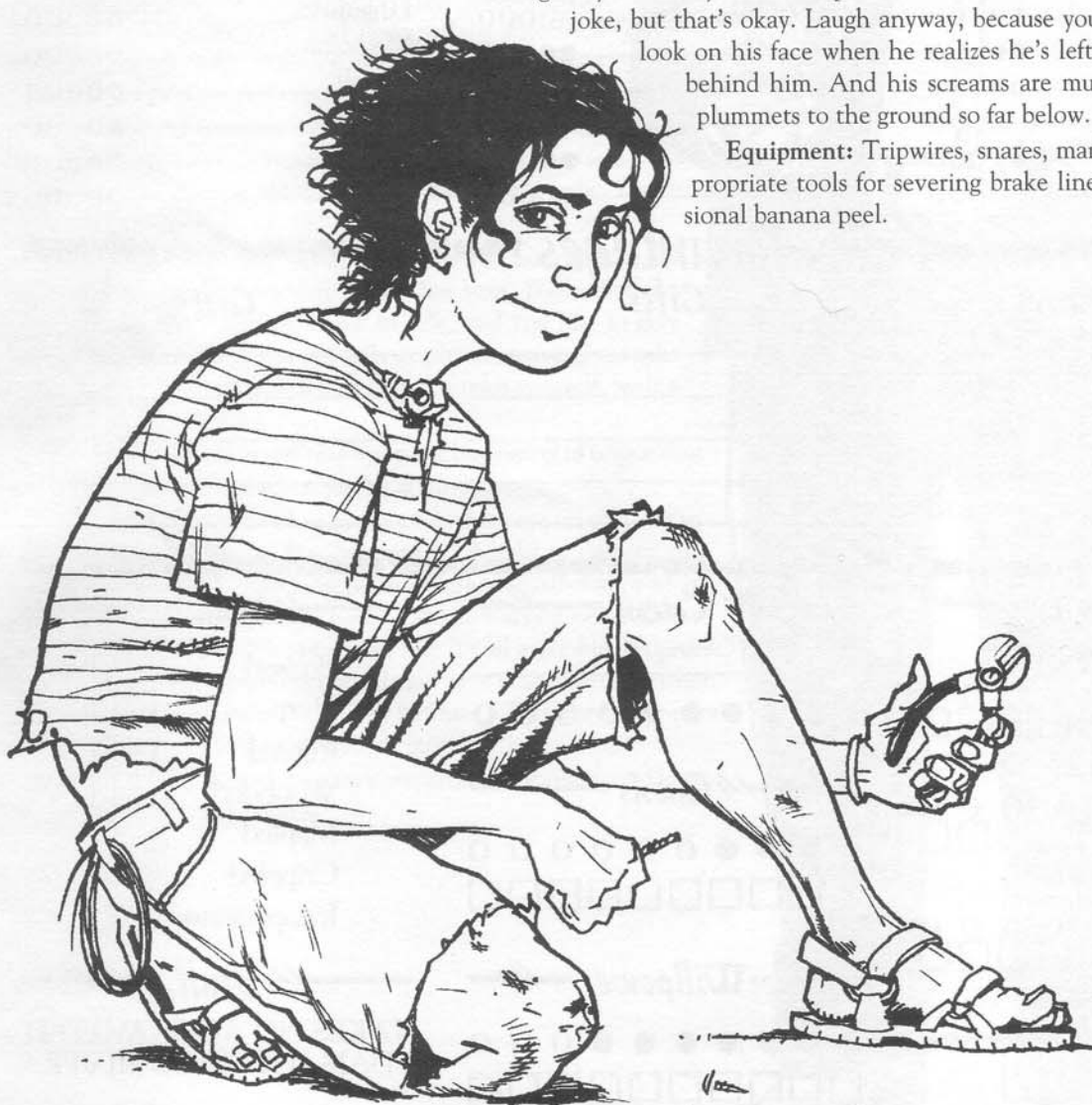
Prelude: You were always the class comedian. Whenever anyone gave you trouble, you retaliated by using your razor-sharp tongue instead of your fists. This made you popular with most people, but not with the victims of your humor. When you made the wrong comment about the captain of the football team, he took personal offense and decided it was payback time. He had help from his friends; they owed you a few beatings, too. After they'd finished with you, you experienced your First Change. The pain of changing was strong, but nothing compared to what you'd already been through. The wounds you'd suffered healed themselves, and you fled the area, wondering how you would adjust to life as an eight-foot-tall monster. You needn't have worried. Another of your kind was waiting nearby to explain everything to you.

Concept: Since that last brutal beating, you've gone to special lengths to make sure that you're prepared to fight anyone who gives you trouble again. Between the karate classes and the training your mentor supplied, you're pretty sure you can handle yourself if you really have to fight. But it's always more fun to return the slights against you in a way that everyone can enjoy. Your biggest thrills come when you can teach your enemies a permanent lesson. Your greatest offense is not being where you were a second ago; your greatest pleasure is the look on your enemy's face when he realizes that he's been set up for a very big fall. It's not so much whether you win or lose. It's far more important to make certain that your enemy falls before you in perfect humiliation, fully aware that you're the one responsible.

Roleplaying Hints: Always be prepared. Always smile for your enemies, and let your eyes tell them that they're headed for a fall. Remember that your enemies have a flaw that you don't: They get angry. Anger weakens the mind even as it sharpens the senses. You use this to your utmost advantage.

Laugh as your enemy falls to the prank. Sometimes he will live through the joke, but that's okay. Laugh anyway, because you love the stupid look on his face when he realizes he's left the cliff 10 feet behind him. And his screams are music to you as he plummets to the ground so far below.

Equipment: Tripwires, snares, marbles, oil, the appropriate tools for severing brake lines, and the occasional banana peel.



NUWISHA™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Hamid*
Totem: *Xochipilli*
Pants?: *Certainly*

Garou Pack:
Alias:
Concept: *Prankster*

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts ●●●●●●
 ●●●●●●
 ●●●●●●
 ●●●●●●
 ●●●●●●

Gifts

Smell of Man
Blur of The Milky Eye
Rabbit Run

Gifts

Renown

Ferocity

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

Humor

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

Cunning

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

Rank

Totem

Xochipilli

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

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

Stuff

TAKES NO AGGRAVATED
DAMAGE FROM SILVER

Teacher

Quote: *I told you before that you'd only hurt yourself if you did that. Did you think I was joking? Look at yourself, you're a mess. Would you like some help?*

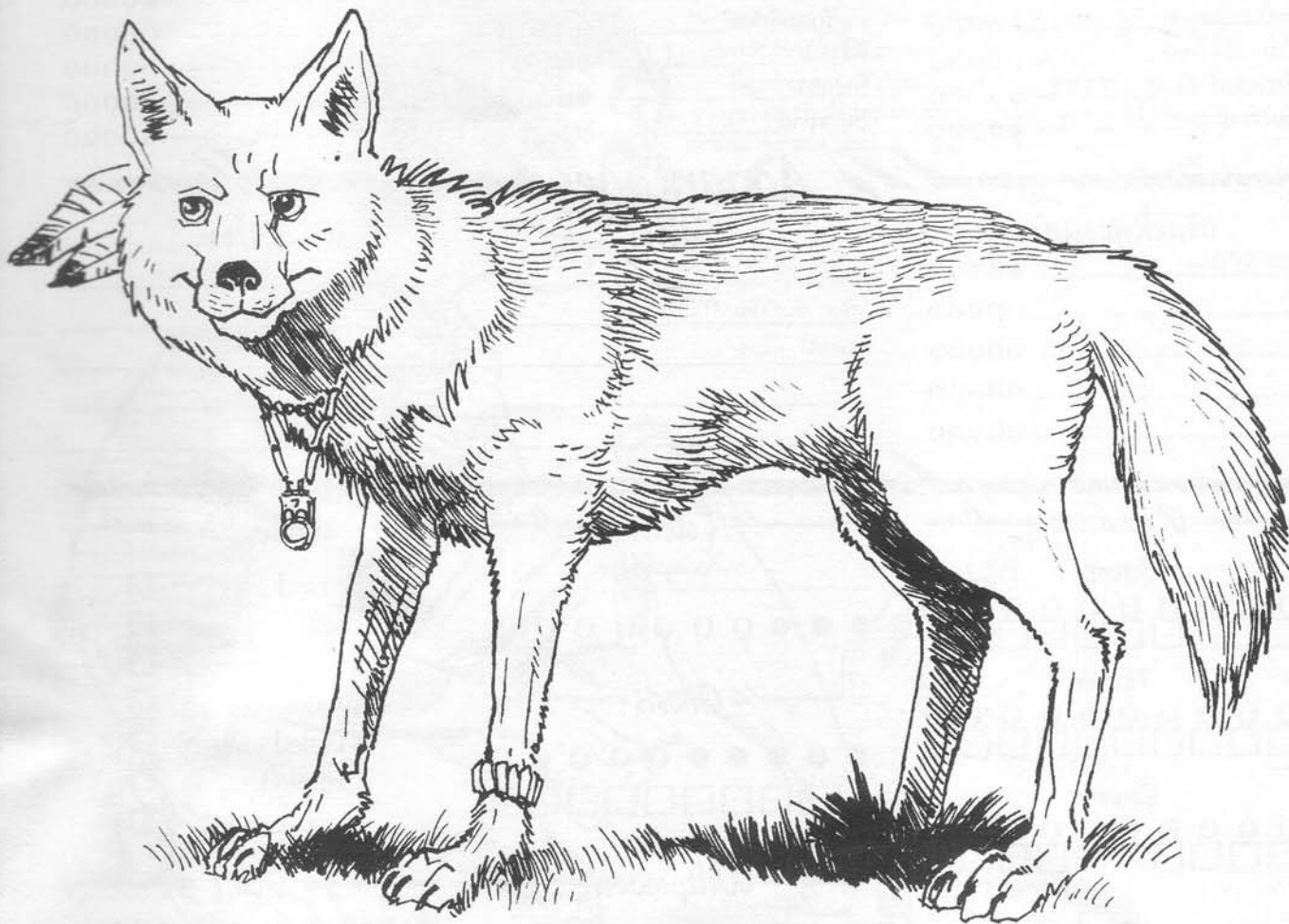
Prelude: You ran in the desert in your youth, hunting for something to eat and avoiding the hunters' guns. You always watched what happened to others before trying something new. Best to know what you faced and how it might hurt you. When your First Change came, you weren't surprised, for you had known you were different from other coyotes since the day you were born; the new coyote in the area told you so. Now your training is finished, and you know that you must teach others to see and understand their own mistakes before they end up killing themselves.

Concept: You are a teacher, and the world is your classroom. You thrive on showing others the errors of their ways, and you delight in making the farmers see that you are not after their sheep merely because you came near their farms. It isn't easy to teach some people, and you often have to repeat the lessons several times before they catch on.

There are many lessons that need teaching, too, and you are never short of pupils — willing or unwilling. Lately you've taken to going closer to the cities, for the people there are in desperate need of lessons. There are some Garou, for example, who are so busy arguing among themselves that they have not noticed the Wyrn hovering over their collective shoulder....

Roleplaying Hints: Smile, because the world around you still has beauty. Smile, because the people around you can still learn to appreciate that beauty before it's too late. Smile, because some students need a few more lessons than others, and they are normally the ones you've been wanting to teach the most. Smile, because sometimes the lessons are painful for the foolish.

Equipment: Human clothes, a small selection of weapons, patience.



NUWISHA™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Latroni*
Totem: *Raven*
Pants?: *InFrequently*

Garou Pack:
Alias:
Concept: *Teacher*

Attributes

Physical

Strength
Dexterity
Stamina

Social

Charisma
Manipulation
Appearance

Mental

Perception
Intelligence
Wits

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

Animal Ken
Drive
Etiquette
Firearms
Leadership
Melee
Performance
Repair
Stealth
Survival

Knowledges

Computer
Enigmas
Investigation
Law
Linguistics
Medicine
Occult
Politics
Rituals
Science

Advantages

Backgrounds

Past Life

Gifts

Heightened Senses
Scent of Running Water
Song of Kokopelli

Gifts

Renown

Ferocity

Humor

Cunning

Rank

Totem

Raven

Gnosis

Willpower

Health

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

Stuff

TAKES NO AGGRAVATED
DAMAGE FROM SILVER

Scrapper

Quote: *That was supposed to be an attack? Come on, get off your ass and try it again!*

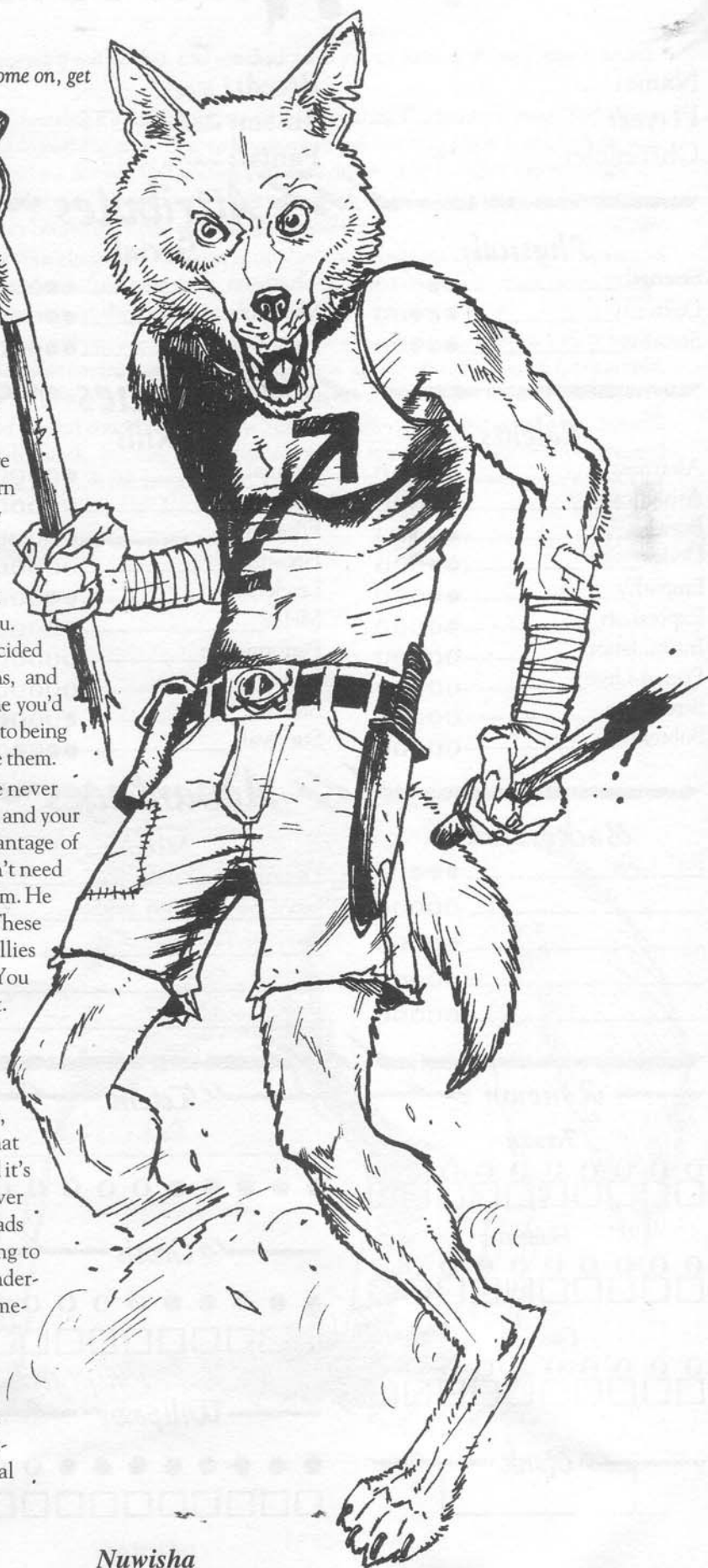
Prelude: You never liked to play things on the safe side. You've always loved a challenge. When you were only a pup, you were constantly challenging your packmates to fights and almost always losing. Then you wised up. You stopped forgetting that you were the runt of the litter, and started taking advantage of your smaller size. In no time at all, you figured out the best ways to beat your siblings in playful combat.

When you changed the first time, you were frightened for a while. Then you decided to learn how best to use the change to your advantage. By the time your teacher showed up, you were already getting very good at shifting from one shape to another. Your first real fight came when the lessons were over and you encountered a Garou. He was larger than you and very angry. He decided you'd be the perfect target for his aggressions, and continued to think that way until the third time you'd knocked him unconscious. There are advantages to being shorter than your enemy, if you know how to use them.

Concept: It's the chase, not the kill. You've never been very large, but as a result of your training and your natural instincts, you've learned to take advantage of your stature and that of your enemies. You don't need to kill an opponent to know you have bested him. He need not die to understand the same thing. These days you tend to spend your time finding bullies who need to be brought down a peg or two. You especially enjoy making them attack you first.

Roleplaying Hints: Smile. Always smile. Let your opponent know when you feel he's struck well, and chide him gently when you feel he has made a mistake. You are a teacher, it's your job to make your enemy understand that he's not the most powerful warrior around, and it's your duty to remind him that the Wurm is never far away. Smile, and remember that anger leads to mistakes. You aren't here to prove something to yourself — you're here to make the others understand that bloodshed is only necessary sometimes, not all the time.

Equipment: Klaive, bo stick, ax, garrote, boxing gloves, silver-plated brass knuckles — the usual assortment of weapons that might be needed to make your point understood. A first-aid kit and extra bandages for the occasional wounded ego.



NUWISHA™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Latroni*
Totem: *Loki*
Pants?: *DAMN THE PANTS!!*

Garou Pack:
Alias:
Concept: *Scraper*

Attributes

Physical

Strength
Dexterity
Stamina

Social

Charisma
Manipulation
Appearance

Mental

Perception
Intelligence
Wits

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

Animal Ken
Drive
Etiquette
Firearms
Leadership
Melee
Performance
Repair
Stealth
Survival

Knowledges

Computer
Enigmas
Investigation
Law
Linguistics
Medicine
Occult
Politics
Rituals
Science

Advantages

Backgrounds

Gifts

Leap of The Kangaroo
Blur of The Milky Eye
Snake's Skin

Gifts

Renown

Ferocity

Humor

Cunning

Rank

Totem

Loki

Gnosis

Willpower

Health

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

Stuff

TAKES NO AGGRAVATED
DAMAGE FROM SILVER

Appendix Three: The Favored of Coyote

Being a genius certainly has its advantages....
—Wile E. Coyote, *Operation: Rabbit*

Coyote's deeds are many, and his errors are just as numerous. He's died again and again, always coming back because his time in the world is not done. Now the same is true of his deeds in the Umbra. Those who best exemplify Coyote's nature are few and far between, their numbers lessened by the fact that most of the Nuwisha do not live on this world any longer. But the Nuwisha enjoy telling and retelling the tales of their greatest and most cunning, and draw almost endless inspiration from them. After all, one never knows when one might become the next favored child of Coyote — best to live life as vibrantly as the Trickster demands, and let come what may.

Old Man Manyskins

Old Man Manyskins is one of Coyote's favorite children. In his youth, he was as impetuous as Coyote, and in his adulthood he studied long to understand the wisdom of the Trickster. The werecoyote earned his fame as Coyote's Laughter, gleefully directing the encroaching Europeans to places that were almost certainly their doom. At the same time, he chose the occasional worthy settler family and aided them in finding places that were safe and comfortable. His escapades throughout the Wild West earned him a place in Nuwisha history and Coyote's favor. From then

on, he was known as Laughing Manyskins. Coyote's Blessing to Manyskins was the ability to wear a false skin that completely hid his true nature, allowing him to infiltrate any camp and learn the secrets of his friends and foes alike. His tricks were numerous, and his pranks caused disasters for his enemies everywhere.

Laughing Manyskins was allegedly responsible for Custer's defeat at the Little Bighorn. His deliberate misinformation, some say, led the Son of the Morningstar to his death. When asked why this happened, Manyskins' reply was simply, "It was his time."

Some Nuwisha and Garou alike claim that Manyskins should have been of more aid in the times of the Europeans' great westward move, but Manyskins had other things to do, and other places to see. Tales of his antics are told by the Garou, the Mokolé, the Ratkin, the Nagah, the Ananasi, even the Rokea and all of the tribes of the Bastet. He has seen more of the world than any other living shapechanger, and some say he has come back from the dead.

For several years Manyskins wasn't seen by Nuwisha or human. Where he went remains a secret, and one that he refuses to share. Some claim that he was held in Malfeas, tortured every day and every night for the answers to certain questions. If so, he bears no scars to prove that he was ever there.



Now Old Man Manyskins walks where he will, with little concern for the opinions of those around him. In times of great need, he shows himself. Sometimes he aids those in trouble, and sometimes he ignores the situation entirely. Many say Old Man Manyskins speaks with Coyote's tongue, and that may well be true. He certainly acts as crazy as Coyote ever did. There are few mysteries in the world that Old Man Manyskins cannot provide answers for, and he'll likely solve those that remain before his time is done.

Weeps-With-Joy

Weeps-With-Joy was the first Nuwisha ever to travel to other lands. In his youth he walked as a coyote, but later decided he preferred the complexities of humans. His was the first Nuwisha paw extended to the other shapeshifters in friendship, and the first to taste the blood of the Wyrn. In his time he walked with Loki as a warrior, felling many enemies and crushing his foes beneath his heels. He was a proud warrior and a foolish Nuwisha.

Weeps-With-Joy was also the first to show Garou how to walk among the stars. He trained his cousins too well, in the eyes of many, for even now the Garou tread the Umbra with impudence and wreak havoc where they should not be. For this transgression, Weeps-With-Joy was banned from the stars by an angry Coyote. His sorrow was deep, and for years he traveled the

lands of Earth Mother learning what he could of other cultures. He made many friends and countless enemies, but never admitted that the secrets he gave to the Bête were wrongly given.

When his last days came, Weeps-With-Joy walked proudly back to his homeland, telling the Nuwisha and the Pure Ones of the mysteries that waited beyond the Land. Many scoffed, but a few heard his words and prepared themselves for the time when the Europeans would come to them. As Weeps-With-Joy prepared himself for death, Coyote came to the old Nuwisha and asked if he felt remorse for what he had done.

Weeps-With-Joy scoffed at this. "Great Trickster, I have lived as you commanded. I have examined the world and studied the stars. I have sought the answers to all questions, and I have learned many of your greatest secrets. I have worshipped you in all of your forms, and I have never refused a chance to prank my enemies or trick my friends. I have no regrets. You stole the stars from me, which is your right. Which of us has betrayed the other?"

Coyote stared at his child, a glint of humor in his eyes, and granted one last favor to his dying son. He carried the old Nuwisha into the stars on his back, and laid him to rest in the heavens. The old hero still rests there to this day, if you know how to look for him. As he left Earth Mother, Weeps-With-Joy earned his final name. He laughed and smiled as the tears ran from his eyes and the life ran from his body.





Chung Kuel Star-Breaker

When this werecoyote was young, her name was Trips-Her-Foes. She lived in the times before the Europeans came to the Land, and she walked in many places. By her 17th year, she had already been to China and Africa. She was competitive and curious, which are always good things to be. She followed Chung Kuel, for she liked the idea of having her enemies suffer bad luck. She was so adept at beating her enemies that she, like Manyskins, was granted Coyote's Blessing. Trips-Her-Foes was granted the ability to fly like Raven and given eyes as sharp as an eagle's. She could see events a hundred miles away as if they were within mere feet of her.

When she was very young, one of the Wyrms' great minions awoke from its slumber and destroyed her village. Trips-Her-Foes was gone when this happened, and so she survived. Her family and her husband were among those destroyed before Earth-Breaker left the area. When Trips-Her-Foes returned to the village, all that remained was a great hole where the Wyrmling once rested. She angrily followed Earth-Breaker across the Land, seeking revenge for what it had done to her people. When she found the beast, she took on the Manabozho form and began her battle. They fought for many days and many nights. Earth-Breaker kept attacking and Trips-Her-Foes kept avoiding its ponderous assaults, while making small cuts that barely hurt the Bane at all.

When her patience wore thin, Trips-Her-Foes insulted Earth-Breaker's heritage and escaped into the Umbra. The great Bane was so angry that it gave chase, pursuing the Nuwisha in a blind rage. At last the Earth-Breaker had Trips-Her-Foes cornered where she could not escape, and he lunged forward his mouth open to swallow her.

Trips-Her-Foes then moved, and tripped the Wyrmling, sending it crashing into a star. The star exploded and was destroyed, but it took Earth-Breaker with it. The Nuwisha have ever after called her Chung Kuel Star-Breaker.

Coyote Laughs-At-Luna

Coyote Laughs-At-Luna was one of those granted Coyote's Blessing. Hers was a special case, for she was granted the ability to hear the Wyrms' thoughts and to speak with Coyote. She could see what the Wyrms planned and could consult with the Trickster as to how best to respond. Her leadership is what saved the Nuwisha from the second War of Rage. Her will is what led the Nuwisha to protect the stars. Through her, Coyote spoke to his children, and dictated the rules which the Nuwisha all follow.

Coyote Laughs-At-Luna commanded that no more than 100 Nuwisha would walk on Earth Mother at any given time. Through her, the Trickster taught the Nuwisha to seek wisdom and to teach all others the best ways to avoid the Wyrms and to weaken Coyote's greatest foe. Her best trick saved the Nuwisha all from their angry cousins, and her wisdom ensured that the stars uncorrupted by the Wyrms remain that way.



NUTWISHA™

Homid

No
Change

Difficulty: 6

Tsitsu

Strength (+1) _____
Dexterity (+1) _____
Stamina (+2) _____
Manipulation (-1) _____

Difficulty: 7

Manabozhō

Strength (+2) _____
Dexterity (+3) _____
Stamina (+3) _____
Appearance _____
Manipulation (-2) _____

Difficulty: 6
INCITE REDUCED
DELIRIUM

Sendeh

Strength (+2) _____
Dexterity (+3) _____
Stamina (+3) _____
Manipulation (-3) _____

Difficulty: 7
MIMICRY

Latrani

Dexterity (+3) _____
Stamina (+3) _____
Manipulation (-3) _____

Difficulty: 6

Other Traits

_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO
_____	OOOOO

Fetishes

Item: _____ Dedicated Level ____ Gnosis ____
Power _____

Item: _____ Dedicated Level ____ Gnosis ____
Power _____

Item: _____ Dedicated Level ____ Gnosis ____
Power _____

Item: _____ Dedicated Level ____ Gnosis ____
Power _____

Rites

Combat

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

Brawling Chart

Maneuver	Roll	Diff	Damage
Bite	Dex + Brawl	5	Strength + 1†
Body Slam	Dex + Brawl	7	Special
Claw	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength + 2†
Grapple	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength
Kick	Dex + Brawl	7	Strength + 1
Punch	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength

† These maneuvers do aggravated damage.

Armor: _____

NUTWISHA™

Nature:

Demeanor:

Merits & Flaws

Merit

Type

Cost

Flaw

Type

Bonus

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Mentor

Contacts

Past Life

Kinfolk

Resources

Possessions

Gear (Carried) _____

Equipment (Owned) _____

Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From: _____

TOTAL SPENT: _____

Spent On: _____

Sept

Name _____

Caern Location _____

Level _____ Type _____

Totem _____

Leader _____

NUWISHA™

History

Prelude

Description

Age _____

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Race _____

Nationality _____

Sex _____

	Height	Weight	Battle Scars
Homid	_____	_____	_____
Tsitsu	_____	_____	_____
Manabozho	_____	_____	_____
Sendeh	_____	_____	_____
Latrani	_____	_____	_____

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch

NUWISHA



Laugh for Coyote

*Learn the secrets he will teach you
Kill the foes he will choose for you*

Laugh, says Coyote:

*Sing to Luna, who longs for the past
Dance for Earth Mother, who gives us so much*

Laugh, demands Coyote:

*Trick the sullen, who need happiness
Prank the foolish, who forget the truth*

Laugh, insists Coyote:

*Share your secrets with no one
Tell your tales to everyone*

Laugh, commands Coyote:

*Teach the naive, who want to learn
Destroy the arrogant, who feel they know all*

Laugh for Coyote

*He is our father, our teacher, our friend
He is our master, our creator, our destroyer*

Nuwisha includes:

- The history, culture and creation myths of the devilishly clever werecoyotes;
- Expanded information, Gifts, totems and more for Nuwisha paws only;
- Four sample Nuwisha, a comic-book tale of a legendary trickster, and more.



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