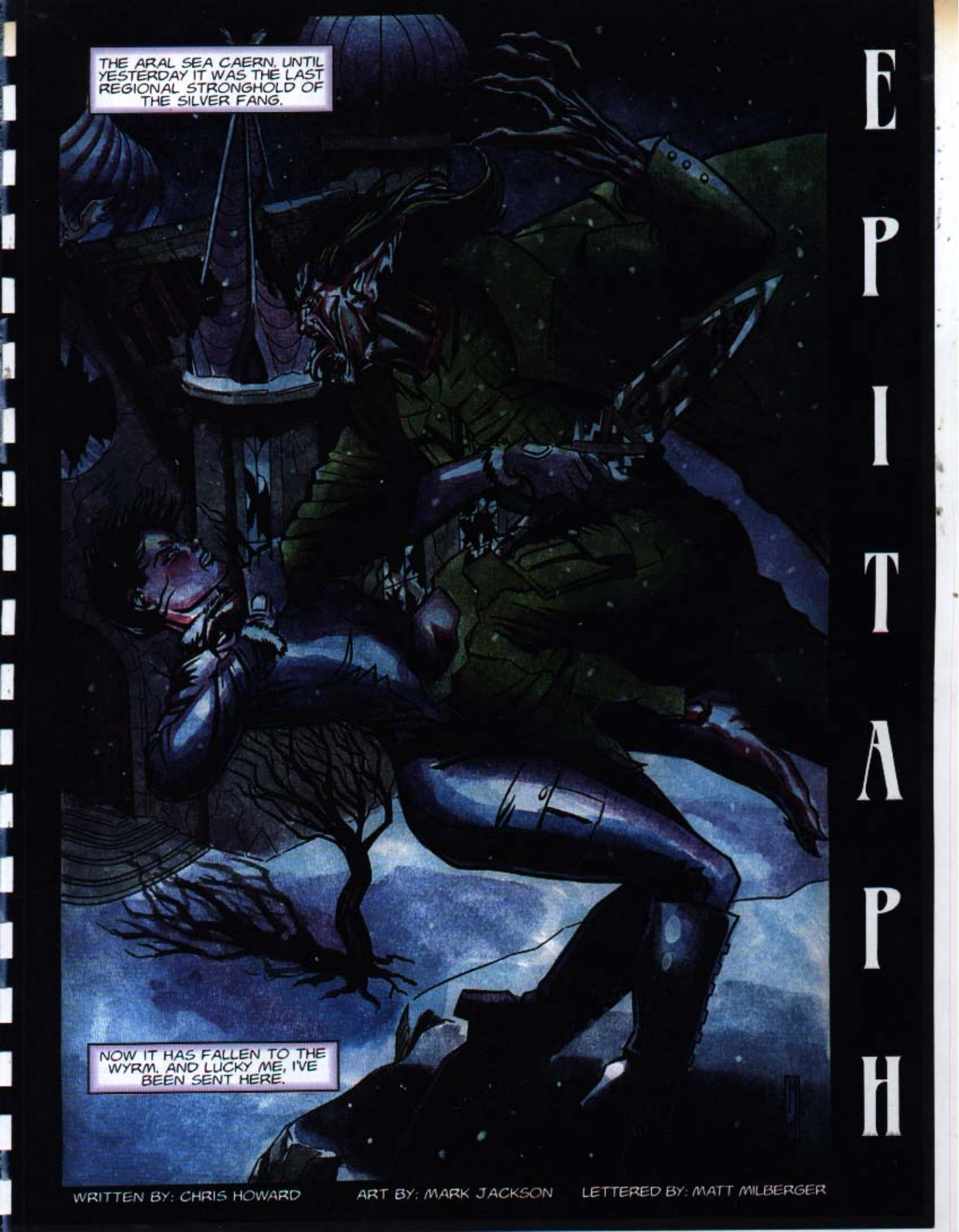


SILVER FANGS

C A R J A B E S O O K



*A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™
Tribebook 10*



THE ARAL SEA CAERN. UNTIL
YESTERDAY IT WAS THE LAST
REGIONAL STRONGHOLD OF
THE SILVER FANG.

NOW IT HAS FALLEN TO THE
WYRM. AND LUCKY ME, I'VE
BEEN SENT HERE.

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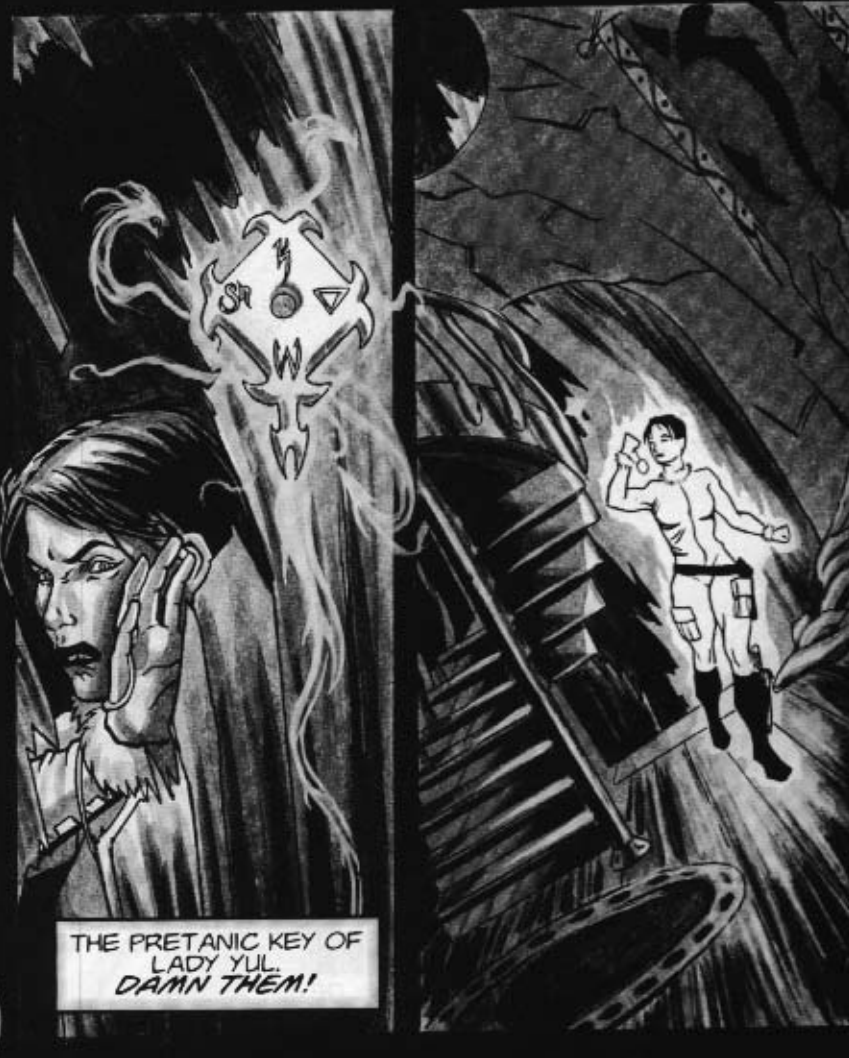




THE QUESTING STONE LEADS INTO THE HEART OF THE CAERN. IT'S UNNATURALLY COLD HERE.



THE PENUMBRA IS COLDER STILL.



THE PRETANIC KEY OF LADY YUL. DAMN THEM!



HMM...



THE STONE'S
PULL IS
STRONG.
STANOCK
MUST BE
NEARBY.

WAIT...THAT
STATUE...



STANOCK...

...DEAD.



ABBOT PREDICTED
THIS IN A DREAM. BUT
STANOCK IS
UNTAINTED. WHY?







THE TALONS
OF HORUS!



JUST LIKE THAT
- IT'S OVER.





THE SHADOW CURTAIN IS COMING.
IT HURTS TO ABANDON THE CAERN,
BUT I MUST.


I SEE.



THE BLACK SPIRAL PACK. I DON'T
HAVE TO GUESS HOW THEY DIED.

STANOCK'S
LETTERS.

*Kiran
Blood of my blood, oldest of breeds. By the
time you read this I will be dead. Yet
you will receive these words through the
tearose the Shadow Curtain itself. I hope
this is my sorry has not let me comp*



WELL, ABBOT,
WHAT WILL YOU
SAY TO THIS?

END.

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Special Thanks

This is the sort of Special Thanks that a developer hates doing. However, for outstanding service that was never repaid adequately, we can only offer our heartfelt best wishes and our very special thanks to:

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And especially to **Kathleen "Fianna Girl Scout" Ryan**, for opening doors for as many as she could, including this unworthy soul.

You'll all be missed. May you find better than you received from us.



SILVER FANGS™

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Вступление: Вечные Цари

The nobler a man, the harder it is for him to suspect inferiority in others.
— Cicero, *Ad Quintum Fratrem*

Kinain:

Blood of my blood, oldest of friends. By the time you read this I will be dead. Yet I know you will receive these words, though they must traverse the Shadow Curtain itself. I have for this, if my sanity has not left me completely, the word of Lord Falcon himself.

At the Aial Caen I drank from the Fabled Chalice, as you warned me not to do. My mind is like quicksilver slipping through my claws; yet if this is the price Helios exacts for spiritual revelation, I pay that price gladly.

I saw our tribe's history laid before me like a royal tapestry. Carved aloft in the talons of Falcon, I soared above the earliest dawn and days of legend, through Impergium and Concord. I exulted in our greatest victories and left a thousand-fold the Harano that accompanies us on our mad downward spiral.

We Silver Songs are many things. We are warrior-kings and queens with blood tracing back to the Dawn of Ages. We shoulder burdens that no other tribe can or would, done to: the twin burdens of leadership and ancient secrets known to only those who were there at the beginning. We are the oldest Garou, first born of the First Wolf. We know the Secret of Death, and are the sacred scribes of Falcon and Helios. And we are guardians of a shameful secret that stains our tribe's honor until the End of Days.

Thus, I write you, dear friend, though the Shadow Curtain looms black between us. The once great Aial Caen burns about me, and with it goes this region's last defense against the Wym. You, of all people, may understand my words. Our situation is desperate; we face a doom far more certain and imminent than does any other tribe. We may avoid this fate only if we awake against the hateful nightmares of hubris and Harano. Only then will our penitence to Gaia be sewed. Only then will we deserve to lead our people beyond the Apocalypse and into the dawn of a new age.

I die content knowing this letter will reach you, though the customary Airts brace at the Shadow Curtain's eaves. Use these notes as you will. They will bring scorn, derision and censorship from most of our tribe. Forget them; their fall is necessary and preordained. Ours is a small tribe and it will become smaller still before all this ends.

Farewell, Thomas Abbott-yab, my friend and respected colleague. Perhaps we will meet again in the Summer Lands beyond the Apocalypse. There we will rule again in honor and justice, in a place where the world is as new. Armageddon's eaves are behind me now. The real work of the Apocalypse falls to you, our tribe and to all other Garou. May Gaia protect you.

Your friend,
Nicholas Stanock





RICHARD KANE FERGUSON · 1997

1997

Глава Первая: Скипетр и Коготь

The place of the hero's birth, or the remote land of exile from which he returns... is the mid-point or navel of the world. Just as ripples go out from an underwater spring, so the forms of the universe expand in circles from this source.

— Joseph Campbell, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*

History

Celeste,

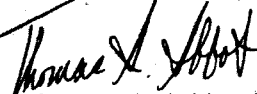
Again, I find myself in a position where I must thank you. I realize that the dream I had was, as you said, 'the flimsiest fabrication' for you to 'dance the edge of the Shadow Curtain'. However, I could not ignore the dream, in which I saw you dispatched to the Aral Sea. I only knew from it that Nicholas was dead, and that his words had to reach us somehow.

I have begun to translate his last message, as you delivered it. Many of his notes are incomprehensible to me, written as they are in his obscure code. The rest, unfortunately, are in his wretched Classical Latin. Still, I believe Starock learned much when he drank from the Firebird Chalice. Only a Thurge of his power and audacity would have faced the perils of using a legendary fetish of its kind.

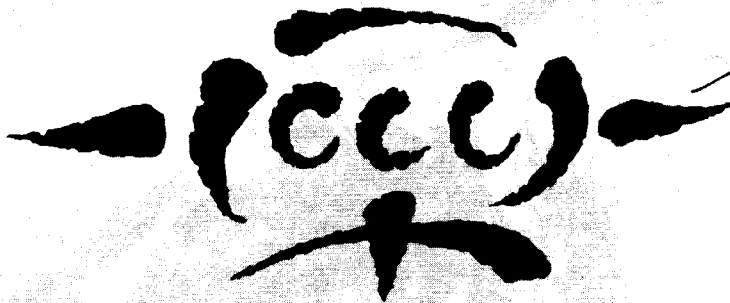
I will relay my findings to you, and others, as we agreed in payment for your services. I translated Nicholas' history notes while vacationing in Cape Cod. This package contains my reflections of his vision, along with select passages directly translated from his epitaph. Much of it is common knowledge, but I will repeat some of the traditional legends to lend form and context to his 'hidden secrets'.

As always I will strive to maintain the detached eye of the academic while translating his vision. He himself said he doubted his sanity; we must maintain some rationality when dissecting legends. Still, I fear this will not be easy. Nicholas was my friend, but more — I think he was right

With gratitude,



Steward of the Lodge of the Sun
House Wyrmbro



The Dawn of Ages

From the Letters of Nicholas Stanock

We call the first age many things — the Dawn of Ages, Spring, the Golden Age — but in the present's dark realities, many homids, even a few lupus regard the Dawn of Ages as something less than real. Yet, in my mind, fresh-

burning with the Firebird's elixir, the first age is more real than any other time.

The universe was born in sound and fury. Helios, Gaia and all the other First Ones created life and conducted the business of gods. Yet of these times I can confirm nothing. There are a thousand creation myths; none seem any more or less valid for my experiences in the earliest ages.

My first clear memories are of the end of the Golden Age. It was still the Dawn, but the smell of death was on the wind. A vast darkness enshrouded Gaia. Perhaps it was the Wurm, or even an older evil; my mind still swims at its memory. The shrieking blackness rent Gaia's flesh, and loathsome beasts bubbled from Her countless wounds. Gaia was not without defenders, though. The great animal lords drove at the abominations with claw, hoof and talon. Yet the blackness continued its attack and Gaia grew weak. A cold, vile wind violated Her garden sanctum. The great darkness stole Her spirit, secreting it away in the entity's lair beneath the World's Navel.

The animals of Gaia rose as one to save Her. Wolf, however, was scorned. The other animals called him a "mottled mongrel," and banned him from their war party. Leaving Wolf behind, the animals attacked the darkness in its layer beneath the roots of Yggdrasil, the World Tree. The darkness swallowed them whole and spat them out on the World Navel's shores. Even after this defeat, however, the other animals forbade Wolf to aid them. Finally, they bent to Lord Falcon's counsel and let Wolf try, for what else could they lose? Wolf stole beneath the World Navel, but instead of attacking the great darkness he cloaked himself in its own shadows and watched, undetected.

The great darkness made Gaia sing, for such was the manner in which it drained Her essence. With each sorrowful note Gaia succumbed further to the blackness. Death itself drew near in anticipation, for it was not every day that a world died.

Eventually the darkness, absorbed by its foul lusts, grew careless of its surroundings. Wolf sprang from hiding and clamped his jaws on the being's bilious heart. Darkness' bellow resounded beyond the World's Navel, and shook the very ground the animals stood on. Yet turn and screech as it would, the darkness could not break Wolf's iron bite. At last, in fear for its existence, the darkness released Gaia to the lands above. Wolf died as he watched Her go.

Wolf hunted in the tenebrous realms of Death for a long time. Then, one day, Death spoke to him, saying:



"Though you have dwelt here long seasons, not a day has passed in Gaia's realm. Such is Her sorrow for you that even I cannot hold you against Her wishes. Few who enter the Shadowlands return to the sun-lit realms, yet when this passage occurs, the laws of fate compel me to confer a gift upon the risen."

Then Death showed Wolf the Garden of Secrets, but with the command: "Take only one blossom between your teeth, and do not release it until you next draw breath in Gaia's warm embrace." Wolf did this and the specter-garden slowly melted into the warmth of the World's Navel. Wolf breathed again on that strange and alien shore, a creature reborn.

The other animals marveled at Wolf's deeds. Wolf's fur had become snow-white, and Gaia said: "Wolf has died that Life may live. Henceforth, Wolf shall know the Secret of Gaia and the Secret of Death." Wolf kept these secrets, passing them on to only the wisest of his offspring.

The Impergium

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

In the earliest times humanity was little different from any other beast. With time, however, humanity distinguished itself, discovering strange (and then frighteningly alien) technologies such as fire, clothing and spears of flint. The frigid winds of the Ice Age (a force of the Wyld) spurred the Weaver's influence on humanity. Ultimately all Garou noticed man's predilections.

The lupus who would become the Red Talons complained that humanity hunted wolves without care for the ancient pacts forged by our ancestors. The Garou who would become the Children of Gaia complained about humans' warlike ways. Many female Garou turned on them as the earliest matriarchies died; those Garou eventually formed the Black Furies. Those who would become the Shadow Lords snarled over everything about humans on general principle. I believe the Impergium gave birth to our

The Seeds of Destruction

From the Letters of Pyotr Speaks-the-Past

Of the early humans, we bred with only the best, as was our right as kings. This is the history and, unfortunately, a subject that some of the other tribes hold against us. We led the wars and were always foremost on the field of battle. We ruled wisely through dark times; our choice of breeding stock was a reward commensurate with the losses we endured.

Do you believe the accusations that have been leveled at us, that there were not enough humans to go around? Even in the earliest times, humanity outnumbered Garou. Worthy mates were not a rarity and each tribe chose according to its needs. The Fianna chose from the artisan class. The Get of Fenris wished to beget children from hardy warrior stock. The Stargazers chose those of a mystical bent. We chose our Kinfolk from among those who embodied all of these ideals. This is a minor point of history, yet one on which I feel compelled to correct you. Stanock's letter had several other such errors. Most of his opinions are only trivially subversive, but together they paint an unflattering (and inaccurate) portrait of our tribe.

We all respected Nicholas; his death is an incalculable loss to us all. Still, he himself admitted that he had taken a mind-altering potion. Stanock was ever a dreamer, and it is easy to imagine his mind falling prey to any number of fancies under such circumstances. If you examine his letters closely, I believe you will see that his visions were almost certainly misguided. Why subject his otherwise distinguished career to ridicule because of these regrettable final musings? I pray to Gaia that your own considerable wisdom will guide you on this matter.

Respectfully,
Pyotr Speaks-the-Past
Steward of the Lodge of the Moon

system of tribes. It split us into different principalities, each with its own beliefs and agendas.

In any event, each of these prototribes approached us with horrific tales of man's growing barbarism. Stanock's vision confirms that we were of two minds on the issue. On one hand, humanity's growing preeminence over nature was a violation of Gaia's balance. Yet were not the Garou a bridge between humanity and nature? Half of one world, half of another, we faced, perhaps, the hardest decision in history.

King Rests-the-Moon, greatest of our rulers, sought out Gaia's wisdom. She answered, "*Let a predator feed upon these creatures, for though they are cherished by Gaia, so too must the sacred balance be maintained.*" The king returned with this command, and all the early tribes agreed to enact it. Some, such as the Red Talons, did so energetically. Others, such as the Children of Gaia and the Glass Walkers, spoke against the Impergium's harsh provisions. In the end, however, all tribes upheld Gaia's edict.

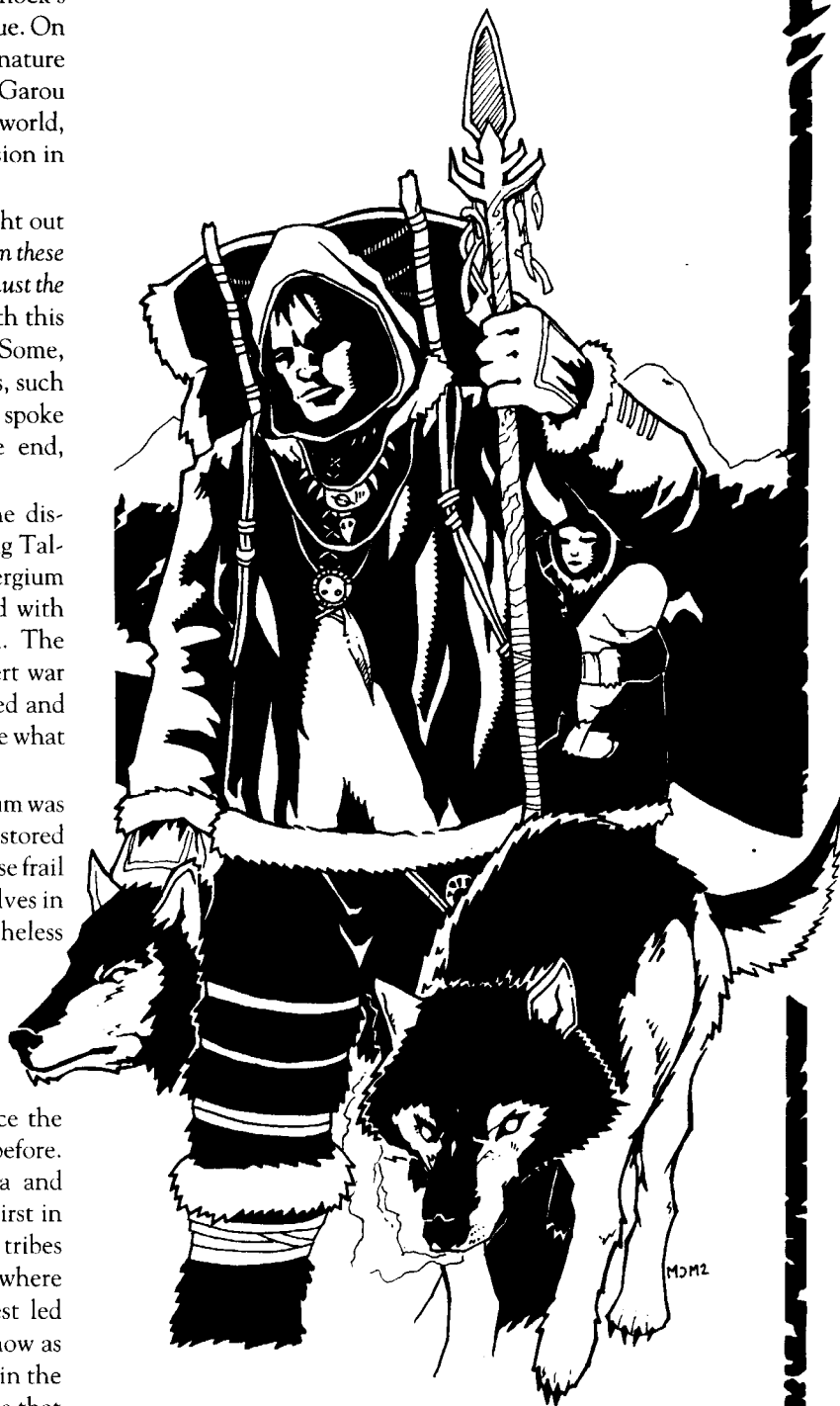
As each prototribe followed the Impergium, the distance between us grew. Noble Silver Fangs, ravening Talons and reluctant Children of Gaia enforced the Impergium each according to its beliefs. Some culled the herd with fang and claw, others through reasonable appeal. The Shadow Lords whisper that they carried out a covert war against mankind while our tribe supposedly postured and remained above the fray. This is a lie, but then lies are what the Lords pride themselves on.

Almost all tribes agree on one point: The Impergium was successful. Humanity's numbers were reduced; we restored Gaia's balance for a time. Yet we were torn. Were these frail humans not our Kin as much as were the packs of wolves in the forests? Commanded by Gaia, our souls nevertheless bled from these early deeds.

Exodus

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

Despite the Impergium, the Weaver's (and hence the Wyrms') influence grew, albeit more slowly than before. Ultimately, three tribes — the Wendigo, Uktena and Croatan — decided to depart for new, pure lands. First in a trickle, then in a mighty torrent, Garou of the three tribes followed the Wyld's path, searching for a land where Weaver and Wyrms found no purchase. Their quest led them over the bridge that bound what we would know as Siberia and Alaska. We Silver Fangs, old even then in the Rus, were the last to watch them go. Stanock claims that some Wendigo bred with our tribe before parting, leaving behind a people (the Siberakh) who embodied the best of both tribes.



The Concord

From the Letters of Nicholas Stanock

Was the Impergium genocide by Gaia's command? Was Gaia wrong? Our tribe is beholden to so many masters — Gaia, Helios, Falcon, Luna — that my faith in any one is shaken before all. Do I speak heresy? Certainly there are many among us who would say so. Introspection has never been a strong point of our tribe, but then it is a scarce commodity among the Garou as a whole. Did the Impergium last for a thousand years? Two? More? My vision cast no light on this matter. Timeless Falcon cares little for such human conceits as years or centuries. I can attest to one thing, though: as the Impergium began, so did it end, and for a reason.

The Impergium was law among the Garou; a matter of “national security” to echo an all-too-common modern phrase. We Silver Fangs bear culpability for this as much as any other tribe does, perhaps more. The Impergium temporarily righted the balance between Wyld and Weaver, while its bloody excesses turned many Garou hearts to the Wyrn. Can any contest this? We slaughtered the humans, the righteous words of Gaia ever on our lips. The Children of Gaia and the Stargazers, to their eternal credit, were the first to recognize our atrocity. Many of our tribe heeded their council, but not enough.

Fortunately the great powers saw our hubris. Commanded by Helios' wisdom, great Falcon counseled truce in the high and ineffable courts of the Celestines. Even with the Firebird elixir still burning within me, I will not presume to interpret these celestial debates. Still, their outcome is not beyond me. A cosmic wrong would be righted; the Impergium would end. Lord Falcon himself lent wing to the decree, lighting upon the shoulder of Queen Viladus, the wisest of our tribe. The monarch commanded that, in the name of the Celestines, the Impergium would halt immediately. The Children of Gaia, the Black Furies and most of the Stargazers heeded the new decree. The Red Talons, most Get and many in our tribe opposed the Concord. The Shadow Lords, scenting an opportunity for power, screamed betrayal.

Finally, however, the Garou could not ignore the will of the Celestines. A conclave of all the tribes convened in Pangea, where all Garou returned to their true natures. Falcon and the other totem spirits presided; the wise Firebird-spirits honestly recorded the debate, for such was their nature. The tribes debated, though the distinctions between tribes blurred in that place. Each spoke of humanity's high aspirations or base deeds. In the end, the high powers' decision stood firm. The Concord was recognized, codified and enacted by our tribe alone.

And now humanity spreads like a mad Malthusian tide. It grows beyond all control, and spreads the Wyrn's cancer with it. Our tribe bears the final glory — or damnation — for enforcing the Concord.

The War of Rage

From the Letters of Pyotr Speaks-the-Past

Your latest essay seems to lay blame for the so-called “War of Rage” solely on our already overburdened shoulders. This is not a new accusation, of course. Our detractors point to our supposed guilt on this matter at almost every opportunity. As I recall, the legends of this time go something like this:

“Long ago, an argument arose among the skinchangers about who was most important in Gaia's eyes. The Silver Fangs, ‘in their pride,’ decided that only they were worthy of leading Gaia's defenders. To prove this point the Fangs, unprovoked, led a war of genocide against the other werereatures. The other tribes, ever tractable (as we all know them to be), followed us blindly. They did this because they believed the ‘myth’ of Silver Fang superiority. It was only after the killing ended that the other, blameless tribes realized the tragic mistake of this war. As a result of our heinous deed, Gaia imposed a penance on our tribe.”

You suggest that it is this penance that now “drives the Silver Fangs mad.” Come now, is this the great “truth” that you and Stanock expect us to swallow? Are we children?

Forgive me, but the Dover Caern is falling around me by ever-so-subtle degrees. I am tired and tact eludes me.

We are both men of learning. Why simplify complex and incalculably old legends in such a manner? History is invariably more complex than such fairy tales allow. (And fortunately so for our academic profession.) Does our tribe bear some responsibility for the events surrounding the War of Rage? Of course, but then so do the other tribes and, yes, as do the unfortunate Gurahl, Nuwisha, Corax and all the other oh-so-victimized werereatures of antiquity.

The Gurahl and Bastet, ever blindly protective of humanity, brought the Wyrn's wrath down on us during the Ice Age. The Nuwisha's mindless pranks nearly severed all skinchangers from Luna's grace. The Corax stole some of the Garou's most sacrosanct secrets. I could go on, but I am sure you mark my drift. Again, these facts are common knowledge among most tribes.

Each of the Garou tribes had bitter complaints about the other skinchangers. The Red Talons and others saw them as competition for hunting grounds. The Get had many unfortunate skirmishes with them. The Stargazers and Silent Striders coveted their secrets. We all know of the Shadow Lords' hatred for the Corax; the Lords believed the wereravens' very existence defamed their totem, Crow. There was little need for Silver Fang “hubris” in this matter. Still, each of the tribes came to us and, as the alpha-tribe, we had no choice but to comply. On this point Stanock's version of events seems to diverge from those of every sane Garou historian.

Atrocities were committed by both sides in the war, that I concede. That we committed more than the other tribes



is preposterous. To further suggest, as you do in your notes, that our tribe instigated the war is slander. And to finally insinuate that we did so against Gaia's direct decree, as you imply, is a monstrous falsehood.

I urge you again to stop this foolish venture. I appeal to you on the basis of our friendship, though I know there has been little love between us since Anna's death. If this petition does not move you, then I appeal to your loyalty as a respected athro of our tribe. Stanock's observations are extravagant to say the least. Such speculative documents endanger your distinguished career. You have always respected the rules of hierarchy. I strongly urge that you follow them now.

The Ancient World

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

The lords of the Garou could not help but gain some political power in the human world. Although we observed the Litany in those days, we had not yet fully established the provision about lifting the Veil — at least not until Rome. In those days some of our tribe ruled almost as openly as human nobles, acquiring temporal power and great wealth. A few held power in the earliest kingdoms of Africa as well, though almost all left there shortly after the War of Rage. Our power allowed us to hold our own against even the great human powers of the time. We flourished in the first warm tides of the Aegean World, reigning in Greece, Rome and among the earliest Russian tribes. Many of us even migrated north and east, establishing a presence in the early Indus civilization.

We followed the trade routes, learning much about commerce and leadership. We became kings and Kinfolk to kings. Still, our prime concern was always maintaining our true power among the Garou. We never sought the high power in human affairs wielded by other supernatural agencies.

Our power in the ancient world ended along with the Wyrn-tainted Roman Empire. The nature of our defeat there is obscure and Stanock's letters shed little light. Rome was our first great retreat, though. Perhaps this disastrous event was the first sign of Gaia's punishment — divine judgment for our excesses during the War of Rage. Certainly we had climbed far, and mostly unimpeded until that time. We had far to fall.

Byzantium

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

Our age-old power in Greece and Russia provided us much influence over Byzantine affairs. The Wyrn, ever restless, battled us often, and after our defeat in Rome we had a better grasp of its power. Our influence in the spirit world also grew and Falcon provided us with puissant allies. The Children of Karnak, a race of warrior-bird spirits, were our most reliable confederates. In the early

10th century an unknown Wyrn-mage used a powerful fetish, the "Hunger Stone," to ensnare much of Falcon's brood, serving it up as a sacrifice to his dark masters. The Hunger Stone entrapped many Children of Karnak, some Firebirds and other Falcon-spirits. Only the Great Flock remained free. This defeat was, in many ways, a greater one than was Rome. This blow against Falcon struck us at our spiritual core, but the challenge did not go unanswered.

As one, our tribe entered the Umbra to find our lost spirit-allies. In a place called Peduratus, the third great circle of the Malfean spiral, the Armies of Karnak made one final stab at freedom. Silver Fangs and warrior-spirits joined forces, slaying all Wyrn-servitors that dared block their path. Black Spirals, Banes and other Wyrn monstrosities gibbered in incoherent madness. This was their stronghold, their place of power. Yet the Garou's leading tribe had penetrated their malefic construct. Many in our tribe fell in that great emancipation, but in that crucible of blood and fire we forged our alliance with Falcon anew. Galliards from many tribes still sing about that glorious campaign. It was, in many ways, our finest hour.

The Downward Spiral

From the Letters of Pyotr Speaks-the-Past

Enough! More than enough! Your vulgar fictions now far outweigh any comic appeal they may have initially had. I read your latest squalid tract, the one detailing our tribe's so-called "downward spiral." To hear you tell the tale, the Middle Ages were not (as every cliath knows) a time of great honor and glory for our tribe. They were instead a series of "routs, holding actions and forced retreats" against the Wyrn. Balderdash!

The Middle Ages was the backdrop for our greatest triumphs. Did not King Aaron Everstone use our greatest fetish, the newly recovered Silver Crown, to break the Black Spirals' grasp of North England? Yet you repeat the baseless lies of our lowest Fianna and Get of Fenris detractors, who slander that he turned the crown against their tribes. Malcontents often repeat these lies, but to hear them from a scholar of your former standing gives them new credibility in the eyes of the mischievous and foolhardy. That Everstone's house fell completely to Harano shortly after his acts is an interesting historical coincidence, nothing more.

You blame anything and anyone, but the truth is self-evident to any loyal Silver Fang. The other tribes have fallen from their state of grace. Some, like the Stargazers, fell only slightly. Others became debased beasts, not worthy of the name Garou. How far have *you* fallen, Thomas? You exaggerate our failings, real and imagined, while diminishing the great role our tribe continues to play in Garou survival.

Once more, enough! Our tribe needs wise rulers and strong warriors, not such mindless gadfly sentiments as you espouse. Some people may misinterpret your motives in writing these letters. Some may even consider them treasonous. Let sleeping wolves lie.

The Rus

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

Our power in the Byzantine Empire waned, though not in as catastrophic a manner as it collapsed in Rome. By the millennium's turn many Byzantine Fangs emigrated north to Russia, bringing the culture of the Greeks with them. The migration was, for the most part, an equitable one between Russian and Greek Fangs. Newly made comrades after the assault on Malfeas, the Fangs of the Rus welcomed their southern cousins. This was the beginning of the great alliance between Houses Crescent and Wise Heart, an alliance that lasted until the Russian Revolution.

In the years leading up to the second millennium there was a great spiritual tumult in the Rus. Vladimir (a distant kin of the Get of Fenris) Christianized the land. The migration of the Greek Fangs coincided with this event and many Garou erroneously praise (or damn) us for the resultant shift in power. In truth, we had little to do with it, but that did not prevent us from taking advantage of the situation. The newly cemented alliance between the two Silver Fang houses was potent and we reasserted our dominance over the Russian tribes.

Unfortunately Vladimir's ties to Constantinople (through his marriage to a Byzantine princess) drew the attention of the Greek vampires: old records give the names of Ventrue and Brujah. It also attracted the attention of even darker, Carpathian vampires, seemingly loosely allied with the Shadow Lords. Our tribe fought many battles to keep the vampires' influence at bay in the Rus. But while we stopped them on the battlefield, they slunk in under cover of darkness. Vampiric presence in the Rus ultimately resulted in our tribe's greatest defeat.

The Siberakh

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

I know that discussing the Siberakh (an obscure subtribe related to us and the Wendigo) is something of a taboo among our tribe. I will again break the rules of protocol, and do so.

The Siberakh are among the so-called "pure ones," those Garou most unsullied by the Wyrn. They have an affinity with the World's Navel unlike any other Garou. The Siberakh wandered far afield in the Umbra, cleansing places of Wyrn-taint. Some even rumor they maintained contacts with the three American tribes after the bridge collapsed into the Bering Strait.



We have not heard from the Siberakh in recent centuries, but I maintain they still exist. Perhaps they are at the forefront of the war going on behind the Shadow Curtain. Accurate information about Russia's current plight is almost nonexistent.

In earlier times the Siberakh taught us our greatest lore about the World's Navel, and we learned those lessons well. (When the other tribes accuse us of "examining our navels," they do not know how right they are.) If things fall apart completely here and in the Penumbra, the World's Navel may be where we make our final stand. I only hope the "Ronin" Siberakh will aid us then.

The Russian Revolution

From the Letters of Pyotr Speaks-the-Past

Your castigation of our alleged "incompetence" during the Russian Revolution shows your true colors at last. I am grateful to see that you have stepped out of Stanock's shadow for once. That he had no opinion of the 1917 revolution is disappointing. I had so longed to hear what Lord Falcon — king of the air, messenger of Helios — would have to say about our Crescent-House colleagues. Perhaps fresh insights on Rasputin's "cross-dressing" Silver Fang assassin, Felix Yusupov? Your cavalier defamation of our greatest heroes does you little credit as a gentleman. Still, at least you did not bother to hide behind Stanock's

academic hem this time. The words you wrote were, as you said, "yours alone."

You report (truthfully) that the Children of Gaia, the most gullible of the Russian tribes, came to our leaders. They said they had found a dagger at the Wyrms' belly. They claimed they knew of a vampire aristocrat whom they could "trust."

The Children petitioned that the vampire had supplied them with secret knowledge of the Wyrms' weaknesses. The vampire supposedly gave us the information to damage his rivals. This, at least, held true with our knowledge of vampiric politicking and scheming. Unfortunately the Children reported that the Red Army killed the vampire shortly after he delivered this message. I am sure this appeared all too convenient to some of our tribe; the decision to act on the information was not unanimous. The Children convincingly swore that the vampire had no sign of Wyrms-taint. (Their honesty can be damnably inconvenient at times.) They suggested a course of calculated trust. All the tribes, weary of long war, were eager for a chance to win with a decisive death-blow. Still, we were not naive.

Some of our seers foresaw disaster, but others promised victory. I suppose it was just one of those times when people have to make leaps of faith. Ever wary of deceit, the loyalist tribes set a trap. Spirit-couriers and the fastest messengers sought out every loyal Garou in the region. Werewolves of

almost every kind arrived by foot, horse and Moon Bridge. A fourth of this great force attacked the Black Spiral caern of which the vampire spoke; the rest waited in reserve. The Children of Gaia reported credible dangers, even relating details of what might have been a Nexus Crawler. We believed that we had mustered enough force to smash many times that threat. No one could have foreseen what happened next.

The Black Spiral caern was well-guarded, yet the loyalist Garou seemingly took the Spirals by surprise. Powerful rites protected the tribes from the labyrinth's corrupting influence. On the second spiral, that dedicated to the Beast-of-War, the assembled tribes reportedly heard a keening sound. "Perhaps," they thought, "this was the Nexus Crawler?" It was not.

I know not how, but the Wyrms forces awakened a Zmei! I know not which one. (Perhaps Shazear?) There were but seven of these monsters in existence, and Silver Fang claws had slain one, Sharkala the Cruel, centuries earlier. Unfortunately the Garou did not have Sharkala's slayers, Yuri and Sophia Tvarivich, with them that night. The Zmei decimated the war party. Black Spirals and other Wyrms creatures poured from the labyrinth walls. I believe there were also many Bone Gnawers and Shadow Lords among the foul attackers.

All the tribes suffered grievous losses that night, but none more so than us. House Crescent lost over a fourth of

its strength, a blow from which it has yet to recover. The dragon disappeared and none have seen it since (though rumors of the Zmei's ongoing rampage are whispered from under the Shadow Curtain). Occult scholars of every tribe know of this catastrophe. The event is perhaps the single most disastrous in our tribe's recent history. Our power in Russia has ended, perhaps forever.

Is this not enough for you?

And if that were not enough, you accuse our tribe of another betrayal, a "crime of omission" committed a generation later. The Russian Red Talons blamed the Children of Gaia when their policy of peaceful engagement failed to stop Stalin from testing the first atomic weapon on Russian soil. The Talons slaughtered almost every Child of Gaia out of revenge. You suggest that our tribe stood by idly, allowing the slaughter. This is a lie! We did so, you suggest, in revenge for the Children's bad council during the revolution. You blacken your soul and our tribe's honor with your vile slanders. Must you cast disgrace on our tribe at every turn? Have you — at last — no shame, sir?

Stanock's letters and your circulation of them dishonor our tribe's heroic sacrifices. I will not sit back and watch you defame the valiant dead, as is so obviously your intention. If you persist in slandering our great tribe, not even your connections to King Albrecht will save you. This is your final warning.

Apostate, beware.

Манба 1917 2.





The Present

From the Letters of Thomas Abbot

Celeste,

A few final words before I sleep. No more fiery revelations, just the coldness of history coming to an end.

Things are moving far too fast for our tribe. The Wyrms presses us on every front, in every part of the world. A few of us have adapted to the new realities, but many more wallow in

eternal reflections of past glories. The other tribes are abandoning us, tired of our vacillation, our hubris, our dementia. Our two most important houses, Wyrmsfoe and Crescent, stare at each other across a void of jealousy and mistrust. They were nearly at war when the Shadow Curtain rose in 1991. Thank Gaia for small favors. Perhaps whomever raised the curtain did not wish us to war? (This thought is farfetched, but it gnaws at me.) There is obviously some sort of silent war at work within the Rus, but Stanock's words are the first (that I know of) to escape Russia's dark shroud.

Dark forces beset our other protectorates, as I said. The Blood Red Crest wages a losing war with Wyrms-tainted mages in India and Asia. Intrigue riddles the Gleaming Eye and Austere Howl. Not even the Unbreakable Hearth is as dependable as it once was. No one knows what occurs in House Wise Heart. (But then, did anyone ever know?) The recent ascension of King Albrecht is one of a few hopeful signs, as are hints at renewed contact with the fae overlords, the sidhe. Falcon's active role in delivering Stanock's letters is good news, though his direct involvement also means that the Apocalypse is much closer than any of us dared imagine. We are not ready.

One-fourth of our tribe is so sodden with Harano that they cannot function. Another fourth are worthless sybarites, reveling in the coming Apocalypse. The tides of dementia are fast eroding our remaining sanity. If this does not stop we will be a

tribe of no-moons (no offense) before the war starts in earnest. Decadence and sorrow are both fertile ground for the Wyrms, and growing numbers of our tribe defect to its dark ranks. This leaves about half of us alert and willing to wage the Apocalypse War, but even that number is rapidly dwindling.

I retire this evening with mixed emotions. Stanock's letters both encourage and dishearten me. Visions of dark betrayals and grand deeds, Gaia's compassion, the loyalty of Falcon, and inimical Wyrms churn madly behind my eyelids. If we are to survive, we must play to the better angels of our nature. We have a great and glorious history, of which we are justly proud. This history is not one reflected merely by battles won or Wyrms slain, but by the ideals that drive us. If we are to be worthy of our heritage, we must rekindle these ancient fires.

Stanock's letters finally disintegrate into insane and cryptic conjuration, telling me little more of worth. Perhaps he was mad. Still, I had the dream and you found the papers. Pyoter's last letter had an unquestionably threatening tone, but do not be concerned. I may be an old wolf, but my fangs are still sharp. Tomorrow I will go to one of our Kinfolk, a trusted scholar in the Arcanum. Perhaps she will be able to aid me in deciphering Stanock's arcane scrawls.

I retire now. I will play the new Tchaikovsky CD I bought in town last week. The cellophane is still on it. I can hear the waves through the screen door; the air is agreeably cool. I have not eaten much since Tuesday. Perhaps I will have a scotch.

Farewell for now, my daughter in all but name. When next I write, I promise to have better tidings.





Глава Вторая: Те, Кто Отбрасывают Тени

Philosophy

Consuming hunger of the uncritical mind for what it imagines to be certainty impels it to feast on shadows.

— Peter Bell, *Science and Sanity*

Pull up a rock and sit down, cliath. I saw you out there earlier; you did well. Martin Rothchild is the name, and Summer-Snow says you're of Stockwell's line. Relax. If we're going to sit out here in the snow and wait for the next Spiral attack, we may as well be comfortable. We've just won a respectable victory. Did you see how they scattered? Rabbits! It's nights like this that I'm glad to be Silver Fang.

Sit! I have killed a deer, and although no fires are allowed right now, I am sure we will make do. Whiskey? I see you got a nasty gash on the cheek. Your first scar? You should be proud. Except for a Heidelberg scar, you don't get much better than a scratched cheek.

Was it from that spider-monkey I saw you chasing near the quarry? I thought so. No, they aren't Black Spirals; spider-monkeys are fomori and damned annoying ones at that.

"What's a fomor...?" You really are new at this. Didn't Summer-Snow tell you anything? Though the way things blew up yesterday, I guess she didn't have much time. Look — your father was a friend of mine years ago, and you showed some real guts out there. (In both senses of the

word.) You're obviously Ahroun, and that gives us something else in common. We may have a while to wait out here. I'll tell you what: Hit me with your best shot. What do you want to know?

"What the hell is a Silver Fang" and "How did I get here?" Tall order, but I can answer the second question right away. You are here because *you* are a Silver Fang. That's why you're out here freezing your butt off in the snow, and that's why you were going blood-mad and scrapping with monsters you didn't even know existed a few days ago. That's why you tore that creature's throat out with your teeth, and that's why you feel an inborn sense of nobility and command. The other tribes, they see that white fur and they jump, despite what they say about us behind our backs. It's instinct. You have the blood of kings in you, and the blood of wolves as well.

Now, "What the hell is a Silver Fang?" Very well. What do you know about us?

Hmm. I guess Summer-Snow wasn't completely negligent, though it sounds like she gave you all the history and spooky cosmological stuff without any of the nuts and bolts. Typical Galliard. All right, I guess the best place to start is with our tribal structure, our laws and some of the factions that you may meet. To get the reasons behind all this, give Alexandra a call. She's a Philodox; they're good at helping people connect the dots. Here we go. Let me know if I lose you.

Structure

We Silver Fangs learn since birth what it is to be noble and Garou, or at least that's the theory. (You, young friend, are an obvious exception.) Our athros — teachers — carry on a tradition as old as the tribe itself: the transmission of our tribe's history through the spoken and written word. We are the most literate tribe, with the possible exception of the Fianna. (I'll let Alexandra fill you in on them.) Our law is therefore elaborate and legalistic. But behind this is a strong appreciation for the spirit of that law.

Many werewolves acknowledge the Celestine Helios as the patron of Silver Fang (and so much of Garou) law. The Concord, in particular, bears his mark. One of Falcon's broods, the Firebirds, was influential in the creation of the Concord and the Litany. It is not surprising, then, that many forget our tribe is equally beholden to Luna, the Celestine of the moon. Because of these loyalties, our tribe is sharply divided into two lodges, the Lodge of the Sun and the Lodge of the Moon. Most aspects of our philosophy revolve around these two groups.

Lodges (Sun and Moon)

The lodges are the primary dividers of our tribe. The Lodge of the Sun is somewhat larger than that of the Moon, outnumbering it in most of our royal houses by a three-to-two margin. Although the lodges are the most significant division in Silver Fang society, they are traditionally benign. They each represent twin ideals: reason and order (the Sun), and passion and mysticism (the Moon).

A lodge is mostly a matter of personal philosophy and a touch of spirituality, or at least that's how you tend to wind up in one. What happens next is a different story. You see, the lodges reinforce our ideals of duality: human and wolf, right? Same with Helios and Luna. They also play off one another politically, especially at moots. You see, sometimes the Moon Lodge'll declare a certain fetish, patch of ground or tidbit of lore to be "in their province," and therefore assert a claim to it. The Sun Lodge does the same. It's part jockeying for influence, I'll admit, but it's also making sure that things and tasks fall into the hands of those most capable of handling them. Just like leaving war to the Ahrouns and spirit-talk to the Theurges, right?

Most members of our tribe gravitate to a lodge shortly after our Firstings. Membership in a lodge is encouraged for homids — lupus are traditionally free to do as they please, don't ask me why — and you can't be a member of both. You can switch from one lodge to another, but be careful: Doing so may reduce your honor in the eyes of the tribe. The lodges stage two great shared celebrations on the twin solstices. Our Winter Solstice celebration is open to all Garou. It's a raucous affair and a good chance to let your fur down and learn about the other tribes. The Summer Sol-



stice is a time to renew our ties with Helios and Luna, and so we don't want outsiders mucking with the sanctity of this event.

Now, a king transcends lodges by his very nature; he has to be impartial. The lodges are at their most formal, however, when they're present in the king's court. This is where they really come into play; you see, the Sun Lodge deals with affairs of humanity and the physical realm, while the Moon Lodge oversees matters of a lupus and spiritual bent. Each lodge is represented by a shaman, steward and squire. The two shamans are always Theurges and they advise kings on the spiritual and physical world. The stewards are always Philodox and marshal the tribe's war effort against the Wyrn. And the squires are Galliards who oversee the defensive forces and keep an eye out for incursions, sort of like Caern Warders. The seneschal transcends the two lodges and may be of any auspice, although we Ahroun have rightly dominated the position since the 1300s. The Ragabash like to say we usurped their position as seneschal, and there is some hostility between us on this count. So you see, a Fang protectorate only really needs six lodge members — but as the lodges gain influence, they've attracted more Fangs to their ranks.

Both lodges oversee our system of laws and the Litany. They also try to maintain the Concord. During meetings between the lodges, the Lodge of the Sun places its accouterments at the north end of the meeting place. The Moon Lodge takes the south. I hear some of the Eastern houses prefer an east-west arrangement. I pity the poor Philodox who has to make the seating arrangements at a multihouse moot. Our tribe can be a little obsessive with formalities; I've seen blood spilled over who gets what chair.

Sun

I am in the Sun Lodge and, as an Ahroun, you will probably end up there as well. The Sun Lodge teaches order, discipline, harmony, intellect and rationality. We are the servants of Helios and maintain strong ties with Falcon's Weaver-spirits, the Children of Karnak. Our lodge deals with the human world and maintains an intricate power structure among our Kinfolk. We are masters of politics and commerce, though we primarily control small, rural-based corporations. Most of these are trading companies, cottage software businesses, communications firms and the like. We also influence many museums and privately-owned libraries. Galliards and Ahroun tend to join our lodge.

Moon

The Silver Fangs of the Moon Lodge seek ecstatic, spontaneous experiences. Fangs of this lodge are the servants of Luna and maintain strong ties with the Wyld Falcon brood, the Talons of Horus. Those of this lodge explore the spirit world, traveling far afield in the Penumbra. They deal with the tribe's lupus population, and most

lupus and metis who choose a lodge choose this one. The Moon Lodge typically has better occult scholars than we do. Like us, they have a fair amount of influence over many museums and privately-owned libraries. Theurges and Ragabash gravitate toward the Moon Lodge. Philodox are split down the middle — as suits them

Martial Tradition

We have maintained a vigorous martial tradition throughout our history. Every Silver Fang cliath learns the rudiments of military tactics, self-defense and sword play. It looked like you got a good start tonight. Most of us are also trained with firearms. Despite our tribe's well-deserved reputation for honor, we aren't above using the occasional "dirty trick" in combat. The Shadow Lords largely underestimate our capacity for martial deception.

Camps

The leadership of the lodges actively discourages the formation of private "camps" within the tribe. It does so to prevent factionalism, but we have no laws that explicitly forbid the existence of camps. The majority of Silver Fangs do not belong to any "unofficial" organizations. I urge you to be careful about making friends carelessly.

Renewal

The Renewal movement is a recent phenomenon and it's active in both lodges. I think it started in House Wise Heart, but it's now growing throughout the world. The Renewalists are for a spiritual reinvigoration, as espoused by people like King Albrecht and King Nayar of the Blood Red Crest. They believe the only way for the tribe to survive is through some kind of "spiritual rebirth." Ask any two Renewalists what that means and you'll get three different answers, though.

They have adherents in both traditional and more modern circles in our tribe. Yet in some ways they break almost completely with our traditions. Many of them advocate an increase of Silver Fang Kinfolk through intermarrying with other tribes' Kin. Most in our tribe consider this heresy.

American Renewalists have high regard for King Albrecht, though he doesn't claim to be one of them. While most Renewalists support the current monarchs (some more so than others), most Royalists distrust them anyway.

Royalists

Most in our tribe are what you might call "small-r" royalists by inclination. I remember when I first became aware of my Silver Fang heritage. People were in the streets protesting the Vietnam War and a host of other things, and the old imperialist fogies in my pack were trying to teach me

the “virtues of monarchy.” They seemed antiquated as hell, but after a while it just seemed to click! We’re not human nobility, kid. As Silver Fangs, and as Garou, we’re defenders of a gigantic mystical paradigm that I can’t begin to fathom. I only buy about half of what the tribal elders sell as tradition, but our true nature and purpose are pretty clear to me. As for all the trappings and ceremonies — they’ve lasted a long time and there are damn good reasons for many of them. Don’t be too quick to judge anything that seems strange.

On the other hand, Royalists (with a “big-R”) are also a specific political group. They generally run the show in our tribe, though they would resent being called a camp. They’re the most interested in restoring our tribe’s monarchical influence over the other tribes, and they’re the ones driving the bus at the moment. Their motivations vary. Some are honest traditionalists who believe that Silver Fang leadership is necessary to withstand the coming Apocalypse. Others just crave power. While the Royalists are the most powerful force in our tribe, their influence on other tribes is waning. There are some Garou in almost every tribe who still favor restoring our tribe’s preeminence, but their number’s dwindling.

The Royalists send ambassadors to other tribes regularly. I hear they’re favorite fall guys in Bone Gnawer folk tales.

Ivory Priesthood

I’ll be honest — these Silver Fangs disturb me. I know that Death is the left hand of Gaia’s balance, but honestly, some of these Garou look and smell dead. (But then, some Silent Striders strike me the same way.) I’m just not sure it’s a natural state. Still, in all our legends the First Wolf died to save Gaia and consequently learned the “Secret of Death.” Ever since that time, there has been a small caste of Silver Fang Theurges dedicated to preserving this secret. The priesthood has members in both lodges. You’ll recognize them if you see them; they and their acolytes wear white robes that are covered in death runes from our culture and countless others. Or at least that’s the story. The runes are in an almost invisible silver thread, and few want to get close enough to study them.

The Ivory Priesthood is among the scant few Garou with access to the so-called Dark Umbra, where ghosts live. (The Silent Striders is the other group.) I’ve heard stories of Ivory Priests who can kill with a stare. Apparently they’re also enemies of the Shadow Lords’ Society of Nidhogg. (But that’s a whole different story.) Despite its sinister reputation, the priesthood is one of our tribe’s greatest weapons against the Wyrms. If you meet a priest, give her the proper respect and a wide berth.

Kinfolk Families

Our Kinfolk are an exclusive fraternity to say the least. We choose them based on their competence, loyalty and, yes, beauty. It is, indeed, good to be the king. Like us, however, many of our Kinfolk battle Harano. This has

lessened their effectiveness in some ways, but it also makes them more dangerous to our enemies. Silver Fang Kin come from some of the wealthiest and most powerful families in the world, but then one look at you tells me you know that much already.

Some examples of powerful North American Kinfolk families include the New Orleans Delacourts (of House Gleaming Eye), the Rothchilds (an Unbreakable Hearth family that made its money as railroad barons in the Old West), and the oil-rich Batells. King Albrecht’s family is one of the finest in New England, and is making a fortune by reintroducing old environmentally safe farming techniques. I understand that another of House Wyrms’ families pulls strings in the FBI, but you didn’t hear that from me.

Most of us trace our lineage through both Kinfolk and Garou sides, and take our names accordingly. Me, I didn’t have a Garou parent — don’t give me that look, kid, my blood’s still at least as thick as yours — so I took the family Rothchild. If my mother had been Garou, I’d have taken her name instead. Keeps things clear, even if some Garou-sired Fangs start feeling a little superior. I understand these folks grind their teeth whenever Albrecht’s name is mentioned. You guessed it, kid — the Albrechts are a fine Kin family, but the king doesn’t have a Garou parent. Maybe he’ll breed true, as well, and then you’ll have Albrecht being a Garou name as well. Confusing? Yeah, a bit, but that’s what the Galliards are here for.

The Litany

Royalty does good and is badly spoken of.

— Antisthenes (5th-4th century B.C.)

Our tribe is largely responsible for both the institution and observation of the Litany, though the latter role has diminished somewhat in recent centuries. Each tribe typically administers the Litany as it sees fit these days, but that doesn’t stop us from “interfering” when other tribal remedies fail. Many Garou still see us as the Litany’s final adjudicators, and approach us for guidance.

Garou Shall Not Mate With Garou

Some say our tribe has an obsession with blood purity. This is probably true. Few of us, apart from the Renewalists, would ever mate with other Garou or Kinfolk from other tribes. Ironically, our dwindling gene pool causes many of the defects that this tenet seeks to avoid. Breed purity is especially important to our tribe’s aristocracy, which maintains the most exclusive gene pools.

We’ve obeyed this tenet scrupulously throughout most of our history; metis Silver Fangs were all but unknown before the 18th century. Since that time, however, worsening situations have led some of us to turn to our own kind for comfort and procreation. While these charachs are in the vast minority, their number is growing. Offspring of these unions are pariahs in most houses, and are particularly unbalanced.



Combat the Wurm Whenever it Dwells and Wherever it Breeds

The Wurm fears us as the Garou's leaders. Despite our problems, we still make potent enemies. When we galvanize ourselves into acting as one, we're a war machine capable of inflicting devastating damage to the Wurm's minions. When this happens, the other tribes tend to rally around us. Unfortunately, they say it's difficult for them to tell the difference between a serious Silver Fang assault and one of our leader's latest delusions of grandeur. The Wurm and the Shadow Lords seek to confuse the issue, planting false rumors against us. Although still strong against attack from without, we suffer Wurm-corruption from within. Don't go blathering this to other tribes, though. It's an internal matter and one we'll take care of ourselves.

Respect the Territory of Another

This an inviolate provision, simply because all territories are technically ours. Our monarchs claim vast swaths of land as protectorates. In the past we ruled in deed, administering over these territories with the (often) willing cooperation of the other tribes. Now our territorial claims fall short of our reach. The other tribes have long held exclusive rights to their territories; only our most delusional nobles dispute this anymore. We have to respect the other tribes' territories for practical reasons, and we expect them to behave likewise. We still occasionally break up violent territorial disputes between other tribes, sometimes by force.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

We adhere to a high tradition of honor in combat, one that outsiders often misunderstand. Our codes regarding the acceptance of an honorable surrender are somewhat arcane, but I'm sure the elders will drill them into you soon enough. The intellectual underpinnings of these codes are similar to those of medieval chivalry, though they stem from more ancient (and feral) origins. We are keenly aware of the Garou's dwindling numbers and usually spare those who surrender honorably. Nevertheless, our hubris sometimes prevents us from surrendering ourselves, since many consider defeat at the hands of an "inferior" dishonorable. We are, perhaps foolishly, less likely to ask for quarter than to give it.

Submit to Those of Higher Station

This provision has been the basis of our authority and power for millennia. Garou are, for the most part, hierarchical creatures, and have traditionally deferred to our authority as the "alpha-tribe." Our athros teach our cliath the traditions of hierarchy and the natural order of things. In some respects rank transcends tribal affiliation and blue blood. Our tribe views a Silver Fang of any rank to be of higher station than a non-Fang of equal standing. Unfortunately the other tribes don't always see things this way anymore, and it occasionally leads to conflict.



Despite our tribe's superiority, our aristocracy does recognize the authority of the other tribes' leaders. Misbehave in another tribe's caern and its elders will snip your ears just like any other cub's. Don't come crying to me if it happens.

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

Most tribes cede us this right, even today. We may still expect the first share of spoils on the strength of our blood, though internal tribal rank also plays a role. A Silver Fang's claim to the first share is usually equal to that of a non-Fang (or in some cases two) who is ranks above him. Contrary to Shadow Lord propaganda, we are traditionally generous in victory and reward each according to genuine merit.

Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

As the arbiters of the Concord, we enforce this provision vigorously. Just so there are no misunderstandings: We will strictly and permanently penalize any Garou who violates this tenet.

Respect for Those Beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

Despite charges to the contrary, our tribe upholds this tenet fairly. In many ways I guess we still consider the other tribes our children, unruly but still loved. Call it *noblesse oblige* if you must, but it shapes much of our behavior toward

our subjects. Even during the height of our power, our hand was seldom heavy or unjust. Most in the other tribes realize this and, with a few notable exceptions, have not sought retribution against us as we have fallen on hard times.

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

As a tribe, we enforce the Veil. However, our record as individuals has become increasingly erratic of late. Our Harano and isolation have caused some of us to endanger the Veil at the worst possible times. We react to such breaches with either stern compassion or vengeful retribution, depending on the nature of the transgression.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

Of all the Litany's provisions, this is the one we tend to ignore most frequently. As many outsiders will attest, most of us are "sick" in some manner. I don't care what that ad campaign says, now is not "a great time to be silver." Mental infirmity affects most of us to some degree; we have no choice but to tend each other's wounds if we hope to survive as a tribe. This has led some outsiders, most notably the Get of Fenris, to conclude that our tribe coddles its weak. Others, such as the Children of Gaia, approve of our actions because they understand our plight. Many of us view this *de facto* violation of the Litany as the civilized prerogative of monarchy, superseding more "primitive"

feral notions of behavior. This might not always sit well with your Garou instincts, but it's the way we do things.

The Leader May Be Challenged At Any Time During Peace

This is a valid concept, but we support it only to a point. A Silver Fang may challenge a Silver Fang during times of peace, and other tribes may challenge their leaders. We do not extend this right to our position as the leading tribe. Our position on this is inviolate and eternal.

The Leader May Not Be Challenged During Wartime

This is a moot point, since the coming Apocalypse puts us in a perpetual state of war. Most of the other tribes continue to support us on the strength of this tenet, but many also secretly believe that we are leading them to disaster. Our competitors have sought to use this to turn the other tribes against us. There is no shortage of contenders for the role of alpha-tribe. The Shadow Lords are the most public contenders, but they want it too badly. The Silver Fangs may fall, but the Shadow Lords will precede us into oblivion. The Get of Fenris are honorable contenders, but I believe we need not fear them until the last days of the Apocalypse. The Glass Walkers, Uktena and even the Children of Gaia have a taste for power, though the last will come to pass only if we defeat the Wyrms and enter a new Dawn of Ages. One thing in our favor is that no other tribe is even remotely qualified to take our place.

Ye Shall Take No Action That Causes a Caern to be Violated

Because of past victories, we control a number of caerns far out of proportion to our numbers. This affords us certain tactical advantages. We therefore enforce this tenet of the Litany more stringently than ever.

Our support of this rule is not wholly self-serving. Wym violation of any Garou caern, even one belonging to the Shadow Lords or Glass Walkers, means that Gaia dies a little more. Our warriors have fallen in the defense of even Bone Gnawer caerns. And that's as it should be; Gaia expects no less from us.

Madness

Sometimes accidents happen in life from which we have need of a little madness to extricate ourselves successfully.

— La Rochefoucauld, *Maxims*

I'm not trying to scare you, but I'm not going to sugarcoat this, either. Our tribe is going mad and you aren't likely to

be an exception. Oh, there are madder creatures out there. The Dancers, as well as the worst vampires, make us seem like paragons of stability, but we're slipping away nonetheless. All of us have our moments of lucidity, and many of us are rational most of the time. However, very few of us are completely whole in mind and spirit.

Few of the other tribes realize how hard we struggle to keep our grip on reality. We are a shadow of what we once were. There is an old saying: "Those who cast a shadow must stand in the light." So it is with us. The darkness in our tribe is commensurate with our highest deeds. We know the highs and lows of existence in a way that "protected" Garou never will. I can only describe our madness as some sort of malign undertow. You'll know what I mean when it pulls you under.

Some of us are unbalanced from birth, but most of us don't experience real problems until after our Firstings. I'm sorry, but if you haven't experienced anything yet, you probably soon will. When it happens, my advice is to seek out another Fang or a Firebird-spirit to "talk you down." Barring that, a Child of Gaia, Fianna or Stargazer will do in a pinch, but we'll have to deprogram you afterward.

There are a few tricks that you can use to get around it for a while. We Ahroun can overcome even Harano with Rage when needed. You can't stave it off forever, but long enough to get the job done. Our madness makes us more susceptible to the Wyrms, but our madness is not of the Wyrms.

Our madness may be the product of inbreeding, as most Garou believe, but some Silver Fangs figure it comes from a deeper, spiritual source. They think our tribe committed some terrible sin in the past, and that Gaia decreed madness as our spiritual atonement. They believe the only way to cure the tribe is to address our transgression somehow. I'm not sure which theory is right.

We can also contain, or at least channel, our madness through our structure of codes and ceremonies. It is your duty to battle your insanity, but dementia can work for you, too. Our enemies and competitors rightly fear our madness, and that has bought us some time.

What's more, it's the young ones like you, who haven't seen too much and haven't fallen to the killing gloom, who give hope to even the hoariest and most senile elders of the tribe. Yeah, all eyes are on you, young lord. What did you expect? You might be the one who finds the way out of our private little asylums, or who drives away the Harano once and for all. Then again, maybe not. But you still have to try.

Hey, cheer up and have another drink of whiskey, young friend. We're not done for yet.



Глава Третья: Что Приобретёт Тот, Кто Завоюет Весь Мир?

World View

He that would govern others, first should be the master of himself.

— Philip Massinger, *The Bondman*

Silver Fangs Around the World

You must be Stockwell's cub. Make yourself at home. You may call me Alexandra. Yes, it is Russian, but I left there long ago; your house has been good enough to give me sanctuary. No, do not concern yourself with the mud on the carpets. Mercer will take care of it.

I can tell by your general condition and the whiskey on your breath that you have been with Martin Rothchild. You aren't the first he has sent to me in this condition. It seems I have my work cut out for me. You look surprised to see a Fang of my advanced years. Yes, it is true that not many of us not live long after 30. Gaia has blessed me with many seasons to appreciate her cycles.

But first things first. My Kinfolk will tend to your arm and that gash on your leg, and will do something about that scratched cheek. You must also bathe and change. Being Garou does not give one license for slovenliness. When all that is complete, and we have had some lunch, I will begin your instruction.

Ah, much better. Iris seldom disappoints, and you were charming company. Come. While they clear away the dishes we will walk in the garden. It is a shame that you cannot see it in spring, but I still find it delightful in winter. The pond is frozen; look how it reflects Luna's grace. Perhaps later I will show you the ice-spirits who live there. Feel that icy wind? It cuts you to the bone, but invigorates as well.

Ah, and my roses. Look how their thorns glisten under the coat of ice. No, don't go down that path! Those roses do not like intruders, though they only react violently to servants of the Wurm. They caught a pair of fomori a few months ago and gutted them quite cleanly. I removed the bodies, of course — fomori make poor fertilizer. I learned about plants and their qualities from my tutor in House Wise Heart. The house is wise in Gaia's secrets, and I was an apt pupil.

This brings us to you, cliath. You have begun a different life from any you have ever known. You have new responsibilities and cannot escape them if you wish to remain true to your nature. Here, I shall tell you about the Seven, by which I mean the Seven Great Houses of our tribe. I will also touch briefly on the lost houses and the other Garou tribes who are our subjects and charges. Then, if the hour is not too late, I will tell you about some of the other creatures abroad in the world. Hardly scratching the surface, I know, but it shall have to suffice.



The 13 Houses

There were once 13 major houses in the Silver Fang tribe, as well as several minor ones. Six of the houses disappeared or died out over time; the true power of the tribe lies with the seven that remain.

The Seven

Seven Silver Fang families currently guide our tribe's destiny. A king or queen rules over each house, though in the Motherland we called them tsar or tsarina. Each house has its own distinct character and often-divergent agendas. I fear the political turmoil created by the machinations of these houses is reaching a boil.

The Gleaming Eye (Northern Europe)

Many consider members of this house calculating, ruthless and more than a little mad, even by Silver Fang standards. It is certainly one of our more enigmatic houses. Most members live in France, Germany or the Scandinavian countries. They have ruled with an iron grip since before the Roman Empire. They are a power to be reckoned with throughout most of Europe, and the other tribes disobey the Gleaming Eye's edicts at their peril.

Some rumor that the family has somehow fallen to the Wyrn, but I believe the opposite is true. My messengers say the house has successfully purged the last of its Wyrn elements, but that its leadership is now paranoid that other houses are Wyrn-infested, and plots against them. This would be consistent with what I know of the house's character, which is of a paranoid bent. Alas, this paranoia is not unjustified. The Gleaming Eye is one of the two most powerful houses (the other being Wyrmfœ), and it has begun to lash out at the other houses. So far these instances have only resulted in skirmishes with House Wise Heart and the Austere Howl.

The Gleaming Eye is on the Shadow Curtain's border and fears that what happened in Russia will soon happen to it. The house's ruler, Queen Anna de Provence, is a skilled Theurge duelist and an enigma. Some say she has faerie blood, though I discount these rumors. She is often absent from house events, traveling the deep Umbra. Her equally enigmatic brother, Calvin de Provence, rules in her absence.

The Unbreakable Hearth (Canada and American Midwest)

The Unbreakable Hearth was originally a European house, centered primarily in Spain, Italy and France. It fell on hard times in Europe and its members were among the first European Garou to emigrate to the New World. As Europeans settled the Midwest and Canada, the Unbreakable Hearth was at their forefront, carving out large territories for itself. This sometimes brought the foreigners into

conflict with the native Red Talons and Wendigo, though this enmity apparently cooled with time. The Unbreakable Hearth's main purpose was to be a broker between ourselves and the other tribes.

Many European Garou came to the Americas to get away from the Old World's kings. Others, however, recognized the need to uphold traditional Garou hierarchy in the New World. However, Unbreakable Hearth did the unthinkable by focusing its attention on urban centers. It now runs successful businesses in major metropolitan areas throughout Canada and the Midwest. It is an "earthy" house, but this has seemingly gained it the genuine respect of most other tribes.

Once the most solid and reliable of the Seven, the Unbreakable Hearth is now in grave peril. It recently suffered major setbacks in Chicago. Additionally, a series of attacks by unknown forces destroyed one of its four main caerns. Speculation about the attack runs wild. The house leader, King Cyrus-the-Bald, has warriors abroad who are trying to learn what happened. His advisors speculate that Wurm-corrupted mages, or even the Unseelie fae, may be responsible.

The Unbroken Hearth has traditionally had strong alliances with House Wyrmling and House Wise Heart. Recently, however, the house turned insular to protect itself from within. Cyrus-the-Bald is a competent king, but I hear his situation is rapidly worsening.

The Blood Red Crest (Asia and India)

Many think our tribe arose only in the West and in Russia. It did not. The Blood Red Crest has been a respected power in Asia and India for thousands of years. Tribe members migrated east with the earliest humans, settling in what are now India, Pakistan, China, Burma and Vietnam. When European Garou colonized these regions, the Crest supported them by breeding with the European Fangs' stock. They then went back to running things their way, though they incorporated elements of European style in their manner.

Named for their ferocious fighting style, members of the Blood Red Crest are a small but potent force in the East. They seem to understand the strange shapeshifters and stranger vampires that live there, and are certainly the only ones of our tribe that have successfully maintained a presence in the Orient. They sometimes remark that the enemies they face would be unfamiliar to the rest of the Fangs; more secrecy, I presume.

Their king, Palmarstan Nayar, is older than he looks. He appears to be in his early 30s, but is really in his late 70s. (I believe he made a bargain with a Firebird-spirit.) He has some Renewalist sensibilities, but is also a staunch traditionalist. He is rousing his tribe from the Harano of his predecessor's reign. Many Garou compare him to King Albrecht.



Wise Heart (Mediterranean and Middle East)

Wise Heart is one of our oldest houses — and the most mysterious. I once had a tutor from Wise Heart, but only learned a small part of his lore.

As the name suggests, this is, perhaps, our most thoughtful house. Wise Hearts are keepers of the Secret of Gaia, and have many powerful Earth Gifts. These Garou tend to be mendicant, traveling from region to region. They were once powerful in ancient Italy and Greece, but their power there is a thing of the past. They appear there only sporadically now, staging hit-and-run raids on the region's vampiric overlords.

Silver Fangs from this family also appear in Turkey, Georgia, Azerbaijan and Uzbekistan. They recently lost one of their oldest bases, the Aral Sea Caern, to a major Wurm advance — the Shadow Curtain around Russia reached out and consumed the sacred place. This is a matter of grave importance to all Garou.

The house's leader, King Tariki, is from an ancient and respected Mesopotamian dynasty. He maintains our tribe's closest alliance with the Children of Karnak, and has allies among a group of witch-Namers with some ties to Gaia. King Tariki walks the line between life and death. Despite his house's dedication to Gaia, Tariki is a patron of the Ivory Priesthood and reputedly knows the Secret of Death. He disappears into the Umbra for long periods, appearing only occasionally to issue orders to his regent sons. He may



even wander the Dark Umbra. He is an elusive leader; most in our tribe do not know which way he will turn next.

Austere Howl (Great Britain)

My agents say the Austere Howl is Wyrn-tainted and in a state of near civil war. This was once the most powerful and honorable of houses, but its power declined along with the British Empire.

Indeed, its fortunes have fallen precipitously in the 20th century. I fear the Garou's disappointment with their fate turned to bitterness and Harano. They were ripe for the picking and the Defiler Wyrn has sundered their house in two. Two kings have died on the throne in the last three years, and their current leader, Queen Mary, is a young and inexperienced Scottish Ahroun. She is the daughter of the last king and is trying to rally her house's loyal elements against several powerful Wyrn-corrupted nobles.

Both factions try to keep their power struggle quiet, but word is leaking to the rest of the tribe. I hear Queen Mary is trying to enlist the aid of Silver Fangs from other houses. Few among the common tribes know about the blood bath occurring in Silver Fang manors throughout the protectorate.

Despite its division and dwindling numbers, the Austere Howl is still a potent force and has members throughout Great Britain. They live primarily in Dover, Bath, Edinburgh and Dublin. The house maintains a large caern near London and has a surprising number of them in Wales.

Wyrmfœ (American Northeast)

House Wyrmfœ is our youngest and claims the American Northeast as its protectorate. The family is strongest in the countryside surrounding Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Washington.

The house arose in England, France and Spain in the mid-1300s, about a century before the discovery of the New World. I am sure the house's emergence caused quite a commotion, yet the circumstances behind its foundation are unclear. It seems to have been born from the chaos of the Inquisition, and appeared at the moment when the Garou needed it most.

Since Wyrmfœ Garou were hailed as heroes by the common tribes, the Gleaming Eye and Austere Howl had little choice but to recognize their claim to power. The elders were, perhaps justifiably, concerned about the upstart house's intentions, but need not have worried. Shortly after the discovery of the New World, Wyrmfœ left Europe *en masse*. Indeed, as the house left Europe, it drew members away from many other houses, and even from some other tribes. These diverse influences are still at work within the family today.

Despite its early triumphs, House Wyrmfœ has suffered Harano more severely than any other. At first the family moved ever onward with youthful optimism while most other houses slowly succumbed to madness and despair. It was only at the turn of the 20th century that the first signs of Harano appeared. The effects worsened during the two world wars, and the family has degraded steadily since the 1950s.

Jacob Morningkill became king shortly after World War Two and was initially a just and vigorous ruler. Many hoped that he might restore our tribe's lost spirit and direction. During the early part of his reign House Wyrmfœ proved adept at getting its Kinfolk into several nascent United States and Canadian intelligence organizations. (Few Garou realize just how important a role they have played in keeping the Veil intact.) Unfortunately King Morningkill's sanity faded along with his youth. He and much of his house fell into indolent shambles until a Black Spiral pack killed him in a sneak attack on his North Country Caern. The throne lay empty but contested.

Arkady, a Wyrn-tainted Ahroun from House Crescent, was one claimant to the throne. Albrecht Morningkill, Jacob's estranged grandson, was the other. I know little of what happened next, but Albrecht surfaced with our tribe's greatest fetish — the Silver Crown! This naturally assured his kingship, and the new king has since reached out to the other tribes. Some have even responded, including the Black Furies, Children of Gaia, Fianna and Glass Walkers. Even our tribe's harshest critics concede that American Fangs are "getting their act together." No one knows how long this will last, but with the Apocalypse so near it may not have to be for long.

Crescent Moon (Russia)

I was born to this house. How long ago only modesty prevents me from revealing. The Crescent Moon is the oldest Silver Fang house still in existence, though House Wise Heart and the Blood Red Crest contest this claim. We were the deciding voice in both the Impergium and the Concord, and led the War of Rage. We ruled with strength and wisdom for thousands of years, our lineage leading back to the Dawn of Ages. Yet some believe that as our glory soared, something dangerous took root. Perhaps it was a seed planted during the War of Rage or by excesses during the Impergium, but they consider House Crescent the source of our tribe's "original sin."

Despite these caveats, most concede that we were one of the Wyrms' fiercest enemies. Great House Crescent names such as Aleking Axeclaw and Queen Viladus tower in Garou legend. We imprisoned Koshchei the Wurm Talon, freeing Gaia from its blight. In more recent centuries Yuri and Sophia Tvarivich (along with Garou from other tribes) slew the Zmei Sharkala, one of the Wurm's most powerful servitors. Yet with each victory, the Wurm returned stronger than before. Indeed, its constant attacks almost broke our house after World War One.

Now House Crescent "rules" over a despairing, perhaps doomed land. The Wurm has turned most of Russia into a wasteland. Vampires undid our power in the human world during the Revolution, unwittingly signing their own death warrant when the Shadow Curtain rose in 1991. House Crescent and the other Russian Garou fought fiercely, but lost the war against the Wurm when Russia's supernatural borders were sealed.

Most in my house prefer to tell stories of past glory rather than attend the present menace. Our ruler, Tsar Nicholai Ivanovich, was delusional and paranoid, even more so than Jacob Morningkill. He dissolved the Lodge of the Sun, banishing its members to other countries (for which many of them are now grateful). The king's Silver Claw pack still supported him before we lost contact with Russia, as did the Get of Fenris, but even they were losing patience with our failing monarch. When last seen before the Shadow Curtain fell, he was directing grand offensives with nonexistent troops.

The fall of House Crescent is one of the great tragedies of this age. Crescent Garou are on their last legs, staggering beneath the twin yokes of hubris and Harano. Even before the Shadow Curtain fell, some were turning to the Wurm. That was in 1991. Who knows what has happened since that time? The other houses attempt to find out, but so far there is little news, and what we do hear is disturbing. Most believe the tsar must be dead by now. Many think he brought the house crashing down with him. My only hope is that his niece Tatiana has somehow taken the throne.

The Lost Houses

Our tribe had many houses, great and small, in our most glorious days. Most of these died out, disappeared into the Umbra or slipped into obscurity. Of these, we still remember six.

Conquering Claw (Mediterranean)

The Conquering Claw was an honorable but warlike house, and was the only Silver Fang family to thrive in imperial Rome. While other Garou fled the city, the Conquering Claw embraced the *Pax Romana*. The Garou reasoned that if the Concord was truly right, then a well-positioned power could use the mighty empire to guide and, when necessary, pacify the human race.

Many consider their efforts to have been a noble failure. Roman vampires overwhelmed them. They regained some of their prestige in Italy by forming banking families, but could never escape the Harano that descended after defeat in Rome. In the end the Claw's martial tendencies turned inward, undoing the house during the Renaissance. A few claimants to this line surface periodically, but none have protectorates.

The Unknown (Russia and Europe)

None of us know, or wish to know, the name of the house that died during the War of Rage. No history records its name. Most modern Garou consider the house a fairy tale or more Shadow Lord slander.

One legend concerns the house's role in the extermination of an entire skinchanger race. Other tribes are evasive when discussing this period. Certainly all Garou of that age were guilty of a great crime, but in a war of horrors this house went beyond the pale. Hunting the last of a dying race for sport, the creatures' cruelty knew no bounds. They were almost certainly Wurm-corrupt. Most believe that Gaia, outraged, expelled them from the Earth in a natural disaster, many say a storm.

The Ice Pack (Northern Europe, Russia and America)

I remember stories of the Ice Pack from my childhood in Russia. Many lupus Silver Fangs ran far afield from their Kinfolk, especially in the Scandinavian countries and northern Russia. I believe some even passed over the Bering land bridge at the time of the Exodus, and played a small role in Wendigo legends.

The Ice Pack supposedly lives apart from the rest of us, though it evidently maintains cordial relations with northern Red Talons. Most Garou see it as a pack of phantom white wolves that tears at the Wurm with steel teeth, and disappears onto invisible Moon Bridges. Certainly the Wurm-spawn of the north seem to fear the pack like few

others. Rumors of its extinction spread from time to time, but the Ice Pack always resurfaces in spectacular fashion to lay these rumors to rest.

The pack had no part in the War of Rage, and has seemingly the Harano that too often grips the rest of our tribe. They are, perhaps, the purest of us all. Legends say that lupus who join this pack become free of their madness. Silver Fang lupus are often drawn to the Ice Pack, sometimes traveling thousands of miles to find it.

Winter Snow (Great Britain, France and Holland)

The Winter Snow is another example of our tribe's failures, one that many modern Garou point to as evidence of our tribe at its worst.

During the 17th century, King Aaron Everstone sought the Silver Crown to battle the Black Spiral Dancers that plagued his kingdom. When he found the crown he allegedly became drunk with power, turning it on the Get of Fenris and Fianna to force their obedience. War broke out among the three tribes. Everstone's madness eventually lifted, but too late. His house was victorious, but without the other tribes the Black Spirals swarmed throughout much of England. The king and his house faded away, suffering from Harano and remorse. Some say members of the Winter Snow now live in the Deep Umbra, transformed into sorrowful silver birches, forever denied the Summer Lands.

The Silver Spiral

The Silver Spiral is not a true house, but a generic term for any Silver Fang who has joined the Wurm. Some of our tribe have gone over to the Wurm since the fall of Rome and have formed an elite cabal among the Wurm's ranks. Fortunately these traitors are rare.

When a Silver Fang treads the Black Spiral labyrinth, the Wurm makes a high place for him. These traitors bring their own brand of madness to the Black Spirals, and are sadistic even by that tribe's twisted standards. Traitors' leadership skills and knowledge of our defenses have proven invaluable to the Wurm, though Wurm creatures of low status apparently fear and distrust these generals.

The Silver Spiral draws most of its recent initiates from House Crescent and the Austere Howl. In accordance with the Litany, eating human flesh is one of our absolute shibboleths. Thus the Wurm forces new Silver Spirals to eat human flesh during their rites of passage. Some develop a permanent taste for it. It is our sacred duty to wipe these abominations from Gaia's face.

The Golden Sky

Our Philodox disagree as to which family is older, the Crescent Moon or the Golden Sky. Most acknowledge, however, that only one survived.





The Golden Sky was our tribe's greatest pride. It was to the Silver Fangs what we once were to the other tribes, or so the story goes. The house embodied all the highest virtues of the warrior-monarchs of Gaia. They were brave, honorable and just. They led the tribes in war and peace, losing an occasional battle, but never the other tribes' respect. Legends describe them as the closest family to Falcon and Helios; there was always a rivalry between them and the Luna-consecrated House Crescent. This rivalry apparently erupted into bloodshed more than once, but then the Golden Sky disappeared.

No one knows what happened to the Golden Sky. They and their Kinfolk vanished almost overnight, distributing their worldly goods among the other Garou before they left. Most believe they migrated into the Deep Umbra on a secret errand for Falcon. Stories of their passing have come from as far away as the Aetherial Realm and Arcadia Gate. Some believe the Golden Sky have been preparing and purifying themselves for the Apocalypse, that their return is imminent. Most Garou consider these sentiments more colorful examples of our tribe's dementia.

The Garou Nation

Not the least of the qualities that go into the making of a great ruler is the ability of letting others serve him.

— Cardinal Richelieu, *Political Testament*

Our power has diminished significantly in recent centuries, but the other tribes still look to us for leadership. Despite our partial abdication of these responsibilities, there are many reasons why we maintain our power. No other tribe has our experience, nor our natural affinity for command. Few wish for such a burden, and those who do (namely the Shadow Lords) are so villainous that the other tribes would never give them the crown.

Yet it is no secret that our leadership has fallen on hard times. The lesser tribes judge each other less harshly, while holding us to a higher standard. Still, as they judge us, so too may we cast judgment upon them. The listing of one's friends and foes has always been a prerogative of the crown.

Black Furies

The Furies are by turns gentle and loving, scholarly and introspective — and the bloodthirsty Maenads of antiquity. If you are on their side, this ferocity is an undeniable advantage. The Furies are aware of the stakes in our fight and do not take prisoners. Most of them seem to think of our tribe as some sort of "antiquated patriarchy." It's our system of *kingdoms*, I suppose. This is a notion they usually discard once they meet a few female Silver Fangs, though. We have had a long and often mixed history with this tribe. Nevertheless, it has sided with us more often than not, thank Luna.

Bone Gnawers

The Wyrms are strongest in the cities and sewers where the Bone Gnawers live, yet they survive. This may be a testament to their evolutionary fitness, but one must realize that survival alone is not enough. If they diminish what they are to stay alive, then they become something less than human or Garou. They are also a danger from a practical standpoint. Their destitution and survival-at-any-cost mentality make them prime candidates for corruption by the Wyrms or our tribal rivals.

It is only natural that they, who inhabit the lowest rung of Garou society, resent we who inhabit its highest. They have always resented us, despite our efforts to improve their regrettable condition. Perhaps I am uncharitable. As the Apocalypse draws near, more Fangs will have to get their paws dirty. When this happens we may well have to depend on the Bone Gnawers' dubious goodwill.

Children of Gaia

Many see the Children of Gaia as a tribe without blemish. If we measure good intentions alone, perhaps this is true. They, like us, are a reminder that a better world is possible. But if we cannot question their motives, their judgment is another matter. We are at war with an intrac-

table and inimical foe. Perhaps there was once a "Wyrms of Balance," but no longer. The forces we battle do not need compassion, understanding or healing, only a klave to the jugular. The Children have their place, but as events in Russia prove, it is not in our war council.

Fianna

This worthy if unpredictable tribe reminds us why we fight. As nobles and builders, we have always understood and patronized the Fianna in their art. They have an appreciation for the higher virtues that few but we can comprehend. Their beautiful melodies soothe our troubled brows as few other things can. (This makes unscrupulous Fianna very dangerous to us.)

Still, there are more practical reasons for keeping faith in this admirable tribe. The first is, admittedly, its potential as an enemy. When King Everstone turned against the Fianna, their satires turned many of the other tribes against us. We must not underestimate their value as propagandists. A Fianna song has far more power to move the Garou spirit than does the most cleverly wrought Shadow Lord slander. Perhaps more important is the Fianna's connection to the fae, particularly the nobility. If we are to reforge our ancient ties with the sidhe, the Fianna will be indispensable.



Get of Fenris

The Get of Fenris have been our most valued allies and most persistent competitors. We understand and respect their martial prowess. We are one of the very few tribes who can go toe to toe with them, and we have clashed with them before. Inevitably these battles pit our finesse against their sheer brute strength. The jury is still out on which is more effective. Our tribe realizes there is little to gain and everything to lose in such skirmishes. We can no longer take their loyalty for granted, but do not have anywhere else to go.

Many Get now consider us mere figureheads. Let them. They do not understand our methods and a figurehead still has worth in their limited tactical view of things. They will continue to support us, and we will continue to guide their actions. You could not ask for a better or more loyal friend than a Get. Despite occasional rhetoric to the contrary, the tribe's leadership realizes that we are their only hope.

Glass Walkers

The Weaver constitutes one-third of the Triat, yet only one of the 13 tribes dedicated to Gaia knows much about it. There is a reason for this ignorance, of course. The Weaver causes many of our problems. It stultifies and imprisons Gaia in a glistening web of steel and glass, paving the way for the Wyrms. If the Wyrms are triumphant, however, the Weaver will ultimately fare no better than the Wyld. The fragile constructs of humanity cannot long withstand the Wyrms' corruption, except in the most diminished capacity. The Glass Walkers realize this and battle the Wyrms in their own way. Our tribe has lived in cities and dealt with the Children of Karnak enough to realize that there is some logic to the Glass Walkers' plan.

Not even the most Weaver-enthralled Garou created the cities, but merely learned to adapt to them. The technological genie is out of the bottle and we Garou are too few to change this, despite what the Red Talons think. The Wyrms often enslave Weaver-spirits, yet few have sympathy for these poor creatures as the spirits are blamed for the Wyrms' ascendance. However, if properly employed, the geometric hegemony of the Weaver can be just as dangerous to the Wyrms as the cleansing powers of the Wyld. If nothing else, it is tactically sound to ally with Garou who know something of these forces.

Red Talons

Many in our tribe believe the Red Talons are of no concern because they are "not sophisticated enough to plot against us." A tribal rather than a breed prejudice, I suppose, since we hold our own lupus in such high regard. Though a Red Talon would tear your throat out for saying so, the tribe is of an ideological bent. The Talons long for a return to the Impergium and the control — or elimination — of humanity.

They are more disciplined and intelligent than they first appear. They wiped out the Russian Children of Gaia and we did not lift a hand against them. Despite our basic philosophical differences, they have rarely seen fit to challenge our rule. Therefore, respect their autonomy. In the days before the Apocalypse, they are the last martial bellow of the dying Wyld, a primal force of nature. Fortunately the lupus of our Ice Pack have seen fit to deal with them for us. But, of course, this does not prevent individual Talons from challenging our rule when we violate their traditions. They have never completely forgiven us for our cessation of the Impergium.

Shadow Lords

If the Shadow Lords are the "dagger at our throats," it is one of iron, not silver. They twiddle their mustaches, entertain a philosophy of "villainy as a virtue" and scheme to take our rightful place as leaders of the Garou. They overestimate their power and cleverness. They underestimate our resolve and knowledge of their tricks. We know them of old.

The other tribes may have lost some respect for us over the centuries, but not enough for them to place their fates in the hands of these Wyrms-addled fools. The Lords underestimate and scorn the other tribes at every turn, viewing each as an enemy or a tool. How, then, do they think to win the tribes' loyalty if they overthrow us?

We can always depend on the Shadow Lords to seek a dishonorable advantage in times of crisis; they can always depend on us to send them scuttling back to their lairs. If the Silver Fangs fall, it will not be because of the likes of the Shadow Lords.

Having said all this, remember that even an iron dagger can cause pain. Never underestimate the Lords' propensity for deception. They, like us, are political creatures and not without resources. If a Shadow Lord speaks, question his motives — repeatedly. They are in a unique position to cause mischief, at least until we expose them once and for all.

Silent Striders

The Silent Striders know the Secret of Death, as we do. Perhaps they are our masters in this arena. They maintain far more of a presence in the Dark Umbra than we do, and know many more of its secrets. Death is part of Gaia's balance, and we understand the Striders better than most tribes do, in this regard at least.

Their mendicant nature takes them to the far corners of the Tellurian, making them one of our most experienced tribes. They have been both trusted councilors and pernicious gadflies. Despite their dark demeanors, they are dedicated enemies of the Wyrms; we need have no fear on this front at least.

Additionally, our House of the Wise Heart controls something which the Silent Striders desire: access to their

Egyptian homeland. Our spirit-allies, the Children of Karnak, guard the oldest known temple to Helios in that land. We are not without influence there. The lore we attempt to bring the Striders from Egypt ameliorates any jealousy they may have for our access to their native land. As the Apocalypse nears, Silent Strider presence is necessary to reawaken the lost secrets of the oldest Garou homelands.

Stargazers

The Stargazers have always maintained a distinct degree of freedom from our rule, more so than even the Striders, for who can govern the spirit? We are the Stargazers' spiritual brothers in many ways. Both our tribes wrestle with the high philosophies of morality: the paths of Helios and Luna.

Yet there has always been an unspoken jealousy in our tribe for their superiority in these spheres. What comes naturally to us because of celestial favor, they have learned through aptitude and rarefied spiritual experience. Many of them also have a serenity and peace of mind that we will never know. Disgusting, isn't it? Unshackled from the burdens of command, they have explored realms as disparate as philosophy, the martial arts and the Deep Umbra. We understand the Stargazers as well as any other tribe could, but they are still an enigma.

And, speaking of which...

Uktena

The Uktena are a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma. They are as elevated a tribe as the Stargazers or the Silent Striders, and almost as irascible as the Shadow Lords — an unfortunate combination. Thank Luna they have never turned their eye toward the crown.

Their main concern is the spiritual realm, a fact that makes them dangerous enough. They are highly secretive and generally rebuke any overtures we make to them. They acknowledge our leadership after a fashion, but seldom come under our sway, helping or harrying us as they see fit. There seems to be little evidence of Wyrms-taint on them, but then they may be adept at hiding such things. When push comes to shove, they usually cede to our authority. Watch, wait and try to cultivate the Uktena.

Wendigo

The Wendigo are extremely deadly when aroused. We learned that the hard way during the colonization of the New World. Ironically, they do not seem to hate us as much as many other European tribes do. Most of them really are what they appear to be: wise if somewhat tragic.

Despite their reputation as "Pure Ones," the Wendigo are not without faults or spiritual wounds. Their past defeats have left many of them bitter and full of Harano. Wyrms-toxins such as alcohol and tobacco are widespread among them. The Wendigo are honorable in their way, but this makes them no less dangerous to us. If they turn against us, their anger will surely be cold and unrelenting as the winters of our homeland.

The Others

The Kindred

Vampires are our natural enemies, and most serve the Wyrms. We will neither forgive nor forget their perfidy in Russia. Without question, these creatures are not to be trusted.

Unfortunately there are times when we, as leaders of the Garou, must meet with vampires on civilized terms. Despite their debased state, not all vampires are an equal threat to the Garou. We cannot afford to waste our strength against them all in useless melees when there are greater threats abroad. Most of our meetings with them are intended to establish territorial boundaries.

If you must deal with vampires, those called Ventrue are your best bet for a civilized discussion. I am loathe to call them our counterparts, but they are of the aristocracy and follow traditional rules of engagement. Many of them have some sort of honor code, but beware of the distinctions between a leech's honor and that of the Garou. Even an "honorable" vampire will construct a rationale to betray you if he thinks it serves his cause.

Mages

Look to the Triat if you want to fit the thousand-and-one mage factions into a familiar paradigm. Individual Namers draw their powers from many sources, but most fall into one of three major political categories. There are servitors of the Wyrms called the Nephandi. These Wyrms-mages have formed unwholesome alliances with the Black Spiral Dancers and are almost certainly a force behind our enemies in Pentex. They have harried our line for millennia. Our feelings toward them run a short spectrum from deep hatred to utter loathing.

The Technocracy is an extremely potent cabal of Weaver-magi. They are foes of the Nephandi and seek to employ the Weaver as a bulwark against the Wyrms. Unfortunately the Wyrms is adept at corrupting the Weaver. Can't they sense that they are building their own mausoleum? Their Weaver-spun, ultraconformist views also brand us, and other supernatural creatures, as "reality criminals." We do not fit their



antiseptic world view. Mages of this order seek to erase us from the Tellurian to enforce their notion of reality.

The third force in this triad represents the Wyld in so much as it is the “wild card” in the mage wars. These “Tradition” mages have varying agendas and powers, but some of them have been our allies in the past. The witches and shamans among them often prove to be friends of Gaia; some even travel the Umbra and ally with spirits, which implies they share some of the Mother’s grace.

The Restless

Neither I, nor anyone else in this tribe, would presume to speak for the Ivory Priesthood on this matter. Our tribe has more contact with the restless dead than any other except the Silent Striders, but still we know little. I think we have all felt the chill in the Penumbra when the Restless pass. The Apocalypse ripples through the Dark Umbra. Let’s leave it at that.

Changelings

In ages past we parleyed with the Seelie nobility, monarch to monarch; we rarely crossed swords, even in the worst of times. We can work with these people. Our best hope for reforming these ancient links lie with the Fianna. Several sidhe ambassadors recently visited King Albrecht’s caern. I am hopeful for a breakthrough.

Unfortunately, where there are Seelie, there are Unseelie. The Unseelie fae are twisted in spirit and often in form — yet they do not always stink of the Wyrms so much as the Wyld. Nevertheless, if you are familiar with Celtic mythology, the fae also battled an inimical race of monsters called the Fomorians. These creatures’ name and physiognomy are too close to the Wyrms’ fomori for comfort. If the Fianna know anything about this they are reticent to share it, and the Fianna that chooses restraint is enough of an oddity to worry me.



WILLIAM
KANE
FROSTEN

Приложение Первое: Царская Рука

The Silver Fangs draw on traditions almost as old as humanity itself. Their totem, Falcon, while remote and unknowable, is still more accessible than the totems of many other tribes. Falcon and his brood have become more active of late, reinvigorating the hard-pressed tribe. This section provides information on the Silver Fangs' tribal weaknesses, Abilities, Gifts, rites, Fetishes, Merits and Flaws.

Tribal Weaknesses

The first *Werewolf Tribebook* introduced an optional rule: Tribal Weaknesses. These are quirks that each member of a particular tribe possesses due to some characteristic of the tribe — in this case, the madness caused by the Silver Fangs' decline. These rules are completely optional, but can help draw a character's tribe more into focus. For additional rules on Tribal Weaknesses see the *Werewolf Storytellers Handbook* and other *Tribebooks*.

Derangement

Silver Fang blood is not as pure as it once was, perhaps due to years of inbreeding with limited numbers of Kinfolk. Each Silver Fang has a Derangement, regardless of the degree of Pure Breed she possesses. Metis sometimes possess multiple Derangements, but the Storyteller shouldn't force a player to take more than one Derangement as punishment for choosing a particular breed.

Generally speaking, when a Silver Fang is in a stressful situation, the Storyteller can call for her player to make a Willpower roll;

failure indicates that the Garou is overcome by her madness (usually for the duration of the scene). This is usually highly inconvenient for the werewolf, although it does make for prime roleplaying opportunities. If the player likes, she can spend a Willpower point to ignore the demands of her Derangement for a turn. The following is a list of sample Derangements; players and Storytellers are welcome to devise more.

Amnesia — The Garou forgets who she is in highly stressful or traumatic situations.

Ennui — The Garou with this Derangement bores easily and is often completely jaded. Not even the most intense emotions or events faze her.

Intellectualization — The Garou analyzes everything compulsively and blocks out as many emotions as possible. When the supernatural shatters this fragile world of facts, the rationalist loses all control. This Derangement is suffered predominantly by members of the Sun Lodge.

Isolation — The werewolf distances herself from her companions, becoming reticent and uncommunicative. She will not communicate with even her packmates in any fashion more complicated than a terse wave or surly grunt.

Manic-Depression — The manic-depressive suffers from wild mood swings ranging from total bliss to complete despair.

Multiple Personalities — The Garou has a number of different personalities and may switch his name as each come to the fore. Nature and Demeanor may also change during times of great stress. Some personalities may even behave as if

they belong to different tribes or auspices. Most Garou look on victims of this disorder more compassionately than humans do, perceiving it as a sign of Luna's touch.

Obsession — Garou with this Derangement tend to latch onto someone or something and the object becomes the focal point of life.

Paranoia — The Garou sees the Wyrms' influence in everything and wonders why others can't see it too. Perhaps the Wyrms have corrupted them as well...

Perfection — The perfectionist works hard to keep everything in her life precise at all times. She uses all of her energy to prevent things from going wrong and may frenzy if things don't go as she plans.

Power Madness — Garou with this Derangement must have control and dominance over others.

Regression — Garou with this Derangement tend to revert to childlike behavior during times of extreme stress.

Vengeful — If someone "wrongs" a Garou with this Derangement, he becomes obsessed with retribution.

Merits and Flaws

Notable Heritage (2 pt Garou Ties Merit)

You come from a distinguished family, even by Silver Fang standards. Your family epitomizes the high ideals of your tribe by word and deed. This is not Pure Breed; the noblest families may be of humble birth. Most Garou who know of your family respect it. You are at -1 difficulty to all Social rolls dealing with Garou who are aware of your family's reputation.

This Merit also confers noble titles on Silver Fangs from countries with monarchical traditions. In countries such as the United States, Garou may be members of the "first families," and are on all the social lists. This Merit does not confer any property. Few Garou still recognize the heraldic aspects of this Merit, but a title and noble family name go a long way toward impressing other monarchical groups in the World of Darkness (including the Ventrue, sidhe and Children of Karnak).

Hubris (3 pt Psychological Flaw)

Hubris is not just overconfidence, but overweening pride and arrogance. You view the "lesser tribes" with a haughty and judgmental stare. They, in return, are "jealous and petty" when dealing with you. You believe that you have a great destiny, that the Celestines blessed you upon birth. This may be true, but you are still a snob. Most Garou consider you an egotistical, self-centered elitist; even other Silver Fangs chastise you for your presumption. You suffer all the penalties of the Over-Confident Flaw (see *The Werewolf Players Guide*), but receive no points for that Flaw. What's more, your arrogance makes you unpopular and you suffer +2 difficulty on all Social rolls when dealing with "social inferiors."

Harano (5 pt Flaw)

Garou of any tribe may suffer from the dread associated with Harano, but Silver Fangs are particularly noted for carrying this great weight. Harano is an inexplicable gloom and inexpressible longing for unnamable things; some say it is caused by contemplation of Gaia's suffering. Garou who suffer from Harano are prone to depression, lassitude and sudden mood swings. They may not act at all or may explode into intense but ill-advised activity.

A player whose character suffers from Harano must make a Willpower roll each scene; if the roll fails, the Garou plunges into Harano. While a Silver Fang suffers from Harano, his perceptions are distorted, and all Dice Pools are reduced by one. If the Willpower roll botches, the character acquires a temporary Derangement (see below).

Those who suffer from Harano may also have moments of lucidity with the expenditure of a Willpower point. This lifts the gloom for as many hours as a character has permanent Willpower. Harano may also be dispelled with some Gifts (again, see below). Harano is not necessarily permanent — extraordinary Silver Fangs may free themselves from its grip after exceptional travails.

Some Garou believe that the Silver Fangs' burden of Harano is greater than others' because the Fangs in some way did more to cause Gaia's suffering than did the other tribes. Proposing such a theory is enough to provoke a violent response from some Fangs; most are wise enough to keep silent on this matter.

Abilities

Silver Fangs do not receive new Abilities, but the Storyteller may wish to apply an optional rule to reflect the Fangs' long traditions and practiced techniques of klaive-dueling.

Melee (Optional Fencing Rules)

The Silver Fang tribe possesses an unusually high number of klaives. Some of the world's greatest swordmasters are Silver Fangs, and have a fencing style uniquely their own. Some Western Fangs choose to use more slender klaives, while some Eastern Fangs use weapons with a slight curve to the blade. Still, most Fangs favor the traditional style of klaive and Grand Klaive that has endured for millennia.

Silver Fang tactics tend toward grand, sweeping thrusts, favoring offense over defense (-1 difficulty to all sword attacks, -1 die when parrying or dodging in hand-to-hand combat). If the Storyteller decides to allow this rule, the individual player decides whether her character uses this style.

Gifts

Silver Fangs receive their Gifts from a wide and somewhat eclectic array of sources. The spirit-teachers listed here are from *Werewolf: The Apocalypse* and *Axis Mundi: The Book of Spirits*.

General Gifts

• **Eye of the Falcon (Level One)** — This Gift allows the Garou to see long distances with the acuity of a falcon. It is taught by any of Falcon's brood.

System: All visual Perception, Alertness and long-range weapon rolls are at -1 difficulty. This Gift costs one Gnosis point per scene to use.

• **Ice Dance (Level One)** — The werewolf can move on ice and snow with supernatural grace and speed.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point to activate this Gift for one day. This is a Gift of balance; Philodox are especially adept at this art. All Dexterity rolls are -1 difficulty while on ice or snow (-2 for Philodox), and a Garou can run at normal speeds through even the deepest snow and on the slickest ice. A Philodox running on ice can double his normal speed. An Ice Elemental teaches this Gift.

• **Reason (Level Two)** — The Silver Fang who uses this Gift may temporarily free himself from Harano and Derangements. This Gift may also be used to partially defend against all sanity-endangering attacks. Examples of such attacks include the Galliard Gift: Headgames, the Malkavian Dementation Discipline and invasive uses of Mind magick. A Firebird-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player must spend a Gnosis point and roll Willpower (difficulty 7). The Garou overcomes all mental dysfunctions for a number of scenes equal to the number of successes rolled. All psychic attacks against the Garou's sanity are reduced by one die. If the player botches the roll, the character's dementia becomes painfully intense for a day.

• **Talons of Falcon (Level Three)** — This deadly Gift turns the Garou's claws into impaling weapons, allowing her to cut muscle, bone and sinew as if it were paper. Combined with the Gift: Razor Claws, this is a truly devastating attack. A falcon of the Great Flock teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and makes the usual Dexterity + Brawl roll to attack. The Garou makes a screeching sound like that of a bird of prey as she strikes. The attack does Strength +3 damage and all healing powers (such as Mother's Touch) are at +1 difficulty to treat the wound.

• **The Secret of Gaia (Level Five)** — When the Great White Wolf died to save Gaia, he learned her secrets. The nature of the actual "Secret of Gaia" is obscure, but few question that the Silver Fangs have a deep and ancient connection with the Earth Mother. This Gift is a powerful aspect of this relationship.

The Garou who uses this Gift becomes completely aware of her immediate vicinity in vivid detail. The Fang is aware of the area's topography, wildlife and the local spirit population. The Silver Fang also becomes aware of Gaia's condition in the area, but in a very general sense — Gaia is pained, feels trapped, whatever.

An avatar of Gaia teaches this Gift, but only to the worthy. Silver Fangs of any auspice may learn it, but it is most common among Theurges and those of House Wise Heart.

System: The Secret of Gaia is a more powerful version of the Theurge Gifts: Spirit Speech and Pulse of the Invisible. The player rolls Gnosis (difficulty 7) and spends one point of Gnosis to activate this Gift. The Garou becomes preternaturally aware of a one-mile radius for each success, almost becoming part of it. The Garou can automatically see into the Penumbra and all Perception rolls are at -3 difficulty. Furthermore, all local non-Wyrm spirits are well-disposed toward the character, granting +2 on all Social rolls involving them. Finally, one extra die is added to all Dice Pools (save those involving combat) while the Garou is in the higher state bestowed by this Gift.

The Gift's effects last one hour for each point of permanent Gnosis the Garou possesses. If the player botches the roll, the character becomes acutely aware of Gaia's agonies and succumbs to the most severe pangs of Harano for an entire scene.

Sun Lodge Gifts

These Gifts are restricted to members of the Sun Lodge and are not taught unless a Fang proves loyalty to the lodge with some particularly virtuous deed, or exhibits the virtues that the lodge upholds. Fangs who drift between lodges are not looked upon favorably, and are almost never taught these Gifts.

• **Truce of Helios (Level Two)** — Helios is, among other things, a spirit of reason and diplomacy. Garou who follow him are often skilled diplomats. This Gift helps ensure that the other side at least listens to the Garou's words. Helios is also an honorable Celestine; the Silver Fang may not use this Gift as a ruse to gain momentary advantages (gain time to set an ambush, for example). A Garou may learn this Gift from one of the Children of Karnak or from a Firebird-spirit.

System: The player must roll Charisma + Etiquette (difficulty 7). If successful, the Silver Fang negotiates under a spiritually enforced flag of truce. All those whom he negotiates with must make Willpower rolls (difficulty 9, two successes needed) to attack the Garou. The truce lasts one hour for each success rolled. If the Silver Fang breaks the words of the truce, the effects of the Gift end and will never work on the same target again. Additionally, the Silver Fang loses three points of temporary Honor. This Gift costs a Gnosis point to use.

• **Honor Pact (Level Three)** — The Honor Pact is another Gift of diplomacy. All participants must enter into the pact willingly. Those who participate exchange blood (most often by cutting their palms open) and swear oaths to Falcon. Spiritual bonds connect participants, and they may not work against each other's interests in any way. (The Storyteller has final say in what constitutes this edict.) Packmates bound by this oath are highly resistant to the tendrils of the Defiler Wyrm. The Children of Karnak teach this Gift.

System: Three temporary Gnosis points must be spent by each participant, while four must be spent by the user of this Gift. The players must also make a Charisma + Rituals roll (difficulty 7).

Previous rivalries or differences between pactmakers are greatly lessened, reducing the difficulties of all Social rolls among themselves by -2. All attempts by agents of the Defiler Wyrn to corrupt those under an Honor Pact are at +2 difficulty. Garou who invoke this Gift but who frequently squabble or fight destroy the Gift's effects over time.

The effects of the Gift last forever or until a participant breaks faith. The person who does so suffers five Health Levels of aggravated damage (as he is rent by the spirit-talons of Falcon), and is marked as an oath-breaker (as the Stone of Scorn rite).

Moon Lodge Gifts

Moon Lodge Gifts embody the different aspects of Luna's personality. They represent both the waxing and waning cycles of the moon, and delve deeper into Luna's mysteries with each Rank. The Gifts listed here represent a waning cycle, with the Rank 1 Ahroun Gift at the lowest level of power and the Rank 5 Ragabash Gift at the highest. There are also reverse (waxing) cycles of Moon Lodge Gifts, with appropriate Rank 1 Ragabash and Rank 5 Ahroun Gifts. (This book doesn't contain such a cycle; the Storyteller is free to create a waxing cycle with Gifts of appropriate levels.) Waxing and waning Theurge and Galliard Gifts alternate between Ranks 2 and 4 depending on the cycle, while the half-moon Philodox Gift is always Rank 3. (Thus a waxing cycle would be Ragabash 1, Theurge 2, Philodox 3, Galliard 4 and Ahroun 5.)

Garou of any auspice may learn any of these Moon Lodge Gifts, but lose one die from their Dice Pool when activating Gifts intended for other auspices.

- **Full Moon Cleansing (Ahroun, Level One)** — This Gift allows the Garou to shake off Harano by overpowering it with Rage. (The Gift does not dispel Derangements.) Many Silver Fang Ahroun learn this Gift, regardless of lodge. Blood-warrior spirits teach this Gift. To learn it, the Garou must kill the spirit in ritual combat and then burn it in an Umbral fire, smearing herself with its ashes.

System: The player must spend one point of Rage and make a Rage roll (difficulty 7) for the character to activate this Gift. The Gift's effects last for one scene.

- **Gibbous Moon Song (Galliard, Level Two)** — When used by Fangs of other auspices, this Gift makes the Garou more adept at social situations. It makes Galliards loquacious and silver-tongued in the extreme. Galliard moon-dancers who use this Gift draw upon the moon's mysteries to cast complementary light on their every action. The Galliard naturally draws people's attention. A "social Gaffling" of the Great Green Cheese Spirit (a traditional Bone Gnawer ally) teaches this Gift. This fact is scandalous to most Silver Fangs.

System: To learn this Gift, the Garou must best the spirit in a word contest (Wits + Enigmas, difficulty 8). The player spends a point of Gnosis for the Garou to use this Gift. All Social Skills are -1 difficulty for the duration of the scene. Galliards who use this Gift are -3 difficulty on all Social rolls.

- **Half-Moon Mnemonics (Level Three)** — Luna's Philodox aspect is the teacher of ways and the keeper of memories. The Garou who learns this Gift may recall any moment with crystal clarity, freezing it forever in her mind. The Garou may then study the moment at her leisure, coming at it from almost any angle. Silver Fang Philodox are forever replaying captured memories, and thus seem especially distant to others. A Sea-spirit teaches this Gift; the Garou hears indistinct water-spirit voices throughout her training. Ideally, the Silver Fang stares into water when using this Gift to recall a memory.

System: The player must spend one point of Gnosis for the character to "photograph" a moment, and must make a Wits + Alertness roll, difficulty 6. If the Garou attempts to access the memory later, the player must make an Intelligence + Occult roll (difficulty 7; 5 when the Fang is looking into water). A botch means the image disappears forever, leaving an actual hole in the Garou's memory. A Fang may have no more memories "on file" than her permanent Gnosis score, but may "dump" unwanted images at will.

- **Crescent Moon Fata (Level Four)** — Garou with this Gift can examine the tapestry of fate itself, carefully discerning individual threads to learn something of an object's past or destiny.

System: To learn this Gift, a Garou must best a potent spider or firefly Jaggling of Moira (a moon Incarna). The challenge is usually a contest of arcane game-craft (Wits + Occult or Enigmas; difficulty 9; 7 for Theurges). If the roll is botched, the Jaggling becomes offended and leaves, stealing three temporary Gnosis in the process.

The player must make a Perception + Enigmas roll (difficulty 5) and spend a point of Gnosis to activate this Gift. The Garou sees one "thread" per success. The Storyteller should be inventive, though somewhat cryptic, in relating visions of fate. The Garou may see the fate of a given person, place or thing. (A Garou with four successes could apply one thread to four separate targets, or all four threads to one target.) The Garou may see into the past or future (character's choice); to see into both, two threads must be applied to the same target. A thread grows indistinct the further it stretches into the past or future. How far the Garou sees depends on how many successes are applied in either direction. One success allows him to see several hours into the past or a few minutes into the future. Five successes applied in a single direction may allow the Garou to see several days into the future or hundreds of years into the past.

- **New Moon Legerdemain (Level Five)** — This no-moon Gift represents Luna's deepest mysteries. Garou who invoke this Gift attract and command dozens of invisible, minor trickster spirits (strangelings, chimaera and Wyldlings). The creatures dance maddeningly around the Garou in the Penumbra, protecting her from harm, but causing consternation among those in the area. The spirits play tricks on everyone around them, saving their most dangerous pranks for the Garou's enemies. However, the nature of this Gift only allows the spirits to be summoned at night.

System: An avatar of Luna herself teaches this Gift, and learning it puts a Garou in Luna's service forever. Only Garou who perform a great service in Gaia's name may learn this Gift. It costs a permanent point of Gnosis to learn, and the spirits it attracts stay with the Garou until she dies. Although the spirits generally like "their Garou," they do not always listen to her orders and may even play minor pranks on her. (Furthermore, those who fail to keep their spirits in line may suffer penalties to Social rolls.) Keeping one's spirits under control should be roleplayed, but should not interfere too much with the game.

The spirits are semidormant most of the time, playing only the occasional halfhearted prank. They become genuinely active during a New Moon or when the Garou wishes it. To awaken the spirits requires a Gnosis roll (difficulty 6), and the player must spend one Gnosis point. The spirits awaken for one night per success. The Garou may also put them back to sleep until needed again with the expenditure of another Gnosis point and with another roll (two successes are needed).

When activated, mischievous spirits beset all the Garou's enemies in a 25-foot radius, pinching and tripping them. All rolls made by the Garou's enemies are at +2 difficulty, and their Dice Pools are reduced by two. The spirits can also steal one item from one enemy in a given battle, as long as that enemy is in the Umbra. The nature of the item is completely random (Storyteller's discretion), but usually of

little worth. The creatures may or may not show their treasures to their Garou, depending on how they regard her.

Some powerful creatures (Jagglings or Incarna) may temporarily disperse a Garou's spirits by spending Gnosis. Otherwise, the spirits fade away completely during the day.

Rites

Rite of the Honorable Oath (Honor)

Level One

A somewhat less potent version of the Gift: Honor Pact, this rite allows the Garou to swear a binding oath of allegiance to another being. The ceremony involves the Silver Fang swearing to perform a single task, while giving a small but valued item to the recipient. (The player also spends a Gnosis point).

If the Silver Fang keeps her word and attempts to fulfill the mission to the best of her abilities, she gains four points of Honor, regardless of the mission's success. Failure to diligently pursue the oath destroys the item and results in the loss of two permanent Honor points. Most Garou know about this rite and are far more apt to trust a Silver Fang who takes it. Pressing a Fang to do so is very bad form (-2 temporary Honor for asking).

The recipient of the oath *should* return the object undamaged to the Silver Fang upon successful completion of the mission.



Enter Dark Umbra (Mystical)

Level Three

Only a Death's Breath-spirit may teach this rite, and only Silent Striders and members of the Ivory Priesthood may practice it. To perform the rite, the priest must purge himself of all sins and Harano. (This usually requires a day of fasting and meditation.) During the day of purification the Garou must also contemplate the thought of dying.

The player spends a Gnosis point and makes a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) or the character risks plunging into a deep death-obsessed Harano for the rest of the scene. If the roll is successful, the Garou sees a Death's Breath-spirit around twilight and must let it breathe into his mouth. The Garou feels an icy-cold chill shoot through his being. The Garou may now enter the Dark Umbra (also known as the Shadowlands; see **Wraith: The Oblivion**) and appears as a dark patch in the Penumbra. The Garou may stay there until the next morning.

Talens

Death Dust

Gnosis 6

This is the same Death Dust as described in **Werewolf: The Apocalypse**, but in the hands of a member of the Ivory Priesthood its power increases greatly. When an acolyte of death sprinkles the dust over a recently dead body (up to a week old), she can not only speak with the dead spirit, but can force it to speak truthfully. The player rolls the Talen's Gnosis (difficulty 6) versus the spirit's Gnosis (or Pathos if you have **Wraith: The Oblivion**).

Falcon Arrows

Gnosis 6

These arrows are tipped with silver and fletched with falcon feathers. All Archery rolls made with them are -1 difficulty. Despite their silver tips, these arrows cost the archer no Gnosis penalty to carry.

Luna's Bullets

Gnosis 5

These are normal silver bullets that are bathed in the ephemera of Falling Star-spirits. Luna's Bullets have been made for almost every type of gun in existence, though .38- and .45-caliber ammunition is the most common. Such bullets are slightly warm to the touch. Unlike normal silver items, these are a small burden on a Garou's Gnosis. The Garou may carry up to six bullets before suffering a Gnosis penalty. (The penalty is -1 Gnosis for every two bullets over six, rounded up.)

Totems

Merlin (Totem of Respect)

Background Cost: 4

Merlin is not the largest of hawks, but he is still swift and fierce. He is something of an underdog's champion among totems, counseling that the greatest in size are not always the greatest in spirit. Merlin responds well to courage, and encourages his followers to strike intelligently rather than ferociously.

Traits: Followers of Merlin gain +3 Brawl and +2 Dodge when confronting enemies larger than themselves. They may also call on three extra Willpower points per story.

Ban: Merlin's Children may never kill birds of prey, or their spirits. Even Wyrms-tainted raptors must be caught and purified if at all possible.

Wyvern (Totem of War)

Background Cost: 5

The serpentine Wyvern is sometimes a herald of war and unrest, warning of approaching trouble. He despises the Wyrms greatly, and is not above using dirty tactics when doing battle with corruption. Many Silver Fangs consider Wyvern to be a somewhat savage totem, but his guidance is often popular among young, angry Fangs.

Traits: Wyvern's Children receive +2 Alertness, +2 Primal-Urge and learn the Gifts: Sight from Beyond and Call of the Wyld.

Ban: Wyvern hates seeing caerns defiled, and charges his followers to defend caerns whenever asked, even if the sacred sites belong to rival tribes or other Changing Breeds. Wyvern's followers may never "liberate" caerns from "lesser shapeshifters."

Heron (Totem of Wisdom)

Background Cost: 5

Heron is an curious spirit, and her long beak is often probing into affairs that others would like to keep quiet. She is graceful and wise, and chooses only packs that exemplify her standards of purity, elegance and inquisitiveness.

Traits: Heron's Children receive one point of Wisdom. They also gain +3 Enigmas, and may add three dice to any Dice Pool that involves cleansing or purifying something or someone in Gaia's name (the Rite of Cleansing, for instance). Finally, Heron teaches her followers the Gift: Open Seal.

Ban: Heron requests that her followers discover and lay bare secrets at least once a moon. These secrets must be revealed to the entire sept at least, and must also be of some importance — discovering a Kinfolk's secret infatuation is of little import, but revealing a vampire's savings account number might suffice.

Приложение Второе: Знатные Князи

True nobility is exempt from fear.
— Shakespeare, *Henry VI*

As diverse as members of any other tribe, Silver Fangs share a bond of blood, nobility and madness. Most are marked by an ingrained sense of superiority, as they are by an aura of power and confidence. Even those tribes that fear and distrust the Fangs reluctantly admit to a feeling of awe in their presence. When an imperious Silver Fang matter-of-factly speaks of her tribe's favor with Gaia and duty to their "subjects," even the most cynical Bone Gnawer may feel a twinge of abiding respect.

But although the Silver Fang elders are typically the very picture of solemn regality, it is the cubs who are the lifeblood of the tribe. Every inch as noble as their forebears, the young Silver Fangs are in addition filled with a vitality all too rare among their elders. Not yet shackled by the Sisyphean weight of Harano, still mostly lucid of mind and spirit, the cliaths of Falcon's tribe bring a vivacity to their tasks that awes their elders. They are the hope of their tribe, the last chance for the Fangs' revitalization. Theirs is a responsibility almost beyond measure, but the young nobles will do no less than accept their duty.

Monkeywrencher Terrorist

Quote: Did you hear about the bombing at our Manchester plant? Shocking! When will this horrible "monkeywrenching" end?

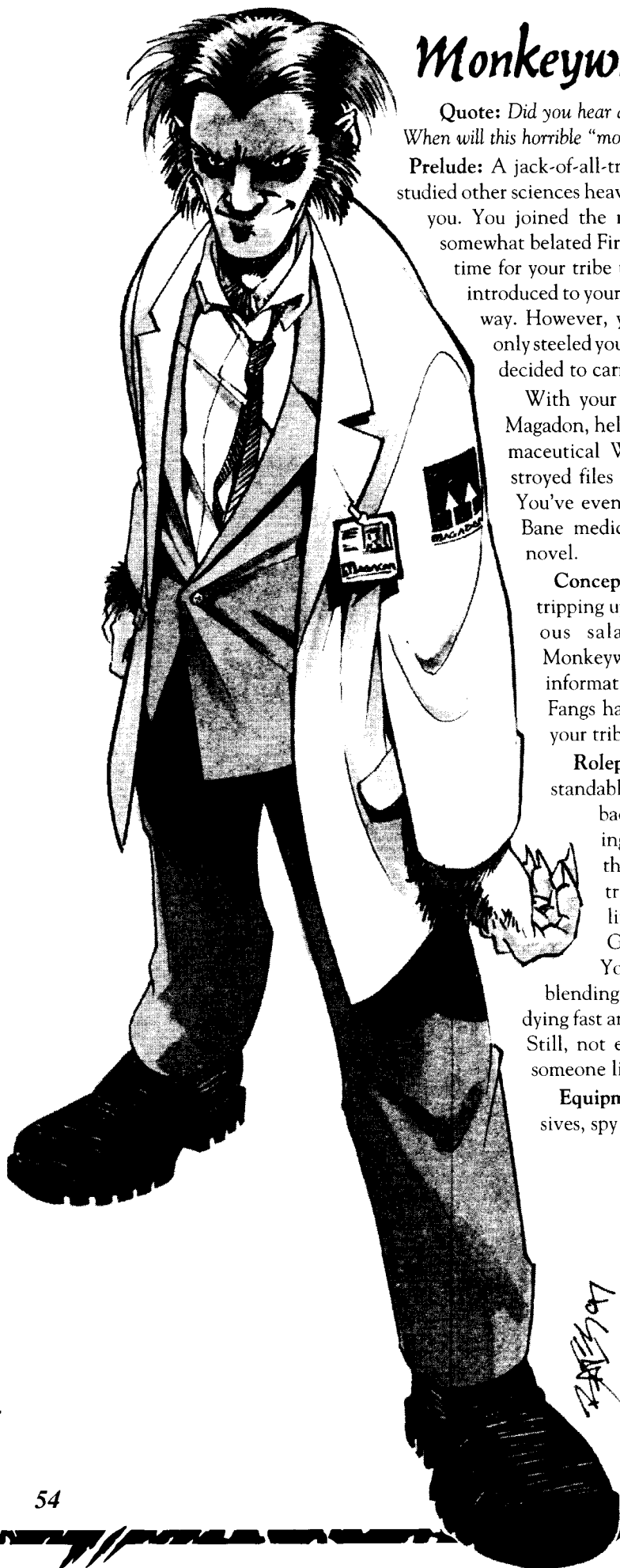
Prelude: A jack-of-all-trades, you earned a senior degree in chemistry and studied other sciences heavily before deciding that the academic life wasn't for you. You joined the navy shortly afterward, where you experienced a somewhat belated First Change while in port in Argentina. It took some time for your tribe to recover you, and before you were even formally introduced to your Uncle, you'd already learned about Pentex the hard way. However, your foul experiences with the Wyrms-corporation only steeled your resolve, and not long after your Rite of Passage, you decided to carry the war to its source.

With your science background it was easy to land a job at Magadon, helping to churn out the never-ending stream of pharmaceutical Wyrms-disease. Since joining you have spied, destroyed files and planted bombs in two high-priority facilities. You've even arranged to introduce cleansing spirits into some Bane medicines. Medicine that actually helps people? How novel.

Concept: You're currently playing a dangerous game, quietly tripping up Pentex while taking full advantage of their generous salary and excellent benefits program. Your Monkeywrencher allies get quite a bit of use out of the information you feed them. Risky? Who cares! The Silver Fangs have been dead weight long enough. It's about time your tribe got off its silver-plated arse and got to work.

Roleplaying Hints: So you're a little obsessed; it's understandable. Pentex is just a big world-devouring corporation backed by alien entities from the Deep Umbra. Nothing to get "obsessed" about there. The Fangs may have the history, but from your vantage point several other tribes are doing a lot more to hit the Wyrms where it lives. Hell, you've known Glass Walkers, even Bone Gnawers who have done more than most Silver Fangs. Your blood may be blue, but you try to downplay this, blending in with the crowd. The Silver Fang aristocracy is dying fast and being replaced by Wyrms-fetid corporate tyranny. Still, not even the greatest corporate entity can stand with someone like you chopping away at it. Timber!

Equipment: Chemistry set, .45-caliber pistol, plastic explosives, spy camera, portable shredder



(CCC) - SILVER FANGS - (CCC)

Name:
Lodge: *Sun*
Camp: *Renewal*

Breed: *Homid*
Auspice: *Ragabash*
House: *Austere Howl*

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Corporate Spy*

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●●○○○	Perception	●●○○○
Dexterity	●●○○○	Manipulation	●●○○○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●○○○	Appearance	●○○○○	Wits	●●○○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●○○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Computer	●●○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Drive	●●○○○	Enigmas	○○○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Investigation	●●○○○
Dodge	○○○○○	Firearms	●●○○○	Law	●○○○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Linguistics	●○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	○○○○○	Repair	●●○○○	Politics	●○○○○
Streetwise	●●○○○	Stealth	●○○○○	Rituals	●○○○○
Subterfuge	●●○○○	Survival	●○○○○	Science <i>Chemistry</i>	●●○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts		Gifts	
<i>Allies</i>	●○○○○	<i>Eye of the Falcon</i>	_____	_____	_____
<i>Contacts</i>	●●○○○	<i>Open Seal</i>	_____	_____	_____
<i>Pure Breed</i>	●●○○○	<i>Persuasion</i>	_____	_____	_____
<i>Resources</i>	●●○○○	_____	_____	_____	_____
<i>Rites</i>	●○○○○	_____	_____	_____	_____

Renown

<i>Glory</i>									
●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□
<i>Honor</i>									
○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□
<i>Wisdom</i>									
●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□

Rank

Rage

●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□

Gnosis

●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□

Willpower

●	●	●	●	○	○	○	○	○	○
□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□	□

Health

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

Weakness

DERANGEMENT:
Obsession

Angel of Death

Quote: *Field Report (August 17): The fomor took over three hours to die. The Wyrms' presence diminished remarkably during the last 20 minutes before death. Interesting....*

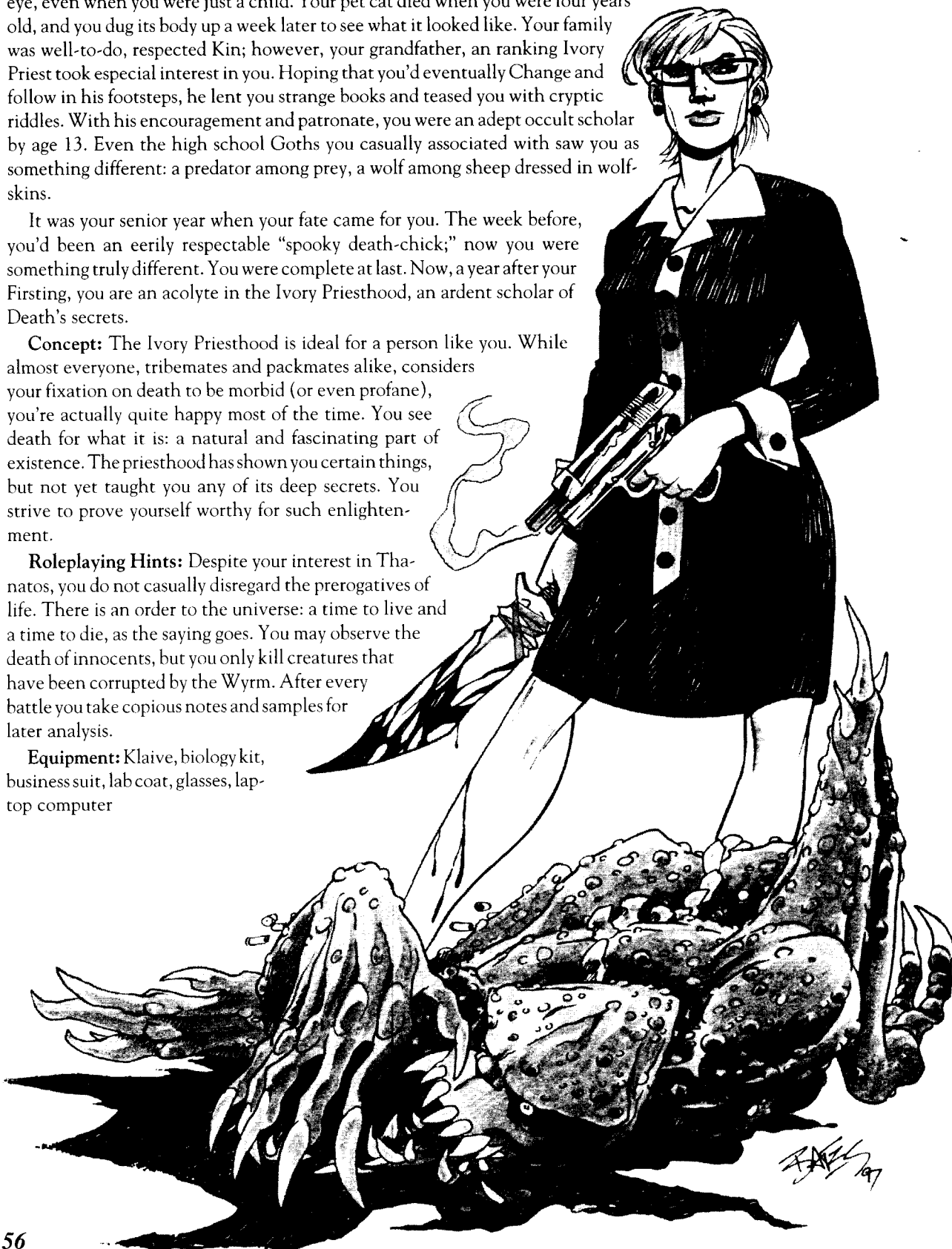
Prelude: Death always seemed to whisper to you from just beyond the corner of your eye, even when you were just a child. Your pet cat died when you were four years old, and you dug its body up a week later to see what it looked like. Your family was well-to-do, respected Kin; however, your grandfather, an ranking Ivory Priest took especial interest in you. Hoping that you'd eventually Change and follow in his footsteps, he lent you strange books and teased you with cryptic riddles. With his encouragement and patronage, you were an adept occult scholar by age 13. Even the high school Goths you casually associated with saw you as something different: a predator among prey, a wolf among sheep dressed in wolf-skins.

It was your senior year when your fate came for you. The week before, you'd been an eerily respectable "spooky death-chick;" now you were something truly different. You were complete at last. Now, a year after your Firsting, you are an acolyte in the Ivory Priesthood, an ardent scholar of Death's secrets.

Concept: The Ivory Priesthood is ideal for a person like you. While almost everyone, tribemates and packmates alike, considers your fixation on death to be morbid (or even profane), you're actually quite happy most of the time. You see death for what it is: a natural and fascinating part of existence. The priesthood has shown you certain things, but not yet taught you any of its deep secrets. You strive to prove yourself worthy for such enlightenment.

Roleplaying Hints: Despite your interest in Thanatos, you do not casually disregard the prerogatives of life. There is an order to the universe: a time to live and a time to die, as the saying goes. You may observe the death of innocents, but you only kill creatures that have been corrupted by the Wyrms. After every battle you take copious notes and samples for later analysis.

Equipment: Klaive, biology kit, business suit, lab coat, glasses, laptop computer



(CCC) - SILVER FANGS - (CCC)

Name:
Lodge: *Moon*
Camp: *Ivory Priesthood*

Breed: *Homid*
Auspice: *Theurge*
House: *Gleaming Eye*

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Theurge Duelist*

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●●○	Charisma	●●○○○	Perception	●●○○○
Dexterity	●●●●○	Manipulation	●○○○○	Intelligence	●●●○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●●○○	Wits	●●●○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Computer	●○○○○
Athletics	●●●○○	Drive	○○○○○	Enigmas	●○○○○
Brawl	●●●○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Investigation	●○○○○
Dodge	●○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Law	○○○○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Linguistics	○○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Melee	●●●○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	●●○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Occult <i>Thanatology</i>	●●●○○
Primal-Urge	●●○○○	Repair	○○○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	●●○○○	Rituals	○○○○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Science <i>Neurology</i>	●●●○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts		Gifts	
<i>Fetish</i>	●●●○○	<i>Eye of the Falcon</i>	_____		_____
<i>Pure Breed</i>	●●●○○	<i>Persuasion</i>	_____		_____
<i>Resources</i>	●●●○○	<i>Sense Wyrn</i>	_____		_____
<i>Rites</i>	●○○○○		_____		_____
	○○○○○		_____		_____

Renown

Glory

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rage

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised

Hurt -1

Injured -1

Wounded -2

Mauled -2

Crippled -5

Incapacitated

Willpower

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Weakness

DERANGEMENT:
Intellectualization

Rank

Ice Dancer

Quote: *Have you ever seen a vampire try to fight on ice? It's really quite funny.*

Prelude: You were born in the countryside of Quebec. Your father was a Vietnamese-Canadian Stargazer; your mother, a French-Canadian Fang Philodox, making you metis in both senses of the word. Your mother brought you up in her tribe's traditions, and taught you Silver Fang rituals until those vampire bastards killed her during a raging ice-storm. You have since spent your life walking the edges between the many strange influences of your life. You walk between cultures — East and West, human and wolf — with equal facility.

You assumed your tribal duties almost out of desire to escape the burning hatred you hold for vampires. You learned the joys of athletics at an early age; fencing and skating were your favorites, and now you don't even need to wear skates anymore. Many believe you will be a paramount keeper of the ways one day, just like your mother. Yes, you are metis — but even that can be forgiven.

Concept: As a young field operative for the tribe's judiciary, it is your duty to ensure that the Garou obey the laws of Gaia and Helios. Some Garou from other tribes may consider you

the “heavy hand of Silver Fang tyranny,” but you are far more stringent about enforcing the law among Silver Fangs. One must put one's own house in order first. You do act capriciously at times, especially where vampires are concerned. Few Garou dare to go into vampire-ridden Montreal, but you have. Let the hunt begin.

Roleplaying Hints: You usually speak and act in a friendly but reserved manner, and are precise in dress and comportment. You are prepared for violence, but typically strive to accomplish things in a civilized manner. You are usually methodical and precise in your calculations, rarely making errors.

But when the ice coats the city (as it did on that night long ago), you become another person. When the world is sheathed in ice, your blood burns with a lust for revenge.

The world slows to a crawl — cars, people, vampires. You move through this stop-motion world as a silver blur.

The tribal elders continue to caution you about your obsession. They predict your doom if you continue your war — but when the ice falls you cannot hear their words.

Equipment: Ice skates, klaive, mother's Falcon pendant

Metis Deformity: Bestial Reflection



(CC) - SILVER Fangs™ - (CC)

Name:
Lodge: *Moon*
Camp: *None*

Breed: *Metis*
Auspice: *Philodox*
House: *Blood Red Crest*

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Edgewalker*

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

Alertness _____ 00000
Athletics *Skating* ●●●●●
Brawl _____ 00000
Dodge _____ 00000
Empathy _____ 00000
Expression _____ 00000
Intimidation _____ 00000
Primal-Urge _____ ●0000
Streetwise _____ ●0000
Subterfuge _____ 00000

Skills

Animal Ken _____ 00000
Drive _____ 00000
Etiquette _____ ●●●●●
Firearms _____ 00000
Leadership _____ ●0000
Melee _____ ●●●●●
Performance _____ ●0000
Repair _____ 00000
Stealth _____ ●●●●●
Survival _____ ●●●●●

Knowledges

Computer _____ 00000
Enigmas _____ ●●●●●
Investigation _____ 00000
Law _____ 00000
Linguistics _____ ●●●●●
Medicine _____ 00000
Occult _____ ●0000
Politics _____ 00000
Rituals _____ ●●●●●
Science _____ 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

Fetish _____ ●●●●●
Pure Breed _____ ●●●●●
Rites _____ ●0000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000

Gifts

Create Element _____
Ice Dance _____
Sense Wurm _____

Gifts

Renown

Glory
●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor

●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom

●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Rank

□□□□□□□□□□

Rage

●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Weakness

DERANGEMENT:
Vengeful

Blue Blood Manipulator

Quote: *What? You say Count Voight is really a vampire and you want me to help kill him? It sounds diverting.*

Prelude: Born at the heart of the tribe's European aristocracy, you grew up with every advantage. Yours was a world of very private schools and careful etiquette lessons; there you and your fellow Kinfolk students heard endless lectures on the great and glorious history of the Silver Fangs. Even so, you were uninspired. All the talk of past victories bored you beyond reason. You prayed every day that you would make the change, that you would become Garou, so you could get out and say goodbye to every last inbred one of them.

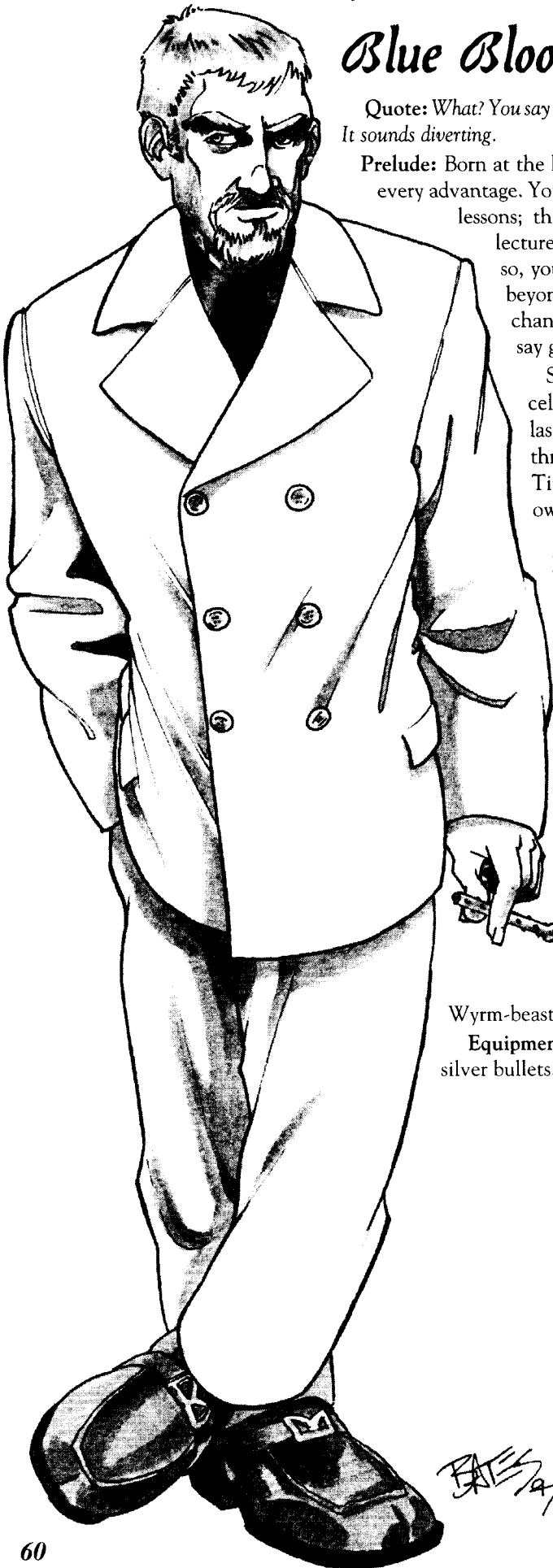
Someone answered your prayers. Your First Change was celebrated throughout your family, but the enthusiasm didn't last forever. You soon displayed a certain lack of follow-through, a most depressing character trait for a stubborn tribe. Tired of the disappointed stares of your Kin, you set out on your own to find something more stimulating.

Concept: Your family tree goes back almost as far as the Progenitor Wolf; Silver Fang blood doesn't get much more pure than yours. Someone with your breeding should be a warrior-hero of Gaia, but your parents were always disappointed by your performance. You've discovered that your greatest talent was manipulating other people to fulfill your needs. You have enough money to last a dozen lifetimes, so you travel distractedly around the world, looking for excitement that appeals to your jaded palate.

Roleplaying Hints: Your moral lapses make you something of an outcast in your house, but there are people in other tribes who are always happy to do things for you. With your looks and breeding, few people question your motives or competence. Despite your lack of "moral rectitude," you are careful to avoid compromise to the Wurm. Boredom and ennui are one thing; being eaten by a

Wurm-beast is quite another.

Equipment: Custom suit, jeweled cigarette holder, .45 automatic with silver bullets, passport



(CCC) - SILVER FANGS™ - (CCC)

Name:
Lodge: *Sun*
Camp: *Royalists*

Breed: *Homid*
Auspice: *Galliard*
House: *Gleaming Eye*

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Bored Aristocrat*

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●○○○○	Charisma	●●○○○	Perception	●●○○○
Dexterity	●●○○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●●○○
Stamina	●●○○○	Appearance	●●●○○	Wits	●●●○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	○○○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Drive	○○○○○	Enigmas	○○○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Etiquette	●●●○○	Investigation	○○○○○
Dodge	●●○○○	Firearms	●●○○○	Law	●●●○○
Empathy	●●○○○	Leadership	●●○○○	Linguistics	○○○○○
Expression	●●○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	●●○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	○○○○○	Repair	○○○○○	Politics	●●○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	●○○○○	Rituals	○○○○○
Subterfuge	●●○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts		Gifts	
<i>Allies</i>	●●○○○	<i>Lambent Flame</i>	_____	_____	_____
<i>Contacts</i>	●●●○○	<i>Mindspeak</i>	_____	_____	_____
<i>Pure Breed</i>	●●●○○	<i>Persuasion</i>	_____	_____	_____
<i>Resources</i>	●●●○○	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	○○○○○	_____	_____	_____	_____

Renown

Glory

● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

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Honor

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□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom

● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rage

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised

Hurt -1

Injured -1

Wounded -2

Mauled -2

Crippled -5

Incapacitated

Willpower

● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Weakness

DERANGEMENT:
Ennui

Rank

Russian Resistance Guerrilla

Quote: *The land screams beneath the Old One's blackness. Prepare for a slow death, Wyrms creature.*

Prelude: This has always been a place for wolves. You were born on the icy tundra, and cared for by the pack. As you grew, you learned that your pack was but one of many, all carefully avoiding one another's territory — but despite the potential competition, you usually ate well. The alpha of your pack was a strong, almost impossibly intelligent wolf, and it was she who watched you change under the light of the full moon.

Now you have joined your true pack, the one you were meant for. Like every generation before you, you lope across the icy tundra of Siberia, scouring Mother Gaia clean of the Wyrms. Not once have you questioned your purpose — the land is the land, and must be protected. You could not imagine compromising this.

Concept: The humans in your tribe call your pack a "house," but then they have so many strange ways. You recognize that you are different from most of the other lupus Garou; your white fur alone marks you as the chosen of Gaia. Still, on the Wyld paths, there is little room for the human ways of rank. The word of your pack's alpha is authority enough for you. You listen to what the Red Talons and the other wolf-Garou say, and they in turn acknowledge your pack's place in the Wyld. So it is, so it has always been.

Roleplaying Hints: The freezing northern winds blow through your thick coat, but you are not cold. The moon's light turns the snow beneath your feet into a thousand pinpricks of light. This must have been how the old ones felt, when a wolf could run for an entire season without seeing sign of Wyrms or Weaver. Now these forces choke the Wyld beneath a blanket of poison and concrete. But not unchallenged. You run with your pack and the Red Talons, killing the Wyrms wherever you find it.

Equipment: Nothing.



(CCC) - SILVER FANGS - (CCC)

Name:
Lodge: *None*
Camp: *None*

Breed: *Lupus*
Auspice: *Ahroun*
House: *The Ice Pack*

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Avenger of Gaiu*

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 _____ ●●●●●
Past Life _____ ●●●●●
Pure Breed _____ ●●●●●
_____ 00000
_____ 00000

Gifts
Full Moon Cleansing _____
Heightened Senses _____
Razor Claws _____
Sense Wyrn _____

Gifts

Renown

Glory
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rank
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rage

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

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

Weakness

DERANGEMENT:
Isolation

Приложение Третье: Серебряное Войско

Despite what any others may think of them, the Silver Fangs have always been a tribe of champions. Nobility is their food and drink; responsibility is their *raison d'etre*. Even the lowliest Ragabash of the tribe can trace his ancestry back to martyrs, kings and heroes — such is the regal bloodline of the Silver Fangs.

Silver Fang Galliards have perhaps the heaviest duty among the Moon Dancers of the tribes; theirs is the unenviable task of recounting the deeds of almost innumerable tribal heroes. Grimfang, Jacob Morningkill, Tsarevich Nikolai, Loba Carcassone, White-Sky-Rising, Katarina Thousand-Howl, Daniel Heartshire, Riva Sun's Daughter — these are but a few of the names that stir awe and inspiration in the hearts of Fang cubs.

It naturally follows that with such high tribal standards, it becomes all the more difficult to stand out from one's fellows and forebears. The struggle for Renown is foremost in the minds of many Silver Fangs — and yet the greatest rulers and most tragic heroes have sometimes arisen with never a thought for their own glory. These first among lords are often driven by a sense of duty they could not explain if asked, but that the wisest elders always recognize.

The following Silver Fangs are champions among champions, or notably touchy subjects in the chants of the Moon Dancers. One way or another, they have distinguished themselves from the illustrious ranks of their tribemates. The Garou that is noteworthy among Silver Fangs is noteworthy indeed.



Felix Yusupov

Although Kinfolk and not truly a Silver Fang, Felix Yusupov has nonetheless earned a certain fame of his own, much to the embarrassment of his tribe. The young aristocrat was married to Tsar Nicholas II's niece, the Princess Irina, and wished to serve the tribe by killing the advisor Rasputin, whom he suspected of being a Wyrmpawn. History records that he lured Rasputin into a trap by promising him an interview with Irina. Yusupov had to both poison and shoot the mad monk before he died, and threw the man's body into the icy Neva River. Yusupov escaped execution for the deed because he was too popular (and well-protected). The tsar banished him to his home estates in South Russia.

The Russian poet, Alexander Blok, marveled that the bullet that killed Rasputin was "fired not by a revolutionary, but by a crypto-fascist and a fop." Historians also note that Yusupov was a cross-dresser. Silver Fangs bristle at such "perceived" eccentricities. What should have been a Silver Fang victory has become something of an embarrassment for the tribe. The fact that there are at least two vampires and a mage who claim to be Rasputin haunting the World of Darkness further compounds this embarrass-

Yuri and Sophia Tvarivich

Of all the heroes of old Russia, perhaps the best known are these brother and sister Silver Fang warriors. As rulers of the Crescent Fang, the two protected all who were true to them. The Garou, and hence the Rus, prospered under their wise and just reign. They slew all the great Wyrmpoes of their time, and few dared oppose them.

One day word of the Wyrmdragon, Sharkala the Cruel, came to the siblings. The Zmei killed all about it, laying waste to Mother Russia. Leading a pack with members from several tribes, Yuri and Sophia hunted the dragon, with the aid of the vampire, Durga Syn. Finding the Zmei, they struck at it with fang and claw, but the dragon, in its death throws, bit back and killed the two nobles. Their bodies were burned and their ashes thrown to the Russian winds, scattering their spirit and fame throughout the world.





tribes quietly accorded honor to their fallen, and spoke no more of the happenings in the West. The tales of their heroes of the time were carefully learned by a few Moon Dancers in the sept, so that none would forget. But in the Garou's pride, these stories were not told to more than a handful of Galliards out of the following generations, and so the true tale of Isaiah Morningkill's deeds remains a shameful secret among the proud Silver Fangs.

Collette Delacourt

Collette Delacourt of the Gleaming Eye was the most pure-bred Silver Fang the house had seen in two generations. Her birth was marked by a total eclipse. Her New Orleans house spared no effort in her upbringing, training her for great things to come. By her Firsting at age 15 she appeared to be surpassing expectation. Many Garou outside her tribe also liked her; she befriended Uktena, Fianna and Bone Gnawers alike. Her disappearance, then, caused a quake throughout her house and beyond. The local septs launched a massive hunt. They eventually found most of her body floating in a swamp, riddled with Wyrms-corruption.

ment. Satirists from several tribes (most notably the Fianna) allude to the "Yusopov incident" as a comic example of Silver Fang foibles.

Isaiah Morningkill

One of the more recent Garou heroes, the father of Jacob Morningkill is rarely mentioned in ballads. Although the canny Theurge comported himself with nothing but dignity in life, and brought much honor to his tribe, most werewolves are ashamed to even speak of the deeds surrounding Isaiah and his life.

Isaiah was born in the nineteenth century in the North Country protectorate. However, the political maneuverings at the time were anything but gentle, and when Isaiah offended the sept's Caern Warder, he was "encouraged" to go elsewhere to carry on Gaia's fight. Mournfully leaving his wife behind, he set out to the West, to investigate reports of strange upheavals in the local Penumbra. He was not to return alive.

Although recent generations have been largely unable to discover the full story of Isaiah Morningkill, they have uncovered this much: Isaiah learned of powerful evils stirring in the West, evils that many European Garou had unwittingly awakened in their struggles with the Pure Ones. The backlashes on the spirit world were terrible, and were only calmed a decade before the turn of the century. Ashamed to admit their role in the troubles, the European



There is no shortage of suspects in Collette's murder. These include the Black Spirals of two caerns in the area, agents of a local Pentex nuclear power plant (Atlas International), and even the Sabbat. The Gleaming Eye, however, blames the Shadow Lord's Society of Nidhogg (see Shadow Lords Tribebook). The Shadow Lords vociferously deny Nidhogg involvement, but few Garou (unsurprisingly) believe them. The destruction of the Society of Nidhogg has practically become a sacrament of Gleaming Eye. The house and the society are virtually at war with each other. Other tribes fear that skirmishes may draw them into the conflict. Several Louisiana packs are joining forces to find out who really killed Collette Delacourt.

Celeste Walks-the-Spiral-Backward

Celeste Walks-the-Spiral-Backward is a powerful and enigmatic member of the Gleaming Eye. As a powerful Ragabash, she is pulled by the invisible influences of the moon in startling ways. Celeste is a servitor of Luna and silently kills numerous Wyrms creatures in Luna and Gaia's



a.s



names. Celeste is a shadowy figure in Silver Fang society. Wyrmspawn throughout the world attribute horrific tales of slaughter to her, and fear her like few others. Some tell stories about how, trapped at the center of a Black Spiral labyrinth, she walked it backward, thereby destroying it completely. Many scoff at the impossibility of this story, but her honorific "Walks-the-Spiral-Backward" has stuck.

Widely traveled, Celeste has contacts in almost every land and tribe. She is an instrumental figure in coordinating the Silver Fangs' global war effort.

King Albrecht

The great-grandson of King Jacob Morningkill of House Wyrmfœ, King Albrecht is a new kind of Silver Fang monarch. After his grandfather exiled him, Albrecht wandered dispossessed among the common tribes for a number of years. During that time he mixed with Garou from such tribes as the Black Furies, Stargazers, Wendigo and even the Bone Gnawers. In his quest for the Silver Crown, he battled Black Spiral Dancers and traveled to the farthest reaches of the Umbra. He was skinned alive by the Spirals, but the power of the Silver Crown saved his life and seemingly cured him of his Harano.

While few Silver Fangs dispute Albrecht's right to rule, some do look askance at his methods. Ignoring his critics, Albrecht has sought to unite the disparate tribes of his

protectorate. Many of his detractors attribute this to his commoner sympathies and decry the "cult of personality" that surrounds the newly ascended king. Others, however, attribute his partial success at rallying other tribes to his ability to evoke a long-lost feeling for the Silver Fangs: trust.

Since his coronation, Albrecht has used his newfound power to launch a number of successful attacks against the Wyrms. The Wyrmspawn in the region surrounding his protectorate is on the defensive once again.





I imagine you're all expecting some kind of frilly speech about now.

Well, I don't do that sort of thing.

Now listen up, 'cause I hate repeating myself. Most of you seem to think we Silver Fangs are some kind of joke that's still at the head of the Garou Nation because nobody's seen fit to put us to the side yet. Well, you better get over that pretty quick.

You know what? The Silver Fangs are not going to fade away and leave you all to do your own thing. We're going to get you — all the tribes — working together, and we're going to show you the way, whether you like it or not.

That's what we're here for.

*— Jonas Albrecht,
King of the North Country Protectorate*

Silver Fangs Tribebook includes:

- The majestic history and rich culture of the rulers of the Garou
- Gifts, fetishes, totems and more, all fit for the kings
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