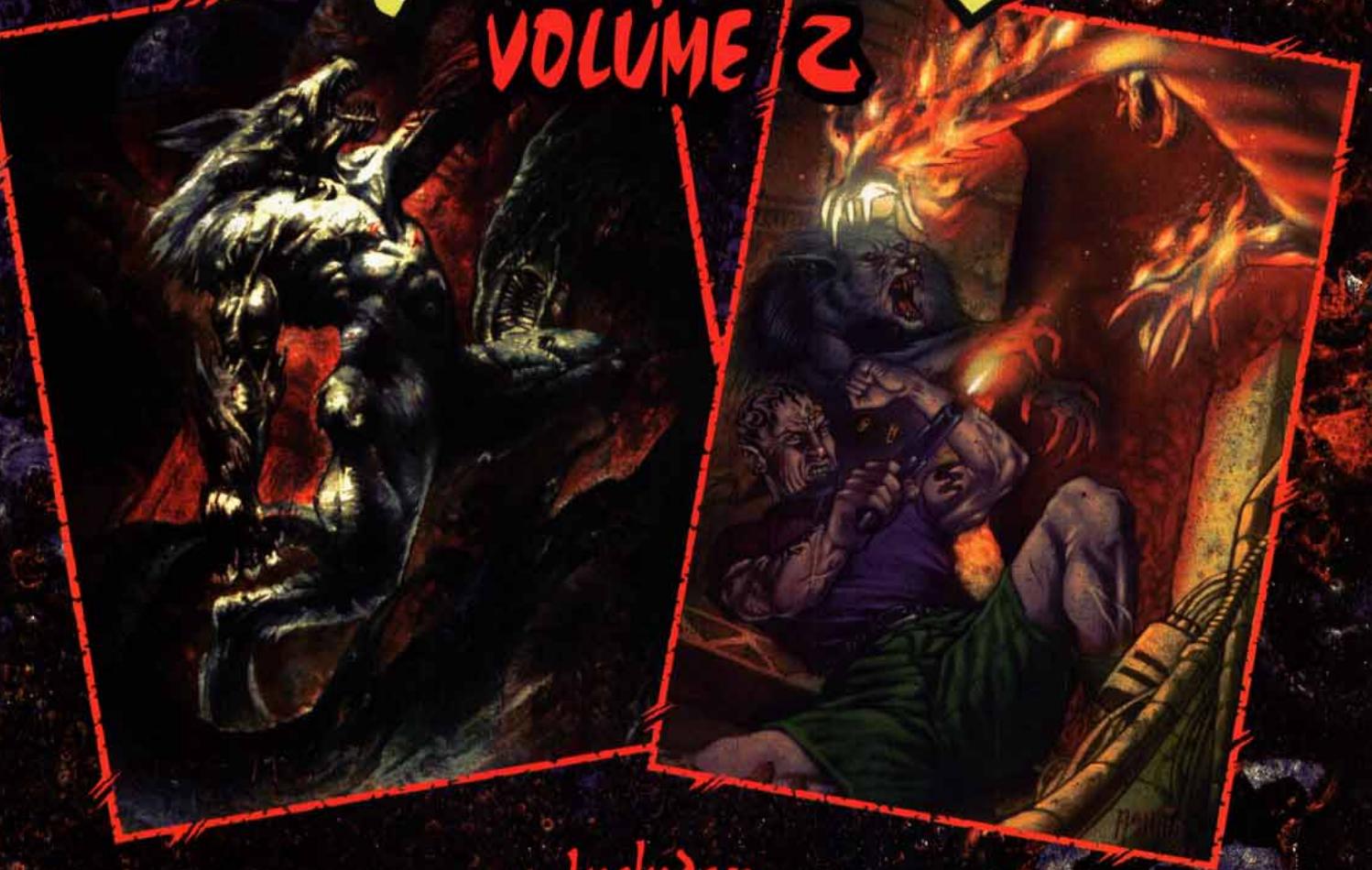


RAGE ACROSS THE WORLD™

VOLUME 2



Includes:

Rage Across Australia

Dark Alliance: Vancouver

A World Setting Sourcebook for
WEREWOLF: The Apocalypse™

RAGE ACROSS THE WORLD™ VOLUME 2

Garou Across the World...

The War of the Apocalypse rages across the globe as the Wyrm seeks to destroy Gaia. The Garou preserve the legends of an idyllic world that existed before the corruption brought about by humanity and the Wyrm. They battle those evils to the death to bring about a new Golden Age, but can Gaia still be saved?

Strike Back

Now you can fight the War of the Apocalypse from its earliest days. **Rage Across the World Volume 2** is a compilation of two classic Werewolf sourcebooks: **Rage Across Australia** and **Dark Alliance: Vancouver**. Previously out of print and almost impossible to find, these books are now repackaged under a new cover.

Rage Across the World Volume 2 Features:

- **Rage Across Australia** and **Dark Alliance: Vancouver**, two of the earliest Werewolf supplements ever released.
- Important information on the worldwide society of Garou, and the Leech infestation of Vancouver. How far do the Wyrm's tentacles reach?
- A last chance to claw at the heart of the Wyrm — before there's no stopping it.



780 PARK NORTH BLVD.

SUITE 300

CLARKSTON, GA 30021



PRINTED IN CANADA

ISBN 1-56504-320-0

WW3070

\$20.00 U.S.

52000



9 781565 043206

D A R K A L L I A N C E : Vancouver

By Nigel Findley and Geoff McMartin

A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse and Vampire: The Masquerade







Blood of the City, Spirit of the Forest

Attend me, Cub, and listen. I will tell you about the city.

What? Yes, I know of your background, cub. I know you lived in the city before the Kin announced to us the imminence of your arrival, before we took you from the humans to learn the Truth. Yes, I know you spent what was it? thirteen winters in the canyons of concrete before you joined the Garou, before you became one with our People. You may *think* you know the city, but your knowledge is incomplete. You lack knowledge of all who live outside the embrace of Gaia herself. You may know more about the superficial world than I do. You can give the names of streets and buildings. You no doubt know the numbers assigned to you, the cold and spiritless numbers assigned to humans by other humans to define and control them. But to say knowing these things lets you truly *know* the significance of the city is as foolish as claiming that seeing a picture of a tree in a book lets you truly know the significance of Gaia. When I am through with you, cub, you will *know* the true significance of the city the humans call Vancouver.

The heart of Vancouver is the Great Caern, as your brethren have told you already. You are too inexperienced in the ways of the Garou to have been allowed to see the true significance of this fact for yourself. For reasons that are no doubt clear to you, all Garou describe their caern as the "heart" of the region they protect. Spiritually, a caern is always the heart and center of its bawn. Geographically, however, the truth is often different.

Vancouver is different. The spiritual heart of the city, the Great Caern, is also physically in the heart of the city. The city has grown up around the caern, hemming it in.

What was that? How did that happen? You will learn that in time.

I hear tell that there is another such caern in the very heart of a great city, in distant New York, but I must depend entirely on the words of others, I have never traveled so far. Truth be told, I hope I never have to travel again.

This is not the only thing that sets the Great Caern of Vancouver apart, cub. For obvious reasons, the brethren who followed the Kin Fetch to bring you to be among your people were all of our tribe. Nothing else could be acceptable. Since that point, you will have noticed that different tribes, so often at each other's throats elsewhere in the world, work together here with a level of cooperation that I believe is unique.

Why, you ask? That is the key truth about the Great Caern, as you will come to understand. The Great Caern is a Caern of Cooperation. It was created centuries ago by one of the greatest Theurges this part of the world has ever seen. We created the caern to be shared by all Garou. Its powers and bound spirits are open to all. A caern is often used by a single sept, often composed of a single clan. Any other visitors must pay that clan the Chiminage it demands. Our caern is open to anyone, regardless of sept or tribal affiliation. Vancouver is "open territory", cub. To the best of my knowledge, that makes the city unique.



That is not the only factor that sets Vancouver apart. You have heard of the Leeches, the Cadavers: those undead creatures the humans know as vampires. They call themselves the Kindred.

What? Myths? I see you have a long way to travel down the path that is wisdom, cub. Vampires exist, and there are many of them in Vancouver. Trust what I say for the moment. Soon you will know it from your own personal experience.

Elsewhere in the world, our People and the Kindred are foes. The vampires are of the Wyrm, innately opposed to that which gives us reason for being: Gaia herself. Yet here in Vancouver, that... *tradition*, you may call it... has been set upon its ear. As there is peace between the Thirteen Tribes of the People, there is also a tentative peace, little more than a truce, between the People and the Kindred.

How? How can the People come to terms with those who are enemies of Gaia? The story is long, and others will instruct you of its details. For the present moment, this must suffice.

Although we believe the Kindred are of the Wyrm, here in Vancouver we have learned that their path and their goals are not always *with* the Wyrm. Does that make sense to you? They are spawned by the Wyrm, but the Leeches have, it seems, free will. They pursue their own goals and purposes. These frequently parallel those of the Wyrm. Thus we war against them. Yet as the history of Vancouver proves, this is not always irredeemably the case. There are wise minds among both the People and the Kindred. Those wise minds have discerned that, in this case, a path can be charted that serves the needs of both the Kindred and the People that does not serve the needs of the Wyrm. Remember this above all, cub: the Wyrm is the enemy. Anything else is merely diversion. Any ally, any tool, that can be used in combating the Wyrm must be so used. Though it galls some of the People almost beyond endurance, the Kindred of Vancouver fit this category. They are both an ally and a tool in our battle against the Wyrm.

Eternal peace? Let yourself not be deceived by what you *think* I say, but instead pay attention to what *I do* say. There is peace between the tribes. For the moment, there is peace between People and Leeches. Yet there is not, and can never be, peace between us and the Wyrm. Though our alliances among ourselves and with the Kindred have helped keep the Wyrm at bay these last years, the war still continues. Not so long ago it raged, and I fear it will one day rage again.

Yes, I speak from personal experience. I see you eye my battle scars. Do not turn away your eyes; you will not shame me. Among the People, battle scars are not shame, but instead the greatest tribute of all. Honorable scars, honorably received, speak of a Garou's mettle, his soul, and his dedication to the Ways of the People.

I received these scars in the great conflict that drove one of the greatest servitors of the Wyrm from this region. You might have heard of the Pentex Corporation. It was a great battle. We attacked by night under the leadership of Roger Daly. Yes, Daly the Glass Walker. An honorable man, despite his tribe. He is a cunning tactician and a fell warrior. You would do best to keep your scorn for his heritage to yourself should you meet

him eye to eye. Human guards fired upon us. Machines of death tried to cut us down with fire, blades and bullets. Yet we won. In the heart of the poison that was the Pentex establishment, we met its final and most lethal guardians, the men who ran this perversion.

Yes, cub: they were men. They were also *not* men.

They had once *been* men, but now there were something else. We call them *fomori*, mortal souls ridden and perverted and twisted out of their true form by the Banes. We fought them. The People, the warriors of the Thirteen Tribes, fought side by side. We fought the spawn of the Wyrm.

We were triumphant. The cost was high, but we paid it. I paid it gladly. I took terrible wounds that to this day throb and burn with remnants of the evil that flowed through the fomori I tore to pieces with my own hands. My days are agony and my nights are beyond description. I paid the price gladly, and I would pay it again gladly were the need to arise. Each bolt of pain, each moment of agony is a reminder of our victory, of the great things that can be achieved when the People set aside their petty jealousies and machinations and turn together to face the true Foe.

It was by this price that Pentex and a large portion of the taint that was the Wyrm was driven from Vancouver. We must

strive to keep the Great Caern and its bawn free of the taint that is always trying to return.

The peace between the tribes and the truce with the Cadavers give us the best chance of achieving this.

Yet now I must tell you the fact that makes my heart grieve. This peace may soon come to an end. Forces have arisen and combined to threaten what we have wrought.

No, it is not the Wyrm, not as such. I do not believe so, at least.

It is our own self-serving desires. Kindred lead us into this dark future. If we stray from the true path before us, Garou will fight Garou, Garou will fight Kindred... and the Wyrm will wait until the battle is done, when there is none to combat it any longer. Then Vancouver and its Great Caern will fall under the darkness.

Cub, we must steadfastly remain on the true path if we wish to survive if we want *Gaia* to survive.

What is this true path, you ask?

That is the question that each Garou must answer in her own heart. Only your own conscience and spirit can give you guidance.

May we all make the right choice...

Credits

Authors: Nigel Findley and Geoff McMartin
Development: Bill Bridges
Editing: Brian Campbell
Art Director: Richard Thomas
Art: Jeff Rebner, Dan Smith, Joshua Gabriel Timbrook
Maps: Brian J. Blume
Cover Art: Tony Harris
Typesetting and Layout: Sam Chupp
Logo and Back Cover Design: Michelle Prahler

© 1993 by White Wolf. All rights reserved. Reproduction without written permission of the publisher is expressly denied, except for the purpose of reviews. Werewolf: The Apocalypse, Under a Blood Red Moon, Rage Across New York, Book of the Wyrm, Vampire: The Masquerade, Chicago By Night, The Anarch Cookbook, Garou, Kindred, the Wyrm, all Vampire Clan names and all Werewolf Tribe names are trademarks and copyrights of White Wolf.

The mention of or reference to any companies or products in these pages is not a challenge to the trademarks or copyrights concerned.

Maps: Some graphic elements © 1993 by Brian J. Blume.

Special Thanks

As hard as this may be to believe, we're running out of "Special Thanks" listings for folks. So, we've decided to divide the chores of mocking each other between books. Check out our new *Vampire* or *Ars Magica* books if you want to see the dirt on any White Wolfer not listed below. (No, this is not a plug. If you want to buy those books just for the Special Thanks, maybe you should consider seeking help.)

Andrew "Back Seat" Greenberg for Storytelling the nasty on the way back from GenCon.

Ken "12-Sandwich-Eating" Cliffe for the geyser of obscenities which turned Aaron and Josh blue.

Brian "Puppet Master" Campbell for bringing the *Rocky and Bullwinkle* puppets to GenCon '93.

Rob "Watch My Barstool" Hatch for the horrors of middle age.

Stewart "The Long Goodbye" Wieck for waving... and waving... and waving after the Chaosium party.

Mark "Metropolis" Rein•Hagen for being a turncoat and selling *Kult*.

John "Body Bag" Bridges for being the only one sober enough to drive the hearse at DragonCon '93.

Dedications

Geoff McMartin

For Kelly and Daemon for your patience. And thanks to Ken, Carmean, Doug, Darren, and yes, even you, Andy...

Nigel Findley

To Holly again, for keeping me (marginally) sane...

Another Barre Sinister Production

DARK ALLIANCE: Vancouver



Contents

<i>Legends of the Garou: Blood of the City, Spirit of the Forest</i>	2
A word of warning for those new to the area.	
<i>Chapter One: Setting</i>	8
The city of Vancouver and its environs.	
<i>Chapter Two: History</i>	36
The Garou and Kindred history of the region.	
<i>Chapter Three: On the Margin of the Forest</i>	50
The Garou of Vancouver.	
<i>Chapter Four: And the Dead Shall Rise</i>	82
The Kindred of Vancouver.	
<i>Chapter Five: Wheels Within Wheels</i>	100
Stories and plots in the secluded city.	
<i>Appendix: Clan Bushi</i>	118
A new vampire clan from Japan.	



P.W. SPENCER © 1993

Chapter One: The Setting

Introduction

Note from the Authors

Welcome to the West Coast, and welcome to Canada. This sourcebook is designed for use with both *Werewolf: The Apocalypse* and *Vampire: The Masquerade*. You need not own both games to use this sourcebook: it's written to be just as useful if you only play *Werewolf* or *Vampire*. We do suggest that you try integrating both systems; the ancient conflict between the Garou and the Cainites can lead to intense and rewarding stories.

Vancouver is a unique setting. It's a city isolated in a vast wilderness. It's an island of wilderness isolated in an ocean of civilization. Both are different worlds, but they overlap, competing to survive. Both worlds are isolated, surrounded and vulnerable. Both the city and the wilderness are on the defensive. If your players feel this vulnerability and isolation, they understand what makes Vancouver unique in the Gothic-Punk world.

Remember that now is the time of the Apocalypse. The Wyrm is everywhere, striving to spread its corruption across Gaia. The Garou are losing the last battle and face extinction. The Kindred, meanwhile, struggle throughout the world to maintain their Masquerade and their dominance over the anarchs. The struggle is hindered by the hunters and other foes of the great undead. One would think the situation is complex

enough. Yet on top of this, Kindred and Garou are ancestral enemies, and all too often, they must fight each other.

Now, what if, for a relatively short time, an enclave of Kindred tried to make a strained peace with the Garou, allowing them the breathing space they need to fight off the anarchs? What if the Garou struck an uneasy truce with the Cainites to beat off the Wyrm from one of their last areas of refuge? What if this has been working for two decades before something went wrong.... terribly wrong?

Welcome to Vancouver.

Themes and Mood

Themes are important to every story, and this one is no different. If you're using the *War and Peace* story provided in this source book, then the theme is encapsulated by the name: war or peace. The characters must either follow the tides of war and hope they survive or pursue the more difficult path and promote peace. If they choose to be the voices of reason, they will be caught in a situation where two different races are plunging headlong toward mutual destruction.

This is a time when a few characters can become heroes by uncovering the sinister plots against, and within, their society. Alternatively, they may seek the glory of battle, which is usually only attained in the final death. The choice should be theirs.

British Columbia is a province in isolation. In the Pacific Northwest, werewolves live in great virgin rain forests. The

characters may feel at home here. They may feel relaxed, but when they do, it's time to show them the ugly truth of reality. Logging companies, wielding economic clout and raping the forests, clash with protesters armed with metal spikes and hammers. Emotions run at a peak. Tension builds until it threatens to burst. For the Garou, the mood is one of panic and desperation. British Columbia is among the last bastions of defense in North America. The threat of human expansion is everywhere.

Within the province, a city waits in isolation, offering rest for the greatest of the immortals. This haven is surrounded by the ancient enemies of the undead. Although there is a truce, it could fall at any minute. This fear can be emphasized by any meeting with the battle-hardened Gangrel. Armed with silver weapons and wearing headsets for communication, they maintain a constant patrol around the city. The Gangrel wait for an attack that may or may not come. This feeling is contrasted with the parties of the rich and famous who come to the coastal city for its beauty and splendor. Let the characters feel these two extremes: emotions of isolation and fear are balanced against feelings of security and the joy of relaxing.

The Setting

Although they speak the same language and share the world's longest undefended border, Canada and the United States are very different countries. Their backgrounds are different; their views of the world around them and methods of interacting with that world are often staggeringly divergent. Thus, in some very profound ways, no Canadian city can be truly like an American city. Comparing the situation in Vancouver to the situation in any American city can be difficult because of these differences. Making judgments about Vancouver is also difficult because Vancouver isn't a typical Canadian city.

The True North Strong and Free Canada

Not life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but peace, order, and good government are what the national government of Canada guarantees.

W.L. Morton

Canada is the second largest country in the world, with an area of 9,970,610 square kilometers (Canada uses the metric system, of course; that converts to about 3,849,885 square miles). The country is divided into ten provinces and two territories. The total population consists of about 27.5 million people. Canada's culture is heavily influenced by her powerful neighbor and trading partner, the United States of America, but she's still a very different place.

The people and culture of Canada differ widely from province to province. Some, like British Columbia on the West Coast between Washington and Alaska, are geographically isolated from the others. In contrast, the province of Ontario

considers itself the cultural center of the country and views everywhere else as "the regions", barely worthy of attention. Socially, the country ranges from the sometimes violent separatists in Quebec to the wheat farmers of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba and the fishermen of British Columbia and Nova Scotia.

Canada is ruled from the city of Ottawa by a Prime Minister whose political party is elected by the population at large. Canada does not have the bipartisan system familiar to Americans. There are three major parties and half a dozen or more minor ones ranging from the isolationist Reform Party to the downright ludicrous Rhino Party. A "minority" government is a frequent occurrence. Sometimes the ruling party has to form a coalition with other parties if it wants to govern effectively. This situation sometimes means that a "fringe" party, with only a handful of seats in Parliament, will turn out to be the power broker. All in all, the system is modeled largely on the one used in Britain.

Canada became a country in 1867 as the result of a confederation between the provinces. Although Canada has recently enacted her own Charter of Rights and Freedoms (roughly analogous to the American Constitution), she still has an oath of allegiance to the Queen and still respects the power of the British monarchy. This is illustrated by the fact that, even though the public votes for the political party they want to see in office, an official representative of the British monarch (called the Governor General) must "invite" the leader of the winning party to the office of Prime Minister. Although this invitation is usually a rubber-stamp kind of process, the Governor General could refuse to accept the leader selected by the people and appoint someone of his own choosing. Technically, the Governor General can even dissolve the government (the repercussions would be so grim that this would only happen under the most extreme of circumstances). Like Australia and New Zealand, Canada is part of the British Commonwealth.

Strictly speaking, Canada is a socialist country. Her universal health-care system is sponsored by the government. Citizens pay a premium depending on their earnings. The country also has extensive government welfare and unemployment insurance programs. Both are currently in dire financial trouble. The money for these government funded programs has to come from somewhere, of course, which means that Canada's income tax rate is higher than that in the States. In addition to provincially established sales taxes the federal government also enacts a "Goods and Services Tax", similar to Britain's VAT, known as the GST (also known as the "Gouge and Screw Tax" or "Grab and Snatch Tax"). Even with these relatively high taxes, Canada's per capita deficit is greater than America's.

Canada has two official languages, English and French. All government business is conducted in both official languages, and all product packaging must be printed in English and French. Everything from cereal boxes to automobile owner's manuals falls into this category. Outside Quebec, however, it's uncommon to hear French spoken in the street. In Vancouver,

there are more speakers of Hindi and Cantonese than there are Francophones.

Currency

The standard unit of currency is the Canadian dollar. The exchange rate typically hovers around 1.2. That means \$1.00 U.S. is worth about \$1.20 Canadian. Bills come in denominations of \$2, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100 and on up. There's no dollar bill; instead, there's a gold-colored coin about the size of an American half-dollar. The coin is minted with the Queen's head on one side and a loon (a waterfowl indigenous to Canada) on the other. This gives the coin its common name, the "loonie". Prices for most goods and services are approximately equal to what characters would pay in the U.S.

Police Enforcement and the Law

Maintiens le droit (Uphold the Right).

Official motto of the RCMP

They always get their man.

Unofficial motto of the RCMP

Law in Canada is quite different from law in the United States. A major difference, particularly relevant to a roleplaying game that involves combat, is that Canadians do not have the inalienable right to bear arms.

Restrictions on ownership of firearms are much more stringent than south of the border in the States (which means that

players in *Werewolf* and *Vampire* would be well-advised to find ways other than blazing away with heavy-caliber weaponry to solve problems). To own a rifle, an individual must have an FAC, a license granted by the RCMP (discussed further below). Restrictions on handguns are even more stringent: anyone caught carrying one without extensive documentation and a very good reason is looking at a huge fine, confiscation of the weapon and possible jail time. Few Canadian families own firearms, and those that do are limited to hunting rifles and shotguns.

Characters trying to cross the border into Canada with their automatic weapons or favorite handguns are asking for trouble. Bringing firearms into the country is illegal unless the gun owner jumps through some pretty elaborate legal hoops first. Canadian border officials are aware of the upswing in violence in their cities and don't want any imported weapons making it worse. This means that if they have reason to suspect someone of smuggling even a .22 caliber gopher rifle, they might strip her car down to the frame. (Like American customs officials, Canadian border guards have the right to disassemble a vehicle without even so much as a search warrant. They have no obligation whatsoever to reassemble it afterward...)

In Canada, there are two types of police: the city police and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (the RCMP, or "Mounties"). All major cities and many large towns have their own police departments. Department budgets are dealt with locally, and the force's jurisdiction is limited, for the most part, by municipal boundaries.



The RCMP, in contrast, is a federal police force. To most Americans, the word "Mountie" brings up images of Dudley Do-Right and scarlet clad mounted officers on postcards. Except for ceremonial duties and occasions, the Mounties have traded their horses for cars so heavily modified that they can outrun just about any production car on the road. For day to day use, they have also replaced their red uniforms for somber blue-black, supplemented by body armor if the situation warrants. As for traditional "mounted" weapons, the lance has been replaced by the automatic pistol. If necessary, rifles, automatic weapons and even grenades are used. They're a highly trained force, ready to deal with any situation from simple theft right the way up to a major terrorist incident. The RCMP of today still get their man, but they do it with cutting edge technology.

Although the RCMP provides law enforcement for places without their own municipal police forces, the cities are within their jurisdiction as well, and they patrol urban areas in cooperation with the local police. RCMP officers get involved with anything from the simplest B&E or domestic violence case to high profile drug busts, money laundering operations and hostage situations. In effect, the RCMP fills the roles of the U.S. state police and the FBI. They possess more real power and face fewer governmental restrictions on their actions.

Crime in Canada is representative of the country's more restrictive laws. In Vancouver proper, there were fewer than 35 murders in 1992, a large portion of which were solved. There are very few drive-by shootings, little open gang warfare in the streets and fewer high profile crimes compared to large American cities. Most assaults occur with knives and clubs instead of handguns. Break-and-enters and extortion are more common than muggings. Drug dealers peddle their wares in the same neighborhoods and rarely war on each other. Crime does exist in Canada, but it's more quiet, more "underground" and less violent.

The types of crime are starting to change, however. With the influx of Asian immigrants, the Asian street gangs and the more dangerous Triads have entered Canada, bringing their ways with them. Groups from across the border have started to expand their operations into Canada, and the amounts of drugs and weapons confiscated increase every year. The Gothic-Punk era is creeping into the sleepy cities of the North.

Illegal Weapons

For those characters who just don't feel dressed without some kind of firearm, it is possible to buy "Saturday Night Specials" and avoid legal entanglements. A character with any underworld contacts should have little difficulty scaring up a pistol or two. Anything heavier is proportionally harder to obtain. Since autofire weapons are categorically illegal, they're the hardest to acquire of all. Storytellers should remember that police response to the use or even the display of an autofire weapon in Canada will be extreme.

The Provinces and Territories

Each province is governed by a Premier whose political party may make laws and control taxation. The political parties of each province also control Medicare, public transportation and a variety of other services. The provinces and territories of Canada include the Yukon Territory, Northwest Territories, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

British Columbia

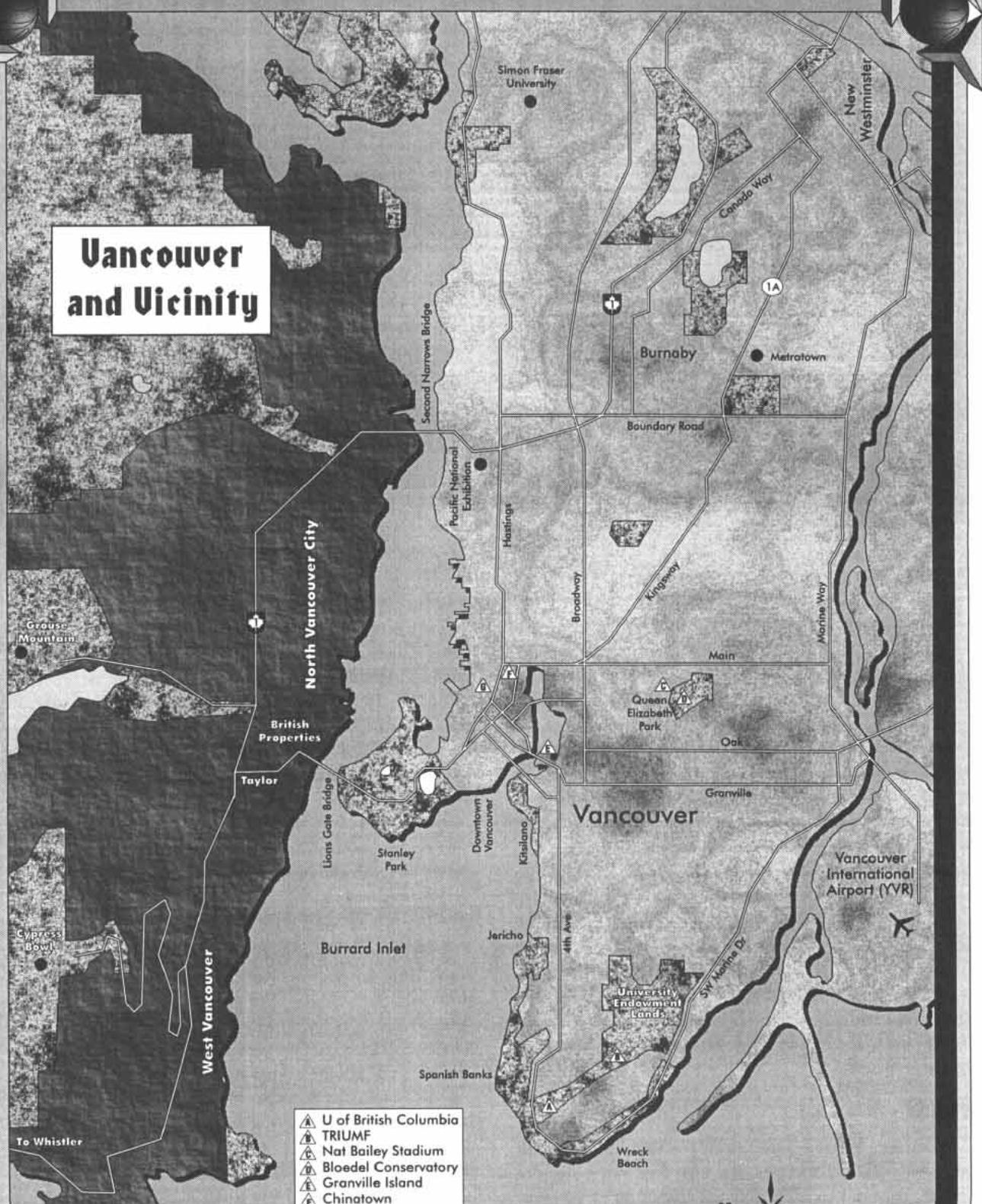
British Columbia (B.C.) joined the Confederation and became part of Canada in 1871 after the federal government promised to build a transcontinental railway connecting it with the more populous east. It's the westernmost province of Canada, separated from the rest of the country by several major mountain ranges, including the Rockies and the Cascades. B.C. has an area of about 947,000 square kilometers (365,660 square miles, almost two-and-a-half times the size of California) with about two-thirds of that area covered by forest. The province's population is about 3.3 million. The majority of these people make their living from forestry, mining, tourism, agriculture or fishing. B.C. is blessed with many large rivers pouring down from the mountains. The province generates 96% of its power by hydroelectric means. (In fact, B.C. sells some of its excess hydro power to the U.S.) There are no nuclear reactors in B.C., allowing the Garou to feel a little more comfortable. There are a few power plants that burn fossil fuels.

Vancouver

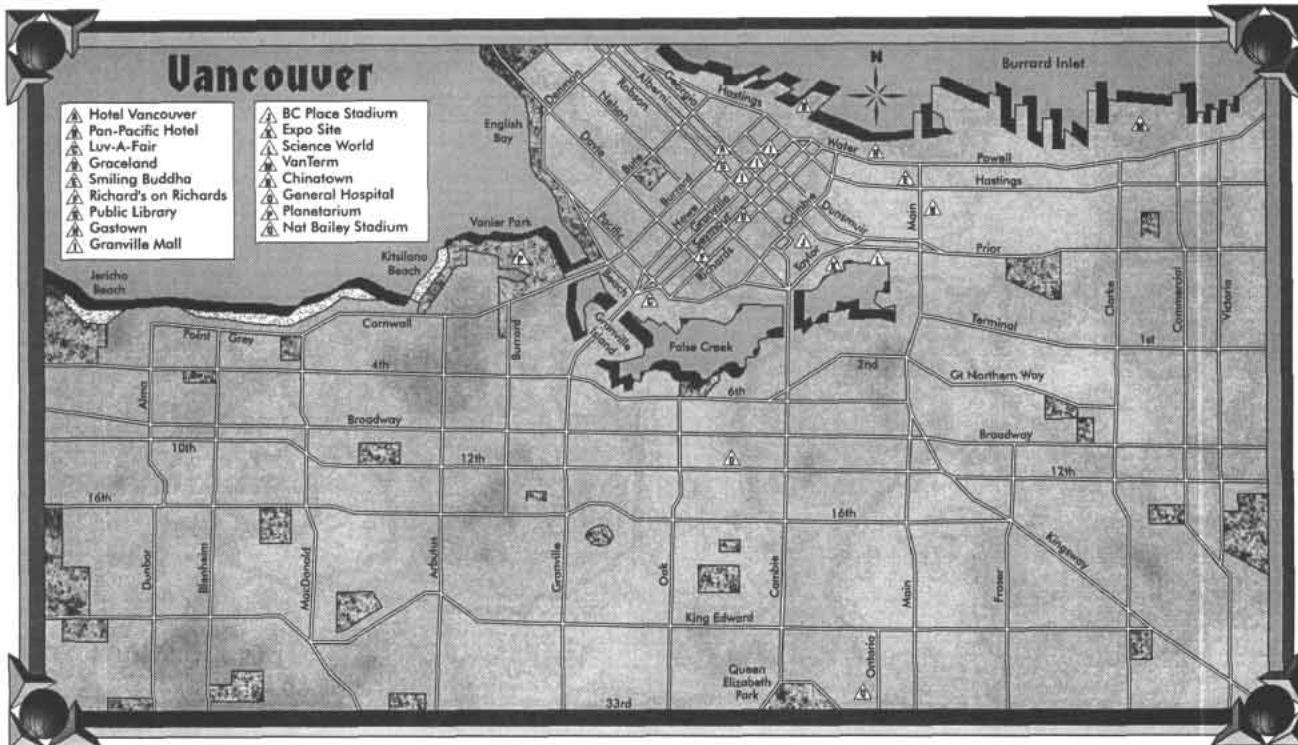
Greater Vancouver covers an area of 2,786 square kilometers (1,075 square miles) and has a population of over 1.6 million people. Although it's the largest city in the province, Vancouver is not the capital of B.C., although it is the business center of Canada's west coast. Production companies based in Hollywood are constantly shooting movies around the city (*Stakeout* and *Immediate Family* are two examples). In film, Vancouver has been a "stand-in" for Seattle, L.A., Chicago and even New York. New skyscrapers are always under construction. U.S. Navy vessels frequently visit Vancouver harbor, North America's second largest natural harbor. This is not without some risk: ships known to be nuclear-powered are usually mobbed by Greenpeace anti-nuke activists (and probably some Children of Gaia) in motor-driven inflatable rafts.

In Vancouver, the old mixes with the new. There were never any projects created in the Canadian cities because of their relatively small size. No slum areas or ghettos have developed. Instead, run-down houses decay beside new buildings. Rotting porches and discolored stucco stand next to bay windows and vinyl siding. New skyscrapers made of glistening steel and glass cast their shadows over dilapidated buildings

Vancouver and Vicinity



See Detail Maps of Downtown Vancouver and Stanley Park



housing pawn brokers and coffee bars. The city sidewalks of downtown are shared by panhandlers, street merchants and business executives dressed in thousand dollar suits.

The suburbs are not far from downtown. The constant influx of new citizens is quickly expanding into these once quiet areas, and the temperate rain forest lying just outside their back doors is being forced back into the interior of the province. Even the sides of the mountains are no longer safe from the encroaching city. Houses spring up everywhere to form neighborhoods. People can go to work in the middle of a sea of concrete, steel and glass and then go home, listen to the sound of crickets and smell the scent of pine trees.

Just beyond the suburbs are the mountains and the rain forest. Within a couple of hours' drive are seven mountains ideal for skiing. Even during the summer, the area is visited by hikers and campers. The rain forests around the human settlements are no longer undisturbed. Campers by the thousands flock to the interior of the province, driving to areas a few hours away from Vancouver. They spend their weekends under the stars, and the sky is unobscured by the pollution of civilization.

Climate

Vancouver's climate differs from the rest of Canada in several ways. In the summer, the city does not suffer the scorching heat of the prairies or the humid air of the east. Instead, the city basks in warm days while many beaches are covered with sun-worshipers and the waters are filled with

sailboats. In the winter, while most of the country is under a blanket of snow, Vancouver suffers through weeks of rain.

The ocean is a moderating influence on temperature. Summer highs average between 24° and 27° Celsius (about 75° to 80° Fahrenheit), with occasional days peaking as high as 30° C (86° F). In the winter, temperatures hover around the freezing mark (0° C, 32° F), but even in a major cold snap, they rarely drop below -8° C (18° F). Vancouver gets maybe one major snowfall a year, which dumps a couple of inches on the city and lasts for two or three days. Rain is the predominate weather condition in the winter, as it is in Seattle 250 or so miles to the south. Vancouver "enjoys" an average annual rainfall of about 150 centimeters (60 inches).

Gothic-Punk Vancouver

In the Gothic-Punk version of Vancouver, the weather is worse. The sky is always overcast and the tang of pollution catches in one's throat. The gargoyles of American gothic architecture are replaced with corporate symbols, and huge video boards carry the latest advertisements. It always seems to be raining. When the rain stops, the sky is filled with smoke from the factories by the river. At night, business suits give way to leather jackets and faces are whitened with makeup. There are shadows everywhere, and anything can be bought by someone who knows where to look and what price to pay.

Victoria

Many islands lie across the water from Vancouver. The largest of these is Vancouver Island, home to the capitol of the province, Victoria. Originally a trading outpost and military fortress, the city of Victoria is now commonly referred to as the retirement and honeymoon capitol of Canada (jokes describe the population as "newly wed or nearly dead"). Victoria is an old city with many hidden secrets. The old book stores conceal tomes from another time; the antique shops hold wonders for those who know what is waiting for them. Because of its older population, it's easy to think of the city as a quiet and respectable place, but that's only on the surface. There are many reasons why Kindred and Garou alike shun Victoria.

The capitol city, Victoria, is much smaller than Vancouver. Economically, it's less influential. Its population is well under 300,000, placing it far down the list of population concentrations in the province. If it weren't for the provincial legislature, few people outside the immediate environs would pay any attention to Victoria.

Into the City

Transportation

Vancouver has an affordable and relatively effective rapid transit system. At its heart is a bus system that covers the center

of the city, linking the downtown core with the suburbs. Bus service shuts down between about 3 and 5 in the morning.

SeaBus is a ferry that runs from a terminal on the north side of downtown across Burrard Inlet to North Vancouver. The ferry runs every ten minutes or so.

A relatively new addition is an Automated Light Rapid Transit System known as Skytrain. This system runs on special roadbeds that are sometimes at grade, but more often elevated. No human intervention is needed (unless, of course, the computer running it has crashed). Skytrain runs from the SeaBus terminal at the north of downtown right out to Surrey, one of the major suburbs. Currently, the Skytrain stations are becoming gathering spots for gangs. Crime at these stations is on the upswing.

West End/Downtown

Most of Vancouver's streets are aligned almost perfectly north-south and east-west. The streets of the West End are offset by close to 45°. Downtown, streets actually run north-east-southwest. The North Shore mountains are easily visible from just about everywhere in the city, serving as a useful landmark.

Hotels

Vancouver has a variety of hotels, ranging from five-star hosteries with rooms starting at \$200 per night to establish-



ments that could only acquire a one-star rating if they stole it. The less respectable hotels are usually found in two or three story buildings with seedy beer parlors on the ground floor. They often advertise rates by the day, week or month.

Hotel Vancouver

Completed in 1939, the Hotel Vancouver at the corner of Burrard St. and Georgia St. in the downtown core was, for its time, the epitome of the luxury hotel. The hotel was built out of smooth, gray stone. Its steeply pitched copper roof has been weathered to a striking green color. The Hotel Vancouver has played host to the rich, the famous and the merely pretentious for decades. There's little reason for that to change in the near future.

The Timber Club on the ground floor is a rich looking place of dark wood and candlelight. The Spanish Grill is a little more casual, although nobody could forget it's part of a luxury hotel. The Hotel Vancouver offers a wide range of convention and special function facilities, from ornate, mirror-walled ballrooms to conference rooms with state-of-the-art audio and video equipment.

Pan-Pacific Hotel

If the Hotel Vancouver is a 1930s image of the luxury hotel, the Pan-Pacific is the same concept updated by half a century. Completed in 1986, just in time for the World's Fair, the Pan-Pacific is different from the Hotel Vancouver in many ways. While the Hotel Vancouver is cozy, with rather rococo design elements, the Pan-Pacific is clean, crisp and almost unadorned, with lots of open space. The ten story tall lobby is striking, with escalators, a waterfall, two restaurants and a piano bar. The view of the North Shore mountains through the glass curtain wall is unforgettable.

The Pan-Pacific is part of a complex that includes a huge trade-show facility called the Canada Place Trade & Convention Center. The main display area is kept under reinforced fabric "sails" that are one of Vancouver's major landmarks. A large cruise ship terminal is nearby. The Prow restaurant, a four-star establishment that charges five-star prices, is at the northern point of the Canada Place complex. Diners have a perfect view of the harbor, the SeaBus terminal, Stanley Park and perhaps a cruise ship approaching or leaving its berth.

Nightclubs

Luv-A-Fair

Just over the Granville Street Bridge on Seymour Street, Luv-a-Fair is a large black building. Its name is in neon lights on the front. The windowless club opens around 7 PM and closes, like most nightclubs in Vancouver, around 2 AM. The building houses one of Vancouver's most popular night clubs and has become one of Vancouver's most popular feeding grounds for Kindred.

The club is host to patrons who can best be described as looking freshly dead. With faces paled by make-up and cloth-

ing limited to unrelieved black, the patrons often wait in line for hours before being allowed inside. They then squeeze themselves onto a vastly overcrowded dance floor to listen to the latest alternative, industrial and house music. The overcrowding inside makes feeding easier for Kindred. It can take five minutes, sometimes longer, just to make one's way to the bar from the dance floor. Some visitors to Vancouver find descriptions of the crowding at Luv-A-Fair hard to believe, but most of them are true. As a guideline, think of a place which could comfortably fit a hundred people, then cram *triple* that number into it. Patrons frequently dance on top of the speaker stacks, not only motivated by self-display, but also because these areas are often the only clear spaces. The "urban myth" that someone once died on the dance floor of the club and didn't hit the ground for five minutes is an exaggeration, but not by much.

Of course, Vancouver has laws that should prevent this kind of situation. For reasons beyond the ken of most club habitués, these laws are never enforced. The Fire Marshal has never closed the place down or even chided the managers for blatantly flaunting maximum occupancy laws. Visiting vampires, particularly those from smaller or more conservative cities, are often absolutely astonished by conditions at the club. Garou are generally just disgusted.

Daring vampires wishing to feed in this establishment can take a bite from several dancers without an extreme risk of being noticed. A vampire may take one point of blood for every 30 minutes on the dance floor without fear of being noticed (the constant bumping and grinding as well as the overall atmosphere of the club allows for the strangest of happenings to go unnoticed.) If the vampire wishes to gain blood at a faster rate, then rolls will have to be made. The vampire may make a test against his Manipulation + Subterfuge against a Difficulty of (5 + the number of blood points taken in the 30 minute period). Three successes are necessary to avoid detection; less than three successes means that someone saw something funny going on, although they aren't sure what. A failure means that someone might have seen the drinking taking place. A botch indicates the victim has passed out due to the exertion of dancing and the loss of blood. (Storytellers can pick a consequence from the "Botching the Hunt" table in the *Vampire Storyteller's Handbook*.)

Like Graceland, Luv-A-Fair is owned by Siegfried, the Kindred Prince of Vancouver. It's managed by one of his ghouls. The top floor of the club houses several offices in which the prince can usually be found. There are always some Kindred in the club, mingling on the crowded dance floor or relaxing at one of the tables. For those who are paranoid in confined places with lots of people, it may be important to know that there are no windows in the building and that the only two entrances to the club are through metal doors guarded by the largest and meanest bouncers in the city. Kindred who are new to the city will be told about Luv-A-Fair and the easy prey to be found there. Although the prince's nightclub is a popular place to feed, many older vampires prefer to go elsewhere for hunting or feed on their herd.

Graceland

Graceland can be found in the warehouse district of the city, near the intersection of Homer Street and Smithe Street. When it originally opened, the only access was through an unmarked door off an alley; when its managers decided to go "up-scale", it got a street-front door and even a neon sign. In the Gothic-Punk world, however, the alley entrance is the only one (this is merely a matter of atmosphere).

This nightclub is very much like Luv-A-Fair. The main difference between the two clubs is that the crowd and the music are a little different. Graceland's patrons don't look "freshly dead", and there isn't as much black in their wardrobes. The music leans more towards house and away from the grinding industrial sound. Claustrophobes should know that Graceland is also windowless and often very crowded (although not quite as packed as the other club).

Smiling Buddha

Located near the corner of Hastings St. and Main St., the Smiling Buddha is not in the best part of town. Seedy beer parlors along this stretch of Hastings cater to chronic alcoholics, and passed out figures huddled in doorways are a frequent sight at any time of the day or night. Police cars and ambulances are often stopped by the curb to deal with the aftermath of another drunken brawl or knife fight. Asian gang members in their early teens cruise the sidewalk, reminding the local storekeepers just why they're paying their protection money.

The Buddha used to be a happening night spot back around 1979 during the Golden Age of Punk. Changing tastes in music, helped along by various health department reprimands and at least one fire, drove the place out of business in the late 1980s. The Buddha has been left to quietly decay ever since.

There are several interesting questions that could be asked about the Buddha. For example, why is the building still empty with its windows and doors boarded up when similar buildings everywhere else are being torn down and replaced? Why have no squatters taken up residence? Why has the building's owner, whoever he or she may be, installed a sophisticated suite of burglar alarms when it's patently obvious there's nothing worth stealing? What's even more interesting, perhaps, is that nobody seems interested in asking those questions.

The reason for this last mystery is, quite simply, the Veil. Those who have seen the terrifying Crinos form of the Lupines who frequent this spot have been subjected to the Delirium, the terror that keeps humans from seeing the activities of Garou. It is their fears and stories that have kept people away. The Smiling Buddha is the meeting place of the city's Glass Walkers. The bawn is cared for by the Corporate Raiders Sept. The Buddha is more than just a convenient meeting place, it's also a Level One caern.

The Smiling Buddha Caern

Level: One

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Wisdom

Tribal Structure: Glass Walkers; closed to all others

Totem: Cockroach

Roger Daly, currently the leader of the Corporate Raiders, found himself inexplicably drawn to the Smiling Buddha more than fifteen years ago. As a highly successful businessman in his mid-40s, the anarchic punk scene wasn't his *metier*. There was something about the location that drew him in a way he could not understand. As a Theurge, he eventually came to realize that the Gauntlet between Gaia and the Umbra was thin within the Buddha. A little research brought him to realize why: the club was situated on a piece of ground that had, many generations before, been a burial ground protected and revered by the long-vanished Tatlayoko Sept of the Garou. Although the ancient power had faded dramatically over the intervening centuries, enough power remained to convince Daly that it was his duty to protect the site. Through various intermediaries, holding companies and "blinds", he bought out the Smiling Buddha and brought in several of his Glass Walker brethren to manage the place. It was Daly who, through "creative mismanagement" and a little well-controlled arson, eased the club out of business.

Since then, the Glass Walkers have used the dark, claustrophobic club as a site for their monthly moots, a general meeting



place, and something of a refuge in time of trouble. Daly has taken precautions to hide the true nature of the club from agents of the Wyrm who would love to corrupt even a minor Garou caern.

The Kindred of the city know that the Buddha has some significance to the Garou, but the Covenant has protected it from their attentions. Humans generally ignore the Buddha. Some, less influenced by the Veil than the norm, suspect that something weird is going down there, but they can't convince anyone else that there's any basis to their suspicions.

Richards on Richards

Otherwise known as "Dick's on Dicks", Richard's on Richards is Vancouver's prime up-scale meat market. Located on Richards Street between Helmcken and Davie, it offers live music most nights of the week, generally top-40 and "mainstream funk". A few years ago, the line-up outside Dick's used to be the place to see and be seen. While it doesn't have quite the same cachet any more, it's still popular (some would say disgustingly so). There's always a well-dressed line-up on the weekends.

Inside, the so-called "romantic" banquettes and booths around the walls are actually too well lit for anything really untoward to go down. Even in the era of AIDS, Dick's is one of the places to go to negotiate short-term interpersonal contracts.

Financial District

The financial district of Vancouver covers about 12 square blocks, running from Seymour Street on the southeast to Bute Street on the northwest, and roughly Alberni Street on the southwest to Dunsmuir Street on the northeast. This is a region of skyscrapers of a dozen different "schools" of design, giving Vancouver its characteristic "scattered" skyline. The Royal Bank Tower is a white obelisk at the corner of Burrard and Georgia. The IBM Tower is a dour, almost menacing black monolith at Granville and Georgia. Also on Georgia, on the corner of Bute and Georgia, is the new B.C. Gas building. Its lower floors have a facade of gray stone and a design reminiscent of "modern" office buildings from the 1930s. A dozen large brass "carriage lanterns" burning with yellow gas flames add to the strong gothic feel of the building. The Stock Exchange tower is a rather unprepossessing building that's home to arguably the most corrupt stock market in North America. It's located on Seymour Street half a block northwest of Georgia. The Bentall Center is a complex of four towers on Burrard Street just northeast of Georgia. The building is home to many of the city's more prestigious law firms and entrepreneurs.

Vancouver Public Library

The old Vancouver Public Library is on the corner of Burrard and Robson Streets, half a block from the Hotel Vancouver. Plans were put in place in 1992 to move the VPL



from its current home. In the real world, the VPL is moving from an undistinguished, institutional-looking glass fronted building to a new, specially designed complex a few blocks away. In the Gothic-Punk world, these plans fell through due to lack of funds, and the library remains in a dilapidated building much too small for its needs.

Despite its physical facilities, the VPL is a good library, with more than a dozen subsidiary branches spread all over the city. The Sociology section has newspapers stored on microfiche. Articles go back almost to the turn of the century, providing an excellent resource for anyone researching events (or faces) from the past. While all the library's books are recorded on a computerized cataloging system, it's very unlikely that all the "non-book" materials the library owns have been adequately cataloged. There are probably boxes, crates, filing cabinets and disorderly piles of these materials in the basement of the building.

Like most modern libraries, the VPL has electronic security at the front doors. Alarms are triggered if anyone tries to smuggle out a book. There is additional security for some of the non-circulating "reference" materials. Of course, many of the most interesting books are marked as "reference". While just about anyone could overpower the single, unarmed security guard at the front door, trying to get away with a crucial book would attract a lot of unwanted attention. Because of this, it's worth noting that the only security is at the front door, where all law-abiding patrons enter and leave. There are, of course, fire exits and entrance areas for staff...

The Underground Malls

Downtown Vancouver has three underground shopping malls. Royal Center, the smallest, is located under the Royal Bank building at Georgia and Burrard, extending as far northeast as the towers of Bentall Center. In addition to several dozen stores, Royal Center includes a metroplex movie theater. Some theaters inside are as small as an average living room.

Vancouver Center is located under the corner of Granville and Georgia. It links up with the largest of the underground malls, Pacific Center, which extends from the Eaton's department store at Robson Street and Howe Street and as far northeast as Dunsmuir Street. Part of Pacific Center is located under the Bay, another major department store, at Granville and Georgia. The Pacific Center Mall also connects with the lower lobby of the Four Seasons Hotel, a four-star hotel at the corner of Howe and Georgia. Using the connected malls, it's possible to roam under much of the downtown core without once being exposed to sunlight.

All of the underground malls usually shut down at about nine at night. Security isn't overly tight, however, so it would be possible for a determined individual to avoid the final security sweep and stay inside the mall during the night. Of course, all doors to the outside world are locked up tight, meaning that such an individual is still going to be there in the morning when the mall opens again.

Gastown

Gastown is the name given to the six block area that marks the original site of Vancouver. It's located along and around Water Street in the northeast portion of the downtown core. In the real Vancouver, Gastown is a major tourist attraction, a beautiful place to walk through. Street merchants peddle their wares, and tour buses cruise along the cobblestone streets.

Gothic-Punk Gastown is much different, of course. Most of the city's funds have been spent on large glass and steel skyscrapers, rather than on refurbishing historical areas as tourist traps. This has given the core of downtown Vancouver at least a hint of that "Blade Runner" feel, while the original city has become run down. The once proud brick and mortar buildings of Gastown are now decaying. Vagrants and potential muggers frequent the dark alleyways.

The Lamplighter Pub

The Lamplighter is one of the oldest pubs in Vancouver. It's a dark, smoky place where the old remember days of past glory and the young try to forget their problems in a glass of ale. The Lamplighter is a quiet place as these things go. Violence is rare. The older vampires of the city recognize the importance of the Lamplighter; the younger Kindred are more interested in happenings at places like Luv-A-Fair. They don't know the secrets the building holds. The pub acts as a gateway to the realm of the Nosferatu, a gateway to the long-forgotten underground passageways that run under this oldest part of the city.

There are numerous underground pathways hidden under Gastown. These have been taken over and renovated by the Nosferatu and a Malkavian named Necross. The passages lead off to hidden doors, which in turn give access to the havens of the disfigured Kindred and the halls of the Great Library. Anyone travelling the corridors will get lost if they fail to gain three successes against Perception + Survival at a difficulty of seven. The Complementary Skill of Orienteering can also help. No one enters the undercity without the knowledge of the Nosferatu, so nobody will remain lost for long. (This does not mean, however, that the Storyteller can't let the players sweat awhile before rescuing them.)

The Great Library

One of the secret halls of the undercity leads to two large iron doors. Behind these doors is the Great Library. It's here that ancient texts have been brought from all over the world to be safely stored. It was Necross who first started the library. With the aid of several very powerful Nosferatu, the library has grown into a staggering collection of knowledge. Any Tremere would start to salivate at the very thought of looking through the ancient tomes.

The Nosferatu and Necross agreed to place all of this knowledge in one place for several reasons. First of all, the placement of these books and scrolls in one library makes research much easier. It also means that the Nosferatu can better guarantee the safety of the library's contents. Vancouver



was chosen as the perfect site because of its seclusion from most of vampire society.

All who wish to visit the library must have permission from the library keeper and from Necross. The library keeper is a powerful Nosferatu elected by the clan to run the library for a period of ten years. At the end of this term, the Nosferatu elect another of their number to the position of keeper. Currently, Alberich holds this title. As ten years is but a moment in the life of a vampire, the keeper may run for as many terms as she wants. The voting is done by secret ballot. Necross oversees the election to make sure it is conducted fairly.

Any assault by the characters, or by hopeful mages, on the Great Library would be foolish in the extreme. It's guarded not only by a collection of Nosferatu, but by heavily armed ghouls and magical wards sealed with powerful blood. What the characters might find in the library is up to the Storyteller. They won't be allowed to spend a lot of time browsing, so they should pick their topics of research carefully. This is a great way of allowing characters to learn something new about Thaumaturgy, or maybe find hints of some ancient vampiric artifact of Caine himself in some forgotten tomb in the jungles of another continent. Inventive Storytellers can no doubt devise other innovative ways to use the Great Library to initiate future stories.

Granville Mall

This is the name given to a four block stretch of Granville Street between Smith and Pender. The area is closed off to all vehicular traffic except buses and emergency vehicles. This scheme, enacted by City Council in 1974, was based on a similar set-up in Minneapolis. It was supposed to turn Granville into a pedestrian precinct, a great place for people to stroll and absorb the ambiance of a "modern yet friendly" city.

Unfortunately, before would-be strollers had even discovered the place, drug dealers, panhandlers, drunks and gang members had staked out Granville Mall as their turf. Over the next 15 years, various attempts were made to oust these "undesirables" and turn the Mall into the "family" facility it was intended to be. None of these plans really worked.

The Mall has gone downhill fast. Various gangs have staked out their territory along the Mall. Many of these are Asian youth gangs, but the occasional pack of skinheads or stereotypical bikers can also be found here. Border clashes between these little "nation-states" usually end with someone getting his lights punched out, but the frequency of knifings is on the rise. Late at night, when the stores and theaters have closed down, Granville Mall occasionally turns into something of a war zone. The police respond quickly to major outbreaks of violence, but so far they've been largely unable to prevent the outbreaks in the first place.

Granville Mall is still Vancouver's "theater row", with four major cinema complexes in a two block stretch. The largest is

the Capitol Six near Granville and Robson. Most of the theaters have taken to hiring private security guards. The Burger King next door to the Capitol Six also has one. The guards are unarmed, but their very presence does seem to make theater and restaurant patrons a little more comfortable about braving the Mall when the sun has gone down.

Orpheum Theater

Constructed in 1927, the Orpheum was one of the great old theaters. From the outside it was totally unremarkable. The Orpheum was a bleak brick and stone building with a tall neon sign as its only distinguishing feature. Inside, it was a classic example of late-20s rococo design, with lots of gilt, red velvet, crystal chandeliers and would-be Romantic style paintings of pudgy cherubim on the ceiling. In the 20s, it was the height of fashionable, glamorous design. To later sensibilities, the term "glamorous" was replaced with terms like "ostentatious", "overdone" and "tarted up". The Orpheum was also home to one of the great Wurlitzer pipe organs.

The Orpheum went through various incarnations. Originally, it was designed for musical comedy and variety shows. When musical comedy went into a nosedive in the 50s and 60s, it was converted into a movie theater, possibly one of the most ostentatious movie theaters anywhere in the world. When the cost of maintaining the building overwhelmed the revenue from movie ticket sales, the theater closed. Then, in the early 1980s, the Orpheum opened again as a theater and became the home of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra.

Even with the VSO as its patron, the Orpheum was a troubled building. Maintenance and the upgrading of facilities to contemporary standards was exceptionally expensive. Vancouverites seemed more willing to support an occasionally brilliant ice hockey team than a world-class symphony orchestra. It has skirted the brink of bankruptcy several times, and probably will again.

In the Gothic-Punk world, one of the last-ditch fundraising episodes didn't work. The VSO went into receivership in the early 1990s. Without its major patron, the Orpheum closed for the last time only months later. Developers have bought the building, but heritage groups have brought enough legal pressure to bear to prevent anyone from demolishing the building so far.

The Orpheum is now dark and decaying inside. The building has been closed to the public and sealed off so successfully that even the most determined squatter or vandal would have the devil's own time getting in. Not many people want to get inside. The old, dark Orpheum has the reputation for being haunted. City inspectors occasionally examine the building to make sure it's not going to collapse and crush the gangs and skins on Granville Mall. Many of these investigators have heard strange noises from inside the building. They've seen hints of movement where there shouldn't be movement. Nobody knows the cause of the rumors, and nobody really wants to investigate.

Is it a group of particularly crafty squatters, or maybe gang members? Is it a group of vampires avoiding the attention of

Vancouver's "mainstream" Kindred society? Could it be a pack of Bone Gnawers? Or is it something else entirely?

English Bay

This is a sandy, curving bay on the southwest side of downtown. The skyscrapers of the financial core are less than a dozen blocks away. On any sunny day, it's packed with sun-lovers, many of them businesspeople taking a long lunch-hour. The water of the bay is often dotted with the colorful sails as the windsurfers practice.

The Bathhouses

The bathhouses are old concrete buildings dating back to the 1920s. They definitely show their age. The lifeguards who patrol the beach have an office here. There are also public washrooms, but they are not for the queasy. The dark and slimy interior of a bathhouse is a good place to avoid. Drug addicts shoot up in the toilet stalls or wait in the shadows to separate the unwary from their money.

North False Creek

B.C. Place Stadium

This is a large, white dome at the north end of the Cambie Street Bridge, across Pacific Boulevard from the Expos. The stadium seats over 60,000 people and is home to the B.C. Lions football team in the Canadian Football League. It's also a venue for major rock concerts, monster truck rallies and sporting events. The dome of the stadium is made of a flexible fabric supported by the slightly higher air pressure kept inside the structure. Theoretically, if enough of the doors to the outside were kept open for long enough, the stadium might deflate. Predictably, there are security guards to make sure that doesn't happen.

Expo Site

In 1986, Vancouver was host to the World's Fair. Expo '86 focused the attention of the world on the city and dispelled the popular conception of Canada as a land of igloos and trappers. Millions of visitors came from all over the globe.

The north side of False Creek was chosen as the site for the fair. This region had been used as a railway switching yard for years. When the city officially announced it would host Expo, the area was rapidly rezoned and renovated.

Colorful buildings seemed to spring up overnight. Building began along a stretch of the shoreline covering 173 acres and ranging in width from about 50 meters to 200 meters. Pavilions, restaurants, Munich-style festhouses, theaters—many types of buildings were erected solely for the event. Most of these structures were prefabricated, designed for ease of construction and customization, but not durability. Several amusement park rides were built near the west end of the site, including a roller coaster called the Scream Machine and a giant device originally named the Challenger. (The space

shuttle disaster, in early 1986, forced a last minute name change.)

The fair lasted from May 2 to October 13. Overall, it was a great success... as these things go, at least. It didn't make money, but at least it didn't lose anywhere near as much as the previous World's Fair in Knoxville. It showed the world what Vancouver had to offer as a vacation destination and a place to do business. Millions, perhaps billions of dollars were brought into the city.

Then the fair ended. After the closing festivities and the final fireworks and laser display, a major question remained: what should be done with the land now? The pre-fab pavilions were disassembled and distributed to towns throughout B.C. The banners and flags were taken down. That still left 173 acres of land along the north shore of False Creek.

An off-shore investor saw the immense value in the property and bought it from the provincial government on what appeared to be unbelievably good terms. A land development company called Concord Pacific planned a lavish series of luxury apartment towers. They were to be built on little man-made islands with Venetian-style canals running between them. The project was to be finished by the early 1990s.

The construction never went ahead. Preliminary surveys of the area found that the soil was highly contaminated with a witch's brew of toxins. For decades, oils, pesticides and other toxic chemicals had seeped into the ground. The soil was so toxic that the city wouldn't authorize the building permits Concord Pacific needed to go ahead with its construction. Even worse, the level of toxicity was so high that no landfill in southwestern B.C. would accept the earth, even if someone agreed to pay the cost of excavating and shipping it.

Almost a decade after the fair, the old Expo site is still waste ground. Fences keep trespassers out, while scrub and grasses grow up around the concrete foundations left behind from the Expo constructions. Many residents consider the Expo site to be Vancouver's shame. Prime real estate, sitting in a region that should be one of the most prestigious areas in the city, is now sitting barren because of a concatenation of miscalculations, doubtful decisions and outright screw-ups.

Were the events that lead to the Expo lands remaining barren *really* screw-ups? Or did someone or something intend for this to happen? Some of the Garou in and around the city aren't too sure.

Certain Glass Walkers and members of other tribes believe the Expo site is a "Wyrmground". The toxicity in the soil makes the region a prime location for a perverted Wyrm caern.

Have the agents of the Wyrm already established a true caern somewhere in the Expo site? Is some twisted and dark spirit bound to the poisoned land, or is the Wyrm caern still just a potentiality, rather than a reality? The Garou don't know for sure, and the uncertainty disturbs them. The area is home to rats, ravens and other ill-aspected creatures. Other Garou, specifically two young Glass Walkers, claim that Banes and Fomor are operating in the region, pursuing their own fell purposes. The tribal leaders aren't convinced. The few Garou who have investigated the depths of the Expo grounds have

found no firm evidence that a Wyrm caern exists. Taking overt action against a Pit that might not exist strikes the conservative Glass Walker leadership as foolish.

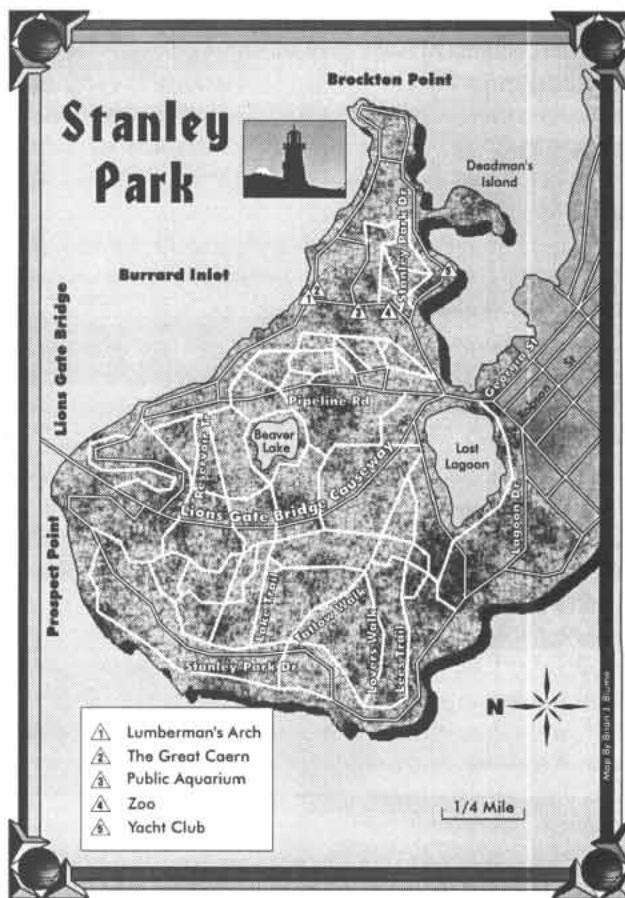
Humans view the Expo site differently. During the day, the sea wall footpath surrounding North False Creek is used by strollers, cyclists and rollerblade enthusiasts. At night, people tend to stay well away from the barren area. Most people rationalize their discomfort over approaching the area as a logical fear of muggers. Are they actually responding to a kind of psychic "taint" to the area?

Vancouver's Kindred feel no such discomfort over the Expo site. Still, they rarely frequent the area, simply because there are so few kine in the region after the sun has gone down.

The Expo site remains barren and empty, its poisons leaking slowly into the waters of False Creek. Is it the result of almost criminal stupidity or the purposeful handiwork of the Wyrm? No one can say for sure.

Plaza of Nations

This glass covered pavilion is one of the few structures remaining from Expo. It's used for occasional entertainment events, but most of the time it's populated only by rollerbladers and skateboarders. Bordering on the Plaza of Nations is 86 Street (a nightclub), Yuk-Yuks (a comedy club) and the Unicorn (a large pseudo-Irish style pub). There's also a striking glass-walled building that used to be the B.C. Pavilion at Expo. Now it's the B.C. Enterprise Center. Theoretically, the center



is a government-funded resource for small businesses and entrepreneurs. In actuality, it's an empty shell that's occasionally used for high-profile galas and the like.

Science World

This silver ball at the east end of False Creek is the new home to Science World, Vancouver's science museum. The dome itself contains an IMAX theater.

Stanley Park

Stanley Park is in the heart of the city, only a few hundred yards northwest of the downtown financial district. It consists of about a thousand acres of woods, lakes and recreational facilities.

When Captain George Vancouver first sailed into the harbor in 1792, he had thought the peninsula now called Stanley Park was an island. In 1863, the Royal Engineers marked off a 1,000 acre region as a military reserve, but 25 years later the reserve was deeded to the city and became a park. By this time, the park had been selectively logged. Many of the tallest trees were used for the masts of British Naval vessels. Fortunately, hundreds of acres of woods remain.

A sea wall footpath runs around the shore of the park. It starts at Coal Harbor on the east side of the narrow isthmus connecting the park to the city. It loops around the peninsula for about 5.5 miles to Second Beach on the west. A continuation of the footpath stretches along the beach of English Bay and under the Burrard Street and Granville Street bridges, running along the north shore of False Creek by the old Expo site. On any day, the sea wall footpath is filled with joggers, businesspeople from the downtown core, cyclists, rollerbladers and sightseers.

Brockton Point

The eastern tip of the park is Brockton Point. A small lighthouse warns ships away from the rocky promontory. Brockton Oval, a large public field, is home to the Stanley Park Archery Club. It's also used by the various cricket leagues that operate in the city. A small stadium, just up a shallow slope from the Oval itself, is the site of rugby and soccer games. Totem poles stand on the margin of the Oval. They were carved decades ago by natives of the Squamish tribe and have been placed here as a memorial to the first residents of the coast. On the south shore of Brockton Point is the Nine O'Clock Gun, a Vancouver landmark that fires every evening. The sound is audible for miles.

Lumberman's Arch

Just around Brockton Point on the north side of Stanley Park is an open area. It lies between the Vancouver Aquarium and a dilapidated salt water swimming pool separated from the ocean itself by a stone and concrete wall.

In this open area stands Lumberman's Arch, constructed in 1912 of huge cedar trunks many feet thick. The trunks were propped together to form a triangular archway. The arch is a



memorial to the logging industry that made the area what it is today. At least, that's what the humans think. To the Garou of the Vancouver area, it has a much greater, more emotional significance. Only the continued cooperation between the different Garou tribes and the Covenant with the city's Kindred keeps the level of clear-cut logging to a barely acceptable level. To the Garou, Lumberman's Arch represents the murder of the great old trees. It serves as a reminder: if the tribes want to prevent the blatant and egregious desecration of the forests, they must continue to work together and not let their ancient rivalries blind them to the necessity of cooperation.

The symbolism of Lumberman's Arch is particularly trenchant because this is the site of the Great Caern the ancient Wendigo Pookcha discovered many centuries ago. The cleared area around the arch itself is the venue for the great "Open Moots". The Garou tribes of Vancouver gather every three months. Individual tribes also hold their "personal" moots here between the great moots.

The Great Caern

Level: 5

Gauntlet: 2

Type: Cooperation

Tribal Status: Open to all tribes and septs.

Totem: Raven (patron of the old Wendigo "lost septs")

On any night of the full moon, fires burn in what were built to be barbecue pits. These fires are easily visible from the Lions Gate Bridge, the SeaBus and even the North Shore. Those



who see the fires assume that they were lit by "kids": high-school or university students throwing wild drinking parties down by the Arch. In just about any other city, they would be right, but not in Vancouver.

Even though the area would be a great spot for holding a midnight party, nobody does. Perversely, everyone knows that people don't hang out around Lumberman's Arch after the sun has gone down... or even during the day, if they can avoid it. So how can anyone simultaneously believe the two contradictory statements? How can anyone say that "the fires are lit by kids" and "kids don't go to the park at night"? That's one of the more fascinating consequences of the Delirium caused by frequent sightings during the Run after moots.

After a moot, whether a private tribal moot or a great Conolation, the participants stage a Run throughout Stanley Park. The details of this Run depend on the characteristics of the tribe involved. For example, the Run after a moot held by Get of Fenris or, on rare occasions, Red Talons would be terrible indeed for any human unfortunate enough to witness it. Regardless of the tribe involved, the Run will be a wild revel. After a moot, the Run offers a chance for personal rivalries between members of different tribes or even septs within a tribe. While the Vancouver Compact forbids fights to the death in Stanley Park, or anywhere within the city limits, for that matter, challenges between the younger members of different tribes are often vicious and bloody. They usually stop just short of death. While members of the Black Furies, the Get of Fenris, the Wendigo and the Red Talons are the most

frequent participants in these spontaneous challenges, Cliaths of other tribes will occasionally mix it up with as much enthusiasm.

Zoo/Aquarium

The Vancouver Zoo and the Vancouver Public Aquarium used to be major tourist attractions. Established in 1915, the zoo attracted a lot of negative publicity in the 70s and 80s due to its small and archaic facilities. For example, the dreary, decaying polar bear enclosure had barely enough space for the great creatures to pace a dozen steps in one direction before having to turn around. In reality, the facilities are closing. In the World of Darkness, the closure has come about a little faster. Pressure from animal rights groups (spurred on by various groups of lupines) led to the zoo's closure in the early 1990s after one of the aging polar bears broke her leg in a fall and had to be put down.

The Public Aquarium lasted little longer (as it has in reality). During its heyday, it was a major tourist attraction, the largest public aquarium in Canada and the third largest in North America. It tried desperately to keep pace with changing attitudes. Its world-famous killer whale and beluga pools were drastically expanded, and organized whale shows were cancelled. Nonetheless, the fact that it had originally been constructed in 1956 was inescapable. Throughout the 70s and 80s, the Aquarium Foundation tried to acquire more land from the park reserve to expand and update its facilities even more.

Each time it tried, the Foundation's moves were blocked by environmental and animal rights groups of various types.

Today, the facilities still exist. Demolishing them would involve bringing in heavy equipment that the "park protection" groups won't allow on the peninsula. High chain-link fences topped with barbed wire surround the zoo and aquarium. Trespassers are discouraged from entering the area: they could easily fall into the empty 30-foot-deep whale pools, injure themselves and sue the city blind. During the day, the monkey house, the reptile house and the broken glass dome over the center of the aquarium building can be seen clearly. They're still visible through the lush foliage that's grown up around them, although now the plants are starting to cover them. At night, the most that can be seen is a grouping of strangely tantalizing surreal silhouettes.

Lions Gate Bridge and Causeway

Running through the heart of the park from Lost Lagoon to Prospect Point is the causeway leading from the West End to the Lions Gate Bridge. The causeway is three lanes wide. These three narrow lanes make driving beside a bus a harrowing experience. The causeway has a system of indicator lights mounted at intervals to inform motorists which way traffic in the center lane is going. Obviously, this lane is switched to match the direction of maximum traffic. During morning rush hour, the lane is open to southbound traffic. In the morning, traffic heads into the city from the North Shore; in the evening, the reverse is true. During the day, and on weekends, the lane is opened and closed according to a system that, for Vancouver residents, seems to border on the purely random. At night between midnight and five or so, the center lane is closed to traffic in either direction. Presumably, this is to minimize head-on collisions when a drunk or tired driver drifts out of his narrow lane.

The Lions Gate Bridge is a suspension bridge resembling a shorter (and much narrower) version of San Francisco's famous Golden Gate Bridge. Its orange suspension cables are lined with white lights. By night, it's turned into a sort of curvilinear "light sculpture" visible from many parts of the city. The bridge is only three lanes wide with the same "bi-directional" center lane arrangement as the causeway.

The Lions Gate Bridge was completed in 1938. Until then, access from the downtown core to West Vancouver had been by ferry. The span is definitely showing its age. The roadbed is worn in places, and the city engineers' attempts to maintain it are hindered by the fact that it's one of only two ways of taking a car across Burrard Inlet. Closing it for repairs, even for a few hours, causes horrendous traffic problems.

By all rights, the Lions Gate should be replaced by a bridge capable of handling much more traffic. Unfortunately, two factors preclude this. First, putting in a new bridge will almost certainly mean doing without the old one during at least some of the construction process. That would lead to a traffic nightmare. Second, the three-lane causeway is as much a limiting factor to capacity as the bridge itself. The various

"Friends of Stanley Park" organizations would rather be drawn and quartered than allow the causeway to be widened one yard.

The Garou are glad that extensive road construction will not threaten the Great Caern. Some Glass Walkers, however, aren't totally convinced that the "Friends of Stanley Park" organizations aren't somehow also playing into the hands of the Wyrm. By screwing up traffic flow patterns, downtown Vancouver is being turned into an urban blight of continuous traffic jams, causing even greater clouds of pollution.

Port of Vancouver

As mentioned earlier, Vancouver is the second largest natural harbor in North America. Predictably, then, the Port of Vancouver handles a large volume of maritime traffic. On any given day, half a dozen or more huge freighters can be seen anchored in English Bay waiting for their turns at the port's berths.

DarTerm

Near the north end of Commercial Drive, this is Vancouver's largest terminal for container traffic. Huge cranes loom over lots filled with stacked shipping containers. Security is good as these things go, but there's a lot of area to cover and relatively few security personnel. As in most port cities, the dock area is a good place to go if you want to drop out of sight, and a good place to avoid otherwise.

Chinatown

Vancouver has the second largest Chinatown in North America. The region is centered around the corner of Main Street and Keefer Street to the east of the downtown core. In this twenty block area, street signs are in English and Cantonese, and storefront advertising rarely includes more than a word or two of English. In the heart of Chinatown, it's possible to find people who have lived in Vancouver for fifty years who can't speak a word of English. It's a tightly knit community, almost impossible to penetrate for anyone who isn't fluent in one or more Chinese dialects.

With Hong Kong reverting to Chinese rule, many Chinese have come to Canada and settled in Vancouver. The street gangs and the dreaded Chinese Triads have come with them. To many, Vancouver is known as "Little Hong Kong", and when one visits Chinatown (or the suburb of Burnaby, for that matter), the reason is obvious. The influx of Asian immigrants has led to both the city police and the RCMP becoming authorities on Asian youth gangs. In fact, police agencies from across the border frequently request assistance from the Mounties.

In Chinatown, it's possible to acquire all sorts of interesting objects and substances if you know where to look and who to ask. Explosives, special ammunition, firearms anything one could want can be bought if one has the right connections. Just



be careful you don't ask the wrong people, or you may end up getting more than you bargained for...

Kitsilano, Mount Pleasant and East Vancouver

False Creek

This is the inlet that separates downtown Vancouver from Kitsilano. When Captain George Vancouver sailed into the harbor in 1792, he thought the inlet was actually the mouth of a river, hence the name. Today False Creek is crossed by three bridges giving easy access to Downtown the Burrard, Granville and Cambie Bridges.

There are two major marinas in the creek. Both are on the south shore. The Stamps Landing Marina is just to the west of the Cambie Street Bridge. The Spruce Harbor Marina is halfway between Granville Island (see below) and the Cambie Bridge. The latter marina offers live-aboard facilities, including power and telephone hookups. There's a third, smaller, marina at the eastern tip of Granville Island, but most of the boats moored here are owned by yacht charter companies.

The south shore of the Creek used to be devoted to light and medium industry. There were many sawmills, chain foundries and other forestry buildings all over Granville Island and around the Creek. The narrow streets winding through the

older housing developments still have names that evoke that past era, names like Sawcut, Lamey's Mill Road and Millbank.

In the 1970s, the industrial nature of south False Creek began to change. Several small park areas and an elementary school were established between Granville Island and the Cambie Bridge. Housing developments began to spring up. At the west end of the Creek, near Granville Island and the Granville Street Bridge, there are half a dozen or so "mid-rise" apartment blocks. Many of these are rent-controlled and subsidized "cooperatives". Condos have been built at the east end of the Creek developments by the Cambie Bridge. The area is not far from a section called Leg-in-Boot Square (because that's just what was found washed up there in the early part of the century a leg in a boot). Buildings with names like Discovery Quay and Newport Quay contain condos that sell for \$300,000 and up-up-up. Several of Vancouver's more affluent Glass Walkers own condos near Leg-in-Boot Square.

The Leg-in-Boot Square end of the Creek development is also home to Stamps Landing Pub. This cozy neighborhood pub was originally associated with the marina, but now has its own loyal clientele. Monk McQueen's seafood restaurant, with angular blue metal roof, is something of a Creek landmark.

Fairview Slopes

On the low slope overlooking False Creek is one of the most densely populated areas of Vancouver. Once a light industrial region, Fairview Slopes now boasts hundreds, perhaps thousands of expensive condominiums and town houses. In the 1980s, Fairview Slopes was considered the place to live for yuppies and yuppie wannabes. Developers were scrambling to grab slices of a very lucrative pie. In the early 90s, the high population density had taken some of the bloom off the area. While the "real" yuppies and those who followed them had turned their attentions to other areas, there were still enough wannabes buying in to keep real estate prices in the region artificially high for a while.

In the Gothic-Punk world, the real estate trend that decreased the attraction of the Slopes has advanced by two or three years. Fairview Slopes still looks generally attractive on the surface, but the cracks are there to be seen. Buildings literally thrown together to catch the real estate boom are starting to come apart at the seams. Prices have dropped so much that many of the people living on the Slopes could only sell out at a crushing loss. This leads to many residents hanging on in quiet desperation. They live in buildings that are quite literally starting to crumble and they hope for something to turn matters around.

Granville Island

Like the rest of south False Creek, Granville Island used to be zoned for industrial use. The area is actually not an island; it's a small peninsula underneath the Granville Street Bridge. In 1973, the zoning was changed to allow multiple usage. The

Granville Island Market opened up. In an enclosed market-place, commercial fishermen and farmers from the Fraser Valley sell their goods to the general public. Like Seattle's Pike Place Market and San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf, the Granville Island Market became a popular place for Vancouverites to buy fresh fruits and vegetables. Seafood is prepared just hours after it's sold from the boats. There are also several cappuccino bars and small restaurants, making the Market a trendy place to come for a late weekend breakfast.

The Island is also home to many other businesses. A few key ones are the Arts Club Theater and Backstage Lounge, the Emily Carr School of Modern Art, the Granville Island Brewery and numerous yacht brokers and ship chandlers. At the west end of the Island is an establishment called Bridges, which offers a fine dining restaurant, a bistro/wine bar, and a pub within the same building. On the north side of the Island, right next to the Arts Club Theater is Mulvaney's, a New Orleans style restaurant. At the east end is the Granville Island Hotel, which includes one of the city's prime, up-scale meat market discos, Pelican Bay (otherwise known as "Pecker Bay" or "Pelvis Bay").

Vancouver General Hospital

Vancouver General Hospital, or VGH, is the city's largest hospital, covering several city blocks. The different buildings of the hospital are connected via several floors of almost-

forgotten subterranean levels. Most of these underground floors are used for storage, if they're used at all. It's here, amidst these disused and forgotten "catacombs", that the prince of the Vancouver Kindred has decided to make his haven.

The underground levels are quite secure and safe from human interference. They also give the prince a lot of space to spread out. Both Julie Foster and Siegfried frequently sleep their days away in the underground tunnels. Even if someone were to find out they were sleeping in the tunnels of VGH, it would take an extensive search to find the vampires in the labyrinth of rooms. The two vampires also gain more protection from the hospital's own security guards and several ghouls working at the hospital. Although the underground itself isn't patrolled, getting to the catacombs' entrance unnoticed while avoiding the security guards and the ghouls would be very difficult.

Vanier Park and Kits Beach

Vanier Park is a grassy area just west of the Burrard Street Bridge. This is one of the windiest places in Vancouver. The prevailing west wind blows seven days out of ten. It's a prime spot for kite enthusiasts. Acrobatic kites, fighting kites, huge kites the size of parasails all of these can be seen here on a good day.

To the west of Vanier Park is Kitsilano Beach, known as Kits Beach to the locals. It's more of a family oriented beach than



the more trendy English Bay, but it's still an "urban beach" and very crowded on a sunny day. Half a dozen volleyball courts are set up along the beach in the summer, and some consider the quality of play to rival games seen on the beaches of California.

Vancouver Planetarium, Museum and Archive

The white, conical roof of the H.R. MacMillan Planetarium is a famous Vancouver landmark. The planetarium complex is a few hundred meters west of the Burrard Street Bridge. It houses a small museum and gallery, as well as the Vancouver Archives.

Jericho and Spanish Banks

Beaches extend basically all the way from Kits to the tip of Point Grey. Jericho is the next beach to the west of Kits (its name is a corruption of "Jerry's Cove"). Jericho is home to a public sailing center, and also to the exclusive Royal Vancouver Yacht Club (RVYC). Further west are the beaches of Spanish Banks, which stretch for several miles.

Shaughnessy

Shaughnessy is one of the older residential neighborhoods, and it almost literally reeks of money and privilege. It's an enclave of narrow, tree-lined roads. The curved and tangled streets are a contrast to the rectilinear arrangement of most of the city. The area is bounded by West 16th Avenue, West 33rd Avenue, West Boulevard and Oak Street. Houses in Shaughnessy start at about half a million dollars, and range in price to well over five million.

Queen Elizabeth Park

Bounded by West 33rd and 37th Avenues on the north and south, and by Cambie and Ontario Streets on the west and east, Queen Elizabeth Park, also known as Little Mountain, is the highest point within the city limits of Vancouver itself. It's a rolling, wooded park, dotted with duck ponds and rose gardens. The park has the largest collection of public tennis courts in the city thirty-six of them, in fact.

Until about 1920, the hilly region was used for the South Vancouver municipal stone quarry. Large areas of the hilltop were carved away. When it became a park, the great, steep-walled notches left by the quarrymen were turned into elaborate gardens. This became a favorite site for wedding photographs. On a sunny June weekend, up to a dozen wedding parties can be "stacked up" waiting for their turn.

At night, the park is shunned by law-abiding citizens. Gangs sometimes use the park as a battleground for settling grudges and enforcing turf violations. The most disturbing rumors about the park at night have nothing to do with anything as mundane as youth gangs. In fact, both the Kindred



and the Garou of Vancouver use Little Mountain for their own reasons. The Kindred sometimes hunt here, drinking the vitae of people who, for their own reasons, would never report getting "mugged" by "psychos". Garou packs, particularly those formed of members from different tribes, sometimes meet here to hash out differences, avoiding tribal complications at the Great Caern.

Bloedel Conservatory

At the highest point of Queen Elizabeth Park is the Bloedel Conservatory, a large arboretum covered with a geodesic dome of glass that can be seen from all over Vancouver. The Conservatory is home to many species of exotic plants from around the world. For a few dollars admission, a visitor can stroll among elephant palms, banana trees, orchids and other tropical plants. The arboretum's warm, humid air is a pleasant change from the gray, wet cold of a Vancouver winter.

Nat Bailey Stadium

Nat Bailey Stadium is on the northeast slope of Little Mountain, just north of West 33rd Avenue. The stadium is home both the Vancouver Canadians, a triple-A baseball team in the Pacific Coast League, and the farm team for the Milwaukee Brewers. Originally called Capilano Stadium, this open-air facility has been described as "one of the finest ball diamonds in North American baseball". While nowhere near as huge as the big parks elsewhere in the continent, it still keeps the "feel" of the golden days of baseball. Under the lights on a balmy summer night, or in the middle of baking afternoon at a "businessman's special", it's an excellent place to quaff a few brews and watch some fine baseball.

Pacific National Exhibition

This sprawling, decaying exhibition ground can be found just to the west of the Second Narrows Bridge, a couple of hundred meters from the south shore of Burrard Inlet. The PNE grounds comprise various exhibition buildings, including the Agrodome and the Forum, as well as a permanent amusement park known as Playland. The old, wooden roller coaster is the highest in Canada, and one of the highest in North America. It's also starting to come apart at the seams. Dustings of crumbled wood can be found under the structure.

The PNE grounds also contain a racetrack and the Coliseum. The Coliseum is the home of the Vancouver Canucks ice hockey team and is a popular venue for rock concerts. (Although concerts at the B.C. Place are often larger, the sound quality is much better in the Coliseum.)

Second Narrows Bridge

Apart from the Lions Gate Bridge, this is the only way to drive from Vancouver to the North Shore. Fortunately, it's much larger than the suspension bridge with three lanes in each direction. The Second Narrows is a big, brutal-looking metal span with none of the grace of the Lions Gate.

It's also the third bridge to be built on the same site. The first was finished in 1925, but was a hazard to navigation and was knocked out by a ship in 1929. The bridge was re-opened in 1934. In 1958, a larger bridge was started to replace the current span, but an engineering error caused the incomplete span to collapse, killing 18 workers.

(As an interesting aside, this disaster was reputedly the inspiration for a UBC tradition: issuing all engineers graduating from the university an iron ring made from the metal of a fallen bridge. This ring is to be worn throughout their professional lives as a reminder of the responsibilities their chosen career carries with it.)

At various times in the city's history, people have tried to establish a third crossing of Burrard Inlet. In 1972, the last such effort was defeated, largely by people who feared that a third bridge would lead to Vancouver becoming a "freeway city". The money that had been set aside for the third crossing was used to establish the SeaBus.

University Endowment Lands

The westernmost tip of Point Grey is home to the University of British Columbia (UBC). With around 50,000 full-time and part-time students, it's one of the largest universities in Canada. It received its charter in 1908, but didn't move to its present location until 1925. The campus itself is about a thousand acres, about the same size as Stanley Park. The "Endowment Lands", granted by the provincial government to the university for its own use, are several times this size.

The University Endowment Lands (UEL) consist of the university itself, student housing, the University Golf Club, the University Hill School and some limited residential neighborhoods. The area also includes a large new development for students with families, and an aging but still active "Fraternity Row". Most of the UEL, however, is rolling woodlands, more or less untouched by logging concerns for the last fifty years or so. Prepared footpaths run through the woods, which have recently been officially declared the Pacific Spirit Provincial Park. The park is off-limits to development in the future, much to the relief of many of Vancouver's Garou. Some of these paths are open to the many equestrians and to mountain-bikers in the city, while others are restricted to pedestrians only.

The UEL is home to a small population of coyotes and a large population of raccoons. Both of these pose threats to the domestic cat population in the region. There are also small populations of great blue herons and eagles nesting in the taller trees of the Pacific Spirit Park.

In the Gothic-Punk world, sightings of lupine creatures considerably larger than coyotes have any right to be have been becoming more and more common. City officials and government biologists write these off as misinterpreted coyote sightings. ("Nervous person spots coyote, reports timber wolf.") There are some people who wonder whether there might not be other kinds of creatures frequenting the UEL.



UBC Campus

The campus itself would seem familiar to university students from anywhere in North America. The buildings are a mix of architectural styles, from the heavy stonework of the Main Library to the 60s-style world art mosaics of the Buchanan building to the timeless institutional brick of the Totem Park student residences.

Running through the center of the campus is Main Mall, which is closed to all vehicular traffic except emergency and official delivery vehicles. For students, the heart of the campus is the Student Union Building. The SUB is a massive structure of dark gray concrete that has been described as following the "ancient Chinese fortress" style of architecture. Beside SUB is the Aquatic Center and the War Memorial Gym.

The Graduate Students Center and the Faculty Club are at the north end of the campus, both with excellent views of Burrard Inlet and the North Shore mountains.

Interestingly enough, some of the buildings still used on campus today were built in the 1940s as temporary structures. Funding problems, and the rapid growth of the student population, have blocked many initiatives to replace these dilapidated buildings with something more in keeping with a modern university.

Main Library

The Main Library was built in the 1940s. Its gray stone facade resembles a cross between a Gothic cathedral and a 19th Century insane asylum. The library was expanded in 1957 with the construction of the Stacks: a bleak, institutional addition onto the rear of the old building. With its low ceilings, narrow aisles between ceiling-high bookshelves, poor lighting and grimy, barred windows, the Stacks are highly claustrophobic, particularly on a dark and rainy winter evening.

Scattered throughout the Stacks are desks where students can work, and many take advantage of the claustrophobic solitude the Stacks provide. This practice is starting to decrease, however. Although the university administration adamantly denies them, there are constantly recurring rumors that *something* isn't right with the Stacks. These rumors change from week to week. Nobody knows where they originate. Sometimes there's anxiety that a psychotic rapist-murderer is prowling the Stacks for victims. A couple of days later, the focus of fear has changed to supernatural manifestations of some kind. Then it's fears of the building's old insulation being carcinogenic. Then the rumors swing back to some kind of predator seeking its prey in the building. Is there someone, or something, hunting in the Stacks? Nobody really knows. The building could well be the Haven of a vampire, who hunts the narrow aisles at night. It could be a place of sanctuary sought out by a Garou pursued by some foe. Then again, it could be something totally different.

Whatever it is that prowls the Stacks, students cannot avoid the Main Library no matter how much they may want to. The library has over three million books, some quite rare and unavailable elsewhere, and its extensive catalog attracts many researchers from off-campus as well. A sophisticated computerized catalog is said to record all materials in the library and in the other libraries on campus. It's always possible some pieces might have been missed. For someone seeking the answer to virtually *any* complex question, the Main Library is an excellent place to start.

The Beaches

As described earlier, beaches extend along the north shore of Point Grey from along the Spanish Banks. They continue around the tip of Point Grey as well, but their nature changes somewhat.

During World War II, when a Japanese invasion was considered a real and terrifying possibility, naval defenses were built on the western tip of Point Grey. Searchlights and naval guns, in huge concrete revetments and towers, were installed around the point, down the steep cliffs from the UBC campus. After the war, the hardware was removed from these emplacements, but the concrete towers, bunkers and other structures were left to decay by themselves. The first beach as one heads south around the tip of Point Grey is named for these installations Tower Beach. Further around the point is Wreck Beach, named for a ship and several barges that were purposely sunk off-shore to form a breakwater.

Wreck Beach, and the southernmost part of Tower Beach, are Vancouver's nude beaches. Officially, the city, province and country has laws that prohibit public indecency. The RCMP, which has jurisdiction over the UEL, turns a blind eye.

Although laws against public indecency are not strictly enforced, the location still requires police intervention. The fact that Wreck can be reached only by boat or a grueling walk down a steep, switchbacked path from the campus above makes it an attractive place for activities to which the RCMP doesn't turn a blind eye. On any summer afternoon, entrepreneurs sell everything from stolen sunglasses to various drugs. While the Mounties try to keep this kind of thing to a bare minimum (so to speak), the limited access also limits their enforcement.

When the sun goes down, the clothes usually go back on, mainly due to the cool prevailing winds from the west. On summer evenings, Wreck is alive with the bonfires of beach parties.

In the Gothic-Punk world, these parties don't usually last much past midnight, particularly on nights with a full moon. People don't wander far from the reassuring lights of their fires unless they go in groups. (This definitely limits the desirability of Wreck as a teen make-out spot, of course.) This is because of recurring rumors of some kind of psychotic who prowls the beach late at night, especially when the full moon is in the sky.

As with the Main Library rumors, nobody knows just where the tale of the "Wreck Beach Slasher" comes from. The police have no records of anyone being murdered on the beach during the last few years. No bodies have been found, and the only people to have gone missing are drunk partiers who have gone for a swim in the ocean and never made it back to shore.

TRIUMF

TRIUMF the Tri-University Meson Facility is UBC's major contribution to "big science" in Canada. It's a powerful particle accelerator, under joint control of UBC, the University of Victoria (UVIC) and the University of Alberta. TRIUMF was the biggest cyclotron in the world when it was completed in the 1970s. Even though it's long since been dwarfed by newer machines, it's still remains on the cutting edge of research. Specifically, researchers are investigating the use of mesons for the treatment of tumors and other malignancies.

When TRIUMF was built, many people viewed it with severe distrust. It dealt with *nuclear* particles, didn't it? Wasn't anything *nuclear* automatically radioactive, potentially explosive, probably carcinogenic, and innately anathema to God's green earth? The three universities involved and the Canada Science Council (which provided much of the funding) tried to explain that a cyclotron *wasn't* going to explode. If a major component ever failed, they argued, the worst that would happen would be the accelerator shutting down until the part was replaced. This education campaign just didn't cut it, and distrust of TRIUMF still runs high in certain circles.

This is as true among many of the Garou as it is among the humans. Some of the Glass Walkers have taken the time to understand exactly what TRIUMF is and what it does. They have concluded that it's doing beneficial work with no risk to the environment. Most of the other tribes show a knee-jerk reaction to the place. Only the Vancouver Compact the agreement between the tribes defining Vancouver and the Great Caern as "open territory" has allowed the Glass Walkers to prevent the more militant Garou from trashing TRIUMF once and for all.

Discovery Park

This is an "industrial park" set up by the provincial government in the 1980s, a site where start-up high-tech companies can find a supportive and subsidized environment to operate. All the necessary infrastructure is already in place. Discovery Park is located on the UBC campus near TRIUMF.

This government-subsidized "business incubator" hasn't worked overly well. Economic downturns, the province's continued reliance on primary industry and popular distrust of anything smacking of high-tech have driven all but the most resilient start-ups out of business. Only one "inhabitant" of Discovery Park is doing well, surprisingly so, in fact. This is an outfit called Pacific Rim Biotech which is, unbeknownst to all but a few, indirectly owned and controlled by Developmental Neogenetics Amalgamated (DNA).

North Shore

Horseshoe Bay

North and west of the city, about 10 or 15 minutes' drive on the Upper Levels highway, is the community of Horseshoe Bay. This protected harbor is the home of one of Vancouver's two major ferry terminals. From Horseshoe Bay, ferries ply the Strait of Georgia to the city of Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, travelling to Gibson up the "Sunshine Coast" and to several of the small Gulf Islands between the mainland and Vancouver Island itself.

Grouse Mountain

About 20 minutes north of the city is Grouse Mountain, one of three ski areas within half an hour's drive of downtown Vancouver. Grouse is about 1,100 meters (3,600 feet) high. The ski area is reached by a gondola, running every 10 minutes from the parking area to the "Grouse Nest" chalet.

Grouse is an "urban mountain". Its runs aren't long, it has little variety of terrain and it's crowded as hell. It is, however, only twenty minutes from the city, and it's lighted for night skiing. On a clear winter evening as the sun's going down, the lights of Grouse hang in the sky over the north shore.

A couple of skiers go missing on Grouse's "back runs" each year. While the authorities assume that they've skied out of bounds to meet their untimely deaths, it's possible that they've fallen prey to Garou or Kindred.

Cypress Bowl

Cypress Bowl is a little more spartan and a little less urban than Grouse Mountain, and can be found a couple of miles to the west. The ski area is more extensive, with a greater variety of terrain and more challenging runs. Cypress has cross-country skiing trails, which Grouse lacks, and an extensive back-country area on the north slopes. Various developers have tried to get governmental permission and the necessary funding to open up those back areas and expand the ski area. Each time they try, however, *something* happens to prevent their plans from reaching fruition. Predictably, these "road-blocks to development" are orchestrated by Vancouver's Garou, since the back country is home to quite a few werewolves.

British Properties

The "British Properties" are the playground of the rich and famous. It's a very expensive, very exclusive area on the southern slopes of the North Shore mountains, directly to the north of the Lions Gate Bridge. It was developed originally by the Guinness family (famous for stout and, much less importantly, a book of world records). It's an area of winding roads and tree-covered estates. Most homes here have spectacular views of the city below.

In Gothic-Punk Vancouver, with its heightened undercurrent of violence, this is a neighborhood of mansions surrounded by brick and steel walls. It's patrolled by its own special private

security force to ensure the safety of the privileged. The British Properties contain "havens-away-from-home" for several influential vampires from around the world.

The "Burbs"

Vancouver is the fastest growing city in Canada. Because of this, the suburbs have grown more important. Downtown is still the center of business and the home of the best clubs, but the suburbs' ability to compete is growing rapidly. As more and more people come to settle down in the Lower Mainland (the area of Vancouver and the suburbs), more of the outlying areas are turning from farms and ranches to rows of houses with white picket fences. Even the street gangs have expanded into the 'burbs, thus helping the crime rate to rise rapidly in neighborhoods that were once thought to be safe.

Getting from downtown Vancouver to the outlying areas of the 'burbs is fast and easy. The provincial government supports a well-used and extensive public transport system consisting of buses and the Skytrain. This effective system, financially encouraged by Vancouver's Glass Walkers, has helped reduce traffic on the highways leading into town. The level of air pollution is being kept to a bearable level.

The main suburbs of Vancouver are Richmond, Burnaby, Surrey, Coquitlam, New Westminister, Tsawassen, Delta, White Rock and Port Coquitlam. Each of these areas has the population of a small city, and detailed descriptions of these would be well beyond the scope of this book.

Key Locales

YVR

This is the official designation for Vancouver's international airport located on Sea Island in Richmond. YVR is too small for the amount of traffic it's called upon to handle, but residents of Richmond keep blocking any attempt to expand the facility. It's now almost as overloaded as O'Hare in Chicago.

Security at YVR is less stringent than at many American airports, but it's still far from lax. Dogs are used to sniff out drugs and explosives, and the RCMP takes very seriously any hint that weapons or explosives are being smuggled into the country.

Tsawassen Ferry Terminal

The Tsawassen facility is a larger terminal than Horseshoe Bay. Ferries leave from here to Victoria and Nanaimo, both on Vancouver Island. Round-the-clock ferry service is a recent innovation orchestrated by Vancouver's Kindred.

The Border

There are two major border crossings. One is for trucks, and the other is for passenger vehicles. The Douglas border crossing is between White Rock in Canada and Blaine in the US. This crossing is marked by a major landmark, the Peace Arch. This

white stone archway is right on the border, and flags of both countries are displayed. Iron gates are installed in the archway itself, and these are always open. This symbolism is reflected by the inscription, "May These Gates Never Be Closed".

As at most border crossings, security seems extremely arbitrary. Some cars just breeze through after the driver answers a couple of questions. Others are stripped to the frame. There often seems to be no obvious reason for the difference. As mentioned earlier, the Canadian border guards are very sensitive about people who want to carry firearms into the country. Anyone without the appropriate authorization will either have to surrender their weapons or turn around and go back to the States.

Metrotown

This is Vancouver's newest major mall. It's in Burnaby, not far from the intersection of Kingsway and Boundary Road. It's a massive enclosed mall, but it's not underground like those in the city center.

Simon Fraser University

Simon Fraser University is a classic example of how civilization and nature can coexist. The university is built on top of Burnaby Mountain. It was designed and built so that it complemented the forest and natural beauty around it. A large part of the University was actually built into the mountain, and most of the science labs are underground.

Rumors come and go about sealed-off catacombs in the depths of the university. The original builders excavated foundations for buildings that were never completed. Confirming these rumors is next to impossible. Students descending into the depths pass to the more restricted parts of the university. They pass the sealed rooms with radiation warnings on the doors and pass dimly-lit concrete corridors which seem to absorb the very heat from their bodies.

If people could search without hindrance, they would find that the rumored catacombs actually do exist. They're home to an ancient evil. When Lyle, one of the Kindred, came to Vancouver, he funded the building of SFU and buried his master deep in the catacombs for his protection. Ghouls posing as scientists and security guards maintain a constant watch on the tunnels, but not even they understand what it is they guard. In fact, the master is an extremely powerful Methuselah, and he waits in a state of torpor.

This Methuselah's characteristics are not given in this source book, since he is not likely to awaken anytime soon. If this ancient vampire does awaken, assume that when he shakes off the weakness that follows torpor, all of his characteristics will be near maximum. (He will possess whatever disciplines at whatever levels suit the story that the individual Storyteller has in mind.) This Methuselah has been in North America for almost two thousand years and is the sire of Mictlantecuhtli (see *Awakening, Diablerie: Mexico* for more information on Mictlantecuhtli).

Even from torpor, Lyle's master knows about the workings of Vancouver. It is possible that all of Vancouver's achievements may in fact be due to this Cainite's attempts to ensure that his sleep is not disturbed. Thus, Vancouver is a safe haven from politics and its attendant plotting. The peace with the Garou could also have been influenced by this ancient one, who has long traveled along the Northwestern Coast. However, this vampire has avoided influencing Siegfried himself (except for his very early influence in founding the city). He is instead slowly influencing those who are not loyal to the prince. The Methuselah plans to eventually awaken to find a group of vampires already loyal and ready to protect him. He is progressing with his plans so slowly and so secretly from his state of torpor that even Lyle doesn't realize what is going on. The sleeping vampire is not behind Stalest and her desire to take the reins of power away from Siegfried, as some players might guess. However, he is doing nothing to stop the pending confrontation. As long as the peace is kept (who wants to wake up in a lupine-infested city?) and Siegfried is kept busy with other things, Lyle has been instructed to stay out of the fight. The Methuselah senses the touch of the Wyrm in the Expo site, and realizes that it might eventually require some action on his part. So far, he is not convinced that the Wyrm is a direct threat to his interests, and he will take no action until he is convinced.

Riverview

East of the city in New Westminster, Riverview is an old, brooding building overlooking the Fraser River. It for decades as a mental hospital, a repository for all but the most criminally insane. In the late 1980s and the early 90s, cutbacks in funding caused the "downsizing" and eventual closure of the facility. Some of its patients have either been moved to other establishments. More often, they are consigned to "community care": they're put out on the streets. The decaying buildings will stand empty until somebody figures out just what to do with them.

In the Gothic-Punk world, the buildings of Riverview aren't quite empty, although there might not be a living soul in them. The facility represents a great haven for Kindred. This very Gothic-looking place has enough of a reputation to keep most trespassers away.

Other Locales

Here are some other interesting places relatively near to Vancouver.

Victoria

On Vancouver Island, Victoria is (in real life) the "Satanic capital" of Canada. This city has the largest population of declared Satanists and the most incidences of Satanic (or pseudo-Satanic) activity. In the Gothic-Punk world, it's a city of mystery to both the Kindred and the Garou. Although several septs of lupines exist on Vancouver Island, they stay away from Canada's retirement capital and stick to the interior or the city of Nanaimo further up the island's east coast. Even

the Garou can't explain the hesitancy they feel when they near Victoria or the uneasiness which turns to fear as they venture further into the city. The lupines of the mainland laugh at the stories of disappearing werewolves and mystic beasts the islanders bring to them, but it's a fact that very few of the Garou who have entered the city have ever returned. Those few who have come back return changed. Their fur is gray and their stamina is sapped. They refuse to speak of what they saw. Some of the oldest Wendigo speak of a once great caern on the island in the location of what is now called Beacon Hill Park in the center of Victoria. The power of this caern is thought to have long since disappeared, but no one really knows what has happened to it.

The Kindred also shun the city. As the Covenant between the Cainites and the Lupines only extends to the city limits of Greater Vancouver, few vampires leave Vancouver to visit the Island for fear of being attacked by lupines either on route across the water (which takes over an hour) or while in the city itself. The vampires who have left to visit Victoria have disappeared without the slightest trace. This has long been a mystery to the prince and the elders of Vancouver. Even Necross has little information about it.

Originally Victoria was a trading outpost and a fort on the southern end of Vancouver Island. Because it crosses a large span of water, Siegfried has tried to build up Vancouver. Almost no vampires journey to the Island. Victoria and her suburbs have a population of just over 280,000. This is a second reason why there are no vampires in this old city. (According

to the game's standard assumptions, Victoria could support about 2.8 vampires). The fact that Victoria is the capitol of the province is pretty well lost on the majority of the population. The real power of the province is in Vancouver. The news broadcasts focus on the mainland city. In fact, there is more on the news about the cities of the interior of the province than Victoria. If one were to ask people what city was the provincial capitol, many would probably guess wrong, naming the metropolis of Vancouver.

Recently, Siegfried has used his influence to start a night-time ferry service to the island. He has sent three of his most powerful and trusted lieutenants to Victoria to find out just what is going on. Through his mortal contacts in Victoria, the prince has learned that his lieutenants have disappeared without a trace. This has only confirmed Siegfried's long-held suspicions that there is something unusual about the city, and he is now focusing his attention there. For obvious reasons, Siegfried has kept the possible destruction of his lieutenants a secret; he hasn't been able to cover up the fact that they have disappeared, however. (As described in a later chapter, the malcontent Stalest has seized upon this disappearance and Siegfried's distraction as a perfect opportunity to wrest control of the city from the prince.)

Seattle

About 250 miles south of Vancouver, Seattle is the last main Camarilla enclave in the Northwest. Seattle is a city on the brink. Anarchs from the Free States to the south have decided to enlarge their borders, and Seattle is one of their target cities. The Camarilla does not intend to lose the city, and they have positioned a powerful Justicar there to prevent the Anarch Revolt from spreading north. Justicar Petrodon is an expert on the anarchs. It is extremely hard to pull one over on the old boy, and his Archon goons are adept at rooting out and destroying any threat to his jurisdiction. Thus, the anarchs are having a hard time taking down Seattle. They aren't giving up. Population pressure in the Free States demands that the Revolt move to the north; damn anyone who gets in the way!

Due to this "distraction" from the anarchs, Petrodon has not turned his attention to the "lawless" city of Vancouver. The idea of an independent city is galling to the old Justicar, but what can be done when revolutionaries threaten to run rampant in one's own backyard? Vancouver's "trial" will have to wait...

Spuzzum

About 80 miles up the Fraser Valley, northeast of Vancouver, Spuzzum is one of the smallest towns in British Columbia. Most Canadians got a good laugh when the ex-Warsaw Pact members released their nuclear target list. It turned out that Spuzzum had been marked for a first-strike attack. For some reason, the Soviet military had decided Spuzzum was a military base, despite the fact that the town's population was on the order of 400, smaller than any military base in Canada.

Spuzzum is populated only by werewolves and their Kinfolk. The town acts as a supply depot and communication nexus for



the Get of Fenris in their war against the enemies of Gaia. From this small town, the Get can ferry out supplies to probable sites of battle and coordinate their forays against the Wyrm and humans. These supplies can be anything from food and munitions to medical aid for Kinfolk caught in the battle, or maybe just a van to transport some homicidal Get.

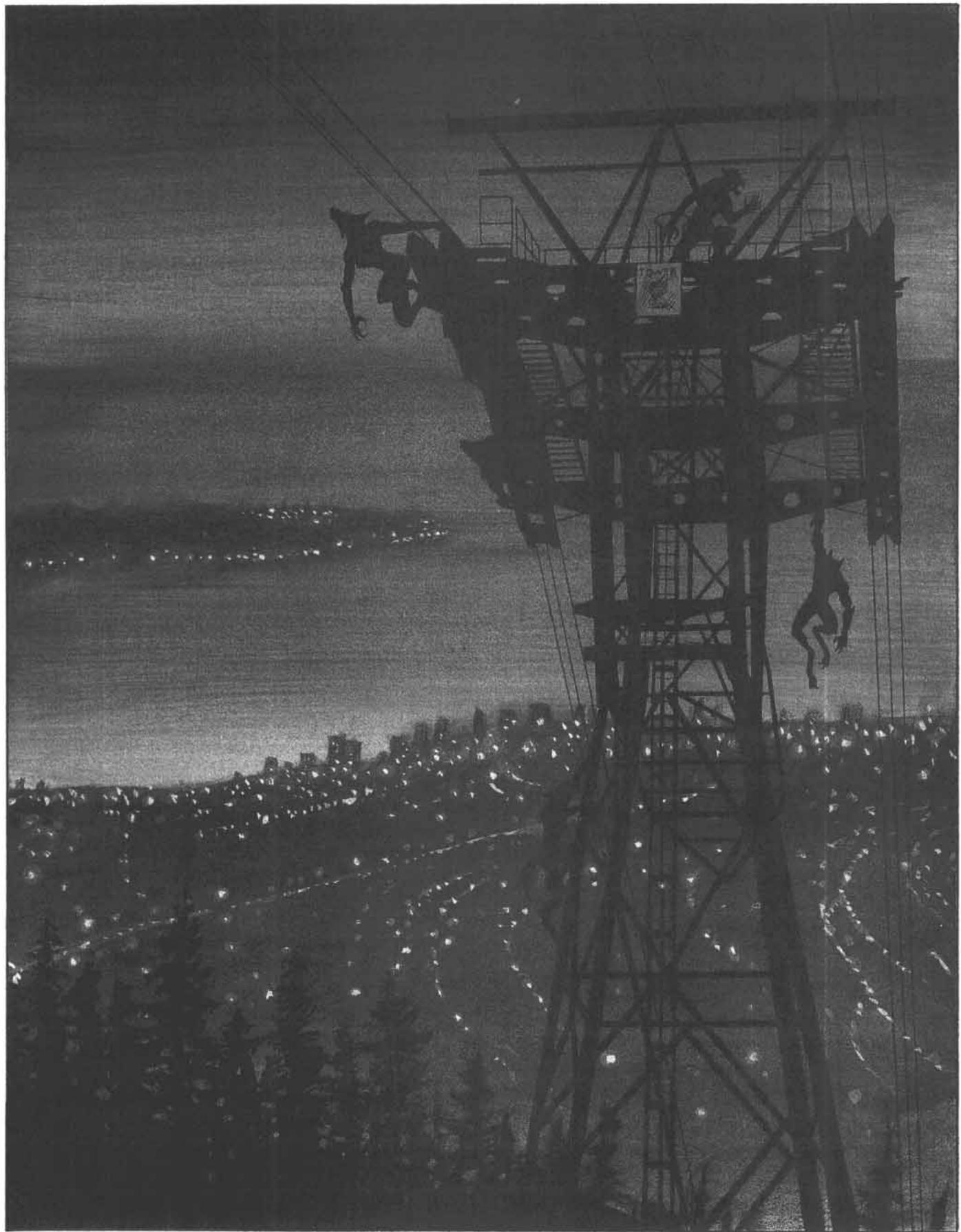
Whistler Village

About two hours north of the city along the winding (and sometimes treacherous) Sea-to-Sky Highway is Whistler Village. This ski resort serves two mountains, Whistler and Blackcombe. It is rated the number-one ski destination in North America by many American and Japanese ski maga-

zines. The village itself resembles a yuppie's conception of a European village. Little winding streets and open "town squares" are packed with half-million-dollar condos.

Whistler Village is a tiny little enclave of "glitterati" civilization in the middle of the wilderness. It's a thorn in the side of the more militantly environmental Garou, while more "urban" tribes like the Glass Walkers relish it as an oasis of civilized pleasures in the midst of the dirty and cold wilderness.

The slopes of Whistler and Blackcombe are home to maybe a dozen Garou. Surprisingly, the fact that at least one werewolf lives on Whistler is publicized by an advertisement at the top of one of the major ski lifts. The Whistler Mountain corporation considers this an interesting "tourist feature" and doesn't know that its sign is actually telling the truth.



Chapter Two: History

More than anywhere else in the world, Vancouver is built upon interactions between Garou and Kindred societies. This chapter describes those interactions and their results.

It is vital to note that history is highly subjective. Two observers of the same event will remember and interpret it quite differently. (Anyone who has heard multiple witnesses' descriptions of a car crash understands this.) The Kindred and Garou of Vancouver view certain events in their shared history quite differently. This is the origin of what might be seen as "contradictions" in the following material.

Before the White Man

British Columbia, and specifically the area that would one day become Vancouver, has always been home to a large population of Garou. In the distant past, Wendigo Garou of many septs lived in these forests. Some of these septs, including the Tatlayoko, the Namu and the Ceepeecee, are now extinct. These Garou had fought fierce battles to quell the Wyrm from the Pure Land. The aboriginal peoples who formed the First Nations of the coast lived in fear of the Garou, referring to them as "Those Who Come By Night." The most enduring legend to arise from that time was that of the Sasquatch, a nine foot tall humanoid figure covered in fur. What else could it be but a Garou in Crinos form?

Garou of the Wendigo, Uktena and Croatan tribes came to Vancouver and migrated to the natural harbor of the Fraser River Delta region. They were drawn by something they didn't

quite understand. The Garou established a variety of settlements all over the area. These primeval woods would one day be replaced by high-rises and housing developments. Later, the call of other lands drew most of the Uktena and Croatan to migrate south, leaving the Wendigo as the most populous tribe.

Humans were also drawn to the area. Members of the Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil'waututh peoples established more than two dozen distinct villages and settlements in the region. The area was plentiful, providing bountiful salmon runs, ample supplies of edible plants and many animals to hunt. They believed that the rich natural resources of the area were what drew them to the area that would later become Vancouver. The native peoples were actually responding to the same force that affected the Garou.

A Wendigo named Pookcha first realized what the strange attraction actually represented. On the peninsula that would one day be called Stanley Park, there was an area where the boundary between the Realm of Gaia and the Umbra was particularly thin. Pookcha devoted his life to investigating the specific characteristics of this region and the spirits who lived there. He and other Theurges examined the area and realized that this could be the site of a great caern. After years of research and preparation, a consortium of Theurges representing all the tribes in the area bound a number of spirits to the site. Because members of different tribes participated in creating the Great Caern, the site was dedicated to intertribal amity.

The spirits bound there reflect this nature. (This site would one day be known to the humans as Lumberman's Arch.)

From about 1350 A.D., when the Great Caern was completed, to the mid-1800s, the Garou and the humans of the region lived in equilibrium. Even though the Impergium had ended, the First Nations of the Pacific coast showed none of the explosive growth that societies showed in Europe and Asia. There are no Garou records of vampiric activity in the region during this period, either (at least, no confirmed reports). There are some tales still told by the Wendigo around the fires of their moots about a vampire who had some kinship with the beasts of the forest. He had visited the region in the distant past to sire a Get by the name of Mictantekle. Outside the Wendigo Tribe, few believe these myths.

Over the next several centuries, the Tatlayoko, the Namu and the Ceepeecee were the most influential of the "lost septs". They shared authority and responsibility for the Great Caern with the other Wendigo. At first, this sharing was very natural and instinctive, largely because there were no threats to the caern from any source. Life for the West Coast Garou was idyllic in a way it would never be again.

Eventually, the population of Native Americans in the area began to grow. Human villages sprang up close to the Great Caern, including one called Khwaykhway located less than a mile from the site. The encroachment of human "civilization" started to put pressure on the Garou in the area. Suddenly, "responsibility" for the Great Caern started to mean something. The Wendigo and the "lost septs" struck an official

agreement to reinforce the very informal agreement. This agreement would later be called the "Vancouver Compact" and would formalize the amity behind the Great Caern. The tribes agreed in perpetuity that the area around the caern would be open to Garou of all tribes, septs and packs. Inter-tribal conflicts would be forbidden. The various Theurges swore great and mighty oaths before the Celestines that would bind them and their Kinfolk for the rest of time.

The Great Caern was located in what would one day be Stanley Park. This wasn't the only place in the area where the Gauntlet was thin. In fact, certain folk tales of the Wendigo claim that this whole area used to be very close to the Umbra. While the Great Caern was the only site that could become a Level Four caern, there were several other locations where the Garou created Level One caerns. Only one of these still exists today, as far as contemporary Garou know. The Smiling Buddha Caern was at one time a Tatlayoko burial site. It was "rediscovered" in the twentieth century by Richard Daly of the Vancouver Glass Walkers (see Chapter Three).

Colonial Days

In 1785, Captain Vancouver was the first recorded European visitor to the region. His ship sailed into a natural harbor that would one day be named for him. Over the next century, European colonists flooded into the area. In keeping with the Great Caern they revered, the native Garou made a decision that the Wendigo consider a dire mistake. Instead of driving



off or destroying the "invading" colonists, they decided that they could teach the newcomers to live in harmony with Gaia and the Garou as the native humans did. By the time they realized how wrong they were, it was too late. There were too many of the interlopers, and they were too well settled to be ousted. Removing them would be impossible without a bloody and genocidal war, a confrontation between humans and Garou that would have made the Impergium look like a garden party in comparison. Several of the "lost septs" demanded war, but other developments precluded the "hard option".

Along with their traps, guns and ocean-spanning sailing ships, the colonists had brought disease. With the human diseases, such as smallpox, the Europeans brought with them diseases mutated by the Wyrm. These Wyrm toxins had long ago run their course in Europe. Many Old World Garou had built up immunities. Like the Native humans, the North American Garou could not ward off these diseases of the Wyrm. While these epidemics hit the Native humans hard, the Wyrm toxin hit the native Garou even harder. The Wendigo were more susceptible to these new diseases than the Native humans. The other tribes and septs of the region seemed to have little or no resistance to the new pathogens. While the Garou argued over whether to oust the invaders by bloody force, the seeds of extinction were sown in many septs. Over the next several years, the Wendigo were decimated in the classical sense of the word: one in ten Garou died of the new diseases. The Tatlayoko, the Namu and the Ceepeecee suffered fatality rates of 75% and up. The vast majority of those who survived were rendered sterile. Within less than a generation, these once proud groups ceased to exist.

Even as they were dying, the "lost septs" could have struck against the colonists and caused untold havoc. Another factor prevented this: the presence of Garou among the colonists.

It should have come as no surprise to the native Garou that there might be members of their kind among the European invaders, but the Native Garou were shocked. The majority of these "immigrant" Garou were Get of Fenris and Shadow Lords. They had either followed their Kinfolk to the New World or decided to seek out new frontiers for themselves. There were smatterings of other tribes as well, and by the 1890s every major tribe was represented.

The tribes of Europe and Asia had been brought into conflict by population pressure and expansion. The tribes of the Vancouver area had never fought wars among themselves. Certainly, there had been conflict and confrontation. Garou nature makes anything else inconceivable. Yet these conflicts had been minor in comparison to those elsewhere in the world, and most problems were traditionally solved through discussion. It was inconceivable for the native Garou to launch a bloody attack against the invaders human and Garou alike without first discussing the matter.

There are no records of events at the first Great Moot at a minor Wendigo caern somewhere on Burrard Inlet. We do know that the meeting was not at the Great Caern near Khwaykhway; the native Garou didn't trust the interlopers enough to reveal its location yet. Garou historians can't agree

on the year the meeting took place, but they know it must have been fascinating and charged with tension. Although the two factions of Garou had been separated from each other by vast seas and centuries of time, they still shared the primal Garou tongue. The European Garou, quite obviously, had no intention of turning around and leaving. They'd come here for a reason, and the fact that their arrival caused problems for the Garou already living there was, basically, just too damned bad.

The Shadow Lords and the Get of Fenris stated that they would take it amiss if the Native Garou waged their genocidal war against the humans only, leaving the Garou alone. Many of them had Kinfolk among the colonists. War against the colonist humans would harm those Kinfolk, and the European Garou made it clear they would consider such an act to a declaration of war against themselves as well. The Wendigo were capable warriors, but their skills hadn't been whetted by generations of intertribal skirmishes. The Europeans were well acquainted with such conflicts. The Wendigo acceded to the arguments of their European Kinfolk.

By the time an attempt at a diplomatic solution at the Great Moot had failed, it was too late for the native Garou to try another strategy. Many were dying, and even those who the disease spared were too sick and weak for any kind of organized, reasoned response. Once the epidemic had run its tragic course, even the most militant Wendigo had to recognize the ugly truth: the European settlers were here to stay.

As well as extinguishing entire tribes and breaking the ability of the native Garou to resist the European incursion, the epidemic had another effect. Many septs were totally wiped out. The locations of the caerns they revered were lost with them. Some contemporary experts among the Garou estimate that there might have been five or six caerns in this area. (Most of these would be Levels One and Two, with perhaps a single Level Four, in addition to the Great Caern itself. There were rumors of an ancient Level Five far up north). Of these, only one has ever been rediscovered. Some of the Vancouver Glass Walkers continue to search for signs of these other caerns, reasoning that they've probably been covered by the spreading city. A couple of Bone Gnawers claim they're on the same "quest". No other tribes believe the noble-sounding claims of these "Urrah", suspecting that they're actually up to something unpleasant.

The Growing City

The city on the bay was originally called Granville and later renamed Vancouver. It grew steadily. Few of the Garou who had come over as settlers stayed in the city. Cities weren't what they had come here for, and they could have got their fill of them in relatively crowded Europe. It was the untouched forests, the towering mountains, the hidden lakes and the glacier-fed streams that attracted them. "Virgin wilderness" was becoming hard to find in Europe and Asia. Just as the human population of British Columbia was smaller than the population of Europe, the same comparisons could be made concerning the Garou. This meant less competition for space

and resources among the immigrants. This was another reason for Garou colonization. The vast majority of "colonial" Garou spread out into the wilderness around the growing city, choosing the environments that suited their tribal natures. Some Bone Gnawers, and those who would eventually be known as the Glass Walkers, stayed in the city, living secretly in the midst of the humans.

Those who moved to the wilderness soon came into competition with the Wendigo. There were plenty of resources in the area. The forests contained enough prey to support thousands of hunting Garou for centuries. However, Garou are by nature highly territorial, and need a *lot* of space to feel comfortable. There were confrontations and conflicts, largely between the Wendigo and either the Get of Fenris or the Shadow Lords. There was already bad blood between these tribes. Other tribes were also involved.

The leader of the largest Wendigo sept in the area, a Homid Theurge named Chupkheem, realized that the ongoing conflicts between Garou had to end somehow. He decided that the time had come to introduce the immigrant Garou to the Great Caern. His hope was that everyone would remember what they had in common as Garou. Their commonality was much more significant than their differences.

Again, nothing records how the immigrants, invited to a special Conolation by Chupkheem, responded when they experienced the wonder and power of the Great Caern. They must have been amazed: Level Four caerns aren't particularly common. The Gauntlet was so thin that "stepping sideways" was easier than most Garou had ever imagined it could be.

Chupkheem explained his position to the newcomers. The territorial imperative of the Wendigo, the pride of the Shadow Lords and the instincts of the Get of Fenris to protect their Kinfolk had to give way to something greater. *Nothing* was more important than protecting, maintaining and cherishing this caern for the greater glory of Gaia. He stressed the commonality of all Garou, reminding those assembled that the caern had originally been created in the spirit of intertribal amity. Amity was the very nature of the spirits bound to the site. Whatever happened, Chupkheem stressed, there could be no continued conflict between the native and newcomer tribes. There could not be fighting in the vicinity of the Great Caern and no one tribe would be denied access to it. Fighting over a caern devoted to the ideal of peace was a perversion that only the Wyrm could countenance. The bawn surrounding the caern and, in fact, the entire bay area should be an area of peace, Chupkheem argued. The region must be free of conflict.

He must have been incredibly persuasive. Perhaps it was the power of the caern itself that turned the trick. All the Garou were energized by the power of the Great Caern. They howled and screamed joyously through their Run. By the end of the Conolation, all the leaders among the immigrants had agreed to be bound by the precepts of what would be called the "Vancouver Compact". As the Wendigo renewed their oaths to the Celestines, the immigrant Garou swore the same mighty oaths that the "lost septs" had once spoken. The tribes would share authority over responsibility for the Great Caern. No

Garou would be turned away from its power. The area around the bay would be free of intertribal conflict. If individuals of different tribes wanted to mix it up in anything more than a non-lethal scrap during the height of a Run, they would just have to "take it outside". Protecting the Great Caern and preserving it for the future generations of *all* tribes was paramount. The Garou of the day believed that the binding oaths they swore would guarantee the achievement of that goal.

Although all tribes were granted access to the Great Caern, this did not stop those who demanded the "honor" of protecting it. At first the Shadow Lords "volunteered" to be the official protectors. This brought the Get of Fenris into opposition. They claimed it was their right to be the protectors of the Great Caern. As these two tribes bickered and squabbled over control, the North American tribes were continuing to dwindle in numbers. The Uktena argued that there could be no single tribe protecting the Great Caern; it was the responsibility of all Garou. Although the very goal for which the different factions strove prevented a blood bath on the bay, the conflict was fierce. The conflict was so intense that many of the Garou seemed to momentarily forget that there were humans to worry about.

There was soon a booming city surrounding the Great Caern. The Shadow Lords and the Get blamed each other for letting the humans settle in such force. The uncomfortable truth was, of course, that they had both been too preoccupied with their petty rivalries to notice or give credence to what was going on. Eventually, both the Get and the Shadow Lords had to acknowledge that no one tribe could protect or control the Great Caern. The Theurges of the Great Caern had the peace they wanted, but it was too late. The humans had established their city.

Siegfried

Siegfried, the current Prince of the Vancouver's Kindred, arrived in the area during the early days of colonization. The logging town of Granville represented only the faintest hint of the greatness to come. After fleeing Europe with Julie Foster, he slowly made his way across the continent to the West Coast. The area around Granville was a wilderness dotted with small towns growing and dying at the whim of the human traders. Using his immense powers of persuasion, Siegfried was able to help set up a small community near the coast. He supplied it with the capitol it needed to grow.

These early years were hard for the yet-to-be prince and his undead lover. They were constantly on guard against the lupines who roamed the forest. In fact, from early on, the two powerful vampires protected their flock of humans from lupine incursions as the beasts tried to stem the tide of European expansion (at least, that's how Siegfried and the Kindred remember it). With the coming of the railroad and British Columbia's entrance into Confederation, Siegfried once again used his influence over mortals to pick the site of what would become the most influential city in the province, and he encouraged its growth. Soon Vancouver expanded from its



original six blocks to encompass a large area. The traders and explorers were the first to arrive, followed by miners and farmers. Today the city of Vancouver is the third largest city in Canada. Her population is growing at a rate which exceeds any other city in the country.

It's important to understand the beginnings of Vancouver in order to understand the passion Siegfried has for his city. Siegfried views himself as not only the prince of the city, but also its founder. It was he who protected the humans from the lupines in the beginning. He financed the first local companies and was largely responsible for making Vancouver into a city. Siegfried sees himself not just as the prince of the city, but also as its father and protector.

As Vancouver grew, other vampires found their way through the wilderness to the new settlement. They were welcomed at first, and there was no need for strict laws and their enforcement. Siegfried was tired of the European princes, the Camarilla and the political infighting of the Kindred. He had no real desire to take power over the newly-arrived Cainites. Instead, these vampires were free to wander throughout the new and vibrant city without restriction, no longer fearing others of their kind.

Of course, Siegfried couldn't help but notice an influx of lupines from the Old World. These werewolves seemed strangely protective of certain mortals. At the time, Siegfried only incompletely understood how much significance Garou attach to their Kinfolk. Siegfried and the other Kindred viewed the increasing lupine population as something of a threat to

their own dominance of the city. Thus, new vampire immigrants were welcomed not just as fellow Kindred, but also as reinforcements against the burgeoning "lupine threat".

Then the anarchs came.

There have always been those who disagree with the powers that be. Vampires are no different. Anarchs from across the continent started to show up at an alarming rate. Those who fled from persecution in other cities heard of the "refuge in the midst of the wilderness" that was Vancouver. With the steady colonization of North America, and the rapid growth of fast and efficient transportation, Siegfried's city was accessible to all those who needed to come. Vancouver was no longer an isolated place of refuge; it was becoming a place of political infighting and constant struggle against the lupines. This was just the kind of situation that Siegfried had left Europe to escape. It was time for someone to take command.

Resources

The Garou were starting to solve their intertribal problems by putting a structure in place. The "Vancouver Compact" was an important first step, but other problems were beginning to arise. The Vancouver area was one of incredibly rich resources. This was one of the reasons the humans had come here in the first place. The oceans and rivers were full of salmon and other fish. Some of the tallest trees on the continent grew on the mountain slopes. They were just waiting to be felled and turned into the masts of sailing ships or timber to feed the mills.

There were also mineral resources to be mined. To the humans, Vancouver was a cornucopia of wealth waiting to be exploited.

If the Garou had acted before the humans gained a real foothold in the Vancouver area instead of bickering about who would protect the caern, they might have been able to limit the stripping of the resources. (How this would have been accomplished without an outright war is remains debatable.) All of the tribes were engaged in other matters. The Wendigo were struggling to fight off the epidemics and decide how best to deal with the newcomer Garou. The Tatlayoko, the Namu and the Ceepeecee were, sad to say, hit too hard by the epidemics to take action. The "immigrant" Garou were exploring their new home, learning how to hunt the unfamiliar game and hassling each other over territory. Conflicts were started over which tribe would be dominant in the area. By the time things had settled down among the Garou and everyone had agreed to the Vancouver Compact, it was largely to stop human expansion. More humans had come to the area, setting up mills, running logging operations and digging mines (partially, at least, under the influence of Siegfried and other Kindred). In only a couple of decades, the European Garou were horrified to see a degree of "resource rape" that had taken centuries to accomplish in the Old World.

The Garou certainly didn't ignore this horrific turn of events. The more militant tribes—the Black Furies, the Get of Fenris and the Red Talons—declared war against those who would rape the body of Gaia. Although they killed and destroyed to the best of their considerable abilities, all they really managed to do was spawn myths about "killer grizzlies", "man-apes" and vengeful "Indian spirits". (Ah, the wonders of the Delirium...).

Unfortunately for the Garou, there just weren't enough of them to make a difference. They were too late. Relatively few European Garou had decided to leave their beloved wilderness long enough to sail to the Vancouver area, even to accompany and protect their Kinfolk. They were vastly outnumbered, and more humans just kept on coming. Ahrouns from various tribes petitioned the Theurges to use the power of the Great Caern to open a Moon Bridge to anywhere where there was a significant Garou population. They pleaded for the chance to recruit "holy warriors" to help them stem the human "invasion". The Theurges rejected their petitions, refusing to let the caern be used for something that was, at heart, an act of war. Some Ahrouns, especially among the Red Talons, argued forcefully the war was only against the humans; and therefore this action was not forbidden under the Vancouver Compact. The Theurges stood firm. The Pact held, even as the forces of the Garou were increasingly threatened.

Meanwhile, the Garou who had chosen to remain in the growing town were trying to do their share in decreasing the humans' abuse of the environment. By applying financial and personal pressure on key businesspeople, they hoped to gain some measure of control. This was a long-term plan, however. In the short term, it seemed to have no effect whatsoever. The new bosses of Vancouver were the business equivalent of robber barons, after all. The Glass Walkers' plans caused the

wilderness-dwelling Garou to view their town-based brethren with even more disdain than they did previously.

These actions weren't lost on the Kindred of Vancouver. The Cainites interpreted the Garou's actions as "typical" of the "foul lupines". They simply continued the millennia-old conflict between the two factions. Only a tiny minority of the werewolves even knew, at this point, that Kindred were involved. Although the Garou were actually more concerned about the humans' actions, the Cainite's typical self-centered viewpoint couldn't help but interpret the People's actions as direct threats against their dominance and their very (un)lives.

The resource exploitation continued. Selective forestry turned to clear-cut logging as the equipment and technology became available. Those Garou who had come to Vancouver for elbow-room and personal freedom dispersed throughout the province of B.C., staying one step ahead of the loggers. This wasn't difficult. B.C. is a *big* province, and even when forestry was at its height, there weren't that many areas undergoing active "harvesting". Those who were watching over Kinfolk didn't have the option of moving too far from the growing city. They just hunkered down among the mountains of the North Shore Cypress, Seymour and Grouse. Some hid slightly further afield, avoiding detection by the humans as best they could. Certainly, some firebrands still staged minor "raids" against the encroaching humans, sometimes going so far as to wipe out an entire small logging operation. The Delirium still covered their actions, and the humans never "got the point". They wrote off the occasional deaths as a simple consequence of the hazardous business of logging. They also increased security around logging camps to defend the men against the predation of bears, wildcats and wolves (the animals they blamed for some of the deaths). Most of the firebrands realized they would never be able to do more than whittle down the forces raping Gaia, but they decided that *anything* they could do was worth doing. This situation stayed more or less stable into the late 20th Century. As the logging town of Granville grew into the metropolis of Vancouver, the resource exploitation continued.

This exploitation was not totally unabated. The Glass Walkers, as they were now known, were seeing some successes with their business-based campaign to control the resource exploitation. Disdaining the Red Talons and other militants as fools, the Glass Walkers used their business "clout" to attack the problem from another direction. They influenced the city council and the provincial government to bring in more stringent controls on air and water pollution. Indirect as they were, these government regulations and city bylaws had more effect on limiting resource exploitation than anything the Red Talons, Black Furies and the rest had ever done. One of the most important reasons why the militant tribes so dislike the Glass Walkers is that the Urrah have succeeded where the "true Garou" have failed.

In the 1960s and 70s, the humans themselves started to jump on the "environmental bandwagon" that the Glass Walkers had been orchestrating from behind the scenes. Popular pressure against logging put even more pressure on the

forestry companies, forcing them to cut back on logging operations. In the late 1980s and early 90s, economic realities have created a counter-pressure. Restrictions on logging have forced many foresters out of work. They've responded by lobbying the government to ease restrictions on logging so they can go back to work. The very influential forestry unions are pushing the "jobs-before-trees" issue, putting the environmental lobbyists in the tough position of being seen to support continued unemployment. Some of the Kindred are putting their oars in as well, increasing the pressure to resume unrestricted logging. These Kindred see continued logging both as a way of increasing their personal fortunes and a means for controlling the "lupine problem".

The more perceptive Garou realize that this situation is very unstable. The economy of B.C., and the whole of Canada, is based on "primary" or resource-based industries. In other words, money primarily comes from "cutting things down" or "digging things up". They recognize that the region is nearing a crisis: there just isn't that much left to dig up or cut down. Eventually, the natural resources will run out. If they don't totally run out, they'll still reach the point where it's no longer economically viable to go after them. Before this point is reached and B.C.'s economy goes down the tubes for good the province has to switch over to a "secondary" industry (mainly based in manufacturing) or, better yet, *tertiary* or information-based industries. Many of Vancouver's Glass Walkers are working toward this goal. This angers the more anti-technological of the Garou, but the Glass Walkers accept this

animosity with fatalistic detachment. They recognize that they can't please everybody, but they strongly believe that non-polluting tertiary industries are better than continued resource exploitation.

The Prince's Laws

While the Garou were fighting to save Gaia, the more influential Kindred had their own issues to contend with. In the mid-1940s, Siegfried took the reins of power and declared himself prince of the city. The Kindred who had lived in Vancouver for any length of time supported him, agreeing to help him enforce his laws. Siegfried and the other elder vampires viewed Vancouver as something unique. They saw the city as a refuge from political infighting and intrigue and demanded this be maintained...somehow. To accomplish this, Siegfried first promulgated a set of harsh laws to protect the city:

1. No vampire will kill an inhabitant of the city. Kindred must leave their victims alive. They must only drain what is needed so that no suspicion will arise. As Vancouver has so few murders per year compared to any large American city, the Canadian police forces are quite efficient when it comes to dealing with murders. (The Mounties always get their man, after all). For that reason, the prince decided this law was needed to make sure there would be no risk to the Masquerade by some careless visitor. At the start, this was enforced with surprisingly harsh penalties. Vampires who broke this law were



destroyed or forced to flee. Even today, this law is strictly enforced. The Final Death waits for those who disobey.

2. No one will incite the Garou. Even before the creation of the Covenant, it was strictly against the Prince's Laws to attack or otherwise provoke the lupines. The Garou have a distinct numerical superiority over the Kindred.

3. No conflict between Kindred will be tolerated within city limits, nor will any feud be followed into Vancouver. The enforcement of this law led to something of a blood-bath. The anarchs fled the city and headed south to the contested city of Seattle. This law was imposed not only because Siegfried had no tolerance for the infighting of vampiric society, but also because both the prince and the powerful elders of Vancouver worried that if the lupines discovered some type of vampire conflict occurring in the city, the more violent factions of the werewolves might take the opportunity to attack the city (a sort of "together we stand, divided we fall" philosophy).

4. No meetings of clans or other vampiric organizations will be held within Vancouver. It's actually surprising that Siegfried has managed to keep this law enforced. The result of this law is that there are no clan leaders in Vancouver, no Camarilla representatives and no other established powers (apart from the prince and his immediate supporters, of course). There are representatives of many clans inside Vancouver, but these Kindred must forsake their clan hierarchy and obey the only power in the city: Siegfried. The amount of grumbling about this law from some of the clans is not surprising. While all clans openly obey this law, it is rumored that some clans have dared to hold secret meetings in the prince's city.

5. No Childer will be sired within Vancouver. Since it's traditionally within the prince's discretion to allow or forbid progeny to be created by others in his city, this law has stood the test of time quite well. Siegfried's main reason for enforcing this law is to stop an ambitious vampire and her "relatives" from forming a power bloc and thus threatening his absolute control of Vancouver.

These laws and the brutality with which they were enforced led to Vancouver becoming a rare city in vampiric society. Vancouver is ruled only by its prince. No help is need from the other clans, and there is no open help from elders or the Primogen. Siegfried's rule does not have the consent of the Camarilla or the Sabbat. Vancouver is a city ruled by one vampire, independent of all other power structures. Vancouver has prospered because of this political situation.

Safe Haven

Vancouver is a safe haven: a place where any Kindred can go to escape the "vampiric rat race". They can avoid the politics and infighting that all too often characterize Cainite society. If a vampire is in trouble with the another city, the Camarilla, or even the Sabbat, she can petition the Prince of Vancouver for permission to stay in the city. She will be safe from those who hunt her. Anyone who pursues a vendetta into Vancouver is in violation of the Prince's Laws, and hence potential prey for a Hunt. There's also Vancouver's "first line

of defense", the werewolves. There's no specific building or select area of the city which is declared as an Elysium, as there is in Chicago and elsewhere. The entire city is an Elysium.

Most vampire clans and organizations recognize the neutrality of Vancouver and respect it. Princes and powerful elders around the world recognize Siegfried's rules. They realize that they were once weak, and no one knows when an elder may be forced to flee to another home. They can see what has happened in the Anarch Free States and many elders realize that even they can fall from power. Not only are other elder vampires interested in Vancouver for its availability of as safe house (as an absolute last resort), but also many have been funneling their resources into the coastal city. Profit can be quite high for one who invests in the growing city. Many princes are also interested in Vancouver for an altogether different reason: its unique peace with their ancient enemies.

There are several real reasons why Vancouver has been able to remain its neutrality. Vancouver is secluded from the rest of vampire society. To get to the city, one must brave hundreds of miles of lupine-infested lands. With Garou on the lookout for any creatures of the Wyrm, it is next to impossible for a group of vampires to cross the land to get to the city. In areas where groups cannot get through, single vampires are allowed to pass. According to the treaty, only one vampire is allowed to pass at a time. If the Garou suspect that a group is attempting to enter one by one, they might take action against the Kindred they believe are part of the group. Vampires who make it to the city are usually found immediately and brought to the prince for questioning. This seclusion is the prince's first line of defense against hostile take-overs from either the Camarilla or the Sabbat.

Don't think that only the roads are dangerous for the undead. Glass Walkers work in the airport as everything from janitors to security guards and are constantly on the look-out. By the wharves and marinas, Bone Gnawers can be found sulking in the quiet shadows, pawing the left-overs from the fishing boats and waiting for something or someone to enter their domain.

Another reason for Vancouver's safety is the prince himself. Princes either have autonomy or serve as puppets to the powerful. No one appears to control Siegfried. His old, powerful blood allows the prince an upper hand in most combat situations, and being over a thousand years old usually gives Siegfried the upper hand in knowledge and skill at political manipulation. Further, there are few in the world who know of Siegfried's actual power level. This almost assures that anybody trying to attack the prince either physically or politically will have underestimated him.

The Sabbat are interested in Vancouver, but they will not attempt a Crusade for some time. Their forces are too busy combating the Camarilla to throw their resources into attacking Vancouver. (Why would they attack a neutral city when they could use the same resources directly against the Camarilla?) The Camarilla is also too busy fighting both anarchs and the Sabbat to think about attempting to bring the Canadian city under its sway. There isn't enough of a problem to justify

sending a Justicar to the city. Not only would this create tension and enrage the Sabbat, but it could create conflicts that the Camarilla are not yet willing to support. Also, Vancouver seems on the surface to be a model city in maintaining the first and most important of the traditions, the Masquerade. Among the mainstream of Kindred society, the attitudes toward Vancouver fairly consistent: "If it ain't broke, don't fix it". There are much more important things to think about and more "hot spots" of conflict on which to focus resources and attention.

The Vancouver Covenant

When the Kindred population first started to grow in Vancouver, there was conflict between the vampires and the Garou. Predictably, the Garou considered the "Leeches" to be "of the Wyrm", an enemy to be fought using every means available. To the Kindred, the lupines are ancestral enemies, an "infestation" that sullied an otherwise perfect environment (one with lots of tourists and a taste-tantalizing smorgasbord of different nationalities on which to feed).

For their own reasons, the Kindred decided that Vancouver would be considered a "safe haven". It would be against the Prince's Laws for one Kindred to kill another Kindred or a Vessel. Feeding is fine; it's just killing that's anathema. Predictably, it wasn't declared illegal to kill lupines. It probably should have been; in peaceful Canada, *any* murder can draw unwanted attention. The only thing that prevented Vancouver from being an idyllic escape from the "vampiric rat-race" was the conflict with the Garou.

As the Kindred established themselves in Vancouver, they started to become business forces to be reckoned with. After all, many had been around for centuries with all the wealth and business acumen that implies. Several of the Vancouver vampires had considerable influence over some major businesses around the city, including a couple of important forest companies. Richard Daly was another vital force in the Vancouver business community. Daly was the leader of the Glass Walkers and a vitally important figure in Garou Vancouver. He started affecting Vancouver in the early seventies, and he soon realized the consequences of his position. Daly was very rich and an incredibly influential businessman, but he was mortal. At the time, he'd had only twenty years of business experience to hone his skills. When compared to some of the vampiric *eminentes grises* who were now influencing the forest companies, he was a babe in the woods, and he knew it.

He evaluated what this meant, and the conclusions chilled him. The influence that Daly and his colleagues had over the resource companies was coming to an end. No longer would he be able to block wholesale clear-cutting of the old-growth forests, if that's what the companies decided to do. Even worse, if the vampires steering the boards of these companies decided it was time to "settle the lupine question", the forestry and other resource companies would prove excellent weapons in their genocidal campaign. Daly could see that continued confrontation with the Cadavers was too great a risk. If the

Garou pushed the vampires too far, the consequences would be ugly in the extreme.

The best option a "win-win" situation for all concerned would be a non-aggression pact between the Garou and the Kindred. The way he analyzed it, the benefits for each side were as follows:

For the Garou:

1. The Vancouver Kindred could use their business influence to help keep the Wyrm out of the city.
2. The Kindred would restrain the resource companies to some degree, at least.
3. The Kindred would give the Garou free passage through the city, unhindered, to visit the Great Caern.
4. Furthermore, the Kindred through the forest companies they controlled would fund reforestation programs to at least partially correct the excesses of the past, in addition to a forest fire prevention program.

For the Kindred:

1. The Garou would simply keep the peace and stop their assault on the vampires of the city.
2. This in turn would bolster the reputation of the prince, Siegfried, as a peace-maker among his own kind, since Vancouver was now safer.
3. The Garou would help the prince monitor new vampiric arrivals in the city and prevent an influx of anarchs from the Free States or a challenge to his rule by members of the Sabbat.
4. To this end, the Garou would allow single vampires to enter the city. They would arrive only by land, and the Garou would make their best effort to stop groups of two or more from crossing the city limits. They would also watch all "gateways" to the city, and report *all* vampiric immigrants or visitors to the prince.

In essence, this would be a beneficial deal for both factions... if the more hot-headed members of both factions could be made to realize it. Daly knew all too well that getting his own kind to accept a deal of any kind with the Cadavers would be an uphill battle. Yet he believed that this way, extending the "peace treaty" of the Great Caern to the Kindred as well, *some* control over the exploitation of the region's resources would be maintained.

Surprisingly, Daly recognized that selling this kind of deal to the vampires would be easier than pitching it to his own people. Through his business dealings, he had come into contact with a particularly ancient and powerful vampire known as Necross. The two had been on opposite sides of a couple of tricky business deals. Although they had reasons for animosity, they actually had earned each other's grudging respect. Therefore, Daly presented his ideas to Necross concerning a deal between Garou and Kindred the Vancouver Covenant.

Necross saw the proposal's value to the Kindred at once, and knew exactly how best to sell it to Siegfried. He tentatively gave his agreement to putting the deal in place... as long as Daly could bring his own people to the bargaining table. If Necross persuaded Siegfried to accept the deal in principle and the



lupines reneged, Siegfried's ego would force him to go to war against the lupines. Was Daly willing to accept this risk? If he was, then Necross would approach the prince.

Daly recognized the risks, but decided that they had to be taken. He also recognized that there would be blizzards in hell the day that the assembled tribes would accept a scheme put forward by a Glass Walker that proposed peace and cooperation with vampires. The Shadow Lords would vote against it on principle, just because it was suggested by a Glass Walker. The Red Talons and the other militants would decry the whole thing as "trafficking with the enemy". The Leeches were "of the Wyrm", after all, and they wouldn't trust any Glass Walker enough to listen to the cogent reasons in favor of such a deal.

Daly knew the proposition was doomed no matter how good it was, especially if it were seen to have come from him. If the proposal were to have any chance at all, it would have to be presented to the assembled tribes by someone they trusted. The spokesperson would have to be from a tribe more reputable than the Glass Walkers.

After some thought, he turned to Montgomery Abercorn, leader of the local Silver Fangs. Abercorn was, strictly speaking, only the leader of his own tribe in the area around Vancouver. Still, all the Silver Fangs in southwestern B.C. and northwestern Washington considered him their "spiritual" leader. They attached great significance to everything he said. The two Garou always had a cordial, if cool, relationship, but Daly figured he had earned enough respect for Abercorn to at least hear him out. The aging Silver Fang quickly saw the

benefits that the Covenant would bring to the Garou as a whole and agreed to present the proposal as his own at the next Concolation.

In September of 1971, Montgomery Abercorn raised the topic with the assembled tribes at a Grand Moot. The response was largely what Daly and Abercorn had both expected. There was outrage from the more militant tribes, and an outright refusal to consider it from the Shadow Lords (They were, of course, maneuvering to "position" themselves as the dominant tribe in place of the Silver Fangs). Abercorn was ready with points to counter each argument that anyone threw his way. Both the Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers stayed out of the discussion, knowing all too well that if either tribe spoke for the proposal, it might as well be declared dead then and there. Even without their support, backing for Abercorn's suggestions started to line up. Elders from the Stargazers and the Silent Striders spoke up, stressing again the very real benefits that the Garou as a whole would see from the deal. A pair of Philodoxes from the Children of Gaia spoke eloquently in favor of the plan, stressing that peace and amity was the nature of the Great Caern, and thus should be in the mind of any Garou who worshipped there.

The final and most telling point came from a most surprising source. An aging Ragabash of the Black Furies named Stoneheart posed an unusual idea. She asked the assembled tribes, "Which is it that we should fight, the Leeches or the Wyrm itself?" She went on to argue that the Garou's key foe was the Wyrm, which would rape and corrupt Gaia. Any ally

that will help, to any degree, in this battle would be a friend, not a foe. That included the Leeches... Several other Ragabashes picked up on the irony of this point using the cadavers' influence to slow the spread of the Wyrm's blight and threw their support behind Abercorn as well.

The Concolation was suspended so that individual tribes could take the time to discuss the matter privately. In reality, the decision was a foregone conclusion. When the Concolation recommenced one month later under an October harvest moon, the final vote was held. Almost three-quarters of the Garou, a surprisingly large majority, supported the deal with the Kindred. Three weeks later, Montgomery Abercorn and his "advisor", Roger Daly, signed the Covenant with Siegfried, the Prince of Vancouver.

Additions to the Compact

At the same time, the wisest among the Vancouver Garou realized there was one more group with which they needed to make something of a truce the humans. Even without taking the Kindred into account, Garou activism against the forestry and resource companies based in the city was having an unexpected result. Security was on the rise at corporate facilities throughout the Vancouver region. While this increase wasn't having any significant effect on Garou, several tribal leaders realized that a continued increase would have an effect.

Considering the size of Stanley Park, it was easy for the Garou to forget for a while that the Great Caern was in the heart of a major city. If the Garou weren't in the mood for a long, grueling swim, the only access to the park and the caern was either across one bridge or across the narrow isthmus connecting the peninsula to the downtown core. If the level of security and paranoia in the city increased, it would grow simply too difficult and inconvenient to get to the Great Caern. Increased security would probably include some kind of surveillance in the park itself. The park would be a great staging area for would-be terrorists, after all. This surveillance would lead to pressure on the Veil. More people would encounter Garou. While the vast majority of people would experience the Delirium and interpret their experiences as anything but what they actually were, the Garou know that there are some people and some agents of the Wyrm who aren't affected by the Delirium. The more the Veil is tested, the more of people will suspect what is actually going on in Stanley Park.

They came to the conclusion that the Veil, the continued existence of the Garou and the lupine's stewardship of Gaia would best be served by minimizing attacks on human businesses and individuals within the city. Certainly, in the short term, a full-fledged raid on a forestry company headquarters might prevent another wooded hillside from being clear-cut. In the long run, however, the humans' response to such a raid might eventually deny the Garou access to the Great Caern. This could perhaps lead to a genocidal war that would destroy them forever. Some degree of peace would also allow the Glass Walker businesspeople to exert more influence over the resource companies. After all, it's difficult to influence the

activities of a company if it's fighting for its continued existence.

All in all, the Garou leaders realized, some degree of peace with the humans, or at least a minimization of direct hostilities within the city limits, would be of serious benefit to them. Indirectly, it would benefit Gaia herself. This proposal was presented to the assembled tribes at a Concolation.

There was resistance to the proposition, largely from the Black Furies and the Red Talons. Other groups might have been outraged at any other time, but this meeting took place right after the signing of the Vancouver Covenant with the vampires. Benefits of that deal were already starting to be felt. Surprisingly, a great many of the Garou seemed ready for agreement. The new precepts outlawing direct action against humans (except in self-defense or during a Run within Stanley Park) were incorporated as part of the Compact that declared Vancouver and the Great Caern open territory.

Pentex

In the late 1970s and early 80s, it looked as though Vancouver was beginning to switch to tertiary industries. Quite a few high-technology companies began to move into the Vancouver area, so many that the media started calling the region "Silicon Valley North". Unfortunately, a number of these companies were owned or controlled, directly or indirectly, by the multi-national Pentex Inc. Several Pentex-dominated high-tech firms began to actively damage the environment. While high-tech concerns like software developers are environmentally benign, other associated industries, such as hardware manufacturers, can cause environmental damage. For example, certain chemicals used in printed circuit board manufacture can be highly toxic if released untreated into the environment. Of course, the Pentex-dominated companies "never got around" to putting the necessary treatments in place.

Other Pentex subsidiaries began to work on projects that wouldn't harm B.C. directly, but would be used to further the Wyrm's ends elsewhere. For example, one company under Pentex's control shipped uranium from Saskatchewan and manufactured the depleted-uranium penetrators for high-tech tank guns. Another assembled the computerized guidance packages for cruise missiles.

Still others maneuvered to gain control of the land that would, in the mid-80s, become the Expo Site (see Chapter One for more details on this environmental debacle). These executives fought to turn it into a Wyrmhole. Throughout the early 80s, Pentex slipped its tentacles of corruption into many aspects of Vancouver business and industry.

In 1984, the Vancouver Garou first realized how much the Wyrm had infiltrated the region. Typically, it was the Glass Walkers who first discerned the controlling influence of Pentex. Garou from other tribes had noted that certain high-tech outfits were individually guilty of "crimes against the environment". The PCB manufacturer that released untreated chemicals into the groundwater of Vancouver is one example. It took individuals who understood the human business com-



SCOTT

munity, and who were part of it, to realize that these apparently unrelated incidents were connected after all. They used a technique that would be familiar to any trained corporate lawyer anywhere in the world, a stratagem that would never occur to a forest-dwelling Garou: "follow the money". Daly and his compatriots painstakingly traced the connections behind the firm. To their surprise, they discovered that very few managers of these firms knew of any connection to Pentex. Those few who did were all directly influenced by the Wyrm, even Bane-ridden in some cases. These key "corrupted" managers all received their orders through a single "communication nexus" an outfit called Liston Industries.

Liston was officially an electronics manufacturer based in West Vancouver, with a research & development lab and an office block on the lower slopes of Cypress Bowl. Through various channels, Daly had discovered that security around the site was considerable... compared to the capabilities of humans, that is. Apparently, the managers of Liston hadn't expected concerted action by more than a couple of Garou.

Daly and the Glass Walkers had defined the capabilities and limitations of their foe. That was how they'd started to view Liston Industries. This was not just corporate rivalry, it was war. Now that the research phase was over and action was imminent, it was time to involve the other tribes. At a specially called Concolation, fires burned almost throughout the night at Lumberman's Arch. Daly and the senior Glass Walkers laid out what they knew about Liston. In the spirit of the Great Caern and the Vancouver Compact, they called upon the other tribes to cooperate in eliminating the Wyrm-dominated company once and for all.

Even though many Garou automatically disbelieved anything the Glass Walkers proposed, Daly received backing from an unexpected direction. Both the Silent Striders and the Silver Fangs threw their support behind Daly's proposal. This was enough to shift the outcome of the Concolation. The Black Furies and the Red Talons didn't need much persuading. Once five tribes were on the side of the Glass Walkers, the rest fell into line. In the greatest show of unanimity ever displayed at a Vancouver Concolation, all tribes agreed to a multi-tribe raid on the Liston facilities.

Although the decision to stage a cooperative raid was the key issue, a couple of subordinate decisions almost led to intertribal war right then and there, regardless of the Great Caern. Chief among these was the decision of who would lead the raid. The more militant tribes were more experienced at staging attacks on human facilities, and they agreed that there had to be a single raid leader. From which tribe should he or she come? The wrangling over this point alone went on for hours, until somebody, in desperation, suggested that Richard Daly himself should be raid leader. When this was put to the vote, nobody was more surprised than Daly himself. He was selected as an acceptable compromise candidate by the slimmest of majorities.

More a manager at heart than a warrior, Daly polled the most renowned warriors of each tribe before he formulated his

plan. The raid, comprising almost two dozen Garou, represented all the tribes.

The raid was staged at midnight when the full moon rode high in the sky. It was a total success. When the sun rose the next morning, nothing was left of the Liston facilities but smoking wreckage. Most of the employees unlucky enough to be on-site during the raid were found wandering the grounds, apparently shell-shocked. There had been a few managers present, but none of these individuals were ever found, dead or alive. As far as the human authorities were concerned, they had just vanished.

The human survivors of the raid told confused stories about "terrorists" wearing heavy fur coats of some kind. These obviously covered body armor, considering the way that bullets didn't seem to stop them. The authorities concluded that the raid was the work of some anti-technology group, probably a band of eco-terrorists who thought that Liston Industries was somehow poisoning the environment. (The idea that few eco-terrorists would wear fur coats didn't seem to occur to anyone. If it did, it was suppressed immediately.) The Vancouver police and the RCMP waited several weeks for some group to claim responsibility for the "sabotage", but nobody did. Under the influence of the Delirium, the incident was soon forgotten.

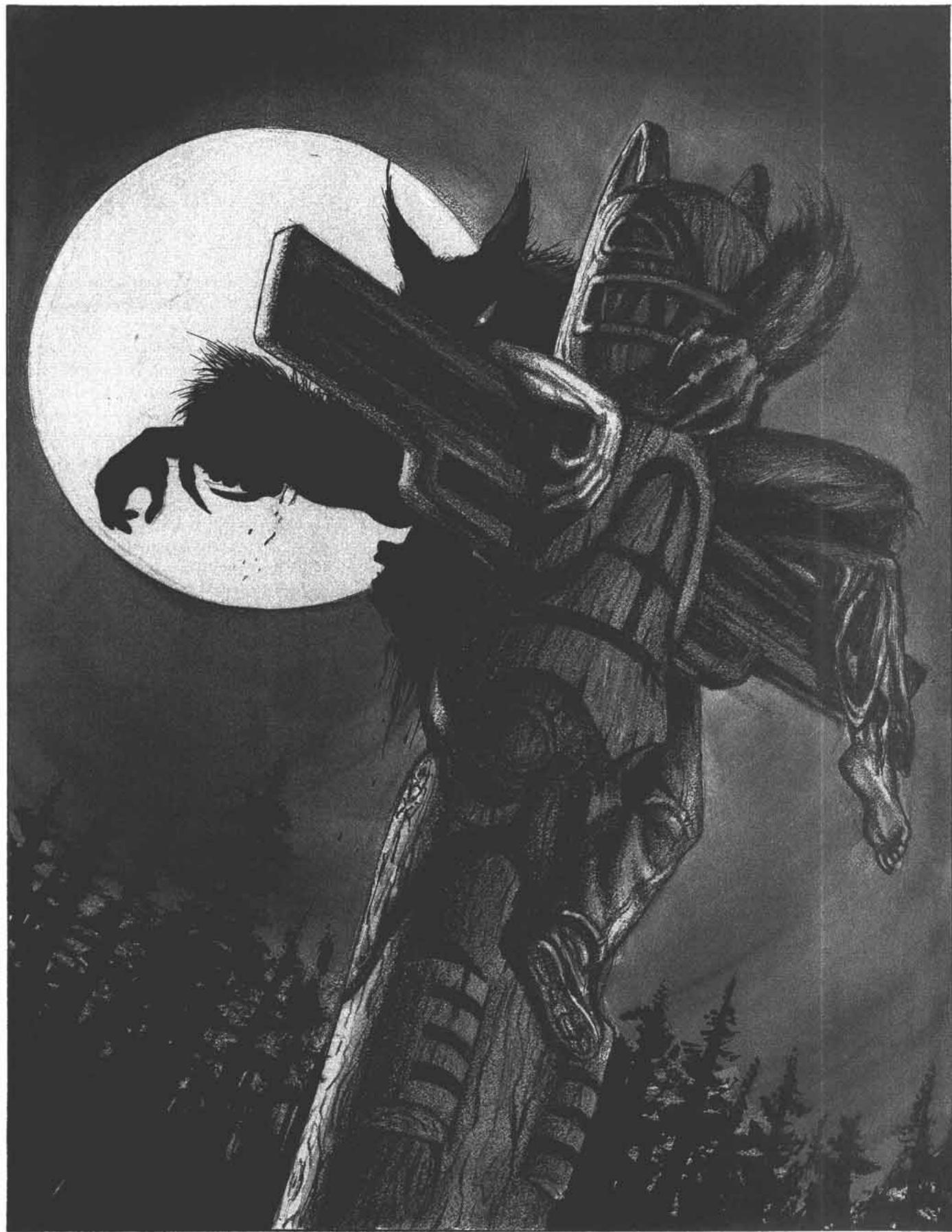
Vancouver is known for its insightful media coverage of business. It's particularly surprising, then, that no reporter brought to light the surprising spate of business failures that occurred after the destruction of Liston Industries. A specialty metal fabrication plant, a microcircuitry design house, a manufacturer of printed circuit boards and several other organizations either officially closed shop or just faded into obscurity within a period of about a month. Though the humans never understood the connection, the Garou did. They knew that they had effectively forced Pentex out of Vancouver.

To this day, there's no significant Pentex presence in the city. The multinational corporation has tried to establish footholds again through subsidiaries and holding companies. Daly and his executive assistants are always on the lookout. So far, Daly and his fellow senior Glass Walkers have been able to block these moves through business means, but the day may soon come when direct action is needed again.

Once You're Out of the Rat Race...

All Kindred who petition the prince for entrance and agree to obey the laws are welcome to stay in the Vancouver. In the (somewhat oppressive) peace of Vancouver, one can find the most unusual of vampires. There are elders who look down upon the city from their penthouse suites with their ghouls and herds of human cattle; there are infamous anarchs licking the wounds they suffered in epic fights hundreds of miles away. It's also said that the Inconnu favor Vancouver and British Columbia as a place to rest, a place away from the majority of the vampiric race.

Once in the city, there are many things for Kindred to do. Over one million tourists travel through Vancouver each year, and it's these people who provide the 'exotic' blood for which Vancouver is famous. The clubs and night-life of Vancouver are just as active as any city in the United States, and the art galleries and museums sport some unique native art for the inquisitive Toreador. For those who wish to see a bit of the other side, a vampire only has to travel a short distance in order to catch a glimpse of the ancient enemy, the Garou. Kindred are advised to take a Gangrel guide along on any excursion into the wilderness. The woods are safe for now, but the peace in Vancouver may not last forever...



Chapter Three: On the Margin of the Forest

Political Overview

By nature, Garou are very social creatures. Their social nature dominates the politics of their race, which are quite different from the dry, detached and cerebral machinations of the Kindred. Political conflict is more personal, driven by emotions rather than by intellectual factors. Politics lies at the heart of every society, even within societies of the Garou. This is especially true in Vancouver. Some Garou thinkers believe that proximity to the Kindred and the interaction resulting from the Covenant has led to the Garou adopting more of the Machiavellian outlook of the leeches than is, perhaps, healthy. Conversely, certain Kindred point to Siegfried's "one Kindred rule" as an "alpha male" behavior learned from the Garou.

Predictably, the political situation in Vancouver and the rest of British Columbia is different from the situation virtually anywhere else in the world. This is largely the result of one cause: the Vancouver Compact defines the Great Caern as belonging to all Garou equally. All tribes are guaranteed equal access to it. Members of all the tribes want to be close to Vancouver, either because they're watching closely over Kin-folk or because they want to be as near as possible to the power of the caern. This means that individuals with very different backgrounds and outlooks will be rubbing shoulders in a relatively restricted area. The archetypal Garou response to this situation would be physical confrontation. Since the Compact outlaws direct combat, the Garou must often deal

with problems by other means. The political structure of the Garou in British Columbia provides this solution.

Within Vancouver

The social climate within Greater Vancouver is strictly defined by the Compact. This entire area is "open territory". There are no restrictions on travel or occupancy. Garou of any tribe can travel and live wherever they want without interference from others. Within Greater Vancouver, there are none of the Protectorates that dominate the rest of British Columbia. In effect, the whole of the Lower Mainland is a single Protectorate overseen by the Sept of the Great Caern. All the members of all tribes in the area belong to this one huge sept.

Officially, all the tribes work within one sept. Unofficially, there are parts of Greater Vancouver that are dominated by different tribes and septs. For instance, the mountain slopes just below Cypress Bowl are the home of the Bountiful Mother Sept of the Children of Gaia. While there's no official prohibition against other tribes entering the region, an "interloper" can expect a cold welcome at best. Similarly, the region on the northern slope of Grouse Mountain, up toward the Lions, is dominated by the Valkyrie Sept of the Black Furies. A bold enough member of another tribe could presumably stroll into either area and demand hospitality on the basis of the Compact. That hospitality would be grudging at best. The result is the *de facto* establishment of "pseudo-protectorates" within Greater Vancouver.

The Compact dictates that no single tribe, sept or individual has control over the Great Caern or authority over all Garou in Greater Vancouver. Transgressions against the Compact are brought before a Council of Representatives. One Garou from each of the tribes will participate in this council at a moot. This Council has the authority to enforce any degree of justice against any Garou who has acted against the Compact. Although there are some restrictions on the Council's authority, they are empowered to deliver punishment up to and including The Hunt, and may even call upon the punishment of Gaia's Vengeful Teeth. This judgment represents condemnation from the Thirteen Tribes as a whole; there is no Garou equivalent to the Kindred Prince of Vancouver.

Theoretically, all tribes should be equal within the council. However, in any group, regardless of whether an official leader is named, there will always be an unofficial leader of some kind. There is always someone to whom people will consciously or unconsciously defer. In the case of Vancouver, this unofficial leadership has fallen upon the Forest Ghosts Sept of the Silver Fangs and the leadership of Montgomery Abercorn. There are two reasons for this. The Silver Fangs are still seen as the noblest and most prestigious tribe among the Garou. This is despite the growing evidence that their bloodline is somewhat tainted and the ongoing attempts by some Shadow Lords to undermine this authority. On a more personal level, Abercorn himself is seen as the architect of the Covenant with the Kindred. He is perceived as a visionary leader who halted the expansion of the Wyrm's corruption. Abercorn sits on the Council of Representatives, where he's considered more or less to be the "elder statesman". He is the *de facto* leader of all Garou in Greater Vancouver, even though officially he has no authority beyond his own tribe.

There are those who resist Abercorn's unofficial leadership. Some Wendigo are bitter that this "colonial, who is a descendant of colonials" has more authority than they do in what they still consider "their" land. This opposition doesn't extend to the leaders of the Wendigo, but the young members are quite open about their resentment. Some Shadow Lords also resent Abercorn's influence. This largely the result of jealousy: they would like to see themselves in the position of power and prestige held by the Silver Fangs. Despite this opposition, the Shadow Lords who know Abercorn personally respect and even like him.

This unofficial leadership has existed since the time the Covenant was signed. Coupled with the existence of the Council of Representatives, this situation has led to a degree of stability unusual for the fractious Garou. That stability may be coming to an end. Political and social changes within Garou society are putting extreme pressures on conventions and individuals alike. Over the past year or so, circumstances have come about that are bringing the Garou closer to outright war with the humans. Such a war would cost the Garou dearly. Perhaps they would share the fate of the "lost septs", following them into extinction.

The Council of Representatives

Normally, Garou justice is meted out by individual tribes. A Garou who goes against the Ways or acts inappropriately is usually subject to the authority of the leadership of the tribe. In fact, the degree to which a tribe acts against those who break the laws, and the punishment that would result, can differ greatly from tribe to tribe.

Within Vancouver, there are special problems. Officially, there are no tribal "jurisdictions" or Protectorates within the Lower Mainland. The standard model of Garou justice falls apart. Furthermore, there is a body of rules that is equally binding on all tribes, septs and individuals within Greater Vancouver. Everyone must obey the precepts of the Compact and the Covenant. Obviously, it wouldn't do to leave the enforcement of these precepts up to individual tribes. It's possible for an entire tribe to be in contravention of them.

As a hypothetical example, suppose the Black Furies staged a raid downtown on the offices of Macmann & Blundel, a major forestry company indirectly controlled by the Kindred. If this happened, it would be a flagrant violation of the Covenant. Who, according to the standard Garou system of justice, has jurisdiction over this offense, considering that downtown Vancouver is part of no Protectorate or territory?

It was Montgomery Abercorn who proposed the solution, although some cynics believe the suggestion actually came from Roger Daly. A Judiciary Council was established with representatives from all the Garou tribes. The tribes accepted his proposal and nominated Abercorn himself to chair the Council. This was in the heady days after the signing of the Covenant. Abercorn seemed to want to refuse the nomination, but public pressure was too great, and he eventually bowed before it.

Each tribe nominates one representative to sit on the Council. There's no official "term of office". No limitations or guidelines constrain how representatives are picked. Each tribe can use whatever method of selection it likes. Methods range from secret ballot (among the Glass Walkers) to personal combat (as with the Get of Fenris). A tribe can replace its representative at any time. The only restrictions are that the chair of the Council must be selected by a vote of all the representatives, and any change must be approved by a two-thirds majority. (That's exactly why Montgomery Abercorn remains in the chair, even though many tribes would like to see him replaced. The problem is that two-thirds of the representatives can't agree on a replacement...)

Officially speaking, the Council of Representatives has unlimited authority. If a majority of the representatives agreed, the Council could theoretically call a Hunt against an entire sept or even an entire tribe. How the Council would enforce such a decision is another problem. The Vancouver Council of Representatives has no "Silver Pack" to enforce its will. The implementation of its rulings depends on the cooperation of the tribes.

If a Council decision is brought down against an individual, and the representative from the guilty party's tribe were to vote

in favor of the decision, then the issue could be dealt with through tribal means. The procedures for tribal justice have been used for centuries. What if the representative from the same tribe as the criminal votes *against* discipline? For example, suppose an Uktena is brought before the Council for some infraction. The Uktena representative on the Council could vote against disciplinary action, even if the majority decision of the Council is in favor of such action. What would happen next?

In general, the tribe or sept of the wrongdoer will bow to the will of the council and enforce the appropriate punishment. Theoretically, the tribe would be within its rites to disregard the ruling. The Council would have the option of calling a Hunt against the tribe that refused to obey. Realistically, the Council would never do that. A Hunt called against an entire tribe, or even an entire sept, would lead to outright war among Garou. The tribes realize this, of course. Each tribe has to have an incentive to follow the rulings of the Council. The tribes know that refusing to follow a Council directive would cause the whole system to collapse. That would harm the interests of every Garou in the region.

The Council of Representatives have a system that basically works. It has kept the Compact and the Covenant in place, and most Garou admit that both agreements benefit both themselves and Gaia. Without the Compact, there would be too much rivalry between tribes and septs, and more direct action against the humans in Vancouver. Both would put exceptional strain on the Veil, and might eventually lead to decreased access to the Great Caern, something no Garou wants to contemplate. Without the Covenant, the Garou would be locked in a damaging war with the cadavers. They would lose one of their great "levers" for applying control over the resource companies.

The Garou had to admit that the system based around the Council of Representatives was a beneficial one. Going against the edicts of the Council would put an end to that system. It's this understanding that allows the Council to mete out justice.

The Council realizes this, and this realization tempers their every judgment. If they ever let their power "go to their heads", they know that the tribes would turn away from the Council, the Compact and the Covenant. This strange, knife-edge balance of power represents checks and balances on both sides. There is equality between the tribes and the council itself. It has worked well for more than two decades. Unfortunately, issues are coming to a head which may put an end to this balance.

Currently, the tribal representatives on the Council are:

Black Furies — Olga Norquist
Bone Gnawers — Isaac
Children of Gaia — Nelson Chang
Fianna — Brendan Dooley
Get of Fenris — Stefan Ewald
Glass Walkers — Roger Daly
Red Talons — Looksfar

Shadow Lords — Lukasz Kawecki
Silent Striders — Cathy Saynesbury
Silver Fangs — Montgomery Abercorn
Stargazers — Jacques Lapointe
Uktena — Coros
Wendigo — Jim George

All these individuals are discussed in the respective tribal descriptions.

Garou Protectorates

Outside the city, the Garou follow the same system of Protectorates as almost everywhere else in the world. According to the usage of the British Columbia Garou, a Protectorate is a territory controlled by a sept or affiliation of septs. Theoretically, such an affiliation can comprise members of different tribes. In practice, however, each contains only one tribe. Thus, in B.C. a Protectorate is an area under the protection and control of a single tribe.

In B.C., as in most of Canada, the majority of the human population is concentrated within two hundred miles or so of the U.S. boundary. Major Garou Protectorates follow the opposite pattern. The most significant and populous Protectorates are in the interior and northern portions of the province, where the human population is lower. There are still Protectorates near the international boundary. Their main purpose is to "keep an eye" on the humans and make sure they don't do anything particularly damaging to the environment or other Garou interests. These southern Protectorates are generally smaller than those in the interior and in the north, and most are closer together. In the north, two distinct Protectorates might officially claim the same turf and yet never have any conflict over it. Disputed territory is often so far from actual Garou habitation that there's nobody in the area to fight over the dispute. Not so in the south. Protectorate boundaries actually mean something, and members of rival Protectorates may sometimes find themselves glaring at each other across a strictly defined border.

This leads to considerably more "border skirmishes" and other conflicts in the south than in the north. Rivalries are strong near the international boundary, and they often lead to violence, particularly when two particularly militant tribes share a Protectorate border.

Garou throughout the Pacific Northwest know about the Great Caern in Stanley Park. In fact, "pilgrimages" to the site of power are quite common among Garou youths just past their Firsting and initiation. They also know about the Compact and the Covenant, although they might not know all the details or understand all the consequences. This can lead to misunderstandings.

Let's say, for example, that Macmann & Blundel were to start clear-cut logging operations near Bella Bella on the Pacific Coast. The area is part of a large Wendigo Protectorate. There aren't many Wendigo in the region, and certainly not enough to stop this blatant abuse of Gaia. They would have to

communicate with the more numerous Wendigo in the vicinity of Vancouver, asking them to stop the problem at its source. Obviously, a direct attack against the headquarters of M&B is blatantly against the Compact. The Vancouver-based Wendigo would regretfully inform their northern cousins that it's just not going to happen. (Incidentally, such an attack would be against the Covenant as well, since M&B is a Kindred influenced company). Even if the Vancouver Garou explain why, the northern Wendigo will probably not understand the nuances. They would consider the Vancouver Garou to be inexplicably "soft" on the Wyrm.

The Tribes

In total, there are over 360 Garou in B.C. The Garou have only a vague approximation of their numbers, mainly because there is no method of organizing a census. Of these Lupines, perhaps 161 live within 20 miles or so of Greater Vancouver's boundaries. No more than 54 Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers actually live inside the city limits.

The following sections discuss the different tribes, with an emphasis on those members who live in or near Greater Vancouver.

A Note on Character Trait Listings

In the following Trait listings for each character, some Attribute scores have extra numbers in parentheses. These represent the adjusted scores for the various shapeshifting forms. The listing is as follows: Homid (Glabro/Crinos/Hispo/Lupus). This listing is the same for all breeds.

Black Furies

This militantly aggressive tribe is very displeased with the strictures of the Compact and Covenant. The realization that outright war with the humans (and the cadavers) would deny them access to the power and spirituality of the Great Caern holds them back from unilaterally starting a major conflict. As is common throughout the world, the vast majority of Black Furies are women. Very few are male or metis.

Numbers

There are a total of 20 or so Black Furies throughout B.C. About five live near to the Greater Vancouver area.

Location

There are two main concentrations of Black Furies in B.C. Fifteen of them belong to the Gaia's Justice Sept. They patrol the Wells Gray Protectorate, which includes the area of the Wells Gray Provincial Park in the Columbia Mountains. Several forestry companies have been lobbying the government to let them log portions of the park. The Gaia's Justice sept is just waiting for the fools to try it...

Another sept, the Valkyries, lives on the northern slopes of Grouse Mountain, only a couple of miles from West Vancouver. This group, numbering only about five, is largely Norse by

descent. (This isn't characteristic of the Furies, but just a result of chance.)

Relationship With Other Tribes

The Black Furies traditionally prefer "direct" solutions to any problem, particularly if it involves damage to Gaia. In this, they share the same point of view as many Red Talons, believing that the Covenant and the modified Compact are both bad ideas. This doesn't mean the two tribes see eye to eye. They might agree that the strictures are bad ideas, but they certainly don't agree on exactly what should be done to rectify the situation.

The B.C. Black Furies tend to distrust the more intellectual, contemplative tribes like the Stargazers and the Silent Striders. Over-intellectualization has caused the present mess, they believe, and only action can rectify it. The tribe is about evenly split over whether they support the Shadow Lords or the Silver Fangs as the "leaders" of Garou society.

Olga Norquist

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/8), Charisma 3, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4), Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 1, Melee 4, Leadership 5, Stealth 2, Survival 4, Politics 1, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 3, Past Life 1

Gifts: (1) Smell of Man, Razor Claws, Heightened Senses, Inspiration, Sense Wyrm; (2) Staredown, Curse of Aeolus; (3) Coup de Grace; (4) Clenched Jaw

Rage 6, Gnosis 2, Willpower 5

Rank: 4



Fetishes: Small Klaive

Image: In her Homid form, Olga Norquist is a large, powerful woman appearing to be in her late 30s. Actually, she's a decade older than she looks. She stands about six feet tall and weighs close to 180 pounds, but there's not an ounce of (inappropriate) fat on her body. Her muscle tone is perfect. Olga has long, straight blonde hair that she usually ties back in a rough ponytail. Her face has an austere, Nordic beauty to it. When she smiles (which is very rare) she's incredibly attractive. Olga is very intimidating to the average human male, largely because she could break the average man in two. That doesn't worry her. She considers human males to be weak and unworthy, preferring to seek sexual partners from among the wolves who still prowl the forests of British Columbia.

Roleplaying Notes: Determined and self-assured, with a very strong personality. Olga is a good leader, dedicated to protecting the sept and preserving Gaia. She's not well-educated in the classical sense, nor is she particularly intelligent, but she has a personal drive that encourages others to follow her lead.

Background: Olga was born to a rich family living in the British Properties of West Vancouver. She Firsted early, scaring the living hell out of her parents. When the members of her tribe "extracted" her from her home, her parents spent hundreds of thousands of dollars trying to track the "criminals" who had kidnapped their daughter. In the intervening years, Olga has never returned home, nor has she told her parents that she's still alive. Her mother died several years ago, but her father still continues his fruitless search. It's a telling comment on Olga that her father's grief apparently means nothing to her.

How she became the leader of the Furies contingent of the Sept of the Great Caern is something of a mystery to her, as well as to others. Olga is not the most powerful of the Black Furies, but she is possibly the most passionate. That passion is what has given her power. Unlike the younger lupines of her tribe, Olga and some of the elder Furies see the wisdom of the Compact and strive to maintain it. Recently, there have been rumors that one of the Furies is going to challenge her for leadership over this issue. Whether or not this is true has yet to be seen.

Bone Gnawers

Despised by almost all other tribes, the Bone Gnawers of B.C. eke out a rather sordid existence on the streets of Vancouver. As a group, the Gnawers appreciate having the Covenant and the Compact in place. Both agreements make it easier for them to maintain their lifestyle with a minimum of conflict. (They also secretly appreciate how infuriated some of the more arrogant tribes are about having to abide by the agreements' strictures.)

Numbers

There are about 30 Bone Gnawers spread throughout Vancouver. Another dozen or so live on the streets of other

cities throughout B.C., including Kelowna, Kamloops, Prince George and Prince Rupert.

Location

Only in Vancouver are there enough Bone Gnawers to qualify as anything more than a pack. Within the city, the humorously-named Underdogs Sept meets on a casual, irregular basis, usually in some vacant lot or a condemned building in the East End. The Bone Gnawers have the unofficial task of guarding the marinas of Vancouver and watching them for intrusions of the Wyrm.

Relationship With Other Tribes

Predictably, the Bone Gnawers get on reasonably well only with the Glass Walkers. Most other tribes distrust them, based on generations-old, knee-jerk prejudice. Even tribes less given to thoughtless judgments have very little patience with the Gnawers. The more arrogant tribes like the Shadow Lords hate the Gnawers with a passion, and some would love to see the tribe's name stricken from the records of "true" Garou.

Like the Glass Walkers, some of the Gnawers claim that they're scouring the city for the "lost caerns" that vanished under the spreading metropolis. To outsiders, it doesn't look as though they're doing anything substantive toward that goal. (If a Gnawer were ever to announce finding such a caern, few would believe him anyway.)

All in all, with some notable exceptions, all other Garou trust the Gnawers about as far as they can spit a rat.

Isaac

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Galliard

Attributes: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6), Charisma 5, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2), Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4



Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 5, Empathy 4, Primal-Urg 3, Streetwise 5, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Leadership 4, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Investigation 2, Occult 2, Politics 2, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 4

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Mindspeak, Scent of Sweet Honey, Sense Wyrm; (2) Blissful Ignorance, Distractions, Dreamspeak, Odious Aroma; (3) Gift of the Termite; (4) Infest

Rage 4, Gnosis 3, Willpower 5

Rank: 4

Rites: Talisman Dedication, Voice of the Jackal, Rite of Passage

Fetishes: none

Image: Actually in his mid-40s, Isaac looks more than a decade older, worn down by the weight of the world. He's a tall man with broad shoulders, but his stooped posture conceals his true size. His thinning, gray hair is usually matted with substances it's best not to think about, and his salt-and-pepper beard looks as though it could support a sizable population of rodents. He dresses in whatever he can find discarded in garbage cans. Isaac will be wearing a different outfit every time he's seen. It might be a tattered suit, or a naval greatcoat or just five or six T-shirts and a pair of ragged jeans. All in all, he looks like hell and smells worse.

Roleplaying Notes: Patient, quiet and thoughtful, with a sense of barely repressed energy.

Background: Isaac was literally born on the street. Forty years ago, a cop found a squealing baby a handful of days old in a dumpster in the East End. Nobody was ever able to identify its mother. Today, Isaac disdains the use of any last name, since it would be a lie. He spent his youth being shuttled from foster home to orphanage to foster home. He was a violent, angry child given to fits of almost homicidal rage. His stay at one foster home ended when, at the age of five, he slashed his "mother's" arm with a kitchen knife when she tried to discipline him.

Isaac's Firsting came early. Through some kind of miscommunication, the Kin Fetch assigned to him missed the event. The Delirium took effect immediately, and his foster parents at the time interpreted his actions as just another one of his temper tantrums. (They conveniently overlooked the fact that he had shapeshifted into a half-man/half-beast.) They called the police, and Isaac was whisked off again to juvenile hall. The "extraction" team of Bone Gnawers eventually rescued him from that location.

Despite a severe lack of education and an upbringing traumatic enough to turn just about anyone into a self-absorbed emotional cripple, Isaac turned out to be highly intelligent and perceptive. Although at first he fought against his indoctrination into the ways of the Garou, he eventually understood what his Inceptors were trying to teach him. He learned what his heritage truly meant. It was then that he turned, seemingly overnight, from an incarnation of anger to a thoughtful, introspective potential leader.

Most of the time, he lives up to that potential, but sometimes his introspective nature must give way to rage. Rage is still at Isaac's core, as it is at the core of all Garou. While it takes a lot to goad him to anger these days, Isaac is a manifestation of an old truism: "Beware the fury of a patient man."

Isaac won his position several years ago as leader of the Underdogs Sept of the local Bone Gnawers. He didn't achieve this by challenge and personal combat, but by simply proving that he was the best for the job. In fact, Isaac never sought the position, but when something needed to be done, Isaac was always at the forefront of doing it. That was enough to convince his tribemates that he should lead them and represent them on the council. There are some hints that Isaac is tiring of his responsibility. Unfortunately, there is no obvious candidate for his successor. This may destabilize the Underdogs enough to diminish their efficiency as "Wyrm guards" at the marinas and elsewhere.

Children of Gaia

In the political climate of B.C., the Children of Gaia frequently follow the course of moderation. This often involves protesting inappropriate logging practices and other harmful activities and acting within environmental lobby groups. Compared to the Red Talons' attitudes about how logging companies should be dealt with, this is moderate in the extreme. As a group, they welcome the Covenant and the expanded Compact as moderating influences, making it more likely that the Garou can live in harmony with the humans, rather than in an out-and-out war that the Garou would almost certainly lose.

Numbers

There are about 35 Children of Gaia spread throughout British Columbia. About 12 of these are near Vancouver.

Location

Outside the city, there are two Children of Gaia Protectorates: the Kaleden Protectorate around Penticton, in the south central part of the province, and the Crow's Nest Protectorate around Fernie, near the Alberta border. Each of these groups contains about a dozen members.

Around Vancouver, the Bountiful Mother Sept congregates on the lower slopes of Cypress Bowl in West Vancouver. This sept also has about 12 members.

Relationship With Other Tribes

The Vancouver Children pride themselves on being able to appreciate all viewpoints on an issue and can usually chart a course of compromise that'll give everyone most of what they want. It's not surprising, therefore, that the tribe, as a whole, strongly supports the Covenant and Compact. This, of course, puts them in conflict with those who would like to see both agreements torn up. The Red Talons and the Shadow Lords are at the top of the list (for different reasons).

The Children try to keep an open mind with regard to other tribes, and almost manage to stay neutral towards the Bone Gnawers. When it comes to the Glass Walkers, however, the generations-old prejudices come to the fore, and the tradition of distrust tends to remain.

Nelson Chang

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Attributes: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/7), Charisma 4, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/2/2), Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Abilities: Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 4, Etiquette 3, Melee 1, Leadership 5, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Computer 2, Investigation 1, Politics 2, Rituals 1, Science 2

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 2

Gifts: (1) Smell of Man, Truth of Gaia, Resist Pain, Scent of the True Form; (2) Call to Duty, Calm; (3) Dazzle, Strength of Purpose; (4) Wisdom of the Ancient Ways, Unicorn's Grace

Rage 4, Gnosis 3, Willpower 5

Rank: 4

Rites: Rite of Contrition, Ritual of the Questing Stone, Rite of Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: Tears of Gaia, Bells of Rain

Image: In his Homid form, Nelson Chang is a small man (about 5' 6"). His black hair is straight and usually cropped close to his head. It's hard to judge his age. He could be anywhere from his mid-20s to perhaps 50. In his Lupus form, which he prefers, he is a large, silver-hackled timber wolf. He is a figure of rage and terror, yet in his heart, he is a spirit of calm and understanding.

Roleplaying Notes: Calm, spiritual, thoughtful sometimes to the point of seeming withdrawn.



Background: Nelson was born and raised in Vancouver, part of a large family where strict discipline was balanced with a healthy measure of love. From his earliest childhood, Nelson and his family assumed he would become a doctor, a lawyer or some other paragon of career tracking. As he entered his teens, however, urges that sprung up within him changed the course of his life. While most of the people he grew up with saw and regretted the damage that humanity was doing to the planet, Nelson felt the damage to Gaia as a blight on his own soul. How could he pursue his own goals, he found himself wondering, when the world was turning into a toilet around him? It took several vituperative conversations with his family, but he finally convinced them that he should pursue a career in the environmental sciences. As a prelude to this, he left home at 16 to attend an Outward Bound program in the mountains to the north of the city.

It was then that Nelson's Kin came to him, whisking him out of his tent one night while the other participants in the program slept unaware. They kept him with them for almost a month, during which time they indoctrinated him into the Ways and put him through his Rite of Passage. When this was complete, they asked him how he wanted to handle the matter of his old life. Nelson decided that he had to re-establish contact with his parents.

During the past month, his parents had been absolutely frantic (as had the organizers of the Outward Bound program, visualizing lawsuits). When Nelson returned from the wilderness, unharmed and more at peace with himself than anyone had ever seen him, they were too busy welcoming him home to press him on the matter of where he had been. When they got around to the issue later, he explained about the epiphany he had undergone in the wilderness... without mentioning a word about the Garou, of course.

Now, decades later, Nelson remains in contact with his aging parents. He lives alone in a small house near Lions Bay, where he writes articles for various environmental magazines, submitting them by modem. He was chosen Arm of the Goddess by his sept; the Voice of the Goddess, Aliana Broken-Heart, died two years ago and has not been replaced yet, leaving Nelson as the sole leader of his tribe. He now tries to raise the voice of compromise on the council and keep the Compact alive. His tendency to carefully analyze every side of every issue often makes him appear vacillating, or even weak, to less patient Garou. Even among his own tribe, he sometimes is thought to take this too far.

Fianna

The Vancouver area has a relatively small Irish population; those of Scottish ancestry are much more common. Thus it's logical that there are fewer members of the Fianna in this part of North America than, say, the Eastern Seaboard of the U.S. Still, this noble tribe has a strong influence on the actions of the local Garou. Following their long standing reputation as justice-givers and adjudicators, the Fianna (in general) are quiet but dependable supporters of the Compact and the

Covenant, and their support goes a long way toward preventing rebellion against the Council by more militant factions.

Numbers

Throughout B.C., there are fewer than 20 Fianna. Of these, seven can be found in the Vancouver region.

Location

Outside Vancouver, the Fianna claim the Bear Creek Protectorate around the city of Kelowna. That city's artistic and musical community has a significant component of Fianna blood, and several of the better-known folk musicians are actually Garou.

Near Vancouver, most Fianna are of the homid breed, and fairly well-integrated into human society. They live virtually anywhere. Some "private" moots are limited to the local sept known as the Seanachie, and they meet down on the flats of Richmond, bounded by the dikes surrounding that suburb.

Relationship With Other Tribes

The ancestral rivalries that the Fianna have with the Shadow Lords and the Get of Fenris have been carried to Vancouver from elsewhere in the world. The Fianna generally support the Covenant and the Compact; the Shadow Lords generally despise them (if only because these edicts are perceived as "Silver Fang inventions".) There is a great deal of animosity between these tribes around Vancouver.

This fact, in turn, affects other tribes' attitudes toward the Fianna, based on their own views of the Shadow Lords and Silver Fangs. For example, the Glass Walkers look on the Fianna as allies, while the Red Talons view them as honorless twits joining the Silver Fangs in their toadying up to the human "scourge".



Brendan Dooley

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6), Charisma 4, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2), Perception 2, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Abilities: Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 1, Expression 3, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 4, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3, Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Melee 3, Performance 3, Leadership 5, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Linguistics 3, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Kinfolk 3, Pure Breed 2

Gifts: (1) Smell of Man, Resist Toxin, Razor Claws, Persuasion, Inspiration; (2) Brew, Staredown, True Fear; (3) Disquiet, Heart of Fury; (4) Clenched Jaw, Balor's Gaze; (5) Kiss of Helios

Rage 6, Gnosis 2, Willpower 4

Rank: 5

Rites: none

Fetishes: Fianna Mead, Large Klaive

Image: In his Homid form, Brendan Dooley is a tall, very thin man with long arms and legs. His fingers are very slender, but he has a vise-like grip. His hair is short, thinning hair is a very light ginger, almost blond. His skin is pale, and he has bright, piercing green eyes. He's in his mid-40s. There's something about his gaze that communicates a strong hint of the explosive temper bottled up within him. He speaks with a thick Irish brogue. In Lupus form, he's a lean, hungry-looking beast with a ruddy pelt more reminiscent of a fox than a wolf, and his intense green eyes are still notable.

Roleplaying Notes: Irish accent, and an affected "poetic" bent, covering an explosive temper.

Background: Few people, even among the Seanachie Sept, know much about Dooley's background. This is typical of Brendan's approach to others. He's a glib speaker, when he's in the mood, and can captivate listeners for hours with his tales, but he never reveals much about himself. All that's widely known is that Dooley came to Vancouver from the East Coast of the U.S. maybe Boston, maybe somewhere else about 10 years ago. General consensus is that he followed one or more Kinfolk to the West Coast, but nobody knows who his Kin are. It is known for sure is that despite his strong Irish accent, Brendan Dooley has never set foot on the Emerald Isle. This leads his detractors to suggest that he fakes the accent, claiming that he learned it from bad movies to give himself an air of distinction. There are those in the tribe who would pay handsomely for any information about Dooley's past. Some of the Shadow Lords are actively seeking embarrassing and possibly incriminating information on Dooley to present to the council. Of course they haven't found anything yet, but that might not stop them from making something up...

Dooley is a strong leader with a fierce and explosive temper. In Homid form, he usually has a drink of some kind in his hand, preferably a pint of Guinness or a glass of Jameson's. This seems to be more for show than anything else, since nobody has ever

seen him drunk. Considering his temper when he's sober, this is probably a very good thing. He's very intelligent, a fact he sometimes seems to enjoy concealing, but perhaps not very observant. He tends to "filter" his perceptions through his preconceptions.

In Homid and Lupus form, Dooley is something of a ladies' man, racking up many conquests of both species. Although he has many offspring, none of them has yet been identified as Garou.

Get of Fenris

The Get of the Vancouver area consider that B.C. will be one of the main battlegrounds when the great war against the Wyrm actually breaks out. The Garou will have more freedom of action here than they will in the more densely populated parts of the world, and they should use it to their best advantage. The B.C. Get are highly pragmatic in their view of the world. The Wyrm, *Jormungandr*, is the ultimate enemy of both the Garou and Gaia. The humans are seen as incidental, tools to be used either by Gaia's foe or her defenders. The Kindred are a powerful weapon, usually serving the Wyrm. If that weapon could be pointed back at the Wyrm...

The Vancouver Get aren't as opposed to the extended Compact and the Covenant as might be expected. Anything that eliminates "distractions" from the main battle is worthwhile. If the extended Compact minimizes conflict with "unaligned" humans, and the Covenant eliminates conflict with the cadavers, then the agreements actually free the Garou of extraneous concerns, allowing them to focus on the real issues.

The Compact isn't all good. Many of the Get are concerned that the agreement to make the Great Caern free for all Garou compromises its safety. Some of the tribe believe that the Get should take total control of the caern, claiming that this is would "protect" it from being compromised by agents of the Wyrm...

Numbers

The Get of Fenris are probably the most populous tribe in B.C. There are almost 15 of the tribe living in the Vancouver region. Another 40 are spread throughout the province.

Location

The Get have two distinct geographical Protectorates in B.C. The Ymir Protectorate is located near Trail and Castlegar, in the south central portion of the province. There are 30 or so Get there, and sometimes they range far enough west to conflict with the Children of Gaia Protectorate around Penticton.

The second location, the Hell's Gate Protectorate, is located up the Fraser Canyon. It's centered around the tiny town of Spuzzum halfway between Hope and Boston Bar. Spuzzum is unique in B.C. It's the only town totally dominated by Garou and their Kinfolk. All the locals are either werewolves themselves, or directly related to werewolves. The Kinfolk are

completely aware of what is going on. In the Gothic-Punk world, Spuzzum has a remarkably strange reputation. Even though truckers and others often pull into the town's single truck stop, they don't stay long. Nobody knows quite why the town makes them feel so uncomfortable, but the feeling is inescapable. The Spuzzum Sept numbers around 40 true Garou in addition to almost ten times that many Kinfolk. As discussed in Chapter One, Spuzzum is something of a supply and communication nexus for the Get of Fenris throughout the Pacific Northwest.

The Fimbulwinter Sept congregates in the Fraser Valley, east of Vancouver, with the Lupus members of the sept living on the wooded slopes of Sumas Mountain. Homid members live in Abbotsford and as far east as Chilliwack. There are about 30 members in the Fimbulwinter Sept.

Relationship With Other Tribes

The Get of Fenris have carried their ancient rivalry with the Fianna from the Old World to the New World. None of the B.C.-based Get really know what initially caused the rivalry between the two tribes, but the rivalry is a tradition, and that's reason enough to continue it. The Get and the Wendigo still despise each other, mainly because of the conflict that arose when the Get first followed their Kinfolk into territory the Wendigo considered theirs. Predictably, the Get hate the Bone Gnawers and the Glass Walkers with a passion, since these two tribes are as far as possible from the ideals the Get revere.

Most of the Get respect the Silver Fangs because of their history of nobility and courage. Some of the younger Get consider the Shadow Lords to be superior, but the senior members of the tribe think that the Lords are all talk and no action. (They accept that this may possibly change in the future.) The Get have no love for the Children of Gaia, although it's more trouble than the Children are worth to actually hate them.

As discussed above, most of the Vancouver-based Get see the extended Compact and the Covenant as valuable. They're pragmatic enough to realize that they have something in common with other tribes sharing the same view, and can generally work alongside such tribes whether they enjoy the close proximity or not.

Stefan Ewald

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 5 (7/9/8/6), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/8), Charisma 3, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2), Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urg 5, Animal Ken 2, Drive 2, Firearms 2, Melee 4, Leadership 5, Survival 4, Politics 1, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Kinfolk 2, Pure Breed 4

Gifts: (1) Smell of Man, Razor Claws, Inspiration, Resist Pain; (2) Sense Silver, Spirit of the Fray, Snarl of the Predator,



True Fear; (3) Silver Claws, Heart of Fury, Might of Thor; (4) Clenched Jaw, Hero's Stand; (5) Fenris' Bite

Rage 7, Gnosis 2, Willpower 4

Rank: 5

Rites: Rite of Ostracism, Rite of Passage

Fetishes: Grand Klaive (difficulty 7, damage of Strength +5), Heart of the Spirit (holds 6 Rage points)

Image: In Homid form, Stefan Ewald looks something like a caricature of Thor, the god of thunder from Norse mythology. Aged about 50, he stands 6'6", weighing about 245 pounds. The bulges of his muscles have bulges on them. He has curly blond hair, which he keeps cropped close to his head so opponents won't have anything to grab onto in a scrap and a bushy mustache. His gray eyes are as cold as glacial ice and are framed by a network of fine wrinkles. (On anyone else they might be called "smile lines", but Ewald doesn't smile...) His skin is generally pale, but his cheeks are florid, making him look as though he's always suppressing a homicidal rage (which isn't too far off the mark most of the time.) In Lupus form, Ewald is the archetypal Get: a huge gray Arctic wolf.

Roleplaying Notes: Powerful and sometimes terrifying, particularly when his temper gets away from him. He doesn't talk much, considering actions to be more important than words. When he does speak, however, his voice is harsh, with a strong Scandinavian accent. Ewald relishes a good fight and respects anyone who can give him a challenge. In personal combat, he finds it notoriously difficult to keep from killing his opponent. Anyone who knows Ewald watches out for his wild emotional swings. One moment he can be a sentimental fool, misty-eyed over the achievement of a cub who's survived her Rite of Passage; the next moment he can be breaking bones in a towering rage.

Background: Ewald came to Canada from Denmark in the late 1960s, traveling with a family of Kinfolk. His wife, Nina, knows that "something's strange" about her husband, but the

Delirium has prevented her from figuring out just what it is. He has five children, ranging in age from the early teens to the late 20s. All his children are immune to the Delirium and accept their father's true nature. They're rather disappointed that they haven't expressed the "Garou gene", although there's still some hope for his youngest daughter. The Ewald family lives on a dairy farm in Aldergrove.

After his arrival in the Vancouver area, Stefan Ewald quickly climbed to the top of the Fimbulwinter Sept, defeating in personal combat anyone who stood between him and the position of leader. Since then, any Garou who have had the temerity to challenge his right to lead the sept have been broken. All that is missing now, in his view, is his tribe's control of the caern. Although somewhat erratic, Ewald is, overall, a good leader. Among his tribemates, some love him, some hate him, many fear him, but *all* respect him.

Glass Walkers

Although a small and widely despised tribe, the Glass Walkers are perhaps the most influential tribe in the Vancouver area. After all, it was the Walker leader, Roger Daly, who initiated the events that would lead to the Covenant and the extension of the Compact, bringing some measure of peace to the region.

It's hard to generalize about the Glass Walkers; they exhibit probably more variability between individuals in personality, philosophy and behavior than any other tribe. Obviously, they choose to live in cities rather than in the untamed wilderness. Some make this choice for personal reasons. Living in a condo is much more comfortable than living on top of a cold mountain. Others believe that their place is in the city because that's where Gaia needs them to be. They protect her in ways that other Garou can't.

The Glass Walkers are unique among Garou in that they have no aversion to using high technology. If technology will help them, they'll use it without any philosophical qualms. The Walkers believe that there's nothing innately wrong with technology as such. Like any tool, it has the potential for good or evil. It all depends on the intentions and actions of the user. Many of the senior Walkers stay in touch with each other, human contacts and allies using cellular phones, pagers, fax machines, computer bulletin board systems (BBSs) and so on. (There are unsubstantiated rumors that a private Vancouver BBS known as "Dark Side of the Moon" is actually run by the Glass Walkers.)

Numbers

There are few Glass Walkers in B.C. All of those are thought to be concentrated in Vancouver itself. The only sept is the Corporate Raiders, composed of 24 or so individuals.

Location

Individual members of the Glass Walkers live all over the city. Their homes range from expensive condos on the Fairview Slopes or large houses in Shaughnessy to dingy one-

room apartments in the West or East Ends. The Corporate Raiders Sept is different from all other Vancouver-based Garou groups in that it has its own caern: a Level One caern beneath a closed-down nightclub called the Smiling Buddha. They hold their monthly tribal moots in the privacy of the club.

The Glass Walkers have no Protectorates elsewhere in the province. There may be members of the tribe in other towns or cities in B.C., but the Glass Walkers of Vancouver aren't in contact with any, and don't know for sure if they exist.

Relationship With Other Tribes

In general, the other tribes distrust, despise and sometimes outright hate the Glass Walkers simply because the Walkers choose to live in the city. How, the other tribes wonder, can a tribe live in Wyrmgound and not be tainted by the Wyrm themselves? Certain individuals within the other tribes may be able to control their ancestral hatreds long enough to evaluate the Glass Walkers based on their actual behavior, but these free thinkers are rare.

Of all the tribes, the Bone Gnawers probably keep the closest contact with the Glass Walkers, accepting them with open minds... more or less. The Children of Gaia listen to the Walkers' claim that adapting to the realities of the city is a life-affirming choice that allows them to aid Gaia in ways that other tribes can't. They admit that their urban brethren just might have a point... more or less. Those few of the Silver Fangs who know just who really came up with the idea of the Covenant are able to appreciate and respect individual Glass Walkers... again, more or less. Other than that, the Walkers are alone.

Some Theurges within the Glass Walkers are scouring the cities for "lost caerns", as the Bone Gnawers claim they are doing. Few of the other tribes believe a word of the Walkers' claims, however, and many mutter darkly that any caerns the Walkers do find will soon be converted into Wyrmholes...

Roger Daly

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Attributes: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/8), Charisma 4, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4), Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Abilities: Alertness 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Expression 4, Primal-Urg 5, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 2, Drive 3, Etiquette 4, Firearms 3, Leadership 5, Performance 3, Repair 1, Stealth 2, Survival 1, Computers 3, Investigation 2, Law 3, Linguistics 1, Politics 4, Rituals 4, Science 2

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Resources 5, Contacts 4

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Sense Wyrm, Control Simple Machine; (2) Jam Technology, Sight from Beyond, Power Surge; (3) Pulse of the Invisible; (4) Ultimate Argument of Logic, Attunement; (5) Assimilation

Rage 3, Gnosis 3, Willpower 4

Rank: 5

Rites: Rite of the Opened Caern, Moot Rite, Voice of the Jackal, Rite of the Shrouded Glen

Fetishes: Protected Assets (Level 3, Gnosis 5; this costly-looking business suit has protective spirits woven into it. It acts as three dice of armor against all forms of attack.)

Image: In his (vastly preferred) Homid form, Roger Daly appears to be in his late 50s or early 60s, an elegant-looking man of mid-height. His short, thinning hair is silver and always perfectly arranged. He wears gunmetal-framed Dunhill glasses. This is more for show than anything, some observers note. He always wears perfectly tailored suits of British cut that cost as much as the average motorcycle. The cut of his suit jackets conceal the fact that he has surprisingly broad and powerful shoulders. His eyes are ice gray. They are the eyes of a hired killer, totally out of place in an almost cherubic face that reminds one of a kindly old uncle. He wears few accessories, limiting himself to a watch and two rings. They're made of white gold, and are incredibly expensive. In his Lupus form, which he rarely assumes, he's a silver-hackled black wolf with white markings that resemble glasses around his eyes.

Roleplaying Notes: In manner, appearance and speech, Daly is the perfect image of the high-powered businessman: intelligent, well-read and erudite.

Background: Daly was born and raised in the Shaughnessy region of Vancouver, the only child of an affluent family. His father, Graham Daly, was leader of the Vancouver Glass Walkers from the late 1940s to the early 1960s and a successful businessman. Roger's mother knew her husband's true nature. For some reason, she wasn't subject to the Delirium. She suffered severely mixed emotions when it became apparent her only child would be a Garou like his father. Despite this, she dealt with her ambivalence sufficiently to support Roger when he really needed it, both before and after his Rite of Passage. Both Roger's parents died in the 1970s. His father was killed in a fight with an out-of-town vampire. The Kindred was later hunted down and extinguished by the other Kindred for



breaking the Prince's Laws. His mother was killed by a hit-and-run driver. This left Roger an estate worth several million dollars, easily enough to support him in comfort if he never worked another day in his life.

Roger Daly couldn't operate that way. He had inherited more than the "Garou gene" from his father and acquired a fascination for the ways of human business. In the 1970s, he established Daly & Associates, a management consulting firm that he still runs to this day. The firm is staggeringly successful. Not only has it made Daly an exceptionally rich man, it's also given him access to important business figures throughout the city, allowing him to influence business policy in a way that will most benefit Gaia and the Garou. Daly followed in his father's footsteps, becoming leader of the Corporate Raiders Sept in the mid-80s.

Few individuals human, Garou or Kindred really know Roger Daly. Even those who understand his involvement in the signing of the Covenant can only guess at the man's depths. Many of his junior septmates consider him to be a stolid, unimaginative, basically boring individual, but that's not the case at all. Those who know him a little better realize he's got a sharp sense of humor. There's a pocket of sadness at the core of his being. It stems from the fact that he married a woman he dearly loved in the late 1970s who subsequently died in a plane crash. He hides this pain from everyone.

Daly also realizes that it is the job of the Glass Walkers (and the Bone Gnawers) to protect the city from invasion. Where the other tribes make sure nothing approaches the city from over land, the Glass Walkers stand guard at the airport and help watch the marinas.

Daly lives in a sprawling house in the British Properties overlooking the Lions Gate Bridge and drives a metallic charcoal 8-series BMW. Through several shell companies, he owns the Smiling Buddha, the location of the Glass Walkers' caern. He also has his fingers in countless other business "pies" throughout the city, frequently involving himself in business dealings and conflicts with the Kindred. There are unsubstantiated rumors that Daly and an influential Kindred are currently locked in a vicious, no-holds-barred proxy battle that might well ruin one or the other of them.

Red Talons

There aren't many Red Talons in the Vancouver area. That's probably just as well. Those who do live near the city chafe under the restrictions of the Covenant and the extended Compact. Any peace with the humans and the cadavers is, they believe, tacit peace with the Wyrm, and that goes against everything that Garou stand for. The Vancouver-based Red Talons tend to be very apocalyptic in their thinking. They realize that a genocidal war against the humans is a final battle they're doomed to lose, yet many believe in their hearts that following any other course is a betrayal of their nature.

The Red Talons maintain a force near Vancouver because of the Great Caern. They are prepared to launch direct attacks on the citizens of Vancouver if there is any threat to the caern

by the humans. They are waiting to launch attacks on any business that threatens Gaia. The Red Talons and the Get are the two most vigilant tribes, making sure the leeches of the city don't do anything that could infect the rest of B.C. The Talons are waiting outside the city so that they can be in the thick of the action when the truces fall apart.

Numbers

There are 50 or so Red Talons in B.C., with only five or so of these in the Vancouver area. All, of course, are lupus.

Location

Outside Vancouver, the Red Talons hold three distinct Protectorates. The largest of these, the Moonhowl Protectorate, has a population of 20 or so Garou and is centered on Manning Park, 90 miles or so east of the city. In the Gothic-Punk world, the downhill and cross-country ski facilities in the Park have long been closed down due to the number of "mysterious disappearances" from the region.

The second, the Preyscent Protectorate, is in the north of the province in the Tweedsmuir Provincial Park. About a dozen Red Talons make their home here. The third, the Honorguard Protectorate, is in the Hughes Range just north of Sparwood near the Alberta border. Another dozen Red Talons live here. This latter Protectorate is very near the territory claimed by the Children of Gaia who live near Fernie.

Within the Greater Vancouver region, the Battle Snarl Sept, comprising about five members, can be found on the slopes of the mountains between West Vancouver and Lions Bay. Their own moots are complex rituals based on concepts alien even to most other Garou and take place in these mountains. For the moots at the Great Caern, the Battle Snarl Sept will unwillingly take on Homid form and slouch over the Lions Gate Bridge to Stanley Park.

Relationship With Other Tribes

Speaking generally, the Red Talons despise any tribe that has "sold out" to the Wyrm. According to their definition, that's just about everybody. They dislike the Silver Fangs despite that tribe's awesome reputation because of the Covenant. They don't like the Shadow Lords much better, believing that tribe will just replace one form of sell-out with another. The Talons and the Furies see eye to eye on a lot of things, but the former tribe is rather disappointed that the latter has backed away from its traditional desire to fall upon the humans and ravage them. Predictably, the Red Talons loathe the Glass Walkers and the Bone Gnawers, believing them both to be almost as bad as the Black Spiral Dancers.

Lookstar

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Philodox

Attributes: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6), Charisma 2, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3), Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 1, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 3, Melee 1, Leadership 5, Stealth 4, Survival 4, Enigmas 2, Occult 1, Politics 1, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 2, Past Life 2

Gifts: (1) Heightened Senses, Resist Pain, Beast Speech, Scent of the True Form, Scent of Running Water; (2) Scent of Sight, Sense the Unnatural; (3) Wisdom of the Ancient Ways; (4) Gnaw

Rage 5, Gnosis 5, Willpower 3

Rank: 4

Rites: Rite of the Hunting Grounds, Gathering for the Departed, Rite of Wounding, The Hunt

Fetishes: None

Image: In her Lupus form, Looksfar is a large wolf with hair that would, on a human, be called auburn. Like most of her kind, she has prominent claws and teeth. The muscles around her jaws are overdeveloped. She takes Homid form only when she absolutely has to, appearing as a large, almost hulking auburn-haired female with a perpetual scowl. No matter what form she takes, her movements seem to communicate a sense of barely repressed energy and fury.

Roleplaying Notes: Solid and strong, but thoughtful. She prefers to think before she acts, but when she does act she doesn't believe in half-measures.

Background: Despite her appearance, Looksfar, the leader of the Battle Snarl Sept, is surprisingly contemplative. She doesn't automatically dismiss the ideas of the Children of Gaia and the Glass Walkers. Compromise with the humans, rather than a futile war, actually might make some sense. She disagrees with the terms of the compromise. This makes her a surprisingly rational voice on the Council of Representatives. There are several members of her tribe who are horrified by her philosophical approach, but though they may mutter and whine in private, none has had the courage to complain to



Looksfar's face or challenge her for leadership. They know all too well that their leader's contemplative, patient outlook can turn into wild rage at a moment's notice. Looksfar's anger is often quick to pass, but it is so intense that few Garou want to be anywhere nearby when she's aroused. Of course, an eventual challenge is inevitable. A change in leadership would possibly represent a drastic change in the Talons' activity on the Council.

Shadow Lords

The first Shadow Lords to arrive in B.C. came to the West Coast because it was a place where they could carve out their own "empires", dominating both the humans and the "lesser tribes" of Garou already there. At least, that's what some historians of the People claim. If this is true, then the Shadow Lords must have been mightily ticked off when their traditional rivals from the Old World came to the Vancouver area in greater numbers.

The Shadow Lords argue vociferously against the constraints of the Covenant and the recent modifications of the Compact. Their detractors say, however, that they do this only because the Silver Fangs are seen to be supporting the two agreements, and the Lords will do virtually anything it takes to bring the Fangs down a few notches.

Numbers

There are 21 or so Shadow Lords in B.C., all congregated in the Greater Vancouver area. After all, that's where the power is to be found. All are members of a single sept, the Magisters.

Location

Many of the Magisters live within the bounds of the city, but they stridently argue they're not of the city, like the Urrah (the Bone Gnawers and the Glass Walkers). Those of the Homid breed typically live in relatively remote parts of the suburban area, often in places of stark beauty (in a house perched on the rugged shoreline, for example, or half-way up a mountain). Several of the Lupus breed are thought to live in the University Endowment Lands (see Chapter One), while others dwell in the North Shore mountains. The Magister Sept has its private moots deep in the woods of the University Endowment Lands.

Relationship With Other Tribes

The Shadow Lords consider themselves to be superior to all other tribes. They are the scions of the People and the true leaders of the Garou. The Lords therefore view the other tribes as ranging from irritating rivals to lupines unworthy of consideration; they consider themselves to have no equals.

The Silver Fangs are the Lords' key rivals. Many of the latter will do whatever they can to decrease the Fangs' influence and take over as *de facto* leaders of the Garou. Relationships with all other tribes are based largely on how they can help (or how much they will hinder) the Lords in achieving their goal. Since nobody is equal to the Lords anyway, it makes the most sense to view them as tools, or maybe as pawns on a chessboard. The

Shadow Lords hate the Glass Walkers with a passion because of the Liston incident and will do their best to discredit anything the Glass Walkers bring before the council. Although some of the Shadow Lords are a bit narrow-minded in their quest to take over the Great Caern, their leader and council member, Lukasz Kawecki, is actually a competent leader. If Kawecki is convinced that the security of the Great Caern is in doubt, he will put aside the differences he and his clan have with the other Garou and fight just as hard as any other warrior.

Lukasz Kawecki

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/7), Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3), Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 1, Primal-Urges 4, Subterfuge 5, Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Melee 3, Leadership 3, Stealth 1, Survival 2, Politics 5, Rituals 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Pure Breed 3

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Inspiration, Fatal Flaw, Aura of Confidence; (2) Staredown, True Fear; (3) Disquiet; (4) Strength of the Dominator; (5) Obedience, Strength of Will

Rage 6, Gnosis 2, Willpower 3

Rank: 5

Rites: none

Fetishes: Large Klaive

Image: In his Homid form, Lukasz Kawecki is a striking figure: rail-thin and 6'4" tall. His long limbs and fingers are so slender that they remind people of spider legs. He has high cheekbones, a strong jaw and an aquiline nose. His heavy eyebrows are black, like his shoulder-length hair and his well-trimmed mustachios. His skin is so pale that some Garou claim he looks like a vampire, but not to his face, of course. It's



difficult to judge his age, but he's probably somewhere around 50. He moves with stately grace, and everything about him seems to exude dignity. He wears contemporary, if somewhat conservative, fashions. His clothes are predominately black, but he would look just as at home in the garb of an Eastern European warlord of the middle ages. In Lupus form, he's a huge, muscular, dusky-pelted brute of a wolf, with the same piercing black eyes as in his Homid form.

Roleplaying Notes: He always acts like a member of European nobility, with the same aloofness and icy reserve. He has a faint Eastern European accent. (Nobody knows quite where he got it, because most Garou are pretty sure he was born in Philadelphia.)

Background: Nobody knows much about Kawecki's background and heritage. (There are lots of guesses, of course, many of them scatological.) The general consensus is that he was born and raised in Philadelphia. He seems to have no Kinfolk in the Vancouver area, so his reasons for coming to B.C. must have been personal. It is known that he arrived in Vancouver in 1982 and quickly manipulated and politicked his way to the top of the Magister Sept. While he's a competent fighter, he much prefers to lay rivals low through Machiavellian cunning and manipulation.

Kawecki is more arrogant than a typical rank-and-file Shadow Lord. He thinks he deserves respect from all other Garou. If he doesn't get it, he's unlikely to fly into a rage, but he'll certainly plot some form of revenge against those who "insulted" him. Although hatred comes easily to him, the brunt of his hatred is directed against Montgomery Abercorn, the leader of the detested Silver Fangs. Although he cares little for the Council of Representatives, other than as a potential tool to benefit himself and his tribe, Kawecki sits on the Council merely because Abercorn does so.

Kawecki's leadership style and his methods of attaining power have had a major influence on the strategy and tactics used by those who would replace him. Rather than challenging him directly, these rivals are engaged in diminishing his influence among the others of the tribe.

Silent Striders

The mysterious Silent Striders have had little influence on the politics of the B.C. Garou. Certainly, they have a well-respected representative on the Council, but too few of them spend any significant time near Vancouver to have a significant effect.

This doesn't mean they don't care about what happens with the Great Caern, the Compact and the Covenant. As a group, they support the establishment of Vancouver as "open territory" and agree with the Glass Walkers' attitudes on the value of compromise. It's just that staying in one place long enough to have a direct impact is against their nature. (Cathy Saynesbury, the representative on the Council, is an exception, and she finds it notoriously difficult to hang around the city.) In their travels, the Silent Striders frequently operate alone against manifestations of the Wyrm. If they learn of some

Wyrm-related activity too big or too important for one Garou to combat, they usually pass on what they've learned to an existing group. This could, perhaps, be a sept running a nearby Protectorate, or the Council of Representatives itself. This can often be more efficient than organizing a "task force" of their own.

Numbers

Nobody really knows how many Silent Striders there are in B.C. Even the Striders are not sure. There are probably between five and ten at any given time, but they won't necessarily be the same five or ten.

Location

Silent Striders can be found just about anywhere. Only two have made a semi-permanent home in the Vancouver area: Cathy Saynesbury and Galen Hawes. Silent Striders don't typically form septs; however, the provisions of the Compact require that a tribe can only be represented on the Council if it has a sept in the Vancouver area. Since the Striders definitely wanted a voice on the Council, they created a "pseudo-sept" comprising only two members: Hawes, the "leader", and Saynesbury, the tribal representative.

Relationship With Other Tribes

Individual Silent Striders are more or less loners. This implies a great degree of individuality in attitude and philosophy, so it makes little sense to talk about the Striders collectively. Of all the tribes, they're probably the least likely to make decisions based on generalizations. Just because a Strider finds one Shadow Lord to be arrogant, she won't necessarily conclude that all Shadow Lords are arrogant. Since their approach to life is quite different from the Garou "norm", they're generally more accepting of others who follow their own paths. Most Striders don't automatically and categorically distrust and despise the Bone Gnawers and the Glass Walkers.

Cathy Saynesbury

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ragabash

Attributes: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 2 (4/5/5/5), Charisma 5, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4), Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Abilities: Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Expression 4, Primal-Urges 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2, Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Leadership 3, Performance 3, Survival 2, Politics 4, Rituals 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Pure Breed 2

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Sense Wyrm, Speed of Thought; (2) Messenger's Fortitude

Rage 1, Gnosis 3, Willpower 4

Rank: 2

Rites: Talisman Dedication

Fetishes: none

Image: In her Homid form, which she almost always wears, Cathy is a woman in her mid-30s, standing about 5'3". She has a broad and open face, framed by long, straight dark hair. Her eyes seem to change color depending on the light, changing from green to hazel to gray to a pale blue. They sparkle with curiosity and energy. Her features would be classed more as "pretty" than "beautiful". Her constant smile and easy laugh often lead people, on first meeting her, to consider her something of an airhead. On closer inspection, however, her sharp intelligence and intense focus become apparent. She's a good speaker, and an excellent conversationalist. In her Lupus form, she has the slender, long-limbed lines typical of her tribe; her pelt is long, however, making her look something like a saluki.

Roleplaying Notes: Open to new experiences and ideas, very eclectic, an innovative problem-solver. She listens more than she speaks, and tends to ask leading questions.

Background: Cathy was born on the road somewhere in Alberta. Her mother, a Silent Strider, was traveling the continent as an itinerant musician, and took the young Cathy along with her, raising the child entirely on her own. Even before the "Garou gene" started to exert itself, young Cathy had caught the traveling bug.

When mood swings and other changes presaged Cathy's Firsting, her mother was overjoyed. She called several other Silent Striders together to help her care for the girl during the process and act as Inceptors for Cathy's Rite of Passage.

As soon as Cathy was through the rite, her mother gave her a choice: travel with her or go off on her own. She made sure Cathy understood that she was free to take either course, and that she didn't have to feel that she was disappointing, insulting or deserting her mother. After much thought, Cathy decided she would travel on her own. To this day, the two keep in contact on a very irregular schedule. Several years go by between meetings.



As well as a love of traveling, Cathy had inherited her mother's talent as a singer and songwriter. She supported herself as a musician as she traveled the continent, eventually arriving in Vancouver in 1983. It was here she met another Garou named Galen Hawes, who quickly realized she would be the perfect person to sit on the Council of Representatives. Although she didn't relish the restrictions it put on her wandering lifestyle, Cathy accepted the position, and has served her tribe very well.

Cathy supports herself by playing in folk and jazz clubs around the city, and has quite a following who appreciate her interesting and sometimes weird songs. She knows a lot of people in the music business, some of whom are influential enough to be classed as contacts. It was on her way to a small jazz club that, while passing the old Expo site, she noticed something was wrong with the area. Even now she still only has suspicions about the site, but she is slowly trying to gain knowledge about what is really going on there. Until she has some hard evidence, however, she won't bring up the subject to the Council.

Silver Fangs

The Silver Fangs are the *de facto* leaders of the Garou in the Vancouver and throughout the Northwest. This leadership comes to them naturally, not because they demand it, as the Shadow Lords might, but because the other tribes cede it to them gladly. The Silver Fangs are known for their nobility and honor. They have sired so many heroes of great renown that many Garou among the other tribes would gladly follow them to the gates of Hell. (This, of course, infuriates many Shadow Lords almost beyond endurance.)

The B.C. Silver Fangs are slightly less focused on the past than are members of this tribe elsewhere in the world. Nobody knows quite why this is. Maybe whatever it is that taints the Silver Fangs' blood elsewhere hasn't had such an effect on the West Coast septs. Perhaps the relatively large native population of wolves has made a difference. In support of this, there seem to be fewer signs of eccentricity—the Shadow Lords might say "insanity"—among the young Fangs in the Vancouver region. Yet the taint hasn't left the Fangs completely untouched, because they continue to produce fewer Garou progeny each generation.

The Garou who understand what is *really* behind the Covenant and the other recent innovations in Garou society guess that the local Silver Fangs aren't actually as focused on the future as they may appear. This focus is actually just a perception, based on the invalid belief that the Silver Fangs are once again exerting true leadership over the tribes.

Numbers

There are only about 21 Silver Fangs in the whole of British Columbia, with half of those living in or near Vancouver.

Location

About five of the Silver Fangs hold the Moon Silver Protectorate in the far north of the province, up around Williston Lake and Manson Creek. Another 10 or so hold the larger Gaia Guard Protectorate near Cache Creek. This is close enough to the Get of Fenris Protectorate centered on the town of Spuzzum that the tribes sometimes come into conflict.

The Forest Ghost Sept meets in the forested hills up Indian Arm, northeast of Deep Cove. Most of the homid members of the sept live in houses or cabins deep in the woods, sometimes in areas accessible only by boats and "water taxis". The lupus members live "wild" in the forests, of course.

Relationship With Other Tribes

As mentioned above, the Silver Fangs don't demand respect and obedience from the other tribes. Still, many have come to expect it, and this is sometimes perceived as arrogance by members of other tribes. While some Shadow Lords hate and envy the Silver Fangs, these emotions aren't reciprocated. If anything, the Silver Fangs are puzzled by the Shadow Lords. They are surprised, in a detached way, that they would want to change a system that's worked so well for millennia.

If there's one thing the Silver Fangs dislike, it's those Garou they class as "ignoble". First among these are the Bone Gnawers. The Uktene are disliked because of their strange activities in the Deep Umbra and their consorting with spirits of mysterious origins. The Glass Walkers pose something of a special case, since certain senior Silver Fangs know (or suspect) that it was actually Daly who initiated the Covenant. While these Silver Fangs generally still dislike Glass Walkers personally, they have to admit that the tribe does have access to useful information, and can approach problems from innovative points of view.

Montgomery Abercorn

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 2 (4/5/5/5), Charisma 4, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4), Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Abilities: Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Expression 4, Primal-Urg 5, Drive 2, Etiquette 4, Melee 2, Leadership 5, Stealth 1, Survival 2, Enigmas 3, Politics 4, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 4, Kinfolk 4

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Sense Wyrm, Lambert Flame, Smell of Man; (2) True Fear, Awe; (3) Silver Claws; (4) Mindblock, Spirit Ward; (5) Assimilation, Reduce Delirium, Strength of Will

Rage 5, Gnosis 3, Willpower 4

Rank: 5

Rites: Questing Stone, Rite of Passage, Rite of Praise, Gaia's Vengeful Teeth

Fetishes: None

Image: In his Homid form, Montgomery Abercorn is a commanding figure. Standing about 6'2", his slender frame makes him look even taller. Even though his face and hands show him to be in his 70s, he moves as if he were two decades younger. He has perfectly trimmed snow-white hair. His features are finely chiseled, with an aristocratic nose and high cheekbones. Beneath his thick white eyebrows, his dark eyes glitter like obsidian. He favors expensive suits of European cut, drives a Jaguar Sovereign (British racing green, of course) and looks like the archetypal English aristocrat. Only on closer inspection does it become apparent that the gleam of intelligence and determination in his eyes has a kind of frenetic, anxious edge to it. In Lupus form, he's a silver furred wolf of great beauty and nobility.

Roleplaying Notes: His every move is elegance personified. His speech is cultured in the extreme with a lingering upper-class British accent.

Background: Abercorn has served the Silver Fangs and the People in general for more than half his life. That's how he views his tenure as leader of the Forest Ghost Sept, and he believes he's served them well. Many Garou believe he was born and raised in England. With his accent and appearance, it's a logical guess. He actually hails from Hong Kong, where he was born into one of the "Noble Houses" that dominate much of the colony's business community. He grew up knowing that his father was different from most men, but not quite understanding just what that difference was. He was schooled in the English tradition at a private establishment on Victoria Hill, and lived a very sheltered life.

Abercorn had two older brothers, so the odds were very low that he would ever become the "tai pan" of the house. His father seemed to pay more attention to him than to his brothers, however, as though he realized Montgomery might be destined for greater things. When Abercorn underwent his First Change, he realized his father had been right. He was indoctrinated into the Silver Fangs in the hills overlooking Kowloon.



Montgomery emigrated to Canada in the early 1950s. He believed that the fortunes of Vancouver would continue to climb well into the next century while those of Hong Kong would eventually start to decline. The impending takeover of the colony by the People's Republic of China might well prove him right. He joined the Forest Ghosts Sept and soon ascended to the position of leader.

Abercorn knows that most of Vancouver's Garou believe he was solely responsible for the Covenant and the changes to the Compact. As a result, he knows that some of his People revere him while others despise him. He doesn't really deserve either reaction. Still, he understands that he had to be the figurehead for Roger Daly's plans. He knows that he still must continue the charade. Some detractors who know the truth mutter that Abercorn has come to believe that he really was the architect of Garou society in and around Vancouver, but that's not the case. True, Montgomery's memory might be slipping, but the only important thing he's forgotten is who knows the truth and who doesn't. Because of this, the only prudent course is to maintain the charade with everyone.

Stargazers

Many Stargazers are often as itinerant as the Silent Striders and even more averse to formal organizations. They focus more on philosophies and personal enlightenment than on the petty conflicts that intrigue the other tribes. Based on this, it surprised some Garou that the Stargazers would take any interest whatsoever in the activities surrounding Vancouver's Great Caern.

It shouldn't have been a surprise, however. The spirit of cooperation and openness demonstrated by the Vancouver Garou is very much in keeping with the Stargazers' view of the world. The Stargazers believe enlightened compromise, as illustrated by the Compact and the Covenant, is the way of Gaia. How could the tribe not participate in this "great experiment"?

As this tribe is usually represented by only one member in Vancouver, their voice on the Council is very weak. They rarely visit the cities. Urban areas aren't overly conducive to deep and profound thoughts, after all, so it seems unlikely that Stargazers throughout the world are watching events in Vancouver with great interest.

Numbers

The Stargazer tribe has been on the decline for centuries, and only 500 or so remain in the world. Of this total population, some three are thought to spend at least some of their time within British Columbia. Only one, Jacques Lapointe, has chosen to make his permanent home in Vancouver.

Relationship With Other Tribes

Few of the other tribes really understand what the Stargazers are all about. It's easy to mistake contemplation for inaction, and quite a few of the younger Garou make this error. Yet there's something about them that carries with it an aura of

understanding, peace and closeness to Gaia. This causes most tribes to respect them, albeit grudgingly, at times.

Elsewhere in the world, the Stargazers and the Glass Walkers sometimes don't get along well. In Vancouver, the two tribes show an understanding, even an affection, that implies the Stargazers know who was really behind the Covenant.

The Shadow Lords distrust the Stargazers, mainly because Lapointe was named to the Council of Representatives over their objections, diluting their vote. The fact that Lapointe is a metis doesn't help, either. For their part, the Stargazers typically view the Shadow Lords' ambitions with slightly amused disdain, which doesn't endear them to the Lords.

Jacques Lapointe

Breed: Metis

Auspice: Philodox

Attributes: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6), Charisma 4, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2), Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 5, Expression 4, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 2, Leadership 4, Kailindo 3, Stealth 3, Enigmas 5, Politics 2, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Past Life 2

Gifts: (1) Sense Wyrm, Truth of Gaia, Balance, Scent of the True Form; (2) Mental Speech; (3) Wisdom of the Ancient Ways, Clarity; (4) Gift of the Porcupine; (5) Wisdom of the Seer, Totem Gift

Rage 4, Gnosis 5, Willpower 6

Rank: 5

Rites: Talisman Dedication, Questing Stone, Rite of Spirit Awakening

Fetishes: The Red Sash (Level 2, Gnosis 7; this is an ornamental red sash with gold pictograms woven into it. It was given to Jacques by an Asian Stargazer before he left the East. Whenever Jacques is dodging attacks, it will increase any



opponent's attack difficulty by one due to the distracting colors.)

Image: In his Homid form, which he prefers, Jacques Lapointe is a short, slightly-built man. He's 5'6", and looks as though he's somewhere in his 50s. He has short black hair, a well-trimmed mustache and thick black brows. His nose can be charitably described as aquiline, and his black eyes are as hard as diamonds. His appearance is far from impressive, but there's something about him that attracts and holds the attention of anyone who sees him, Garou or human. In Lopus form, his metis disfigurement is very evident: he's a small, hairless wolf. His black eyes convey a sense of curiosity and awareness concerning the world around him.

Roleplaying Notes: Lapointe seems to be surrounded by an aura of peace and contemplation without the "other-worldliness" and introversion often associated with this state. Lapointe is firmly grounded in this world and is exquisitely aware of everything that's going on around him. His voice is pleasant to hear and has the faint tinge of a French accent. He can talk at great length or hold his peace, whichever happens to be appropriate. He's also an excellent listener. When others speak to him, he actually listens, concentrating on their words and intonation rather than just waiting for his turn to speak.

Background: Many Garou assume that Lapointe came from Quebec. He's in Canada, after all, and his accent's French, so doesn't that make him French-Canadian? Lapointe was born in what was then called French Indo-China, and traveled with his two Garou parents throughout the Orient. His father was born and bred a Stargazer, while his mother was one of the few "converts" that the Stargazers accept from other tribes (in this case, a Child of Gaia). His parents understood that a metis would have a difficult life in the world of the Garou, but both believed having a child was the right decision for them at the time. They also trusted that Jacques would have the resilience to make his own way in a world that would tend to despise him.

If his metis ancestry and the concomitant reactions of other Garou have affected Lapointe in any way whatsoever, he doesn't show it. He's almost abnormally well-adjusted, having a very Confucian approach to insults and abuse directed at him by other Garou. ("If a proffered gift is not accepted, it belongs to the giver. Such is the case with abuse.") He's such an empathic individual that people find themselves liking and trusting him, even if they're predisposed to revile him.

Lapointe is a strong supporter of the Covenant and the Compact, believing that, in enacting them, the Vancouver Garou have taken a major step down the path that his tribe has followed for generations. He also sees Vancouver as the first step in bringing about a "tribal healing" which his friend Antonine Teardrop (see *Rage Across New York*) has long talked about. It is for this reason that Lapointe has decided to sit on the Council as the representative of the Stargazers.

Uktena

As the most adept at binding spirits and using their powers, the Uktena have a profound interest in the Great Caern in Stanley Park. In an ideal world, the tribe would like to take the caern as their own, guarding it jealously and exacting heavy Chiminage from anyone else who wants to use it. Unfortunately, the world isn't ideal, and the caern is accessible to all Garou. This limits its usefulness to the Uktena to some degree. They're unwilling to conduct their deepest magics at an "open" caern, where there's nothing to stop Garou from another tribe wandering up and witnessing something best kept inviolably secret.

Despite the reputation they have among most other Garou, the Uktena are an honorable tribe. Uktena representatives agreed to the Compact when it was initially established, and the tribe is still bound by that agreement. Now, if the Compact were to be dissolved somehow, that would be a different story entirely...

Some Uktena have an intense fascination with the city of Vancouver. They talk cryptically about caches of "ancient knowledge and arcane law" on which they would like to get their claws. Those who are familiar with the secrets of the city know they must be referring to the Great Library of the Kindred.

Numbers

There are about 20 Uktena in B.C. Of these, 13 or so can be found within the Greater Vancouver area.

Location

There are two Uktena groups in BC. The smaller is the Akhachu Sept. Its seven members hold the small Cathedral Protectorate in the Provincial Park of the same name. This area, just to the east of the Manning Park Protectorate of the Red Talons, has a reputation in the Gothic-Punk world as a place of ill omen, where the spirits of the dead manifest to torment the living. This reputation springs from the activities of the Uktena. The proximity of the two Protectorates leads to frequent inter-tribal conflicts. These don't escalate too far, since even the militant Red Talons are cautious about provoking the Uktena too far...

The larger group, with 13 or so members, is the Mukwaam Sept. Its members live throughout Vancouver and its environs, depending on their breed and preferences. They hold their private moots at a large cemetery near the corner of 41st Avenue and Fraser Street in Vancouver covering nine city blocks or so. In the Gothic-Punk world, this cemetery is considered a place to avoid at night, not because of anything supernatural, but because it's a place where "gangs", "vandals" and "psychos" throw wild parties every month. (Ah, the wonders of the Delirium...)

Relationship With Other Tribes

Most other tribes, particularly the more militant ones, seriously distrust the Uktena. It's an all-too-common Garou trait to hate what you distrust. Certain tribes are more willing to give the Uktena the benefit of the doubt. The Stargazers consider the Uktena at worst slightly deluded, seeking enlightenment in the Deep Umbra rather than in their own souls, but they believe the Uktena have their hearts in the right place. Some Glass Walkers see them as kindred spirits. While the Walkers have sought a compromise with the Wyrmground of the cities, the Uktena have sought their compromise with the Deep Umbra.

How do the Uktena view the other tribes? They view them more or less with disdain, in too many cases. The Stargazers' navel-gazing will get them nowhere, while the Walkers are too detached from the spiritual reality of the world. The other tribes are just out of touch, with the possible exception of the Silver Fangs. It could be that the Fangs' incipient madness comes from touching the Deep Umbra without knowing the risks and taking the necessary precautions...

There's an interesting conflict going on between the Shadow Lords and the Uktena concerning the Lords' attempted "coup" against the Silver Fangs. The Lords are trying to convince the Uktena to back them, promising in return to allow increased access to the caern. Lukasz Kawecki has recently made a promise to the Uktena: when the Shadow Lords emerge triumphant, he'll set aside certain times of the month when the Great Caern is off limits to all but Uktena. Generally speaking, the Uktena don't believe the Lords' promises and won't do anything that would compromise their own interests on the strength of these offers. They do, however, intend to string the Lords along for as long as they can in the hopes that they will see some benefit out of the situation.

Coros

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Galliard

Attributes: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/8), Charisma 2, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2), Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Expression 3, Intimidation 1, Primal-Urge 5, Subterfuge 2, Melee 2, Leadership 4, Performance 3, Stealth 2, Survival 3, Enigmas 3, Occult 5, Politics 2, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Past Life 4

Gifts: (1) Mindspeak, Sense Magic, Shroud; (2) Sense the Unnatural, Dreamspeak, Call of the Wyrm; (3) Detect Spirits; (4) Pointing the Bone; (5) Elemental Gift, Head Games, Fetish Doll

Rage 4, Gnosis 8, Willpower 4

Rank: 5

Rites: Talisman Dedication, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of the Fetish

Fetishes: Sanctuary Chimes, Pine Daggers (3), Spirit Drum



Image: In her Lupus form, Coros is a slender, sly-looking wolf who seems to always vibrate with tension. The base color of her pelt is dark brown, but her back and flanks are marked with irregular patches of tan, black and gray. On those very rare occasions when she takes on her Homid form, she's an unattractive woman of mid-height and slender build. Her matted dark brown hair is streaked with gray. She appears to be about 30. In Homid form, she rarely deigns to wear clothes. Coros favors her Glabro form to all others and is rarely seen in any other state.

Roleplaying Notes: Enigmatic and secretive: never use two words where one will do, and preferably make that a word nobody else has ever heard.

Background: Coros has been in the Vancouver area for only six years. Although she doesn't talk about her past, some Garou have discovered that she used to lead a small sept on the wooded slopes of Mount Hood in Oregon. Apparently something happened to split the sept apart and drive its members to the four points of the compass (maybe all but Coros were killed; nobody knows for sure). Whispered rumors claim that Coros and her sept-mates conjured something they were incapable of controlling, a being that fed on the souls of the Garou who were unable to escape. It seems more likely that these stories are only rumors with no basis in fact.

Coros arrived in Vancouver in the late 1980s, and quickly rose to the position of leader. Nobody knows her true motivations or feelings. She speaks in enigmas and riddles. Her supporters claim this shows that she's deep and introspective; her detractors claim it shows she's insane. As the Uktene representative on the Council, her presence is a guarantee that meetings will never be boring.

Bonebrush

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Theurge

Attributes: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 1 (1/2/3/3), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6), Charisma 2, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 1 (0/0/1/1), Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Primal-Urge 5, Animal Ken 1, Leadership 1, Survival 4, Enigmas 4, Occult 5, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Past Life 5

Gifts: (1) Sense of Sight, Sense Wyrm, Sense Magic, Spirit Speech, Shroud; (2) Sense the Unnatural, Sight from Beyond; (3) Detect Spirits, Exorcism, Pulse of the Invisible

Rage 2, Gnosis 8, Willpower 3

Rank: 3

Rites: Talisman Dedication, Rite of Binding, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of the Opened Sky

Fetishes: Gaia's Poultice, Baneskin, Sands of Sleep

Image: Although of the Lupus breed, Bonebrush never changes out of her Homid form. She appears as a wizened old woman with long, matted dirty-gray hair, sagging jowls and crooked teeth. Her eyes are covered with the milky film of cataracts, and she's totally blind. Her voice is like the hissing of a cold wind.

Roleplaying Notes: Bonebrush is totally and incurably insane. She reacts inappropriately to real stimuli, and responds to nonexistent stimuli. Sometimes her ramblings seem to flirt with some horrible sixth sense, as though dancing around some truth too terrible to state clearly. Most of the time they're totally devoid of meaning.

Background: The Mukwaam Sept cherishes and protects Bonebrush as the Black Furies would an tend to an artifact from ages past. She has some great and mysterious significance to the sept and the tribe as a whole. She is brought to every tribal moot and treated with great reverence.

Nobody outside the sept knows just what happened to Bonebrush to blind her and drive her insane. In fact, nobody



inside the sept knows either, with the possible exception of Coros herself; they just pretend they do, since admitting their ignorance to their "lessers" would be too galling. Speculations and rumors fly wildly, usually hinting that Bonebrush penetrated too deeply into the Umbra and discovered Something Garou Were Not Meant To Know. Other rumors speculate that the cause is less gothic, but supernatural nevertheless: Bonebrush did something to enrage one of the vampires in the city, and the Kindred cast a baneful spell on her. Whatever the truth may be, Bonebrush is one of the more mysterious figures in Vancouver's Garou society.

Wendigo

As the sole surviving truly Native American sept (since the "adulteration" of the Uktena), the Wendigo consider Vancouver and Canada as a whole to be their territory. The other Garou tribes are there on their sufferance whether the others know it or not, and the non-Amerindian humans are simply invaders who will one day be banished from the land. Of course, the Wendigo are an intensely honorable tribe, and the fact that their ancestors swore to uphold the Vancouver Compact constrains their actions to this day.

Although it's not wise to tell any Wendigo this, the members of the tribe based in B.C. have been mellowed considerably by the generations of peace that the Compact brought about. Thus, most of the Wendigo in the Vancouver area are more willing to consider compromise with the Europeans, even though this compromise is most definitely temporary. They are more receptive to peaceful solutions to problems, rather than the Total War favored by their kin elsewhere on the continent. (This is a generalization, of course, and like all generalizations, it's misleading.)

Numbers

There are 45 or so Wendigo in B.C., with no fewer than 15 in the Vancouver area.

Location

Outside the Vancouver region, there are three distinct septs, each with about 10 members. One holds the Kiskatinaw Protectorate centered around Fort St. John in the north of the province, near the Alberta border. The Homathko Protectorate is composed almost exclusively of lupus living on the western slopes of Mount Waddington. Their territory is about 100 miles north-northwest of Powell River.

The third and most militant group is the Mount Currie Protectorate, centered on and around the Indian reservation of the same name, about 22 miles north of Whistler Village. The Wendigo of Mount Currie have many Kinfolk among the humans who know the true nature of their strange relatives. This unusual alliance of Garou and humans frequently block the Duffy Lake Road between Penticton and Lillooet to draw attention to their land claims. In the Gothic-Punk world, these roadblocks sometimes turn into ambushes, hostage situations and shoot-outs with police.

Vancouver is home to the Chupkheem Sept, named in honor of the Wendigo Theurge who created the Compact. It has 15 members, most of whom are of the homid breed. Most of these homids live on Vancouver's two main Indian reservations the Musqueam reservation on the north bank of the Fraser River and the reservation between the Second Narrows Bridge and Deep Cove on the North Shore. This sept generally holds its private moot on the Musqueam Golf Course, which is on land leased from the Musqueam band.

Relationship With Other Tribes

The Wendigo remain a proud and noble tribe, and consider themselves the only true stewards of the North American continent. Based on this assumption, all other tribes, with the exception of the Uktena, who originally sprang from native blood, are interlopers. All Wendigo believe this deep in their souls.

Yet the B.C. Wendigo are nowhere near as militant about it as are their kin elsewhere. Members of the Chupkheem Sept believe there are several problems to be solved, and they must be handled in order. The first is the encroachment of the Wyrm. Nothing can be allowed to get in the way of that key issue not intertribal conflicts, not a campaign to drive out the "foreign" invaders, not even a good, satisfying scrap with the cadavers. The Wyrm must be dealt with first, and if that means agreeing to (temporary) truces with humanity, the other tribes, and even the Cainites, so be it.

There are only three tribes that the Wendigo view as distinct from the undifferentiated mass of "those foreigners", and they are the Silver Fangs, the Bone Gnawers and the Uktena. They respect the Silver Fangs somewhat grudgingly solely because the Fangs are arguably the oldest tribe, with the longest and most meritorious heritage. The Wendigo feel, and sometimes show, sympathy for the plight of the Gnawers. For the Uktena, the Wendigo still have feelings of kinship. There is also a slight amount of contempt. The Uktena are considered to have "let their guard down", and the Wendigo attribute the fate of the Uktena to their neglect of the foreigners.

Jim George

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Attributes: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/7), Charisma 3, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3), Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Empathy 1, Expression 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Primal-Urge 4, Streetwise 2, Drive 2, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Leadership 5, Stealth 1, Computers 1, Enigmas 1, Law 2, Politics 3, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Kinfolk 1, Mentor 4

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Inspiration, Call the Breeze, Camouflage; (2) Jam Technology, Staredown, True Fear; (3) Heart of Fury, Chill of Early Frost; (4) Stoking Fury's Furnace

Rage 6, Gnosis 4, Willpower 6

Rank: 4

Rites: Questing Stone, Rite of Spirit Awakening

Fetishes: Elk Tooth Necklace, Clear Water (2 vials)

Image: Jim George will almost always be encountered in his Homid form. He's a tall, commanding figure, standing 6'3" and weighing 230 pounds. There isn't an ounce of fat on his broad-shouldered frame. His muscles are well developed. His face is broad, with a wide nose, widely set dark eyes, and black hair which he ties back in a shoulder length braid. He's in his early 30s.

Roleplaying Notes: George speaks slowly so slowly that people, on first meeting him, consider him unintelligent. In fact, he's weighing every word he utters, so that what he says is precisely what he means, no more and no less.

Background: Jim was born and raised on the Musqueam reservation, where he still lives. His family was considered weird in the extreme. His father, John George, was already in his sixties when Jim was born. John George lived alone, and was considered something of a nutcase because he claimed he was the last in a long line of shamans who could call "the spirit of the wolf". As far as the other residents of the reservation were concerned, John George had no contact with women and no long-term relationships since he was in his 40s. It came as a shock when John George walked around the reservation proudly introducing his neighbors to his new son... The child, Jim, was the result of a liaison between John George and a Garou woman, who returned when the child was born to "foster" him with his father. John George lived long enough to see his child enter school, but no longer. Jim was raised cooperatively by multiple families.

The younger George was always treated with respect, but also with suspicion. This was largely because of his strange arrival on the reservation, and also partially because of his father. Who knows, maybe the old man was a shaman... When Jim started claiming spirits were talking to him from the trees and the river and the land, his foster parents were almost convinced that he had inherited his old man's madness. In any

case, Jim continued to get weirder and weirder until he was about 15. Then he just disappeared one night, and the reservation was sure he was gone forever. Maybe, they thought, he had drowned in the Fraser, or was wandering drunk through the alleys of downtown Vancouver. He returned unharmed but somehow changed a month or so later. Everyone treated him with more respect than ever before, but also began to fear him as well.

Jim George considers himself part of two threatened societies with duties to both. The two worlds are parallel, but also distinct. He became the youngest leader in the Chupkheem Sept's history, and leads the Garou honorably and well. He is also their representative on the Council. He serves the Musqueam reservation by working with the tribal chieftains to press his people's land claims with the provincial government. (It's this work that's forced him to learn about the law and about computers.) He has several Kinfolk among wolves of the North Shore mountains. He has no Kin among the humans of his reservation... but not through lack of trying!

Jim now waits for the day when he will be too old to lead the Wendigo, or until another more suited to the task will come along. It is then that Jim will head north in search of the now-hidden powers in the ancient forests which were once teeming with his tribe.

Ongoing Politics

The social and political situation among Vancouver's Garou has been relatively stable for around two decades, but nothing lasts forever. Now the Garou of Vancouver are closer than they've ever been to war with the humans. The breakdown of the Compact and the Covenant is imminent, with all the chaos that this implies. How has this come about?

There have been many events that have threatened the Compact. Any threat to the Compact threatens intertribal peace and the "cease-fire" with the humans. Chapter Five will discuss how these events fit in with the threats to the peace Siegfried has established among the Kindred. They serve to intensify each other, turning Vancouver into one big powder keg waiting for a match...

"The Priest of Gaia"

The Priest of Gaia is the *nom de guerre* taken by a young and militant Shadow Lord lupus whose real name is Guttooth. He's a newcomer to Vancouver, but in the short time he's been in the area, he's really shaken things up.

Nobody really knows where Guttooth came from. He's a Shadow Lord, that's certain, and he's not from around Vancouver. That's about all anyone knows about his background. He arrived in the city less than a year ago. For the first six months or so he kept a relatively low profile, apparently scoping things out and discovering who the movers and shakers were. Then, six months ago, he declared himself to be the "Priest of Gaia", the confidant of the spirits, and the embodiment of the greatest of the Garou virtues.



Rather predictably, nobody paid much attention at first. Although the Garou have no great messianic traditions, from time to time some moon-calf steps forward and claims to be someone significant. More often than not, these individuals turn out to be insane, either naturally or by the Wyrm. Garou society takes them in and protects them, curing them of their malady if possible, but usually without paying attention to their "message". Much more rarely, the self-styled messiah will turn out to be a con man of some kind, out for the equivalent of a quick buck. A would-be messiah can manage to get access to prime mates, a larger share of the kill and maybe a minor fetish or two. These individuals usually don't get too far before someone sees through their game and sends them packing, often with fang marks in their hindquarters. The few people who actually took notice of the "Priest of Gaia" figured he'd quickly be slotted into one of those two categories and dealt with in the normal way.

The Priest of Gaia, however, is slowly gathering support. Garou have started listening to the Priest's message and accepting his arguments. It started with the young of the various tribes. The young Garou are chronically the most dissatisfied with the status quo, ready to throw over what's worked for decades to try something new and experimental (at least, that's how the older Garou tend to see it). The Priest was relatively young himself, so it made perfect sense that he would have a special appeal to newly initiated cubs or those who had yet to make their mark in their tribes. The senior Garou, regardless of tribe, figured the Priest of Gaia would be a fad, a craze widely discussed for a little while, but forgotten as quickly as he rose to prominence. They couldn't comprehend that he could have any real effect on Garou society.

It was a real shock when the tribal leaders and their advisors realized what was going on. First, the young of the tribes weren't losing interest in the Priest of Gaia the way everyone had expected. Second, and more disturbingly, more senior Garou who "should have known better" were starting to pay attention to Guttooth as well. The Priest was charismatic and convincing, and his message was so seductive that he was really starting to have an effect. Garou society was undergoing a change, whether the tribal leaders liked it or not. Most didn't like it at all.

Guttooth

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Theurge

Attributes: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/8), Charisma 5, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3), Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Abilities: Alertness 4, Athletics 1, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 4, Expression 5, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urg 2, Subterfuge 5, Etiquette 5, Melee 2, Leadership 4, Survival 3, Politics 5, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 5 (Stalest)

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Fatal Flaw, Spirit Speech, Aura of Confidence; (2) Name the Spirit, Command Spirit; (3) Um-



bral Sight; (4) Ultimate Argument of Logic, Spirit Drain, Strength of the Dominator

Rage 4, Gnosis 6, Willpower 3

Rank: 4

Rites: Moot Rite, Rite of Praise

Fetishes: Small Klaive

Image: In Homid form, Guttooth is a clean-limbed, athletic man with tightly curled black hair, finely chiseled features and piercing black eyes. He's about six feet tall, but his personality is so strong that he seems much taller. He appears to be in his early 20s, but he's actually more than a decade older. In Lupus form, he's a powerful-looking wolf with a midnight black pelt. Guttooth rarely assumes Homid form. He only changes when he really has to, or when he wants to make a point. He prefers to be in Glabro form, or even the impressive Crinos.

Roleplaying Notes: Very articulate, very convincing; he seems to be a true believer. He has a powerful, commanding voice, with the same sense of unstoppable power as a mighty river.

The Message

The Priest of Gaia's message is basically nothing that the Garou of Vancouver haven't heard before. It is an indictment of the leaders who continue to pander to the Wyrm. They turn aside from the old ways and the old war, forgetting about the duty they owe to Gaia. The Garou, Guttooth argues, have abdicated their responsibility to what they claim to revere. The gray-haired Theurges and the nobly scarred leaders repeat the old words about continued stewardship of Gaia and opposition to the Wyrm, but actions speak louder than words. What do the Garou's actions tell about what's in their hearts?

Look at the major innovations in Garou society over the past several generations, the Priest of Gaia suggests. What have the People of Vancouver added to the old Ways? The extended Vancouver Compact and the Covenant have been

their only real achievements. What is the Compact? It is an agreement under which the Garou will not intervene in the affairs of the humans. Those humans continue raping Gaia, the Bountiful Mother. The tribal leaders say that abiding by the Compact is honorable; is there any honor in abdicating a divine responsibility? No, the Priest of Gaia argues, the Compact is a creation of the Wyrm and must be torn up.

The Priest of Gaia saves his sharpest criticism for the Silver Fangs, particularly Montgomery Abercorn, the *de facto* leader of the Vancouver Garou. "Look at what Silver Fang leadership has brought," he argues. "They have used the Compact as an opportunity to further their own power. As this happens, we sit on our paws and do nothing!"

The only answer, he claims, is direct and violent action. The Garou must go to war against the humans, decreasing their numbers to a level where they can't harm Gaia. They must eliminate their damaging technologies and reinstate the Impergium. Anything else is compromise. Certainly some would say the Garou can't win a genocidal war with the apes. The Garou are vastly outnumbered. The Priest of Gaia accepts that this argument sounds logical at first. But what these cowards are forgetting, Guttooth claims, is that the war will be for Gaia. How could Gaia herself not throw her support behind her warriors? Why wouldn't she send help in the form of spirits, elementals and other avengers? Alone, the Garou would certainly be extinguished in Total War. They won't be alone. Gaia will aid them.

There's nothing substantively new in what Guttooth is saying. Others within the Garou community have said all of this before, but nobody has said it as convincingly or evocatively as Guttooth. Nobody has brought to the message the same degree of emotional commitment as the Priest of Gaia displays. (Considering Guttooth's high scores in Charisma, Manipulation, Wits, Expression, Subterfuge, Leadership and Politics, this is hardly surprising...) Even those Garou who listen to him and are predisposed to reject everything he's got to say sometimes find themselves won over by his sheer emotional intensity and commitment to what he's saying. (Is he using his Gifts to increase his impact? His detractors claim he is, but nobody has actually caught him at it.) Because of his apparent youth, Guttooth's impact with the younger Garou is very great. New cubs are more predisposed to listen to someone their own age and of their own generation than the leaders of their tribe who are often twice their age or more.

When he started his "campaign", the Priest of Gaia didn't begin by speaking openly at one of the moots held at the Great Caern. He understood that, while the Ways would guarantee him a right to be heard, the elders of the different tribes would also be able to refute and "dilute" his message with their own counter-arguments. Instead, he approached various tribes at their private moots.

It would be more precise to say that he focused on specific packs within the different tribes. He knew when and where the moots would be taking place and made sure he was nearby when they broke up. When their Run was complete, he'd arrange things so he could speak with the individuals he had

"targeted". These were usually the youngest and newest members of the sept. If he knew that certain individuals were particularly disenchanted with the way the tribal leaders were running things, he would target them specifically.

At first, the sept leaders and the representatives on the Council didn't know what the Priest of Gaia was up to. They knew that a Shadow Lord was talking to their younger members, but they paid little to no attention. After all, the Shadow Lords were always playing some kind of political game, but rarely with any real effect.

The tribal elders only started to sense that something might be happening when the young malcontents within their own tribes became more vociferous in their demands for action against the "human threat". Even then, they didn't realize this was happening in multiple tribes. They thought instead that it was an isolated event specific to their tribe. Some leaders suspected that an outside influence was stirring up the young Garou, and a couple even realized it was Guttooth. Nobody took action. What action could they take, anyway? Guttooth had contravened none of the Ways of the Garou and broken no tribal or sept laws. He had planned his strategy carefully.

The first time that anyone truly realized the scope of support for the Priest of Gaia was at a general moot several months ago. Guttooth requested the privilege of addressing the gathering and was recognized by the Council. He then gave an impassioned speech, stressing the dangers of continued nonintervention with the ways of the humans and the terrible consequences for Gaia. The tribal leaders were surprised. Despite themselves, they were impressed by his evocative presentation. They didn't really worry about him. Others had said much the same thing at earlier moots with no effect. Granted, Guttooth was a much better speaker than any of these earlier speakers, but the leaders considered him an isolated voice, one that they could easily outweigh by voicing their continued support for the status quo.

It was then that they realized Guttooth wasn't an isolated voice. One after another, youths from all tribes stood to speak in support of the Priest of Gaia. They didn't speak as well, of course, but as more and more Garou rose to express their support, the tribal leaders realized just how much Guttooth had affected them. Then the older Garou rose in support as well, individuals of higher Rank than the "pups" who had initially spoken. The Council of Representatives and the other leaders had to realize that there was significant, multi-tribal support for the Priest of Gaia. This support could well tear apart the peace that had existed for two decades.

Tribal Reactions

There's some support for the Priest of Gaia's "policies" within each tribe, but the effects of that support differ extensively. Just as there are impassioned individuals within each tribe who believe strongly in the ideas of the Priest of Gaia, there is skepticism in each of the tribes as well.

Black Furies

In general, the Furies' leaders agree with the Priest of Gaia's ideas. The Compact is a bad idea, granted, and direct action is more in keeping with the Black Furies philosophy than compromise, nonintervention and political machinations.

Yet the Furies are seasoned enough warriors to recognize a losing proposition when they see one. Total War is attractive as an abstraction, but there's no way the Garou could win. They're outnumbered and outgunned. The moment the humans realize that something in the wilderness is fighting back, they'll do whatever it takes to destroy the wilderness that's the way monkeys think. They can certainly do it. Outright, Total War will bring on the Apocalypse, the defeat of the Garou and the destruction of Gaia.

What about the Priest of Gaia's promises of help from Gaia herself? Presumably this means that the Celestines or other powerful forces from the Deep Umbra will throw in their lot with the Garou. That's a nice idea, but what evidence does anyone have that the promised support will appear? Again, the Furies are experienced enough warriors to know what happens to battle plans that depend on allies who don't show up. All in all, the Furies leaders find themselves in the unenviable position of arguing for caution, for continued peace, even though their deepest instincts counsel for war.

Bone Gnawers

The elder Gnawers see every challenge to the Compact as a threat to their continued existence. Living within the city, they know more about the humans than any tribe other than the Glass Walkers. This means they know the destructive forces the humans could bring to bear on the Garou and Gaia herself if Total War were ever to break out. They also know more about human weaknesses, however, and believe that there's a chance, even if it's an incredibly slim one, that the Garou might win.

This victory would have a terrible cost. Human and Garou populations would be decimated. Huge areas of Gaia would be totally laid waste. After the fighting's done, there'll be no one capable of holding back the Wyrm. The ancient foe will move into the power vacuum and turn the entire land into Wyrmground.

Certainly, the elders can understand the dissatisfaction of the younger members of the tribe. They're tired of living on humanity's scraps and leavings, and they want to fight back in a noble struggle. What's so noble about wasting your efforts on a lesser foe, simply to have nothing left to combat the greater?

Children of Gaia

Predictably, the leadership for the Children of Gaia is horrified by the turn of events. For decades, they have been counseling moderation. They demand the recognition that humans are as much Gaia's creatures as the Garou. Finally, in



the form of the extended Compact, they have recognition from the other tribes that peace and compromise isn't such a bad thing. Now this self-styled "Priest of Gaia", this rabble-rouser, comes along and threatens to destroy all their hard-won gains. What makes it worse is that one or two of their younger members Children of Gaia, who should presumably know better are supporting some of Guttooth's ideas.

Well, the Children haven't worked so hard for so long to have things overturned. They'll do whatever it takes within their own moral and ethical limits, of course to minimize the damage the Priest of Gaia can do.

Fianna

The Fianna as a whole have always been strong supporters of the Compact and its extensions. To some extent, this support is an outgrowth of the tribe's respect for order and justice. Whether it is right or wrong, all the tribes of the Garou have "signed off" on the Compact, and, by all that's holy, they have to abide by their agreements. What makes it even more important is that the Fianna elders think the Compact is a good agreement. It eliminates irrelevant conflicts between tribes and with the humans, keeping a clear focus on the real issue, ongoing resistance to the Wyrm. Brendan Dooley and other elder Fianna recognize that the Compact has, indirectly, given the Garou more influence over the actions of the humans than they would have otherwise. For these reasons, any attempt to overthrow the Compact is both unethical and counterproductive.

Not all Fianna agree with this. Other senior Fianna aren't as tightly-wedded to the Compact as is Dooley, and see this as a good opportunity to diminish Dooley's influence over the tribe. Even though they personally think the Priest of Gaia is a flake, some are supporting Guttooth's arguments. This is not being done publicly; that might cause Dooley to take some action. Privately, Garou who have influence over the younger sept members are voicing their opinions. If his Dooley's rivals can use this issue as a lever to unseat him, once they have power they'll probably reverse their opinion again and support the Compact. For the moment, for some Fianna, it's politically a good idea to be seen as supportive of Total War.

Get of Fenris

Well, this is just what the Get of Fenris have been waiting for: a banner behind which they can rally in Total War against the hated humans. Or is it? Like the Black Furies, the Get have come to realize that the Compact eliminates "distractions" in the war against the Wyrm. It gives them some influence over the actions of the Vancouver humans, allowing the Garou to use the monkeys as tools against the Wyrm. While noble war is, in and of itself, an attractive concept, it wouldn't do to forget the real purpose of that war, and the real enemy. Are the humans the real enemy, or is it the Wyrm? Like the Bone Gnawers, some of the Get's leadership fears that war with the humans will leave the world a blasted wasteland into which the Wyrm can expand unchallenged.

These thoughts are too deep, and involve too much understanding of politics, for many of the tribe's youth. All they see is that the "old" leaders have lost the fire in the belly that drives the young. The chance to strike a noble blow against the despoilers of Gaia is before the Garou, but what are the tribal leaders doing? *Nothing*.

To complicate things still further, the Get's leaders realize there's a third course of action, one that will benefit their tribe and, indirectly, all the Garou. Tear up the Compact, certainly, but don't go to war. With the Compact annulled, the Get will take over sole control and responsibility for the Great Caern. Obviously, they are the tribe best qualified for the honor. Maybe it would be best to support the Priest of Gaia for the moment, or at least not work against him, until the Compact is eliminated.

Glass Walkers

Daly and his advisors think that the Priest of Gaia is "off his nut". Overthrowing the Compact and going to war with the humans will accomplish nothing but the destruction of the Garou. It's that simple. The tribe must do whatever it can to make sure everyone else understands this too.

Of course, there's a Catch-22 here. Daly knows it all too well. Most other tribes have a strong "knee-jerk" reaction to the Glass Walkers, and will be predisposed to reject anything they put forward. Thus, overt Glass Walker opposition to Guttooth might just strengthen the charismatic Garou's hold over others. If "reverse psychology" were actually symmetrical, the best thing Daly could do is throw his tribe's vociferous support behind Guttooth, but nothing is ever that simple. As it is, Daly must keep his lobbying quiet and personal.

Red Talons

There is only one thing about the Priest of Gaia that the Talons don't understand: how could a Shadow Lord have such insight into the way the Red Talons view reality?

The Red Talons wholeheartedly support Guttooth's call to Total War. After all, it's something they have counseled for decades. Any peace with the humans and the cadavers is tacit peace with the Wyrm, and that goes against everything that Garou stand for. Finally, the other tribes are starting to face reality, and understand that the Garou have no choice but to hurl themselves into the fray.

The Priest of Gaia isn't perfect, of course. He still clings to some strange ideas. This business about "support from Gaia herself" is nonsense, of course. The Garou are alone in this; they've always been alone. So what? So what if the Total War is one they're doomed to lose? That's what the Apocalypse is all about. It's much better to go into the great void covered in the blood of your enemy than hiding and whimpering in some cave.

Shadow Lords

At first, when he realized the profound effect the Priest of Gaia was having on the Garou, Lukasz Kawecki couldn't have

been happier. Here was this Shadow Lord doing more to undermine confidence in the policies of Montgomery Abercorn, and the Silver Fangs in general, than he and his tribe had achieved in years. Obviously, this loyal Shadow Lord was arranging things so that his superior, Kawecki, would be able to take over as *de facto* leader of the Garou in the Vancouver area. Kawecki quietly approached Guttooth to make sure that the "Priest of Gaia" was prepared for all the actions Abercorn might take to resist his ouster.

To Kawecki's outrage, he discovered that Guttooth had no intention whatsoever of installing Lukasz as leader of the Garou: he intended to take the position himself. Kawecki cajoled, threatened, even tried to play upon Guttooth's tribal loyalty all with no result. Guttooth wasn't doing this for the greater glory of the Shadow Lords, but for his own personal aggrandizement. That's how Kawecki interpreted it, at least. It didn't occur to Kawecki that maybe, just maybe, Guttooth had more in mind than gaining personal power.

Kawecki went off and thought about this for a while. His rage grew stronger and stronger. While he relished seeing the "Priest of Gaia" whittle away at Abercorn's influence, it galled him no end that he wouldn't be the one to benefit from it. When his rage had reached the bursting point, he enlisted the help of three of the less honorable Garou and sent them to "silence" Guttooth once and for all. Grimly satisfied, he sat back and waited for his "soldiers" to report.

Only two returned, and both suffered from grievous aggravated wounds. They did as they were instructed: they waited until Guttooth was alone, and then fell upon him to rend and slay. But before their claws could so much as score his pelt, something had fallen upon them some sort of spirit presence that rent one of their number limb from limb before they were even aware of it. The other two tried to press the attack, but were set upon before they could. The only alternative was fighting to the death, with no chance whatsoever of harming Guttooth. They chose a tactical retreat.

Kawecki doesn't know what this means. He trusts the skull-breakers he sent after Guttooth, and knows there is no way that the "Priest" could have bested all three of them by himself. He must have some kind of spiritual ally. What could it be?

Since the "incident", the Priest of Gaia has been more vociferous in his claims that spirits from the Deep Umbra will protect the Garou in their Total War in the same way that they protect him personally. Is that the truth? Kawecki wonders. Is Guttooth under the protection of the Celestines or some other mysterious champion of Gaia? Is the defender something more ill-aspected a Bane, perhaps? Kawecki doesn't know. The whole issue warrants more thought.

As for the rest of the Shadow Lord tribe, they largely support the Priest of Gaia. After all, he is a member of their tribe. He's preaching exactly what their own leadership has proposed all along: the removal of the Compact and all other machinations of the hated Silver Fangs.

Silent Striders

Galen Hawes and Cathy Saynesbury are both outspoken opponents of the Priest of Gaia's plans. The more itinerant members of the tribe who have heard of Guttooth's proposals oppose them too. Still, there's very little they can do. As a group, the Silent Striders are generally distrusted by most Garou, and their arguments count for little with the disaffected youths that the Priest of Gaia has won to his side.

Silver Fangs

As the popularly accepted champions of the Compact, it's no surprise that the Silver Fang leadership strongly opposes the Priest of Gaia's arguments. The Compact was brought in for very good reasons, and the benefits it represented at its inception still exist today. The senior Silver Fangs argue that it would harm the Garou as a whole, and Gaia herself, to break the agreement.

The vast majority of the tribe agree. There are only one or two junior Silver Fangs who have fallen prey to Guttooth's seductive arguments, and even they waver from time to time. The rest believe that Silver Fang honor requires them to combat this challenge to their leadership.

Still, the tribe can't act decisively against this threat to the peace. Abercorn and his advisors are realistic enough to sense that many of the tribes would like to see the Silver Fangs brought down a few notches. This means that too many of the Garou will interpret any action on the Silver Fangs' part to block Guttooth as just an attempt to shore up their own sagging fortunes and retain their position of dominance.

As if things weren't complex enough, some of Abercorn's advisors believe that this whole "Priest of Gaia sideshow" is actually some machination of Kawecki's, a Shadow Lord strategy to take over leadership of the Garou. Abercorn believes that Kawecki is as put out by this as he is, but the possibility remains, and Abercorn can't ignore it. This forces him to consider, at every juncture, whether he is responding in a way that Kawecki might be directing him.

Stargazers

Jacques Lapointe finds the whole situation very depressing. He doesn't believe for a moment that the self-styled "Priest of Gaia" is any closer to the "mind of Gaia" than any ambitious Garou. In his years, he's learned to recognize naked ambition for what it is. He's particularly saddened by the alacrity with which so many other Garou have accepted Guttooth's claims of "enlightenment" as the truth. He has spoken often and well against the "Priest's" propositions, but he recognizes all too well that many Garou distrust members of his tribe.

There's more to this whole situation than meets the eye. Although he's not as close to the "mysteries" as the Uktena, Lapointe has a reasonable understanding of things spiritual. There's something that feels... well, not quite wrong, but at least different... about the whole thing. He possesses certain Gifts that should make it easy for him to see through any lies. Yet these Gifts seem suspiciously useless in analyzing Guttooth



and his statements. Why is this? It's a question that requires much more deliberation.

Uktena

As a tribe, the Uktena are divided in their reactions to all of this. As individuals, they're heartily confused by this whole "Priest of Gaia" rigmarole. On one hand, they would purely love to see the Compact eliminated, because that would give them an excellent opportunity to gain exclusive control over the Great Caern and its powerful bound spirits. The Priest of Gaia has a very good chance of ousting the Silver Fangs from power and bringing the Shadow Lords to dominance. The Uktena have never been too enthused about helping Kawecki and his followers to replace Abercorn. They do know that trusting the Shadow Lord to keep his promises would be foolish in the extreme. If he happens to become the new leader by himself, he'll be much easier to manipulate than the Silver Fang leadership ever was. Also, if Guttooth succeeds on his own, the basically honorable Uktena will no longer be bound by any agreements they made with the Lords.

There's something highly disturbing about this Priest of Gaia. The Uktena have access to so much spiritual influence and magic. Seeing into the soul of a simple Shadow Lord should be easy. Yet none of the most adept among the Uktena have been able to answer even the simplest of questions about Guttooth: does he believe what he's saying or not? The charismatic Garou seems to be under some form of spiritual protection that blocks all the Uktena's usual techniques of analysis.

What does that mean? Is it as Guttooth says: is he the chosen of Gaia, protected from all enemies and rivals by powerful spirits, or is he an agent of the Wyrm, protected by Banes? Since his appearance, Uktena have made frequent and extensive trips into the Deep Umbra trying to answer those questions. So far, they've been unable to determine anything of use.

For a tribe so used to knowing the answers to those enigmas that bedevil others, this is a new and highly disturbing situation to be in.

Wendigo

The Wendigo are also split over the issues raised by the Priest of Gaia. Jim George, leader of the moderate Chupkheem Sept, is disturbed by the whole thing. He wholeheartedly believes that there are several problems that must be solved in order. To his way of thinking, Guttooth is confusing the issue so much that this logical progression is being lost. This can only harm the Garou as a whole.

The younger, more militant members of the sept see Guttooth as a kindred spirit. They hear his words about the "old folks' policies of nonintervention" and find they resonate with their own emotions. It's only right, they believe, that the Garou should strive against the invading humans.

Then there are other issues that bother the youths. The Garou promoting this view is an invader himself, isn't he? He's a Shadow Lord, and hence one of the European interlopers. Do

the Shadow Lords simply plan to replace the domination of the Silver Fangs with a rule of their own?

All in all, the Priest of Gaia is a breath of fresh air in an environment that the youths find all too stagnant and confining.

Motivations

Does Guttooth serve Gaia? Is he an agent of the Wyrm? Or does he only serve himself? The Garou of Vancouver have different opinions on this issue. There is evidence for each of these possibilities. Most Garou will feel drawn to one of these three interpretations. To complicate the lives of characters trying to penetrate the mystery, friends, colleagues and rivals they meet might argue for any of these possibilities, potentially putting the characters onto a totally false trail. The Storyteller must choose which interpretation he wants to use when running adventures in Vancouver.

Possibility Number One: Guttooth is of the Wyrm

Guttooth has been chosen, all right, but not by Gaia. He's a servant of the Wyrm, an agent of the Ancient Enemy's corruption. His goal is to drive the Garou toward Total War with the humans. It's a fight they can't win, one that will send them to their doom. (This means that, again, he's an agent of the Apocalypse...)

This answer raises several subsidiary questions. If he's tainted by the Wyrm's corruption possessed by a Bane, for example why can those Garou capable of sensing the Wyrm not detect it? There can be several answers, and individual Storytellers can pick the one or more of the following suggestions that fit the nature of their Chronicle.

The first possible answer is that Guttooth is a pawn of the Defiler Wyrm. This entity can grant some of its minions the ability to conceal its taint from Garou senses, but doing so is exceptionally difficult. Masking the taint of the Wyrm is "expensive" in terms of energy, time, or perhaps even the souls of creatures it must kill to weave its foul magic. The cost is much too high for the Wyrm to do this often, but, when the stakes are high enough, it can do it. This implies that the "Priest of Gaia" is of great significance in the Wyrm's plans. This kind of magical screening also explains why the Uktena and others cannot sense Guttooth's motivations and thoughts or determine whether he's telling the truth. Perhaps Guttooth is guarded by spirits both physically and magically, but not the good aspected ones he describes. Guttooth's plans for war imply that, if he is a minion of the Wyrm, it is the Beast-of-War. However, the Beast-of-War cannot grant its followers immunity from the Garou's senses. So how does Guttooth hide his taint?

The second possibility is that Guttooth believes every word he's saying, explicitly and implicitly. That's why the Uktena and others have not caught him in a lie. He's not lying, but telling the truth as he believes it. He was approached by spirits; he was told he was the Chosen of Gaia, and he set upon the

path he now follows. Unfortunately the spirits who told him this were servants of the Wyrm, and every word they spoke was a lie. In this case, the spirits who protect him from physical harm are also agents of the Wyrm. There's no need to screen his mind from those who would read it to learn if he's telling the truth since he is telling the truth.

Whatever the actual details may be, the Garou of Vancouver can consider themselves honored in a dark, ironic way. Obviously the arrangements they've made have limited the spread of the Wyrm so much that the Ancient Enemy has gone to extremes to eliminate his foes. You've got to be important to have important enemies.

Possibility Number Two: Chosen of Gaia

Guttooth is telling the truth: he is the Chosen of Gaia. Spirits from the Deep Umbra have groomed him for the task at hand, shaking the Vancouver Garou out of their stable some would say "stagnant" state and forcing them to examine the world in new ways.

Opponents of Guttooth have claimed that the young Garou is using manipulation, subterfuge and persuasive Gifts to attract followers to his cause. So what? His skills and aptitudes are all gifts bestowed by Gaia, so how could it be wrong to use those gifts on her behalf?

Certain Garou have realized that the Priest of Gaia is protected in certain ways by forces beyond their comprehension. Kawecki's "expediters" found this out to their detriment, while the Uktena sages are frustrated by the way their probes are blocked. As Guttooth claims, these forces are agents of Gaia, or perhaps the Wyld: powerful spirits, perhaps the same ones who selected and groomed him for his task.

Just what is Guttooth's task? Is he an agent of the Apocalypse, the mysterious figure who is to lead the Garou into the final war which will end in their destruction?

Is this a kind of test? Perhaps this is a way of finding out if the Garou are truly committed, willing to do the Right Thing even if it costs their own lives. (In various mythologies, gods are notorious for tests like this.) If this is the case, then the Priest of Gaia will stir up the Garou until they're ready for the final assault and then turn away from the precipice. War will be averted, perhaps at the last possible moment, and the tribes will be allowed to return to whatever existence they choose. One thing is for sure: they'll never be quite so complacent in their view of existence again.

Possibility Number Three: Neither Gaia Nor Wyrm

Guttooth is lying through his teeth, and this whole thing is nothing but a cunning power play. A skilled con artist, Guttooth has determined the one spiel that will win more of the Garou to his side than any other: a call to Total War against the humans. Absolutely everything he's done has been simple political maneuvering. By playing on the prejudices, fear and rage of the Garou, he intends to sweep away the current tribal



leadership in the Vancouver area, mainly by labeling it "reactionary" and saying it is opposed to the "holy war" to save Gaia. He'll whip the Garou into such a fury that they will oust their leaders and transfer all their loyalty and obedience to the "Priest of Gaia". Once Abercorn, Kawecki and the rest are gone, he'll calm things down again before war actually breaks out. The way he figures it, once he's convinced that Gaia has told him to start a war, it should be easy enough to claim that Gaia told him the time is no longer right and that the war should be "postponed". This is one of the major advantages of claiming "the spirits told me to do it": spirits are notoriously mercurial and inconstant.

Unfortunately, Guttooth might be a little overconfident in his ability to bring the Garou back from the brink of war once the old leaders are gone. While he's convinced that it is he has won the allegiance of the Garou to do with as he wills, it's actually his message that has caught them up. His "followers" are actually convinced that Total War is the only just and noble way to go. While his charisma and eloquence definitely helped win them over to accept the truth of his message, they're not holding "his" followers now. The difficulty he'll have in "turning off" the war is inversely proportion to the effectiveness with which he turned it on. To use an analogy, he's like a man who started a raging river flowing downhill by opening the spillway on a dam. Stopping the water that's already flowing is going to be a lot more difficult than closing the spillway.

There are several questions remaining. How come the Uktene and others have been unable to determine that Guttooth is lying? Who or what defeated Kawecki's bullyboys?

Possibly Guttooth has allied himself with various ill-aspected spirits of the Deep Umbra. These could be Banes, but more likely they're spirits that aren't so closely tied to the Wyrm. In return for future "favors", these mysterious entities are protecting him and shielding his deception from the prying magics of suspicious Garou elders, and physically defending him.

Guttooth might not consider such a deal as foolish as it sounds. He might have some plan in mind for renegeing on the deal once he has what he wants. (Perhaps when he has total control of the Great Caern, he can use the power of its bound spirits to obliterate, or at least drive off, his erstwhile allies.) Perhaps, Guttooth simply hasn't thought that far. Many times, intense ambition brings with it a kind of short-sightedness, where ardor blinds people to the consequences of their actions. Quite simply, he might not have given sufficient thought to what comes after he's leader of the Vancouver Garou. (It's also quite possible that the Wyrm has clouded his thoughts sufficiently that he's not thinking ahead well enough.)

Another interesting possibility is that Guttooth just doesn't know who or what is protecting him. Obviously some spirits have taken an interest in what he's doing and decided on their own to help him out without discussing it with him. These spirits could be agents of the Wyrm or less obviously aligned

entities. Nobody, least of all Guttooth, knows what their motives might be, or their eventual goals.

This probably disturbs him at a profound level. Something powerful is watching over him, for its own mysterious reasons. It must have occurred to him that it could be the Wyrm. Keeping that possibility in mind, how could he continue with his plan?

Maybe he figures things have gone just too far to turn back, or perhaps he believes he can "deal with" the Wyrm once he's pulled the Garou back from the brink of war. If his secret protector is the Wyrm, that implies the Ancient Enemy thinks he's truly leading the Garou toward the Apocalypse, but that isn't right, is it? Guttooth could find many ways of justifying to himself why he should continue, regardless of the Wyrm's involvement.

Finally, he could have convinced himself that Gaia is protecting him, for whatever reason. There's no way he could believe this deep down, of course, and his doubts probably manifest themselves in some pretty horrendous nightmares.

Bringing in the Cadavers

If the Storyteller is running the "Wheels Within Wheels" and "War and Peace" crossover stories described in the Chapter Five, Guttooth is probably a con man, trying to sweep away current Garou leadership so he can take over. Possibility #3 is the most likely one for the adventure in Chapter 5. As described in the next chapter, he and some of the Kindred have devised this plot together. In this case, Guttooth might have no "spirit protectors". It's the Kindred who are preventing the

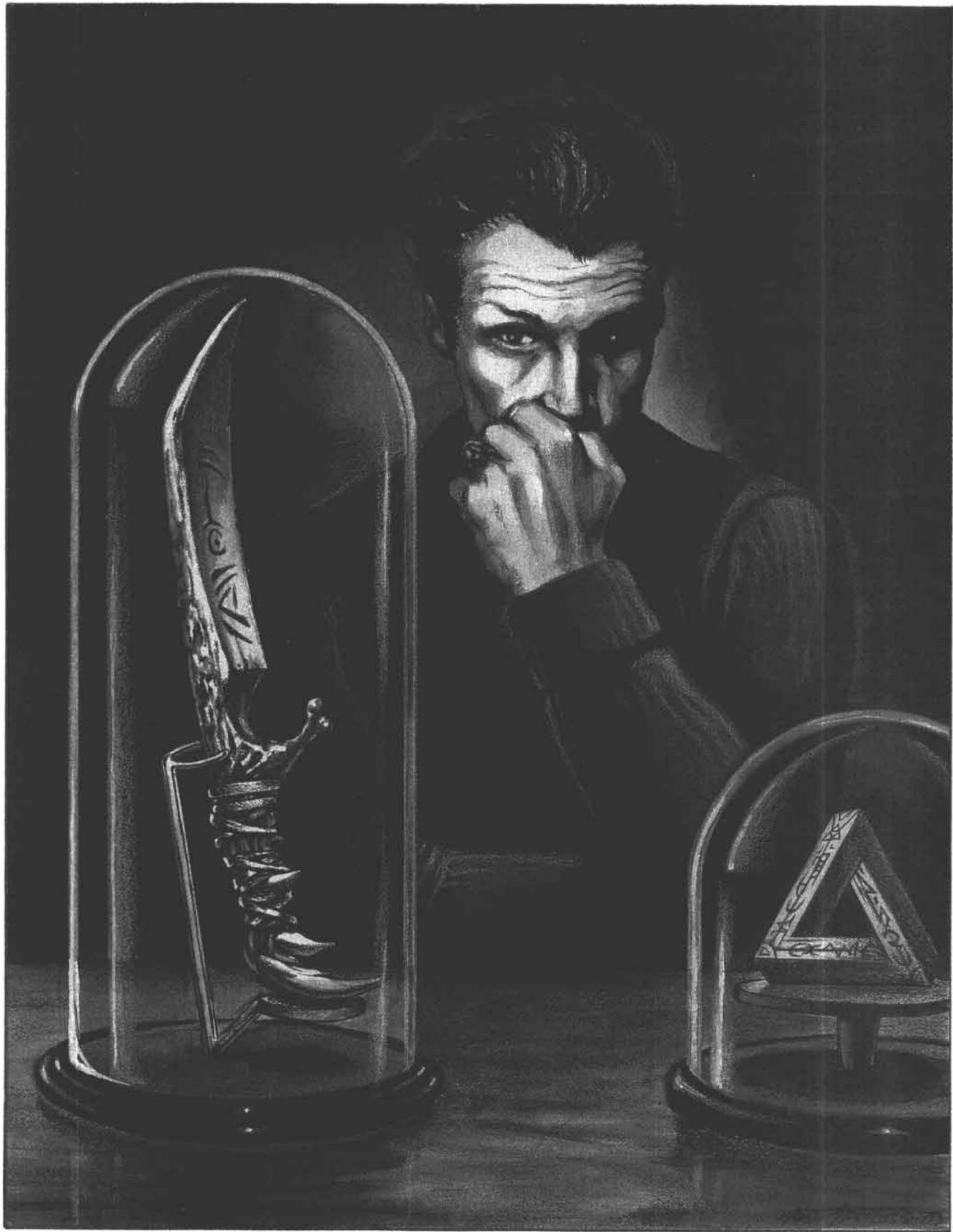
elder Garou from learning the truth, and it was a vampire who kicked the stuffing out of Kawecki's enforcers.

All three of these possibilities fit the observable facts. Storytellers can drop "red herring" hints to make one of the options seem correct, and then make another one seem more likely, adding intrigue and complexity to the story. The Storyteller must remember which option is the true one, and adjust his campaign accordingly.

Conclusion

Although the Priest of Gaia is leading the Vancouver Garou toward war, for whatever reason, the Apocalypse is not coming immediately. Even though Guttooth has gained quite a following, any society has an innate resistance to change. While the more militant young Garou might be talking about war, there's a big difference between discussing a genocidal, suicidal conflict around a nice, comfortable bonfire and actually ripping out throats. Guttooth still has a long way to go before war is close. Of course, many of the elder Garou will be doing whatever they can to prevent things from ever going that far.

The situation is sufficiently volatile that the players can really make a difference on either side of the issue. Will they throw in their lot with the Priest of Gaia and help drive the Garou toward Total War? Will they join the elders in trying to council peace? Or will they take some middle course, perhaps simply trying to stay uninvolved? Whichever course they follow, the political situation in Vancouver will make sure they're faced with many challenges.



Chapter Four: And the Dead Shall Rise...

*There is no god up in the sky, tonight.
No sign of heaven, anywhere in sight.
Pigface, "Suck"*

The Kindred consider Vancouver to be a unique city, not only because of its past, but also because of its present and its effect on the rest of the vampire community. Most princes elsewhere in the world know of Vancouver and are aware of its reputation as a "safe haven". The Masquerade is firmly in place in Vancouver. The Anarchs and the Sabbat, despite their best efforts, still haven't infiltrated the city. The Camarilla has left the city's vampires to do very much as they please.

There are many ways to get the characters involved in Vancouver, but getting them there is more of a problem. A character can't really be native to the city unless she was turned before the prince's laws were promulgated. She must gain entrance either by land, sea or air. If she's traveling alone, this will not be a problem. The werewolves around the city have agreed to let in single vampires, as long as they don't suspect them of being part of a group trying to enter one by one. If the players are coming in with a group, there are several methods the Storyteller can use to allow them to bypass the Garou's security around the city. One method is to let them somehow "slip by" the lupines, perhaps due to squabbles within the tribes leading to a decrease in attention. Another method is to ambush the characters with lupines on their way to the city.

This fight to get to the city could be a small story in itself. Once the vampires are within the city limits, the werewolves will give up the chase.

Politics of the Damned

All politicians will lie when its politically expedient. The people demand it of them.

- Greg Bear

Theoretically, the political structure of Vancouver should be quite straightforward. Siegfried is said to rule with absolute power, and no one should question his authority. Unfortunately, this isn't quite the case. Unlike most cities, the Prince of Vancouver has not only been around since the city started, he actually founded the city. Siegfried knows everything there is to know about the city: where havens are, where the best feeding grounds are, what the fastest way to False Creek from Water Street is...*everything*. However, Siegfried doesn't know everything about the vampires who inhabit Vancouver. Many of them have their own private agendas, and some are not quite what they seem to be.

Major Players

The following sub-sections introduce the major "movers and shakers" in Vancouver and their connections with the important political machinations going on in the city. These characters are discussed in more personal detail later in this chapter under the "clans" section.

Siegfried

Siegfried controls much of Vancouver's resources. Both *The Vancouver Sun* and *The Province*, the city's two main newspapers, are owned by holding companies which in turn are ultimately owned by the prince. The province's major television stations and many of the radio stations are also owned by Siegfried. When a Hunt is called against someone in Vancouver, the media will print or report a seemingly normal story which will be filled with code words understood by Siegfried's brute squad. This will efficiently alert everyone who would participate in the Hunt.

British Columbia's main source of revenue is from forestry products. Siegfried owns a company called Macmann and Blundel (M&B), the main forestry company of the province. As part of the negotiations for peace with the Garou, Siegfried promised not to log certain areas of the province. He ensured that those areas that were logged and replanted as efficiently as possible. So far, Siegfried has kept his promise to the lupines, but recently there have been some problems.

Many of Vancouver's night clubs are owned by vampires, though not necessarily by vampires who currently live in the city. This "absentee landlord" situation is another thing that distinguishes Vancouver from other cities frequented by the Kindred. The two main vampire clubs, Luv-A-Fair and Graceland, are owned by Siegfried and operated by his ghouls. The city's vampires can come and go within these establishments. They can feed off the patrons as long as the city rule about not killing vessels is upheld.

Siegfried also has vast influence over the city police and the local government. Even the RCMP isn't beyond the prince's influence. If someone is disturbing the peace of the city, they might find themselves thrown in jail and left there until it's dangerously close to sunrise. Control of the government and law enforcement agencies also ensures that Siegfried's clubs aren't bothered during the night. Business licenses for other elders who might want to invest in Vancouver can be provided or withheld depending on how the prince feels about the individual in question.

Absolute control over Vancouver is very important to the prince for a couple of very good reasons. If for some reason the prince were to be deposed, he'd have nowhere to run. The Garou watch the roads, marinas and airport with great vigilance. Most of the outlying districts, as well as towns in the interior of the province, are also firmly in the hands of the lupines. For these and other reasons, Siegfried struggles to maintain iron control over Vancouver and its surrounding suburbs.

On the surface, the prince appears to be ruling the city with an iron first. In reality, however, the politics of the city sometimes called "Hollywood North" are changing rapidly. Recently, Siegfried sent several of his most trusted vampires to Victoria to find out what had happened to the small vampire population on Vancouver Island. These lieutenants have failed to return. There is no evidence of what has happened to them. The loss of these powerful enforcers has left Siegfried's position somewhat weakened, allowing his enemies to initiate plans to overthrow him. In addition to the loss of these vampires, Siegfried's attention has now been drawn away from happenings in Vancouver. It is now concentrated on the "sleepy" city of Victoria, just at the time when he should be totally focused on his own territory.

Julie Foster

Julie is the trusted lover of Siegfried and has been with him for about two hundred years. Julie is completely loyal to the prince and would follow him into Final Death if necessary. Julie has no interest in the political dealings of Vancouver. She knows of Siegfried's holdings and helps in managing some of his companies. Julie is initially concerned with Victoria because it is bothering Siegfried.

Any newcomers to the city who want to contact Siegfried must go through Julie first. If a vampire can win the confidence of Julie, she'll petition the prince to grant an audience. Vampires going before the prince had better have a damn good reason to see him, and if they plan to make any accusations about other Kindred who have broken the Prince's Laws, they better have incontrovertible evidence.

Stalest

Stalest originally fled to Vancouver many years ago when an attempted coup against the prince of her city ended in failure. (She won't say what city that was.) She was impressed with how Siegfried had set up "his" city, and has been secretly plotting his overthrow since then. Unknown to anyone except Necross, she has a small following of vampires in Vancouver, most of whom are blood bound to her. She has also secretly made contact with one of the lupines living in the Vancouver area (actually, Guttooth of the Shadow Lords). The two of them have devised a plot to force conflict between the Kindred and Garou of British Columbia. The two of them will then deal with their respective societies, earning their respect. Stalest has also invested in several organizations, including anti-logging groups. These organizations oppose Siegfried's companies, creating more headaches for the prince and distracting his attention from the vampire community.

The loss and possible destruction of the vampires who went to Victoria has finally given Stalest the opportunity to start her major campaign. Her main strategy is to discredit Siegfried's ability to control Vancouver and maintain its peace. She wants to gain influence in Vancouver and show her ability at keeping the historic peace while demonstrating Siegfried's inability to maintain what he started so long ago. She knows that this is the only way she'll be able to depose the prince.

After all, the powerful vampires who stay out of Vancouver's night life wouldn't take kindly to a war against the prince disturbing their quiet nights. Stalest will try to use any newcomers in Vancouver to accomplish her plan.

Lyle

Lyle's interest in the politics of Vancouver is limited by his desire to maintain the city's peace and stability until his master awakens. Lyle will support Siegfried until he believes the prince has lost his ability to rule. Unfortunately for Siegfried, Stalest knows this and is trying to convince the powerful Lyle to support her bid for power. However, she does not know Lyle's motivations in Vancouver. Stalest wants to help guard Lyle's master. Lyle will help no other faction or group unless he believes they're essential to maintaining the peace.

Necross

Necross knows all about Stalest's secret machinations. He also knows about Lyle's power and his reason for being in Vancouver. Fortunately for Stalest, Necross really doesn't care what happens in the streets of Vancouver. All he wants is to be left alone with his Great Library and his friends, the Nosferatu. The only way any vampires could gain help from Necross would be convincing him that the impending conflict will be a threat to the Great Library.

Derek

Derek is a good soldier who is loyal to Siegfried. He wasn't in Vancouver when the peace treaty was originally negotiated, and he is secretly waiting for the time when it collapses so he can show those foul lupines who's master once and for all. Derek's eagerness for a fight is being used by Stalest to further the tension between the Kindred and the lupines. Derek will generally be receptive to anyone who openly dislikes the lupines, but his value as an ally is limited. His political savvy and real political power may not be enough to achieve his goals.

The Slumbering Giant

There is an invisible player behind the scenes in Vancouver: the ancient Methuselah sleeping under Simon Fraser University. His (or her?) name is not known by anyone except Lyle, who guards his master jealously. This Cainite has been in North America longer than any other known vampire, well before Menele or Helena pursued their ancient vendetta to the New World (see *Chicago By Night*). He (she?) was the sire of Mictantecle, the legendary elder rumored to sleep in Mexico (see *Awakening, Diablerie: Mexico*).

This ancient Kindred travelled long ago through what the Garou now call the Pure Lands. The Methuselah has been both friend and foe to the Garou. It has an immense knowledge of their ways and knows how to anticipate their reactions. Indeed, the vampire is privy to many mystical secrets unknown to any living Garou. It could in fact be the Childe of Gangrel herself. (If this is so, it may have powers of Animalism that

allow it to manipulate Garou as other Gangrel manipulate rats or dogs.)

The situation in Vancouver is largely due to the desires of this vampire. The peace accord with the Garou was implemented to prevent the werewolves from hunting down vampires and possibly threatening the sleeping Cainite. The "safe haven" aspect of the city was enacted to prevent the political squabbles of the Kindred from causing too much violence in the area. It was implemented so that the city would not attract thirsty anarchs or vengeful Sabbat. In all these affairs, Siegfried was a puppet to the Methuselah.

He could not remain a puppet for long. The torporous Methuselah feared that Siegfried would begin to slowly suspect the subtle manipulations. Julie Foster has also suspected what is really going on. The ancient one has pulled back recently, leaving Siegfried free to act as he pleases. It is possible that the actions in Victoria are an attempt by this ancient Cainite to distract Siegfried from other investigations.

As far as the Methuselah knows, Stalest is a wild card. It is not worried about her, as she can be brought under control at anytime (or so the Methuselah believes). Is there another power in the area? Is it manipulating Stalest? Is it some ancient enemy of this nameless elder, or perhaps the Wyrm itself?

If the events in Vancouver get hectic enough and war erupts, then this Methuselah might finally rise from its centuries-long torpor. It will be thirsty. There are many powerful vampires in Vancouver. Could these have been drawn to the city as vessels to slake this bestial Cainite's thirst when it awakens?

The Clans

Do not pass by my epitaph, traveler.

But having stopped, listen and learn, then go your way.

There is no boat in Hades, no ferryman Charon, no caretaker Aiakos, no dog Cerberus.

All we who are dead below have become bones and ashes, but nothing else.

I have spoken to you honestly, go on, traveler, lest even when dead I seem loquacious to you.

Roman funerary inscription

The Kindred use Vancouver as a safe house for those in trouble and as a jumping-off point to the Far East. The vampire population is always changing, even with the problem of the lupines at the borders. The stable population of Vancouver consists of only 20 vampires. The low "core" vampire population serves the prince's needs. It's easier for him to keep tabs on everyone and ensure that no one is in direct conflict with the lupines who surround the city. Vancouver does attract many wayfarers, though. They either pass through to other ports or seek asylum from the harsh world outside. As discussed earlier, many vampires have a philosophical or financial interest in Vancouver, so Storytellers should feel free to use any of the characters from the *Chicago* and *Milwaukee* sourcebooks as temporary visitors to the city by the bay.

This section discusses the presence and significance of the different Kindred clans and provides character descriptions for key individuals.

Assamites

Some time ago, before he established himself as prince of the city, Siegfried was the target of an Assamite. He discovered this and eventually destroyed the assassin, earning some degree of grudging respect from the Assamite clan. Since this encounter more than 50 years ago, Siegfried has developed his relationship with the clan and believes he has set certain rules under which they can operate in his city. The Assamites may use the city and Siegfried's resources in order to find their targets and learn as much about them as they need to track them. The clan will not violate Siegfried's prohibition against openly carrying out a contract while the target is within Vancouver's city limits. Siegfried has announced this ruling to some other princes, and this has increased Siegfried's prestige. It has also enhanced the lure of Vancouver as a safe city. However, while the law has not yet been broken, it is doubtful whether the clan truly respects this ruling at all. Few things, especially the ephemeral laws of worldly princes, will prevent an Assamite from performing his duties.

There may be a member of this clan in Vancouver at any given moment, either using the city to dig up background on a target or as a stopover on the way to some other city. Assamite characters will be told by their clan to avoid openly engaging targets while within Vancouver. The clan wants others to believe they are safe in the city. This will make it easier to kill important targets when the time comes.

Brujah

Vancouver has a very small number of Brujah. They don't act like other members of their clan. The Brujah of Vancouver don't have the freedom of expression they're entitled to elsewhere in the world. Even the slightest sign of rebellion against the prince's authority leads to the calling of a Blood Hunt. With so many powerful Kindred having interests in Vancouver, Siegfried can't afford any mischief or possible conflicts within the city. Considering that the Brujah are known for this sort of activity, Siegfried has all but purged the Brujah from Vancouver. The small number of Brujah in Vancouver keep to themselves and keep their noses clean, following the Prince's Laws and keeping a very low profile.

Brujah newcomers to Vancouver are closely watched by Siegfried's people. This surveillance will be very blatant. In fact, Siegfried's people will go out of their way to make sure the Brujah know they are under surveillance. Brujah characters should be aware that the prince probably knows where their haven is. He probably knows what they are up to on a nightly basis.

Parker

Before becoming a vampire, Parker was a bouncer at one of early Vancouver's drinking establishments. It happened to be

owned by Siegfried. Being a bouncer suited Parker's violent nature, and working for mysterious employers wasn't something he minded in the least. After all, he'd worked for rum-runners in the past.

Parker's only friend was a fellow employee of the prince named Bruce Counter. As far as Parker knew, Bruce was hired muscle. When Parker was bored of being a simple doorman, he asked his friend to talk to their employer for him. Parker made a career move...

Sire: Bruce Counter

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Bravo

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1920

Apparent Age: 22

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4, Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3, Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2, Drive 2, Firearms 4, Security 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3, Linguistics 1 (French), Computer 2, Area Knowledge 3 (Vancouver)

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 5, Courage 5

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Fortitude 2, Potence 3, Presence 2

Background: Herd 1, Resources 2

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 8

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 12/1

Image: Parker is a tall man with brown hair and brown eyes. He usually wears biker leathers, but grudgingly dons a suit whenever he's performing an official duty for the prince.

Roleplaying Hints: Parker feels himself to be superior to most people he meets and sometimes doesn't conceal his feelings. He will not go out of his way to befriend or help



anyone, but he can be won over to become a loyal friend under the right circumstances.

Haven: Parker owns a small apartment in the suburb of Burnaby, but sometimes spends his days in one of the rooms at Luv-a-Fair or Graceland.

Influence: Parker is just a muscle-man for the prince, but he does have a reputation for loyalty. If the players can convince him that Siegfried would benefit by seeing them, he may be able to get them an audience with the busy prince. He will require at least two days notice.

Kyle

Kyle Forbensen was always a rebel and a troublemaker. Death hasn't changed things. He and his group got involved in an anarch uprising in Seattle against Justicar Petrodon's Archons and were nearly wiped out. They fled in different directions, with Kyle winding up in Vancouver.

Since arriving in Vancouver, he has fallen completely in love with the beautiful Stalest and has become blood bound to her. His feelings for her are known to the vampire population, but his bond to her is not. Like Neil, Kyle is being used by Stalest to further her plans to take over Vancouver for herself.

Sire: Susan Drange

Nature: Curmudgeon

Demeanor: Deviant

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1406

Apparent Age: 29

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4, Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3, Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Streetwise 3, Drive 2, Fast-Draw 3, Firearms 3, Stealth 2, Investigation 2, Politics 3, Vancouver Knowledge 2

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 3, Courage 4

Disciplines: Celerity 3, Fortitude 2, Potence 3, Presence 4, Protean 2,

Background: Resources 2

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 7

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 15/3

Image: Kyle is an impressive man with neatly trimmed hair and deep blue eyes. His muscular frame is usually clad in a white t-shirt and torn blue jeans.

Roleplaying Hints: Stalest means everything to this Kindred and he knows of his importance to her. He's obviously not used to following orders, and his more cynical nature will only be hidden when Stalest walks by.

Haven: Kyle has no set haven but does rent an apartment in Vancouver.

Influence: Kyle has no influence over anyone anymore; it's been a while since he's thought for himself. Right now, he's being used by Stalest as a go-between to maintain contact with Guttooth the Garou.



Bushi

There's only one member of this intriguing Japanese clan currently in Vancouver. No one, including Siegfried, knows what to make of him. The Japanese have decided to open relations with the Prince of Vancouver in order to establish shipping warehouses for their continuous expansion into the West. There are many Japanese business contacts in Vancouver at this time. Everything from cars to vinyl model kits can be found entering the warehouses. These goods are then sold to the citizens of Vancouver and the rest of Canada.

Yokoshi

Yokoshi entered the realm of the realm of undead and became a child of Susanoo just like all the first-born of the Bushi clan's next generation. Becoming a Bushi was all Yokoshi had prepared for during his mortal life. (The Bushi clan is described in the Appendix.)

His first major mission for his lord was to venture to the city called Vancouver. There had been strong rumors for many years about a Lupine-Kindred peace, and his master had to know if this was true. The Japanese had their own problems with the lupines for many centuries, and if the secret behind this peace could be discovered, then maybe the same thing could be set up in Japan, leaving the masters to concentrate on more important things.

Sire: Yashiri

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Conformist

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1901

Apparent Age: 30

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 3, Diplomacy 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Leadership 2, Poetic Expression 4, Streetwise 3, Archery 3, Debate 3, Etiquette 4, Firearms 1, Game Playing 3, Martial Arts Weapons 4, Bureaucracy 3, Finance 3, Investigation 3, Linguistics 3, Politics 2

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 4, Courage 5

Disciplines: Celerity 3, Fortitude 2, Kai 5, Potence 2, Presence 3

Background: Herd 2, Resources 4, Retainers 1

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 9

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 13/1

Image: Yokoshi stands about 5'8" and has very short black hair. He's always dressed in expensive black or dark blue suits and is sometimes followed by his ghoul retainer, an old and frail looking Japanese man.

Roleplaying Hints: Yokoshi is in Vancouver for a purpose. He is performing a duty for his lord (refer to the Appendix for details on how significant this is). He will introduce himself politely to any Kindred he meets and inquire where they are from. He will be more friendly toward anyone who can give him substantive information about the peace. If the characters can convince him that a Vancouver Kindred is trying to destroy that peace, Yokoshi might consider it in his master's best interests to help rectify the situation.

Haven: Yokoshi is spending his days in an expensive apartment in False Creek.

Influence: Yokoshi has no real influence in Vancouver, but he knows about the Nosferatu. He also knows the name of their leader: Necross. If the players have Yokoshi backing them up when they confront the prince about Stalest's political doings, it will add credence to their claims, since Siegfried knows of Yokoshi's strange honor.



Caitiff

Siegfried is interested in arranging things, so heads of the various clans owe him favors, as well as investments in his city. As the Caitiff have no real clan structure, he views them with utter disdain. The only difference between the Caitiff and the Brujah in Siegfried's eyes is that the Caitiff are more respectful, and thus can be used.

When a Caitiff enters the city, Siegfried's "security staff" will observe her closely and evaluate her powers. If they deem her to be powerful, they'll offer her temporary employment on the prince's staff. Whether they're offered employment or not, Caitiff characters will find that the other vampires of the city talk down to them and pressure them to leave the city as soon as possible.

Cecil

Cecil was one of those people who others thought would eventually die from a knife in the back. He was born in Chicago, and he ran with whatever gang was the meanest. While trying to dodge the law in Canada, he tried to mug an old man for drug money. To his surprise, the old man happened to be a vampire, who in turn was surprised by the viciousness of the young mortal. The old man quickly Embraced Cecil. For the next three years, the two of them raised merry hell across the northern states until they were confronted by a group of vampires in New York.

The old vampire was killed in the fight, but Cecil managed to escape and fled to Vancouver. He traded safety for his service to Siegfried, and found himself liking the role of an enforcer.

Sire: Unknown Caitiff

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Deviant

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1952

Apparent Age: 18

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 2, Drive 4, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Bureaucracy 2, Investigation 2, Law 1, Area Knowledge 2 (Vancouver)

Disciplines: Celerity 3, Fortitude 3, Potence 3, Presence 2

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 9

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 11/1

Image: Standing about six feet tall, Cecil has long greasy hair and almost always wears a pair of sunglasses. His well-muscled arms and body are covered by tattoos of all sorts, but are usually concealed by a black leather jacket covered with chains and studs.

Roleplaying Hints: Cecil is mean, cruel and sometimes even sadistic. He likes causing pain, and will jump into a fight without hesitation. He's rude and obnoxious to people he



doesn't know and often to people he does. His degrading commentary is something of an art form to him.

Haven: Cecil has no permanent haven. He likes to hide out downtown so he can wake up where all the action is.

Influence: Cecil is now head of Siegfried's brute squad, but has little influence with anyone other than his fellow enforcers. Cecil isn't liked by anyone and knows little about the politics of Vancouver (even though he often pretends he knows much). Cecil takes a liking to anyone who looks really tough, and will try to convince them to join his enforcers. Cecil is loyal to Siegfried only because he's terrified of the prince and his mysterious supporter Lyle.

Other Caitiff

There are a few other Caitiff in the city, but the number of these vampires usually remains low. The other Caitiff are either loners or lesser servants of either Stalest or Siegfried.

Gangrel

The Gangrel enjoy a special place in Vancouver's vampiric society. Since the city is surrounded by wilderness populated by many Garou, Siegfried has several Gangrel advisors. The large Gangrel population of Vancouver is responsible for providing a line of defense in case of lupine troubles. In fact, many of the Gangrel now in Vancouver were involved in the meetings between Siegfried and Montgomery Abercorn, the leader of the local Garou. The Gangrel, as a rule, stay out of politics and perform their duties as peacekeepers, ensuring that young vampires from other cities and young lupines don't endanger the already precarious peace.

The leader of "the Pack", as the Gangrel are known in the city, has contact with and is accepted by some members of the lupine community in British Columbia. In fact, several of the Gangrel have their havens near lupine communities. They feel almost as much kinship with certain Garou as they do with

those of their own kind. (If you, as Storyteller, are creating a story based around Kindred-Garou conflict, but your players are all playing vampires, it would be useful to introduce the characters to some Gangrel early in the story. These vampires will probably be the characters' only way of making contact with the Garou.)

New Gangrel arrivals to Vancouver are usually contacted within the first few nights by other Gangrel in the city and invited to run with "the Pack". Siegfried won't bother any Gangrel newcomer as long as he doesn't endanger the peace. (In fact, Gangrel will find they have the most freedom of any of the clans in this tightly controlled city.)

Simon

Simon Lollen always had everything he wanted. When he was a child, his rich parents bought him toys and hired the best tutors. As a young man, Simon went to the best schools. The big city was never friendly to Simon. Leaving his parents and their nearly inexhaustible wealth behind, Simon traveled the world alone. On his travels, Simon fell in love with a young woman named Illana, who became fascinated with this man who traveled the world without money or support. She rewarded his self-sufficiency by Embracing him.

Together Simon and his Sire traveled the wilderness regions of the world and eventually ended up on the west coast of North America. Simon discovered Siegfried and Julie Foster in the small town that would eventually become Vancouver. He was impressed with the Ventre's knowledge and raw charisma.

That was many years ago. Although both Illana and Simon still travel, they always seem to end up back in Vancouver. Simon was instrumental in the peace process which now holds between the Garou and Kindred. He is trusted by both Siegfried and key Garou, including Montgomery Abercorn and Roger Daly.

Sire: Illana

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Survivor

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1734

Apparent Age: 30

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4, Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3, Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Diplomacy 4, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Leadership 3, Animal Ken 5, Etiquette 2, Firearms 3, Melee 5, Stealth 4, Survival 3, Bureaucracy 1, Finance 2, History 4, Linguistics 4, Lupine Lore 3, Area Knowledge 3 (Vancouver)

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 4

Disciplines: Animalism 5, Celerity 3, Fortitude 4, Obfuscate 1, Potence 4, Protean 4

Background: Resources 5, Status 3

Humanity: 8



Willpower: 8

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 14/2

Image: Simon stands about 5' 9", with well kept dirty-blond hair and striking blue eyes. He's usually dressed in jeans and a trench coat or other long jacket. He usually conceals a large knife.

Roleplaying Hints: Simon is rather quiet unless someone brings up the subject of history. At that time, Simon will dive into the conversation with enthusiasm. He's very polite and "proper" around others (a legacy of his "proper" upbringing). Simon is very protective of Illana, and will become jealous if anyone spends too much time with her.

Haven: Simon doesn't have a set haven, but will stay wherever Illana is, never straying too far from her side.

Influence: Simon is part of the historic peace process between the Garou and the Kindred of Vancouver. He has great influence with Siegfried's faction of Cainites, and some limited influence with the Garou's leadership. Siegfried trusts Simon about as far as he trusts anyone, and will listen to any character who has Simon's backing. Simon tends to stay out of the politics of the city, and he doesn't know about Stalest's lust for power or anything about the difficulties Montgomery Abercorn is having with the "Priest of Gaia".

Illana

Illana was surprised to find out about the existence of werewolves, and quickly sought them out while still a young vampire. After a couple of close calls, she befriended the Garou and found she preferred their company to that of the Kindred. For centuries now, she has traveled the world, spending her time with lupines rather than vampires and only going to the city for blood.

Illana found Simon in a small town in Southern Italy and was impressed by his love for the wilderness. She allowed him to travel with her for some time before she blessed him with the

curse of immortality. Since then, he's been her constant traveling companion and her only real link to the vampire community.

Since she chose Vancouver as her base of operations, she's made contact with certain younger Garou. She finds them less conservative, and thus more interesting, than the traditionalist elders. Her contacts are largely among the more "enlightened" tribes, such as the Glass Walkers and the Children of Gaia.

When the Kindred-Garou conflict started to escalate, Illana placed herself "out of the loop". She was distracted with other important concerns. When she realized what was going on, she found that the level of distrust and hatred that the younger Garou felt toward the Kindred was so great that her normal contacts would have nothing to do with her.

Sire: Unknown

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Loner

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1214

Apparent age: 21

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5, Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3, Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 5, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 5, Empathy 3, Intimidation 3, Animal Ken 3, Melee 4, Stealth 5, Survival 5, Faerie Lore 3, History 3, Lupine Lore 5, Naturalist 3, Spirit Lore 3, Area Knowledge 3 (Vancouver)

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 4, Courage 4

Disciplines: Animalism 5, Auspex 2, Celerity 3, Fortitude 5, Obfuscate 2, Potence 2, Protean 5

Background: Resources 4

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 10

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 15/3



Image: Illana is a small and beautiful dark-skinned woman with brown hair and gray eyes. In the city, she'll be dressed in fine clothes. In the wilderness, she'll shed her clothes until she's wearing almost nothing.

Roleplaying Hints: Almost all her vampiric existence has been spent in the wilderness with the Garou. Illana distrusts most vampires, but has some respect for Siegfried. She prefers to stay away from the city and will never start a conversation with another Kindred, but will respond politely to other Gangrel who greet her. She will only help the characters if they have the backing of Simon and they are helping the Garou in some way.

Haven: Illana will only sleep in the wilderness, staying away from the city as much as possible. During the night, she can be usually found near Lupine communities.

Influence: Illana shuns the city and has no real influence with any vampires in the city. In fact, she only knows a few. On the other hand, she has some degree of influence with the more moderate lupine tribes around Vancouver (This will evaporate all too quickly when tensions start to get high.)

Derek

Derek Hillen always wanted to be important. Since he came to Vancouver, he got his wish. Derek traveled from city to city, helping the Kindred do battle against their enemies, the Garou. Hearing that the "untamed west" was a vast wilderness teeming with lupines, he traveled to California to do battle. Eventually, Derek wandered north and was recruited by Siegfried, a vampire of incredible charisma, to help protect a "city under siege". That was many years ago, and now Derek is the leader of the Vancouver Gangrel (nicknamed the Pack) and only answers to Siegfried.

Sire: Mark Decker

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Survivor

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1806

Apparent age: 34

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4, Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2, Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 3, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 2, Animal Ken 2, Drive 2, Firearms 4, Melee 4, Stealth 4, Survival 2, Investigation 2, Politics 3, Lupine Lore 2, Area Knowledge 3 (Vancouver)

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 3, Courage 5

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Celerity 2, Fortitude 5, Potence 3, Protean 3

Background: Herd 2, Status 3

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 9

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 13/1

Image: Derek spends most of his time prowling on the outskirts of Vancouver and the suburbs and dresses accord-



ingly. He stands just under six feet tall and has very short brown hair and several scars across his very square face. His eyes shine with an almost crazy gleam that hints at insanity. The large bowie knife he carries makes most Kindred uneasy.

Roleplaying Hints: Derek is a fanatic soldier in the eternal battle against the Garou, or at least that's how he describes himself to anyone who will listen. Derek speaks using as many military terms as possible. He calls Siegfried "sir" and salutes him. Siegfried knows Derek isn't completely stable, but he also realizes that Derek is a very capable fighter and inspires discipline in the other Gangrel.

Influence: Being the leader of the Gangrel, Derek seemingly has a lot of influence in Vancouver. Few of the other Kindred of Vancouver take him completely seriously, although they treat him with some respect when he's around. Derek is the only Gangrel who refuses to have any interaction whatsoever with the Garou in the Vancouver area. Derek will eventually meet with any newcomers to the city to lecture them about where not to go in and around Vancouver. He can introduce the characters to Simon, one of the two Gangrel who don't follow his orders.

Other Gangrel

There are nine other Gangrel living in Vancouver and helping to protect the peace. The character template provided below can be used for these other Kindred.

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Loner

Generation: 12th

Apparent age: mid to late twenties

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4, Charisma 3, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3.

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Animal Ken 2, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2, Tracking 2, Lupine Lore 2

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Celerity 1, Fortitude 2, Protean 1

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 7

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 10/1

All Gangrel in Vancouver will be equipped with walkie-talkies and carry handguns with silver bullets.

Malkavians

There are three clans that are unwelcome in Vancouver. The first two are the Brujah and Caitiff; the Malkavians are the third. Since Siegfried views the members of this clan as insane and quite unpredictable, he sees them as a possible threat to the strict order he wishes to keep within Vancouver. Currently, there's only one Malkavian in Vancouver (that is, only one has been found...)

Malkavians who visit Vancouver will be watched and generally treated in the same way as the Brujah. Companions of a Malkavian are told that they're responsible for their companion's behavior and will be punished along with him for anything he does to disturb the order of the city.

Necross

Necross is the city's only Malkavian, and, strangely enough, he's the leader of the Nosferatu. He's extremely intelligent and helped found the Great Library. Nobody is quite sure how old Necross is, where he came from or who sired him. Necross himself isn't giving out any answers. Rumor has it that Necross has a lot of arcane knowledge, including such gems as how to break a blood bond and how to attain Golconda. This may all be true, but anyone trying to make any sense of Necross' directions really deserves what he gets.

The Nosferatu are the only ones in Vancouver who know Necross is a Malkavian. The fact that Necross is not a Nosferatu would be quite evident to anyone who saw him, but his Nosferatu retainers make sure nobody ever does. Necross is quite literally worshipped by his retainers who run the Great Library. This is because of his knowledge, rather than his considerable power. He will see no one unless they have a good enough reason. Remember that "good" is in the eye of the beholder, and Necross might have very different criteria than any other entity in the known universe. If Necross agrees to see someone, the visitor must first go through a lengthy ritual, during which he is bound by oath and spells to disclose nothing about Necross or his location. (It's up to individual Storytellers as to how these spells work, but characters should receive lots of warning from the Nosferatu overseeing the ritual that the consequences of breaking this oath would be very hazardous to their existence.)

Sire: ?

Nature: Architect



Demeanor: varies upon the personality

Generation: 5th

Embrace: 320 B.C.

Apparent age: late twenties

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6, Charisma 6, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4, Perception 6, Intelligence 7, Wits 7

Abilities: Acting 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 5, Empathy 5, Leadership 5, Streetwise 5, Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Herbalism 5, Music 2, Research 5, Alchemy 4, Anthropology 3, Art History 4, Astrology 4, Bureaucracy 3, City Secrets 4, Computer 2, Faerie Lore 4, History 4, Investigation 4, Kindred Lore 5, Linguistics 5, Lupine Lore 3, Magus Lore 3, Occult 5, Politics 5, Spirit Lore 3, Theology 4

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 5, Courage 3

Disciplines: Auspex 8, Celerity 4, Dominate 8, Fortitude 5, Obscure 8, Presence 6, Thaumaturgy 4 (Necross has all rituals described in the rules, perhaps with some additional rituals unique to him.)

Background: Herd 3, Resources 5, Retainers 3

Humanity: 9

Willpower: 10

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 40/8

Image: Necross stands a little under six feet and is quite handsome. He has short brown hair and no distinguishing marks. In fact, aside from his natural charisma and good looks, his appearance is nondescript.

Roleplaying Hints: Necross is mad, completely and utterly insane. He is suffering from a multiple personality disorder. He cycles randomly among about 20 different personalities, with changes coming unpredictably (in other words, whenever the Storyteller feels like it!). Some of the Malkavian's major personalities are listed below, but there is absolutely nothing to stop him from "becoming" someone totally new at any time that would be entertaining. Like most sufferers of multiple

personality disorders, Necross is most likely to undergo a change when he's under stress.

Haven: Necross lives in a secret lair under the streets of Gastown. His haven is closely guarded by the Nosferatu. He almost never comes up out of the sewers and gets his blood from Vessels the Nosferatu bring to him.

Influence: Necross has little influence over the politics of Vancouver, since very few vampires know he exists. If for some reason he ever decides to re-emerge into the "real" world, Necross will have the attention and respect of the prince and the lupines.

Personalities:

Burt is a little paranoid. He's a "neat-freak". The first thing he'll do upon "arrival" is to demand anyone who is "dirty" to leave immediately. Burt will then start organizing and re-organizing the entire office, but only after he's sure that the "others" didn't send the player characters to take him back. Who the "others" are, and where "back" is, Burt won't say, but he will shudder when asked about them and demand that nobody mention the topic ever again.

Sample quote: "You were sent by the others, weren't you? You want to take me back there. Well, I won't let you... You're not here to take me back? Then why are you here? Who sent you, what do you want? Oh, no! Look at this place, it's a mess!"

Darla will seem to be the most clear-headed of the personalities, next to Necross himself. She knows about all the other personalities, but knows nothing about the politics of the city or the lupines. If questioned, she can explain the basics about most of the other personalities and how to get on their good side(s). What Darla doesn't know is that she is a vampire, and she certainly will not talk about nonsense like werewolves.

Sample quote: "I'm sorry I can't be of any more help. Maybe you should speak to Necross next time he's here. Would you like something to drink... maybe some coffee?"

Siegfried has delusions of grandeur. Since he arrived in Vancouver, Necross has developed a new personality, one which believes he is prince of the city. The Siegfried personality doesn't know about any of the other personalities, but has a very good understanding of how the real Siegfried thinks and can seem frighteningly like the real prince. This personality knows something about the truce between the lupine and kindred and is familiar with a little of the politics. Unfortunately, he's a little off-kilter too, so anyone trying to use Necross/Siegfried as an "experimental subject" to determine how the real prince will react is likely to be sorely disappointed.

Sample quote: "In my city, you act as I please."

Gered is a trouble-maker and thrill-seeker. Unlike Necross and the Siegfried personality, Gered has some knowledge of the other personalities, but won't talk about them. Gered doesn't care about the politics of the city; he just wants to get into a fight or blow something up.

Sample quote: "Who do you think you are, asking me these questions? You better watch out, man, I'll rip your head off and drink your blood so fast your friends will think you're a bottle of soda..."

Rex

Rex was an unfortunate bystander in the ongoing conflict in Seattle. Just recently released from a mental institution, Rex was captured by some vampires who needed someone to use as a tool in some mysterious plan. These Kindred Embraced Rex and sent him off on some mission. Fortunately for him, perhaps, he doesn't remember much about his Embrace, and he has forgotten everything about his mission. All he really recalls of this time was being saved by the "cloaked demons" in the forest outside of Vancouver. These "cloaked demons" were the Nosferatu. They found Rex and have "adopted" him into their clan. Although he's quite a nuisance, Rex is left alone by the other vampires as he walks through Vancouver. He's known to have the support of the Nosferatu.

Sire: Unknown Seattle Anarch

Nature: Sycophant

Demeanor: Autist

Generation: 13th

Embrace: 1990

Apparent age: 32

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4, Charisma 1, Manipulation 4, Appearance 1, Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 4, Subterfuge 2, Firearms 1, Melee 1, Security 4, Stealth 5, Survival 2, Investigation 5

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 4, Courage 5

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 1, Dominate 1, Obfuscate 4

Backgrounds: Mentor 5 (Necross and the Nosferatu), Resources 2

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 6

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 10/1



Image: Rex is about 3'8" tall and is always dressed in some strange, mismatched mix of clothing. He's almost always grinning and has a wild look in his amber eyes.

Roleplaying Hints: Rex believes he has died and returned to Earth as a demon. He also believes that he must gain power as a demon by serving the master and his other demons (Necross and the Nosferatu). If he does his demonic job well, he'll grow in size and his standing in Hell will improve. Eventually, he'll achieve the rank of "Demon Lord". Currently, Rex thinks himself to be a demon of very low rank. If he faithfully reports the doings of the other demons of Vancouver to his master, he'll one day wear the black robe of the Demon Lords (i.e., the Nosferatu).

Rex sees everything around him from a very mystical point of view. Monsters and spirits are everywhere, he believes, and the master (Necross) sees everything. Rex can often be encountered at Luv-A-Fair or Graceland, where he's shamelessly picked on and pushed around by the vampires who don't know he will report every last event to Necross. He will befriend anyone who comes to his aid or is even partially nice to him. Rex reacts to his "friends" by questioning them about their activities in a very ingenuous way, of course. He'll follow them around like a puppy and then report back on their every move and word to Necross.

Haven: Rex will sleep anywhere, and usually finds the strangest places available (including ventilating ducts, cupboards and the trunks of abandoned cars).

Influence: Rex knows about everything that's going on in Vancouver and may be convinced to talk about Stalest's secret dealings with Guttooth. If the characters are friendly to Rex and meet Necross, the Malkavian will be openly friendly and tell them he admires their patience with Rex. He views Rex with some affection and will gladly express this, assuming that the characters meet the Malkavian when he is Necross. On the other hand, if the characters are abusive to Rex, they will find themselves barred from the Great Library and any audience with Necross.

Nosferatu

The Nosferatu population of Vancouver varies, but at least 10 members of this clan can be found dwelling in the city at any time. The prince has no policy with regard to the Nosferatu, and for the most part, they are left to their own devices. Siegfried established this policy in return for the help various Nosferatu advisors gave him during the time of treaty negotiations with the lupines. Any Nosferatu newly arrived in Vancouver must present themselves to the prince, but once this duty has been fulfilled, they aren't followed by Siegfried's lackeys.

While Necross founded the Great Library under the streets of Gastown, the Nosferatu have added to it and continue to guard it. Only a small portion of the Nosferatu from across the world know of the Library. Those who do know of it value this great compilation of knowledge and do what they can to protect it.

Some Nosferatu go so far as to volunteer to serve as protectors of the Library. Before a Nosferatu becomes a servant of the Library, he is blood bound to Necross, and must make a contribution to the knowledge stored in the underground vaults.

Alberich

Alberich was once a great soldier for the Holy Roman Empire, fighting against the enemies of Maximilian I. Alberich's transformation from warrior to drunkard came after the news that his wife and only son had died of some strange blood disease while he was fighting against the French. Seeing the tragedy of a town hero turned to town fool was too much for the Nosferatu who had taken Alberich's wife and son, so he Embraced Alberich. Upon learning the truth about his loved ones' deaths, Alberich slew his sire and fled. Eventually he came to North America and sought the ardor of a new cause to erase his loneliness and pain.

That new cause has been the Great Library and its master Necross. For over 40 years now, Alberich has been the keeper of the library and a close friend of the ancient Malkavian.

Sire: Jacob Durgal

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Judge

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1481

Apparent age: 23

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5, Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0, Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Leadership 2, Etiquette 2, Melee 4, Survival 3, Investigation 2, Linguistics 2, History 4, Heraldry 3, Theology 2

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 5, Courage 5



Disciplines: Animalism 4, Obfuscate 3, Potence 4, Celerity 3, Fortitude 2

Humanity: 8

Willpower: 9

Image: Like all the Nosferatu in the Gastown underground, Alberich is uncommonly clean (for a Nosferatu) and will usually be dressed in a suit with a large sword hanging from his belt.

Roleplaying Hints: Alberich still hasn't completely come to terms with his vampirism and does not like to feed. He tries to drink from animals, but it has been hard to stick to this diet during his long life. He's very protective of Necross and the Library and trusts no other Kindred.

Haven: The tunnels below Gastown and the halls of the Great Library are where Alberich sleeps during the day. At night, he rarely leaves this area. He stands guard against possible intrusion.

Influence: Alberich is known in Vancouver and Seattle as a proficient fighter. Most other vampires from these two cities will keep their distance. Other than this reputation, Alberich has no real influence in Vancouver other than being the keeper of the Great Library. Most vampires in Vancouver don't even know of its existence. Characters who seem honorable and trustworthy may be given entrance to the Great Library or even have an audience with Necross set up for them.

Other Nosferatu

There are 10 permanent Nosferatu residents in Vancouver of differing generations. Most of these vampires can be found in or around the Great Library, and will defend it, and Necross, with their unives.

Toreador

The Toreador of Vancouver have had more than one brief conflict with Siegfried. As with most of the vampires dwelling in the city, the Toreador find the prince's laws too restrictive. The great night-life and variety of exotic blood has kept many of this clan in Vancouver, and continue to bring more.

Any Toreador entering the city will be treated with marginally more courtesy than a Brujah. Once in Vancouver, it isn't hard to find good feeding-grounds. The local Toreador will probably offer a newcomer a tour of the coffee bars, art displays and night clubs.

Andrew

Andrew was born on a small island off the coast of British Columbia. His life slowly turned him into a hard and cynical man. He found his vocation while working as a part-time landscaper, and soon became one of the most sought after landscape architects on the West Coast. He was used to working for eccentric millionaires, and had no reason not to accept a particular job which required him to work only after sunset. After he'd worked for a week on the project, his employer, Daphne, invited him into her house for a drink.



That was only a couple of years ago, and Andrew doesn't mind the change Daphne brought about in him.

Sire: Daphne

Nature: Curmudgeon

Demeanor: Director

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1991

Apparent age: 24

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3, Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3, Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 3, Intimidation 3, Drive 2, Firearms 2, Artistic Expression (Landscaping) 5, Style 3, Accounting 2, Botany 3, Computer 2

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 5, Courage 4

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 4, Presence 2, Potence 2

Background: Fame 2, Resources 3, Status 1

Humanity: 6

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 11/1

Image: Andrew is a muscular man just over six feet tall. He usually looks as though he's upset about something. He's always dressed in coveralls and work boots.

Roleplaying Hints: Andrew is very cynical and distrustful of everyone. He will occasionally make dark and dour statements before frowning and walking away. Any vampire who spends any amount of time around Andrew will notice that he never smiles.

Haven: Andrew has a house in Coquitlam, a suburb of Vancouver. The grounds are extensive, and the complex is guarded by his ghouls when he is asleep or elsewhere in the city.

Influence: Andrew has the attentions of Daphne, and therefore has influence over all of Vancouver's Toreador.

Daphne

Daphne has always been rich, spoiled and vain. She has never had to really work, and on those occasions when she felt like doing something productive, daddy arranged it so she modeled for those new fashion magazines. Being made a vampire was an obvious extension of her glamorous life. (The way she sees it, it benefits the mortals around her as well, since they can continue to bask in her beauty for eternity...).

Like many Toreador, Daphne is famous, or perhaps notorious, for her spectacularly elaborate parties. She uses her guest list as a weapon.

Sire: Joseph Triebach

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Gallant

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1921

Apparent age: 26

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4, Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5, Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Abilities: Acting 3, Empathy 3, Seduction 4, Carousing 4, Drive 2, Etiquette 4, Masquerade 3, Music 2, Art History 2, Kindred Politics 2, Literature 2, Linguistics 3

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 3, Courage 3

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 2, Dominate 2, Presence 4

Background: Fame 2, Herd 3, Resources 5, Retainers 5

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 8

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 12/1

Image: Daphne is an incredibly beautiful woman, always dressed in the latest fashions. She has long blond hair and hazel eyes which seem to soothe the very soul.

Roleplaying Hints: Daphne is beautiful and rich. She knows it and flaunts it. Everything was always provided for her,



and she never really grew up. Even today, she's always followed by several retainers who look after her needs. She has a habit of seducing attractive men, both mortals and Kindred. Afterwards, she will treat them as though they were toys designed solely for her amusement.

Haven: Daphne lives in a large mansion in the British Properties.

Influences: Although she acts as though the entire city listens to her, she has no real influence. Since she's constantly talking about the changes she would make if she were to become ruler of the city, she represents an excellent red herring for the Storyteller to cast in the path of the players.

Tremere

The Tremere have one of the most tightly-knit vampire clans in existence. The Prince's Law banning clan meetings is particularly restrictive for these Kindred. For this reason, there aren't many Tremere in Vancouver. Most of those who do put up with the Draconian laws do so because they have heard of the Great Library and would do *anything* for a chance to browse through the ancient tomes. There are also those who have fallen into disfavor with the clan or simply no longer want clan ties. Whatever the reason, a Tremere who wishes to enter Vancouver must do the same as any Kindred and leave clan loyalties at the city limits.

Julie Foster

Julie was created in London without the permission of the prince by a powerful Tremere. She and her sire were captured and brought to trial. The Prince of London summarily executed her sire and sentenced Julie to be bound up, staked and left for the sunlight. For some reason which still eludes her, a vampire saved her, fighting off the London brood and whisking her away from England to a new existence. Maybe it was the fact that this mysterious vampire saved her from destruction, as in a fairy tale, or maybe it was her human side wanting to latch onto something that she could depend on. Whatever the reason, Julie fell in love with her rescuer, and has since traveled with him across the world to eventually settle in a place where he would build a city with which she would help. This gallant vampire rescuer was, of course, Siegfried, who is now the Prince of Vancouver.

Sire: Marius Drake

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Conformist

Generation: 8th

Apparent age: 24

Embrace: 1542

Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3, Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4, Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Diplomacy 4, Dodge 4, Leadership 3, Drive 2, Etiquette 4, Firearms 2, Melee 3, Music 3,



Masquerade 5, Bureaucracy 4, Computer 2, Finance 3, Law 3, Linguistics 4, Lupine Lore 3, Politics 3

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 4, Courage 4

Disciplines: Auspex 5, Celerity 3, Dominate 5, Fortitude 4, Protean 4, Thaumaturgy 5 (As Julie is not tied to the Tremere clan, she has gained almost all her rituals from Siegfried's own knowledge and from the ancient tombs resting within the Great Library. Julie has all Thaumaturgy powers up to her current level)

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 9

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 15/3

Image: Julie is a beautiful woman. Her hair is long and brown, and her skin still has the pinkish tinge of mortal life. She also seems to breathe, cough and move like one of the mortals of the world, as though she were still alive. It's only in times of danger that she seems like a vampire, moving with the unnerving speed and precision characteristic of the Kindred.

Roleplaying Hints: Julie is an outcast from the Tremere clan. She has forsaken all clan loyalties and now follows only the word of Siegfried. Julie isn't blood bound to the prince. Instead, she truly loves and respects the powerful Cainite. Those unaware of the truth often believe she's Siegfried's human secretary. Actually, the prince considers her to be a valued advisor, and almost an equal.

Haven: Wherever Siegfried is, Julie isn't far off. She stays at his mansion if he's spending the day there, or she sleeps in an adjacent room in the abandoned catacombs beneath the Vancouver General Hospital.

Influence: Julie has a great deal of influence over the politics of this coastal city. She has the trust of the prince, as well as that of the Nosferatu. She can be a great deal of help to anyone who can gain her trust.

Ventrule

Many of the Ventrule clan openly denounce Siegfried, calling him a traitor to his clan and a threat to vampiric institutions which have existed unchallenged for millennia. Although the clan officially despises the Prince of Vancouver and minimizes his accomplishments, many of the most powerful of the Ventrule have invested considerable resources in the Canadian city. Ventrule neonates who are aware of Vancouver are often told by other members of their clan about the powerful vampire who has forsaken his clan and lineage but has built the most wondrous safe haven in the world.

Ventrule who enter Vancouver are treated with respect, but still are expected to declare their business in the city like all other visitors. As long as Ventrule visitors don't contravene the prince's peace or break any laws, they are left more or less to their own devices.

Siegfried

Siegfried was a Visigoth chieftain who, in 378 A.D., helped defeat the Roman emperor's army and start the Germanic invasions into the Empire. Impressed by the barbarian's intelligence and success, a former Roman consul named Regulus visited Siegfried and offered him the boon of immortality. Siegfried, not knowing the price, accepted and was appalled at his thirst for blood. His horror knew no bounds when, in a frenzy, he slew Regulus and drank his blood. For nearly nine centuries, Siegfried was pursued around Europe by the Ventrule for his Diablerie. Finally, however, the extinction of Regulus was forgotten in the face of other problems, and Siegfried joined the ranks of the clan for the first time.

Siegfried stayed out of politics as much as possible, preferring to stay away from anywhere danger seemed imminent. He also stayed away from vampires in general and stayed in small cities without vampire populations whenever he could. During one of Siegfried's relocations, he met a fellow Ventrule (and "barbarian") named Hrothulf (see *Milwaukee By Night* for more information on this Cainite). It seemed that he too had slain his sire and had fought against the Romans. A bond of friendship grew and together they traveled for some time, until Siegfried felt it was time to enter the ground for the sleep of the ancients.

It was Hrothulf's tales of England that encouraged Siegfried to travel there after his awakening from torpor. While there, he witnessed a beautiful maiden staked to be offered to the Sun. Almost without thinking, Siegfried fought off the England brood and made off with the woman who told him of the land across the ocean.

Siegfried traveled to the New World as soon after his saving the Englishwoman Julie Foster. His moving was an attempt to escape the clan politics and vampire infighting in Europe, which had not changed for hundreds of years. Over a thousand years after his Embrace, he found some measure of peace with the natives of America. As other vampires came to the New World and the politics he'd left behind seemed to follow him, Siegfried moved west and eventually established his own city



where he could once and for all escape the intrigue of vampiric existence.

Few realize just how powerful Siegfried is. It's this underestimation that has helped him hold onto Vancouver and keep the city out of reach of both the Sabbat and the Camarilla.

Sire: Regulus

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Judge

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 378 A.D.

Apparent age: 22

Attributes: Strength 5, Dexterity 6, Stamina 5, Charisma 5, Manipulation 7, Appearance 4, Perception 5, Intelligence 7, Wits 5

Abilities: Acting 3, Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Diplomacy 7, Dodge 4, Empathy 4, Intimidation 6, Leadership 7, Archery 4, Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Firearms 5, Hunting 3, Masquerade 3, Melee 4, Music 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3, Bureaucracy 5, Computer 4, Finance 4, History 4, Kindred Lore 3, Law 3, Linguistics 4, Lupine Lore 4, Politics 5

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 5, Courage 5

Disciplines: Auspex 5, Celerity 4, Dominate 7, Fortitude 5, Obscure 3, Presence 7, Protean 3, Thaumaturgy 3 (Rituals: Defense of the Sacred Haven, Wake with Morning's Freshness, Deflection of Wooden Doom, Devil's Touch and any other rituals or paths you wish to use.)

Background: Allies 5, Herd 3, Influence 3, Resources 5, Retainers 5, Status 5

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 9

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 30/6

Image: Siegfried is a tall muscular man with blond, shoulder-length hair. He has piercing green eyes and never seems to smile. Siegfried usually dresses in a dark conservative suit.

Roleplaying Hints: Siegfried is used to being in a position of power and seems comfortable there. He was a very caring chieftain when he was alive, and some of that compassion followed him into undeath. Siegfried sees his city as being a refuge for the hunters, and has made many restrictive laws to ensure peace.

Haven: Siegfried has several havens in Vancouver, but his favorite is in the catacombs beneath the Vancouver General Hospital.

Influence: Being prince of the city gives Siegfried an immense amount of influence, which isn't limited to Vancouver. Many powerful princes owe favors to Siegfried, and know it's only a matter of time before he calls them in. The peace that he has kept in Vancouver, between the clans and with the Garou, has impressed even the most powerful of the Camarilla. He has a high status among all vampires and clans.

Stalest Coursain

Where Stalest came from and where she has spent her two thousand year existence is a mystery to all. One thing is for sure: she has always been a plotter, hungry for power. This is what led her to Vancouver some 50 years ago. After a failed coup in her city, she fled north to the safety of the city of refuge. She quickly came to hunger for the power, influence and reputation that Siegfried enjoys. She considers Siegfried to be a good politician and an expert at peddling influence. She doesn't realize that he's also incredibly powerful on an absolute scale.

Sire: ?

Nature: Plotter

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 552 B.C.

Apparent age: 22



Attributes: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4, Charisma 6, Manipulation 6, Appearance 4, Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Abilities: Acting 5, Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Subterfuge 3, Drive 1, Etiquette 4, Firearms 2, Music 2, Bureaucracy 4, Computer 3, Finance 3, History 5, Investigation 3, Law 3, Linguistics 5, Literature 3, Lupine Lore 4, Politics 5

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 5

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 4, Dominate 6, Fortitude 4, Presence 6, Protean 4

Background: Herd 3, Influence 1, Resources 4, Retainers 3

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 6

Blood Pool/Max per turn: 40/8

Image: Stalest is a beautiful young woman, usually wearing a loose-fitting silk dress. Her shoulder-length red hair complemented by her striking green eyes makes her a sight to behold.

Roleplaying Hints: Stalest doesn't think she's better than anyone else. She *knows* she is. It has taken hundreds of years of careful planning to get where she is in vampire society, and she isn't about to let anyone get in her way. When she first meets newcomers to Vancouver, she's invariably charming and friendly, offering them her help if they need it while in Vancouver. All the while, however, she's evaluating their power and influence and deciding how she can best use them to her advantage.

Haven: Being a Ventriue of some standing, Stalest owns a mansion in the British Properties. Her haven is guarded by ghouls. At night, she can often be found at one of the prince's clubs.

Influence: Stalest has considerable influence in Vancouver. She controls many groups which she has been using to cause problems for Siegfried's logging companies, and she knows about the comings and goings of almost all vampires in Vancouver.

Lyle

Lyle saw much of Roman history firsthand, from the Republic to the Empire to the arrival of barbarians at the gate. He entered a long torpor after the Fall of Rome to awaken at the dawn of a new era: Columbus had "discovered" the New World. Lyle was among the first Kindred to make the arduous journey to the new continent. He would have died at the hands of the lupines, like many other early travelers of his kind, if it had not been for his master. The Methuselah saved Lyle and made him his traveling companion. Few others knew the lands of North America as well as the master, who had traveled there since before Caesar passed the Rubicon, and Lyle soon picked up secret lore from this new land. Since that time, his master has gone into torpor, lying in rest under Simon Fraser University. Lyle both longs for and fears the day of his master's awakening.



Sire: ?

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Conformist

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 342 B.C.

Apparent age: 29

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5, Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3, Perception 5, Intelligence 6, Wits 4

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3, Etiquette 4, Firearms 4, Melee 6, Security 4, Survival 4, Area Knowledge (North America) 3, Computer 3, Finance 5, History 3, Investigation 4, Law 3, Linguistics 6, Occult 4, Politics 3

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 5, Courage 6

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 4, Dominate 5, Fortitude 6, Presence 5, Protean 3

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 10

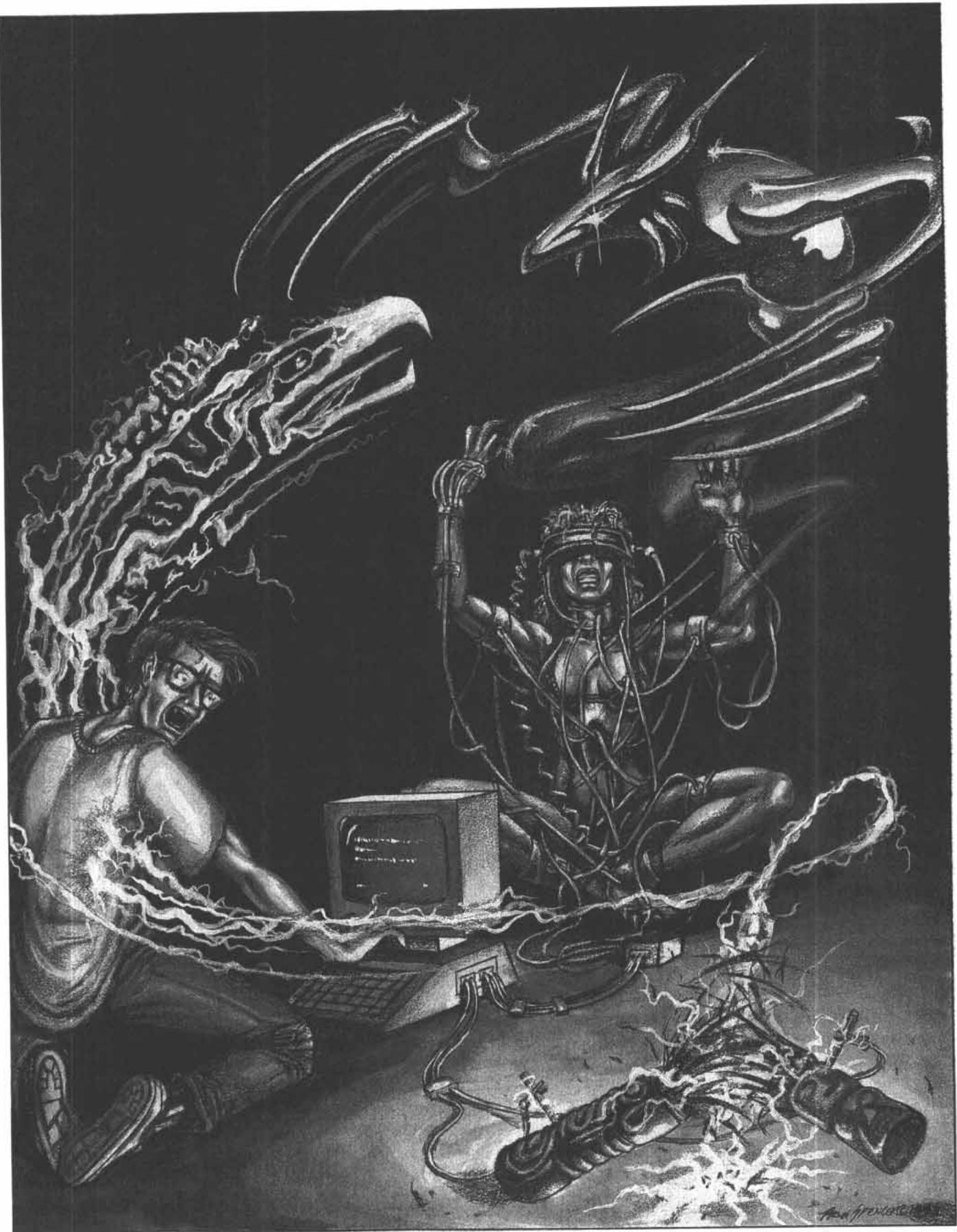
Blood Pool/Max per turn: 30/6

Image: Lyle's features look as though they were carved from stone. He usually dresses in conservative attire, with his long hair loose around his shoulders.

Roleplaying Hints: Lyle doesn't converse very much. If he's in a room with lots of people, he can usually be found standing like a statue in a corner. Lyle's only thought is of keeping the master safe until his time of awakening.

Haven: Lyle spends his days in the depths of SFU.

Influence: Lyle doesn't have any influence at all in Vancouver, simply because he chooses not to exert any. He's a figure of mystery and curiosity for the other Kindred of the city. Siegfried himself has been unable to figure out what Lyle is up to. Lyle has little interest in newcomers to the city and will discuss the existence of his master with nobody. The only way he'll ever become involved in Kindred politics is if he believes that not becoming involved will put his master at great risk.



Wheels Within Wheels

Introduction

The preceding chapters have discussed the two "worlds" within Vancouver, those of the Kindred and the Garou. The political situations of the two "worlds" overlap to a great degree. The two "rabble-rousers" Stalest and Guttooth have decided that they can attain their goals more efficiently by working together. The second half of the chapter provides the basic structure of a story based on this political situation. For those who prefer to create their own stories from scratch, the interaction between both cultures should provide plenty of "adventure hooks".

Note that the situation in Vancouver allows for something rarely possible anywhere else: mixed packs of Garou and Cainites. The courses on which Stalest and Guttooth have put their societies will be harmful, if not catastrophic, for everyone concerned, so for the first time in millennia, perhaps, lupines and Kindred have a reason to work together for the same cause.

Machinations

The Two Sides

Both Garou and Kindred have their malcontents, but only rarely do individuals take issue so strongly with the status quo that they're willing to put their entire societies at risk. Two individuals willing to do so are Guttooth and Stalest. Both are

ambitious enough that they will destabilize the societies they live in. In fact, they'll come perilously near to tearing them apart to further their own ends. Below is a quick summary of what each malcontent has in mind for his or her own society.

Kindred

Stalest chafes under the control of the prince, believing that she can run the city much better. She relishes the idea of personal power. Siegfried's reputation as Prince rests on his ability to keep the peace and keep Vancouver open as a "city of refuge". In Vancouver, Kindred can take time out from clan-mediated conflicts. They can enjoy the variety of exotic blood types that can be found in this port city. So far the system has worked well.

But what if the system stops working? What if Vancouver is no longer a safe haven? The Kindred who depend upon the city's status as a safe haven would withdraw their support from Siegfried and throw it behind someone who could prove she could keep the peace. This is Stalest's reading of the situation, at least. Using various Kindred loyal to her, she is staging provocative incidents throughout the city, steadily undermining Siegfried's authority and reputation. When the time is right, she will move to replace him.

Once she's prince, she will prove that she can bring peace to the city and will stop the *agents provocateurs* who were causing all the problems. This won't be much of a problem, since those *agents provocateurs* were carrying out her orders in the first

place. This tactic will work, she judges: it has been used time and time again throughout history.

Garou

Whether he's Wyrm-ridden or just disgustingly ambitious, Guttooth also wants to oust the current leadership of his society and take the position for himself. Although he is preaching Total War against the humans and the Cainites, he doesn't want open conflict. Not only does he believe that the Garou would be wiped out in such a war, but he also has no interest in leading under such chaotic conditions. He will bring the lupines to the brink of war, if that's what it takes to achieve his goals, before turning them back from the precipice.

His plan is to whip the younger and more militant Garou into a frenzy, turning them against the conservative, "bilateral" policies of Abercorn and the other elders. Once the old leadership has been swept away and he's been raised to the position of ultimate power, he will claim as the "Priest of Gaia" that the "spirits" who urged him to war in the first place have changed their minds and now favor renewed peace. (If necessary, he will explain that this whole thing was just a test, a way for the spirits to see if the Garou still have what it takes to be the protectors of Gaia.)

Guttooth's plan is a little less developed than Stalest's, but that's a typical difference between the Kindred and Garou. The "Priest of Gaia" hasn't given sufficient thought to how he can turn his people away from war once he's their leader, or even if it's possible.

Intersection

These were the plans that Guttooth and Stalest developed independently. Neither knew, or really cared, what the other group was doing.

Then Guttooth started hearing rumors that something unusual was underway among the Kindred of Vancouver. As a Garou, he couldn't have cared less if the "cadavers" wanted to rip each other's throats out. Then again, could there be something here that he could use to his advantage?

It took considerable bravery for the Shadow Lord to establish contacts with the Cainites. Nobody knows exactly how he managed it, but he got in contact with Stalest. In the first of several face-to-face meetings, he told her that he had figured out what she was up to: she was trying to destabilize the peace so she could unseat the prince.

How did Guttooth know this, particularly when Siegfried and the other Kindred were ignorant of Stalest's machinations? Only Guttooth himself knows, and he's definitely not telling. He could conceivably have figured it out for himself, but where did he pick up the evidence for that conclusion?

A disturbing possibility is that he learned it directly or indirectly from the Wyrm itself. In this scenario, the "Priest of Gaia" isn't a direct agent of the Wyrm. (This adventure is based on "Possibility #3" from Chapter Three, although it can be modified to work with one of the other two motivations). Still, it's quite likely that the Garou's Ancient Enemy, or some



of its minions, will be taking notice of what is happening in Vancouver. Outright war between the Garou, the Kindred and the humans would certainly fit the Wyrm's plans perfectly, and some kind of interaction between Guttooth and Stalest might just lead to that eventuality. For this reason, one of the Wyrm's minions might have passed information about Stalest's plans to Guttooth, either in a dream or in such a way that the "Priest of Gaia" believes it to be pure intuition.

Whatever the truth of the matter, Guttooth did meet with Stalest, and told the Cainite that he knew at least something about her plan to oust Siegfried.

Stalest's first inclination was, of course, to tear the throat out of this foul lupine to silence him forever. At the last moment she realized he might be of some use. (Besides, she could always kill him later...) She asked what he had in mind.

Guttooth quickly laid out a plan where the two could work together to benefit each other. Each had a plan that would probably work fine in isolation. If only they could coordinate their actions...

Guttooth

Here's roughly how it would go down, according to Guttooth's view of things. Stalest would help him goad the Garou toward war by raising the profile of the Kindred in Vancouver. Her supporters would stage various raids against Garou tribes, attacking their moots and even their Kinfolk. The only thing that would be off-limits would be the Great Caern itself. Guttooth might be ambitious, but he's still a Garou, after all. The "Priest of Gaia" would then use this as further evidence that the Covenant isn't working, and the elders' policies of nonintervention would be overturned. Up to now, the vampires have kept such a low profile that many Garou have just about forgotten they ever existed. This sudden campaign of Kindred "atrocities" would have a shocking impact on the People. With the Garou whipped up into a frenzy, the Priest of Gaia would overthrow Abercorn and his toadies, quickly attaining a position of leadership.

He would then pick a select group of "holy warriors" that he would lead in a raid against the "leeches". These hand-picked warriors would either be let in on the scam, or too dumb to realize this was all a set-up. (If they did see through the scam, they could always "die tragically but nobly" in the operation.) Guttooth would lead his "special forces" team into the heart of the city to root out the leeches and extinguish them.

Nobody would witness the team's "heroic deeds", of course, because there wouldn't be any. After a suitable length of time, the team would return, claiming to have eliminated the "cadaver threat". (Perhaps, as proof, they would bring back the corpse of a vampire or two.) Stalest would immediately stop all provocation, and the vampires would fade back into the woodwork once more. For all the Garou could tell, the Kindred would have vanished.

With the renown he had earned from "eliminating the vampire threat", Guttooth would find it much easier to turn the People back from the path of Total War. Peace would

return to the Garou, and Guttooth would have the position of leadership he has coveted.

Stalest

Of course, Stalest would have to see some benefit out of this cooperation as well. Guttooth had that side of things figured out, too. Under the direct command of the "Priest of Gaia", he could select "special assault teams" of Garou to stage raids on specific Kindred interests in Vancouver. This would be nothing crucial, of course, and nothing that would compromise Stalest's ability to rule as prince. Like Stalest's goons, Guttooth's followers would operate as terrorists, effectively making Vancouver ungovernable for Siegfried. An upswing in Garou activity would disprove the prince's claims of peace with the werewolves, and would undermine his reputation and authority. Any attempts Siegfried made to block the Garou raids would fail. Stalest would see to that. Throughout this period, Stalest's "stooges" would argue that the Vancouver Cainites need a prince capable of dealing with the "lupine threat". Although Stalest would not put herself forward as such a person, her supporters certainly would.

Once Siegfried had fallen, Stalest would step forward "unwillingly", driven by her sense of duty to her kind, and by her hatred of the lupines. She and her followers would "brave the lupine hordes" to reach the leader and "convince" him of the foolishness of continued attacks against the Kindred. Stalest and her special action team would return, possibly bearing the bodies of several lupines who had tried to stop her. These would be any members of Guttooth's own squad who had realized what was really going on, claiming to have forced the lupine leader to "sue for peace". The lupine attacks would stop immediately, of course, effectively proving that Stalest had restored the peace that Siegfried had lost.

Plans

Even though she didn't appreciate the lesson in intrigue from a smelly, forest-dwelling lupine, Stalest had to appreciate the elegance and symmetry of Guttooth's plan. Upon consideration, she accepted his proposal, and the two set about planning exactly what kinds of provocation each would stage.

Stalest decided that attacks against the two things Garou consider most holy would have the greatest effect. Her "goon squad" would target the caern of the Glass Walkers beneath the Smiling Buddha nightclub and the Kinfolk of several Garou tribes. The easiest Kinfolk to reach would be those who lived in a tightly defined neighborhood. Specifically, these would be the Wendigo Kinfolk living on the Musqueam reservation. Vampires would also do what they could to disrupt as many tribal moots as they could. (This would take some care and subtlety. Any vampire who staged a "frontal assault" against a Garou moot would certainly be torn to shreds.)

For his part, Guttooth would concentrate more on the destruction of property belonging to important Kindred. For example, several of Vancouver's more influential Cainites own resources or run companies. Guttooth's Garou would

stage "eco-terrorist" raids against these facilities. If possible, the Garou might also attack individual Kindred, but they would have to be very careful. Vampires can defend themselves against werewolves better than humans can. Such attacks would be targeted against solitary and relatively weak vampires.

Both would also be ready to capitalize on any opportunities for further provocation. It would be easy to set up the latest group of Kindred arriving in Vancouver. They would be unaware of the political situation. Stalest would manipulate them into meeting with a group of Garou somewhere in Stanley Park. When they reached the location for the meeting, they would find the body of a slain Garou just in time to be caught "red-handed" over the corpse by a patrol of other werewolves. Of course, this kind of entrapment would work just as well the other way around, with newly arrived Garou caught over the body of an extinguished Kindred.

Guttooth and Stalest are both intelligent and sly, and they're definitely capable of improvising. If a situation arises that they can bend to their own purposes, they will certainly do so.

Complications

If the best laid schemes of mice and men often go awry, so do the machinations of Kindred and Garou. While their plans might seem foolproof in isolation, there's all too much in the real world that can royally screw them up. The major problem is that both have probably overestimated their ability to stop the hostilities once they've got what they want. Members of both societies will have been badly hurt by the conflicts. The Garou will have lost Kinfolk, while certain Kindred will have lost things that are of great value to them. They're not going to be too quick to just set aside their grievances and return to the way things were before.

There are other issues specific to the two groups. Here are just a sampling of things that can go wrong. Storytellers can, no doubt, come up with many more complications to throw into the plot.

The Kindred

Siegfried

Siegfried has been distracted for a while. Three of his powerful lieutenants have gone missing and are presumed to be destroyed. He doesn't know exactly what has happened. The loss of his lieutenants has significantly decreased his power. Anyone or anything that could take down three powerful Kindred is something to worry about. What if it turns its attention to Vancouver? With all this on his mind, it's not surprising that he has paid little attention to the minor incursions by the Garou.

Eventually he has to pay attention, but by the time he does, things might have escalated to a startling degree. How will

Siegfried respond? He'll be shocked when he realizes just how bad things are, and might well overreact.

Probably his first act will be to get in contact with Daly of the Glass Walkers and demand an explanation. Depending on when and how he does this, Daly might not respond. He's got problems of his own to worry about, and he might well have concluded that Siegfried is no longer interested in maintaining the Covenant. If Daly does brush off Siegfried or ignore him, the prince will almost certainly interpret this as proof that Daly wants to break the Covenant. This might lead the irate prince to take some kind of direct action against Daly out of sheer pique. Conflict and misunderstanding between the two individuals best equipped to maintain order can send everything spinning further out of control.

Lyle and Necross

These two powerful Kindred could quite possibly bring things back under control, at least on the Cainite side of things. Neither has much of an interest in acting. All Lyle really cares about is protecting his master until the time of his awakening, while Necross has lost all interest in things going on around him.

Derek

Derek is more than a little unstable. His reaction to Garou incursions would be to go off the handle and initiate a major attack against the "foul lupines". Once he's got his dander up, even Stalest will have little chance of controlling him. As soon as Derek makes his first major attack on the Garou, Stalest has lost control.

The Garou

Among the Garou, there's an ample supply of young militant firebrands who have taken Guttooth's "Total War" rhetoric to heart. The Priest of Gaia might be a great Theurge with contacts in the Deep Umbra, they figure, but he's done his bit by making them aware of what needs to be done. Now it's time for the Ahrouns to take over. These groups are starting to make "unsanctioned" raids against the Kindred (and against the humans, although this isn't anywhere near as relevant at the moment).

This puts Guttooth in a tough position. He's been counseling war, and the firebrands have listened to him. If he wants to keep them under control, he's going to have to counsel restraint, which, of course, doesn't fit in well with his earlier rhetoric about Total War. He's got to try and get the firebrands back under control without being perceived as trying to control them. (If he is perceived this way, Garou will start to suspect that this whole thing is a scam.) The firebrands might well be beyond listening to him anyway. They've tasted war, and many of them will find they like it. They are finally doing something about the way the humans and leeches have raped Gaia, and if the Priest of Gaia has suddenly got an attack of conservatism, so what?

Meanwhile, the Shadow Lords are taking this opportunity to make a move against the Silver Fangs and Abercorn. While this doesn't specifically impact Guttooth's plans, it gives Abercorn, and his supporters among the other tribes, something else to distract them when they should be trying to keep a lid on things with the firebrands. Also, since Abercorn and the Fangs will be counseling peace, Kawecki and his supporters will automatically be counseling for war...

Daly really needs to contact Siegfried in an attempt to reassure him that the minor raids aren't a prelude to all-out war. Siegfried seems to be massively overreacting to the whole situation. Because Daly's got more important things to do than deal with an irate vampire, he might be tempted to put matters with the prince on the back burner. How will Siegfried misinterpret that?

Finally, if that weren't bad enough, *something* is happening to the Expo Site. The Vancouver Garou have always suspected it's a "Wyrmhole" or a caern of the Wyrm, but now ill-aspected creatures are starting to slink out of the toxic zone to play merry hell in the city. Yet again, this adds one more complication to the Garou's life: not only must they worry about war with the Kindred, but they have to figure out how to deal with a dramatic increase in the Wyrm's power.

With the emergence of the Expo Site as a Wyrmhole, Guttooth's attempts to calm down the firebrands seem even weaker than usual. Here's more evidence that the Final Days are upon the Garou. In the face of that, how can the Priest of Gaia argue for restraint? The Apocalypse is here.

Damage Control

Depending on how the Storyteller wants her Chronicle to go, the escalation discussed above can be slow and inexorable or rapid and terrible. In no case will it be so fast that Stalest and Guttooth can't see it coming and try to do some "damage control" before it all gets totally out of hand. But what exactly can they do?

The first problem is that each will automatically blame the other for taking action above and beyond what they originally agreed to say. For example, some of the Garou firebrands will almost certainly be hitting targets that Guttooth and Stalest agreed were "off limits", while Derek's actions against the lupines are far more damaging than either intended. Unfortunately, discussing their problems in a rational, logical way would require that each admit to the other that they have lost control of the situation. Pride will prevent them from admitting this and showing weakness in the eyes of the other. Instead of admitting that things are out of hand, it's much easier and more satisfying to blame the other for overstepping the bounds of their agreements.

For obvious reasons, these discussions can hardly be conducted through intermediaries, which means that the two principals will have to meet face to face. This might cause problems in and of itself, since neither can be seen meeting the other without compromising everything. The first "damage control" meeting will be acrimonious. The second will be

vituperative. The third will be downright poisonous, as they wheel out the generations-old racial slurs and hatreds. There won't be a fourth meeting.

Unless someone intervenes, it's likely that one will try to assassinate the other. Both could try it, setting up a situation of "dueling assassins". If either or both attempts succeeds, this will fan the flames of the conflict even more. The firebrands will learn that the leeches have killed the Priest of Gaia, while the Kindred will learn that the Garou have escalated to the point of assassinating senior vampires. If things get this far, it will almost take a miracle to bring things under control again.

Player Involvement

Kindred Packs

If the players represent a pack of neonates who have just arrived in Vancouver, Stalest might well decide to set them up and have them blamed for killing a Garou representative, fanning the fire. Both sides will then be after the neonates. The Garou will seek vengeance, and the Kindred will be out to punish them for breaking the Prince's Laws. From there, the neonates can try to stop the war, throw in their lot with either faction, or just try to live long enough to escape from Vancouver before it goes up in flames.





Garou Packs

Young Garou who have recently arrived in Vancouver can be set up by Guttooth in much the same way. Again, their choices are the same: stop the war, help one side or the other, or just try to save their own skins.

Mixed Packs

This is probably the most interesting possibility. A mixed pack of Garou and Kindred quite possibly has the best chance of figuring out what's really going on and stopping the war before it gets rolling.

The situation that makes war most likely is the fact that the two sides don't communicate easily. Since they are so different living and undead, feral and urban, selfless defenders of Gaia and the selfish defenders of their own best interests it only

makes sense that the two factions see the world in different, almost incompatible ways. When things start getting out of hand, they will both interpret events differently. (This is what Guttooth and Stalest are counting on.) Since the two factions rarely communicate, they can't coordinate their single points of view and figure out what is really happening.

A mixed pack can get around this problem to a certain extent, at least. Garou and Kindred who are part of the same pack can compare their perceptions, and maybe figure out exactly what is happening. With contacts in both camps, they have a better chance to change things as well. (Of course, the very fact that the pack is mixed is also a hindrance. In the middle of a war, how much credence will be given to anyone who's so obviously "consorting with the enemy"?)

War and Peace

The key to peace is in the hands of the government.

Margaret Thatcher (radio broadcast days before the Falkland Islands War)

It's obvious that Vancouver is important to both the Kindred and the Garou. The peace which has existed for more than twenty years has been beneficial to both sides, but forces in each society want it to collapse. Forces on both sides are debating the merits of war and peace.

War and Peace is the framework of a story based around the Kindred-Garou conflicts described in the preceding chapters. This story is appropriate for either beginning or more experienced characters and is set up to be equally useful for both vampire and werewolf parties.

The Theme

As discussed at the start of this chapter, two powerful individuals have decided to help each other take control of their respective groups. Unfortunately, events are about to occur which will wreck their carefully laid plans and take the Kindred of Vancouver into a bloody war with the Garou. In this conflict, both sides will lose. The Great Caern may become tainted or destroyed in the battle, and the Wyrm may take advantage of the chaos to launch an attack on the Garou stronghold. The Kindred stand not only to fight a battle in which they're greatly outnumbered, but could also lose the only city of refuge for their kind that exists.

And Never the Twain...

This story is written for use with a mixed "pack" of Kindred and Garou characters. It assumes that the two "contingents" do not know each other at the outset, however (which is, after all, the most likely situation). The plot splits into two parallel stories. Events occur involving the Kindred characters in one "sub-story", while different but complementary events involve the Garou characters in another. Neither group of characters is, as yet, aware of the other. It is only near the midpoint of the story that the two groups of player characters learn of each other's existence and realize that there's an overriding need for them to work together.

From a practical standpoint, this will probably mean that the Storyteller will deal with the two groups in different gaming sessions until the "intersection point" where cooperation is necessary. It might be even more interesting if neither group of players is aware there's another group. The combined troupe will complete the story.

Throughout the following sections, there will be comments that suggest how this story may be altered so it's still usable with only Garou or only Kindred characters.

The Story for Kindred

*Don't judge a book by the cover
Unless you cover just another
And blind acceptance is a sign
Of stupid fools who stand in line*
Sex Pistols, "EMI"

The Introduction

No matter how the Kindred characters arrived in Vancouver, they will be met somewhere by Siegfried's lackeys and taken to see the prince. This will happen almost immediately, as Siegfried is very curious about newcomers to his city. The prince is usually at Luv-A-Fair, and the characters will smell the blood and the energy of the dancers when they enter. (When was the last time they fed? Maybe it's time for the players to roll to see if they can avoid the call of the blood.) Eventually they will be taken upstairs to meet the prince.

The characters will be taken into a soundproofed hallway leading to a heavy door. Behind this door is a large office with a one-way window overlooking the dance floor. Behind a large oak desk is a wall of communication devices. Communications traffic can be heard constantly on the speakers. ("Team one checking in, area secure," "Team seven checking in, all peaceful here," and so on.) Make sure the characters hear these voices. They are the continuous reports of Gangrel scouts patrolling the city limits. Patrols are waiting for a possible invasion by the lupines.

Siegfried is sitting behind the desk and doing paperwork of some kind. Julie Foster is standing beside him. After a couple of seconds, the prince stands up and introduces himself, asking the characters to state their business in the city. He then tells them the laws of the city and warns them not to stray from the city. The consequences could be disastrous. (See Chapter Two for a list of the Prince's Laws.)

At some time during the interview, a ghoul servant delivers an envelope to the prince. He explains that it was delivered to the club and addressed to Siegfried. Siegfried calmly opens the envelope. Any player rolling at least one success against Empathy + Perception (difficulty 7) notices quick and subtle

expressions of fear and anger flash across the stone features of the prince. Siegfried briefly tells them to enjoy their stay and has them quickly escorted out of the office.

Although the characters won't know it, the envelope contains a message from a human ally in Victoria stating that for the second night, Siegfried's missing lieutenants have failed to show up. By the next day, most Vancouver Kindred will have heard that something is wrong, although they'll have no idea what it is. No one will be able to gain an audience with the prince. Siegfried will devote all his time trying to find out what happened and whether the situation is a direct threat to the peace of the city.

Scene One: My, Aren't We Friendly

Within the first hour after the characters leave the prince's office, several vampires will introduce themselves to the newcomers. Stalest is obviously the most important. She is very friendly and forthcoming, telling the players about Graceland and some of the city's more famous sights. If the characters ask, she will give sketchy details about the peace treaty, adding, in a hushed voice, that it's starting to break down. The prince isn't as strong as he used to be, and the lupines aren't holding to their part of the treaty. During the night, several other vampires will tell the characters the same thing, but they will always speak in hushed voices, as if they don't want anyone to



overhear. The rumor about the prince's weakness started a couple of days ago. Stalest and Guttooth have put their plan into effect.

The Next Few Days

Over the next couple of days (maybe an hour of roleplaying), incidental events occur. Let the characters look around the city and maybe meet more of the vampires. If there are Nosferatu in the group, one of the local members of the clan will contact them. Let the players get comfortable with the city. Lull them into a false sense of security. Ideally, they should be relaxed and have no reason to expect that anything is amiss. Remember that Canada is very strict about gun control, even in the Gothic-Punk world. None of the characters should be carrying weapons. If they insist, a couple of close calls with the police will help them get the point. At some point, the characters should go on a tour of the city limits to see the peace in effect. If they don't decide this on their own, then the suggestion can come from another vampire. A friendly comment will be made in passing: "Have you been near the city limits yet? Beautiful scenery out there, a mix of civilization and nature. Who knows, you might even see one of those werewolves on the prowl. Just make sure you don't antagonize them and they'll leave you alone. It's part of the peace treaty, you know."

Things Get Rolling

By now, the characters should be in a car driving through the 'burbs, looking at the trees and long stretches of road with no houses. They should feel relaxed and comfortable, at peace with the world. Nothing is wrong. They are in control. Now it's time to shake them up.

At some point, they should be intercepted by a Gangrel patrol consisting of Illana and another member of the clan. The characters will notice that all the Gangrel have headset communications devices keeping them in constant contact with the other patrols and Siegfried. Illana tells the characters to keep to the roads. They should be fine.

After several kilometers, the characters' car passes a hitchhiker. If the car stops for this young man thumbing a ride, they might be expecting the ambush. If the characters don't slow down, the car suffers an explosive flat soon after passing him. The lupines have made a few "modifications" to the road. Either way, the hitchhiker approaches the car. He draws a gun and fires repeatedly at the closest characters. Other Garou jump out from the bushes; the characters are outnumbered. Some of the ambushers are already in Crinos form while charging into combat.

The battle should be fast and furious. The characters will get badly chewed up. There should be enough Garou in the fight to convince the Kindred that this isn't a fight they're going to win, or even survive. Fortunately, Illana runs over the hill several turns after the first gunshots go off. Upon seeing Illana, the lupines break from combat and disappear into the woods.

Any characters with the Brawl skill should roll their Brawl + Intelligence to realize that the lupines were holding back.

They should have been able to extinguish the characters without much problem. How did the Garou know where to set up the ambush? The characters should start worrying.

The Next Day

Every vampire the characters meet will ask about the ambush. (Rumors travel fast in Vancouver, and an attack by lupines, in contravention of the Covenant, is big and disturbing news.) Many vampires will point out that this is just another sign that Siegfried is losing control of the situation. Something has to be done.

At this time, the characters may want to visit the prince, but they will quickly learn he's concerned with "more pressing matters". He refuses to see anyone. At some point, Illana invites the characters to join her on patrol, where they could make some sense out of this attack by talking to the lupines themselves. If the characters join her, they'll see some interesting sights.

While traveling the outskirts of the city with Illana, the characters will see several groups of lupines emerge from the bush to talk with Illana. None of the lupines will be interested in talking to the characters. None of them will know anything about the attack. This is a good time to let the characters find out just what kind of situation they're in at the moment. Those with high Alertness will notice many lupines in the woods surrounding the suburbs. The purpose of these encounters is to bring home to the players the feeling of isolation. The characters should realize that they're dealing with large numbers of these beasts, and the armies of the Garou seem to be all along the city perimeter. If something goes wrong in the city, the characters should realize that there probably won't be a way to escape. This gives the players a motive for finding out what's wrong.

Once back in the city, the characters will be invited to a special meeting at Daphne's mansion in the British Properties. The invitation will probably be extended by one of the Toreadors, and the characters will be asked not to tell anyone else about the "party" (meetings like this are officially illegal).

Scene Two: The Plot Thickens... Or Does It?

Most of the vampires in Vancouver will be noticeably worried and edgy. The thought of a war with hundreds of lupines isn't much to look forward to, especially since the Kindred came here to get away from all this. The only vampires who aren't visibly edgy are Derek, Neil and Kyle. Derek wants a war with the lupines and is eager to start the blood flowing. Neil and Kyle seem more excited than worried. If any of the characters decide to follow either of these two, they will witness an interesting meeting. If the characters ask about the two vampires, they can easily find out about their many dealings with Stalest. They can usually be found in her company.

The Meeting

If the characters decide to tail either Kyle or Neil, they will eventually be led to a small, run-down house in the burbs. Inside the house are two of the werewolves who attacked the characters. Stalest's henchmen are here to meet with the lupines, making sure that every thing is going "according to plan". (They won't mention *what* plan, of course, but this should be enough for any character to realize that something very wrong is going on.)

There are hints that the house is actually guarded by Garou patrolling the woods around it. These are actually the Garou characters described in *Guard Duty (Take Two)* in the other "half" of the story. You as Storyteller could have the two groups come into contact, and conflict, at this time. This would add more complexity to their later meeting in Daly's offices. If this is too complex and ambitious, it should be a simple matter to guarantee that the groups simply avoid each other.

The Party

Sometime after the meeting, a "party" at Daphne's mansion takes place. Stalest, Neil, Kyle, Andrew, Lyle and many of the other vampires who aren't directly connected to Siegfried are present. The topic of this meeting is the attack on the characters and what to do about it. The characters are asked to recount their experience and will be pressed for their opinions. The atmosphere of this meeting should be one of despair and urgency. Again, it won't be hard for anyone with empathy to notice that everyone except Neil and Kyle are very worried about something. Stalest is too good an actor to give away anything.

At some point in the meeting, Neil interrupts and suggests that they replace Siegfried with a prince who can deal with the problems. When asked who should replace the prince, Neil suggests Stalest.

The characters might think that they've figured things out, and they'll probably guess correctly. Stalest's plans have more depth than that. Her reaction to Neil's suggestion is shock and horror, and she will quickly deny any interest in taking Siegfried's place. Instead of a coup, she argues, the Kindred present should try to pressure Siegfried into solving the problem through diplomatic means. Someone (not one of her stooges) likes the idea and presses Stalest. In response, she grudgingly says she might consider taking over leadership of Vancouver, but only if there's no other choice and if everyone here supports her. Her tone of voice and expression hint that she's saying this only to put an end to a topic of conversation that really disturbs her. By the time Stalest has finished her little show, the characters should be a little less sure that they know what's going down.

Shortly after the meeting, a vampire the characters have not seen before approaches them, asking if they will meet him the next night in Stanley Park. If they do, he claims, he will give them some information that hints at what's really going on. This vampire is, of course, a lackey of Stalest's, and he has decided to turn her in before something goes wrong. By this

time, something has gone wrong. He won't give his name, but he will insist that the characters meet him the following night.

Regardless of whether they agree, the characters will probably go to find the prince. He still isn't seeing anyone, but the characters will now hear of two recent skirmishes on the city limits between Gangrel patrols and some lupines. It seems that tempers and old hatreds, along with Derek's intense dislike of the lupines, have flared into more conflicts. The characters will hear rumors that a Gangrel was actually badly hurt. One of the lupines was killed before the others were driven back into the forest. This skirmish wasn't part of the plan hatched by Stalest and Guttooth. The situation they've orchestrated has already started to get out of hand. Several followers of the "Priest of Gaia" have decided to act on their own. They were unfortunate enough to run into Derek, who thought that a good scrap was a great idea. (He rationalized his actions by describing what the lupines did to the characters as "justice".) These incidents sparked others, which in turn have prompted more rumors that the peace is collapsing. War may erupt at any moment.

Somewhere in the characters' quest for an audience with the prince, they will be directed to Julie. Julie regretfully informs them that the prince isn't seeing anyone. She's having a hard time getting through to talk to him. Julie is so worried by this that she divulges her own suspicions about what is going on. She believes Lyle is behind the breaking of the peace and that he wants to become prince. If the characters can find evidence of his evil dealings, maybe she will be able to get them an audience with the prince and, together, they can save Vancouver. Julie truly believes the silent vampire is behind all these troubles, and she will try to convince the characters.

Set-Up

Before the meeting with Stalest's lackey takes place, you should make sure that the characters are introduced to Alberich. Knowing that the Nosferatu stay out of politics and that they seem to congregate under Gastown will be of use to the characters in the coming events of the story.

The meeting at Stanley Park is a set-up. When the characters arrive, they find the staked and decapitated body of a vampire at the meeting place. Within a few moments, several vampires appear on the scene and begin shooting at the characters. Derek is among them, but he looks stunned and doesn't begin shooting for at least a couple of seconds. The characters have little choice but to run for it, probably toward Gastown in the hopes of gaining some help from the Nosferatu.

It's probably a good idea to let the characters sweat it out for a while. Within ten minutes of their escape, many of Vancouver's vampires will know of the crime committed by the characters. Rumors abound linking them with the lupines, claiming that they're paving the way for an invasion. Any vampires they meet will be shooting first, and not bothering to ask questions. In the middle of a city full of enemies, the characters should suffer the same isolation and claustrophobia as the gang in the movie *The Warriors*.

The characters will need allies from somewhere. If they have impressed Alberich, or were kind to Rex, they might be able to talk their way past the Nosferatu and reach Necross. For any meeting with the Malkavian, the characters will be stripped of all weapons before being allowed into the tunnels underneath Gastown (with no exceptions). They will also be led through the catacombs by such a complex route that they should never be able to find their way back.

Necross

The characters are ordered to wait in a small room with chairs for all of the characters except one (get one of your players to stand while he's waiting). They will have to wait for some time.

They will eventually meet Necross, one of the original formulators of the Covenant and the peace. Remember, Necross isn't a Nosferatu, and he's barking mad (see Chapter 5 for more details). After listening to the characters' stories and undergoing a few personality switches, Necross suggests two logical choices. One is to prove either Stalest or Lyle is behind all of this. The other is to go to the lupines and ask for their help. Roger Daly of the Glass Walkers is a good contact. Necross gladly gives the characters Daly's cellular phone number. If the characters have impressed him and shown patience, Necross himself will go with the characters to meet with Daly.

Lyle

Trying to prove Lyle has anything to do with events represents quite a problem. He isn't involved. If the characters follow him around and aren't spotted, they will find out that he has something going on at Simon Fraser University. If the characters can persuade Lyle that the peace is about to collapse, and if he thinks this might harm his master, then he might decide to help them. Convincing Lyle that it's important will be difficult. He has guessed Stalest's plot, but he thinks that all of the confrontations are orchestrated, and won't readily believe that a *real* war is in the offing. Remember, Lyle doesn't care who's in charge as long as his master isn't disturbed.

Stalest

Trying to prove Stalest is behind all of this is going to take some mighty fine detective work and serious evidence. The characters might just manage it if they can track down the lupines behind the first attack or if they can capture Neil or Kyle and sweat the truth out of them. Either way, they will almost certainly need some cooperation from the Garou themselves.

Scene Three: Meeting with the Enemy

Meeting a Garou in an office within Vancouver's financial district instead of the forest may confuse the characters and

seriously worry them at the same time. Seeing Daly in a suit and sitting behind a desk may worry them more.

Daly will meet with the Kindred only if Necross sets up the meeting or if he has some other compelling reason to trust them. Daly already knows about the attacks and, probably to the surprise of the characters, he is committed to re-establishing the peace. Unfortunately, he has a lot to handle at the moment. He's trying to calm down his own people and cannot provide the characters with much in the way of resources.

If the characters can't think of anything they can do to prove Stalest's or Lyle's involvement, Daly suggests that they follow Neil and Kyle to see if they meet with the mysterious Garou again. Even though Daly can't supply any of his own people to help the Kindred characters, it just so happens that he has just met with a pack of young Garou who have their own interesting tale to tell. They have their own reasons to find out what is happening in Vancouver. This pack is waiting in another office at this very moment...

The Story for Garou

The Introduction

The Garou characters may be natives of the Vancouver area. If the characters are from Vancouver, they should already know about the Vancouver Compact and the Great Caern, so

you should give the players the necessary background information before play begins.

It might be more interesting, however, if they have come to the Lower Mainland from elsewhere in the world. If they've travelled to get here, the characters should have to prove themselves to the tribes around the city first. Only through strength and courage can they demonstrate themselves worthy of participating in the defense of the Great Caern. If the characters have not gone through their Rite of Passage, they probably would not be allowed to visit the caern anyway, so this should be the first order of business.

Assuming the characters have just arrived in the Vancouver area, Guttooth will be among those Garou who greet them. One of the elders, probably the leader of their tribe, explains to them about the power of the Great Caern and the Compact that guarantees unrestricted access to it. He will then go on to explain about the Covenant, the "non-aggression" pact with the Kindred. Throughout this part of the explanation, Guttooth will be nearby, carefully monitoring the characters' reactions, trying to decide on how to best use these newcomers in his plans to take charge. At some point during their briefing about the treaty, Guttooth will start his spiel about how wrong the treaty is and how the only path to salvation is through the destruction of the humans and the leeches infesting the area of the Great Caern.





Scene One: Guard Duty

The characters' pack is given the responsibility of patrolling one area around Vancouver and will be told about the frequent patrols by the city's Gangrel. You should let the characters become a little more comfortable as they scope out their surroundings before they encounter the Gangrel. While one of the characters is on patrol, a wolf will walk up to him. She will change into a beautiful woman. Although the character will probably mistake her for a Garou, the characters will quickly find out that she's a vampire. Her name is Illana, and she is trusted by most of the werewolves who patrol the outskirts of Vancouver. (This would be a good chance for the characters to ask about the city itself and about its inhabitants. Illana will try to be helpful; after all, she enjoys the company of Garou more than she does that of her own kind.)

The Gathering Storm

Over the next couple of days, the players should get a feel for what is occurring. Guttooth, the "Priest of Gaia", is starting to amass a large following among the younger, more hot-headed Garou (mainly Red Talons and Get of Fenris) who want to do some skull-bashing. It won't be hard for the players to find the reasons behind this opposition to the treaty between the Kindred and Garou. It seems that one of the largest forest companies tried to log an ancient burial site that was specified in the Covenant as off-limits. (This is the vampire Stalest's doing, of course.) Although the logging has been postponed and the issue has been tied up in the courts by several native bands and environmental groups, this has gotten a lot of fur ruffled. In addition, there are rumors starting of an increased presence of vampires around the Great Caern itself. If the characters try to ask Illana about it, she will truthfully claim that she doesn't know if the rumors are true or not, but will try to find out for them.

Scene Two: Attack at Sundown

Guttooth and Stalest have held something of a lottery, and the characters have "won". The two conspirators have deemed the characters' pack to be one of the weaker of the patrols, and thus they will be the victims of a vampire attack.

The attack occurs suddenly and without warning. The vampires are armed with pistols firing silver bullets, and will probably outnumber the characters. Guttooth and Stalest are trying to push the two sides to the brink of war, and this is just a part of that plan. It's essential that none of the characters die. The vampires want the lupines to report the brutal attack, and the dead tell no tales. Several turns after the attack starts, the vampires will retreat back into the city, leaving the characters to lick their wounds. (Since the characters were outnumbered in the first place, following the vampires doesn't make tactical sense.) Moments after the vampires leave, another pack that heard the gunfire will show up to investigate. They help any wounded characters back to gathering places around the city to be healed.

News of the unprovoked attack spreads like wildfire, of course. By the next day, the characters will have Red Talons and Get of Fenris constantly asking them about the attack and vowing vengeance. Guttooth will be parading around in all his glory and preaching his views, which are gaining more visible support with each passing day. The older, more even-tempered Garou will also want to quiz the characters about the unprovoked conflict. They also voice their concerns about a war against the city, maybe creating an opening for the Wyrm. Guttooth and the firebrands don't want to hear reason right now.

Scene Three: Guard Duty (Take Two)

The next night, the characters are on patrol again. From a distance, they witness a Garou in Lupus form run up to a black car, change into Homid form, and get in. The characters will have a chance of recognizing the driver as one of their vampire attackers (Perception + Alertness, difficulty of 7). The car is heading off into the woods to an abandoned house. If the characters follow, they will witness the conversation between two vampires and the Garou. (This is a meeting between two of Stalest's lackeys, Neil and Kyle, and one of Guttooth's minions.) There are hints that the house is actually guarded by vampires patrolling the woods around it. This is actually the coterie of Kindred characters, who are overhearing the same meeting. Again, the two groups could come into contact at this time, complicating the meeting in Daly's offices. Otherwise, making sure the two groups don't might is easily arranged.

If they get close enough, the characters hear the vampires discussing whether things are going "according to plan". Predictably, nobody mentions just *what* plan they're talking about...

The fact that *some* plan exists should be enough to make the characters very suspicious. If they later track down the Garou they saw at the meeting, they will find he's one of Guttooth's supporters. Without too much further investigation, the players should be able to find out that there has been talk among the militant Garou about placing Guttooth in charge of the caern. They want to let *him* deal with the problems, effectively putting him in the position of leadership currently held by Montgomery Abercorn. Hopefully, this should worry the players and goad them into action.

Who Do We Tell?

The players should realize that few people will believe their claims that Guttooth or one of his supporters is in league with the Kindred. Illana will bring the players news of lupine attacks on vampires and information about the vampires talking of full-scale war. By now, things are starting to snowball. Guttooth and Stalest are losing control.

During the next day, reports of the first fatalities in the growing "Total War" will be making the rounds. Apparently, three Garou were killed near the old Expo site inside the city.

As far as Guttooth's supporters are concerned, it doesn't matter what they happened to be doing there. There's also no question as to who killed them: obviously it was the Kindred. (Guttooth's militants are in no mood for "presumption of innocence" or anything that gets in the way of a good "holy war".)

Scene Four: Off to Expo

Some of the more moderate tribal leaders—Abercorn of the Silver Fangs and Chang of the Children of Gaia—are trying to advocate peace. They're trying to convince the fanatics that there's no proof the leeches were behind the deaths. If the characters have been openly advocating peace, then these moderates will summon them, requesting that they enter the city. They want the characters to investigate the Expo site and see if they can find out who *really* killed the three Garou. (If it *was* the Kindred, they'll deal with that when they come to it.)

Some Unexpected Help

The old Expo site is now well on its way to becoming a Wyrm caern. Banes and other foul creatures are pouring energy into it and binding corrupted spirits to the site. With a war going on, the Banes believe, the Garou would not realize what was happening at the site until it was too late to do anything about it.

While exploring the site, the characters will be attacked by creatures of the Wyrm guarding the young caern. The characters should not be able to defeat the creatures by themselves and will realize that they must withdraw. While the pack is trying to escape from the Wyrmground, Banes howl behind them. Several men in suits show up to aid them. They are Glass Walkers who have been monitoring the characters' travels through the city. Once they realized what was happening, they decided to help out. They lead the players to an office in a downtown skyscraper where they meet Richard Daly.

Daly listens to the characters' story. He is highly concerned with what is going on, but his resources are overcommitted elsewhere, and he is unable to help them directly. He eventually suggests that the best course of action is to enlist the aid of the vampires. It just so happens that he will soon be meeting with a small group of young Kindred who seem to have much the same goal in mind as the Garou characters...

Intersection: For Both Kindred and Garou

The Meeting

The two groups who coincidentally appeared at Daly's offices are the Kindred and Garou player characters. By comparing their stories, they should be able to develop a fairly accurate picture of what is happening and realize that proving

collusion between Guttooth and Stalest is the best way of solving their immediate problems.

Troubleshooting

What if you are playing with *only* Garou or *only* Kindred characters? If all the characters are Garou, Daly's resources aren't as overcommitted as he initially thought, and he can "reinforce" the group with some of his trusted retainers. He can also arrange for the Garou to meet with Alberich. Only Daly's support will convince Alberich and the other Nosferatu that the Garou mean Necross no harm. With blindfolds over their eyes and chemically soaked rags over their noses to "blind" their sense of smell, the characters are led deep into the city beneath Gastown for a meeting with Necross. If they can convince the powerful (and insane) vampire that the impending war would be bad not only for the Garou but for the Kindred as well, Necross will emerge from his seclusion to help the characters. Now it's up to the characters to plan their next move.

If all player characters are Kindred, Daly will again assign some of his assistants to help them, and will arrange for a meeting with Montgomery Abercorn, the leader of the Silver Fangs.

Explanation to the Elders

Whichever way things work out, Daly will suggest that the player characters speak to Abercorn and certain other select Garou elders. Direct support from Daly, indirect support from Necross, and the very fact that Kindred and Garou are working together will help the characters impress the senior Garou. These Garou will suggest that the ideal solution is to *prove* collusion between Guttooth and one of the Kindred. This will involve following Guttooth's representatives to their next meeting.

There is another, bigger issue: the Wyrmground developing in the Expo site. In effect, the elders explain, they realize that the greatest threat to the People isn't the humans or the Kindred, but the growing Wyrmground and the danger it represents to the Great Caern.

That's the perspective of the Garou. Where is the "percentage" for the Kindred in getting involved? The elders of Vancouver largely accept that, although the vampires are, ideologically speaking, *of* the Wyrm, they aren't always *with* the Wyrm. If anything, they are tools. The Wyrm will cast them aside as soon as they are no longer useful. The elders will argue that the growing taint of the Wyrmground represents a dire threat to the Kindred. Uncontrolled Wyrm activity in the middle of the city will threaten the vampires' business and personal interests. It could well attract unwanted attention from other Kindred throughout the world the Camarilla and the Sabbat, for example as well as other threats, such as the hunters. Mages, too, will probably be drawn to such strange activity. All in all, it would be in the best interests of both the Kindred and the Garou to eliminate the Wyrm threat from the Expo site.

The simplest approach might be to send a ravening horde of Garou into Vancouver to rip the Expo site apart. Of course, there are problems with this. If enough Garou believed the elders about the Wyrm taint, the tension between Garou and Kindred is so strong that there would be real danger. The Garou might continue their hostilities and burn down the city even after they've fought off the Wyrm. Why let some good momentum go to waste? The Kindred might not allow a force of Garou large enough to fight the Wyrm into the city without precipitating the war then and there. The elders argue that all of the characters are going to have to find some way of defusing the situation before they can deal with the Wyrmground. They're going to have to act fast.

Caught in the Act

Probably the best move the "mixed pack" can make is to shadow the individuals they know to be involved: Neil and Kyle, for example, or even Guttooth himself.

Guttooth and Stalest have a meeting scheduled at the abandoned house to which the characters followed the conspirators sometime earlier. The meeting is intended for "damage control", but actually it will degenerate into a heated series of slanderous arguments. Neil and Kyle will accompany Stalest, while Guttooth will bring some of his co-conspirators along. Tensions will be high, and so will security around the house.

If the characters can get close enough to the meet, they will overhear enough to understand what's actually going down. Both player character factions Kindred and Garou will recognize some of their own kind present. These revolutionaries are backing the two major players: Stalest and Guttooth.

Unfortunately, there are lots of keen eyes around the meeting. Someone will spot the characters and sound the alarm.

Confrontation

Stalest will realize, a moment before Guttooth, that the Kindred characters represent a chance to rectify things. If she can capture them, maybe she can set things up so it seems that they were behind the whole war scenario. She can parade their extinguished bodies before the Kindred, claiming that she has stopped their plan to destabilize the peace, proving she is more capable of ruling Vancouver than Siegfried. Later, Guttooth would realize that he could use the lupine characters in the same way.

The characters now have a band of enemies with every reason in the world for taking them down. As Storyteller, you should arrange the number of foes so that the characters appear to be doomed once the conflict actually gets going. The characters are subdued and taken prisoner. Stalest and Guttooth will taunt them, telling them that they will be sacrificed for the greater good of the new Prince of Vancouver and the new leader of the Vancouver Garou.

It's possible that the characters will win the battle. If so, Stalest should escape to become an ongoing nemesis. Whether they can convince Siegfried of Stalest's involvement in all of this depends on what concrete proof they can provide him. Although he's tough, Guttooth is less likely to survive a player character victory than Stalest.

Long Live the Prince

If the characters lose the battle and are captured, let them sweat out the impending end of their existence, experiencing it in the fullness of its horror. At the last moment, however, seemingly out of nowhere, two figures will appear from the forest. The cavalry has arrived in the form of Daly and Siegfried.

Siegfried uses his Dominate discipline to force the captors to free the characters before he gets down to business. He must deal with Stalest. In the first moments of the conflict (which the characters are free to join, on either side) Stalest will realize how sorely she has underestimated Siegfried's power. Her goal in the battle will change from victory to escape. Depending on how you want things to work out, Stalest can be extinguished, tying everything up neatly, or she can escape, providing you with an excellent ongoing nemesis for the characters.

Similarly, Daly will challenge Guttooth to combat. Again, depending on how you want things to work out, Guttooth can accept the challenge, and get throated by Daly. Alternatively, he can turn tail and flee ignominiously, possibly returning in the future as another ongoing nemesis.

Maybe some things are not so easily wrapped up. Perhaps Stalest wins her battle and claims the princedom. What will she do to the players? Will they have to flee? What if she loses, but Guttooth wins, or vice versa? The Storyteller should feel free to complicate matters as much as she wants to. Keep in mind, though, that if either Stalest or Guttooth wins, the Vancouver situation will never be as peaceful as it once was.

What Next?

Both the Garou and the Kindred *en masse* will grudgingly admit that the war was a set-up. Tension will slowly start to die down. While individuals on both sides will probably revile the player characters who "demeaned themselves" by working with the enemy, the leadership will be forced to acknowledge the neonates and cubs have performed a great service for both peoples.

Unfortunately, there's more work to be done. The Exosite is still apparently a Wyrmhole. Both sides realize it's in their best interest to eliminate the threat. This will require a mixed force for two very good reasons. First of all, the Kindred know very little about the Wyrm, its minions and its powers. They're not informed enough to handle the job themselves. Furthermore, tensions are still so high that the vampires will not allow a large force of Garou to come trailing into their city to eliminate some threat that might not even exist. Out of political expediency, both factions decide that the only force

acceptable to both sides is the "mixed pack" of player characters.

Note that both sides gain significant benefits from this decision. First, this will be a great way to cement the peace between the ancient enemies. Siegfried won't mind if the vampire player characters are destroyed in action, thus eliminating witnesses who know his real power after seeing the prince in the last battle. It will also eliminate any favors he happens to owe them for their prior services. Besides, sending the players in to help the lupines will give Siegfried a chance to find out more about this Wyrm thing the lupines keep talking about. For the senior Garou, this is a test to see if the Kindred can be trusted. If the player characters are ambushed, the other Garou will learn something important without losing more than a very inexperienced pack. Of course, they will also gain significant help from the Kindred characters against the Wyrmhole.

Off to the Expo!

Just as it takes some time for the Garou to awaken a caern, it takes the Wyrm some time to awaken a Wyrmhole, especially one that will be this powerful upon its completion. The Wyrm has, through its agents, slowly poisoned the area of the old Expo site. In the haunted ruins of once gaily colored pavilions, it has set about drawing forth fell creatures to corrupt the Great Caern of the Garou and spoil the untouched wilderness of the north.

When the characters reach the Expo site, Garou will be able to feel a presence of darkness even if they don't have the Sense Wyrm Gift. This indicates how strong and how dangerous the potential Wyrm caern is. The exact layout of the pavilion that houses the new Wyrm caern is up to you, but the characters should have little trouble finding it. There will be no guards posted and the players will be able to walk right in, if that's what they want. The caern has already been partially activated and the Wyrm wants to show off its "handiwork".

The caern itself looks like a large hole filled with a greenish bubbling liquid. Around it lie the bodies of some fifteen sacrificial victims humans, Garou and Kindred whose life force was drained to awaken the caern. In the shadows lurk several figures that appear to be human. Actually, they are Scrag (see pg. 162 of *Werewolf*). Their number will depend on the strength of the mixed pack sent against them; the Storyteller must judge how many are required for a good, dramatic conclusion. If threatened, they dance out of the way, taunting the characters. They know that all they have to do is avoid destruction for a minute or two, then the interlopers will have something much more dangerous to worry about.

As the characters look on in horror, the toxic caern bubbles and smokes, and a huge creature emerges, wreathed in flames. This is the new weapon of the Wyrm: a *Vulnus*. It is a cross between a Fürmling (a Wyrm elemental of balefire) and a Nexus Crawler.



Vulnus

Rage: 10

Willpower: 6

Gnosis: 10

Power: 40 (80)

Charms: All those charms possessed by both the fire elemental (or Fürmlings, if you have *Book of the Wyrm*) and the Nexus Crawler, as given in the rule book.

The Vulnus has a power of 80 when at full capability, but it has just been awakened. It needs to feed. As it is not yet at full power, the Vulnus will not be able to use the Nexus Crawler's ability to warp reality... yet. (The characters should be thankful for small favors.)

For each Garou or Kindred character that the Vulnus kills or extinguishes and tosses into the Wyrm caern, it will increase in power by 10 points. If it reaches its full 80 points, it *will* be able to warp reality. (Note that the Scrag know this, and will gleefully toss any incapacitated victim into the toxic caern. Being thrown into the caern is immediately fatal to both Garou and Kindred.)

This final scene should be a climactic battle royal, which the player characters should win... barely. If it seems they will go down to defeat, it's possible that outside forces may join the fray. Possibly some Get or other militant Garou have ignored the orders of the elders and have penetrated the city. Alternatively, Siegfried might have ordered the mixed pack followed, and the shadowers have realized that they had better do something if they want to keep Vancouver as they know it in one piece.

Destroying the Vulnus leaves the caern temporarily quiescent, but nobody knows how long this will last. If any Kindred witnesses survive and report what they saw to Siegfried, the prince will allow a contingent of Garou Theurges into his city to seal the caern permanently.

Assuming success, the Garou characters will have earned great renown, while the Kindred will have made valuable contacts among the undead *and* among the lupines. Of course, the social stigma of working with the "enemy" still remains. As for the individual characters, they should have good reason to trust each other and perhaps work together in the future for everyone's greater good.

One dangerous option for the Storyteller is to let the Vulnus win. Regardless of whether the players escape, the Expo Site will be a full blown Wyrmhole. Vancouver will never be the same, for the ante has been upped. There's no way the Council will allow a Wyrmhole to exist so close to the Great Caern. This means war. Garou during war are not likely to distinguish between Wyrm-tainted vampires and Wyrm Banes. This option will mean a drastic revision in the balance of power. How does the Methuselah feel about this turn of events? How will it try to get hold of the situation from torpor? Perhaps it will awaken...

Seeds to be Sown

This section provides several "story seeds" related to the Vancouver area. There are seeds for both the Werewolf and Vampire settings, as well as cross-over adventures. Several of these ideas are ways in which Storytellers can entice their characters to visit the city on the bay and explore its unique characteristics.

The Undead Rise

Vancouver The Refuge

Vancouver is a well-known "safe house" and retreat for the Kindred. Everyone from overthrown princes to ancient elders end up in the coastal city at some time. If the characters are on the run from *anything* then a logical place to run to is Vancouver. On the other hand, maybe the characters are simply tired of being used as pawns in the political infighting of the powerful, and just want to get away from it all for awhile. Again, Vancouver is the place to go.

A variation of the refuge theme arises when an adversary of the characters has gone to ground in Vancouver and the neonates are off to hunt him down. (Not knowing about the restrictive laws of Vancouver before they arrive can make the characters' stay particularly interesting.) Once in Vancouver, their prey could have gone elsewhere, or the characters could find him easily enough only to discover that the Prince's Laws prevent them from doing anything to him.

Vancouver, The Mystery

Most princes around the world, and the Camarilla itself, are interested in the happenings of the city nicknamed Hollywood North. The characters could be sent as spies or emissaries of either their prince or the Camarilla to find out the secret of Siegfried's city and how to replicate it elsewhere. In addition to this, the characters may be sent to pave the way for a hostile takeover by their patron (or they could be sent to inform Siegfried that somebody else is planning something along those lines). The characters might have heard of the Great Library as well and might wish to find out if such a collection of ancient tomes actually exists.

Out Of The Forest

The Caern By The Sea

Vancouver is home to a powerful caern. But what if the Vancouver Garou learned that there might be another great caern, either within Vancouver itself or somewhere in the interior of the province? Perhaps this is one of the "lost caerns",

created millennia ago by one of the extinct septs of the Pacific Northwest, with powers and associated spirits found nowhere else in the world.

Of course, rumors of a new caern would attract the attention of more than the Garou. Minions of the Wyrm would purely love to defile such a source of power, turning it into a Wyrmhole before the Garou could protect and preserve it. The characters might be in a race against time and the Wyrm to find the new caern and protect it until elder Garou capable of binding its power properly can reach the scene.

What if the new caern is inside the city? The Kindred might not be overjoyed to learn of another reason for the "foul lupines" to come traipsing into their city. The characters might have to negotiate with hostile Kindred to gain permission for their elders to visit and investigate the site.

Against the Mill

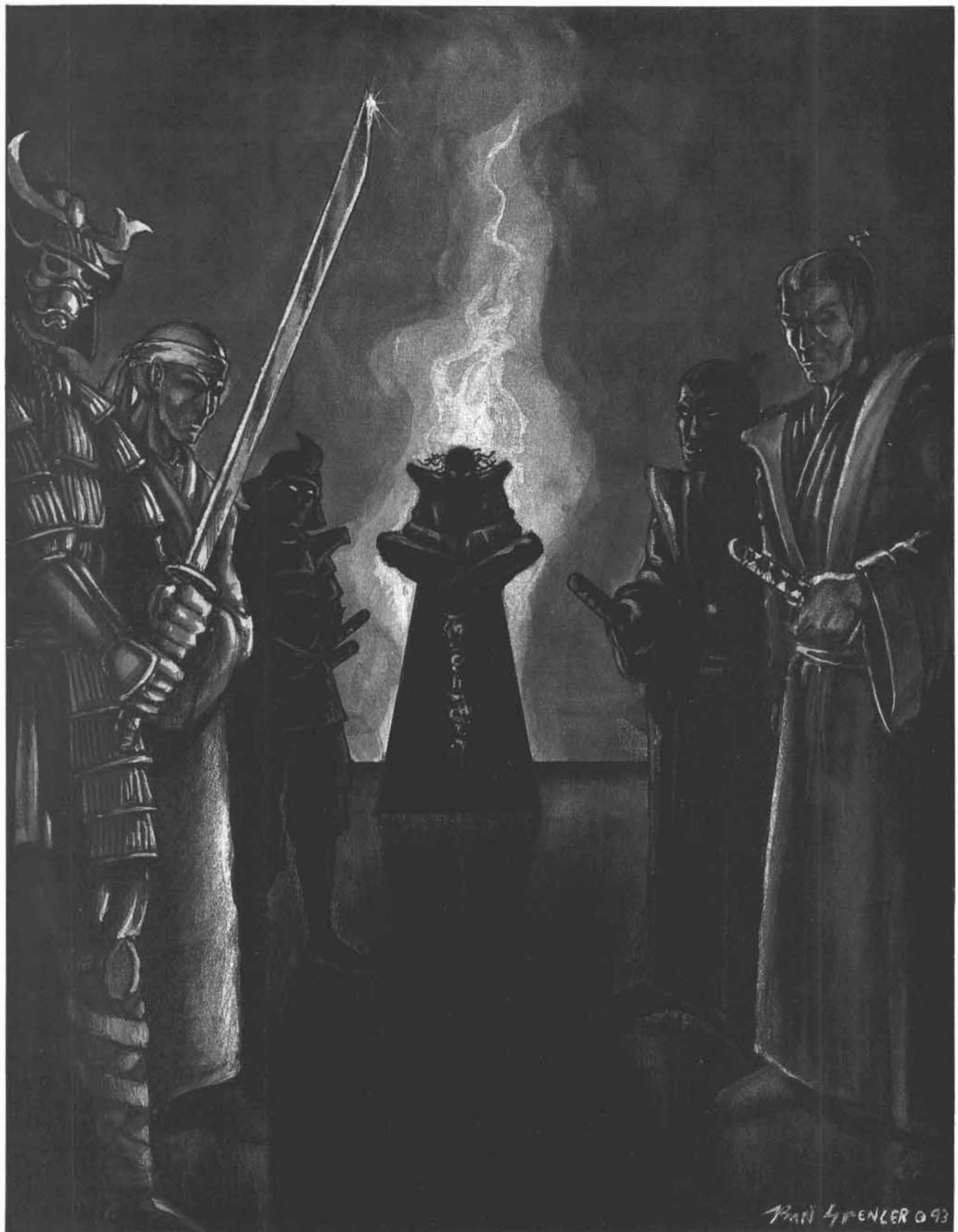
British Columbia's main industry is timber. With the Wyrm behind the logging companies, how long will the wilderness survive? If the characters aren't from B.C., then they might be sent to Vancouver to help the local Garou save the ancient wilderness from the predation of the "resource rapers". This type of story could unite several different tribes for a time as they fight off the Wyrm. What happens to this alliance of Garou tribes after the threat starts to subside? The characters might find themselves as diplomats trying to unite the tribes, or as war chiefs embroiled in intertribal war.

Quest for Knowledge

British Columbia used to be home to many septs and other groups of Garou, now extinct. A quest for the truth behind legends of artifacts and "lost septs" could lead the characters throughout the province and into the virgin rain forests, places where humans have never set foot. In addition to this, old burial sites and caves housing elders used to cover the area now known as Vancouver. If the players could uncover some of these places, there could be powerful fetishes to be found. This is the task to which the Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers claim to have dedicated themselves.

On the Trail of the Wyrm

If you used both vampire and werewolf players, perhaps it will be more interesting if you can keep the group together. Now that the vampires realize that there is another force out there (the Wyrm), they might decide to help the werewolf players combat it. You could also get both groups to go to another city, such as Seattle, either to stop the spread of the Wyrm or for some other reason. Whatever you decide, it might be interesting to keep the two types of characters together.



Appendix: The Bushi

"Go not to the East... for there lies your death."

- The Book of Nod, Chronicle of Shadows

The Western vampires do not fully understand Kindred from Japan. The Gaki are one example of vampires from this country (see *World of Darkness*). They are creatures who believe they are the descendants of the Kami who created Japan. Several other groups of vampires have similar myths about their own origins, including the Bushi. Not only do the Bushi and the Gaki differ in philosophical ways, but they are also different in their powers and weaknesses. It is possible that both groups are right about their origins and that they are different "species" of vampires. No one in the West knows for sure, and even in Japan itself, the argument still rages.

This is the version of the story told by the Bushi. Long ago, the Japanese Islands were created by the gods Izanagi and Izanami. Their daughter was Amaterasu o Mikami, the sun goddess and divine ancestor of the imperial family, who became the leader of the gods. Amaterasu's brother Susanoo no Mikoto was the bad-tempered and violent god of storms. When he defiled his sister's palace in heaven, Amaterasu became angry and locked herself in a cave, plunging the universe into darkness. The Sun Goddess was finally lured out by the other gods. Susanoo was banished to Earth and his children were cursed to live in darkness. They feel pain when touched by the light of the sun, and invite death when fully bathed in the light of Amaterasu o Mikami.

As the children of Susanoo, the vampires of Japan live in darkness, unwilling to venture far from their home. Instead, they concentrate on their triumphs and defeats in the islands of the gods. Most of the vampires from Japan live by the ancient code of Bushido and have developed a social structure very different from the vampires of Europe and the Americas.

Great sprawling cities are overflowing with vitae, and the descendants of Susanoo feed well. In order to preserve this feeding ground, the elders of the ruling castes have started to send their minions abroad, breaking their centuries-old seclusion. In North America, Europe and elsewhere, the Japanese vampires have invested time and money in acquiring the power they need to protect their domain from the more familiar Cainites, as well as expanding their power. The members of the Bushi Clan travel to protect their masters' holdings and scout the world outside the islands formed by the gods.

The vampires of Japan are very different from those of Europe. One of the main differences is their belief that they are descendants of the god Susanoo no Mikoto and not Caine. As far as the Western vampires can tell from their limited interaction with the Eastern vampires, there may be some basis in fact that the ones who call themselves the Children of Susanoo are an altogether different "race" from the children of Caine.



These vampires are organized into a bloodline system much like the Western clans. Each bloodline has its own teachings and disciplines, many of which can be compared to the disciplines of the Western vampires. Some teachings, like Kai, are based on basic philosophies and ideas about life, while others are based on the binding of spirits, control of the elements, and the forces of the anti-elements.

They have been fighting a long war against both *gaijin* Garou and the Hengeyokai, the races of Japanese shapechangers. Among their enemies are the Kitsune (werewolves) and the Neko (cat creatures). Although there are very few lupines native to Japan, many have been traveling there *en masse* in their war against the Wyrm. The small industrialized island country is seen as a major center of Wyrm activity. This ongoing war against the foreign Garou is the main reason that the Japanese vampires are so interested in Vancouver. If one city of vampires can make peace with the lupines, maybe the Japanese can come to a similar arrangement. Unfortunately, the children of Susanoo don't realize how futile any attempt to make peace with the Garou will probably be.

Clan Bushi

The Bushi are classical Japanese warriors. Members of this clan are the warrior elite. They fight to the Final Death to preserve their honor and that of their masters, neither asking nor offering surrender. To be a Bushi is to be one of the samurai of legend, existing by the code of Bushido. A follower of

Bushido must fight well, serving the master with honor. She must be proud and not besmirch her name and lineage.

The Bushi concentrate on honing their combat skills to the utmost degree, but not all of these skills are combat-related. A bushi must also be a diplomat, acting for her master in her absence. She must be a poet and a historian, in addition to many other roles. This is the ideal of the Bushi clan, who seek out those who lived with honor so that they may serve in undeath with that same honor.

Appearance

The members of this clan usually wear conservative suits with long overcoats to conceal weapons. A Bushi will always look well-kept. Men within the clan usually have short, well-trimmed hair.

Haven

A Bushi's haven would be wherever his master decides it should be. This is typically hidden within the corporate skyscrapers of the city or near other holdings of the master. A Bushi who has attained enough rank to become the personal guard of his master will sleep in adjoining rooms of the vampire which he serves.

Background

Since the Bushi Embrace only those who they deem to have lived with honor, the character could come from many different avenues in life. With overseas expansion, a few westerners have been taken into the clan.

Character Creation

The primary focus of Bushi is on perfecting one's self as a warrior, but some social skills, especially etiquette should be taken. History and an art form, such as painting or poetry, are also recommended. The generation of the Bushi vampire is also a factor of her rank, or status, among others of her kind. In general, the higher the generation, the higher the rank of the vampire. When making a Bushi character, the Storyteller should keep this in mind and, unless she wants a high-ranking Bushi player, should not allow the player to buy the Generation background.

Clan Disciplines

Celerity, Presence, Kai

Weaknesses

The abilities of the Bushi are based around mysticism and bound by honor. There is a strong mystical bond between the Bushi and his master in addition to his very way of unlfe. If a Bushi breaks his freely given word or acts dishonorably, he will find that his inner force has become tainted and he will be without the use of his disciplines. The only way for the vampire to regain a pure spirit is to somehow cleanse himself of the

dishonor and start anew. For samurai in the past ritual suicide was sometimes the answer if the individual was dishonored. (The Gaki believe this as well.)

With death, the samurai would reenter the Karmic wheel and start from the beginning. The Bushi believe that the vampire is the height of the wheel and once vampirism is attained, one is outside the life cycle. Final Death removes one from the cycle, so if one dies without honor, all one's previous lives were wasted as the spirit dies. If, on the other hand, a Bushi goes down into the Final Death with honor, he takes his place with Susanoo himself.

The possibility of a Bushi losing his power comes after breaking his word more than once and continuously dishonoring himself. If a Bushi does break a freely given word of honor, then that Bushi does not only lose honor and face, but also automatically loses a permanent point of Willpower. Successive and repeated violations may cause a derangement, not to mention a severe reprimand from the lord. These punishments are bestowed to the Bushi character by the Storyteller and are a reminder of the mystical ties that the character has with his inner spirit and his beliefs. Derangements gained this way may only be cured through a long spiritual cleansing process.

In addition to this, the curse of Amaterasu has left the Bushi especially vulnerable to sunlight. When exposed to sunlight, double the damage inflicted. This lends more credence to the idea that the Gaki and the Bushi are of two different types of vampires, since the Gaki are not very susceptible to sunlight.

Bushi Society

As stated above, the Bushi are servants of their masters, sworn for eternity and used as bodyguards, warriors or even diplomats. Taking this clan means that the character will be highly restricted by the whims of her master, and the Storyteller should roleplay this control. Occasionally, a Bushi will be freed from this control by the destruction of her master. Even then, her oath obliges her to track down and destroy her master's killers. Only when all the guilty parties have been slain is the Bushi free to follow her own destiny. This devotion to the master is not unlike a blood bond, and in fact the drinking of blood from other vampires (especially those of different rank) is quite common.

In the society of Japanese vampires, the idea of diablerie is not one which is treated with horror or disdain, but one that is frequently practiced. If a vampire is challenged to combat (not just physically, but just as often mentally) the vampire who loses may be drained of blood. (Western vampires challenged by those from Japan may find themselves in a contest of artistic skill, such as poetry, rather than a test of combative skill.) Although the victor may drain the loser, this may not always happen. Leaving the vanquished to live with his failure sometimes serves the victor's purpose more.

The position a Bushi has in vampire society is dependent on her rank. This rank comprises various factors like honor and face, and functions much like the lupine rank system. (If you are using a Bushi character, use the rank system provided in





Werewolf for now.) When a Bushi achieves a higher rank, she must perform a task or feat to show she has earned that rank. This can be anything from a quest to a duel with a higher ranking Bushi. Typically, if the feat involves a duel, the lower ranking vampire must not slay the higher ranking Bushi, but the higher ranking Bushi is under no such restriction. If the Bushi completes her task, then several members of the higher rank for which she has just qualified allow her to drink some of their blood, effectively raising her to their station. This drinking of blood, coupled with ancient rites, allows the Bushi to learn Disciplines of a higher rank than she previously possessed.

Organization

The Bushi are a closely knit clan and show each other respect when they meet, even when they serve elders who are enemies. Bushi will frequently announce their intentions, followed by their name and master, when they meet. They thrive on personal honor, and so will call each other out for personal duels when conflicts arise. Bushi of the same master will help each other out as long as their master or their individual honor is not compromised.

Like most vampires from the Far East, the Bushi are part of a caste system and therefore believe, completely and unshakably, that it is their function to serve as it is their master's function to lead. The only way for a vampire of a lower caste to gain

status is to gain renown and face (similar to the werewolves' way of gaining status).

Quote

"Honor above all is what dictates my actions. Do not judge me upon anything else, for to do so would demean both of us."

New Discipline: Kai

Kai is the discipline of inner power. It is based upon the mystical honor fostered among the Bushi. The Bushi focuses her inner power and resolve into a weapon both martial and coercive. The fifth level of this Discipline is the highest given in this source book, but it is rumored that masters of this Discipline can draw upon the life force of others around them to destroy enemies hundreds of miles away. This Discipline must be learned from another Bushi, so those wishing to learn it will have to seek out a master.

• Inner Focus

Honor is foremost in the Bushi's mind and soul. It is this idea of honor, this overwhelming drive to perform their duty, that allows this power to work. Instead of using Willpower points to resist the urge to frenzy, a Bushi may spend two blood points and regain an inner calm for the scene, so that she may act with honor and perform her master's will. In order for this to work, the situation in which the Bushi will frenzy must be one that would either endanger a task given by the Bushi's master or a



situation which would cause the character to loose honor if she frenzied. This is just one of the powerful mystical abilities of the Bushi which may seem like a Thaumaturgy path, but in fact is the essence of the spirit.

•• Focused Strike

Those who are well-practiced in the martial arts are known to be able to break wood and brick with their hands, feet and heads. The Focused Strike is an extension of that ability. By expending blood points, the character can focus her inner power into a massive strike which, instead of wood and brick, can break through walls of stone or iron and destroy the most powerful of enemies. With this power, a Bushi may send an enemy flying with the lightest of blows. (It is rumored that a higher level of Kai allows the vampire to focus such power through objects, such as swords or bullets.)

System: The amount of damage done by a blow is increased by two dice per blood point expended (to a maximum of ten dice). The inner force of a person, whether living or undead, has mystical properties and thus any damage caused by this attack will count as aggravated.

••• Honorable Elixir

The Bushi may turn her blood into a spiritual substance that will cause others who drink it to walk the path of honor. Anyone, either mortal or vampire (even those of a higher generation than the blood donor) who drinks the blood must treat the Bushi honorably, as if he were a Bushi as well. He will suffer any Willpower loss or derangement that normally comes with breaking one's vow. This effect only lasts for one scene, unless the Honorable Elixir has been drunk on three different occasions, in which case a Blood Bond develops and the honor effect becomes permanent.

The Bushi often use this during business negotiations, even on mortals ignorant of their vampiric nature. It is not hard convincing businessmen to honor the Bushi's "simple Japa-

nese custom from samurai times", in this case, the sharing of a drop of blood (or a drop concealed in a cup of saki). This ensures that the Bushi are never cheated in business dealings, or if they are, the cheaters suffer for their dishonor.

System: A Willpower point must be spent to energize the blood. Only those drinking the blood will be effected.

•••• Shield from Fire

Fire is the ally of the sun and thus the enemy of the children of Susanoo. Once the vampire masters the ability to focus her inner force, she is then taught to use this ability as a shield against attacks. By expending blood points, the character can create a red aura around herself which will ward off the power of the flame.

System: For every blood point expended, one turn of invulnerability from fire is gained.

••••• Daimyo's Law

This allows the Bushi to force another, whether mortal or vampire, to pursue an obligation for the Bushi. This obligation is specific and usually involves a task. The task could be to fetch a stolen clan object, such as an old sword, to punish another vampire for an injury to clan honor, or even to close a business deal for the clan. The Bushi must verbally deliver the obligation. The obligation lasts until it has been performed. If the target ignores the obligation, he will lose a Willpower point at the end of every week in which he has done nothing to complete the task. It is the Storyteller's discretion as to what constitutes furthering the task. (It is rumored that a higher level of Kai allows the Daimyo's Law to be placed upon multiple targets.)

System: The Bushi rolls Manipulation plus Leadership against a difficulty of the target's Willpower. The target may resist with a Willpower roll against an eight difficulty. If the Bushi has even one success, the Daimyo's Law takes effect. If the target is under the effect of the Honorable Elixir at the time, he may roll only half his Willpower Dice Pool to resist.





Beauty. Passion. Horror.

Expanded.

Hardcover.

More hopeful.

More terrifying.

Completely rewritten.

Art from George Pratt.

Original fiction from Rick Hautala.

More interaction with the physical World of Darkness.

The same attention to content and aesthetics that made

Mage: The Ascension's Second Edition outsell Vampire: The Masquerade.

Wraith: The Oblivion, Second Edition
Eternity Is Under New Management



What's black and white and dark all over?



Because the Darkness is bigger than just five games — because some characters don't play by the *ordinary* rules — because some *things* aren't easily classified — and because some problems are universal — White Wolf presents the World of Darkness series of supplements.

Designed to fill in the back alleys, populate the shadows and bridge the gaps, these books are full of exactly what you just can't find anywhere else. Good for any player and every Storyteller.

World of Darkness: Gypsies

Now Available

World of Darkness: Outcasts

Now Available

World of Darkness: Combat

Now Available

World of Darkness: Midnight Circus

Fall 1996

World of Darkness: Mummy Second Edition

Winter 1996

In 1997
White Wolf
will take you
beyond the
World of Darkness...

...to the stars.

Brace yourself.

RAGE ACROSS AUSTRALIA

By Richard Watts, Marc Rudgley and Ben Chessell





The Death of the Bunyip

Moonlight shone upon the gathered tribes as they waited for Grek Twice-Tongue to begin his song. Light in the outback is harsh and unforgiving; it reveals everything in the starker fashion. Grek was metis, and the moon mercilessly exposed his deformities. Those jealous of the Philodox's power said Grek's spirit was as twisted as his body, but few heeded such rumors.

Grek's hairless Crinos form crouched over the didgeridoo while one knotted hand beat out a counterpoint rhythm upon the dry earth. Grek's skin (white as Meeka the Moon, for he was albino) was daubed with red, black and yellow ochre. Feathers had been affixed with blood to his wrists. He looked like some incarnation of Kurpannga, the Devil Dingo, come to deliver judgment and retribution upon the Garou. The didgeridoo's moaning breath washed over the gathered tribes as the dancers whirled into the clearing, their bodies painted with ochres of white and red. Some had leaves tied to their knees and elbows; others had small feathers plastered to their chests and backs with blood.

Grek began to sing. His voice rose, wailing into the clear night sky, and the dancers began to beat the earth with their feet. Only one dancer remained still; he was to perform the role of Wyrmainter in the ritual to come. Wyrmainter had been Alpha of the Red Talons last century. He had won his renown and his *nom du guerre* by leading Wyrm beasts into traps with his own body as bait. Now he was reviled, for Wyrmainter's passions had led the Garou into the War of Tears, when war was waged against the Bunyip. The dancers' movements and Grek's voice rolled back the barrier of time, and once again the last Fianna moot sat in judgment in the Australian bush...

• • •

Wyrmainter stood stiff-legged before the decaying, ravaged body of Greyflank, his sister. Occasionally he would lower his muzzle to nuzzle her cold flanks. He had allowed no one to touch her corpse, let alone dispose of the body as was fitting, since it was discovered five days ago near the

Three Sisters. Greyflank's cadaver had been found spread across a large carving of the Rainbow Serpent, ribs cracked open and head severed. Her guts had been devoured and her heart burnt to a cinder. The charred lump of muscle still glowed like an ember, radiating soft waves of heat. The best Garou hunters had been unable to find her head.

Now Wyrmainter's muscles rippled as he changed, swelling upward from Lopus through Hispo to Crinos. He swung his heavy head this way and that, glaring at the assembled Garou gathered in moot around him.

"Greyflank's killers must die," Wyrmainter said with difficulty, his voice harsh and guttural. "Death to all Bunyip."

For the Red Talon, this was a veritable speech. The Garou muttered and snarled among themselves, while Wyrmainter shifted back to Lopus, awaiting the moot's decision.

Keally O'Shannessy leaned back impassively, but her mind was in turmoil. Her fingers drummed a complex tattoo on one powerful thigh, the only outward sign of her tension. What to do? To whom could she turn for advice? If only Fingal Truth-Sayer had not been killed last month by Black Spiral Dancers; he would have known what to do. Keally felt herself too new to her position as Fianna Righ to pass a decree of such importance, and nothing in her training had prepared her for a judgment like this. She must decide quickly. Wyrmainter would take any hesitation as a sign of weakness, and that she could not afford. She could not afford to lose face now. If only the Bunyip had come to the moot to defend themselves. Keally had sent Fianna and Silent Striders to scour the land and the Dreamtime alike; no sign of the Bunyip had been found. Was their absence proof of their guilt?

"Surely there is another way." The tribes parted to allow Kanakis, a homid Glass Walker, access to the circle. At 96, Kanakis was the oldest Garou in Australia. His great age and wisdom, and his knowledge of humans and their ways, had earned Kanakis a degree of respect even though he had but recently arrived on Australian shores. Of late, as age weakened him, Kanakis had begun to lean upon a walking stick, a long length of silver gum. Now his stick struck the hard-packed earth emphatically.

"I share your grief, Wyrmainter. Your sister will be missed by all the tribes."

A low growl, and the flick of one ragged ear, was the Red Talon's only reply. Kanakis paused for a moment, then went on.

"But the evidence you present is hardly irrefutable," the old Glass Walker continued. "While the Three Sisters are sacred to the Bunyip, and the Rainbow Serpent is the tribe's most respected totem, any Wyrm-poisoned mind could have killed Greyflank."

Keally looked on as another elderly Garou, also in Homid form, made his way forward.

Kropotkin Rain-on-Leaves of the Stargazers now stood beside Kanakis. "The words of Kanakis make sense to me. What advantage would the Bunyip gain from this act?

Although they have always been distant, they have never offered us any sign of violence in the past."

A derisive howl rang out through the gathered tribes, and a sable wolf the size of a small pony trotted into the circle. None could mistake Black Ivan, foremost amongst the Get of Fenris. He glared first at Keally, then dismissively at Kanakis and Kropotkin, before shifting into Glabro.

"Are the Fianna so weak that they cannot judge what is obvious? All here know the detestable Bunyip murdered Greyflank." Black Ivan squatted on his haunches, a smug expression crossing his brutish countenance.

"Aye," a new voice snarled. "Ivan is right. Why have the Bunyip hidden from us for so long? Because they know that we will smell the stink of the Wyrm on them. We should destroy them now before they can ready their defenses."

Kanakis looked around to see from whom this latest inflammatory comment came.

"Why did I not guess that the Shadow Lords would support this call for blood?" the Glass Walker said with bitter resignation.

"Here less than five years, and already he thinks he knows more about Australia and the Bunyip than his betters. Typical Glass Walker arrogance." Tepes Godkin, sinewy arms folded across his chest, glared at Kanakis with undisguised loathing. The Shadow Lord's pack snarled, pacing at Godkin's feet.

"And blinded by his close association with the Bunyip," Black Ivan barked. "Kanakis, you are mesmerized by these creatures because you do not understand them. I do not need to understand them to see them for what they are: creatures of the Wyrm. And as such they must be destroyed!"

Wyrmainter's rage could no longer be restrained. He began to shake with barely repressed fury.

"I will have this hunt," Wyrmainter growled, not bothering to shift into the detestable Homid form in order to speak. He talked as a wolf talks, with muzzle and tail. "I will tear the heart from the body of every Bunyip even as they have torn out my sister's soul. I will spill the blood of the Bunyip upon the soil as an offering to Gaia. Fianna, give me your judgment now. The time for talking is past. Let us rage."

Keally could see that Wyrmainter was barely under control. She did not want to provoke him to a frenzy here. She looked over the Garou before her, assessing their mood. Tepes Godkin smiled coldly at her as he cleaned his talons with his klaw. She had no choice. It had taken her too long to rise to her current position; if she did not give Wyrmainter the decision he wanted, the Red Talons, Shadow Lords and Get of Fenris would pull her down. If all her years of struggle were not to be wasted, then she would have to give Wyrmainter his hunt. But perhaps she could limit the damage it would cause.

"Gather the tribes. In three days the hunt for the Bunyip begins." Keally gazed calmly at the Red Talon leader.

"Hunt, Wyrmainter, until your grief has been assuaged by Bunyip blood." Surely, she reasoned, his genocidal fury would be quenched once Greyflank's killer lay dead at his feet; his rage could not be so great that he would destroy an entire tribe.

Wyrmainter loped away, a bright, feral light in his eyes. Black Ivan and Tepes Godkin followed him.

In the darkness, a watching shadow, gaunt and sinister, smiled to itself and loped away.

Three days passed quickly. During the first night, Greyflank's still-glowing heart disappeared. None could determine who had stolen it, and the crime, like many others, was laid at the paws of the Bunyip.

The second day Wyrmainter sang open a ghost gum, and Greyflank's body was laid to rest within the woody womb of the tree. The gathering tribes howled their grief and fury, and the outback echoed with their lament.

The dawning of the third day was red and wild, as if Gaia herself sensed the threatening tempest. Garou had gathered from across the land, bringing with them tales of floods, of strange spirits walking abroad, of great unrest in the Dreamtime. Sings-with-the-Moon, an Uktena Theurge, viewed such omens and marked well their meaning, but said nothing, only smiled a small, secret smile. The Uktena were as yet few in this oldest of lands, and even if he had called for peace and parley between the Bunyip and the Garou, none would have listened to his words. Soon, Sings-with-the-Moon knew, the secrets of the Bunyip, jealously guarded, would belong to him and his tribe.

Wyrmainter had sat beside Greyflank's final resting place since her burial. That night, as the sun set, he took Crinos form and loped toward the foothills of the Blue Mountains. His muscular arms were banded in leather thongs and fetishes, and scars adorned his arms and chest. Wyrmainter had neither slept nor eaten in three days. Only his rage sustained him. At his side hung a long silver klawie, engraved with runes, the Griffin carved upon its hilt. His stride was slow and determined as his eyes rose from the forest floor to settle upon those awaiting him. Some 50 Garou had gathered for the hunt. Most, although not all, were Red Talons, Shadow Lords and Get of Fenris. Keally of the Fianna stood among them, her eyes grim and sad. She would accompany the hunt lest her judgment was needed, and so that she might tell future Garou whatever tale unfolded over the following months. Bone Gnawers; a Silent Strider or two; the enigmatic, mistrusted Uktena; even a Child of Gaia, a bitter outcast from his tribe: all these had gathered, eager for Bunyip blood. Ever since the Garou had arrived upon Australian shores they had feared the Bunyip and their alien ways. They waited for the hunt to begin.

Wyrmainter stood before the assembled Garou and cast his maddened gaze across them. He was no homid. He was no Fianna. He was not one for grand speeches and fancy talk. He spit his words through his fangs.

"We have come to kill Bunyip. Let us kill."

Facing the setting sun, Wyrmainter drew his klawie and screamed rather than sang the Litany of the Hunt. With claw and klawie he ripped through the Gauntlet, tearing a ragged opening into the Dreamtime. This was not the proper way to enter the Penumbra. This was spiritual rape.

The baying pack followed Wyrmainter into the Dreamtime. Around them, the Penumbra reflected the turmoil of the physical world and its spiritual guardians. The ground rippled like the flanks of a frightened kangaroo, and the eternal twilight shimmered with strange colors and sounds. From nearby came the bellow of a nervous diprotodon, while flocks of cockatoos flapped and circled overhead, shrieking like the Wyrm itself. Turongs hissed angrily in the trees overhead, shaking stick-thin limbs at the invaders. A cold wind, not the usual warmth of the outback breeze, hurled twigs and leaves at the invading Garou, most of whom were now in Lupus form, sniffing for the scent of Bunyip.

A young Red Talon, Terror-in-His-Teeth, was the first to come upon a Bunyip spoor. Howling eagerly, he followed the scent, nose to the ground and tail held high. The hunt followed hard at his heels. Some among them shifted to Hispo or Crinos form, the better to slay the first Bunyip they met.

When they did encounter their enemy, maddened as they were by rage, none saw that the Bunyip was already weak and wounded, as if from some previous battle. She stood in her strange Lupus form, blood encrusted on her lean, striped flanks, narrow muzzle raised and sniffing the wind. Before the Bunyip could even utter her coughing bark, Terror-in-His-Teeth flung himself upon her and was soon the victor. Grinning in pride, he swaggered toward the hunt, only to be slain by the enraged Wyrmainter. The Bunyip had died too quickly; Wyrmainter had desired the creature's agony to rival that experienced by his sister. As leader of the hunt, the right of first blood should have been his. Wyrmainter was ever ruled by pride, and he was quick to prove that none, not even another Red Talon, should deprive him of that which was his by law.

In the bloody months thereafter, death followed death. Blood stained the soil of the Outback and the Dreamtime. Mighty deeds and terrible atrocities were committed by both sides. Spirits joined the fray, attempting to save the Bunyip from the Garou's rage, to no avail. A Shadow Lord, Ironfang by name, won immortal fame for his battle against a Nargun, a lumbering spirit of stone; Kropotkin Rain-on-Leaves, the Stargazer who had tried to stop the hunt before it ever began, died attempting to save a Bunyip cub from Tepes Godkin's klawie. Tepes himself was terribly wounded, dying soon afterward. Bunyip whose names are now forgotten held off Garou packs, allowing their brethren to escape (although always such survivors were hunted down, and always they were slain). Ultimately, it was the European Garou who claimed victory.

A year after the death of Greyflank, the last Bunyip was found in a cave on the slopes of Mount Kosciusko, high in the Great Dividing Range. He had fled the horrors that shook the Dreamtime, taking refuge in the land he and his people had vowed to protect. Wyrmhbaiter entered the cave alone. Deep within he found the Bunyip. He was sitting beside a fire, wearing the Glabro, singing the song of mourning quietly to himself, his back to the cave mouth.

When Wyrmhbaiter entered the cave the last Bunyip spoke.

"So you are my death. I shall be glad to die. You have spared none of my kindred, and were I to live, I would be so lonely that death should seem a blessing."

Wyrmhbaiter said nothing, but the bloodlust and madness in his eyes made words unnecessary. Trembling, he transformed into Crinos.

"You are no Garou," Wyrmhbaiter grunted, his voice thick with rage. "The Wyrm's taint marks you."

"The only Wyrm I see is the Wyrm in your eyes, cousin," the last Bunyip said with resignation. Outside, the wind sobbed around the mouth of the cave, while the greatly diminished hunting pack waited for Wyrmhbaiter's triumphant return. "Enough words now. You would not listen to us when we tried to show you the error of your ways. When we tried to tell you that Black Spiral Dancers hindered us from attending your moot and mourning your sister, you turned away. I am weary. All I crave is death."

Wyrmhbaiter drew back his paw. With one blow, he removed the top of the last Bunyip's head. The Bunyip fell forward into Wyrmhbaiter's arms, blood pulsing from its wound in time with the slowing of its heart. The Red Talon grinded down, teeth bared. Even as he raised his head to howl in triumph, he felt the Bunyip's spirit leave its dying body. It brushed past him, and in it Wyrmhbaiter felt no evil, no corruption, no taint of the Wyrm. The spirit told him of a life lived in tranquillity and peace, of a level of communion with Gaia about which Garou could only dream. Wyrmhbaiter opened his eyes and met the dead gaze of a young Aboriginal boy, scarcely more than 16 years old. In shock, he shifted back into Lopus, dropping the body. He began to whimper. Distantly, Wyrmhbaiter registered the sound of falling rock at the rear of the cave, and a waft of stale, sickly air, as if from some newly opened, deeper cavern.

"What's this? The mighty Wyrmhbaiter crying? This will not do. This will not do at all."

He looked into the darkness, ears pricked despite his exhaustion. A darkly beautiful woman stepped out of the shadows. Her eyes swallowed the light of the Bunyip's fire. Long, straight hair, black as the shadows from which she had sprung, fell over her pale shoulders. Her skin was pallid and faintly phosphorescent, like subterranean fungi. The woman carried a stained hemp bag in her left hand. "You have been magnificent, as I knew you would be. The greatest tool I have ever used."

Wyrmhbaiter snarled, and crouched, ready to spring.

"Come now, my love, do you not recognize your own mistress? Ah, I forgot, we have never been formally introduced. My name is Mara. Mara the Scream. I knew your sister, intimately. In fact, she gave me a little present for you."

The woman reached into the hemp bag and tossed its contents toward Wyrmhbaiter. Something rolled across the cave, landing at his paws. Looking down, he beheld his sister's rotting head.

"You have done the Dancers a great service by destroying the Bunyip. This little gift is the least we can give you in return. The Dreamtime is now defenseless. Its spirits will turn against you, having witnessed your destruction of their guardians. Once we have gained control of the Dreamtime, the whole of Australia will fall to the Wyrm. Don't you see how clever we have been?" Mara the Scream laughed, an evil, liquid gurgle.

"We killed your sister. We delayed the Bunyip from reaching your moot. I was listening when you demanded justice, a hunt against those who had done you no wrong. Oh, Wyrmhbaiter, what a magnificent fool you have been!"

Shock cut Wyrmhbaiter's heart like a knife, and for a moment he thought he would die. He gazed without comprehension at the woman standing before him, noticing only now the boneless, fluid movement of her sinuous body as she turned and walked, still laughing, back into the shadows that had spawned her. In the darkness beyond, something stirred, and Wyrmhbaiter caught a glimpse of other Black Spiral Dancers, welcoming Mara as she returned to the mouth of their newly dug warren.

Outside, the gathered Garou heard Wyrmhbaiter's mad, hopeless howl. Bursting into the cave, claws scrabbling against the stone, they found him weeping and nearly mad, snapping at the empty air. Wyrmhbaiter spat out a garbled account of what the Black Spiral Dancer had told him. It was not the Bunyip who had slain his sister. The hunt he had launched was an obscene mistake. He must atone for his sins.

Howling, Wyrmhbaiter flung himself into the yawning cleft at the rear of the cave. None of the other Garou were brave enough to follow him. He was never seen again...

• • •

The dance was over. The participants, gleaming with sweat, ochre running down their skin like blood, withdrew into the shadows. Grek Twice-Tongue finished his tale, and the lonely dirge of the didgeridoo began once more. As the gathered tribes slunk away into the night, Grek dropped the instrument from his lips, and slowly, joints creaking, stood to his feet. As he left the circle, a single Garou pup nervously approached him. What was the child's name? Grek searched his memory. Ranjil? Gulai?

"Yes, child?" His voice was thin, throat dry from the long singing. Gaia, but he needed a drink.

"Does no one know what happened to Wyrmbaiter, Grek?" the cub asked tentatively.

"There are tales, my dear. There are always tales. Some say he died in the darkness beneath the earth, overcome by the Wyrm itself. Others prefer to say that he lives still, hunting the outback, seeking vengeance; or that he haunts the Dreamtime, an unhappy revenant awaiting the Bunyip's return from the Deep Umbra, should any of that tribe have survived his rage, which I doubt. If you listen carefully enough, they say, on some nights you can still hear him howling."

"And are all the Bunyip truly dead?"

"What did I just say, child? Weren't you listening? The Bunyip are all dead. We killed them, after all, and we Garou have always been good hunters. For that deed we can never make amends, but we must try. Now, you can start by helping me walk back to the camp."

The two figures, one old, one young, turned and shuffled slowly away into the night.

Credits

Authors: Richard Watts, Marc Rudgley and Ben Chessell
Development: Bill Bridges
Editing: Robert Hatch
Art Director: Richard Thomas
Art: Joshua Gabriel Timbrook, SCAR (Steve Carter and Antoinette Rydyl), Des Waterman, Tonia Walden
Cover Art: Richard Kane Ferguson
Maps: Brian J. Blume
Front and Back Cover: Lawrence Snelly
Typesetting & Layout: Kathleen Ryan

© 1994 by White Wolf, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction without written permission of the publisher is expressly denied, except for the purpose of reviews. *Werewolf the Apocalypse*™ is a trademark of White Wolf, Inc. *Rage Across Australia* and all material contained herein are copyrighted by White Wolf, Inc.

The mention of or reference to any companies or products in these pages is not a challenge to the trademarks or copyrights concerned.

Maps: Some graphic elements © 1994 by Brian J. Blume

Special Thanks

Chris "Love Boat" McDonough for the cruise...
Josh "Charo" Timbrook for guest-starring on the cruise...
Steve "Capt. Steubing" Wieck for steering the boat.
Michelle "I Am Not a Moron" Prahler because *Street Fighter* has "cool background things on the things."
Rich "I'll Be Back" Thomas for arguing *Conan the Destroyer* was better than *Conan the Barbarian*. (Hey, maybe he's right...)
Aileen "Progenitor Got Your Tongue" Miles for what the Technocracy did to her Bastet.
Larry "Wicked City" Snelly for the weird movies.
Ben "Merchant Prince" Monk Jr. for being a Renaissance man — hat and all.
Jim "AOL" Townsend for reaching out and touching others with his blood pit.



4598 STONEGATE IND. BLVD.
STONE MTN., GA 30083
U.S.A.

© 1994 by White Wolf, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction without the written permission of the publisher is expressly forbidden, except for the purpose of reviews. *Werewolf the Apocalypse* and *Rage Across Australia* are trademarks of White Wolf, Inc. All characters, names, places and text herein are copyrighted by White Wolf, Inc.

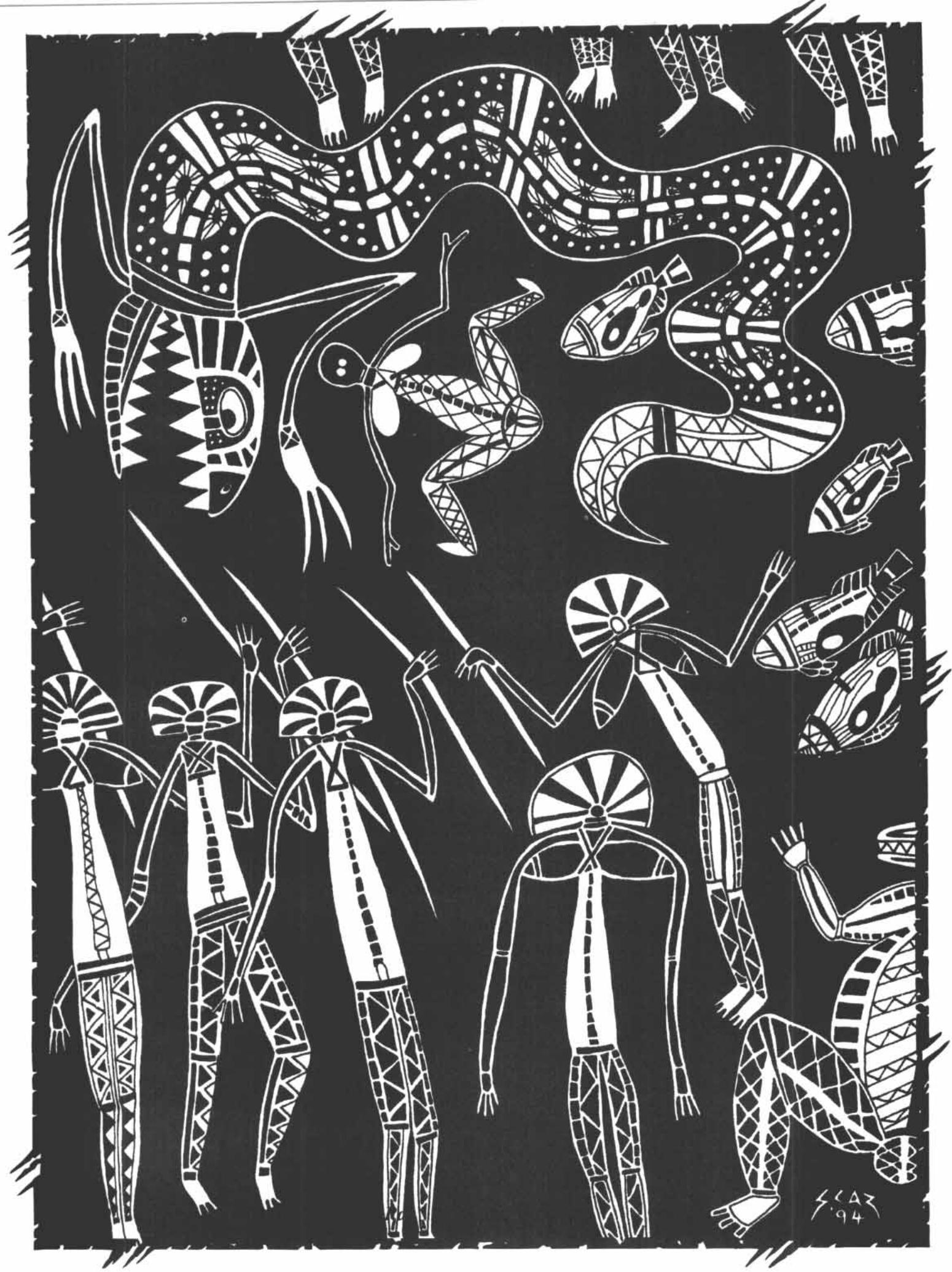
The mention of, or reference to any company or product in these pages is not a challenge to the trademark or copyright concerned.

Because of the mature themes involved, reader discretion is advised.

RAGE ACROSS AUSTRALIA

Contents

<i>Legends of the Garou: The Death of the Bunyip</i>	3
<i>Introduction</i>	11
<i>Chapter One: History</i>	15
<i>Chapter Two: Geography</i>	29
<i>Chapter Three: People</i>	55
<i>Chapter Four: Enemies</i>	91
<i>Chapter Five: The Dreamtime</i>	103
<i>Chapter Six: Dreaming the Dawn</i>	119
<i>Appendix: Dreamtime Totems</i>	137



Introduction

We have in our arteries the blood of the Original Australians, who have lived in this land for many thousands of years. You came here only recently, and you took our land away from us by force. You have almost exterminated our people, but there are enough of us remaining to expose the humbug of your claim, as white Australians, to be a civilised, progressive, kindly and humane nation. By your cruelty and callousness towards the Aborigines you stand condemned in the eyes of the civilised world.

— from the manifesto "Aborigines Claim Citizen Rights," published 1938

Welcome to Australia

Australia is one of the last wilderness areas left on the globe. Here, the Umbra and the physical Realm are virtually one, despite the efforts of humanity and the Wyrm to the contrary. Although Australia is a modern, postindustrial nation, it also houses the world's oldest continuous culture. Australian Aborigines were hunting kangaroos long before the dynasties of Egypt raised their monuments of graven stone. The ancestors of the Aborigines arrived in Australia at least 50,000 years ago — before the Garou had declared their Impergium upon humanity, before the War of Rage, and long before the Pure Ones crossed the Bering Strait to settle the Americas. Shepherded by the gentle, spiritual Garou tribe known as the Bunyip, Australia and her people existed in peace until the coming of the Europeans in 1788.

Within the last two centuries the Bunyip have been exterminated, the Aborigines subjected to attempted genocide, and the land itself exploited and violated. The world's oldest continent is slowly dying.

Preconceptions about Australia are many and varied: that it is a broad, sunburnt land of endless beaches and outback, its people bronzed and vigorous, toughened by exposure to the many natural disasters that plague the land. In America the myth endures that Australia is a land of opportunity, a younger U.S.A. innocent of its elder's sins. Europeans, particularly Britons, see Australia as a harsh, barren land, devoid of culture, but even so, the last remnant of the once-great British Empire.

In the World of Darkness, Australia is a land of contrasts. Its glass-and-steel skylines cower on the edge of a vast expanse of desert and scrub, the famed Australian outback. Gothic-Punk Australia is home to bronzed surfers sunning themselves on golden beaches, but also to pallid drug addicts shivering and starving in squalid inner-city hovels. Serene platypuses swim through clear pools, while the scream of chainsaws echoes through the bush. In the short space of 200 years, Europeans have permanently altered the Australian landscape, correspondingly affecting the spiri-

tual environment. Concrete covers the red earth, industrial poisons seep into the soil, and residue from nuclear tests scars the land. Australia's Penumbra, called the Dreamtime, already shows the stains of the Wyrm's corruption. Along the coast, where Europeans concentrated their settlements, the Penumbra is a dark, distorted place. In the outback the Penumbra is relatively unspoiled, but agents of the Wyrm have begun to penetrate the Dreamtime's mysteries, and now there are no Bunyip to repel the invaders.

Theme: Strangers in a Strange Land

Australia teeters on the edge of the abyss; below waits the Wyrm. Australia's immigrant Garou have alienated the land's spirits, their traditional allies, through their senseless slaughter of the Bunyip tribe. Before the Australian Garou can hope to win the battle against the Wyrm, they must reconcile themselves with the inhabitants of the Dreamtime. Australia's Garou must somehow gain the spirits' trust, lost when the Bunyip were slain. Many such spirits have been seduced by the Wyrm, while those that remain free fear the Garou and their savage, indiscriminate rage.

The Garou's enemies are strongly entrenched in Australia. Besides their traditional foes — Black Spiral Dancers, vampires and the scientific excess of Pentex — the Dreamtime and its spirits also oppose the Garou. The Australian Penumbra does not welcome the Garou; they must fight to make it their home. Some Garou speak words of peace, urging their brethren to renounce their pride and ally peacefully with the spirits. Most Garou, however, sneer that such diplomacy is the way of the weak, and that the Garou must force the spirits to aid them. Can the Garou overcome the pride that has in the past destroyed Gurahl, Mokolé, Bastet and Bunyip, or will Australia be another victim of their arrogance, another reason for the Garou to hang their heads in shame?

Mood: Guilt and Atonement

This book has two moods. The first is one of guilt. Australia's Garou are racked by guilt over their role in the death of the Bunyip. It pervades their every action and poisons their every thought. The presence of guilt, remorse and sorrow should be accentuated by the Storyteller at every available opportunity. Echoing the guilt of the Garou is the guilt felt by Australia's human populace, who have for 200 years displaced, dispatched and ignored the Aboriginal inhabitants of the land, and who only now seek, sometimes clumsily, to make amends.

Because of their guilt, the Garou seek to atone for their sins. The secondary mood of this book is one of atonement. The Garou must attempt to gain a deeper understanding of this land they have inherited by default, in order to rectify the wrongs they have perpetrated and save Australia from the Wyrm. By forging close ties with Dreamtime spirits and

by placing the needs of Aboriginal Australians before their own, the Garou hope that their guilt can be absolved.

Gothic-Punk Australia

This book describes a fictional Australia, a dark shadow of the real nation. Although closely based upon Australia, and written by Australians, it does not claim to emulate Australia exactly as it exists in our world. *Rage Across Australia* depicts a grimmer continent, where the attempted genocide of the Aboriginals continued into the 1950s, and where even today young blacks are taken from their homes by the police and forcibly integrated into white families in an attempt to destroy Aboriginal culture.

Some liberties have been taken with the representation of Aboriginal culture, spirits and legends in this book, although the authors hope that the material used has been treated with sensitivity and care. Unfortunately, in this short work we cannot adequately detail the beliefs and cultures of the more than 250 Australian Aboriginal tribes. If you desire more information regarding this oldest of cultures, we urge you to visit your local library.

Throughout *Rage Across Australia*, the word "Aboriginal" has been used to describe Australia's indigenous people and their culture. Since the late 1980s, many Aboriginal activists have embraced the name "Koori," a generic term of identification used by the tribes of Southern New South Wales and Victoria prior to the European invasion. It is slowly becoming a term of national identification among Australia's indigenous people, and is also gaining acceptance among whites. The authors have not employed the



word "Koori" in this manuscript, as its use represents a degree of empowerment totally absent from the Gothic-Punk world, and lacking even in the real Australia.

If you are an Australian, or have traveled there, you will recognize some of the places depicted in this book. The setting presents a grim, distorted picture of reality, appropriate for the World of Darkness; it is not, and does not claim to be, the real thing. Ignore parts of this work that you do not like, or that conflict with your own view of Gothic-Punk Australia. As Storyteller, the version of Gothic-Punk Australia you present should be tailored to your own chronicle.

References

Here is a brief list of references to aid in running an Australian chronicle. This list is by no means exhaustive. The films and books suggested below should familiarize you with the Australian landscape and culture. Other films, such as *Crocodile Dundee* and *The Man from Snowy River*, provide a more stereotypical view of Australian life, while *Howling 3: The Marsupials* and *Walkabout* should be avoided at all costs. Television programs such as *Neighbours* and *Sylvania Waters* present a sanitized view of Australian life. Most large libraries should have a selection of books about Australia.

Films

Directed by Peter Weir: *Gallipoli* (two young men join up to fight in the Great War — and wind up in the disastrous battle of Gallipoli; starring Mel Gibson), *Picnic at Hanging Rock* (the mysterious disappearance of a girl during a trip into the outback — an eerie film), *The Last Wave* (Richard Chamberlain encounters Aboriginal apocalyptic prophecies).

Directed by George Miller (all starring Mel Gibson): *Mad Max*, *The Road Warrior* (*Mad Max II*), *Mad Max III: Beyond Thunderdome* (the saga of Max Rocketansky, from a modern Australia in turmoil to a post-apocalyptic outback and the rebirth of civilization. The second film is a *must see*).

Also: *Death in Brunswick*, *Dogs in Space*, *Evil Angels* (*A Cry in The Dark*), *Ground Zero*, *Monkey Grip*, *Mull*, *Nirvana Street Murder*, *The Odd Angry Shot*, *Proof*, *Razorback* (a monstrous wild boar rages across the outback; directed by Russell Mulcahey), *Romper Stomper* (a fictional look at Australia's skinheads), *Sirens* (great scenery as a preacher travels to the outback to convince an artist — played by Sam Neil — not to display his risqué pictures), *Sunday Bloody Sunday*, *The Year My Voice Broke*.

Fiction

Puberty Blues by Gabrielle Carey and Cathy Lette; *The Songlines* by Bruce Chatwin; *The Soul Stone* by Brad Collis; *Monkey Grip* by Helen Garner; *The Fringe Dwellers* by Nene Grare; *The Chant of Jimmy Blacksmith* by Thomas Keneally; *Storm Boy*, *The Fire in the Stone* by Colin Thiele; and by Patricia Wrightson: *The Song of Wirrun* (*The Ice is Coming*, *The Dark Bright Water*, *Behind the Wind*), *The Nargun and the Stars*, *The Rocks of Honey*, *An Older Kind Of Magic*.

Nonfiction

A Short History of Australia by Manning Clarke; *The Fatal Shore* by Robert Hughes; *Australian Dreaming: 40,000 Years of Aboriginal History* by Jennifer Isaacs; *Doctor Wooreddy's Prescription for Enduring the Ending of the World* by Colin Johnson; *Koori: A Will To Win* (*The heroic resistance, survival and triumph of black Australia*) by James Miller; and *A Secret Country* by John Pilger.



Chapter One: History

With the Aborigines written out, the Australian story seems apolitical, a faintly heroic tale of white man against nature, of "national achievement" devoid of blacks, women and other complicating factors. With the Aborigines in it, the story is completely different. It is a story of theft, dispossession and warfare, of massacre and resistance. It is a story every bit of rapacious as that of the United States, Spanish America and colonial Africa and Asia. It is, above all, a political story.

— John Pilger, "A Secret Country"

Prehistory

Gaia dreams. Sixty-five million years ago, the tectonic plate bearing Australia broke away from the subcontinent of Gondwanaland and began the long migration northward to its present location. For some time migration between the rest of Gondwanaland and what was eventually to become Australia was possible. Animals swam between the two land masses, and birds flew between the two continents. Eventually, however, almost all species stopped emigrating to Australia. For most of the next 65 million years, Australia remained isolated from the rest of the world. This led to the evolution of some of the world's most unique and unusual animal life (described in greater detail in the next chapter).

First Settlement

Round about the dawn of time
The Dreamin' all began,
'nd proud people came
They were lookin' for the Promised Land
-Running from the heart of darkness
-Searchin' for the heart of light.

— Goanna, "Solid Rock"

Some anthropologists argue that Australia may have been inhabited as early as 120,000 years ago, although the evidence for this hypothesis is slim at best. More likely, the people who were to become the Australian Aborigines migrated from Indochina to Australia between 60,000 and



50,000 years ago. They arrived in several waves, probably at the peak of each Ice Age, and spread out across the continent. As the ice retreated, the people became isolated in their new home, developing their own culture and over 250 different languages. The human history of Australia had begun.

The War of Rage and the Impergium

Although Garou themselves, the Bunyip tribe could not stomach the hatred and suspicion their kin felt for others of the Changing Breed. The Bunyip had never supported violence, arguing that it only encouraged the growth of the Wyrm, in particular that aspect of the Wyrm called Calamity, Beast-of-War. The Bunyip withdrew into the Penumbra, trusting Gaia to lead them to a place of peace unspoiled by the ravages and ranting of the other Garou. After many years of wandering, the Bunyip emerged in Australia. Once in Australia the Bunyip enacted powerful rituals to seal the Dreamtime from further invasion, knowing full well the horrors that would be inflicted upon Australia by their warlike brethren were they to be discovered. Travel to Australia via Moon Bridge became impossible, and remained so until the Garou gained control of Australia's caerns. In this way the Bunyip became, like the flora and fauna of Australia, isolated from external influence, maintaining much knowledge that was lost to the Garou during the War of Rage.

The Bunyip began to explore the new land Gaia had granted them. They found its people already well established,

living in harmony with the world and one another. Primarily hunter-gathers, with strong spiritual links to the land, Australia's people never experienced the horrors of the Impergium. For this reason, pure-blood Aboriginals do not suffer the Delirium. In addition, those Aboriginals closely tied to their spiritual traditions also exhibit a resistance to the Delirium. Guided by the Bunyip, Australia's people continued to maintain a social structure that respected the individual and environment.

Australia was not immune to the corruption of the Wyrm, but those few Wyrm beasts already present were soon slain or magically bound by concerted Bunyip and Aboriginal action. In the respite that followed, the Bunyip began to breed with thylacines, wolflike marsupials native to Australia, and forged powerful alliances with native spirits. As the centuries passed, the Bunyip began to distance themselves from the physical world, content to observe the Aboriginals from the Penumbra rather than directly interfere with their development.

Once the madness of the War of Rage had passed, few among Europe's Garou wondered at the absence of the Bunyip. Most speculated that the entire tribe had fallen victim to Harano and had traveled deep into the Penumbra to die. Others, the Red Talons and Get of Fenris among them, claimed that the Bunyip must have betrayed the Garou and allied with the Wyrm, and that perhaps even now they laired in the dark realm of Malfeas.

Southeast Asia, to Australia's north, was uninhabited by Garou. Those few Uktena who had remained in Siberia after the Pure Ones' migration across the Bering Strait dwelt too far north to be aware of the Bunyip. The Bastet and other shapeshifters of the region did not travel to Australia, not wishing to leave their Kinfolk and tribal lands. Nor were they in communication with the Garou; the horrors of the War of Rage were still fresh in their minds. So well had the Bunyip hidden their tracks that they were lost to the Garou for thousands of years.

Initial Contact

*Shame the legends crack the paint upon his face
His knees at dance and they fly
And they sing
The poet woman has changed her name in shame
Cool river bed it masks the bones
Of those who died before our time
Made their claim before
Terra Nullius.*

— Not Drowning, Waving, "Terra Nullius"

The earliest visitors to Australia were the Chinese, in the years between 1400 and 1435. The Portuguese discovered and mapped much of the western coast of Australia in the early 16th century, but, like the Chinese before them, saw little value in the barren lands they surveyed. The Bunyip ensured that these early visitors saw none of the beauty of the continent, but were greeted by bushfires, blowflies and sand. The Dutch touched briefly upon Australia at the beginning of the

17th century, but left with similar impressions. William Dampier, a pirate, was the first Englishman to set foot on Australian soil. Landing on the arid northwestern coast in 1688, his first act was to shoot an Aboriginal, setting the tone for the next 300 years of white conquest. Captain James Cook, another Englishman, mapped the east coast of Australia in 1770 as part of a Technocracy-funded mission to demystify the legendary southern continent and map enigma out of existence. The Technocracy's powers enabled Cook to penetrate the Bunyip tribe's wards, seeing the fertile eastern seaboard for what it was.

European Invasion

Few seemed to care that within days of the English landing in Australia the Aboriginal Dreamtime ended as a nightmare began.

— John Pilger, "A Secret Country"

During the 18th century, America was used as a dumping site for England's unwanted masses, criminals and political prisoners, invariably commoners. After the Declaration of Independence in 1776, America refused to receive England's convicts any longer. Britain had to find a new jail. Simultaneously, the Kindred, who infested England's monarchy and ruling class, sought to spread their influence beyond the confines of the British Isles and create a new realm far from the influence of Europe's ancients. The Bunyip's vigilance had thus far prevented the Wyrm from obtaining a foothold in Australia, but now, utilizing England's need to banish her

convicts to distant shores, its minions mounted an invasion of the southern continent.

Those Silver Fangs with Kinfolk among the British aristocracy opposed the colonization of Australia, citing the harshness of the land and its great distance from England as factors against settlement. Unfortunately, they were defeated by vampiric and Technomantic factions. May 1787 saw the First Fleet, 11 store ships and transports, set sail from Portsmouth with more than 1,000 felons and their jailers on board. Many of these convicts were Fianna Kinfolk, and entire families were often transported from Ireland by the English. The Fianna followed their Kinfolk to protect them from the harsh treatment meted out to convicts by Australia's Silver Fang Kinfolk, many of whom held positions of power in the human government.

More than one Bane was transported to Australia in the holds of the First Fleet, nourished on the suffering of the surrounding convicts. After a perilous, nine-month journey, the fleet arrived at Botany Bay on January 20th, 1788. The bay, despite Captain Cook's earlier recommendations, was found to be an unsuitable port, and the surrounding land was grim and threatening. Undaunted, a small number of marines sailed north, discovering Sydney Cove, and there established Sydney Town on January 26th. The colony of New South Wales was formally declared by Governor Arthur Phillip on February 7th, 1788, in the name of King George III, although the 26th of January has ever after been celebrated as the official founding day of the Australian nation.



Because the Garou had failed to stop the settlement of Australia, they ensured that a number of their kind were included among the crew of the First Fleet. These Garou, predominantly Silver Fang officers and Bone Gnawer sailors, were entrusted with the task of ensuring that the British did not adversely affect Gaia in their colonization of Australia. Not knowing that Australia's population was already guided by the Bunyip, the Garou travelers were also appointed to become the guardians of the newly discovered southern land. These Garou were led by Earl Blaze of Uffington, a Silver Fang whose Kinfolk served in England's House of Lords. Earl Blaze was a fierce imperialist and fervently believed in the Gaia-given right of the nobility to dominate the common herd. He also believed the Silver Fangs were Gaia's chosen children, appointed to rule over other Garou.

Although in later years the Silver Fangs denied it, a Bone Gnawer, Porkchop, was the first European Garou to set foot on Australian soil. Porkchop was a voluntary exile from England, a charismatic Bone Gnawer determined to raise the status of her tribe. She and her newfound packmates were soon deemed troublesome by Blaze and were dispatched to scout out the lands surrounding Sydney Cove, in the hope that they might be killed. After only a few weeks, Porkchop returned to the settlement bearing startling news. She gleefully informed Earl Blaze, who was grooming himself to become King of Australia, that Australia was already home to a Garou tribe — the long-lost Bunyip.

The Silver Fangs had expected to find Australia deserted save for its Aboriginals. Their shock upon encountering the

Bunyip was indescribable. Blaze, far from welcoming the discovery that his responsibilities in Australia were limited only to the European settlements rather than to the continent as a whole, was mortally insulted. He had spent months readying himself to be a great leader and did not take kindly to having his ambitions dashed. Earl Blaze took refuge in bigotry, claiming that the Bunyip's isolation must have rendered them hopelessly inferior to European Garou and thus unfit to rule Australia. This view was not shared by all the newly arrived Garou, but only Raymond Love-of-the-Goddess, a Child of Gaia, spoke out against Blaze's decree. As punishment, Earl Blaze banished Raymond to Norfolk Island, a rugged outcrop of rock east of Sydney that became the convict settlement's prison-within-a-prison.

While the Bone Gnawers set about creating information networks among convicts and colonists alike and learning as much as they could about their new home, the Bunyip remained aloof and distant in the Dreamtime. They made no attempt to communicate with their European cousins. Earl Blaze could not understand this and was infuriated by it. After a number of months he attempted to force the Bunyip into making contact with him by kidnapping seven Aboriginal Bunyip Kinfolk. The Aboriginals perceived the European Garou to be enemies of the Dreamtime and knew that they could not allow the Bunyip to be corrupted by them. They began to will their own deaths, and within a week all of them were dead.

Rather than blaming himself for the deaths of these Aboriginals, who in his eyes were only primitive blacks, Blaze blamed the Bunyip. Because they would not respect him, a Silver Fang and Gaia's chosen, the Bunyip must be creatures of the Wyrm. From this point on, the attitudes of Australian Garou toward the Bunyip tribe began to turn, and the legend of the Bunyip tribe's evil began to spread. Raymond Love-of-the-Goddess was one of the few voices to defend the Bunyip, but, exhausted by battling the harsh conditions under which the convicts labored, he died young. His words remained unheeded save by Luther Gazes-Inwards, a Stargazer newly arrived from the Dutch East Indies.

Tensions between the Silver Fangs and the Fianna flared during the Castle Hill uprising of 1798. Spurred on by charismatic Fianna, a group of Irish convicts, many Kinfolk among them, marched on Sydney bearing stolen muskets, improvised pikes, and swords. Meanwhile, a pack of incensed Fianna, led by Bridget of the Flashing Eyes, took their grievances directly to the Silver Fang king. The Fianna pack was overwhelmed by Earl Blaze's courtiers and ripped to shreds by their silver claws. Before they died, however, Bridget and her brother Dhugal each took an arm of the king and tore him in two. Thus ended the unhappy reign of King Blaze. His successor, Greymane Sleekfur, wisely prevented war between the tribes, decreeing that the deaths of six Fianna were fair compensation for Blaze's murder. It has been suggested that Greymane was glad of the unexpected opportunity to become King of Australia. Despite Greymane's efforts, relations between Fianna and Silver Fangs remained hostile. Furthermore, the wisdom Greymane showed





in preventing war did not extend to his treatment of the Australian environment or Aboriginal people.

For the remainder of the 18th century and the first decades of the 19th, Britain continued to send her unwanted, unwashed masses to Australia as convicts. Almost any crime could carry the punishment of transportation: stealing bread to feed one's family, pickpocketing, prostitution, and political crimes such as organizing against exploitation.

Despite the great distances involved and the harsh conditions awaiting them, free settlers also began to travel to the colony. These settlers, who had to pay their own transport and expenses, were mostly members of Britain's aristocracy, often youngest sons who stood to inherit little in England and so emigrated to Australia to make their fortunes. More Garou arrived in the colony; their attitudes toward the Bunyip and the alien Australian environment were universally cold and unforgiving. The European Garou decided that the Bunyip had been unfit guardians of Australia; why else was the landscape so barren, the animals that dwelt here so obviously deformed by the Wyrm? For this reason the Garou did little to halt the European transformation of the Australian landscape until it was too late.

Further Colonies

*Cut yer name across me backbone,
Stretch me skin across a drum.*

— Traditional Australian folk song, "The Convict's Rum Song"

The expansion of settlements was not limited to Sydney; many new colonies were established in the first half of the 19th century. In 1803 Van Dieman's Land, now Tasmania, was selected as the second site for settlement in Australia, and Hobart was founded on the Derwent River. Shortly afterward, the extermination of the island's original inhabitants began. Truganini, the last full-blooded Tasmanian Aboriginal, died in 1876 at the age of 73, after being repeatedly raped and witnessing both the murder of her family and the exploitation of her homeland. Black Furies, led by Athena Mother's-Child, reveled in Tasmania's rugged wilderness, although they were spurned by the Bunyip. In later years, after the War of Tears, the Black Furies were ousted from Tasmania by the Shadow Lords. Enmity exists between the two tribes to this day.

Other settlements followed the establishment of Van Dieman's Land: Queensland's Moreton Bay in 1825, and Swan River in Western Australia in 1829. Both were championed by James Stirling, the son-in-law of a powerful director of the East India Company. He became its first governor, and was the only Australian governor to lead an attack upon an Aboriginal settlement personally. Stirling, a Hermetic mage of considerable power, needed isolation and an imprisoned population upon which to experiment. He sought and successfully attained immortality, and dwells in Perth to this day. In its early years Perth was almost destroyed, as the Bunyip worked with the spirits to ensure drought and famine plagued the settlement. Only Stirling's magick kept the colony alive.

Whereas Western Australian was built upon the greed and power-lust of a mage, the settlement of South Australia was



guided by more enlightened principles. It became the only state never to receive convicts, and its spiritual environment was never stained by the emotional blight that accompanied convict labor.

A Victorian settlement was founded by two rivals, Batman and Fawkner, who settled in Port Phillip Bay on the present site of Melbourne in 1835. They were astonished to find a white man by the name of William Buckley, an escaped convict, living with the area's Aboriginals. Melbourne was soon to eclipse New South Wales as the most prosperous and fastest-growing colony in Australia. Bone Gnawer Kinfolk, seeking to escape the squalor of Sydney Town, made up the bulk of the first colonists, although they were preceded by a small pack of Glass Walkers hoping to shape Melbourne into a utopian city, part of Gaia rather than a blight upon her.

The Rise of the Squattocracy

During the early years of Australia's colonization, the Wyrm's agents had remained quiet, satisfied with building a firm base for the corruption of the continent. By 1830 they had established control over much of the economy and had provoked excessive violence toward both convicts and Aboriginals. The anguish this caused nourished the Banes that they had summoned to Australia, and, it was hoped, would weaken the Dreamtime enough to allow its corruption to begin. At this time, servants of the Wyrm, both witting and unwitting, formed the Squatters' Council, or Squattocracy.

The Squattocracy comprised a group of powerful and rich pastoralists who desired to extend their grazing and farming

lands into the unspoiled interior of Australia. Few of them were aware that they served the Wyrm, and those who did kept their dark secret well hidden. Previous European settlements had been restricted to the fertile but narrow east coast; the barrier of the Blue Mountains prevented movement to the west. The members of the Squattocracy used their wealth to encourage explorer-in-chief Major Thomas Mitchell to open up the prime grazing lands lying beyond the Great Dividing Range, between the Murray River and the Victorian coast. Mitchell was the first person to use the word "dispersion" as a euphemism for the wholesale murder of Aboriginals.

Thus, the Aboriginals were pushed further and further back into the interior. The Squattocracy's desires were, on the surface, wealth, property and prestige. These motives concealed a more sinister aim, directed by the handful of Wyrm agents (including at least one Leech and several fomori) who sat on the Squatters' Council: the destruction of the Australian environment. Actions in one Realm affected the other, and it was reasoned that if the environment were ravaged, then the Dreamtime would also be hurt, and perhaps the guardians of the Dreamtime, the Bunyip, would similarly suffer.

The initial and most effective method of destroying the environment was the introduction of European-style agriculture. To establish crops and grazing land, the bush had to be cleared; thus, extensive destruction of bushland began. Wheat and other cereal crops were planted in order to destroy native vegetation and exhaust the soil. Rabbits, horses, sheep, cattle, foxes, pigs, cats and dogs were introduced, and all inflicted massive damage upon the environment and the native animal population.

The Garou were slow to realize the implications of the Squattocracy's actions. Many trusted the Silver Fangs' judgment that Australia had been mismanaged by the Bunyip and believed that the introduction of European vegetation and animals was for the best. Silver Fang Kinfolk also sat on the Squatters' Council, and the Silver Fangs naturally defended their families from the accusations of other Garou. Only when irrefutable evidence of the Wyrm's influence in the Squattocracy was presented to King Greymane by his seneschal, Malcolm As-My-Lord-Commands, did the king act, rooting out and destroying those among the squatters who were Bane-ridden or otherwise Wyrm-corrupted. Coupled with the troubled rule of Earl Blaze, the loss of face the Silver Fangs experienced over the Squattocracy affair did much to damage their reputation as leaders of Australia's Garou. The Fianna exploited this, ridiculing the Silver Fangs' inability to rule. King Greymane fell victim to Harano and died of shame.

Resistance

The Bunyip began to fight back during this period, attempting to organize Aboriginal resistance to the invasion. They met with only marginal success, as Aboriginal history and tradition left them unprepared for an armed struggle. Still,

some counterstrikes were made. Whites were speared and their houses burned down. Aboriginals burnt wheat fields, killed sheep and cattle and murdered European explorers. One expedition, led by Ludwig Leichhardt, was lured by the Bunyip through a temporary breach in the Gauntlet and utterly destroyed.

Notwithstanding, Bunyip attempts at inciting resistance were doomed from the start. The Europeans had their guns and were backed, although unknowingly, by the Wyrm. For many years a state of war existed between the tribes and the invaders. Aboriginals were shot, tortured, murdered with poisoned flour and similar gifts, and ravaged by the diseases introduced by the settlers. Sadly, the superior forces of the Europeans, coupled with their advanced technology, proved too much for the Aboriginals. "Dispersion" was implemented on a major scale. In Queensland a mounted white army, led by one Major Nunn, was formed to slaughter Aboriginals wherever they were found. Most important Australian explorers were also responsible for acts of genocide, although such facts are rarely taught in schools.

European Garou attempted to establish contact with the Bunyip, to no avail. In the eyes of the Bunyip, the Garou were arrogant European invaders, to be avoided and ignored. On the occasions Garou did come into contact with their Australian cousins, the Bunyip always withdrew into the Dreamtime, where they easily lost their pursuers. Shunning violence, the Bunyip instead turned the land and its spirits against the human and Garou invaders. Droughts, floods and bushfires increased as the Bunyip worked their magic, attempting to drive the invaders back across the sea.

Before 1838, when transportation ended, most European Australians were convicts, the families of convicts, or aristocrats. Silver Fangs and Fianna dominated the Garou in Australia, with Bone Gnawers and Silent Striders present in lesser numbers. Shadow Lords, Get of Fenris, and Red Talons had also emigrated to the colony in these early years. Relations between Fianna and Silver Fangs remained poor. After 1838, more Garou Kinfolk arrived in Australia. By 1851 the population of Australia numbered some 450,000, of which only 150,000 were convicts. The population of immigrant Garou now numbered approximately 50.

The Rush for Gold

Gold was discovered in New South Wales at Bathurst and in Victoria at Glenmoona Station. Between 1850 and 1860 Australia's population more than doubled, swelling from 450,000 people to 1,150,000. An Irish influx, including Garou and Kinfolk, occurred during the gold rush. Tension between Silver Fangs and Fianna further increased during this period. In 1854 this tension once again resulted in violence. The rebellion known as the Eureka Stockade (in which miners, the majority of them Irish, revolted at the indignities imposed upon them by the colonial government) was the result of long years of frustration and mistreatment. Although fighting was mainly restricted to Kinfolk and other humans, Garou of both tribes were involved in the uprising to a degree. At least one



Silver Fang rode with the troopers responsible for putting down the revolt, and more than one Fianna sided with the miners. 22 miners and 6 soldiers died, but no Garou were slain.

The gold rushes in Victoria, New South Wales and Western Australia began the process of urbanization that was to transform Australia. Within 40 years Australia's major cities had more than doubled in size. It was at this time that Australia's vampire population began to grow. The Garou were too preoccupied in minimizing the gold rush's impact on the environment to notice the number of Leeches creeping into the country. This period also saw the Glass Walkers begin their rise to cultural dominance in Australia. Elsewhere, Glass Walkers were scorned by other Garou; in Australia they hoped to find freedom and acceptance. They were the only tribe aware of the growing vampire population, but were ignored by their fellow Garou when they tried to alert them. Rebuffed, the Glass Walkers elected to keep their counsel to themselves thereafter.

The Aboriginal Protection Board

This inhuman treatment of Koori children [by the Aboriginal Protection Board] lasted for 60 years, from 1909 to 1969. During those years over 5300 Koori children were taken away to the homes, or to domestic service. A very significant number of Koori families were affected. In fact, it has been established that one in every six or seven Koori children were taken from their families this century,

while the figure for white children was about one in 300. Many people, both parents and children, had their lives totally ruined by the Board's policies. Others were deeply scarred for years. No white person cried out against this brutal system. I suppose most whites would plead ignorance, but so did the Germans after the Second World War.

— James Miller, "Koori: A Will to Win"

Pleased with their successful disruption of the environment, the Wyrm's minions, predominantly Black Spiral Dancer Kinfolk who had infiltrated Australia's colonial government, decided to destroy the Bunyip's human Kinfolk. The Aboriginal Protection Board was formed in Melbourne in 1860. Although allegedly established to help the Aboriginals, it was designed to ensure their elimination and destroy their traditional way of life. Aboriginal populations were rounded up and incarcerated on reserves. In essence, such reserves were concentration camps controlled by the Wyrm.

By the 1930s the Aboriginal Protection Board was firmly entrenched in political circles. Aboriginal children were stolen from their families and given to white families and missionaries to raise, resulting in a loss of Aboriginal culture and identity. Many such children were virtually enslaved, reared as poorly paid and maltreated servants in upper-class white homes. (In the World of Darkness this assimilation continues sporadically up to the present day; in reality it ceased in 1969.) Only the Children of Gaia fought against the

Aboriginal Protection Board. The Red Talons took advantage of the formation of Aboriginal reserves to demand the return of the Impergium; with all the Aboriginals gathered together, they claimed, it would be easy to monitor their numbers, culling where necessary. Such a proposal was greeted with horror by the Children of Gaia; only their outcry prevented more than a few rogue Red Talons from carrying out their plan.

The War of Tears

Ask me why I write so many poems about the dead,
And I tell you it is because there are so many of them.

— Stephen J. Williams, "Flowers for the Dead"

Because of the ever-increasing European population, the Bunyip and indigenous Australians withdrew into the interior, where they attempted to limit the expansion of Europeans and Garou. The Bunyip continued to ignore the Garou, whose pride could not deal with this insult. Hostility toward the Bunyip increased. The Red Talons, who aspired to live in the unspoiled purity of the outback, were the most offended by the actions of the Bunyip tribe, although the Black Furies were similarly angered by the refusal of the Bunyip to allow them to dwell in their traditional territories. While the Bunyip attempted to prevent European expansion into the outback, the Wyrm marshaled its forces. Black Spiral Dancers began to contact the more inimical Dreamtime spirits. Over time they subverted the darker spirits to the Wyrm and forged alliances with others.





Even with Wyrm-corrupted spirits roaming the outback, the Bunyip remained strong. Mara the Scream, most insidious corrupter among the Black Spiral Dancers, was chosen to destroy the tribe's power forever. Playing upon the distrust the European Garou felt for their Bunyip cousins, Mara the Scream tricked the Red Talon leader, Wyrbaiter, into believing that the Bunyip had killed his sister. Maddened by grief, Wyrbaiter led the Garou against the Bunyip. A year of carnage followed. This genocide is today referred to as the War of Tears, one of the blackest events in the history of the Garou. Every last Bunyip was hunted down and killed. With the destruction of the Bunyip complete, the Black Spiral Dancers and other Wyrmagents began their conquest of the Dreamtime. Europeans were also freed to move into the outback.

A period of virtual civil war plagued Australia's Garou, as they bickered and fought over the vacant Bunyip caerns. While the more violent tribes fought over caerns that were later discovered to be inactive, the Glass Walkers drafted plans for the Jindabyne Council and recruited the Silver Fangs to their cause. During this short but bloody period, the Shadow Lords wrested Tasmania from the Black Furies in a swift and brutal coup.

Bushrangers

While these momentous events transpired among the Garou, humans continued to live their lives in ignorance, too busy establishing their own distinctly Australian identity to realize they stood in the midst of a supernatural war. Bushrangers, outlaws who lived by stealing from institutions such as banks or wealthy squatters, influenced Australia's national identity. As with England's highwaymen, a romantic reputation developed around them. Many bushrangers enjoyed popular support. Among their ranks were such flamboyant figures as Captain Midnight and Captain Moonlite, but the best-known bushranger was Ned Kelly.

Kelly came from a poor Irish family living in northern Victoria. He began his career by shooting a trooper when the officer came to arrest his brother Dan for horse-stealing. The Kelly gang raided throughout Victoria and New South Wales between 1878 and 1880. Among his claims to fame is Kelly's desire to create an independent Irish state within Australia. Kelly was a Fianna Kinfolk, his political dream motivated by the mistreatment the Irish had received at the hands of the English since Australia's settlement. In November of 1880 Kelly was captured after a sustained gun battle, during which he was shot more than six times. His homemade suit of armor enabled Kelly to withstand his wounds for some hours. Not until the police fired the house in which his gang sheltered, killing, among others, Steve Hart and his lover Joe Byrne, was Kelly captured. Ned Kelly was sentenced to hang. He is today an Australian hero, especially among Fianna.

Federation and the Jindabyne Council

Before 1900, each of Australia's states was administered as a separate colony, although support for a national assemblage had grown since the 1880s. In July 1900, Queen Victoria (rumored to be the founder of the New World Order Convention of the Technocracy) approved an act to constitute the Commonwealth of Australia. A federal government would have power to enforce and spread the Technocracy's aims and teachings in the new society. In 1901 the first Australian government was proclaimed, with great celebration around the nation and quiet satisfaction in the boardrooms of the Technocracy.

Echoing this event was the Garou's formation of the Council of Jindabyne in the Snowy Mountains of New South Wales. The council's aims were to oversee and coordinate opposition to the Wyrm's activities, organize the protection of both the Dreamtime and the outback, and counter any gains humans had made through the formation of their federal government. All the tribes were represented upon this council, although some were rather unenthusiastic participants. The Red Talons scorned the council, as did the Get of Fenris and the Shadow Lords. No tribe, however, could afford to ignore such a gathering lest it be disenfranchised by its absence.

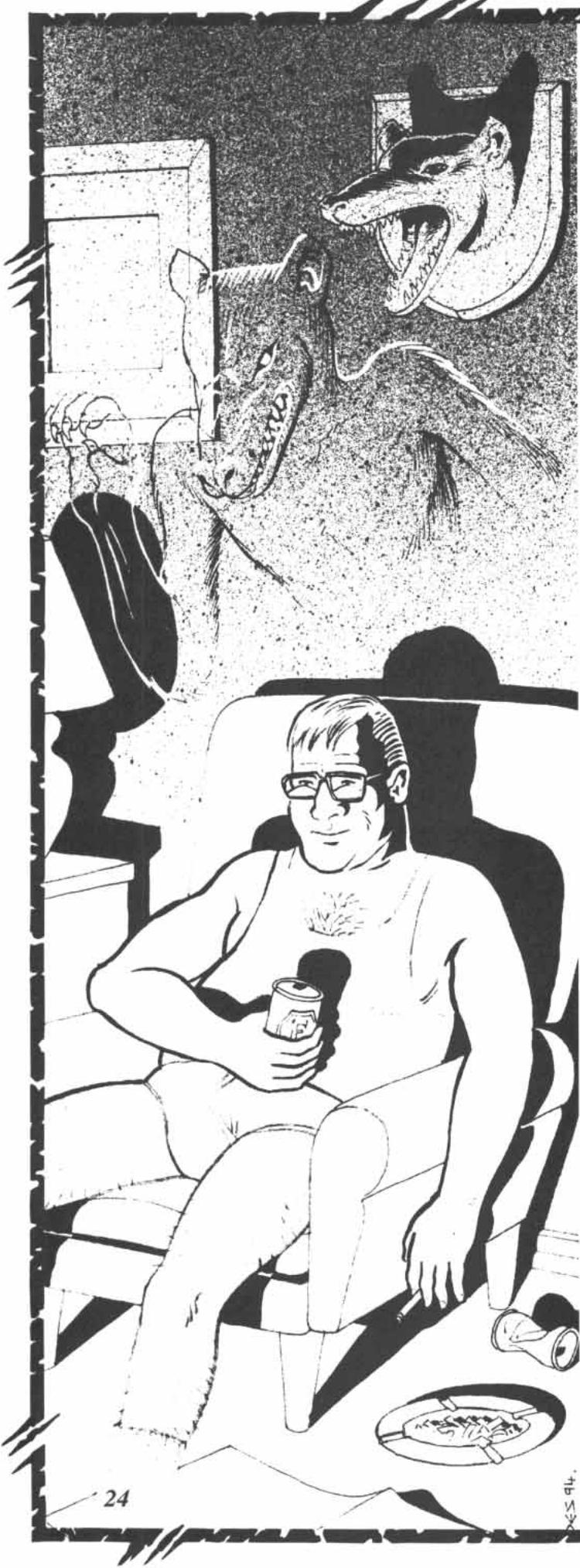
The first act of the Jindabyne Council was the division of Australia into recognized protectorates. The council took nine months to determine the boundaries of the protectorates, which were assigned among the septs. Many Garou were unhappy with the council's decisions and often found themselves at odds with their own representatives at Jindabyne. Nonetheless, the council's important role in the maintenance of peace and the resolution of disputes was recognized and sufficiently valued to permit its continued existence.

Today, the council has largely been reduced to a tool for tribal infighting and political point-scoring, leading many younger Garou to question its effectiveness. Even its own members find its usefulness questionable, and the Jindabyne Council is in real danger of dissolution.

The Razor Wars

During the 1920s, Australia, like America, saw the introduction of organized crime. These gangs, controlled by either Glass Walkers or vampire clans such as the Giovanni and the Followers of Set, fought over the lucrative cocaine traffic and other vices of Sydney and Melbourne. The gang leaders included Kate Leigh and Tilley Devine in Sydney, and Leslie "Squizzy" Taylor in Melbourne. Taylor was Embraced by Red Meg, a rogue Brujah, after a gun battle in an inner-city boarding house, and is today Prince of Melbourne.

Open street warfare between Leeches and Garou occurred in both Sydney and Melbourne, and only great effort on the part of the cities' supernatural rulers ensured that these incidents did not become national news. Neither side could



destroy the other, and eventually the "Cress Truce" (named after the hotel where it was signed) was negotiated by Luisa Calabria of Clan Giovanni and Don Abacus of the Glass Walkers. This uneasy, unnatural truce has been maintained for the past 60 years. The Cress Truce divides both Sydney and Melbourne into various zones of Garou and Kindred control, with each city also possessing areas of neutral ground. Some Garou point to the truce as evidence of the Glass Walkers' corruption.

Depression and World War II

Arguments rage regarding the role of Leeches in the Great Depression. Within Australia there can be no doubt that the Depression was exacerbated by vampiric activities, particularly by the Prince of Sydney. Prince Sarrasine, having only recently taken control of his city, required a period of economic and social unrest to help him establish his rule. While human stockbrokers were often ruined by the Depression, Glass Walkers took advantage of the economic mayhem to improve their power base. Those Glass Walkers with power bases in organized crime began to lose power to the emerging corporate arm of the tribe. The Wise Guy camp still bears a grudge against the Glass Walker Board, which has controlled the tribe, and much else besides, since the end of the Great Depression.

World War II had little effect on Australia's Garou until after the war was actually over. Following the cessation of hostilities, a vast influx of displaced European immigrants migrated to Australia. Among these were many Garou and their Kinfolk. Black Furies, Get of Fenris, and especially Shadow Lords were the Garou most commonly represented on the migrant ships, and did much to bolster the position of their tribes. The new Garou also did much to aggravate tensions between Australia's Garou and the Dreamtime spirits. Some small progress had been made by individual Theurges, but much of their good work was destroyed by the influx of brash and proud Garou, who refused to understand the new land and its spiritual inhabitants.

The Postwar Boom

So you cut all the tall trees down
You poisoned the sky and the sea
You've taken what's good from the ground
But you left precious little for me...
River runs red
Black rain falls
Dust in my hand
River runs red
Black rain falls
On my bleeding land.

— Midnight Oil, "River Runs Red"

The government's mobilization of industry during the Second World War and the years immediately thereafter bolstered the effectiveness of big business, preparing society for

what Pentex referred to as "the mechanization of the individual." If every person could be reduced to a cog in the world machine, the aims of Eater-of-Souls would be greatly furthered. Pentex now began to infiltrate Australia's business community. Companies such as APM (Australian Paper Manufacturers) and BHP (Broken Hill Proprietaries, a mining company), which already enjoyed virtual monopolies, were bought out by Good House International and Harold and Harold Mining. Exploration in the late 1950s discovered that Australia possessed some of the richest metal and mineral deposits in the world; these were immediately exploited via strip mining and blasting on a massive scale. Such exploration did not merely aid in locating mineral sites, but also covered Pentex's search for the Wyrm's great Incarna, trapped deep below the outback by the Bunyip long ago.

The Garou failed to create a united strategy to deal with Pentex's excesses. The exploration was concentrated in Uktene and Red Talon territory; thus, little cooperation was attempted, and the Garou were unable to hamper the development of the mining industry in any significant fashion.

Australia's economy began to move away from farming and grazing and toward industrialization, encouraged by highly placed Pentex officials. This was unwittingly supported by the Glass Walkers, whose infatuation with technology allowed them to overlook the damage being done to the environment in the name of progress. Most tribes have never forgiven the



Glass Walkers for this, for had they been more vigilant and less greedy, Australia might still be a largely unspoiled land. (This negligence is the one blot on the Glass Walkers' sterling reputation in Australia.) The Glass Walkers rebut that Australia's ecology had already been vandalized by the introduction of foreign animal and plant species, for which they could not be blamed, and that the scientific advances the tribe has patronized have led to new ways of combating the Wyrm.

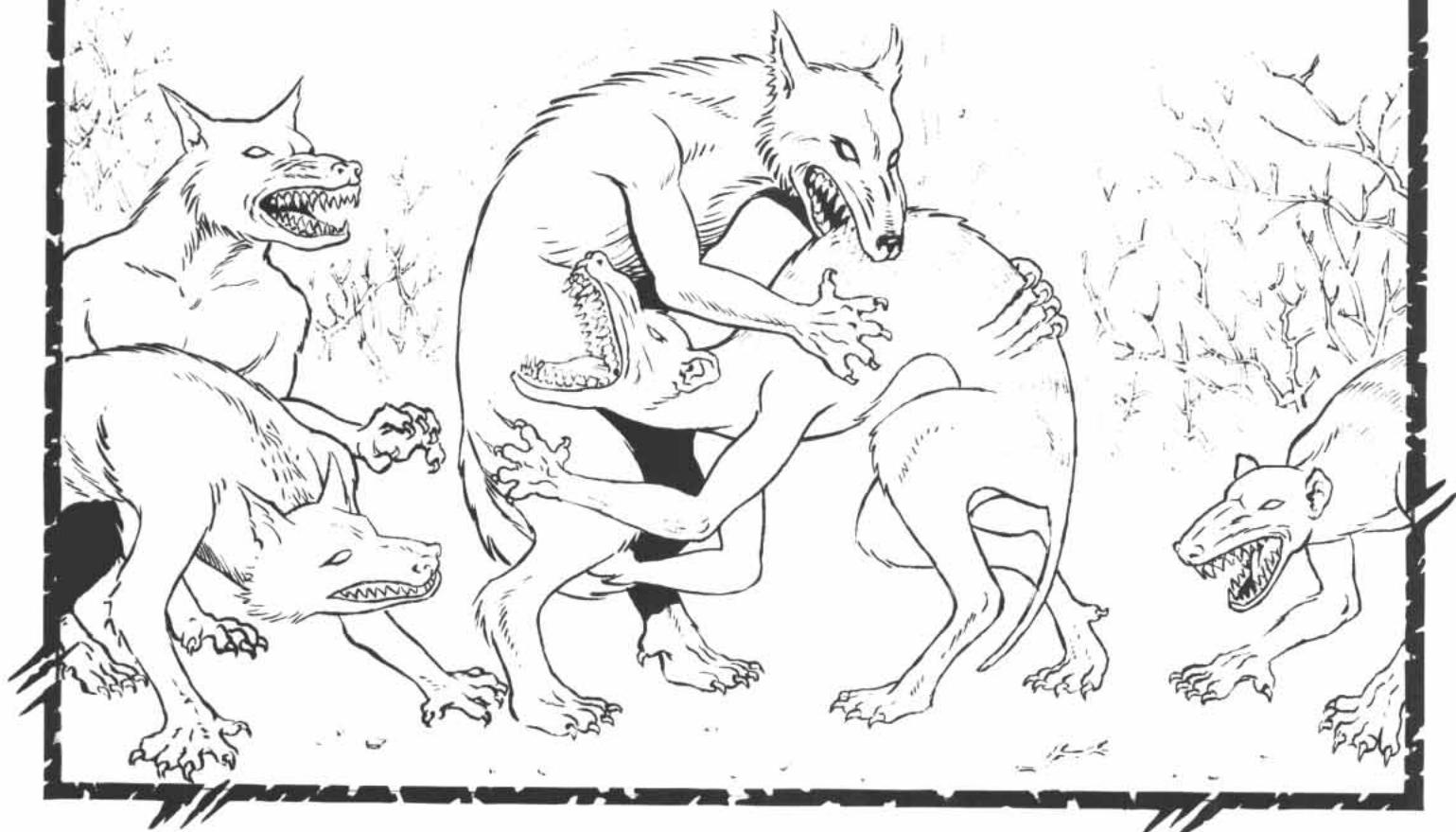
As Australian society changed economically, it also began to change socially, making the move from a British-dominated society to a more multicultural one. Asian, Indian and African students began to win scholarships at Australian universities, while the government's "populate or perish" creed opened the gates to an influx of immigrants. Between 1947 and 1959 more than 700,000 immigrants, many from Mediterranean, Baltic, Slavic and Scandinavian backgrounds, settled in Australia. By 1960 Australia's population exceeded 10 million.

During this period the Garou experienced their greatest triumph to date, with the successful completion of the Snowy River Scheme. As well as allowing the Garou to bring many of their Kinfolk to Australia to work on the tunnels dug through the Snowy Mountains, the diverting of an entire river inland irrigated vast areas of previously arid landscape.

However, the construction and blasting necessary to divert the Snowy River angered many spirits, which had been either ignored or insufficiently placated by the ignorant Garou. The Children of Gaia objected to the massive engineering scheme, claiming that rerouting a river was a perversion of Gaia's natural order, but the Jindabyne Council overruled the tribe's pleas.

Australia's world view began to change during the 1950s, partly because of the return of soldiers who had served in the Pacific, but also because of the introduction of television. Hosting the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne added to the slow changes taking place in Australian society. Technological advances in production and communication, and the increased demand for Australian production during the Cold War, resulted in a standard of living comparable to that of the United States of America, with whom Australians increasingly saw themselves as allied. Old allegiances to Great Britain fell by the wayside among the young, although many imperialists remained, particularly among the middle and upper classes.

Resentment toward Great Britain increased when the British government chose Australia as a site for testing nuclear weapons. Maralinga, a South Australian region perceived as useless and uninhabited desert, was the site chosen for the explosion of several nuclear devices. The Aboriginal tribes in the area were neither consulted nor warned about the tests, with the result that many of them later died from fallout and radiation sickness, while others were incinerated in the blast. Maralinga marked one of the few Bunyip caerns still active, and was chosen as the test site largely because of the efforts of a British Black Spiral Dancer. Besides destroying the Bunyip caern, it was hoped that the nuclear blasts would both awaken a massive Wyrm-beast slumbering nearby and create a new Black Spiral caern. The latter action was successful, but the Wyrm-beast still sleeps (although perhaps not for long).



Voices of Dissent

Asking Aborigines to celebrate the landing of the First Fleet was like asking the Jews to celebrate the birth of the Third Reich.

— Gary Foley, Aboriginal activist

The 1960s saw Australians begin to question their new American masters. The carnage of Vietnam, in which Australian troops fought for U.S. interests, opened the eyes of many. Even as the war raged in Vietnam, rebellion grew among the Australian populace. Stargazers and Children of Gaia were instrumental in leading demonstrations against the war, which led to the rediscovery of spiritualism and rejection of the barren values of capitalism commonly found among the '60s counterculture. Conflict among the Garou was commonplace during the '60s, and the Jindabyne Council was sorely pressed to keep its members from one another's throats.

The Present

Maintain your rage.

— Gough Whitlam, Australian Prime Minister 1972-1975

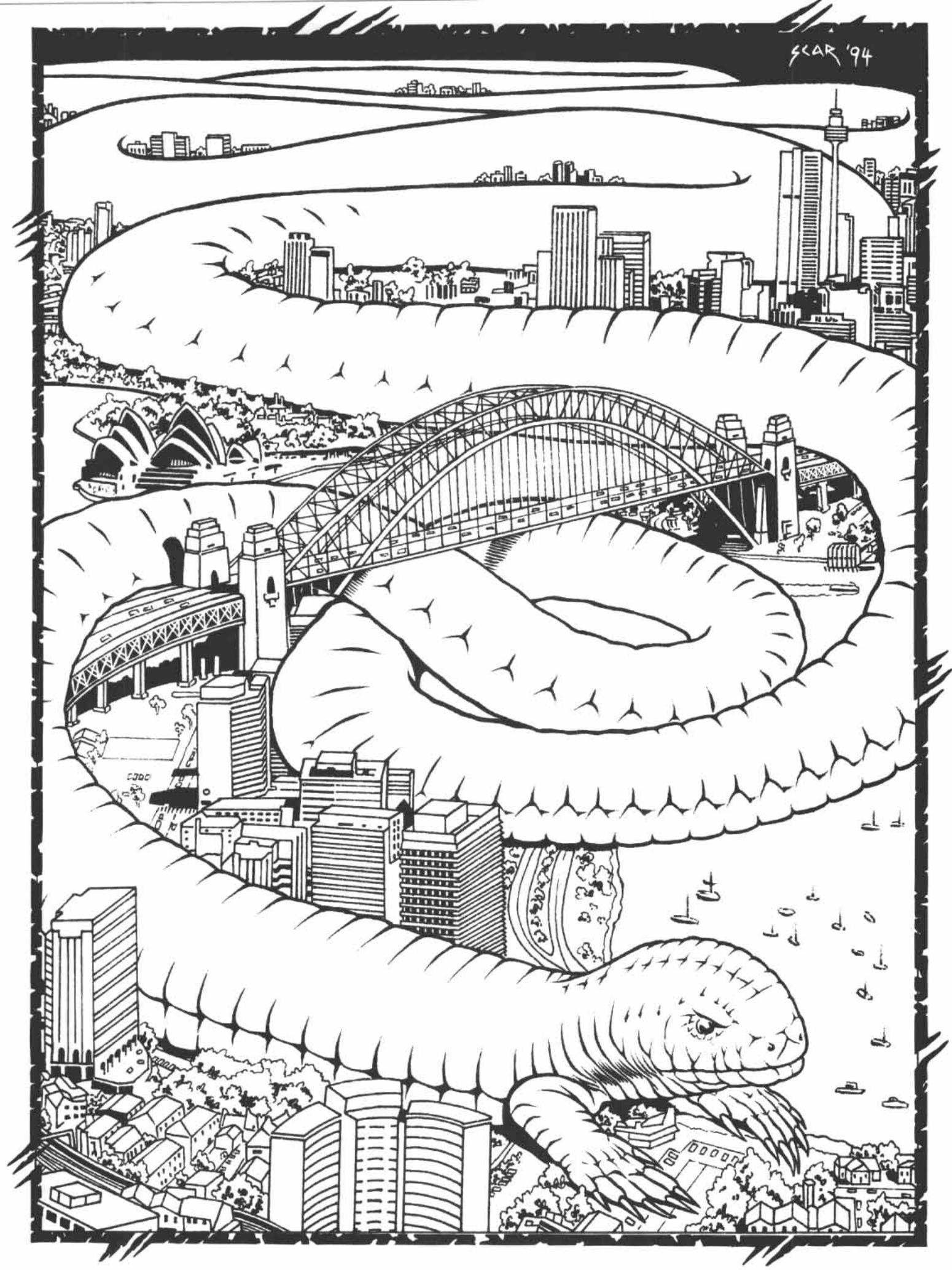
Following 23 years in opposition, the Labor Party, led by Gough Whitlam, was elected in 1972. It immediately began to make sweeping social reforms, including the introduction of socialized medicine and the tentative recognition of Aboriginal land rights. The party's first action in office was to withdraw Australian troops from Vietnam. Despite its good intentions, the Labor Party was internationally and economically inexperienced; as a result, inflation and unemployment increased dramatically during its reign. The party's strong stand on environmental issues earned the Whitlam government the enmity of Pentex, and steps were taken to ensure its dismissal. Not even the number of Kinfolk working as advisors to the government could prevent the government's dismissal. On November 11th, 1975, the Labor government was sacked by the Governor General, an act that sent shockwaves rippling through the country.

The 1980s saw Pentex recognize that it had paid too much attention to economic power in the past, allowing Australian politicians relative freedom. Economic might was used to buy into the two main political parties. Boom times for big business followed. The Garou matched Pentex's advances by supporting smaller political groups that focused on environmental and social issues. Australia's first Green politicians were elected to federal and state parliaments in the '80s, while increasing Glass Walker influence in the media drew attention to environmental issues, such as the proposed damming of the Franklin River. Decades of conflict in Southeast Asia fostered an influx of refugees from countries such as Vietnam and Cambodia. Today Australia is cementing its ties with Asia, as political and public leaders recognize that it is with the Asia-Pacific region,



rather than with Britain or the U.S., that the nation's future lies.

The taint of the Wyrm can now be found at every level of Australian society. Political and economic control are assuredly in the hands of the Wyrm's minions, although the Garou battle in these arenas as in any other. Although no Garou yet openly defies the increasingly weak Jindabyne Council and its edicts, it is increasingly viewed as anachronistic. Several powerful mages have allied themselves with the Wyrm in exchange for personal power, and many Dreamtime spirits have been corrupted by Black Spiral Dancers. Worse, old Bunyip caerns, long in the hands of the Garou, have begun to weaken and die. Outback septs have been attacked by unknown assailants, leaving only a handful of insane survivors, who are unable to provide coherent descriptions of the attackers. Umbral Moon Paths twist back upon themselves or vanish overnight. No explanation for these events has been forthcoming. It is not even known if they are related. Fear of an unknown enemy spreads slowly among the Garou. Many believe that Australia is to be the first battleground of the Apocalypse, and that without spirit allies, the Garou will stand helpless against the rising Wyrm.



Chapter Two: Geography

In Australia alone is to be found the Grotesque, the Weird, the strange scribblings of Nature learning how to write. Some see no beauty in our trees without shade, our flowers without perfume, our birds who cannot fly, and our beasts who have not yet learned to walk on all fours. But the dweller of the wilderness acknowledges the subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities.

— Marcus Clarke, author of "For the Term of His Natural Life"

Australia is the largest island in the world, and the only continent to consist of a single country. Australia has 38,000 kilometers of coast. The continent stretches over 4200 kilometers from east to west and 3400 kilometers from north to south. Australia covers an area roughly equivalent to the United States (excluding Alaska). Whereas the population of the U.S. is some 250 million, Australia is home to little more than 17 million people, about 11 million of whom live in the eight major cities: Adelaide, Brisbane, Canberra, Darwin, Hobart, Melbourne, Perth and Sydney. Two-thirds of this urban population lives in Melbourne and Sydney.

Settlement is concentrated on Australia's fertile eastern and southeastern coast, where five of the eight capitals lie and where most major provincial cities are located. The remainder of the country consists of the thinly populated outback, a term generally used to describe the arid inland regions lying beyond the verdant slopes of the Great Divid-

ing Range. The outback covers more than three-quarters of the Australian continent. While the popular image of Australia is that of a parched, sunburnt and empty land, only 20% of Australia's population experiences the loneliness and desolation of the outback.

For tens of thousands of years, the Pacific Ocean isolated Australia from the world at large. This allowed an abundant variety of unique flora and fauna, Gaia's earliest experiments, to thrive. Similarly, until the European invasion of the 18th century, Australia was home to over 200 separate tribes whose lifestyle, unchanged for millennia, displayed a profound intimacy with the environment. The Australian population was an estimated 750,000 when white settlers arrived at Botany Bay in 1788. The European campaign of genocide, coupled with the effects of previously unknown diseases such as smallpox and syphilis, caused the deaths of more than 600,000 Aboriginal people in the following years.

Conversions: Measurements of distance are given in kilometers. One kilometer equals .6214 miles. One meter equals 3.3 feet.

Climate and Environment

*The daughter works over ploughed hills,
not much grows there
the wind pelts the earth
and the sound
is the sound of her hopes and her dreams
tied to the seasons' heartless rounds.*

— Not Drowning, Waving, "Yellow Earth"

Australia is an old land; its mountains are worn down, and its rocky bones lie exposed. Two-fifths of the continent lies above the Tropic of Capricorn, where severe cyclones occasionally strike the coast, bringing violent, 160-kilometer+ winds and flooding rain. Of Australia's capital cities, Darwin and Brisbane are most at risk from cyclones. Located in the Southern Hemisphere, Australia's seasons are the reverse of those in the Northern Hemisphere. Australia's summer begins in December; its winter, in June. Snowfalls are uncommon except on the highest peaks; none of Australia's cities experiences snow except in freak weather conditions. No Australian mountains are above the permanent snowline.

As well as being the flattest continent in the world, Australia also qualifies as the driest. The average Australian rainfall is only 420 millimeters, compared with a world average of 660 millimeters. Most of this rain falls along the east coast, or in the southwest, around Perth. Australia's vast deserts receive less than 127 millimeters of rain a year, although when it does rain in the outback, the showers are brief but torrential. Australia's enormous size creates a considerable range of climatic variation. Despite the continent's general aridity, Australia also supports pockets of lush rainforest.

Australia's eastern seaboard enjoys a pleasant, temperate climate for much of the year. Sydney, for example, has an average summer temperature of 22 degrees Celsius and a winter temperature of 12 degrees Celsius. Irregular cycles of flooding, drought and bushfires are triggered by extremes in the Australian climate. The lowest temperature ever recorded in Australia was -22 degrees Celsius (-8 degrees Fahrenheit) at Charlotte Pass, New South Wales, in August 1947; the highest was 53 degrees Celsius (127 degrees Fahrenheit) at Cloncurry, Queensland, in January 1889.

East Coast

The eastern seaboard has most suffered from European habitation. Early settlers, disturbed by the alien landscape

in which they found themselves, did their best to transplant a more familiar environment onto Australian soil. Uncomfortable with the sun-bleached browns, dusty grays and olive greens that predominated prior to their arrival, the European invaders sought to establish a brighter, softer landscape, one more pleasing to their eyes. Native forests were uprooted and burnt out, replaced by fruit trees, green fields, and stands of artificially nurtured English woodlands. Wildlife was killed or driven off, to be replaced by herds of sheep and cattle whose grazing destroyed native grasslands, while Aboriginal tribes were shot, poisoned, or imprisoned on missions and reserves. Worst of all were the huge, sprawling cities established along the east and southeast coasts. Melbourne alone is twice the size of Los Angeles, although housing a dramatically smaller population.

Great Dividing Range

These vast, weathered mountains extend 3100 kilometers along the east coast of Australia — from Cape York in Queensland's far north, down through New South Wales, swinging west in Victoria to form the Australian Alps, and continuing south into Tasmania as islands across Bass Strait. The Great Dividing Range separates the coastal plains from the outback. Its mountains lie an average distance of 130 kilometers from the coast, although in some areas the Great Divide stands as much as 400 kilometers from the sea.

The range contains many and varied ecosystems within its length, from tropical rainforest to alpine meadow. Rainfall on the eastern slopes of the Great Dividing Range flows directly to the Pacific Ocean, accounting for the lush growth of the eastern seaboard. Rainfall on the western slopes either flows into the Darling and Murray River system to be carried southwest to the sea, or flows into the outback to be swallowed by the dry earth.

Included among the mountains of the Great Divide is Australia's highest peak, Mt. Kosciusko, which rises 2200 meters above sea level. Not always so rugged as its name suggests, the Great Dividing Range possesses many spectacular and scenic areas. One such area is the New England Tableland, which, at 26,000 square kilometers, is Australia's largest plateau. The highest points of the tableland are less than 32 kilometers from the sea. Here, the steep descent of the eucalyptus-clad slopes to the shore creates beautiful tableaux. South of the New England Tableland lie the world-famed Blue Mountains, rich in gorges and waterfalls. Further south, in the Australian Alps, the mountains are covered with deep, crisp snow for three months or longer each winter, while in summer the high alpine plains are speckled with bright wildflowers and crisscrossed by swiftly flowing streams. The Snowy River catchment area lies high in the Snowy Mountains, an area of the Australian Alps.

The Murray River

Australia's greatest river, the Murray, rises in the Snowy Mountains, beginning its journey to the sea as a swift stream



of clear, icy water. After the river reaches the flat plains of the Upper Murray Valley, it matures, becoming a broad, slow course of muddy water. The Murray's meanderings produce numerous billabongs, swamps and marshes. As it flows, the Murray is fed by many tributaries, including the mighty Darling and Murrumbidgee Rivers. By the time it enters South Australia, the swollen Murray is a major waterway, sedately making its way past the many limestone cliffs that are a feature of its course in this state. After passing through Lake Alexandrina and Lake Albert, the Murray River pours its waters into the sea through a narrow mouth slowly becoming choked with sand and sediment.

The 2750-kilometer Murray River drains more than a fifth of Australia's water from four states. It is dotted with houseboats, water skiers, paddle steamers, and pleasure craft. European carp have been introduced to its waters, with serious impact on native fish, while the river itself has been ignored, abused and maltreated by generations of Australians.

Outback

More than half the continent consists of the outback, an arid region of desert, scrub, rocky plains, salt lakes and mountainous tablelands. This barren region is also known as the Red Centre or Dead Heart. The outback is dominated by the Western Plateau, a 19,300-kilometer expanse of dusty red and yellow-ochre earth. The outback also includes the sand-blown wastes of the Gibson and Great

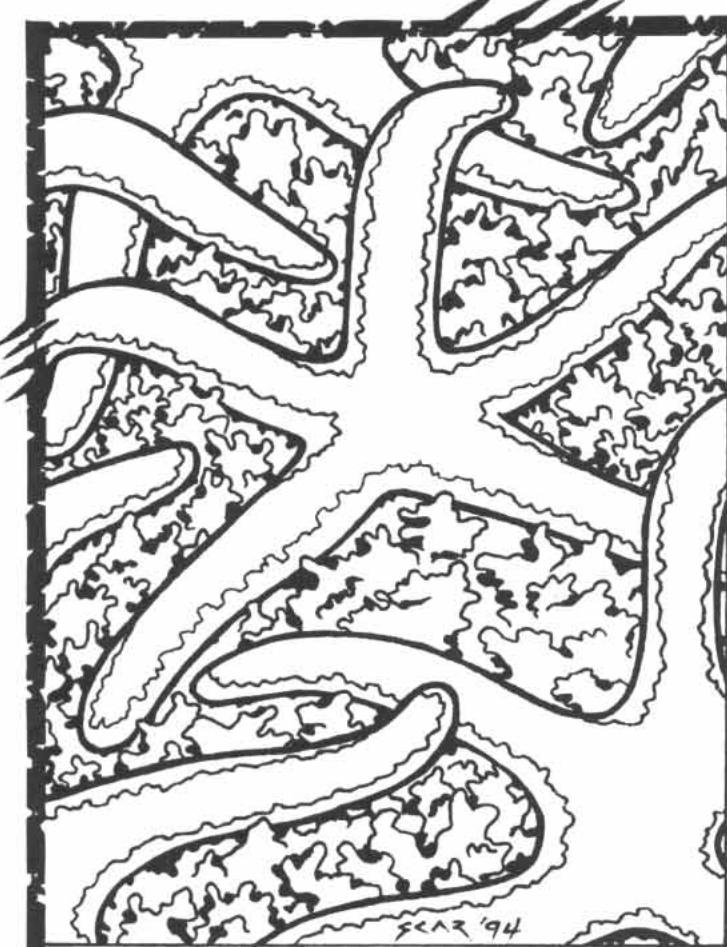
Sandy Deserts, as well as the massive sandstone outcroppings of Katajuta and Uluru, known to Europeans as the Olgas and Ayers Rock respectively.

Outback rivers and lakes are dry for most of the year. The best-known temporary body of water in the outback is the 240-kilometer Lake Eyre, whose salt flats gleam stark white under the merciless rays of the sun. After the occasional downpour the desert blooms in a brief but beautiful display, as its lakes and rivers fill. The northern coast, bordering the outback, is wetter; grasslands and mangrove swamps cluster along its shore.

Although much of the outback is wilderness, and some is protected national park, the area is not unspoiled. The Wyrm has encroached even within the borders of the parks, supposedly government-designated wildlife sanctuaries.

Southwest

Unlike most of Western Australia, the southwest of the state enjoys adequate and well-distributed rainfall, and has a climate that in Europe would be described as Mediterranean. The southwest is a prosperous farming area, producing dairy products, beef, fruit, vegetables and wool. As might be expected, the Wyrm's minions are well established in the area. Ports such as Bunbury, 190 kilometers southeast of Perth, produce titanium dioxide, used in the manufacture of paints and other chemicals. Western Australia's only



coal deposits are also found nearby. Pollution from mining further degrades the environment.

Inland, the southwest is wooded and rugged. A national park has been set aside on the 100-kilometer stretch of coast between Capes Naturaliste and Leeuwin, and contains at least 120 limestone caves. Few of the caverns have been fully explored, and only four are open to the public.

More than 6,000 species of plants found in the southwest are unique to the area, including jarrah and karri, giant hardwood eucalyptuses that can reach 87 meters in height. Forests of these trees tower amid the region. Thirty-seven of Australia's 54 species of banksias also grow in the region. The southwest's resident fauna population similarly contains many animal species found nowhere else in Australia. The region's offshore islands have provided refuges for many rare marsupials.

Great Barrier Reef

The Great Barrier Reef is one of Gaia's natural wonders. It is the world's largest coral reef, stretching south from the Torres Strait and paralleling the coast for some 2000 kilometers. Amid the limestone rock formed from the calcified exoskeletons of more than 300 species of coral polyps dwells a diversity of life, color and form unmatched anywhere else in the ocean. The reef houses thousands of species of brightly colored fish, mollusks, echinoderms, coelenterates, crustaceans and other creatures. The reef

also provides haven to the mysterious Rokea, or weresharks, who patrol its waters.

Even the Rokea's vigilance, however, has not saved the reef from the depravations of humanity; fishing, oil exploration and family resorts threaten the Barrier Reef's fragile ecosystem. Silt stirred up by underwater mining endangers the coral, which can only survive in warm, clear water where sunlight is plentiful. The Great Barrier Reef bleaches and dies by the year, and the Rokea's eyes turn with growing wrath toward the surface world...

Politics and Economics

Each of Australia's eight states and territories has its own government, which administers day-to-day functions such as education, health, lands, water supply and emergency services. The increasingly powerful federal government, located in Canberra, is responsible for interstate and international affairs, tertiary education, defense and nationwide health initiatives.

Australia's political parties are unstable, occasionally collapsing and reforming in new combinations. This is particularly true of conservative parties during the 20th century, although the increasingly middle-of-the-road, socialist Labor Party has also suffered from two major splits in its history. The National Party (previously called the Country Party, and largely representing rural interests) and the Liberal Party are Australia's two main conservative parties. Independent candidates, often representing environmental interests, have flourished since the 1980s. In Gothic-Punk Australia, elected governments wield even less power than they do in real life; business interests influence most political decisions.

Each state is led by a Premier, who commands the currently elected political party, while the federal leader is known as the Prime Minister. Australia's political structure resembles that of England, on which it is based. The Queen, Australia's official head of state, is represented by a Governor at state level, and federally by the Governor General. It is within the power of the Governor General to dismiss elected governments and to muster the armed forces. The various Parliament Houses, at state and federal levels, are divided into upper and lower houses, with representatives elected approximately every three years.

Economically, Australia was ruled in the 19th century by large-scale pastoralists, who developed the wool industry. This Squattocracy was riddled by servants of the Wyrm. Pastoralists remain influential in rural areas, despite having suffered great losses at the hands of the Garou. Improvements in machine technology (particularly mining technology) toward the end of the 19th century allowed industrialists to challenge the pastoralists' supremacy. By the end of World War II, industrialists ruled Australia through its economy. Over the long term, industrialization transformed rural laborers into an industrial proletariat,

changed cities from seaports into polluted manufacturing centers, and drastically redirected the economy.

Travel

Australia is no longer an isolated continent, thanks to the scientific advances of the 20th century. Even as late as the 1950s the majority of international travelers arrived in Australia after sea journeys lasting many months. Today most international airlines, including British Airways, Continental, Garuda and Aeroflot, offer direct flights to Australia. International flights generally land in either Sydney or Melbourne. From the U.S.A., airlines fly across the Pacific, stopping over in Hawaii and New Zealand before arriving in Australia. From Europe, airplanes stop over in Kuwait and Singapore. The aerial journey to Australia from either Europe or the U.S. lasts approximately 24 hours, although U.S. travelers lose a day when they cross the International Date Line. Australians and others traveling to America gain a day for the same reason. Australia itself is divided into three time zones: Eastern Standard Time; Central Time, which applies to south, central and northern Australia and is half an hour behind the east; and Western Time, which is three hours behind Eastern Standard Time.

Australia's capital cities are well serviced by public transport, although the nature of these systems varies from city to city. A sprawling network of trains accesses Sydney's many suburbs, while Melbourne is famed for its trams. Public transport in Adelaide, Perth and Canberra is predominantly via bus. Crossing the country is done by train, notably the Indian-Pacific, which travels from Perth to Sydney in three days; by air, flying Australian Airlines or Quantas; or by road. National highways generally cling to the coast; an exception is the Stuart Highway, a 2800-kilometer road bisecting the outback from Adelaide to Darwin. Such highways are maintained by the federal government.

States of Australia

(Refer to the map at the end of this book.)

Australia's six states and two territories have their own unique qualities, as do their capital cities. Australia's capitals, despite being settled in three different centuries, are surprisingly similar. Because the majority of early settlers were British, the cities they founded shared the same basic laws, customs, institutions and language. This differs considerably from the United States, for example, where an early influx of various nationalities significantly affected city growth during the founding years.

Australian capitals settled in the 18th and 19th centuries were laid out on sites chosen for their proximity to the coast and fresh water, as well as for their strategic value in defending what was then an isolated and vulnerable British colony. Unlike European capitals, Australian cities were

planned and carefully laid out in a grid pattern. Lesser villages around the cities have been swallowed and consumed as the cities grew, surviving today as suburbs. Although the Garou do not recognize political boundaries, the states are discussed here in order to present a more detailed overview of the Australian continent.

Australian Capital Territory

The site of Australia's national capital was chosen in 1909, although it would be another four years before Canberra's first foundation stones were laid. The Australian Capital Territory originally consisted of 2360 square kilometers at an average of 580 meters above sea level. An additional 73 square kilometers on the coast at Jervis Bay was annexed with the intent to establish a seaport for the capital. This never came about, but today Jervis Bay is the home of the Royal Australian Naval College and a haven for vacationers in summer. Outside the capital, the ACT is a rich agricultural area supporting horses, cattle and sheep.

New South Wales

There was a time when New South Wales was the only colony in Australia, and its inhabitants' belief that it remains the most important and influential state is understandable. Important as it may be, New South Wales is far from the physically largest state, with just over 800,000 square kilometers of territory. However, this land is inhabited by more than 4,500,000 people — almost a third of the Australian population in just over 10% of its area. Of those, more than 60% live in metropolitan Sydney, the capital of the state and the first city of the Commonwealth.

Some 70 kilometers from Sydney rear the Blue Mountains. Beyond the escarpment is the rolling countrysides of the west, traditionally given over to wheat and wool. Southern central New South Wales, known as the Riverina, is heavily irrigated as a result of the Snowy Mountain Scheme, and produces wheat, oats, barley and fruit. In the state's far west lie the beginnings of the outback. South of Sydney stretches the Illawarra Coast, where Australians pursue their love of the sea and sand. Marring the splendor of the region is the industrial city of Wollongong (population 200,000). Exploiting the oil-bearing shale found locally, Wollongong manufactures coal, iron, steel and industrial chemicals. Banes infest this bleak, gray, depressing city. Further south are the towns of Bateman's Bay (popular among surfers), and Ulladulla, located at the northern end of almost 40 miles of coastal lakes and lagoons. To Sydney's north is Newcastle, an important industrial city. The Hunter Valley runs inland from Newcastle, producing some of Australia's finest wines. Further north, the New South Wales coast is predominantly rural, producing fruit, sugar, maize and vegetables, as well as hosting a large beef and dairy industry. Once an area of swamps and wetlands, most of New South Wales' north coast has long since been drained to provide farmland. This policy has resulted in severe soil erosion and the collapse of the delicate wetland ecosystems.

Northern Territory

The Northern Territory is six times larger than Great Britain. Its borders encompass almost a sixth of the continent. The Territory is almost entirely tropical, with only a small section of its total area lying below the Tropic of Capricorn. Between November and April the area endures its wet season, a period of heavy rainfall and hot humid weather. By contrast, the dry season, corresponding to the rest of the continent's winter, is warm and pleasant. In the Territory's north are monsoon-swept coastal plains, near sea level and extensively forested. The coast itself is tropical. In the far northwest of the Territory, and in the south, near Alice Springs, are low mountain ranges. Between the ranges and the coast lies semi-desert. Unfit for agriculture, the desert has been less damaged by European colonization than other parts of Australia have. The seemingly lifeless scrub and sands are rich in native fauna, active only around dusk and dawn. Beneath the soil lie substantial deposits of gold, copper, iron and other minerals. Mining operations to extract these geologic riches threaten the otherwise unspoiled environment. The southern and northern coastal areas of the Northern Territory support cattle; more than one cattle station in the Territory is larger than the U.S. state of Connecticut.

Queensland

Queensland is Australia's second-largest state, covering 1,728,000 square kilometers. It is larger than the British Isles, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Greece combined. Half in the tropics, Queensland has the climatic range to produce sugar, pineapples, coffee, apples, cotton and grain; the state also supports a massive sheep, beef and dairy industry. Queensland contains huge reserves of gas, oil, coal, lead, bauxite, copper, silver, manganese and zinc beneath its varied topography. It also supports a thriving tourist industry, exploiting the state's rainforests, coral reefs and long miles of beaches. Despite these redeeming features, Queensland is Australia's "Deep North," with an unpleasant reputation for rednecks, racism, and government and police corruption.

In the state's far north, on the Cape York Peninsula, a reclusive scientific community is building a rocket-launching platform from which to fire Australian satellites into orbit. In Cape York, the mountains of the Great Dividing Range rear only 24 kilometers from the coast. Their heavily forested slopes include tropical rainforest such as the Daintree National Park, where crocodiles regularly claim unwary or foolish tourists. In Queensland's west lie the semi-arid plains of the Great Artesian Basin, a parched and stony desert. The many artesian wells in the area permit sheep to be raised, but because of this, the water table has become dangerously low and is still dropping.

South Australia

Unlike the eastern states it adjoins, South Australia has little high ground, although the Mount Lofty

Ranges and the craggy Flinders Ranges are exceptions. Sixty percent of the state is arid desert. Close to the Victorian border stands the extinct and flooded volcano Mount Gambier; its crater lakes have become considerable tourist attractions. North of the state capital, Adelaide, stretches the Barossa Valley, settled by disaffected German Lutherans early in the state's history. They brought the art of winemaking with them, and today the Barossa is renowned for its many wineries. Northwest of Adelaide is Maralinga, access to which is still prohibited. Permission is also needed to enter the adjoining Woomera Restricted Area, which has been used since the early 1950s for rocket and weapons testing, army exercises and training. South Australia is the only state in Australia to have passed laws restricting logging to timber plantations.

Tasmania

Tasmania, off Australia's southern coast, is the smallest state in the Commonwealth. It bears the distinction of being the most mountainous island in the world. Because of its isolation, Tasmania has retained a largely Anglo-Saxon population, unlike the increasingly multicultural main-





land. Tasmanians are dismissed as inbred and provincial by mainlanders, for whom Tasmanians display equal contempt.

The island was settled by Europeans as the prison of a penal colony continent, the perfect dumping ground for difficult, dangerous and otherwise incorrigible offenders. The conditions under which these convicts labored were extremely brutal. The best example of such settlements is Port Arthur, today a tourist attraction. Transportation of convicts to Tasmania continued until 1853, and Port Arthur remained an active penal colony until 1877. Until 1852 Tasmania was known as Van Dieman's Land, after the Governor-General of the Dutch Indies, under whose orders the haphazard navigator Abel Tasman discovered and partially mapped Tasmania in 1642.

When European settlers arrived in Tasmania in 1803, the island was home to the oldest Aboriginal tribe in Australia. Because of the tribe's resistance to the invaders, its members were subjected to a campaign of genocide unparalleled in Australia's savage history. Most of the four or five thousand Tasmanian Aboriginals were killed in the first 20 years of European settlement. Similarly, the Tasmanian tiger, or thylacine, was driven to extinction by settlers. Colonization in Tasmania was ferocious, sweeping away anything that stood between it and total domination of the island. Fortunately, the settlers were not completely successful. Southwest Tasmania has not been thoroughly explored even today, and it is possible that thylacines still

survive in the area's inaccessible forests and deep ravines. Tasmania's mountainous Central Plateau rises to heights of almost 1500 meters above sea level. Alpine meadows, deep tarns and rushing, icy streams cover the plateau. The north coast, by contrast, is flat, fertile, and given over to farming. Apples and hops are Tasmania's largest cash crops.

Victoria

Despite having a smaller area than any other mainland state, Victoria houses almost a quarter of Australia's population. At 228,000 square kilometers (half the size of Germany), Victoria has the greatest population density on the continent. High rainfall (63.5 centimeters by comparison to the national average of 42 centimeters), fertile soils and extensive irrigation result in flourishing crops and livestock: citrus fruits in the north, wheat in the west, and dairy products, wool and meat across the state. The state capital is Melbourne, which was also the national capital in the years between the country's federation and the founding of Canberra.

The Great Dividing Range bisects Victoria, although an important pass, the Kilmore Gap, lies just north of Melbourne, permitting access to the fertile lands of the Murray River Valley. The area south of the Great Divide and east of Melbourne is named Gippsland. The largest open-cut coal mine in Australia is found here, in an area that was once a vast swamp. In East Gippsland flourish several stands of temperate rainforest, now under threat

from logging and woodchipping. The coast is dominated by a series of lakes and lagoons. Central Gippsland is flat and fertile, squeezed between the Great Dividing and Strzelecki Ranges, and given over to a large dairy industry. Spectacular coastlines west of Port Phillip Bay (the largest natural port on the southern Australian coast) prove constant tourist attractions, as do the parades of fairy penguins and the koala sanctuaries of Phillip Island.

The state's southwest, known as the Western District, is the world's largest uninterrupted lava plain, and is scattered with several extinct volcanoes. The area was once extensively forested, but has long since been cleared as pasture for sheep and cattle. The rugged coastline of the Western District, dominated by forested highlands, gives way to flat and uninteresting terrain inland. Victoria's central west, the Wimmera, provides farmland for the growth of wheat, oats and cereals. Several of Victoria's largest national parks are found in the Wimmera; one such houses the Grampians, a series of spectacular sandstone outcroppings. As well as featuring Aboriginal rock art and a large variety of wildlife, the Grampians were the retreat of Ben Hall, a bushranger. In the extreme northwest of Victoria is the Mallee District, conforming in part to the stereotypical picture of Australia; the flat, red, semi-arid plain of the outback. Victoria's northern border is largely delineated by the Murray River.

Western Australia

Western Australia, Australia's largest state, is three times the size of Texas. Despite its size (almost a third of the continent's land mass), it houses under 5% of the population. From extreme northwest to southwest, Western Australia stretches for more than 2,400 kilometers. Despite its size, the state has less than 177,000 kilometers of road, most of them dirt tracks providing little more than an indication of direction through the endless spinifex and saltbush. Western Australia's terrain is mostly flat, around 305 meters above sea level, arid, and largely incapable of supporting agriculture. Its red sands hide vast mineral wealth, which, despite a century of mining, remains generally unassessed and untouched.

The northwest of the state, some 151,800 square kilometers, holds barely 30,000 inhabitants. Features of the area include the Hammersley Ranges. The Hammersleys are Western Australia's highest peaks, great rugged hillsides whose steep and colorful valleys stretch for more than 400 kilometers across the Pilbara District. In the far north of the state is found the Kimberley region, an area of worn ranges and splendid gorges.

Cities of Western Australia include Perth, the state capital; Albany, a holiday resort and deep-water port, where Australia's last shore-based whaling station operated until 1978; and Fremantle, briefly home to the America's Cup.

Garou Protectorates

Older than Kosciusko

Driven back to Alice Springs

Endless storm and struggle

Mark the spirit of the age.

— *Midnight Oil, "Kosciusko"*

(Refer to the map at the end of this book.)

The Garou have divided Australia into 19 protectorates (not including the cities, which are battlegrounds between werewolves and vampires, as well as being contested among the Garou tribes). Some of these protectorates are vast areas, covering many thousands of square kilometers; others are quite small. At least one caern is found in every protectorate. Not all caerns are described in the text, leaving Storytellers free to create their own should they desire.

Arnhem Land Protectorate

This protectorate encompasses Arnhem Land itself (a restricted area governed by local Aboriginal tribes), as well as the magnificent Kakadu National Park. The protectorate is the domain of Black Furies.

The Arnhem Furies' main concern is the Ranger uranium mine in Kakadu. The Black Furies have sought to unite the land's traditional owners in an attempt to force the mine's closure; thus far they have had little success. Reactionary elements amongst the Black Furies suggest with increasing vociferousness that only violence will close the mine. The protectorate's leaders point out that at least two more uranium mines are proposed in Kakadu, and that they will surely be opened if Ranger is closed. The uranium mine is a Wyrm caern and provides haven for a small but deadly pack of Black Spiral Dancers, who rarely leave Ranger's immediate environs.

Black Spirals may not be the only other inhabitants of Arnhem Land. Local Aboriginal legends describe the Gumagan, crocodile men, said to be spirits of Arnhem Land's lagoons and rivers. The Black Furies have yet to determine the significance of such tales.

The City of Darwin

Australia's northernmost capital was founded in 1869. It was designed to be a second Singapore, capitalizing on the trade potential of the nearby Indonesian archipelago. This grand idea was foiled for many years by the antagonism and xenophobia of white Australians. Only in recent years does it seem possible for the plans of Darwin's founder to see fruition. Darwin provides a strategic base for navy vessels patrolling the northern seas; this factor also played a part in deciding the city's location. Darwin's population, under 100,000, is a cosmopolitan blend of European Australian, Aboriginal Australian and Asian, particularly Chinese.

Darwin's tropical climate and heterogeneous citizenry combine to make the city significantly different from other Australian capitals, both culturally and physically. The city has a reputation as a rough frontier town. Darwin's population consumes more alcohol per head than that of any other Australian city. The city is unusually modern in appearance, a result of rebuilding following Japanese bombing in World War II and, more recently, Cyclone Tracey, which devastated Darwin in 1974. Although the city lagged behind the rest of Australia for many years, the discovery of nearby uranium deposits in the 1950s boosted its economy and population considerably.

Namorrkan Caern

Caern: Arnhem Land

Level: 2

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Lightning

Tribal Structure: Only Black Furies. The caern is closed to all male Garou, but female visitors are permitted unless they are Red Talons.

Totem: Namorrkan, the Lightning Spirit

This well-guarded caern lies in the escarpment region of northern Kakadu National Park, some 50 kilometers west of the Arnhem Land border. The ridge on which the caern stands is called 'Lightning Dreaming' by the local Aboriginal people. The area is taboo to the local Aboriginals, who believe that Namorrkan will strike dead with his lightning any who dare to venture too close to the site. The caern lies atop a bare hill, encircled by trees. A cavern in the hill below contains a gallery of rock art, among which is pictured Namorrkan himself.

Namorrkan Caern is closely guarded by the Black Furies, despite the fact that the Lightning Man has not spoken to them since they took control of the site following the War of Tears. Namorrkan is an aloof, elemental spirit who speaks only to men. The Black Furies of Arnhem Land debate among themselves whether to ask other Garou for help in contacting the spirit (with his aid, the nearby Ranger uranium mine might be destroyed), although their pride has thus far prevented them from taking such action.

The Cape York Protectorate

More than 90% of Cape York, Australia's northernmost protectorate, remains pristine wilderness. Cape York provides refuge for 633 species of endangered plants, more than any other biological region in Australia. The Jardine River National Park, near the tip of the Cape, is Australia's most extensive area of virgin wetlands, including swamps, heaths and rainforest. The threatened Lakefield National Park is also contained within the protectorate's boundaries. To the south lies the Daintree National Park, where lush rainforest grows down to the shore. Much of the Cape's coastline consists of mangrove swamp and seagrass meadow, inhabited by saltwater crocodiles and placid, slow-moving

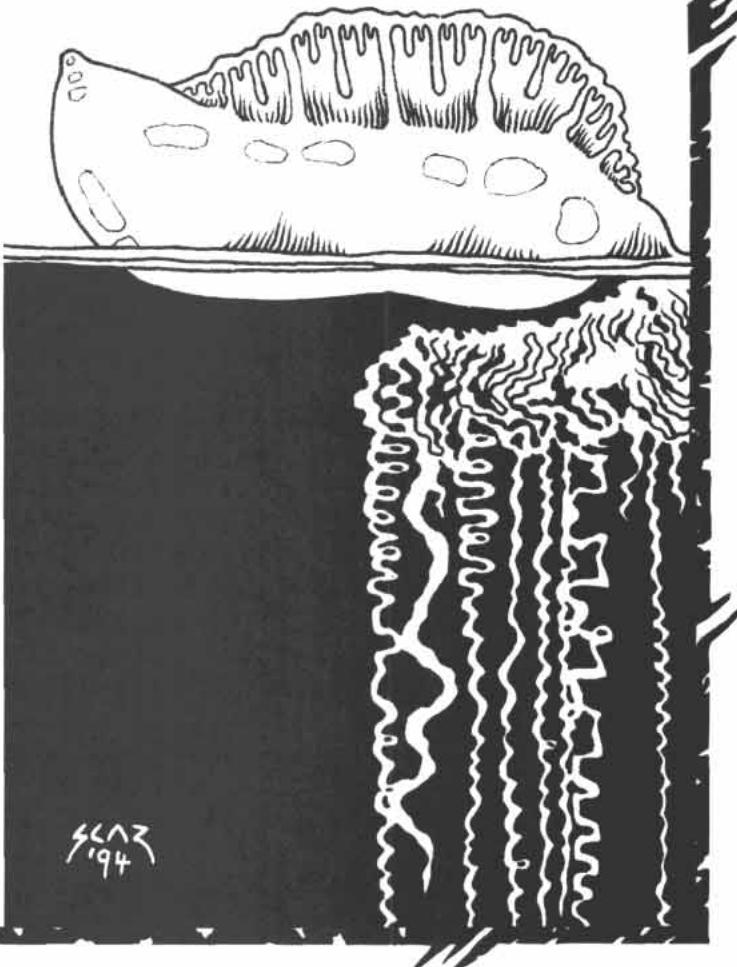
dugongs. The Great Barrier Reef is found in the waters east of Cape York. The warm, shallow waters of the Gulf of Carpentaria, lying off the Cape's west coast, are home to barramundi and great shoals of prawns. A bauxite smelter has been proposed for Weipa, a coastal town; naturally, the Red Talon guardians of Cape York will do anything to prevent this development.

The Eungella Protectorate

From the tropical city of Cairns, south along the coast as far as Fraser Island, and bordered to the west by the Great Dividing Range, lies the Stargazer protectorate of Eungella. From Eungella's shores one may gaze out over the crystal-blue waters of the Great Barrier Reef, or inland to Bartle Frere, Queensland's highest mountain. Its 1622-meter peak offers an unparalleled view across the Arthurton Tablelands, including the crater lakes of Barrine and Eacham, and the Coral Sea, where lies Hinchinbrook Island.

In the southern reaches of the protectorate stretch the Mount Etna bat caves, home to the endangered little bent-wing bat. Some of Mount Etna's 46 caves have already been destroyed by blasting. In the west of Eungella winds Carnarvon Gorge, its 200-meter walls festooned with ferns and orchids and decorated with Aboriginal rock art.

Fraser Island, which marks the southern border of the protectorate, is the world's largest sand island. Its dunes rise to 235 meters and support a rich growth of rainforest, as well as some 40 freshwater lakes. To date, the Stargazers and





their Kinfolk have successfully defeated any attempts by the government to mine Fraser Island's mineral sands.

The Web of Dreaming Hands

Caern: Queensland, Carnarvon Gorge

Level: 2

Gauntlet: 4

Type: True Dreaming

Tribal Structure: Stargazers; other tribes are allowed to visit with Stargazer permission.

Totem: Fog

This caern is situated within the 30-kilometer Carnarvon Gorge system. The gorge floor is covered in dense rainforest. In a concealed valley, a tributary of the major gorge system, lies the Web of Dreaming Hands. Within this lesser canyon live thousands of spiders, spinning webs from tree to tree and filling the gorge with softly undulating sheets of silk. In the center of these webs rise two trees, their bare branches reaching upward like silk-gloved hands. Fog hides the entrance of the gorge from those who seek the caern unless they are accompanied by a Stargazer or bear a Stargazer fetish. It is rare for any Stargazer to remain long at the caern.

If a Garou sleeps within the cupped hands of the trees and sacrifices a point of Gnosis, she will dream a true dream. The dream's events will always occur, but may be difficult to interpret. Many who dream true dreams do not understand their visions until after the events they foretell have passed. Some Garou can control the flow of their vision, allowing them to dream about a specific topic. This requires a Wits + Enigmas roll (difficulty 8).

To visit the Web of the Dreaming Hands, a Stargazer must first be found, then convinced to open the caern to the appellant. The caern's totem, Fog, besides concealing the caern from the unworthy, whispers secrets to the Stargazers during their infrequent visits.

The Flinders Protectorate

The Flinders Protectorate is the dominion of the Get of Fenris, whose human Kinfolk settled the area's Barossa Valley. The rugged Flinders Ranges, for which the protectorate is named, extend north of Adelaide for 400 kilometers, just south of Lake Eyre. The ranges are dotted with steep ridges, gorges, and rolling plains where kangaroos and wallabies thrive. The protectorate is bordered to the north by Lake Eyre, and to the west by the Woomera Prohibited Area, beyond which lies radiation-tainted Maralinga. The Get of Fenris have been known to abandon their cubs within Maralinga as a Rite of Passage. The cub who can safely navigate his way across the desert back to the sept, avoiding Black Spiral Dancers and soldiers, many of them fomori, is welcomed as a full-fledged member of the tribe.

The City of Adelaide

Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, was founded in 1836. Unlike most Australian capitals, Adelaide was purely a colonial city, with no strategic importance. Nor was it built with convict labor. Adelaide is called "the city of churches," and even early in its history presented itself as the moral, civic and constitutional model of a new community. Today Adelaide is a city of broad streets and sandstone buildings, renowned for its international arts festival and its reserved atmosphere. Ironically, the racist organization National Action has its headquarters in Adelaide. A belt of parklands surrounds the central grid of the city. Through the north of this belt runs the Torrens River, beside which can be found the Adelaide Zoo and the Botanical Gardens.

Many of Adelaide's suburbs are found in the leafy surroundings of the Adelaide Hills. Bushfires regularly scourge the area, often with devastating effect. Adelaide has been chosen by the Sabbat as the site of its next Australian conquest. As a result of the sect's actions, the city has the highest violent crime rate of any Australian capital.

The Gariwerd Protectorate

The Fianna have overseen the Gariwerd Protectorate since the War of Tears. The protectorate takes its name from the Aboriginal name of the Grampians. Gariwerd is rich in rock art and home to 200 bird species. Recently the Fianna's Kinfolk convinced Victoria's Labor government to change the title of the Grampians National Park to Gariwerd, but the newly elected, conservative Victorian government has reverted the park's name.

The magnificent coastline along the Great Ocean Road, with its isolated stacks, pinnacles, arches, cliffs and blowholes, marks the southern extent of Gariwerd's range. The Murray River is the protectorate's northern boundary. The wheatfields of Victoria's Western District are contained within the protectorate, as is the arid Little Desert.

Also within the protectorate lies Coorong National Park, a 130-kilometer stretch of unspoiled beach and 30-meter-high dunes separating landlocked saltwater lagoons from the sea. The park includes Aboriginal middens and burial grounds. It also provides a breeding ground for crested terns, silver gulls, shags, ibis, swans and pelicans. It is a delicate area of unique environmental concern, and one the Fianna protect as best they can, repelling hunters and tourists with equal ferocity.

Tower Hill Caern

Caern: Flooded crater of Tower Hill, an extinct volcano near Warrnambool, Victoria

Level: 2

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Humor

Tribal Structure: Open, but controlled by Fianna

Totem: Tulu the Kookaburra

Tower Hill was once thickly forested, but was cleared in the early 1800s for grazing, with the result that the caern itself was threatened. The Fianna blame the Silver Fangs for the near-destruction of the Tower Hill environment and have recently begun a reforestation campaign, using a landscape of Tower Hill (painted in 1815 by a Kinfolk) as their guide.

The Silver Fangs have more than once tried to wrest control of Tower Hill from the Fianna, claiming that such an important caern should be guarded by a more fitting tribe than "a group of Irish drunkards," but to no avail. After the last such attempt, in 1983, the Fianna complained to the Jindabyne Council, who judged in their favor, much to the Silver Fangs' disgust.

The spirit of the caern, Tulu, is a great Wyrm-fighter. Kookaburra is also a great one for laughing, and reminds the Fianna never to lose their sense of humor, no matter what they face. As a caern of humor, Tower Hill's atmosphere prevents outbreaks of violence among the usually short-tempered Garou when they are gathered here.

The Gippsland Protectorate

The Silver Fang protectorate of Gippsland stretches east from Melbourne as far as Mallacoota Inlet, near the New South Wales border. The area was settled early in Victoria's history and still reflects Australia's European heritage in its population and place names. The protectorate's northern edge is marked by the Great Dividing Range. Gippsland includes the threatened old-growth forests of the Tambo and Snowy River regions; the beaches, steep dunes, deep inlets and flooded valleys of Croajingolong; and the Gippsland Lakes. Rights to the high country of the alpine plains are disputed among mountain cattlemen, the skiing lobby (who wish to expand the ski resort of Thredbo), and environmentalists.

The southernmost extreme of the Gippsland Protectorate, and of the Australian mainland as a whole, is Wilson's Promontory National Park. The park is home to 240 bird species. Over 80 kilometers of walking tracks wind through the mountains, headlands, heaths, rainforest pockets, and sandy beaches of this granite peninsula. The promontory juts into the cold waters of Bass Strait, and its wild weather, often the despair of tourists, provides the Garou with opportunities to roam the national park undisturbed.

The La Trobe Valley, an area of English-style fields and farms in Central Gippsland, is overhung by smog from two major power stations. The Yallourn open-cut coal mine, in Central Gippsland, provides vast quantities of low-grade brown coal at great cost to the environment. The valley is Victoria's second most polluted area (after Melbourne) and is haunted by Banes, fomori and worse horrors. The Garou can but gaze sadly over its poisoned expanse and hope to contain its evil.

The City of Melbourne

Melbourne was founded on the banks of the Yarra River in 1845 (after two previous colonization attempts in the area had failed) to deter French settlers in southern Australia. The site of the city's founding was "purchased" from the Doutagalla tribe for 100 blankets, 50 pairs of scissors, 50 mirrors, 50 knives, 50 tomahawks, 20 suits of clothes and two tons of flour.

A well-planned city, Melbourne features many grand Victorian and neo-Gothic buildings along its elm and plane-tree lined streets. Melbourne's many fine theatres, restaurants and galleries have earned the city the title of Australia's cultural mecca (although Sydney would dispute this claim). A stuffy, somewhat reserved air, and an obsession with the genteel past, mar the city's otherwise cosmopolitan atmosphere.

Melbourne has never adopted the air of a maritime city, despite its location on the shores of Port Phillip Bay. The limited depth of water at the entrance to the bay has inhibited the harbor's development in the age of giant container ships and tankers. Still, the 19 kilometers of quayside, wharves and warehouses by the docks have greatly contributed to Melbourne's population.

Once a strictly European-style city, with strong links to England, Melbourne today is avowedly multicultural, with a population of three million. Considerable rivalry exists between Melbourne and Sydney's human residents, dating to the time when Melbourne was chosen over Sydney as the temporary national capital.

The Sept of the Mother and the Sacred King

Caern: Fitzroy and Treasury Gardens, Melbourne

Level: 1

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Vision

Tribal Structure: Open, controlled by a multatribal pack.

Totem: Moodai the Possum

The center of this caern is marked by a statue of the goddess Artemis, standing amid a small pool in the Fitzroy Gardens. Supplicants who come here will occasionally be granted visions.

A narrow road separates the caern's surrounding parkland from Treasury Gardens, where stands a memorial to assassinated U.S. President John F. Kennedy. Many Black Furies claim Kennedy was an aspect of the Sacred King, the ritually slain consort of the Mother Goddess.

The sept is led by Voula Kostikidas, a metis Black Fury. The sept is the only urban caern guarded by a Black Fury. The rest of the sept are, like their leader, outcasts and outsiders.

Moodai, the caern's totem, is a possum spirit linked with the moon. The Fitzroy Gardens are home to many possums,

some of which are albino. These animals are regarded by the sept as Moodai's special children.

The Hunter Valley Protectorate

The polluted industrial city of Newcastle lies at the mouth of the Hunter Valley Protectorate, as if to enrage the area's Fianna guardians. The Fianna despise this symbol of the Wyrm's corruption, but can do little.

The protectorate, which stretches from the New England Ranges in the north to Sydney in the south, is rich in pastoral lands given to cattle grazing and wine production, as well as coal mining, from which Newcastle has grown great.

A major earthquake struck Newcastle at the beginning of the decade, killing some 15 people; the Garou have yet to determine whether the earthquake was natural, or if some fearsome Wyrm-beast stirs beneath the city.

The City of Sydney

Decadent, sinful, sprawling Sydney boasts a population of some four million. It is the oldest, largest and most densely crowded city on the continent. Sydney was settled in 1788 with the arrival of the First Fleet. Despite (or perhaps because of) its beginnings as a convict city, Sydney has long sheltered a powerful free enterprise system, and is now known as much for its capitalists as for its criminals. Indeed, Sydney is home to many of Australia's wealthiest citizens, as well as the Australian branch office of Pentex.

Money has made Sydney brash, bright and aggressively modern. The city is justifiably renowned for its beautiful harbor and its remarkable Opera House. However, Sydney's police are allegedly Australia's most corrupt, while Sydney's red-light district, King's Cross, is a notorious den of vice, including drugs, clubs and prostitution. Skyscrapers tower over Sydney's crowded, squalid inner suburbs. Here dwell many urban Aboriginals, particularly in Redfern, an area avoided by most whites after dark. Redfern's Aboriginal populace regularly experiences violence at the hands of the police. Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers are Sydney's most dominant Garou tribes.

The Rocks Caern

Caern: Basement of the King's Arms Hotel, the Rocks, Sydney

Level: 2

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Streetwise

Tribal Structure: Open, although dominated by Bone Gnawers

Totem: Sydney's City Mother

The Rocks is Sydney's oldest area. Much of it lies beneath the arch of the Sydney Harbor Bridge. The Rocks

is an area of narrow, cobbled streets and terrace houses, many of them constructed from bluestone. Convict-built houses of sandstone and mudbrick still stand in the Rocks.

Although popular with tourists by day, the Rocks is poorly lit at night, and shunned by most save the homeless, who congregate there in large numbers. In our world much of the Rocks has been gentrified, but in the Gothic-Punk world few developers have moved into the area, leaving it to the poor, the dispossessed, and the Bone Gnawers.

The Rocks Sept, led by Mother Pasta, has its caern in the basement of the King's Arms, one of the locale's most rundown hotels. Rats and cockroaches scuttle amongst the beer kegs, while the bar is frequented by chronic alcoholics, rough-looking locals and numerous thugs. Although by rights the caern is open to all tribes, most tribes shun it. Certainly no Silver Fang would ever lower herself to set foot within the King's Arms.

The totem of the sept is Sydney's City Mother, who appears as a gaunt punk girl adorned in bright makeup and wearing a leather vest over a dress of stained white lace. Striped stockings and heavy boots complete her ensemble. Her attitude is insulting, aggressive and nervous.

The Kangaroo Island Protectorate

Thanks to the efforts of Garou Kinfolk and their human allies, more than 70,000 hectares of the Kangaroo Island Protectorate were declared a national park in 1993. Kangaroo Island is home to the rare Tammar wallaby, already extinct on the mainland, and the glossy black cockatoo, of which only 150 individuals survive. The island's formidable cliffs are home to fur seals, ospreys and white-bellied sea eagles. Unfortunately for the dwarf emu, which was unique to Kangaroo Island, government legislation came too late. The species is now extinct.

Kangaroo Island's human inhabitants are mainly farmers and crayfishers, while the protectorate's guardians are Black Furies, who maintain a powerful caern on the western tip of the island. In the Aboriginal mythology of South Australia, Kangaroo Island was Karta, the Land of the Dead. Its Dreamtime, largely preserved from the ravages of the mainland, is rich and mysterious.

The Katajuta Protectorate

The enigmatic Uktena have claimed the Katajuta Protectorate as their own. The Sept of the Waking Dream (detailed in *Caerns: Places of Power*) is found here. The protectorate stretches from the treeless plain of Nullarbor in the south to the Tanami Desert in the north. Its eastern border is marked by the Simpson Desert and Maralinga, while in the west the protectorate border is formed by the Great Sandy Desert. Southern right whales breed in the turbulent, storm-wracked seas off the Nullarbor cliffs, while ancient Wyrm-beasts slumber beneath the plain. Much of



the Katajuta Protectorate consists of desert sands, mulga, and saltbush scrub.

Uluru, known as Ayers Rock to Europeans, is a powerful place of Aboriginal dreaming. It is a massive boulder, 300 meters high, with a perimeter of nine kilometers. Once a powerful Bunyip caern, Uluru was claimed by the Uktena, who hoped to decipher its secrets. The Uktena have led locals to believe that the Bunyip died fighting the Wyrm, not that they were slain by their fellow Garou.

Uluru's many topographical features were created by a variety of totemic spirits when Australia was formed. The women of the Kuniya, or Carpet Snake people, became the boulders of Tjukiki Gorge. The red mineral stains on the rock are the blood of Kulikudgeri of the Liru, warrior of a venomous snake tribe who fought the Kuniya. The spears of the Liru made the many potholes in Uluru's cliff faces, while the tracks of the Liru men became the many fissures on Uluru's southwest face. A cave holds the spirits of Willy Wagtail Woman's children, slain by the Liru.

Sept of the Waking Dream

Caern: Katajuta rock formation (the Olgas) in the Australian Outback

Level: 4

Gauntlet: 3

Type: Enigmas

Tribal Structure: Closed; power held by the Uktena Aboriginals

Totems: Uktena

Details on the guardians of this caern can be found in the Werewolf sourcebook, *Caerns: Places of Power*.

The Kimberley Protectorate

The magnificently wild and rugged Kimberley region is also an Uktena protectorate, claimed immediately after the War of Tears. This remote and inaccessible land houses Australia's only boab trees, with their swollen, grotesque trunks and rootlike branches. The Kimberley coast is wracked by three-meter tides, whirlpools, rapids and dangerously swift currents. Saltwater crocodiles haunt the shore, while the few permanent rivers in the Kimberleys are populated by the smaller, less dangerous, freshwater Johnstone's crocodile.

The Bungle Bungle Range, an extraordinary massif of eroded, banded domes like gigantic stone beehives, rises from Kimberley's plains. The Purnululu Caern is found in the center of the Bungle Bungles, inaccessible to all but the most persistent Garou.

A second caern is located at the site of the Wolf Creek Meteorite Crater, which at 880 meters wide and 49 meters deep is the world's second-largest authenticated meteorite crater. The caern is especially favored by Uktena Skywalkers. Because it lies so close to the Tanami Protectorate, the crater is contested by the Red Talons, who wish to wrest it from the Uktena's control.

The Kimberley Protectorate is bordered to the southwest by the Great Sandy Desert and to the south by the Tanami Desert. To the west is found the Ord River, dammed in 1971 to create Lake Argyle, Australia's largest body of fresh water, in a failed irrigation scheme. The Argyle Diamond Mine, close to the lake, is rumored to be the location of a sleeping Wyrm-beast, entombed for tens of thousands of years. Harold and Harold Mining Inc. has approached the Argyle owners with the prospect of increasing the mine's output and depth.

The Barnambirr Caern

Caern: Wolf Creek Meteorite Crater, Kimberley protectorate

Level: 3

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Gnosis

Tribal Structure: Closed; controlled by Uktena

Totem: Barnambirr, Spirit of the Morning Star

This is one of four caerns held by the Uktena in Australia; the other three are located at Uluru, Katajuta, and Purnululu. The crater holding the caern was formed 250,000 years ago, although the caern itself was only opened in 1975. Since then, the Red Talons, led by Kirijunu of the Tanami Protectorate, have tried to seize the caern from the Uktena, without success.

Barnambirr, the caern's totem spirit, guards the spirits of dead Garou until their reincarnation. The ritemasters of the caern can channel the spirit's power into their Past Life Dice Pools, greatly facilitating communication with Ancestor-spirits (one Past Life die per successes for all participating in the rite). They also gain Gnosis to distribute among the caern's sept.

The Mount Isa Protectorate

The vast Red Talon protectorate of Mount Isa encompasses most of central and southern Queensland, as well as parts of New South Wales and South Australia. It is bordered by the Great Dividing Range to the east, the savanna coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria to the north, the Simpson Desert to the southwest, and the Balonne River to the southeast.

Mount Isa, for which the protectorate is named, is notable as the site of one of the world's largest silver-lead mines. Copper and zinc are also mined in the area, much to the horror of the Red Talons, who do everything in their power to halt excavation and production.

Cloncurry, in the protectorate's east, is Australia's hottest town, while northerly Riversley, in the Barkly Tableland, is one of the world's richest fossil sites. Remains of more than 200 species spanning 25 million years have been uncovered at Riversley.

The Mount Isa region is semi-arid, whereas in prehistoric times it was an area of rich rainforest. Its deserts of sand and stone are inhospitable to Europeans, save for isolated oases where artesian wells pump water to the surface, perhaps bringing with them unknown taints from deep



underground. In the protectorate's Dreamtime, however, the primeval forest still stands. Here, great cycads and waving palms march down to the shores of the Penumbral inland sea.

The Nimbin Protectorate

The Nimbin Protectorate, beloved home of the Children of Gaia, stretches south along the coast from Fraser Island as far as the New England Tablelands. The protectorate's western border is marked by the western foothills of the Great Divide. The Nimbin Protectorate envelops a range of environments, from the urban sprawl of the Gold Coast and semi-tropical Brisbane, to the waterfalls, rock pools, rugged gorges and rainforested valleys of the New England area. The Gold Coast's magnificent beaches, though shrouded for the majority of the afternoon by high-rise apartments and hotels lining the shore, are still thick with tourists from the south.

North of Brisbane rear the Glasshouse Mountains, named by Captain Cook in 1770, who was reminded by their shape of the glass furnaces of industrial Yorkshire, his home. The mountains are the remains of lava plugs from extinct volcanoes. Their cones have long since weathered away, leaving only the hard central spires to rear over rich farmlands and forest. Ancient, moss-covered Antarctic beeches, some more than 3000 years old, grow on the Lamington Plateau between Queensland and New South Wales.

The small town of Nimbin is Australia's best known show-piece for alternate lifestylers. Under the aegis of the Children of Gaia, Nimbin is a place for humans to rediscover their love for and dependence upon Mother Earth. Since the 1960s Nimbin has faced an increasing drug problem, as burned-out hippies flocked to the area, followed by punks, assorted addicts and those who catered to them. The Children of Gaia fear that Pentex and its agents are behind the flood of low-grade, impure, synthetic drugs infiltrating and wreaking havoc in the Nimbin communities.

The City of Brisbane

Located where the Brisbane River flows into Moreton Bay, Brisbane was founded in 1825 as a penal settlement but was opened to colonists in 1842. The city has a semitropical climate, with mild winters, relatively hot, humid summers, and a puritanical reputation concerning alcohol, entertainment and social behavior. Unlike other capitals, Brisbane's streets are narrow, resulting in many traffic jams. It is nonetheless almost provincial in character. The climate encourages a profusion of brilliantly colored flowering trees and shrubs. These help to offset the inherently drab, rectangular bungalows that characterize the city's urban sprawl. Brisbane's Garou feud constantly with vampires of the Sabbat, who make the area, particularly the tourist mecca of the Gold Coast, their home and hunting ground.

The Pilbara Protectorate

The rugged wilderness of the Pilbara Protectorate is the province of the Red Talons, who spend their time attempting to shut down the area's six major mines. In the Hamersley Ranges is the community of Wittenoom, where blue asbestos was mined for years. Although the mine itself is now closed, asbestos tailings still lie between Wittenoom's houses, many of which are still inhabited. The Black Spiral Dancers operate a caern here (see *Wyrn Caerns*, later in the chapter).

Beyond the town rise the plateaus, gorges, terraced cliffs and deep pools of the Hamersley Ranges themselves. The stony Gibson Desert, rolling dunes, and dry salt lakes lie further inland. Off the coast are found coral reefs and small, scattered islands, including the Montebello Islands, still radioactive from a British nuclear test in the 1950s. Shark Bay, with its seagrass meadows, marks the southern expanse of the Pilbara Protectorate, while its northern border is delineated by the Great Sandy Desert.

The Riverina Protectorate

The Silver Fang protectorate of Riverina embraces the irrigated pastoral lands of central and northeast Victoria, as well as southeast New South Wales. The northern border of the protectorate is marked by the slow curve of the Lachlan River, which flows into the Murrumbidgee and thence into the Murray River. The Great Dividing Range

delineates the protectorate's southern and eastern extremes, while its western boundary is drawn by the Loddon River.

Riverina borders the Fianna protectorate of Gariwerd, and tension between the rival tribes remains high, as it has since Australia was founded. Riverina contains the town of Glenrowan, birthplace of the infamous bushranger Ned Kelly, as well as a number of artificial lakes. The lakes' water is used for irrigation purposes within the Murray River system. The lakes have become home to numerous waterfowl, including magnificent black swans. Wheat, oats, barley, grapes and fruit grow in Riverina, and great herds of sheep are raised for their meat and wool.

The Murray River, which flows through central Riverina, is the lifeblood of the protectorate's many cities, towns and hamlets. Thousands of fertile farms have been established in Riverina in the years since Australia's colonization, feeding off the Murray and transforming an area that was previously a delicately balanced, semi-arid wilderness. The Europeanization of the environment has sounded the death knell for many species of flora and fauna along the river's length, and much of the Riverina landscape now suffers the effects of increased salinity from constant, unchecked irrigation.

The Tanami Protectorate

The sand plains and spinifex of the Tanami Desert are the main features of this protectorate, which is guarded by the Red Talons. The protectorate embraces some of the loneliest territory in the Australian outback, from the Sandy Desert in the west to the Gulf of Carpentaria in the northeast. Here stretches the cattle-grazing district of the Barkly Tableland (an undulating, parklike plateau averaging 300 meters above sea level); here also lie the Devil's Marbles. Scattered for many hectares along either side of the Sturt Highway, the Devil's Marbles are a unique geographical phenomenon of spherical boulders. The Aboriginals of the Wirliyajarrayi and Warrabri tribes claim the Marbles are the eggs of the Rainbow Serpent. The Red Talons of Tanami are also engaged in battling mining interests. Copper, gold and silver have been mined at Tennant Creek since 1933, desecrating the formerly pure outback environment.

The Tasmania Protectorate

The mountainous island state of Tasmania consists of a single protectorate dominated by the Shadow Lords. Most Shadow Lords dwell in the sparsely settled Tasmanian southwest, where the forbidding coast is lashed by gales from the Pacific. The Franklin-Gordon River flows through the mountainous forests of this region; a great victory was won by the Garou and their Kinfolk in the early 1980s, when a proposed dam was averted after internationally noted protests. Earlier battles, sadly, were lost. Copper mining at Mount Lyell and poisonous fumes from sulfur mining at Queenstown have denuded the area's hills for many miles, reducing its rugged beauty to a stark and barren moonscape completely devoid of plant life. Such a victory for the Wyrm in the midst of Tasmania's largely unspoiled wilderness is a constant thorn in the side of the Shadow Lords. Logging still threatens much of Tasmania's old-growth forests, which may be the last domain of the thylacine, if the animal still survives. The rugged splendor of the region, with its alpine lakes and tarns carved by glaciers during the last ice age, reduces even the strongest Garou to tears.

The City of Hobart

Situated on the estuary of the Derwent River, Hobart was founded in 1804 as a convict settlement. It is the southernmost city in Australia. The moody mass of Mount Wellington rises behind Hobart, while the sea lies before it. Hobart is a beautiful city, retaining much of its Old World charm. For many Antarctic expeditions, it was, and remains, the last sight of settled lands before reaching the frozen wastes.



Hobart today is a modern, bustling city, with heavy industries scattered about its outskirts. It has its own rush-hour madness, but Hobart's saving grace is its proximity to the natural environment. The eucalyptus-clad hills and dolerite spires of Mount Wellington are visible throughout Hobart, and are no more than an hour's drive from anywhere in the city.

Cradle Mountain Caern

Caern: Cradle Mountain, Tasmania

Level: 2

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Strength

Tribal Structure: Shadow Lords

Totem: Grandfather Thunder

Before the death of the Bunyip, this was a powerful, Level Five caern. After the War of Tears the caern was administered by the Black Furies, although they never managed to discover its secrets. The Black Furies held the caern only a short while before the Shadow Lords attacked and drove them from Tasmania. This bloody, unprovoked attack was integral in convincing many Garou of the necessity for the proposed Jindabyne Council. The Shadow Lords managed to reopen the caern 50 years ago, but only at its current level. The Black Furies claim that this proves the Shadow Lords unfit guardians.

Cradle Mountain overlooks numerous alpine lakes in Tasmania's central highlands, and is a place of breathtaking, savage beauty. Even in summer, severe storms can suddenly envelop the area, discouraging hikers and bushwalkers. The caern stands atop the mountain's wind-swept peak, and is often obscured by clouds. Within the bawn of the sept, the Shadow Lords maintain a small wolf pack, imported from Russia, with which to breed.

The Wadbilliga Protectorate

The Wadbilliga Protectorate is the province of the aristocratic Silver Fangs, who have ruled the area since the earliest days of the Australian colony. Bordered to the south by Mallacoota Inlet, to the west by Mount Kosciusko, and to the north by Sydney, Wadbilliga is a roughly triangular area of land. Within its borders lie the Snowy Mountains and the narrow coastal plain. The latter's many inlets, lakes, estuaries and lagoons prove popular with human fisherman.

The first meeting of the Jindabyne Council confirmed the Silver Fangs as the protectorate's guardians. Jindabyne lies within Wadbilliga, overlooking a broad artificial lake high above sea level. The town first came to prominence among humans with the construction of the Snowy River Scheme, although Garou had been meeting in the town since the turn of the century.

The political feuding of the Silver Fangs has blinded the tribe to many events within Wadbilliga, including a grow-

ing population of Black Spiral Dancers within the tunnels of the Snowy River Scheme, and the Bane-ridden city of Wollongong, which pumps soot and smoke into the atmosphere at a frightening rate. Another concern of the Garou are the ever-increasing number of skiers who flock to the high country in winter, demanding more hotels and similar facilities at the cost of the alpine wilderness. (More details concerning Wadbilliga, including the Silver Fang court and the Crackenback Sept, are given in Chapter Six.)

The City of Canberra

Canberra, Australia's federal capital, was founded in 1913 following intense lobbying from both Melbourne and Sydney for the honor. Canberra and the Australian Capital Territory were created in accord with the Australian states' wishes for a federal capital free from the political or national domination of any one state. As a result, Canberra is a strangely passionless city, quite artificial, although well planned and neatly laid out. It is home, in the main, to politicians and public servants, and the hospitality and service industries that have arisen to meet their needs. Fewer than 300,000 people live in Canberra.

Garou influence upon Walter Burley-Griffin, the architect who designed Canberra, caused him to construct the city around a central, man-made lake, and to include belts of native vegetation between the city's suburbs, thus blending Canberra somewhat with the environment. As Canberra expands, its growth threatens the harmony of Burley-Griffin's plans. Many Glass Walkers make their home in



Canberra, close to the human power-brokers and politicians who provide the tribe with wealth and influence.

The West Coast Protectorate

The geography of this magnificent protectorate ranges from towering stands of karri forest to the limestone columns of the Pinnacle Desert to stretches of secluded beaches and inlets. The West Coast Protectorate is controlled by the Perth-based Glass Walkers, who rarely set a paw outside the city's confines. As a result, other packs, led by Red Talons and Black Furies, have moved into the area to combat a growing Black Spiral Dancer menace.

The many coastal caves in the protectorate have been claimed by the Dancers, who seek to spread the Wyrm's taint throughout the wooded valleys, heaths and hills of the wild southwest. Pentex officials from Perth regularly make the 230-kilometer trip to the caves in order to plan further outrages against Gaia.

The Glass Walkers claim that their Perth battles against Pentex are waged for the good of all Garou. Nonetheless, the roaming packs now inhabiting the West Coast Protectorate have accused the tribe of ignoring its responsibilities in favor of boardroom prestige and power. The packs are preparing to bring this charge before the Jindabyne Council.

The City of Perth

The city of Perth was founded on the banks of the Swan River in 1836 — surprisingly late in Australia's history given that the Dutch had mapped the west coast as early as 1616. Because of the area's barren coastline, even the site's strategic importance was not enough to attract settlers until after the British had claimed Australia in the name of their king. Poor planning and harsh conditions meant that Perth almost failed as a settlement within its first few years. Today Perth is a flourishing city, although the entrepreneurs and business tycoons who provided its wealth in recent years have lately gone bankrupt. Despite problems with Leeches, Perth is still ruled by the Order of Hermes mage James Stirling, who has sought to please both the Garou and the Wyrm in order to stay in power.

Once regarded as the most isolated capital in the world, Perth has been transformed by the influences of high-speed flight and modern technology. Situated some 20 kilometers from the mouth of the Swan River, Perth has a climate that is undeniably the best of any of the state capitals, with mean temperatures of 24 degrees Celsius in February, and 13 degrees in July. It is an attractive, tidy-looking city, featuring carefully preserved parklands within the metropolis and the considerable beauty of the Darling Ranges within easy driving distance. An oil refinery, steelworks, iron ore mines, nickel-refining plant, and aluminum smelter stand within the city's confines or close by. The second-largest Pentex offices in Australia are located in Perth, befitting the city's status as a haven of mining tycoons.

The Western Plains Protectorate

The Silver Fang protectorate of Western Plains encompasses most of rural New South Wales. Its southern border, adjoining the Riverina Protectorate, is marked by the Lachlan River; its western border is demarcated by the Flinders Ranges. The Great Divide marks the eastern extreme of the Western Plains Protectorate, while in the north, the border is signified primarily by the Barwon River.

The landscape of the Western Plains is stereotypically Australian: mile after mile of dry, sun-bleached grass, meandering rivers or isolated billabongs surrounded by stands of gum trees, and everywhere vast flocks of sheep. Mobs of kangaroos compete with the sheep for grazing, while flocks of galahs and cockatoos wheel overhead.

Broken Hill is the largest city in outback Western Plains. The city owes its wealth to a rich vein of silver beneath the town. Lead, zinc and copper are also mined in the area. The mines are located in some of Australia's driest territory, with summer temperatures often exceeding 38 degrees Celsius (100 degrees Fahrenheit).

The Western Plains' caern is located as far as possible from the silver mine, in Warrumbungle National Park. Despite the Silver Fangs' best efforts, the Broken Hill silver mine remains open. Evidently some powerful entity favors the mine's continued existence.

The 3750-kilometer long Darling River flows through Western Plains and is dammed at Menindee Lakes, some 110 kilometers east of Broken Hill. Its waters irrigate the city and surrounding countryside. The waters of the Darling River were once rich in native fish, but in recent decades the European carp has filled the indigenous fishes' ecological niches.

The earliest Silver Fangs in the Western Plains accompanied the area's human settlers before they knew of the Squattocracy's links with the Wyrm. Western Plains' Silver Fangs are among the oldest and most arrogant Silver Fang families in the land, as well as the most inbred.

Flora

Australia's native vegetation has suffered greatly from European settlement. Even prior to the invasion, the Aboriginals had done much to reshape the face of the continent through their use of fire. Guided by the Bunyip, Aboriginals ensured that grain-bearing grasses never flourished in Australia. This was achieved by way of large-scale grass fires, inhibiting agriculture and instead encouraging the spread of plants requiring periodic fire to trigger seeds into growth, such as eucalyptuses and acacias (more than 400 species of each are found in Australia today).

Although most native Australian trees differ greatly from their European counterparts, they frequently bear the

same names, because of similarities between Australian and European timbers. Oaks, for example, grow in Australia, but are never named without an attributive, such as she-oak, bull-oak or silky oak; are members of the genus *Casuarina*; and bear veiled, gray-green foliage of slender, wiry branchlets from which grow inconspicuous, tuftlike leaves. Red cedar, rosewood and walnut are all names given to Australian trees, all of which differ greatly from their European counterparts save for their wood, the grain and color of which resemble those of their foreign namesakes. Most European trees have long since been transplanted to Australian soils.

In the deserts, plants such as the tough, spiny spinifex and cane grass thrive, shadowed by she-oaks and mulga trees in places where underground water enables them to survive. Beside the deep gorge pools grow white ghost gums, unchanged for tens of thousands of years, while the short and hardy tea tree and salt bush grow close to clay plain salt pans. Grass trees, with their fringe of skirtlike leaves and tall spearheads of tightly packed blossoms, are common throughout the outback. Along the northern coast grow thick stands of mangroves. Their twisted roots slowly claim the sea for the land, building up mudflats which, over time, become nutrient-rich soil.

Eucalyptuses, also known as gum trees, flourish throughout Australia and have since been introduced as far afield as California and the Black Sea. Their long, thin leaves, which grow year round, are rich in aromatic oil, and turn

edgewise to the sun during the heat of the day, reducing evaporation. Eucalyptuses range from the outback deserts to the temperate rainforests of Gippsland and Tasmania. They are Australia's hardiest and most diverse species of tree, and, with their thin trunks, high, spreading branches and peeling strips of bark, also the most distinctive.

Tree ferns, orchids, mosses, lichens, bracken and ferns — primitive plants that have grown in isolation in Australia for hundreds of thousands of years — flourish in the rainforests, while the alpine areas of Tasmania and the Australian Alps are rich in buttongrass and other low, clinging ground plants. Elsewhere grow beech forests, clinging figs, and many native pines.

Flowering plants common in Australia include acacias such as bottle-brushes and waratah. Also represented is wattle, the national emblem. Its cylindrical and globular blooms range in color from flaming reds to lambent golds. Orchids; pink, white and red heath; delicate bluebells; the crimson desert pea; and the graceful kangaroo paw, with its furry stalks, vermillion blossoms and yellow stamens, are among the best-known and most beautiful of Australia's flowering flora.

Fauna

Geographically isolated from the rest of the world for at least 50 million years, Australia's fauna demonstrate the effects of a long, invasion-free period. Animals that have no counterparts anywhere else in the world (save in South America, to which Australia was once joined) thrive in Australia.

The majority of Australia's fauna are marsupials, pouched animals that have filled as wide a variety of evolutionary niches as their more advanced placental counterparts in the rest of the world; and the even stranger monotremes, a splinter group tracing its ancestry back to that moment in time when reptiles began to evolve into primitive mammals.

Marsupials are mammals that give birth to their young live, still in a fetal stage, and then rear the developing offspring in a teat-bearing pouch. In this they are less advanced than most mammals, which possess a placenta through which nutrients are supplied to the young *in utero* until they are mature enough to be born.

(Staunch defenders of marsupials, however, claim the qualities of the marsupials have been given too little consideration simply because they apparently lost the evolutionary race with placentals. Some of these biologists say this defamation stems from "pouch envy" and the fact that marsupial males' genitalia are much bigger in comparison to those of placental males. The Bunyip, by the way, bred with marsupials...)

The best known of Australia's mammals are the kangaroo and the koala (the latter, despite its appearance, is in no way related to bears). The kangaroo family contains several subfamilies and many genera. Species range in size from dwarf kangaroos no larger than a rat, to the red kangaroo,



which may be taller than a man and weigh up to 76 kilograms. All are herbivorous. Kangaroos and wallabies, their smaller cousins, possess deerlike heads and long, alertly pricked ears. They use their prehensile forepaws and short front limbs only when grazing or moving slowly. Kangaroos' heavily muscled rear legs are employed for leaping; the thick tail is used for balance. Kangaroos may jump up to eight meters horizontally and more than two meters vertically. Red and grey kangaroos, the largest and best known of their species, can employ their rear claws with considerable effect in a fight.

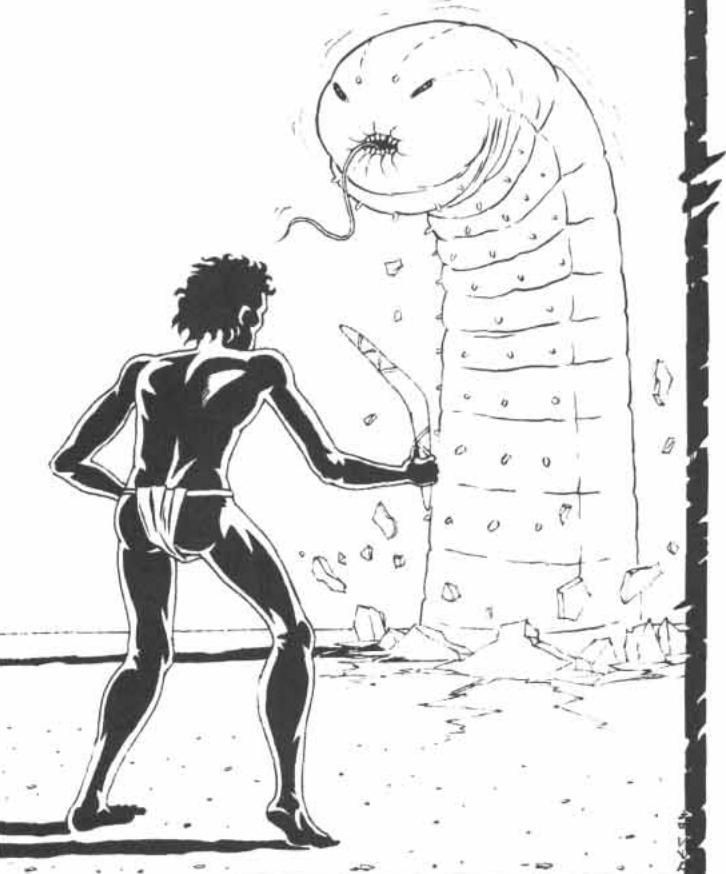
Koalas are arboreal and eat only certain types of eucalyptus leaves. They dwell only in the eastern part of the continent. Other marsupials include possums, mice, the anteater-like bandicoot, the wombat (a heavy-set, burrowing quadruped similar in some ways to a groundhog, although tailless and considerably larger), the Tasmanian devil, and, of course, the thylacine (about which more information is given below).

Monotremes are unique to Australia. Only two monotremes—the echidna and the platypus—are known. Platypuses lay eggs like a reptile, but, once their young have hatched, suckle them as do mammals. Lacking a distinct nipple, they instead secrete milk through certain pores via a subdermal gland. They have webbed paws, a beaverlike pelt and tail, and a sensitive, rubbery bill reminiscent of a duck's. The platypus bears backward-pointing spurs on its hind paws; these are connected to poison-secreting glands. Platypuses are aquatic and construct winding tunnels in the banks of their river homes. One of their most unique features is an array of electrical sensors that allows them to detect the muscle movements of other nearby animals.

Echidnas, sometimes called spiny anteaters, resemble the British hedgehog in appearance. Their long, sticky tongues are adept at flicking ants out of their nests. Echidnas are powerful burrowers; when threatened, they sink rapidly into the soil, leaving only their spines exposed to deter predators. Echidnas also lay eggs, but transfer their young into their pouches when they hatch. Both species are protected by law. Another unique Australian animal, also a protected species, is the giant Gippsland earthworm, which grows to more than a meter long.

Birds of Australia include the flightless emu, a species similar to the African ostrich; the lyrebird, the world's largest perching bird, whose ability to mimic other birds and even humans is unparalleled, although its own call is loud and tuneless; numerous honeyeaters, parrots and parakeets, including sulfur-crested cockatoos; galahs, with their grey and pink plumage; and budgerigars. The wild laugh of the kookaburra, a species of kingfisher, is well known, while the rarely seen wedge-tailed eagle is Australia's largest bird of prey.

About 2,000 species of fish inhabit Australian waters, although the warm coastal currents keep a check on plankton growth, preventing huge coastal shoals. Large predators, including great white sharks, patrol the seas. Despite this



hazard, shark attacks account for only two or three deaths each year. Inland waters abound in fish species, such as the Murray cod, which can grow to 100 pounds (45 kilograms), although the introduction of European carp has threatened or exterminated many species.

Other phyla are also represented in Australia's waters. One of the most poisonous species of mollusks is the Australian blue-ringed octopus, whose bite can be lethal. Equally deadly is the sea wasp, a species of jellyfish indigenous to the area. Cool Tasmanian seas are rich in crayfish, while fur seals and sea lions dwell off the southern Australian coast, notably at Phillip Island in Victoria and Kangaroo Island off South Australia.

Reptiles thrive in Australia. The continent's many species of lizards range from small geckos and skinks (such as the stumpy-tailed and blue-tongued lizards) to large goannas, which can reach over two meters in length. Perhaps the best-known reptile in Australia is the frill-necked lizard, which raises an impressive ruff when frightened. Australia is home to over half of the world's most poisonous snakes, including the tiger snake, copperhead, red and yellow-bellied black snakes, death adder, king brown snake, and taipan (this last species is the world's most poisonous snake). A species of venomous sea snake swims the warm coral seas off the Queensland coast. Other venomous Australian animals include red-back, funnel-web and white-tailed spiders, scorpions, stonefish, jellyfish and ticks.

Dingos

The dingo is arguably not an Australian native animal. It arrived less than 3,500 years ago from Southeast Asia, presumably transported to Australia at the same time the seafarers of Timor arrived on northern Australian shores in search of sea slugs. It has since spread across the Australian continent, although in recent years dingos have been driven from settled areas. More aggressive than the marsupial thylacine, dingos also proved to be more successful hunters, and soon drove the Tasmanian tiger to near-extinction. The dingo itself is in no danger of extinction, despite being killed in large numbers by sheep farmers, who consider it a pest. What is a danger to the dingo is the possibility of its genes being swept away in a tide of domestic and feral dog genes, for dingos and dogs can and do inter-breed.

The dingo, *Canis familiaris dingo*, is of the same genus as the wolf, *Canis lupus*, and is thought to be descended from the Indian plains wolf. The dingo is more closely related to the domestic dog than to the wild wolf. It is smaller than the northern wolf, weighing between 10 and 20 kilograms, with large males reaching a shoulder height of 50 centimeters. Dingos are usually a sandy, yellow-orange color, often with white-tipped tails, although their coloring ranges from pure black to pure white. Dingo packs have complex social arrangements and can range from a single pair to an extended family group of up to 10 individuals. Dingos hunt as a coordinated pack; one animal chases the prey to exhaust it, while others wait in ambush. Their diet is varied, ranging from morsels scavenged from rubbish heaps, to marsupial mice and insects, up to large kangaroos and sheep. Dingos howl in a manner similar to wolves. These howls serve as a means of long-distance communication among dingos.

Aboriginal people have had a long association with the dingo, and anthropologists previously thought that they used the animals to help with their hunting. Recent studies have shown that Aboriginals used the dingo for companionship rather than for hunting, as the dingo is a lazy animal, not suited to the role of a trained hunting dog. Modern farmers perceive dingos as pests and have set poison baits and traps for the animals, as well as shot them. Bounties have been set on dingo pelts. The animals have also had to contend with the Dingo Fence. This is an unbroken line of wire fencing, some of it electrified and all of it supposedly dingoproof, stretching 5614 kilometers through rural Queensland and New South Wales. The Dingo Fence is the longest fence in the world, 3374 kilometers longer than the Great Wall of China.

Since Garou arrived in Australia, they began to breed with dingos, although at first infrequently. Bone Gnawers embraced the dingo as Kinfolk immediately upon their arrival in Australia. Black Furies, Children of Gaia, Fianna, Glass Walkers, Red Talons, Silent Striders, Stargazers, and especially Uktenea have accepted dingos as Kinfolk in

recent years and have begun to breed with them. More Eurocentric Garou such as Silver Fangs and Shadow Lords spurn both the dingo and those who mate with them. Today more than half of Australia's Garou bear some dingo blood, while almost all lupus Garou born in Australia this century are of dingo heritage.

Thylacines

The Tasmanian tiger, *Thylacinus cynocephalus*, was not in any sense a tiger. It looked much more like a dog, but was not a member of the canid family, as are wolves and dogs. The Tasmanian tiger, more properly known as the thylacine, was a marsupial. The kangaroo is the thylacine's closest living relative. The Tasmanian tiger earned its name from the series of deep brown stripes across its back, numbering up to 19 in larger individuals. The rest of its short fur was a lighter brown in color, fading to a sandy yellow on its belly. The thylacine had a wolflike head with powerful jaws, a smaller body and shorter legs than those of a wolf, and a long, thin tail. The thylacine also had rear legs much like those of a kangaroo, on which it could sit upright and was sometimes seen to hop short distances. Unlike the wolf and dingo, the thylacine was a slow runner, which may have contributed to the species' extinction.

Thylacines survived only on Tasmania when Europeans settled Australia. They were a remnant of a much earlier group of Australian animals, the Megafauna. These prehistoric animals included a massive wombat, a sabertoothed marsupial cat, 20-foot tall kangaroos, and the thylacine. Some of these animals still roamed the continent when the first Australians arrived more than 50,000 years ago. A few, including the thylacine, survived into this century.

More than 3,000 years ago the thylacine was, save for humans, the major predator on mainland Australia. Then the dingo arrived. In the following centuries the dingo proved to be a more effective hunter, hunting in packs rather than singly as did the thylacine. The dingo also brought with it diseases to which the thylacine had no resistance. It seems probable that the thylacine was extinct on mainland Australia several thousand years before the European invasion. In Tasmania, which remained free of dingos, thylacines lived on. Then, in 1803, Europeans came to Tasmania. In less than 150 years they had so thoroughly hunted the thylacine and destroyed its habitat that the animal is now presumed extinct. Bounties were paid for the pelts of more than 2,000 specimens during this period. The last thylacine to be caught in the wild was captured in 1933; the last thylacine in captivity died in 1936. There have been hundreds of possible sightings since, but no conclusive evidence that the animal still lives.

The thylacine gave birth to between one and four pups, carrying them in its pouch until they were quite large. Both the male and female of the species possessed pouches, which faced backwards, preventing twigs or leaves from penetrating the pouch and harming the young as the parent

trotted through the undergrowth. The animal's habitat consisted of dense, dry forest; its preferred diet consisted of various herbivores, from small marsupials right up to larger wallabies and sheep. It was the thylacine's habit of preying on herd animals that caused a bounty to be placed on the species' heads. A sudden decrease in their number occurred in 1910, due to distemper, introduced from Europe.

The thylacine was not a pack animal and generally hunted alone or in pairs, mostly at night. Thylacines were extremely single-minded hunters and would patiently stalk their prey for hours. Not evolved for long-distance running, thylacines were nonetheless capable of short bursts of high speed. The animal had large, strong jaws and the ability to open its mouth far wider than any other predator (more than 120 degrees), in order to obtain a strong grip upon its prey. Thylacines were extremely agile and were observed to perform extraordinary feats of jumping and balancing in captivity. Far from howling like a wolf, the thylacine produced a coughlike bark or a high-pitched yapping sound when excited. Though a successful hunter, the thylacine was not a vicious or aggressive animal; it was, in fact quite the opposite, avoiding contact with humans whenever possible. This is another factor that contributes to the possibility of thylacines surviving today in Tasmania's wild southwest.

The hunt for the thylacine continues. Between the 1930s and the present day there have been countless

reported sightings of the thylacine in Tasmania, ranging from very dubious reports to quite plausible incidents involving tracks and scats (1938, 1946), possible aerial photographs (1957), sheep killings (1960), and the strange corpse of an animal that disappeared from the possession of two fisherman in 1961. An extensive scientific search for the animal using automatic cameras and baited traps found nothing in 1980. It is rumored that Walt Disney sent a film crew to search for thylacines, and that Sir Edmund Hillary hunted the animal on his Tasmanian expedition in 1960. Despite these efforts, no thylacines have been found. Tasmania possesses much rugged and remote forest territory, although this is now under threat from logging. If it still survives, the thylacine's last possible habitat is rapidly diminishing. Of the 60 species of mammal that have become extinct in the last 200 years, 20 have been Australian. It is all too likely that the thylacine is included among their number.

Like the Bunyip, their Garou Kinfolk, thylacines were exterminated through European intervention. Although concerned at the success of dingos in restricting the thylacine's range to Tasmania, the Bunyip had not acted to prevent this, seeing it as part of Gaia's plan. Moon Bridges allowed the Bunyip free access to Tasmania and the thylacine. After the genocide of the Bunyip, thylacines lacked protectors, and rapidly began to die out. Australia's newly arrived Garou, still shocked by their role in the Bunyip genocide, did nothing to halt the thylacine's inexorable slide toward extinction until it was too late. Today some Garou seek to make amends by mounting expeditions to Tasmania in search of any surviving thylacines. Conceivably, the Bunyip bloodline may still exist amongst the thylacine, although, as previously noted, the species' survival is unlikely. Tasmania's wild southwest, the only possible area in which thylacines might survive, was not traditionally part of the thylacine's habitat, being wetter and more rugged terrain than the sort thylacines preferred.

Introduced Species

The European invasion, besides directly causing the extinction of numerous native species through hunting and the destruction of their habitat, has also disrupted the Australian environment via the introduction of many foreign animal species. Rabbits, introduced so that bored squatters would have something to shoot, quickly bred to plague proportions (the myxomatosis virus has lessened their number considerably, but rabbits are still considered a nuisance in most areas of rural Australia). Foxes, introduced for similar reasons, have likewise bred furiously, competing with dingos for food. Domesticated animals such as pigs, cats, dogs and horses have escaped and turned feral, harrying native wildlife, while water buffalo, imported from Asia, now run wild in the Northern Territory, destroying large areas of vegetation and polluting water supplies.



Other species introduced with equally serious effect on the environment include cane toads, poisonous and aggressive amphibians that were introduced to the cane fields in Queensland in order to keep insect pests under control and which now range as far south as Sydney; the prickly pear, a species of fruit-bearing cactus that once threatened to choke out all other forms of vegetation in Queensland and New South Wales; starlings; pigs; carp; and rats. In most cases, imported animals have bred out of control because no natural predator exists to cull them.

Pollution and Environmental Destruction

*One more species has ceased to exist,
One more river steaming chemical mist,
One more forest that's turned into sand,
One more pot-plant in an urban wasteland.*

— The Ergot Derivative, "Oh Mercy"

The increasing industrialization of Australia has had a severe impact on Australia's varied ecosystems. Although campaigns by Garou allies have saved certain locations from destruction, many other wilderness areas are still threatened. Major areas of concern, both general and specific, are discussed below.

Air Pollution: Australia's capital cities are major contributors to environmental destruction. Having wholeheartedly embraced the motor car, one in 10 Australians now suffers from asthma, due in part to the constant outpouring of fumes from the cars crowding the cities. Lead and ozone in all major cities exceed World Health Organization recommended levels, although sulfur dioxide and carbon monoxide are at manageable levels. Smog regularly blankets the sky above most capital cities, as well as regional cities such as Morwell, Victoria, and Wollongong, New South Wales.

Coastal Development: All along the coastline, where settlements were concentrated during the first century of colonization, inappropriate development has occurred. Rare heathland is threatened by housing estates along Victoria's Great Ocean Road. The Western Australian government has recently authorized shell grit mining in Shark Bay National Park, home to colonies of stromatolites (the Earth's most ancient lifeform at 3,500 million years of age), dolphins, dugongs and turtles. Western Australia's Ningaloo Reef, home to whale sharks, coral, rare starfish, humpback whales and other species, is set to become Australia's latest offshore oil production site.

A new oil terminal site is under consideration at Point Crib, near Victoria's Phillip Island seal and fairy penguin colonies. If constructed, the site will receive more than 150,000 tons of crude oil each week from visiting tankers. Point Crib also features internationally significant migra-

tory bird wetlands, which, like Phillip Island's coastal wildlife, would be ravaged by an oil spill.

Nearby Point Wilson (a nesting ground for various rare birds) is under consideration as a site for the relocated Coode Island chemical storage facility, following a dramatic chemical fire in 1989. This fire sent a vast plume of toxic smoke drifting over Melbourne's industrialized western suburbs, forcing the evacuation of thousands of homes. Point Wilson is also being considered by the federal government as a location for the East Coast Armaments Complex, a munitions dump for army explosives.

Hinchinbrook Island, off the far north coast of Queensland, is the largest island national park on Earth. It is separated from the mainland by Hinchinbrook Channel. The channel's banks support one of the most diverse and abundant mangrove forests in Australia, a habitat for endangered sea turtles, dugongs, and dolphin species. The island lies at the edge of the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park. A business consortium plans to build a 2,000-bed tourist resort and 250-berth marina on Hinchinbrook Island; this will require dredging of the channel. This same consortium also plans to construct a golf course, airport and backpacker's hostel on the island itself, in the process destroying wilderness areas and indigenous cultural sites.

Deforestation: Australia continues to decimate her native forests at a frightening rate. Old-growth forests in East Gippsland; the Otways in Victoria, southeast and northeast New South Wales; the Tarkine and Great Western Tiers; the southern and central highlands of Tasmania; the Bunbury region of southwest Western Australia; and Queensland's Pinkemba District are all being harvested for export woodchipping. Five-and-one-half million tons of woodchips are exported from Australia each year, the majority bound for Japan to become cardboard and packaging products.

In Queensland's Cape York Peninsula, 2,500 hectares of tropical savanna-woodland have been cleared, immediately upstream from rivers feeding the prolific freshwater wetlands of Lakefield National Park. Intensive farming is planned for the area once more clearing (25,000 hectares total) is completed; such farming will pour nitrates and phosphates into the ecosystems of Lakefield and thence into the Great Barrier Reef National Parks.

Mining: Countless mines are scattered across the Australian landscape. Oil platforms, some of them homes for Banes and fomori, rear from the storm-tossed waters of Bass Strait separating Tasmania from the mainland. The Northwest Shelf, 135 kilometers off the coast of Western Australia's Pilbara region, is one of the world's largest national gas mining projects, and located in an area prone to severe hurricanes. The Pilbara region is rich in iron ore; 20 years after mining began in earnest, 200 billion tons of ore remain. Six major mines, 10 townships, 1200 kilometers of railway, and five separate port facilities have been built in the area. The area's population has correspondingly increased from 4,000 to 50,000.

Soil Erosion and Salinity: Valuable topsoil has been lost nationwide when the trees whose roots held the soil in place were cleared for farming. Constant irrigation of the now-exhausted soil has raised the underground water table in Victoria, New South Wales and South Australia, with the result that salt has been carried to the earth's surface. Salinity has poisoned large areas of farmland along the Murray River and threatens to engulf increasingly wider areas.

Water Pollution: Tasmania's Derwent River has long been poisoned with mercury and chlorine from the Australian Newsprint paper mill in Boyer. Other paper mills using organo-chlorines are located on the Murray River in Albury, New South Wales; at Maryvale in Victoria; Kimberly-Clark in South Australia; and Burnie, Tasmania. Toxins used by paper mills are implicated as carcinogens and thought to inflict immune system and reproductive system disorders. Elsewhere, phosphates from laundry detergents have contributed to blue-green algae blooms in major waterways such as the Darling River, depleting oxygen and killing fish and other marine life. The Darling River was recently recorded as having the world's largest blue-green algae bloom, a growth 1000 kilometers long.

Wyrm Caerns

The Black Spiral Dancers have been quick to take advantage of the Bunyip genocide. Within less than 100 years they have established several caerns across Australia. Three such caerns are described below.



SB/TW

Hive of the Melted Sands

Caern: Maralinga

Level: 3

Gauntlet: 2

Type: Toxin

Tribal Structure: Black Spiral Dancers

Totem: Kendi the Frill-Necked Lizard

This Hive is contained within the glassy slag of the British nuclear test site in the South Australian desert. It is barren, poisoned and dead, save for the twisted Black Spiral Dancers who cavort and gibber here. The Maralinga Hive is the most powerful Wyrm caern in Australia. The Hive leader, Claws-in-the-Heart-of-Gaia, is a ferocious advocate of corruption. He has personally kidnapped numerous soldiers from the neighboring Woomera Prohibited Area. The hapless victims are carried to the caern. There, they are either possessed by Banes and transmogrified into fomori, or devoured in the Black Spiral Dancers' rituals.

Hive of The Corrupted Flesh

Caern: King's Cross, Sydney

Level: 2

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Lust

Tribal Structure: Black Spiral Dancers

Totem: Brolga

Located within Sydney's fleshpot, where drugs and prostitution flourish on a grand scale, the Hive of the Corrupted Flesh stands within an abandoned brothel. The building has been closed for 20 years following the mass slaughter of the brothel's prostitutes by an impotent and psychotic client. Their ghosts still haunt the shell of the building, witnesses to the obscene rites the Black Spiral Dancers hold on moonless nights. The leader of the Black Spiral Hive, the metis Ragabash Eye-Swallower, delights in using the extra Appearance he gains from Hive rites, disguising himself as an attractive woman and luring men into the building to slake the lusts of his pack members. Children born by the pack's females following such rapes invariably bear the Black Spiral Dancer gene.

Hive of the Poisoned Lungs

Caern: Wittenoom

Level: 1

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Toxin

Tribal Structure: Black Spiral Dancers

Totem: Shush'thull, Spirit of Asbestos

Where once humans toiled to bring asbestos to the surface (and died by the thousands, lungs poisoned by the mine's blue dust), today Black Spiral Dancers scuttle and crawl. Wittenoom is not yet a ghost town, although it is haunted by the past. It is also haunted by a new Wyrm caern established in the tunnels that riddle the ground beneath its fibro-concrete

shacks. The Hive's Dancers, led by the Philodox Coughs-Lingering-Death, have reopened the asbestos mine and transport its product to their Kinfolk in cities across Australia. At these places, with the aid of Pentex-run corporations, the asbestos is purified and concentrated. The Dancers plan to release asbestos dust into the air-conditioning systems of office buildings, thus causing outbreaks of asbestosis across the country.

The totem of the Wittenoom Caern is a hideous, hulking spirit born of the mining town's nightmares. Shush'thull grants members of the caern the following Gift:

- **Blue Breath (Level Three)** — This Gift enables the Dancer to exhale asbestos fibers in a deadly cloud of dust. This Gift is taught by Shush'thull, the Bane spirit of asbestos.

System: The Dancer must spend one Gnosis point. Anyone inhaling the dust will begin to choke, suffering three Health Levels of aggravated damage, if she fails a roll of Stamina + Medicine (difficulty 8). Players must state that their characters are holding their breath; otherwise, they inhale the dust. A Garou who uses the Resist Toxin Gift in the same turn is immune to the effects.



Chapter Three: People

The old south land lies across the world... Along its green margins, clustered in towns...live the Happy Folk, with their faces to the sea. They live for happiness; it is their business and their duty. They study it and teach it to their children, debate it, make laws to force it on each other, struggle for it, export and import it. Most of all they buy and sell it. They have no time to look over their shoulders at the old land behind them....

Yet between the towns, and inland, behind clifffed and chasmned mountains, live other races... The People are dark-skinned with heavy brows and watching eyes, and they belong to the land; it flows into them through their feet...but really it is the land that claims them.

The Inlanders are from the same stock as the Happy Folk...but the great old silent land that claims the People for its own has been at work on the Inlanders too, and by now they have become a separate race.

So these races struggle to come together and drift farther apart, while the oldest race of all lives amongst them and is hidden. This is a race of creatures born of the land itself; of red rock and secret waters, dust devils and far places, green jungle and copper-blue saltbush. They are shy and secret creatures. The People have known them for a long time and said little. As for the other two races, if a man of them ever meets an earth spirit he is silent for lack of a word, and so no word is said.

— Patricia Wrightson, "The Ice Is Coming"

Australian Aboriginals

The ancestors of the Aboriginal people of Australia arrived on the continent's shores at least 50,000 years ago — 25,000 years before the Pure Ones made their journey across the ice to settle the Americas. Aboriginal culture remained unchanged until European colonization. Europeans, however, perceived the Aboriginals as uncivilized savages; some even saw them as animals. In declaring the Aboriginals primitives, the newcomers justified their invasion, displacing those whom they saw as unfit guardians of Australia. This view was plainly a lie, and some among the Europeans, particularly Garou Kinfolk, perceived the truth concerning both their settlement and the indigenous people whom they had ousted.

Before the Invasion

They were standing on the shore one day
Saw the white sails in the sun
Wasn't long before they felt the sting
White man — White law — White gun.

— Goanna, "Solid Rock"

It is estimated that between 200 and 300 Aboriginal tribes existed in Australia before the invasion. These tribes roamed their territories in family groups of between 20 and 80, coming together occasionally to trade, to exchange information and to arrange marriages.

Aboriginal society was based upon the beliefs that all things were linked and that no one element should hold dominion



over any other. If any element was to survive, then all must be in balance. Spirit, land and people dwelt in harmony, with few territorial disputes, no master-slave relationships, and no class divisions. Aboriginal tribes had no chieftain or headman. Decisions were made by those with the most experience or by those who were held in high respect. Natural leaders came forward as others fell away because of age, sickness or death. There was little competition in Aboriginal society, and the cyclic transference of leadership was not regarded as a personal insult.

The cultural life of the Aboriginal people was rich in song, poetry, painting, and dance. These arts were woven into a cohesive cultural whole rather than being practiced as individual art forms. Aboriginals' art was influenced by their relations with the spirits and the land. Song-cycles, Aboriginal oral histories, detailed the deeds of their ancestors, while the stories of the Dreamtime described a continuous history, from their first settlement in Australia up to and including the European invasion.

Life was good to the Aboriginal people. They worked less than any European peasant to achieve the necessities of food and shelter. Child labor was virtually unknown, and children were given time to explore their world through play. Men hunted for meat while women provided vegetables. Many items in their diet would have been considered luxuries in Europe. The tribes cared for the land, ensuring that no creature bred out of proportion. Bushfires were started to encourage new plant growth. Waterholes were dug so that animals would revitalize a depleted area. These actions were motivated by a deep concern for the health of the land, as well as a need to ensure that the tribes had all the food they required.

Aborigines believed in the eternity of the spirit. When a person was born, the spirit that came to inhabit the body had existed since the beginning of the Dreamtime. When the person died, the spirit returned to the Dreamtime to await its next birth. The Aborigines did not believe that the spirit migrated from lower life forms to higher life forms; in their cosmology, all living beings were equal.

All Aboriginal tribes and families could trace their origins to the Tjukurka, the ancestor-spirits of the Dreamtime. Many Aboriginal people thus shared, if only in part, the powers of the Tjukurka. Some could call storms, kill over a distance by pointing the bone, use telepathy to pass information in conjunction with smoke signals, cure illness, will their own deaths, talk with the animals of the bush, and move silently and invisibly. Certain rare individuals could enter the Dreamtime. This was sometimes as easy as walking over a hill, although often special chants were required as the tribes traveled the route of a song-line.

The Bunyip guided the Aboriginals' interaction with the Dreamtime. The Australian Garou guarded the Dreamtime and taught the tribes how to balance their own needs with the needs of the land and its spirits. At times the Bunyip helped the tribes perform ceremonies to strengthen the land or communicate with spirits. A young Aboriginal who began to exhibit signs of becoming a Garou was given great respect. The Bunyip

would be called to take the Garou-to-be for training. The Aboriginals were never subjected to the terror of the Impergium, for the Bunyip saw no need to cull their number as was the case in Europe. Consequently, Australian Aboriginals do not suffer the Delirium unless their traditional culture and spirituality have been eroded by white society and its rules, as is the case for many urban Aboriginals.

Aboriginal society was seen by the invaders as primitive and bestial. The people wore few or no clothes, had virtually no agriculture, and had not developed such "necessities" of civilization as cities or writing. The Europeans embarked on a program of genocide, or "dispersion," as it was more euphemistically known, to rid the land of its original inhabitants. Aboriginals were not recognized as human until the mid-20th century, and received neither the vote nor other rights until 1967.

Aboriginals Today

*Then we'd bite around,
Until we'd score
A flagon of McWilliam's port,
Enough to take away our misery.
Then we'd all get drunk,
Oh so drunk,
And maybe a little insane,
Then we'd stagger home,
All alone,
And the next day we'd do it again.*

— Archie Roach, "Charcoal Lane"

In general, Aboriginal people belong to one of two separate groups: those who live on rural reservations, and those who have moved into the cities in search of employment and money. It is rare for either of these groups to live in a traditional manner, although in the outback (and even among some city-dwellers) the old traditions are maintained as best they can be.

Most reservations, particularly those run by the Aboriginal Protection Board, are home to a dispossessed and despondent people, with little pride in their history and culture, living in corrugated iron shacks with no electricity or running water. Those few amenities provided are rarely maintained.

Child mortality rates are 400 to 500 times higher in the reservations than in the white community. Malnutrition and alcoholism are common. The Aboriginals, on the advice of the white community, have changed their diet, forego the healthy meats and vegetables of the bush for Coca-Cola and junk foods. Diseases such as leprosy, tuberculosis and glaucoma, virtually unknown in white communities, are common on the reservations. It is expected that AIDS will become a severe problem among the outback Aboriginal communities unless drastic action is taken.

Urban Aboriginals generally live in the poorest inner-city suburbs. Alcoholism and unemployment are common in these suburbs among both the Aboriginal and white communities. Aboriginals must also contend with racism. Urban Aboriginal

communities are targeted by the authorities as breeding grounds of criminal activity, and Aboriginals, especially the young, are regularly harassed by the police. Aboriginals make up approximately 25% of Australia's prison population, yet are less than 2% of the total population.

The machinations of the Squattocracy and Aboriginal Protection Board have ensured that no Bunyip Kinfolk have survived among Aboriginal communities. Tribal elders aware of the secret connection to the Bunyip believe that the Rainbow Serpent will not allow another Bunyip to live in Australia until the invaders have been destroyed or been driven beyond the shores.

Among both urban and rural Aboriginals a new voice has been heard in recent years. Aboriginals have begun to examine their heritage and history, and to feel a sense of pride in their traditional culture. With this new awareness and pride has come an increased desire for a political voice, for land rights, and for self-determination. In Gothic-Punk Australia this voice has only just begun to make itself heard, although in reality this movement began in the late 1960s.

Non-Aboriginal Australians

According to the myth the "Typical Australian" is a practical man, rough and ready in his manners and quick to decry any appearance of affectation in others. He is a great improviser... He is a 'hard case', sceptical about the value of religion and of intellectual pursuits generally. He believes that Jack is not only as good as his master but, at least in principle, probably a good deal better, and so he is a great knocker of eminent people unless...they are distinguished by physical prowess. He is a fiercely independent person who hates officiousness and authority...yet he is very hospitable and above all will stick to his mates through thick and thin...

— Russel Ward, "The Australian Legend"

Since 1788 Australia has been colonized by Europeans and, more recently, Asians and other races. In the last 50 years the immigrant population has changed from monotonously Anglo-Saxon to broadly multicultural, although this is less obvious in rural areas, where the heritage and prejudices of British culture remain strong. Australia has been among the most successful of multicultural countries because of its policy of encouraging each nationality to celebrate its diversity, thereby enriching Australian culture as a whole. Greek, Italian and Turkish immigrants have been joined by Lithuanians, Tibetans, Chinese, Cambodians, Vietnamese, Senegalese, Kenyans, and a plethora of other nationalities, making modern Australia a rich blend of cultures and lifestyles.

Nonetheless, stereotypes of Australian culture abound. Australians are allegedly easygoing, resilient, generous, compassionate, and friendly, with a healthy disregard for authority and a firm belief in equality for all. Few Australians would claim to be patriotic, and tourists from the U.S.A. are often taken aback at the lack of nationalism they encounter.

Considerable pride is taken in Australian achievement, although this is often reflected in criticism of other countries rather than compliments toward Australia.

Australia's distance from England, and the vast spaces early settlers had to traverse in order to visit one another, encouraged self-sufficiency among Australians. The Australian tradition of mateship was thereby founded. A mate is one's best friend, someone for whom you would die and who would definitely die for you. Mateship originated in the harsh conditions of the outback, when a man had to depend on his mate for all things. Mateship has been described as sexist and homoerotic, an expression of non-physical love between men who have been taught to believe that any form of tenderness, even toward a best friend, is unmanly and un-Australian. The bond of mateship endures today, even between total strangers, whose use of the word with one another indicates that they are men united against the world, and often against women. "Mate" is a code word, admitting its user to a secret society, a fraternal order. Just as mateship suggests all men are equal, it also suggests women are unequal. Derision and exclusion sometimes extend to anyone who is perceived as different, whether sexually, physically or racially.

As recently as the 1960s, most Australians looked toward England for cultural fidelity and for political and economic support. Australia's origin as a nation of convicts was seen as shameful, especially by the upper classes. These Australians aped English behavior in every way, dreaming of white Christmases in midsummer and rounding their vowels to minimize the nasal Australian drawl. The cultural cringe of the past saw many Australian artists flee the narrow-minded, conservative Australian society for overseas, including personalities as diverse as comedian Barry Humphries and musician Nick Cave. The egalitarian, "Jack's as good as his master" nature of Australian society became restrictive, as those who achieved a greater level of success than their fellows were derided and despised — the "tall poppy syndrome," as it has been called.

Following World War II, when England was widely believed to be abandoning Australia, the U.S.A. became an increasingly important ally. Paranoia instilled by the Cold War, American expansion into the Pacific region, and the increasing dominance of the U.S.A. in media and entertainment all contributed to the embrace of Americanism. Sections of the population are beginning to resent the subversion of their culture by the U.S.A., although U.S. trends are embraced wholeheartedly by the young.

While most Australians perceive multiculturalism as good, certain sections of the Australian population regret the loss of Anglo-Saxon dominance. In the most extreme examples, gangs of neo-Nazi skinheads have arisen in capital cities from the 1970s onward. Generally such prejudices are more common among older Australians; the young are proud of Australia's multicultural society.

The Garou Tribes

We are the earth, through the plants and animals that nourish us.

We are the rains and the oceans that flow through our veins.

We are the breath of the forests of the land, and the plants of the sea.

— Declaration of Interdependence, David Suzuki Foundation

Approximately 350 Garou live in Australia. Of these, two-thirds are native-born Garou, their Kinfolk either dingo or human. Garou immigrants have decreased in number since immediately after World War II, when the greatest influx occurred. Most Australian Garou live in rural areas, shunning the cities; Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers are obvious exceptions.

Black Furies

The Black Furies have suffered immense guilt over the death of the Bunyip, now correctly perceiving it as a shameful atrocity. Since the War of Tears, Australian Black Furies have turned away from destruction to become caretakers and nurturers. Defenders of Wyld sites, they are now much more likely to seek peaceful resolutions to conflict rather than the violence for which they are famed.

Nonetheless, Black Furies are still fearsome warriors when they must be. They are instrumental in protecting the Dreamtime, for the Black Furies are well aware of the interdependence of the physical and spiritual worlds. Black Furies are most at home in the bush and the outback, spurning the filth-choked cities of the humans.

History

Individual Black Furies arrived in Australia as early as 1800, when the Philodox Athena Mother's-Child traveled from Greece to the colony in order to take charge of the new wilderness territory. Spurned by Earl Blaze, Athena traveled to the island of Tasmania. Others of her tribe, concerned at what might befall the Australian environment if the traditional defenders of the Wyld were not present, joined her. Their attempts to take charge of the Australian wilderness, and to cull what they saw as unnecessary numbers of Aboriginals, were interfered with by the Bunyip. It was this insult to their pride that goaded the Black Furies into joining forces with their fellow Garou during the War of Tears.

The Black Furies were appalled at their actions when the truth behind the War of Tears was revealed. Their tendency for violence and pride, they saw, had led them to the very maw of the Wyrm. Since those terrible times, Australian Black Furies have avoided violence, instead working closely with the Children of Gaia to guide humanity toward a more peaceful relationship with Gaia. In 1902 Australia became the first country in the world to give women the vote, a great achievement for the tribe.

The majority of Australia's Black Furies arrived with their Greek Kinfolk after the Second World War. Australian Greeks

are concentrated in Sydney and Melbourne, but also dwell on scattered farms throughout the outback. Tension has arisen between more traditional Black Furies, who consider pacifism a weakness, and their violence-abhorring elders. Today many Black Furies concentrate on preventing violence against women. One of the few packs of urban Black Furies has taken it upon itself to execute or castrate rapists, earning the displeasure of the older members of their tribe.

Organization

Australia is home to some 25 Black Furies, concentrated in their protectorates of Arnhem Land and Kangaroo Island, although members of the tribe are also found among intertribal packs. One member of the Outer Calyx makes Australia her home, although she was born in Greece. Aphrodite Delphius spends much of the year on Kangaroo Island, where she is sept leader. Occupied as she is with international concerns, Aphrodite leaves Wungala Rose, of the Arnhem Land Protectorate, to oversee Australian Black Fury affairs. Although Aphrodite is a traditionalist, she understands the changes Australia's Black Furies have undergone, and even hopes that her tribe worldwide may learn something from their Australian sisters.

Other Black Furies of note include the homid Theurge Circe Chisolm, who is regularly beset by visions of the Apocalypse; and the lupus Ahroun Ball-Biter, who leads a rogue, nomadic Black Fury pack against rapists.

Most Australian Black Furies subscribe to the Temple of Artemis camp, though the Amazons of Diana have considerable support. Freebooters ply their trade in search of Bunyip fetishes and lost caerns. Relationships between the Black Furies and other tribes in Australia are generally harmonious, save for the Shadow Lords, whom they will never forgive for ousting them from Tasmania. They are closest to the Children of Gaia in their philosophy, but respect the Glass Walkers for remaining distant from the War of Tears, often deferring to them where matters of technology and cities are concerned. Black Furies consider the Get of Fenris and Red Talons to be irreconcilably violent, and never associate with them unless under duress. They believe that the Fianna are attempting to make amends for their past crimes, and especially revere the Children of Gaia, whom most Black Furies uphold as paragons of Garou behavior.

Wungala Rose

Position: Sept Leader, Jindabyne Council member
Breed: Homid
Auspice: Philodox
Tribe: Black Furies
Nature/Demeanor: Maker/Caregiver
Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3



Wungala Rose

Talents: Alertness 3, Empathy 5, Expression 4, Primal Urge 3

Skills: Leadership 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Linguistics 3, Medicine 3, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Mentor 4, Past Life 2

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Resist Pain, Sense Wyrm, Truth of Gaia; (2) Curse of Aeolus; (3) Wisdom of the Ancient Ways; (4) Scent of Beyond

Rank: 4

Rage 3, Gnosis 5, Willpower 8

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Rite of the Opened Caern, Moot Rite, Rite of Binding, Rite of Summoning, Rite of Passage, The Wombat's Burrow (as Badger's Burrow)

Fetishes: Clear Water, Gaia's Poultice, Spirit Drum, Tears of Gaia

Image: Wungala is a small Aboriginal woman, bent with age, although her eyes are still bright and her wits sharp. Her graying hair is bound up in neat dreadlocks, kept out of her eyes with a headband in the Aboriginal colors of red, yellow and black. In Lupus form she is a small, dark wolf; her fur is speckled with white, and her muzzle and the tip of her tail are white as snow.

Roleplaying Notes: You are a woman of deep compassion, although you have known much sorrow. Never succumb to grief, for the Wyrm is a great exploiter of anguish and uses it to mire people in depression. You hope that by educating your own people and the whitefellas you can make peace between them, although it will be a long struggle. Smile calmly but sadly, and always be ready, with a soft touch or a gentle word, to calm those Garou whose Rage threatens to erupt in mindless brutality.

History: Wungala was born in 1931 on a cattle station in the Northern Territory. Her mother, Bulangu, was a member of the Pitjantjatjara tribe. Her father, whom Wungala never knew, was a Greek-born shepherd-turned-stockman who unknowingly bore the Garou gene. Bulangu worked for the station owner's wife as a maid for many years, during which time she met and fell in love with Wungala's father, becoming pregnant to him. Once she was with child, the stockman abandoned her. Bulangu was dismissed by the station owner, and, barefoot and pregnant, returned to her tribe. Here, near Uluru, Wungala was born.

As Wungala grew, she witnessed the havoc wreaked upon her people by alcohol and disease. The love the Pitjantjatjara once bore for one another and the land was lost; Bulangu was slain by her own brother in a drunken rage when Wungala was only 12. Soon afterward, Wungala was carried off by the Garou.

For many years Wungala has sought to help Aboriginals, Garou, and even the whitefellas who have destroyed the Aboriginal way of life. She is the leader of Arnhem Land's Black Furies. In this role, Wungala guides her tribe in assisting Aboriginals, especially Aboriginal women, who suffer at the hands of white men and Aboriginal men alike.

In the early 1970s, Wungala was offered a seat on the Jindabyne Council. She now divides her time equally between Arnhem Land and Jindabyne Council business. Wungala was instrumental in setting up the Aboriginal, community-run health centers that sprang up across Australia in the late '70s and early '80s, and took special care in establishing women's refuges and self-help groups in inner-city Melbourne and Sydney. Once she was sure that such models were effective, Wungala introduced similar centers in Darwin, Alice Springs and the outback. Although she is proud of her achievements, she sees them as only a beginning, and now turns her attention toward uniting Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal Australians. Only through a united human population can the corrupting taint of the Wyrm be defeated.

Despite her age she is still strong, although within the next 10 years or so she knows she must find a successor capable of continuing her plan. Wungala defers to Aphrodite Delphius, Australia's representative upon the Outer Calyx, as befits a Black Fury of her rank and wisdom.

Doula Kostikidas

Position: Sept Leader

Breed: Metis

Auspice: Theurge

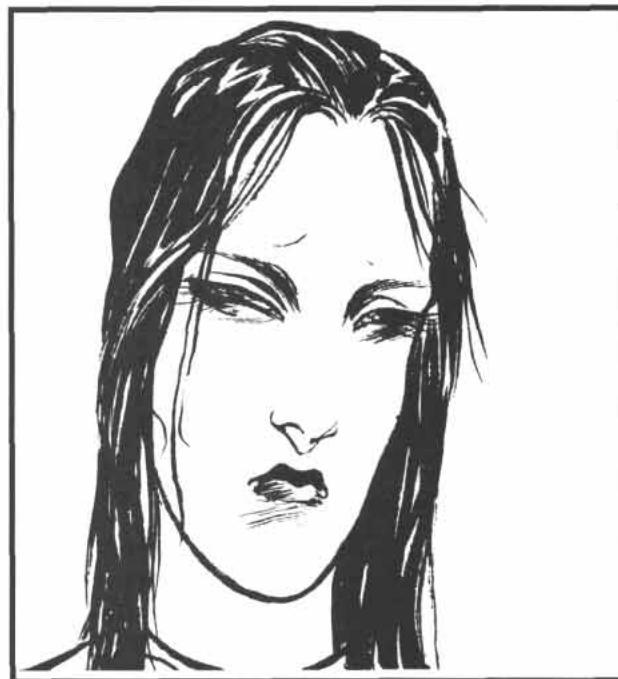
Tribe: Black Furies

Nature/Demeanor: Penitent/Bravo

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3) (2/0/1/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4



Doula Kostikidas

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 2

Skills: Leadership 3, Stealth 3, Survival 1

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Occult 2, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Resources 1, Totem 3

Gifts: (1) Create Element, Heightened Senses, Sense Wyrm, Spirit Speech; (2) Curse of Hatred; (3) Visceral Agony

Rank: 3

Rage 7, Gnosis 6, Willpower 5

Metis Disfigurement: Hermaphrodite

Rites: Moot Rite, Rite of the Opened Caern, Baptism of Fire

Fetishes: None

Image: In her Lupus form, Voula is a gaunt, black, male wolf with burning green eyes. Her Homid form is that of a tall, olive-skinned woman in her late teens, with long, black hair, a thin face and pain-filled green eyes. In Crinos form, Voula is hermaphroditic, with a woman's breasts but male genitalia.

Roleplaying Notes: You hate yourself, and compensate by inflicting that hate on other people. You are cold, detached and cruel. Do not hesitate to resort to violence in order to convince others to follow your orders, although your remorse is always great when violence gains control of your actions. Take every opportunity to revile the city and the weaklings who inhabit it. Although you hate the city, you hate yourself more, and so remain within its confines, trapped in a vicious circle of self-loathing.

History: Voula was born of a relationship between her mother, a Black Fury of the Kangaroo Island Protectorate, and her Red Talon father. Already despised by her mother's pack for her metis status, Voula is doubly reviled for the unusual

nature of her metis taint. Voula is a hermaphrodite, although her condition only becomes apparent when she changes out of Homid form. She was exiled from Kangaroo Island as soon as she was old enough to fend for herself.

Rejected by her tribe, Voula eventually arrived in Melbourne and took shelter in the Fitzroy Gardens, where she was visited by a vision from Artemis. Voula saw herself leading a pack of outcasts and outsiders and taking refuge in the long-forgotten Bunyip caern located where the Fitzroy Gardens now stand. Since that day Voula has welded together a suitable pack, although she fears that she will one day lead them into disaster. Voula compensates for her fears and insecurities by bullying her pack.

Although she has dwelt in Melbourne for many years, she hates the city; as a Black Fury, she knows that her true place is in the wilderness. Spurned by her tribe for not being a true woman, she feels that she must live a life of shame, and what place is more shameful for a Black Fury to inhabit than the heart of a metropolis? Wracked by guilt, tortured by doubt and self-hatred, Voula lives only for the fight against the Wyrm.

Bone Gnawers

The members of this tribe are quite common in Australia, breeding as often with dingos as they do with the packs of wild dogs that roam the city streets. Given the Australian tradition of supporting the under-dog, most Australian Garou are always willing to give the Bone Gnawers a fair go. Of late, Australian Bone Gnawers have adopted a working-class culture rather than the vagrant and homeless lifestyle their overseas cousins follow. Bone Gnawers are the lowest common denominator of Australian Garou, delighting in earthy humor and a cold beer. They see themselves as being the epitome of the "true-blue Aussie battler" and the backbone of Garou society. A love of sports is firmly entrenched in Australian Bone Gnawer culture.

History

Bone Gnawers were the first European Garou to settle Australia in significant numbers, serving as marines upon the convict transports of the First Fleet. Included as a passenger was the Bone Gnawer named Porkchop. Porkchop was perceived as a *provocateur* by Britain's Silver Fangs, for she held a dream of Bone Gnawer equality. Porkchop's passionate words during the long journey to the colony gained her many disciples by the time the First Fleet arrived in Sydney Cove. The Silver Fangs, hoping that these troublesome Bone Gnawers would die, were assigned the task of scouting and mapping the harsh Australian interior. But the Bone Gnawers survived, even flourished, and returned to Sydney Town bearing detailed maps. In so doing they won the grudging respect of their fellow Garou. Isolation from Europe knit the newly arrived Garou into a tighter social group that largely ignored the customary tribal cliques. This led to members of other tribes, especially Fianna and Glass Walkers, appreciating the Bone

Gnawers' practical approach to life, strength of will, and ability to survive everything thrown at them.

During the War of Tears, Bone Gnawers participated both as scouts and combatants. When the manipulation of the Black Spiral Dancers was revealed, the Bone Gnawers declared a year of mourning. At the end of this period they resumed their lives as normal. The Bone Gnawers' practicality was expressed by one of their warriors, when asked about the War of Tears by a child. "We made a mistake and will remember it for the rest of our lives. But this doesn't mean that we should live our lives in the shadow of that mistake. We survive. Now, are you finished with that leg? I'd like the bone."

Organization

There are approximately 40 Bone Gnawers in Australia, concentrated in the capital cities. Of these, more than half dwell in Sydney, where they keep a close eye on the down-and-out of Australia's largest and most densely populated metropolis. Elsewhere, Bone Gnawers snoop and spy, selling information to any Garou who will buy them a meal. They also maintain their traditional responsibility of watching over the homeless and destitute.

Some Australian Bone Gnawers of note are: the metis Ragabash Choco-Loco of Sydney, renowned for tricking a powerful vampire into getting up an hour early and walking into the rays of the setting sun; Melbourne's Carn-the-Pies, a homid Galliard and fanatical Collingwood Football Club supporter; and the would-be Glass Walker Square-Eyes, a metis Philodox of Perth.

Bone Gnawers are despised by Silver Fangs and Shadow Lords, who consider them hopelessly inferior. Red Talons and Get of Fenris look down on Bone Gnawers as decadent, city-bred weaklings, but treat them with grudging respect when appropriate. Other tribes, especially the Fianna, treat Bone Gnawers respectfully, especially when they can annoy Silver Fangs by doing so.

Two unique Bone Gnawer camps — Fans and Idealists — have their adherents in Australia. Of the other camps, as described in the *Werewolf Players Guide* and the *Bone Gnawers Tribebook*, both the Rat Finks and the Hood have members in Australia, although no Deserters are present.

Fans are those Bone Gnawers who take the tribal mentality to an extreme. Within each Bone Gnawer pack, the Fans adorn themselves in the colors of their chosen football or rugby team, disdaining Bone Gnawers who follow other teams. Their contempt for rival Fans is matched only by their love of a fight, followed by a beer, after which their rivalry is temporarily forgotten until next week's game.

Idealists are those Bone Gnawers who share Porkchop's dream. They are frequently found among multatribal packs, where they seek to elevate their position at any cost. As well as proving their worth as unflinching enemies of the Wyrm, Idealists often attempt to elevate their social status, hoarding money and goods instead of the more traditional Bone Gnawer junk. Idealists are dismissed as *nouveau riche* by

Silver Fangs, and in turn often look down upon other Bone Gnawers.

Mother Pasta

Position: Sept Leader, Jindabyne Council member

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ragabash

Tribe: Bone Gnawers

Nature/Demeanor: Deviant/Caregiver

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Primal-Urge 4, Streetwise 2

Skills: Firearms 4, Melee 2, Performance 2, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Politics 1, Rituals 3, Science 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Kinfolk 1, Resources 1

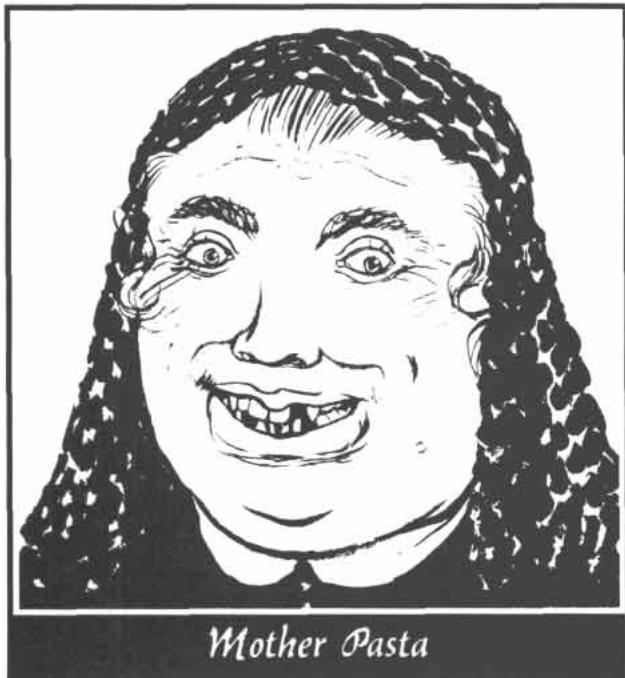
Gifts: (1) Cooking, Open Seal, Persuasion, Scent of Running Water; (2) Blissful Ignorance, Jam Technology; (3) Gremlins; (4) Attunement

Rank: 4

Rage 5, Gnosis 4, Willpower 6

Rites: Rite of Contrition, Rite of the Questing Stone, Moot Rite, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Summoning

Fetishes: Coin of Wealth, Bowl of Perpetual Pasta (Level 2, Gnosis 4. This chipped china bowl fills magically with pasta when the name of the desired dish is spoken and a fetish activation roll is successful. The resulting pasta is always slightly overcooked.)



Mother Pasta

Image: Mother Pasta is a plump, smiling woman of Italian origin. Since the death of her husband she has dressed in black from head to toe. A black shawl covers her gray hair, which is usually tied back in a bun. She has rosy cheeks, dark eyes, and, despite missing a few teeth, a bright smile. Her olive skin is tanned and wrinkled. Short and heavily built, she stomps about in sensible shoes. In Lupus form, Mother Pasta is a small, fat wolf, her glossy pelt brown with red highlights.

Roleplaying Notes: You are warm and motherly on the surface, but hide great anxiety. Every now and again this manifests in sudden snaps of the tongue and barely repressed anger. Regardless of your mood, shrug often and constantly gesture with your hands. You have a heavy Italian accent.

History: Mother Pasta emigrated to Australia from Calabria, Italy, with her parents in the late 1940s. After many years her father found work on the Snowy Mountain Scheme, and the family's home became a corrugated iron shed in Jindabyne. It was here that Mother Pasta, then known as Maria Condotta, was sought out by the Garou. A number of Bone Gnawers lived among the laborers, and, sensing that Maria was of their tribe, made themselves known to her. Maria had always felt an outsider; among the Garou she felt that she had found her rightful place. After her transformation, Pasta, as she was now known, stayed in Jindabyne for many years, marrying a Kinfolk boy and working closely with the Bone Gnawer representative of the Jindabyne Council. Father Meat-and-Three-Veg was also the leader of a large Sydney Bone Gnawer sept; as he grew older, he groomed Pasta to inherit his position. Today she is leader of the Rocks Sept and holds the Bone Gnawer chair at Jindabyne.

Unknown to all, Mother Pasta has become unhinged by grief over the death of her husband five years ago. Her great love of pasta has been replaced by a growing desire for human flesh, ideally that of small children. She has practiced stalking children as they walk home from school, as well as streetkids. To date, she has not yet put her fantasies into action, but it is only a matter of time. Should her psychopathic nature be discovered, Mother Pasta's actions will be exploited by the Shadow Lords, who have long maintained that the Bone Gnawers are unfit to sit upon the Jindabyne Council. Although a suitable successor exists, in the form of Melbourne's Scratches-at-Fleas, it would be difficult to convince him of his worthiness. Meanwhile Mother Pasta nods and smiles, all the while coming closer and closer to acting out her insane fantasies.

Scratches-at-Fleas

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Bone Gnawers

Nature/Demeanor: Caregiver/Jester

Physical: Strength 5 (7/9/8/6), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 1 (0/0/1/1)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Primal Urge 5, Streetwise 4

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Leadership 3, Melee 4

Knowledges: Investigation 3

Backgrounds: Past Life 3

Gifts: (1) Cooking, Inspiration, Heightened Senses, Leap of the Kangaroo; (2) True Fear; (3) Catfeet, Heart of Fury

Rank: 3

Rage 6, Gnosis 6, Willpower 7

Rites: None

Fetishes: None

Image: In Lupus form, which he favors, Scratches-at-Fleas is a small but muscular beast of indeterminate heritage: part wolf, part dog, part dingo. His fur is ragged and dusty, a mottled combination of black, white and yellow-brown. Despite his ragtag appearance, his brown eyes are sharp and alert. In Homid form, Scratches is a short, stocky man in his late 20s, with sandy hair and bright eyes. He favors plaid shirts, blue singlets, faded jeans and work boots. Occasionally Scratches-at-Fleas will disguise himself as a mechanic, hospital orderly or similar blue-collar worker if he needs to infiltrate some human organization. Regardless of his form, he is forever absentmindedly scratching himself for fleas, often at inappropriate moments.

Roleplaying Notes: You are a Bone Gnawer hero, albeit a modest one. Grin disarmingly, defer to others, and always ask people for advice. Treat everything as a joke, except for the topic of the homeless and the dispossessed, which you take extremely seriously.

History: Scratches-at-Fleas spent the first two years of his life scrounging from garbage bins and dumpsters behind restaurants. Even before his change he was a social animal, always sharing his scraps with the weaker scavengers of his pack. When cornered by dogcatchers he would snarl and bark threateningly, making sure others were clear before he made his escape.

It was during one such confrontation that Scratches-at-Fleas experienced his first transformation. As he stood barking at a fat, greedy dogcatcher, he felt Rage boiling up inside him. Before he understood what was happening, Scratches-at-Fleas found himself standing on his hind paws. One great claw tossed the dogcatcher aside, while the other ripped open the man's truck and released the dogs within.

Since that day Scratches-at-Fleas has made it his duty to serve Gaia's weakest children. A member of the Sept of the Mother and the Sacred King, he is also part of the Hood. He takes special care of those humans who cannot fend for themselves: the homeless and the helpless, schizophrenic streetkids, prostitutes raped by the police, tramps and derelicts. He brings them food and protects them from further harm. Scratches-at-Fleas is one of the greatest warriors of his sept and has often sprung new cubs from hospitals, prisons and insane asylums. These actions have won him much acclaim, but he is a modest Garou, much happier telling jokes around the fire than listening to praise.



Scratches-at-Fleas

Children of Gaia

Since the War of Tears, Australia's Children of Gaia have rejected violence out of hand, disdaining all who are dominated by Rage. They are aloof, arrogant and patronizing in their attitude toward "Gaia's fallen children," as they call their fellow Garou. They alone among the Garou are closest to the Mother, the Children smugly assert. The Children of Gaia exploit the guilt of the Australian Garou, and always manage to make other tribes feel that their penance is inadequate. With Australia's Black Furies nurturing humanity, the Children of Gaia have turned their attentions toward the Garou, who they feel are in more immediate need of healing.

History

The Children of Gaia were early immigrants to Australia. The tribe's envoy came on the First Fleet, as a priest to minister to the convicts' souls. Father Raymond Hawkins, known among the Garou as Raymond Love-of-the-Goddess, died exhausted, worn out fighting the brutality of a regime that considered convicts expendable beasts of burden. Such attitudes were anathema to the Children of Gaia, who arrived in ever-increasing numbers in Australia as news spread of the harsh conditions under which the convicts labored. At first the Children were scattered individuals traveling to separate penal settlements to combat the depravity and fear sown by the Wyrm's agents. Soon, however, the Children of Gaia united. In 1864 they were instrumental in ending transportation of convicts to the colonies.

The Children then turned their attentions toward saving the Aboriginals, but were horrified to discover how quickly the Wyrm's agents had ravaged and slaughtered the indigenous Australians. Before they had marshaled their forces to combat

the Aboriginal Protection Board, the Children of Gaia were faced with battle on another front, against the Bunyip. The more impetuous among the tribe, those whose loathing of the Wyrm outweighed their quest for spiritual perfection, fought alongside the other tribes in the War of Tears. Sickened by the knowledge of their beguilement by the Black Spiral Dancers, they swore as one never to raise a paw in violence again.

Over the last century the Children of Gaia have been occupied with healing the wounds inflicted on the Garou by the Bunyip genocide. Many Children believe that the scars caused by the War of Tears can be healed only by confronting the events of those tragic days. An obsession with the repercussions of the War of Tears is central to Australia's Children of Gaia. Many have embraced the teachings of psychology and psychotherapy. Others have joined the Church, playing a major part in the decision of the Anglican and Uniting churches to admit women to the priesthood. Children of Gaia were also responsible for the angry protests that met soldiers returning from the Vietnam War.

Since the heady days of the 1960s, the Children have remained in touch with counterculture movements and are active among antinuclear and green organizations. It is a testament to the Children of Gaia that green movements, and an awareness of the importance of the environment, continue to thrive in human society today.

Organization

Some 20 Children of Gaia make Australia their home. The majority dwell in the Nimbin Protectorate, although one pack of Children roams the Daintree Rainforest in northern Queensland. Other Children of Gaia serve in multatribal packs throughout the land; these Children are invariably outcasts from their tribe, ronin who have turned to violence.

Important Australian Children include Stewart Sweet-Is-the-Morning, a Ragabash drug dealer who, because of his belief that mind-altering drugs will increase humanity's love for Gaia, seeks to spike Adelaide's water supply with LSD; the Galliard folk singer Kirsten Songs-of-Harmony, who travels up and down the east coast performing to countless audiences, human and Garou alike; and the Ahroun ronin Love-Is-a-Bloody-Claw.

Australian Children of Gaia are predominantly adherents of the Patient Deed camp, although the Imminent Strike faction does have its few followers. The Children work closely with Australia's Black Furies and Fianna. The voices of the Children of Gaia are often heard supporting the Glass Walkers against the Silver Fangs, and they are ever full of praise for the Bone Gnawers. They mourn the violent tendencies of the Get of Fenris and Red Talons, and constantly remind the other tribes that a Red Talon's Rage triggered the war of Tears.

Innana, Voice of the Goddess

Position: Sept Leader, Jindabyne Council member

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Tribe: Children of Gaia

Nature/Demeanor: Visionary/Traditionalist

Physical: Strength 1 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 2 (4/5/5/4)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Athletics 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Primal-Urge 4

Skills: Leadership 1, Performance 1

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Medicine 3, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Past Life 4

Gifts: (1) Mother's Touch, Smell of (Wo)man, Spirit Speech, Resist Pain; (2) Calm; (3) Dazzle; (4) Serenity

Rank: 4

Rage 2, Gnosis 6, Willpower 5

Rites: Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of Cleansing, Moot Rite, Gathering for the Departed, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Becoming, Rite of the Opened Bridge, Rite of the Shrouded Glen

Fetishes: Friendship Ring, Key to the Umbra

Image: In Homid form, Innana is a tall, slender woman in her mid-20s, with long, loose blond hair. Her eyes are brilliant green, her skin pale, and her expression detached. She favors flowing robes of light blue and green, and always goes barefoot. Her Lupus form is that of a fine-boned and solemn dingo; her fur is soft, golden, and much longer than usual.

Roleplaying Notes: You are never entirely focused and have a short attention span. No one can predict what you will say next. Your conversations are sporadic and disconnected. You smile vaguely, and often attempt to encourage others to "relax, flow, and feel the Goddess." You also practice Tai Chi at unusual moments.



History: Innana was born to hippie parents in Nimbin, where she has spent all her life. Raised on a diet of peace, love, and marijuana, Innana (previously named Crystal) was always a strange child. She heard voices whispering to her in the wind, and dreamed of quaint, curious creatures peering through the windows of her parents' mudbrick house, promising to take her to faraway, magical places. When the Change took her, Innana was not in the least bit troubled; indeed, she embraced this new life with her usual distracted joy.

As a Garou, Innana found her visions stronger and more frequent. Indeed, because of her visions, Innana was chosen by her tribe as Voice of the Goddess, for it was apparent that the Goddess spoke through her. Unfortunately, her visions often contradict each other, and Innana does not yet have the insight to decipher them. Sometimes she sees the Children of Gaia leading the Garou into a new and better millennium. Other visions show the Children ceasing to exist as a tribe, instead going among the Garou individually to guide their spiritual development at a personal level. On rare occasions Innana even sees herself abdicating her position in favor of a more important spiritual quest, although exactly what this quest might entail she does not know.

Innana is considered eccentric by the members of the Jindabyne Council, upon which she occasionally sits. Her practice of dancing naked every morning on the hilltops of Nimbin in a ceremony to honor Gaia contributes to this, and her penchants for fumigating Jindabyne meetings with incense and distributing dope cookies and tofu snacks to her fellow councilors increase her misunderstood position. Innana is neither insane nor simple-minded, but the strength of her many and contrary visions interferes with her interactions with the real world. She prefers spiritual matters to those of the physical world and spends as much time as possible in Nimbin. The protectorate's Arm of the Goddess also sits on the Jindabyne Council, representing the interests of the Children of Gaia when Innana is not present. Unlike Innana, Cernonus is a realist, and the two rarely see eye to eye.

Cernonus, Arm of the Goddess

Position: Jindabyne Council member (part-time)

Breed: Metis

Auspice: Theurge

Tribe: Children of Gaia

Nature/Demeanor: Fanatic/Curmudgeon

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1 (0/0/1/1)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Expression 4

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Leadership 3

Knowledges: Computer 2, Enigmas 2, Investigation 4, Medicine 3, Rituals 3, Science 5

Backgrounds: Contacts 3



Cernonus

Gifts: (1) Create Element, Mother's Touch, Resist Pain, Sense Wyrm; (2) Curse of Hatred; (3) Reshape Object; (4) Gift of the Echidna (Porcupine)

Rank: 4

Rage 4, Gnosis 4, Willpower 6

Metis Disfigurement: Horns

Rites: Rite of Contrition, Rite of Ostracism, Rite of the Totem

Fetishes: Shard of Despair, Vulcan's Interface

Image: Cernonus' Homid form appears as a thick-set man of late middle age, with a faintly Polynesian cast to his swarthy features. His dark hair is receding, his eyes are grim, and his expression is dour. He is capable of kind words, and his occasional smiles are like the sun shining through clouds on an overcast day. His Lupus form is that of a gaunt, gray wolf with small horns growing from his forehead. These horns, his metis deformity, are evident in all of his forms save Homid. It is because of this disfigurement that he bears the name Cernonus, after the Horned God of Celtic myth, consort of the Goddess. When dealing with humans he calls himself Professor Curwen Nostrum.

Roleplaying Notes: You are a serious Garou, bearing the weight of the world on your broad shoulders. Although capable of mirth, you are more inclined to solemnity. Speak slowly, considering your every word, and smile only rarely.

History: Cernonus was born of two Children of Gaia. His mother was of Serbian descent, his father Filipino. They believed that their love was not unnatural, for surely it came from Gaia, not the Wyrm. Cernonus was raised without guilt, and it came as a shock to him when he first experienced the prejudice and scorn most metis experience. For many years he lived bewildered and frightened, gradually coming to know shame. Cernonus perceived that his horns were what marked him out to other Garou as unnatural, and so he swore to enter

human society and learn all he could about genetics, in order to free himself of his metis taint.

Years of study taught Cernonus much, and, under the name Curwen Nostrum, he became one of the rising stars in Australian genetic research. The answer to his quest still eluded him, however, and Cernonus began shunning humans and Garou alike in favor of furious research and heavy drinking. Late one night, while staggering along Bondi Beach singing drunkenly to the stars, Cernonus received a vision of Gaia. He saw the Goddess dancing down a path of moonlight reflected across the waves, a thylacine fawning at her feet.

Since that day Cernonus has devoted himself to the task of bringing back the Bunyip. He believes that he might find the Bunyip gene in a thylacine, if any still live in Tasmania's wilderness, or, failing that, viable cells in bones or hair from museum specimens. With his knowledge, Cernonus hopes to extract DNA and clone the Bunyip, reintroducing them to the world. To date he has had no success, but Cernonus perseveres. He keeps his research secret from other Garou. Were the Red Talons to discover that he sought to return the Bunyip to the world, Cernonus believes that Mamu and his tribe would not hesitate to kill him. The only Garou Cernonus has entrusted with his secret is Darius Winchester, the Silver Fang king, who has funded his research. Unknown to all, Cernonus's research is monitored by the Progenitor Convention of the Technocracy. Its members have not acted to prevent his discoveries, hoping to claim the results as their own.

His dedication to the Goddess and his strength of spirit caused Cernonus's election by his tribe as the Nimbin Protectorate's Arm of the Goddess, and thus a part-time representative on the Jindabyne Council. The time he is forced to spend away from his true work chafes at Cernonus's patience. So does Innana, Voice of the Goddess, whom he considers hopelessly optimistic and naive. Having experienced the bigotry of his fellow Garou firsthand, Cernonus knows well the evil they are capable of and believes it a waste of time seeking to guide them toward Gaia's love. He expresses his bitterness by constantly reminding his fellow Garou of the War of Tears.

Diem

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ragabash

Tribe: Children of Gaia

Nature/Demeanor: Survivor/Lone Wolf

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Expression 4, Primal-Urge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Performance (Photography) 5, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Investigation 3, Rituals 3, Science 3

Backgrounds: Mentor 1, Past Life 2

Gifts: (1) Mother's Touch, Open Seal, Persuasion, Scent of Running Water; (2) Blissful Ignorance, Calm

Rank: 2

Rage 2, Gnosis 6, Willpower 6

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Questing Stone, Satire Rite

Fetishes: Dream Trap

Image: Diem is a middle-aged Cambodian, small in stature and lightly built. Diem is going slightly bald on his crown, but gray hair sweeps down his shoulders; this is often tied back with a colorful ribbon. He always appears balanced, relaxed and comfortable, and is extremely patient. His lined face is more often smiling than frowning, and he peers with penetrating eyes from behind delicate, gold-rimmed glasses.

Roleplaying Notes: You are a man who knows how to wait. Unfailingly polite, you always listen to what people have to say and respond with a few carefully chosen words. You are a great believer in beauty and a voracious devourer of stories, and will pay special attention to anyone who provides you with either of these. Although quiet and serene, you are always scrutinizing people, and can detect lies with uncanny accuracy.

History: Diem was born in Cambodia, which he fled with his family at age 13 during the reign of Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge, just before undergoing his First Change. Diem had been contacted by a mysterious group of Cambodian Garou, who had claimed him as their own. Diem, however, chose to leave Cambodia with his family, and to this day he does not know who these Garou were or whether he will ever meet one of them again.

Upon his arrival in a refugee camp on the Australian coast, the young and frightened Diem was found by Michelle Moonrise, a Child of Gaia from the Nimbin Protectorate. The Children of Gaia taught Diem the lore of the Garou and made



him one of their own. Years later, Diem is still unsure of who he really is, and is torn between the Children's kindness and a nagging feeling that he does not belong in Australia.

Diem is an accomplished photographer. He often travels to the outback, where, using a combination of his skills and Garou abilities, he takes spectacular photographs. Diem serves Gaia by printing these photographs and showing humanity the beauty of Her creations. He is responsible for many of the pictures, whether of whales or desert landscapes, that hang in suburban homes, schools, corporate offices, etc., across the nation. It is a private joke of Diem's that the picture hanging in Pentex's Sydney reception room is a photo of Mamu, leader of the Red Talons, sleeping in Lupus form beneath a boab tree.

When Diem began photographing Garou he encountered opposition from many quarters, but that did not stop many dingo lupus Garou posing for him. Diem claims that nothing conveys the beauty of Gaia better than a Garou, and this appeals to the egos of many lupus. Diem's most recent achievement was a trip to America to produce a nature calendar filled with pictures of some of the most prominent lupus in the country. Lately he has become more restless concerning his origins, and is planning a photographic trip to Cambodia in the near future.

Fianna

Australia's Fianna have long been dominant on the continent, arriving in large numbers since the European invasion. The tribe's habit of involving itself in human politics has earned it considerable power in Australia, to the point where Fianna Kinfolk currently advise important ministers in the federal government. Such political influence is usually used against the Silver Fangs, whom the Fianna have long hated.

The Fianna called the Hunt against the Bunyip, an act for which they have never forgiven themselves. Since then, Australian Fianna have become less judgmental where the crimes of other Garou are concerned, and have not called another Hunt to date.

History

Fianna Kinfolk arrived in Australia well before any members of the tribe, transported as convicts for political crimes against the English. The Fianna were quick to follow; the fiery-tempered Bridget of the Flashing Eyes and her pack landed in Sydney Town in 1795. The Fianna were horrified at the callousness with which Earl Blaze of the Silver Fangs treated their Fenian Kinfolk, and this inspired them to revolution.

Despite their feud with the Silver Fangs, Australia's Fianna maintained their traditional roles as loremasters. This brought them into contact with the Bunyip, for the Fianna sought to learn the history of this long-lost Garou tribe. Unfortunately, they were rebuffed. Resentment against the Bunyip grew in the Fianna's hearts. Finally, the Fianna, submitting to the wishes of more outspoken Garou, acquiesced to a Hunt against the Bunyip. When the truth became known, the Fianna,

wracked by guilt, swore to Gaia that they would never again allow popular opinion to sway their decisions.

Since those terrible days, Australia's Fianna have become self-reliant, determined to be ruled by conscience rather than instinct. They have also grown more impartial and less judgmental. Never again will they be rushed into making a decision. This habit has led to the mockery of some tribes, notably the Shadow Lords, who compare the Fianna to the Children of Gaia in their alleged inability to commit themselves to action.

Since the late 1800s, the Fianna and their Kinfolk have infiltrated numerous Australian political organizations, notably the Labor Party, in which working-class Irish Catholics have always been prominent. Over the following years the Fianna's political clout has come to rival that of their Silver Fang foes.

Organization

There are 35 Fianna in Australia, notably in their protectorates of Gariwerd and the Hunter Valley. The current Righ of Australia is the Ahroun Fingal Flashing-Claws, who, with his Council of Song, rules the tribe from the Hunter Valley Protectorate. Fingal grows old and has not faced a challenge in over a decade. Younger Fianna have begun to disparage him, saying that the Fianna need a more vigorous leader rather than a Garou born before the First World War. Nonetheless, supported by the wisdom of his councilors, Fingal Flashing-Claws has yet to put a paw wrong.

Other important Fianna in Australia include the lupus Galliard Colleen Foe-of-Despair, whose stirring songs are said to lift the deepest Harano; and the homid Philodox Dermot Millane, a member of the Council of Song, who in his past life fought in the War of Tears, and whose tales of those dark years bring tears to the eyes of even the fiercest Ahroun.

Fianna camps are well represented in Australia save for the Children of Dire, who are completely absent, and the Brotherhood of Hern and Grandchildren of Fionn. Fianna drawn to these latter camps generally make their way to England and Ireland, the better to serve their passions. Whispering Rovers make their way blithely about the country and are often closely linked with Silent Striders (one well-known pack of this camp calls itself simply The Rovers, and plays in major cities as an Irish folk band). The few Eire Fundamentalists in Australia can be found in multatribal packs with Red Talons and Get of Fenris.

The Fianna have never forgiven the Red Talons and Get of Fenris for their part in the needless destruction of the Bunyip, and their disdain for the Talons is almost as great as their long-standing rivalry with the Silver Fangs. The Fianna take every chance they can to belittle the Silver Fangs, which of late seems increasingly easy. Because of the tribe's great remorse over the War of Tears, the Fianna are tolerated by the Children of Gaia. Australian Fianna are more mature than their cousins elsewhere, and their relationships with other tribes are generally excellent. Being less judgmental than in

previous centuries, the Fianna respect the Uktena for their compassion for the Aboriginals. They even feel comradeship for the Shadow Lords, who like themselves despise the Silver Fangs. A sense of friendly rivalry exists between the Fianna and the Glass Walkers.

Bartholomew Wise-in-the-Ways-of-the-Wyrm

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Tribe: Fianna

Nature/Demeanor: Penitent/Maker

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4),
Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4 (3/0/0/0), Appearance 2
(1/0/2/2)

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Empathy 3, Expression 5, Primal-Urge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Computer 2, Rituals 3, Science 2

Backgrounds: Past Life 4, Resources 3

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Resist Toxin, Spirit Speech, Sense Wyrm; (2) Name the Spirit, Glib Tongue; (3) Faerie Kin

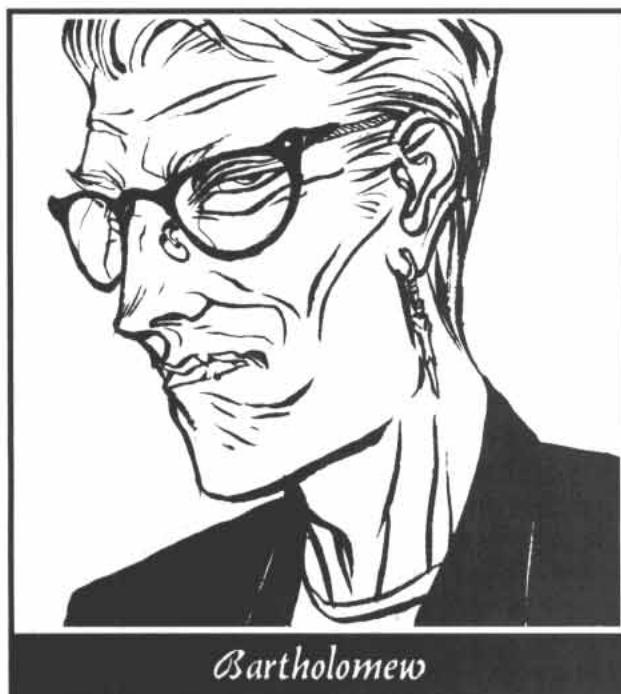
Rank: 3

Rage 4, Gnosis 5, Willpower 7

Rites: Rite of Binding, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of the Fetish

Fetishes: Any fetish at the Storyteller's discretion, including stolen Wyrm fetishes.

Image: Bartholomew, in the Homid form he prefers, is a tall man of 76, with graying auburn hair and soft gray eyes. He



wears thin-rimmed glasses when reading or talking to someone he does not know. He is most often dressed in badly fitting pants of gray or brown, boots, a black dinner jacket and an Aboriginal liberation T-shirt. In Lupus form, Bartholomew is a large, red wolf with gray fur around his long muzzle, and alert ears.

Roleplaying Notes: Although you are an old man, and your movements are necessarily slow, you are capable of bursts of intense energy and enthusiasm. A collector, you hoard both wisdom and artifacts. You are always fair, rewarding someone who brings you a useful snippet of information with a glance through your extensive library or a piece of unfailingly wise and inevitably obtuse advice.

History: Born in northern Scotland to an Irish mother and a Welsh father, Bartholomew was the quintessential Celt. Christened James, he emigrated to Australia when he was 16, prior to his First Change. After a relatively painless transition into one of Gaia's warriors, James began a dashing career of lightning raids on Wyrm-tainted areas and Black Spiral caerns, retrieving stolen fetishes or imprisoned spirits.

One day James's lust for treasure and glory got the better of him. Disguising himself as a Black Spiral Dancer, he raided a Silver Fang caern and recovered a lost Fianna fetish, a set of silver aeolian pipes that he had suspected were hidden there. In the process, however, he fought with a young Silver Fang, Amanda Grace-of-Gaia, and killed her. James died that night, and Bartholomew was born. Horrified by the lengths to which his obsession had driven him, he ceased his active life and retired to solitude in the Blue Mountains. Despite his guilt, Bartholomew's passion for recovering that which was lost still drove him. He swore to make amends for his misdeeds.

Bartholomew's mission is to catalogue all of the spirits of the Dreamtime, the better to understand them and gain their trust. To this end he wanders far in the Umbra, employing other Garou to scout out all they can about the Bunyip and the spirits that served them. News of Bartholomew and his quest has filtered through Garou society over the years, and young Garou who discover lost fetishes or encounter new spirits know they will be well rewarded for informing the eccentric Fianna. His great library, collection of fetishes and extensive personal knowledge are known to many. None knows of Bartholomew's past, and James and his deeds, good and ill, have long since been forgotten by all save Bartholomew himself.

Fingal Flashing-Claws

Position: Sept Leader, Jindabyne Council member

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Fianna

Nature/Demeanor: Judge/Director

Physical: Strength 1 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4),
Stamina 1 (3/4/4/3)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 1, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 2, Expression 4, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 3

Skills: Etiquette 4, Leadership 4, Performance 2, Survival 3

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Kinfolk 3, Past Life 5, Pure Breed 3

Gifts: (1) Inspiration, Persuasion, Smell of Man, The Falling Touch; (2) Howl of the Banshee, True Fear; (3) Silver Claws, (4) Balor's Gaze; (5) Gift of the Spriggan

Rage 6, Gnosis 5, Willpower 5

Rank: 5

Rites: Moot Rite, Rite of Passage

Fetishes: None

Image: In his Homid form (from which he finds it harder and harder to transform), Fingal is a shaky old man in his 80s, with balding white hair and wrinkled, parchment-like skin. His faded blue eyes are watery, and his skin is liver-spotted. His broad shoulders are now hunched, his once strong muscles weak. His every movement is difficult, and any exertion sets him to trembling. His Lupus form is that of a great black wolf, his fur silvered, bearing many scars.

Roleplaying Notes: You mumble often and frequently reminisce about "the good old days." Only the mention of the hated Silver Fangs brings back your alertness of old. Despite your age, and the fact that you have never seen Ireland, you still speak with a faint accent.

History: Fingal Flashing-Claws was born the youngest son of a family of working-class Irish Australians in 1910. Despite the many years between Fingal and his father, the boy was always treated as somehow special. When he reached puberty, Fingal discovered why. His father, the renowned Crushes-the-Wyrm-as-Grapes-beneath-his-Paws, led the newly established Hunter Valley Protectorate, and Fingal was the only one of his children to express the Garou gene. Groomed to succeed his father as Righ, Fingal was instilled with reverence for his tribe, guilt at the destruction of the Bunyip, and an overwhelming hatred of the Silver Fangs, who had brought his ancestors to Australia in chains.

Fingal took his seat on the Jindabyne Council after his father was slain by Banes in Newcastle before his son's eyes. Fingal himself barely escaped with his life, and bears the scars of that encounter even today. Thereafter he fought a constant battle, political and physical, against both the Wyrm and the Silver Fangs. Fingal's Past Lives are strong in him, and from them he learnt firsthand of the Silver Fangs' infamy. He learned, too, of the death of the Bunyip tribe.

Paralyzed by guilt and wrapped up in the Fianna-Silver Fang feud, Fingal became less and less effective with the passing years. Today he is so set in his ways as to be almost helpless, though he has overseen his tribe's rise to considerable political power. Recent advances in technology frighten him, and in such matters he defers to the Glass Walkers, whom he considers allies against the Silver Fangs. It is partially because of the Glass Walkers' advice that Fingal has not acted to stop the spread of industry and technology in his protectorate.



Fingal Flashing-Claws

Fingal wishes to die in Ireland, and although he has not yet appointed a successor, he already makes plans for his funeral rites. His son, Brendan, an arrogant young Garou, will probably follow in Fingal's footsteps if declared heir, although Brendan is less a fighter than a boaster and singer of exaggerated tales praising his own glory.

No'iri'n Ni' Dhonaill

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Fianna

Nature/Demeanor: Rebel/Gallant

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Expression 5, Primal-Urge 4

Skills: Leadership 2, Performance 2

Knowledges: Politics 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Kinfolk 2, Pure Breed 2

Gifts: (1) Inspiration, Persuasion, Razor Claws, Resist Toxin; (2) Glib Tongue; (3) Silver Claws

Rank: 3

Rage 5, Gnosis 5, Willpower 7

Rites: None

Fetishes: None

Image: Despite her homid heritage, No'iri'n vastly prefers her Lupus form, in which she appears as a dainty wolf with reddish, white-tipped fur. Her tongue lolls, and her head is

invariably cocked inquisitively to one side. When in Homid form, No'iri'n has a permanent grin on her fine-boned face. Freckles dust her nose and cheeks, and her auburn hair is cut short and ragged. She has green, dancing eyes. She wears whatever clothes are at hand, from baggy tracksuits to ballgowns.

Roleplaying Notes: You are never content with the way things are and believe there is a better way to achieve any goal. You think the Fianna are in a rut, and that you are just the Garou to lead them out, even if you have to drag them by the ears.

History: No'iri'n was always a troublemaker. Even when carried off by the Garou, she did not fit in, questioning assumptions and beliefs held for millennia. Returning to human society after her Rite of Passage, No'iri'n discovered that Melbourne no longer held any attraction for her. Thus she set off once more into the country. Today No'iri'n is a member of the Tower Hill Sept. Unlike most Ahroun, she is not a mindless killer, although when angered she is a deadly fighter. Unlike most Fianna, she does not despise the Silver Fangs. Despite her flamboyance, her roguish, devil-may-care behavior and desire for attention, No'iri'n is a serious candidate for the Righ of Australia, although as yet none knows it save herself.

No'iri'n believes that the ongoing feud between her tribe and the Silver Fangs diverts their Rage from the Wyrm, against which it should be aimed. She also believes that the Garou should cease wallowing in grief and self-pity over the genocide of the Bunyip. Rather than mourn that which is lost, No'iri'n believes the Garou must make amends for what they have done. To this end, she argues constantly for Garou support of Aboriginal land rights and similar issues, in the process earning the hatred of the Red Talons and Get of Fenris. Energetic and conscientious, No'iri'n speaks her mind at all Fianna

moots, and slowly begins to gain followers among the youth of her tribe.

Get of Fenris

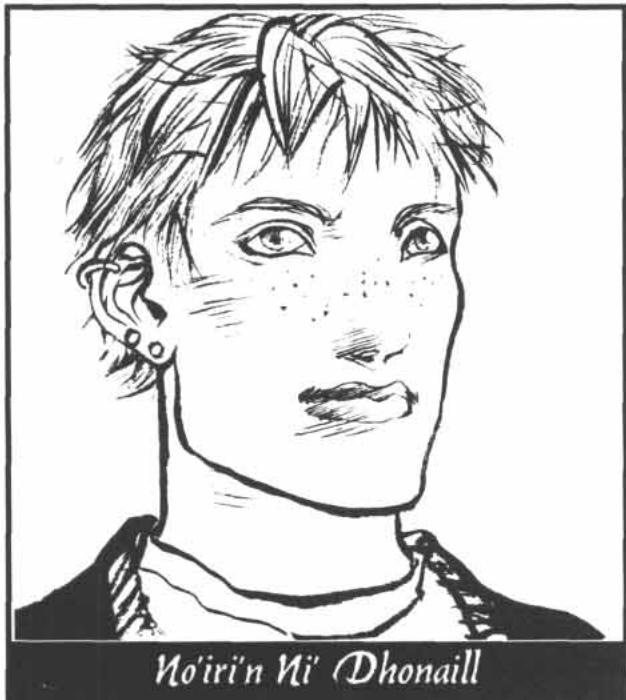
Australian Get of Fenris are extremists. A savage and bloodthirsty tribe, they keep to rural areas. Even so, their violence against humans is matched only by that of the Red Talons. The Get of Fenris support the return of the Impergium, although they have yet to gain support for such a plan.

The Get exist in large numbers in South Australia, where lies their protectorate of Flinders. They are renowned for their exceptionally dangerous Rites of Passage, which involve abandoning cubs in the harsh Australian outback. A vocal minority among Australian Get of Fenris are linked with National Action (a racist organization), neo-Nazi skinheads, and similarly distasteful movements. The Get of Fenris deny any guilt for their participation in the War of Tears; such strong denial blinds the tribe to any further wrongdoings. They have replaced sorrow with unflinching anger and arrogance. The main concern of Australian Get of Fenris is other Garou's penchant for breeding with dingos, which they perceive as diluting the purity of their wolf heritage.

History

Although individual Get of Fenris arrived in Australia in the early 1800s, not until the Gold Rush of the 1850s did the tribe emigrate in any great numbers. News of humanity's spread into the previously untamed Australian bush rallied the Get of Fenris. Under the leadership of Jarl Thorstrom Blood-Drinker, of the Swords of Heimdall Camp, the Get arrived in force to take charge of what they perceived as an inadequately guarded continent. One of the Jarl's first actions was to stir up racial dissent on the gold fields, inciting riots that led to massacres of Chinese miners. The Get also tried to seize control of numerous Bunyip caerns, but were savagely repelled. Among those killed in such skirmishes was Thorstrom. His successor, Black Ivan, was instrumental in fanning the flames of the War of Tears. Even when the dust of battle cleared, and the Bunyip tribes' innocence was revealed, the Get of Fenris did not grieve. Even if the Bunyip had not been of the Wyrm, Black Ivan argued, they could have been, now or in the future. Better to destroy any potential contagion than let it spread to other Garou.

Despite their resolve, the Get of Fenris were weakened by the War of Tears, and their determination not to breed with dingos decreased the tribe's numbers even further. The harsh climate also affected their ability to flourish in Australia, as the Get of Fenris were accustomed to European winters. Regardless, the Get of Fenris established themselves in the Barossa Valley in South Australia, where large numbers of their Kinfolk still dwell. Despite their disdain for other Garou tribes, the Get of Fenris took part in the first Jindabyne Council in 1901, thinking it would be a one-shot occurrence. It was the Get's belief that their passionate argument for introducing the Impergium in Australia, whose natives had never felt the claws



of the Garou and who were brazenly immune to the Delirium, would sway the assembled councilors. So shocked were the Get of Fenris when their demands were rebuffed that, dazed, they promised to take part in every Council meeting thereafter. This agreement has since been a thorn in the tribe's collective hide.

Organization

The Get of Fenris number approximately 20 individuals, led by Jarl Carla Grimsson of the Flinders Protectorate. Other Get, often those who disagree with the racist views of their fellows, can be found in multatribal packs throughout Australia; conversely, young Get of Fenris can also be found leading skinhead gangs from Perth to Melbourne.

Important Australian Get include Hans Dieter, a seemingly urbane homid Ragabash who leads National Action; the European-born lupus Theurge Sings-of-War, who seeks to oust the Jarl, believing that no woman, especially an ape, should lead the Get of Fenris; and Hrothgar Bloodfang, a gay homid Ahroun, rejected by his family and his tribe and now living in Melbourne.

Most Get in Australia belong to either the Mjolnir's Thunder, Swords of Heimdall, or Glorious Fist of Wotan camp. Of late the Fangs of Garm have experienced a slow increase in adherents, mainly among urban youth. Despite the Red Talons' habit of breeding with dingos, Get of Fenris consider this tribe their closest ally in Australia, although the Shadow Lords are also trusted, as they too spurn dingos. The Get consider Bone Gnawers corrupted by the cities in which they dwell, but prefer them to the Glass Walkers; at least Bone Gnawers occasionally make decent warriors. They despise Children of Gaia and Black Furies as weaklings, and consider the Fianna cowards for rescinding their judgment against the Bunyip. Silver Fangs, of course, are already Wyrm-tainted and should be destroyed, though convincing other tribes of this will be difficult.

Carla Grimsson

Position: Sept Leader, Jindabyne Council member

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Philodox

Tribe: Get of Fenris

Nature/Demeanor: Fanatic/Martyr

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5),
Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4 (3/0/0/0), Appearance
3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Expression 4, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 3

Skills: Etiquette 2, Leadership 4

Knowledges: Law 3, Science 3

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 3, Resources 3

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Resist Pain, Razor Claws, Scent of the True Form, Truth of Gaia; (2) Staredown; (3) Disquiet, Might of Thor; (4) Scream of Gaia

Rank: 4

Rage 6, Gnosis 3, Willpower 9

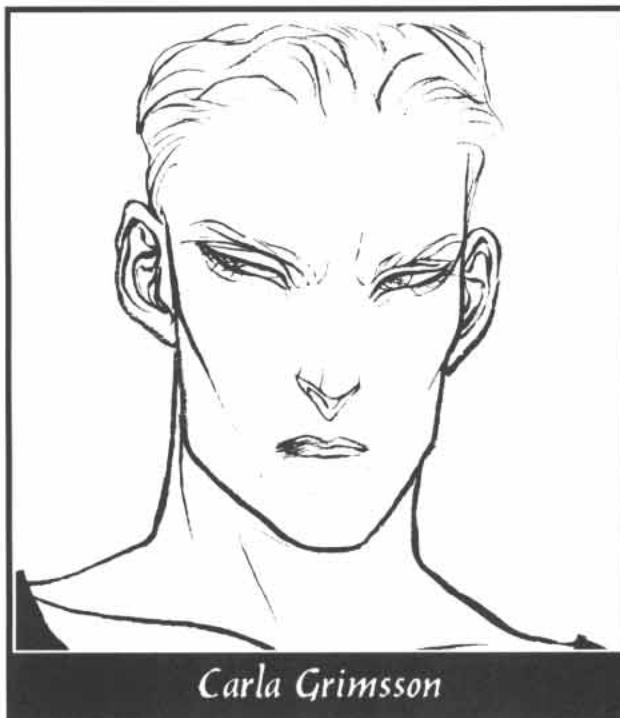
Rites: Rite of Wounding, Rite of Ostracism, Rite of the Winter Wolf

Fetishes: Pine Dagger

Image: Carla is a tall woman of obvious Nordic ancestry. Even among other Get of Fenris, she stands out as a born leader. Carla has short, platinum-blond hair and ice-blue eyes. She does not appear arrogant, though certainly confident. Her intelligence shows in her expression, and she seems to anticipate any question asked of her. Carla's Lupus form, which she proudly displays, is an arctic wolf, pure white, lean and fierce.

Roleplaying Notes: If you are confident in your position, there is no need to talk loudly — people will listen even if you whisper. You do not take kindly to being interrupted and will give the offender a scowl just animal enough to reveal the beast within. You take every opportunity to demonstrate your intellectual superiority, sometimes as a teacher, sometimes as a critic.

History: Despite her appearance, Carla has been an Australian all her life. She was born in rural New South Wales, though her childhood home is now a suburb of Sydney. Carla was distressed by the spread of suburbia even before she discovered her Garou nature. Now, as Jarl of the Get of Fenris and leader of the Flinders Protectorate, Carla is a determined campaigner against immigration into Australia. To her disgust, because of her activities, she has been associated with the few young Get of Fenris who take it upon themselves to lead skinhead gangs and the neo-Nazi movement. Carla has nothing but contempt for these groups, but, because their aims



often coincide with hers, she has found herself linked with them on occasion.

Carla is not a racist and in fact has worked hard to temper her colleagues' aggression against the Aboriginal people, who she believes have every right to be in Australia (as much as any human can claim that right). What Carla fears is that the remaining Australian wilderness will be eaten up by housing as more and more refugees come to Australian shores. For the moment, Carla, bitterly wearing the mantle of racist, argues against immigration at the Jindabyne Council, upon which she sits.

Glass Walkers

The Glass Walkers are among the most respected werewolves in Australia, a fact that puzzles and often outrages foreign Garou. They were the only Garou apart from the Children of Gaia not to participate in the War of Tears; accordingly, most tribes hold them in high regard. The Glass Walkers have exploited this admiration to increase their power and position. A wealthy tribe, they concentrate their activities in boardrooms and businesses. Besides using their financial power to combat Pentex, the Glass Walkers wield considerable influence over Australia's criminal activities. Most importantly, they guide the decisions of the Jindabyne Council. Because their Gifts are largely taught to them by Weaver-spirits, Glass Walkers are among Australia's most powerful Garou.

History

Australian Glass Walkers were involved in the European invasion from its earliest days. Feeling stifled under the conservative rule of England's Silver Fangs, British Glass Walkers, led by Lord Steel, hoped to establish a new society on Australia's shores. It was their aim to build a experimental urban colony in harmony with Gaia, one constructed according to the ideals of their tribe. Unfortunately, the interference of other Garou tribes, who ridiculed them as naive visionaries and fools, prevented the fruition of such a glorious dream. Still, as each new colony was established, Glass Walkers infiltrated the human population. Soon Lord Steel's utopia was forgotten as individual Glass Walkers' goals took precedence.

The War of Tears gave the Glass Walkers the opportunity they sought to increase their power. Kanakis, a newly arrived Glass Walker and ruthless politician, had previously sought to contact the Bunyip, but without success. Eventually, the furious Kanakis tracked down and attacked a member of the Bunyip tribe. Holding him calmly at arm's length, the Bunyip told Kanakis that not until the Garou had found the balance that the Bunyip themselves demonstrated could there be meaningful communication between their tribes. When news of Greyflank's death spread among the tribes, Kanakis was firm in his convictions that the Bunyip were not responsible for her death. He made only a tentative attempt to prevent the Hunt being called, however, for Kanakis perceived that by remaining aloof from any conflict he could better his tribe's position.

When the War of Tears ended, Kanakis and his daughter Cyanan were instrumental in establishing the Jindabyne Council.

After the Council's formation, the Glass Walkers formed the Board, a group of Glass Walker executives. These Glass Walkers rapidly advanced their tribe's position among the Garou, disparaging those tribes who had participated in the genocide of the Bunyip and proclaiming themselves innocent of any involvement. Likewise, the Board set about increasing their tribe's influence over humanity. By establishing power over the Australian economy, the Board believed it would be able to control the economy's direction and thus the development of Australian society. To this end, Glass Walkers began amassing wealth in order to buy out various corporations. As Australian business expanded after World War II, so did the Glass Walkers' power, to the detriment of those among them involved in organized crime. Even after Children of Gaia revealed links between several Glass Walker holdings and Pentex, forcing the tribe to jettison many lucrative assets, the Glass Walkers remain an influential and powerful tribe.

Organization

There are approximately 40 Glass Walkers in Australia. Most of them dwell in the cities of the eastern seaboard, although the tribe also has considerable influence in Perth. Each of Australia's major cities has its own Don or Lord. These influential Glass Walkers compose the Board, meeting to discuss the future of their tribe. They have a structure similar to a major corporation, with five-year, two-year and one-year strategic plans. Their present policies involve increasing the Glass Walkers' influence and prestige, combating Pentex financially, determining the extent of the Technocracy's influence in the Australian business community, and avenging themselves upon the Children of Gaia. Whether or not the Technomancers are allies or enemies is a point of contention in the Board's meetings.

Many young Glass Walkers have begun to demand decentralization of the Board's power structure and reassessment of its policies, which they claim are indistinguishable from those of any business. Among these younger Glass Walkers are Dances-with-Cursors, a streetwise homid Philodox whose anarchic views have angered her Melbourne superiors; the metis Galliard Sings-through-Wires, a pirate radio DJ given to hijacking programs, exposing a variety of listeners to live bushland transmissions; and Tuft, an o-nonsense lupus Theurge, ambitious but patient.

City Farmers and Urban Primitives are on the increase among Australian Glass Walkers, much to the horror of the Board, whose members adhere to more traditional camps. Glass Walkers disdain most tribes, although they consider Bone Gnawers useful lackeys. Because of both tribes' intensely political natures, the Glass Walkers work closely with the Fianna, although they do their best to conceal their goals from the members of this boisterous tribe. Because the Fianna seek

political power, while the Glass Walkers seek economic clout, they have yet to come to blows; sharing a mutual enemy in the Silver Fangs furthers their relationship. Most tribes respect the Glass Walkers for not taking part in the War of Tears, although if the truth concerning their neutrality were known, the Glass Walkers' reputation would surely suffer. Red Talons and Get of Fenris despise Glass Walkers, a loathing that is enthusiastically returned by the tribe. Many Glass Walkers also harbor a secret grudge against the Children of Gaia for the loss of face they suffered in the late 1950s.

Teeth-of-Titanium

Position: Sept Leader

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Glass Walkers

Nature/Demeanor: Masochist/Alpha

Physical: Strength 5 (7/9/8/6), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (7/8/8/6)*

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3 (3/3/0/0)*, Appearance 1 (0/0/1/1)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

* While in Glabro, Crinos and Hispo forms, Teeth-of-Titanium gains additional Stamina because of his technological nature. Furthermore, he is capable of perfect, if mechanical, human speech in his Glabro and Crinos forms.

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urg 1, Streetwise 3

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Melee 3, Repair 2, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Computer 1, Occult 3, Rituals 3, Science 3

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 2, Resources 1

Gifts: (1) Control Simple Machine, The Falling Touch, Heightened Senses, Leap of the Kangaroo; (2) Cybersenses; (3) Control Complex Machine, Elemental Favor

Rank: 3

Rage 5†, Gnosis 3, Willpower 8

† Because of his quasi-mechanical nature, Teeth-of-Titanium needs five successes on a Rage roll to frenzy.

Rites: Moot Rite, Rite of Contrition, Rite of Passage, Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Wounding

Fetishes: The Technomantic device implanted in him allows Teeth-of-Titanium to use the Gifts of Control Simple Machine, Control Complex Machine and Summon Net-Spider automatically.

Image: In Homid form, Teeth-of-Titanium is a well-dressed man of middle age. He is fit and trim, his gray hair is slicked back, his nails are manicured, and his expensive suits are spotless. Astute observers note a cold gleam in his eyes. Teeth-of-Titanium's dingo Lupus form is similarly slick, though his glossy pelt smells faintly of machine oil. In his Crinos form, which he favors, Teeth-of-Titanium is most startling. The entire left side of his hulking body is sheathed in metal, with

numerous wires, hydraulic pistons, gears and circuitry exposed. His Hispo and Glabro forms are similarly cybernetic.

Roleplaying Notes: You are a doer, not a thinker, and prefer to act instead of talk. Your speech is cold and mechanical, and you are capable of perfect speech in your imposing Crinos form.

History: Teeth-of-Titanium was born Bloody Teeth, a Red Talon. On a raid against Perth's Technomancers he was kidnapped by Iteration X for use in a series of experiments. After months of agony, the hideously disfigured Bloody Teeth escaped from Autochthonia. The Technomancers had implanted a living mechanical entity in his body, and over the next few months Bloody Teeth was transformed into a cybernetic mockery of a Garou. Bloody Teeth returned to his tribe, but, after almost being slain by them, fled to Perth, where he was found by the Glass Walkers. Fascinated by his condition, the Glass Walkers adopted Bloody Teeth, renaming him Teeth-of-Titanium. Grateful to his new tribe, Teeth-of-Titanium has served the Glass Walkers faithfully and learned to master his new body. With the passing years he has risen to become the Lord of Perth, holding a seat on the Glass Walker Board.

Teeth-of-Titanium's long struggle to master the machine he has become has left him virtually bereft of emotion. He finds it difficult to understand the motivations of fleshy creatures. Because of his lack of emotion, he rarely frenzies. The technological creature he has become has separated him from his bestial nature.

Teeth-of-Titanium is a dedicated foe of the Technocracy and understands them as does no other Garou. His control of Perth is implacable and remorseless. Teeth-of-Titanium has no qualms about eliminating those who stand in his way; such deaths are invariably explained as industrial accidents.



Mariko Ten

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ragabash
Tribe: Glass Walkers
Nature/Demeanor: Traditionalist/Conniver
Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)
Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Melee 3, Leadership 4
Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Investigation 2, Linguistics 1, Politics 3, Rituals 3, Science 4
Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 4, Resources 3
Gifts: (1) Blur of the Milky Eye, Control Simple Machine, Open Seal, Persuasion; (2) Power Surge; (3) Gremlins; (4) Doppelganger
Rank: 4
Rage 3, Gnosis 4, Willpower 7
Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Opened Caern, Gathering for the Departed, Voice of the Jackal, Rite of the Winter Wolf
Fetishes: Loon's Refund, Surge of False Energy
Image: Mariko is a petite Japanese woman in her late 30s. She wears traditional kimonos and piles her long black hair atop her head. Her bearing is deceptively demure. In her Lupus form, which she dislikes, Mariko is a slender, long-legged wolf, with a delicate, foxlike muzzle and white-tipped paws.



Roleplaying Notes: You demand to be called *sensei* by all you meet unless they can prove themselves equal. You attempt to hide your Ragabash nature behind a traditionalist front. Everything must be structured and formalized for you to be comfortable.

History: Mariko Ten came to Australia as a young girl, accompanying her Japanese parents. Her father, a high-ranking executive with Toyota, had been appointed to oversee production in a Sydney plant. Renowned for his managerial skills, he was headhunted by Pentex executives, who quickly corrupted him. Mariko was on the verge of experiencing her first transformation, and only through luck did the Sydney Glass Walkers abduct her before her father and his new business associates arrived home to introduce her to their superiors. To this day Mariko bears a special hatred for Pentex and its pet Black Spiral Dancers. Mariko's father still pursues her, although her position and power have thus far allowed her to avoid his clutches.

Clever, efficient and determined, Mariko soon mastered the intricacies of Garou society and swiftly ascended the rungs of the Glass Walker ladder. She is now the Glass Walker Lord of Sydney and has many contacts among the Yakuza and Japanese business communities. Mother Pasta, the Bone Gnawer leader of Sydney's Rocks Sept, is another of Mariko's allies.

Mariko demands absolute respect from all her pack and has been known to order the execution of those who transgress her rules. She is obsessive and pursues her enemies fanatically. Unknown to most Glass Walkers, Mariko has a pathological fear of transforming out of her Homid form. She despises the wildness of the Beast inside her and tries her utmost to suppress her Garou nature. Mariko rarely loses control of her Rage. She is never without a briefcase and portable phone, and plays compact discs at moots, considering the more traditional howling and drumming unbearably primitive.

Don Mephisto

Position: Jindabyne Council member
Breed: Homid
Auspice: Philodox
Tribe: Glass Walkers
Nature/Demeanor: Reveler/Traditionalist
Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)
Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3
Talents: Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 4, Expression 4, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 4
Skills: Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Performance 2, Leadership 3
Knowledges: Politics 3, Rituals 2
Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Resources 4
Gifts: (1) Control Simple Machine, Persuasion, Scent of the True Form, Smell of Man; (2) Strength of Purpose; (3) Control Complex Machine; (4) Roll Over



Don Mephisto

Rank: 4

Rage 3, Gnosis 4, Willpower 6

Rites: Moot Rite, Rite of Contrition, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Ostracism

Fetishes: None

Image: Don Mephisto is a plump, florid gentleman, fond of voluble insults in Italian, his native tongue. His expensive suits are invariably stained with pasta and are far too small for his considerable girth. He has a neat goatee and wears his long black hair in a ponytail. His thick fingers are adorned with countless gold rings. In Lupus form, he is a barrel-bellied, waddling wolf with exceptionally large ears and tousled fur.

Roleplaying Notes: You try to be the epitome of the urbane sophisticate, but your passionate nature always comes between you and that goal. You are prone to expansive gestures and excited, rapid-fire monologues. Your Rage bleeds off in these harmless displays of energy, and so you very seldom frenzy. You adore technological trinkets, but regularly misplace or break them.

History: Don Mephisto was born in Italy, in the Abruzzi Mountains, where he ran with a wild wolf pack. Eventually returning to human society, Mephisto took up a position within the Italian Glass Walkers, gaining extensive Mafia contacts in the process. Mephisto was appointed to his current position upon the death of the previous Don of Melbourne. He embraced his new responsibilities with gusto, becoming a much-liked and well-respected member of Australia's Garou community. Ironically, the werewolves who find him the most distasteful are his own Glass Walkers.

Nonetheless, the Don's seat on the Jindabyne Council is currently safe from any challenge. Don Mephisto is a shrewd political operator and skillfully furthers the aims of the Glass Walkers. He is also one of the few Glass Walkers earthy enough not to offend Garou of other tribes. While his flamboy-

ance is no affectation, he is aware of his reputation as a buffoon and exploits it. Don Mephisto is troubled by Mariko's connections with the Yakuza, but is confident that his extensive Mafia influences will be more than enough to protect the Glass Walkers' traditional power base. He wishes to erode the traditional anti-Glass Walker prejudices harbored by Red Talons and Get of Fenris, and has had some small success in this endeavor.

Red Talons

Australia's Red Talons are composed entirely of dingo stock. Because of the tribe's access to numerous dingo packs, Red Talons are much stronger and more populous here than on other continents. Since their arrival in the early days of Australian settlement, the Red Talons have dwelt in the outback, as far as possible from human settlement.

To the Red Talons, action is everything. They are fanatic defenders of the wilderness, and ruthlessly savage. Their hatred of the Wyrm and humanity knows no bounds. Unlike other Red Talons, Australian packs do not have an overwhelming hatred of vampires, for they rarely encounter them. Red Talons acknowledge the leadership of no other tribe and rarely interact with other Garou save in times of war.

History

The first Red Talons to arrive in Australia did so under duress. They were Predator Kings who had urged for the Impergium to be revived and who had been exiled to Australia to remove their influence from the tribe. In Australia, having recovered from the torment of their journey, the Red Talons made straight for the outback, where they began to breed with the region's dingos.

Soon after their arrival, the Red Talons encountered the Bunyip, who did their best to drive them back to the coast with bushfires and other magics. The very Dreamtime turned against the Red Talons; any excursion into the Penumbra beyond the thinly settled coast became a nightmare. Anger against the Bunyip grew in the Talons' hearts. Who were these strange Garou to prevent the Red Talons from roaming the wilderness and the spirit world, which were their birthrights? Decades passed, and the Red Talons' Rage grew. With Rage came resolve. Despite the best efforts of the Bunyip, the Red Talons pushed deeper into the outback. Bravest among the Talons was Wyrmainter, who led his pack as far west as the Tanami Desert. Wyrmainter had a special hatred for the Bunyip, and it was his Rage that the Black Spiral Dancers exploited to ensure the Bunyip tribe's complete destruction.

The Red Talons instigated and led the War of Tears, and even when the truth became known, the Red Talons admitted no guilt. The fact that other Garou blamed them for the genocide of the Bunyip maddened them, for in the Red Talons' eyes the Bunyip were not innocent. Had they not sought to stop the Red Talons from claiming what was rightfully theirs? Since the War of Tears, the Red Talons have shunned other

Garou out of a sense of anger and betrayal, while other tribes shun the Red Talons out of shame.

Having successfully united the tribes to destroy one enemy, Australia's Red Talons now urge all-out war upon humanity. It was with this aim in mind, and for no other reason, that the Red Talons agreed to a seat upon the Jindabyne Council. The theme of humanity's destruction is one the Red Talons repeat again and again, much to the irritation of the remaining members of the Jindabyne Council, who have their own proposals and ideas to carry out.

Organization

Australia is home to some 45 Red Talons. Their numbers are divided among the protectorates of Pilbara, Tanami, Mount Isa and Cape York. Rivalry is strong among the leaders of the separate protectorates; each attempts to defeat the others in combat whenever they meet. At present the strongest Red Talon is Mamu, who leads the Pilbara Protectorate. Having defeated his rivals — Kirijunu of Tanami, Wantibirri of Mount Isa, and Marindi of Cape York — Mamu holds the Red Talon seat upon the Jindabyne Council. The rivalry among the Red Talon leaders amuses most Garou, for regardless of which Talon sits on the Council, the tribe's agenda remains the same — total war against humanity.

Competition among protectorate leaders notwithstanding, Australian Red Talons are a tightly knit tribe. The Red Talons' pro-lupus philosophies and shared stigma from the War of Tears bind the Red Talons strongly to each other. However, because of their dingo heritage, pack hierarchy is not so rigidly stratified. Dingoes tend to be solitary hunters.

Red Talons of note include Nose-to-the-Wind, an eager young Ragabash, said to be almost as mad as a Black Spiral Dancer, whose elaborate pranks have angered many of his elders while earning him the respect of his peers; Snarls-at-Thunder, a ferocious Ahroun with an insatiable hatred of the Uktena; and the sly and ambitious Galliard Teeth-Scrape-Bone, who has met more than once with a strange Garou who promises to make him leader of the Tanami Protectorate.

Australian Red Talons have always been drawn toward the Predator Kings camp. Many so-called "Aboriginal" attacks upon settlers have been committed by Red Talons, and it is only with difficulty that the Garou have maintained the Veil in light of the Red Talons' frequent excesses. Members of the Anti-Extinction faction have arisen among the Red Talons since the 1960s, although their words carry little weight. The Red Talons despise all tribes save the Get of Fenris, with whom they are united by their hate of the manipulative Uktena, although their dingo heritage is a bone of contention with the traditionalist Get. Some members of the tribe respect Silent Striders, who like themselves face the harsh conditions of the outback unflinchingly, although this is not a common attitude.

Dingo Pure Breeding

No Red Talon of dingo heritage can have a Pure Breed rating over 3. While the Red Talons breed strictly with pure, wild dingos (never with half-dog breed dingos), it is still not close enough to the wolf for pure breeding.

Mamu

Position: Sept Leader, Jindabyne Council member

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Red Talons

Nature/Demeanor: Bravo/Alpha

Physical: Strength 5 (7/9/8/6), Dexterity 3 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 3, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urge 5, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Leadership 3, Stealth 4, Survival 5

Knowledges: Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Kinfolk 4, Past Life 3

Gifts: (1) Heightened Senses, Inspiration, Leap of the Kangaroo, Scent of Running Water; (2) Sense of the Prey, Sense the Unnatural; (3) Trackless Waste, True Fear; (4) Stoking Fury's Furnace; (5) Song of the Great Beast

Rank: 5

Rage 9, Gnosis 7, Willpower 6

Rites: Moot Rite, Rite of Wounding, Rite of Ostracism

Fetishes: None

Image: Mamu almost never assumes Homid form, despising it as weak and helpless. On the rare occasions he appears in Homid, he has the appearance of a shaggy-haired, sullen Aboriginal giant, standing well over six feet. His build is solid and rippling with muscle; his skin is a glossy black. In Lupus form, Mamu is a calf-sized dingo. His jet-black hair is shot through with red highlights. In Hispo, Mamu is the size of a Shetland Pony, a monstrous, terrifying beast. His red-rimmed eyes mark him as a dangerous predator regardless of his form, while the scars that cover his hide reveal him to be a fierce and successful fighter.

Roleplaying Notes: Rarely speak, only grunt and snarl. When you must speak, your voice is hoarse and guttural. Stare down all who would threaten you, or tear out their throats.

History: For the first two years of his life Mamu ran with his dingo pack, always fighting with his fellows, more from battle-lust than a desire to defeat them. As he grew, none could withstand him except the pack leader, who soon became Mamu's hated enemy. Month after month Mamu tried to best him, but never won. When his Change approached, only the pack leader sensed the difference in Mamu, but he united the pack to drive Mamu out.



Mamu

Alone in the desert, among the spinifex and red sand, Mamu knew fear for the first time in his life. He heard voices in the wind and saw shadows flickering across the ground with nothing to cast them. Unknown to Mamu, he was seeing the spirit world for the first time, as the power within his genes began to express itself. With the rising of the moon, Mamu howled in agony as his body began to stretch and change. In terror he ran back to the pack that had exiled him. The pack leader snarled as Mamu returned, and an irresistible, bloody tide of Rage flooded the young Garou's mind. In seconds Mamu stood on his hind legs in Crinos form, the tattered body of the elder dingo hanging from his jaws. No longer did Mamu have a rival. He led the dingo pack for another year before encountering other Red Talons. Although he left his pack for his new tribe, in times of need Mamu can still call upon them and their descendants, and the dingos will heed his commands.

Mamu now leads the Red Talons of the Pilbara Protectorate and sits upon the Jindabyne Council. He won this latter position by besting his rivals, the leaders of the three other Red Talon protectorates. He is without doubt the largest and strongest Red Talon in Australia, although his strength is of no avail where the council is concerned. More than once Mamu has had to restrain himself from tearing out the throats of his fellow council members, who bewilder him with their webs of words. Mamu is a fighter, not a thinker.

He is no fool, however, and is slowly learning to think as his rivals do. It will be many years yet before he is as clever an intriguer as his council opponents, but the skills he has learned from the council only serve to strengthen Mamu's position as leader of the Red Talons. Joining the Jindabyne Council has also forged an alliance between Mamu and the Get of Fenris of the Flinders Protectorate, especially with their leader, Carla, with whom Mamu has much in common. The two often unite against Tjinderi Knowing-Smile of the Uktenea; Tjinderi's

protectorate borders Mamu's, and its Uktenea guardians have more than once attacked those Red Talons who dared cross the boundary into the Kimberley.

Rage-in-the-Streets

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Red Talons

Nature/Demeanor: Alpha/Masochist

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 1 (3/4/4/3)

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 1 (0/0/1/1)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3, Primal-
Urge 3, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Stealth 3

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Law 1, Medicine 3, Science 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 4, Pure Breed 3

Gifts: (1) The Falling Touch, Heightened Senses, Scent of
Running Water; (2) Scent of Sight

Rank: 2

Rage 5, Gnosis 4, Willpower 4

Rites: None

Fetishes: None

Image: Although he despises the Homid form, Rage-in-the-Streets is forced to wear it often. He appears as a gaunt, unshaven man in his early 20s, with bloodshot, brooding eyes and lank, unkempt hair. His cheeks are hollow and his complexion is poor. He wears a stained overcoat and goes barefoot. His Lupus form is that of a mangy dingo, encrusted with open sores.

Roleplaying Notes: You are addicted to the city you inhabit and the drugs you sell. You are subject to rapid mood swings and have been known to cry and howl in the midst of conversations. You talk to yourself and are the kind of person no one wants to sit next to on the train. You are often unaware of your current form and have difficulty maintaining concentration for any length of time.

History: As a dingo pup Rage-in-the-Streets went by the name Outruns-the-Elders. He lived in the Cape York Protectorate with his mother's pack, which was shot by dingo hunters. He never forgot the helplessness he felt over his mother's death. He was found by patrolling Red Talons, who guided him through his Rite of Passage, nurturing his growing hate for humans. A promising young Garou, Outruns-the-Elders traveled to Brisbane with the aim of killing as many people as savagely as possible.

On his first night in Brisbane, however, Outruns-the-Elders was noticed by the city's Sabbat vampires, who immediately saw the potential for amusement in the young Lupine. Luring him into a trap with their Protean Discipline, the Leeches injected Outruns-the-Elders with a massive dose of heroin. To their surprise, Outruns-the-



Rage-in-the-Streets

Elders survived the attack, but soon found himself addicted to the drug. Through his introduction to heroin, Outrunsthe-Elders conceived of a new way to destroy the humans, by exploiting their own weaknesses. Renaming himself Rage-in-the-Streets, he learned all he could about drugs and their deadly possibilities. Rage-in-the-Streets now manufactures and distributes large quantities of illicit drugs throughout Brisbane. Rage-in-the-Streets is still observed by the Sabbat, and is their unwitting tool in a campaign to corrupt the structure of Brisbane society.

Shadow Lords

The Shadow Lords have maintained a strong presence in Australia since World War II, although individual members of their tribe were active in the country before that time. Unaffected by the War of Tears, the Shadow Lords seek to exploit the turmoil and guilt they have discovered among Australian tribes. Maintaining their hostility toward the Silver Fangs has proved costly to the Shadow Lords, for they have only recently realized that the Glass Walkers hold the true power in Australia. Readjusting their strategies to combat such a tribe has been a difficult notion for the tradition-bound Shadow Lords to grasp, as has the prestige awarded to Australia's Glass Walkers by other Garou. Bewildered by the changes among Australian Garou, the Shadow Lords cling tenaciously to their own traditions.

History

The first Shadow Lord to arrive in Australia was Boris Ivanovich Kuschena, an arrogant young Garou appointed to determine the suitability of Australia as a home for his tribe. The Shadow Lords of Europe were concerned that the Silver

Fangs might gain an advantage by colonizing Australia, and thus Kuschena was sent to assess the situation. He arrived in 1826, during a hot, dry summer. The smoke of bushfires hung in the air (though it was not heavy enough to blanket the burning rays of the sun), and flies swarmed in profusion. Kuschena returned to the cool pine forests of Europe as soon as he was able. In his report, Australia was dismissed as an arid hell unworthy of colonization by the noble Shadow Lords; it was truly all the Silver Fangs deserved.

Despite Kuschena's views of Australia, a handful of rogue Shadow Lords did emigrate to the colony, making their homes in the Blue Mountains. They were exiles from Europe, more treacherous and ambitious than even the Shadow Lords could stomach. In Australia they hoped to establish themselves as kings, free from the rivalry and interference of their elders. They fell to infighting, and within months most of them were dead. This process of natural selection established Tepes Godkin, born in the Carpathian Mountains of Central Europe, as the mightiest of the surviving Australian Shadow Lords. His reputation as a merciless killer soon became common knowledge among Australian Garou, and Tepes was sought out by members of other tribes, Red Talons and Get of Fenris among them, for aid in their battles. When the War of Tears began, Tepes was one of the first Garou to call for a Hunt, and one of the first to die.

Shadow Lords arrived in Australia in strength after World War II, accompanying their dispossessed Kinfolk, whose lands had been ravaged. Although Australia was not the arid land they expected, its climate still proved disheartening to a tribe accustomed to Europe's high mountains and fierce winters. Of all the Australian states, Tasmania most resembled the land they had left behind, and they usurped the island from the Black Furies. Today Tasmania is a Shadow Lord stronghold. Here the tribe's rule is absolute. Few dare cross Bass Strait without the permission of the tribe, and more than one inquisitive Garou has been slain by the Shadow Lords for intruding upon their domain.

Organization

There are approximately 20 Shadow Lords in Australia. Although most dwell in the Tasmanian Protectorate, one or two solitary exiles prowl the alpine plains of the Great Divide. The leader of the Tasmanian Protectorate, king of Australian Shadow Lords, is Vlad Volaschky.

Other Shadow Lords of note include the homid Galliard Alexandyr Petravich Kropotkin, anarchist and outcast; and Snarls-at-Shadows, a lupus Ahroun engaged in driving cattle away from the alpine country of the southern mainland.

Australian Shadow Lords are, if anything, more conservative and heedful of tradition than members of their tribe elsewhere. Having emigrated in the 1950s, many reflect the attitudes held by their Kinfolk from those times. Young Australian Shadow Lords who visit overseas return complaining that they have less freedom than their foreign cousins.

Australian Shadow Lords rarely follow any camp, preferring to save their allegiance for their king. Shadow Lords refuse to mate with dingos and despise those who do. They maintain a wolf pack near Cradle Mountain in Tasmania; they also send their young overseas in search of appropriate mates. Shadow Lords disdain Bone Gnawers and despise Glass Walkers. They do not comprehend that their traditional rivals, the Silver Fangs, are no longer dominant, and believe the prominence of the Glass Walkers to be some intricate Silver Fang plot. Shadow Lords consider Black Furies and Children of Gaia to be mewling milk-sops, and distrust the Fianna for their prominence in politics, although some Shadow Lords call for the Irish Garou to be used as tools against Silver Fangs and Glass Walkers alike.

Vlad Volaschky

Position: Sept Leader, Jindabyne Council member

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Shadow Lords

Nature/Demeanor: Competitor/Alpha

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 1 (0/0/1/1)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urges 3

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Demolitions 3, Firearms 4, Melee 3, Leadership 4, Survival 2

Knowledges: Politics 4, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Resources 4

Gifts: (1) Aura of Confidence, The Falling Touch, Fatal Flaw, Persuasion; (2) Staredown; (3) Icy Chill of Despair; (4) Strength of the Dominator

Rank: 4

Rage 6, Gnosis 5, Willpower 7

Rites: Moot Rite, Rite of Passage, Baptism of Fire, Stone of Scorn, Rite of Ostracism

Fetishes: Grand Klaive, Tongue of the Leech

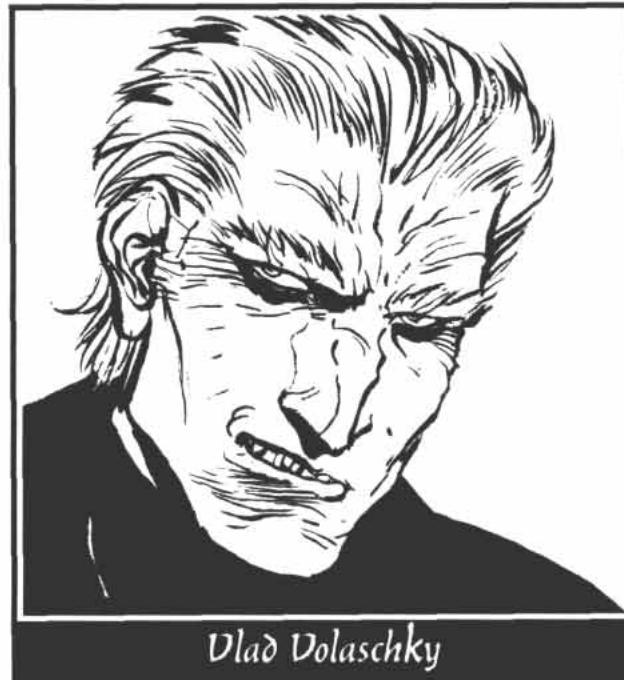
Image: When in Homid form, Vlad is a short, compact man in his late 50s. His hair is iron-gray, his face is weathered and lined, and his deep-set eyes burn beneath solid, bushy eyebrows that join above his broken nose. In Lupus form, Vlad is a hulking, muscular wolf, making up in strength what he lacks in size. His fur is thick and gray, with a silver streak running from his nose to his proudly erect tail.

Roleplaying Notes: You are a brutal and unforgiving ruler. You accept no mistakes and demand unquestioning loyalty. You do not hesitate to resort to violence and always appear confident. You allow no rivals, killing any who appear a threat. Your Slavic accent is thick, and your voice is deep and growling.

History: Vlad Volaschky was born in a small village in Romania. He learned early of his Garou heritage, from his grandfather, whom he later killed in order to gain control of the old man's pack. From such a beginning, Vlad waded through blood to gain the power he now wields. Forced to flee Europe by the invading armies of Nazi Germany, the young Volaschky carried a hate of the Get of Fenris with him across the sea.

Discovering Australia's Shadow Lords to be directionless and disorganized, Vlad shaped them into a powerful tribe through a combination of violence and willpower. A stranger in a strange land, he clung to the traditions and history of his European heritage, enforcing them upon increasingly rebellious generations of Shadow Lords. Vlad considers himself and his tribe European, although he faces dissent from younger Shadow Lords who have come to see themselves as Australian. By maintaining his tribe's isolation from other Garou, Vlad hopes to inhibit such tendencies. Although it is an impossible battle, Vlad refuses to admit the possibility of failure.

Vlad is feared by many Garou, and loathed by most. His appearances at the Jindabyne Council are punctuated by outbursts against the weak Garou of Australia and their radical inclinations. Vlad is rumored to be training a powerful pack in order to stage a coup to gain absolute control of the council, although most believe this to be paranoid fancy. He has been linked to the conflict in the former republic of Yugoslavia, and maintains involvement in European Shadow Lord politics. This prevents him from fully applying his ferocious intellect to Australian affairs. Vlad travels to Europe regularly and is often absent from Jindabyne Council meetings. He conducts Rites of Passage for new Shadow Lords in Europe, as he believes Australia is an unfit proving ground for his noble tribe.



Silent Striders

Devastated by their involvement in the tragic War of Tears, Australia's Silent Striders have withdrawn from Garou society. Their members form a loose confederation known as the Strider Circus. The packs perform separately, congregating once a year for the Grand Circus in outback Australia, where they stage a free festival. In the process they exchange information and tell tales among themselves.

Of all Australian Garou, the Silent Striders have the most extensive knowledge of the Dreamtime and the Umbra. The Silent Striders hope the application of this knowledge may help them atone for their past, perhaps even allowing them to find surviving Bunyip should any still walk the Dreamtime.

History

The first Silent Striders in Australia arrived in the early 1800s, well after European Garou had established themselves. These early arrivals, members of the Wayfarers camp, roamed the continent as a single pack. These Silent Striders were responsible for many of the early European explorations of Australia, often cooperating with the Bone Gnawers in their quest for knowledge. Their reconnaissance efforts were often frustrated by hostile Dreamtime spirits, a dangerous Penumbra and the elusive Bunyip. Eventually the Striders ceased their wanderings to settle in the newly formed Stargazer protectorate of Eungella. It was because of these experiences that many Silent Striders participated in the War of Tears.

Between 1830 and the late 1850s, more Silent Striders arrived as independent immigrants. The majority of these later arrivals were Harbingers who hoped to gain knowledge from the mysterious Bunyip. The Bunyip, however, were uninterested in dialogue with the invading Garou. During the 1880s a Silent Strider called Khufu, a Harbinger, began the first successful negotiations with the Bunyip. It was then that the War of Tears began. Khufu and his pack joined forces with the Bunyip in defense of the Dreamtime, but, like the Bunyip, were slain. Tensions between Harbingers and Wayfarers still exist today.

During the 1920s the Silent Striders began to form small packs of traveling performers. These groups were collectively named the Strider Circus by other tribes. Not all Silent Striders joined such packs; many continued their solitary wanderings. The major tasks of the Strider Circus are the preservation and collation of Dreamtime stories, and the retelling of those stories to new listeners throughout the land.

Organization

There are 15 Silent Striders in Australia. The majority of them travel with various groups of the Strider Circus. The packs of the Strider Circus include the Gampila

Aboriginal Dance Company, the acrobats of Circus Australia, and the Tchingal Indigenous Music Collective (this last comprises both Garou and Kinfolk). Although most Garou know of the existence of the Strider Circus, humans are generally unaware of the connections among its various bodies. The Circus performs for isolated Garou packs, retelling stories of the Dreamtime and reminding them of the tragedy of the War of Tears, so that the Garou will never forget the horror perpetrated by their pride. The Strider Circus is often the only way lone Garou, or far-flung packs, hear of the decisions of the Jindabyne Council.

Silent Striders shun other tribes and never accept other Garou into the Strider Circus. They may allow Stargazers, Black Furies or Bone Gnawers to travel with them for a short time, but grow uncomfortable if the visitors remain for a prolonged duration. Silent Striders hold Glass Walkers in high esteem. They find the Silver Fangs too officious and manipulative, and are irritated by the holier-than-thou attitude of the Children of Gaia.

Grek Twice-Tongue

Position: Jindabyne Council member

Breed: Metis

Auspice: Philodox

Tribe: Silent Striders

Nature/Demeanor: Visionary/Judge

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 1 (0/0/1/1)

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 4

Skills: Empathy 4, Expression 5, Primal-Urg 3, Performance 5, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Knowledges: Enigmas 5, Rituals 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Kinfolk 3

Gifts: (1) Mother's Touch, Sense Wyrm, Speed of Thought, Spirit Speech; (2) Curse of Hatred; (3) Adaptation; (4) Shadows by the Fire Light

Rank: 4

Rage 4, Gnosis 6, Willpower 8

Metis Disfigurement: Albino

Rites: Rite of Contrition, Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Opened Caern, Moot Rite, Rite of Summoning, Voice of the Jackal, Rite of the Totem, Rite of the Opened Bridge.

Fetishes: Didgeridoo of the Past (Level 2, Gnosis 6. This didgeridoo is made from ghost gum and heavily patterned in ochres and carvings. When this instrument is played, all who hear it have visions of the stories that are being danced or sung to them.)

Image: In his Homid form, Grek appears as an albino Aboriginal man of middle age. He is bald and usually wears a shapeless hat and dark glasses to protect him from the sun.



Grek Twice-Tongue

His clothes are invariably dusty and threadbare. In Lupus form, Grek is a hairless, albino dingo. When performing before Garou he takes the Crinos form, naked and adorned with bodypaint and feathers.

Roleplaying Notes: You are enigmatic and slightly cantankerous. You think of yourself as a teacher and behave like one. You are judgmental and do not suffer fools gladly. You are also a performer of great caliber and are aware of your power to sway others through words and music.

History: Grek Twice-Tongue was born the only child of a Silent Strider and a Stargazer who traveled with the Gampila Aboriginal Dance Company for one week — long enough to conceive the albino boy. Deemed to be a Silent Strider, Grek grew up as a circus child. Always a performer, Grek was thrust onto the stage at a young age. His life was controlled by his mother, Warratah Utemara, until her untimely death on Grek's 18th birthday. Grek is universally respected for his prodigious storytelling powers. Because of his metis status, he is avoided by Garou who are not Silent Striders.

Grek Twice-Tongue was chosen 12 years ago as the Silent Strider representative upon the Jindabyne Council — not by vote, as is traditional, but by the spirits of the Dreamtime. When the Striders were gathered for the Great Circus, voices crying Grek's name were heard in the wilderness, and every Theurge present dreamed of Twice-Tongue's destiny. It has been foretold that Grek will be responsible for freeing the tribes from their guilt, although none knows when and how this will occur.

Silver Fangs

Although they are the nobles of Garou society, Silver Fangs are little liked by Australian packs; indeed, they are viewed as inbred, upper-class fools. Australian Silver Fangs have their origin in the landed gentry, mostly of English origin, who arrived to settle the Australian colony with the assistance of convict labor. More so than their foreign compatriots, Australian Silver Fangs show signs of inbreeding. They refuse to marry outside of the established Australian gentry or to mate with dingos. Unless they receive a dramatic infusion of new blood, Australia's Silver Fangs are doomed.

History

Earl Blaze of Uffington was the first Silver Fang to set foot on Australian soil. Earl Blaze was a landless son of an English lord. Rather than remain in England, without hope of wealth or lands, Blaze and his peers chose to make the journey to Australia, not only to oversee the fledgling colony but to rule it. Blaze was a fierce imperialist. Other Garou, especially Fianna, quickly developed an intense hatred of Blaze and his court. Eventually, Earl Blaze was killed by Fianna in the Castle Hill uprising.

Blaze's replacement, King Greymane Sleekfur, was equally arrogant. Greymane did nothing to stop the slaughter of Aboriginals by settlers, for he was too busy consolidating his rule over the Garou to be interested in the fate of a few indigenous humans. Expansion into the Australian environment by settlers and pastoralists, however, received King Greymane's enthusiastic support. To Greymane's European eyes, accustomed to soft hills and green fields, the Australian landscape was a barren, deformed wasteland. It was for this reason that the Squattocracy was allowed to spread unchecked, devastating the wilderness in an attempt to recreate the English countryside.

Jeremy Fur-Crown Winthrop, Greymane's successor, saw the War of Tears as a chance to resurrect the glory of his tribe. When it was revealed that the Garou had been cruelly used by the Black Spiral Dancers, King Fur-Crown committed suicide. With him died the hopes of the Silver Fangs. By the time the Jindabyne Council was formed, allegedly as a means for the Silver Fangs to lead Australia's Garou once more, the Silver Fang tribe retained but a shadow of its former glory.

Organization

Australia is home to approximately 35 Silver Fangs, the majority of whom reside in the protectorates of Gippsland, Riverina, Wadbilliga, and Western Plains. These protectorates are among the oldest settled parts of Australia, and as such have always been close to the Silver Fangs' hearts. Younger Silver Fangs, less concerned with their traditional ways, sometimes leave the protectorates to dwell in cities, or, more rarely, to form multatribal packs with other Garou.

Noteworthy Silver Fangs include the metis Ragabash Michelle Leaps-beyond-the-Reach-of-the-Wyrm, the current Seneschal, who seems to have only the best interests of her tribe in mind, but who secretly lusts after the throne; Phillip Battenburg, homid Galliard and leader of the Riverina Sept, who strongly advocates Garou equality and as such is a pariah among the Silver Fangs; and Chases Cars, a lupus Ahroun, inbred and insane, who lives in Adelaide and believes that automobiles are sentient minions of the Wyrm. The Silver Fang court of King Darius Winchester, based in Wadbilliga, is described in Chapter Six: Encounters.

The Silver Fangs are vocal in their contempt for Bone Gnawers and are dismayed by the other tribes' acceptance of these lowly Garou. They believe the Uktene are untrustworthy and devious foreigners, and are blissfully unaware of the power of the Glass Walkers, whom they believe to be naive tinkerers unconcerned with temporal power. Other tribes they exploit, ignore or giggle at. Australian Silver Fangs are politically inept puppets of the Glass Walkers, although they remain unaware of this salient fact.

Darius Winchester

Position: Sept Leader, Jindabyne Council member

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Silver Fangs

Nature/Demeanor: Idealist/Maker

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Empathy 4, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urg 3

Skills: Leadership 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Investigation 3, Occult 3, Politics 3, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 4, Past Life 3, Pure Breed 4

Gifts: (1) Inspiration, Lambent Flame, Persuasion, Razor Claws; (2) Awe, Luna's Armor (3) Silver Claws; (4) Mastery; (5) Paws of the Newborn Cub, Part the Veil

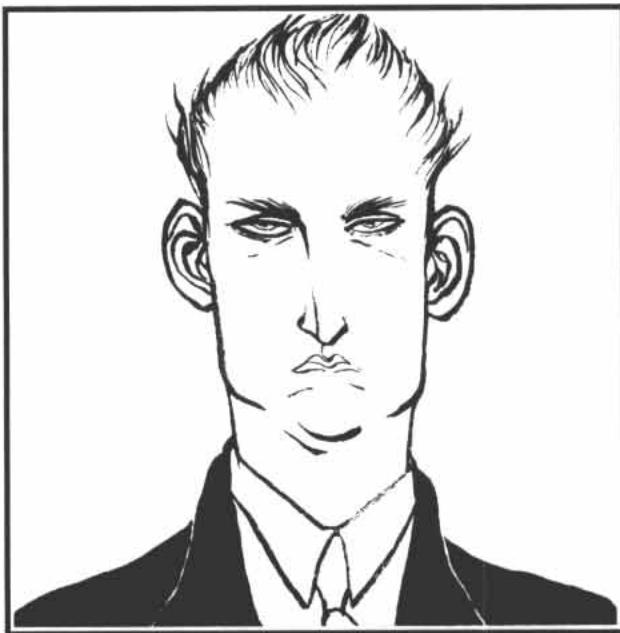
Rank: 5

Rage 7, Gnosis 5, Willpower 6

Rites: Rite of Contrition, Moot Rite, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Passage.

Fetishes: Grand Klaive

Image: In his Homid form Darius is a tall, slender man, with a pronounced lack of chin and a stutter. Although only 30, he is already balding, which concerns him unduly. He dresses in expensive, tailor-made suits and is never seen without a tie. He chain-smokes and is fond of lavish gestures, such as tossing handfuls of money at street urchins. In Lupus form, Darius is an inelegant, scrawny wolf. His fur continually falls out in clumps. Despite his regal bearing he seems vaguely foolish.



Darius Winchester

Roleplaying Notes: You are nearly always polite, dealing with all others as if they are your equals, although you know that they are not. At times, however, you are extremely condescending. Your voice is cultured, your vowels rounded, and your language refined despite your stutter.

History: Darius comes from an established Australian family of Silver Fang Kinfolk. He was raised on tales of his ancestors' deeds and spent much of his time immersed in books. The past was more real to him than the modern world, and so it came as little surprise to Darius when he discovered his Silver Fang heritage. Now, he knew, he was capable of the sort of heroic deeds that had long captured his fancy. For 10 years Darius served his uncle, the king of the Silver Fangs. When the king died, Darius was declared his heir and crowned King of Australia.

Saddened by the depths to which his tribe has fallen, and aware of the guilt that plagues Australia's Garou, Darius has conceived a plan whereby he may raise one and remove the other. By locating the lost Bunyip, Darius believes he can restore his tribe to glory. To this end, he encourages the other tribes in their separate quests: the Silent Striders with their collection of Bunyip lore, the Black Furies with their guardianship of the Dreamtime, even Cernous of the Children of Gaia, who has entrusted Darius with the secret of his genetic research. Many Silver Fangs, and most other Garou, believe that Darius's vision is the product of some particularly unique madness. These Garou oppose his actions. Because of Darius and his noble quest, however, a few Silver Fangs are beginning to regain pride in themselves and their long-dishonored tribe.

Stargazers

Australia's Stargazers teeter on the edge of Harano and wander their melancholy paths alone. They believe the Bunyip tribe and their wisdom were all that could have saved the Garou, and Gaia, from the Apocalypse. By slaying the Bunyip, the Garou have doomed themselves and their world to absolute destruction.

Dark words and heavy hearts have led some Australian Stargazers toward the Wyrm. More than one Stargazer has joined the unclean ranks of the Black Spiral Dancers.

History

Luther Gaze-Inward was the first Stargazer to set paw on Australian soil. He landed in Sydney Town in 1790. The Stargazers, reveling in the discovery of a people untouched by the Impergium, sought to learn from the Aboriginals and the Bunyip. Although once again the Bunyip disdained to speak with invaders, this did not concern the Stargazers. They reasoned that, given time, the Bunyip would understand that they meant no harm. Unfortunately, the violence perpetrated by other Garou against the Bunyip and their Kinfolk hardened the Bunyip's hearts, and no words ever passed between them and the Stargazers.

The Stargazers argued against the War of Tears, claiming that if any were tainted by the Wyrm, it was the Garou themselves, who bore the burden of Rage. However, when they failed to prevent the bloodshed, the Stargazers decided not to be sundered from their kin. Believing that this was the first battle of the Apocalypse, when all Garou would perish, the Stargazers fatalistically joined the fray, battling against the Bunyip.

When the War ended, it was clear to the Stargazers that this was not the Apocalypse. The realization that they were wrong, and that, unlike the Impergium, this horror was something they themselves had wrought, drove the Stargazers toward Harano. Since then, the tribe has divorced itself from the Garou, retreating to its protectorate and rarely stepping beyond its borders. The Stargazers have grown lax in their protection, and some among them have even joined forces with the Wyrm.

Organization

There are few Stargazers worldwide, and even fewer in Australia. No more than six Stargazers make their home in the Eungella Protectorate, and the majority of them are old and withdrawn. Their moots are rare and consist solely of Rites of Mourning.

Among their number are the suicidal lupus Ahroun Chisolm There-is-no-Hope, who searches for the ultimate meaningless death; and the Galliard metis Indira Songs-of-Sorrow, whose mournful wailing is tuneless and depressing.

Needless to say, the other tribes consider the Stargazers unworthy of the name Garou. The Children of Gaia seek to

raise them from their despair, but succeed only in compounding their sorrow. The Red Talons advocate their execution, while the Get of Fenris consider them beyond contempt. The Get are foremost among those who demand that the Stargazers be stripped of their protectorate. The Stargazers themselves shun other Garou, doing their utmost to avoid them.

Monash End-to-the-Darkness

Position: Jindabyne Council member

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ragabash

Tribe: Stargazer

Nature/Demeanor: Caregiver/Jester

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6),
Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3 (2/0/0/0), Appearance
4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Empathy 4, Expression 3, Primal-
Urge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 2, Leadership 1

Knowledges: Enigmas 3, Medicine 3, Politics 2, Science 2

Backgrounds: Mentor 2, Past Life 3, Pure Breed 3

Gifts: (1) Balance, Blur of the Milky Eye, Open Seal,
Persuasion; (2) Inner Strength

Rank: 2

Rage 2, Gnosis 4, Willpower 6

Rites: None

Fetishes: None



Monash End-to-the-Darkness

Image: In his Homid form, Monash is an energetic young man. He is not handsome, but has an attractiveness born from youth and enthusiasm. His blue eyes are bright, and a shock of unkempt brown hair falls over his face. His Lupus form is that of a tawny brown wolf, shaggy and playful.

Roleplaying Notes: You are the self-appointed savior of the Stargazers. Although you try your utmost to be serious and responsible, your youth always shows through. You do your best to appear confident, though this is difficult, and you are sometimes prone to indecision. Although young, you are always surrounded by elders, many of them grim or deeply depressed. This has colored your outlook.

History: Monash was born in tropical Queensland, the only child of a single teenage mother. Monash never knew his father, nor does his mother speak of him. Although bright, Monash was not popular with his fellow students at school, who teased him because of his background. His Garou heritage manifested itself early, and Monash ran away from home, terrified and alone. He headed north on all fours, eventually crying himself to sleep under the eaves of the Daintree Rainforest. Found there by a pack of Children of Gaia, Monash was taken by them to the Stargazers and introduced to his tribe. The Stargazers, old and pessimistic, were uneasy at having a child in their midst. Monash quickly learned all they could teach him, and in return brought some hope to the fading protectorate.

The Stargazers told Monash of the Jindabyne Council, and he resolved to fill the long-empty Stargazer seat. While he has only sat on the council for a year, Monash has already found himself arguing against such powerful Garou as Mamu Innana, of the Children of Gaia, has taken Monash under her wing, and he is grateful to her for her aid and love.

Monash has recently heard rumors of the Rokea, the weresharks who dwell in the waters of the Great Barrier Reef, and has determined to contact them. He believes that if the Apocalypse is truly imminent, as his tribe says, then the Rokea may be the only allies capable of lending the Garou aid. Monash also hopes that an infusion of hope may restore the elder Stargazers to their senses and deliver them from Harano. To this end Monash is trying to find Joseph Blows-with-the-Wind, another Garou of the northeast coast, who he believes has encountered the Rokea.

Uktena

These sullen and mysterious Garou are viewed with suspicion by their Australian brethren. Although the Uktena have been present in Australia for less than 150 years, in that time they have gained control of many of the most powerful Bunyip caerns. It is rumored that the Uktena seek revenge for the European usurpation of the Pure Land. Rumors are all the other Garou have, for Australian Uktena are particularly enigmatic and secretive. Many claim that the tribe borders on being tainted by the Wyrm, if indeed it has not already joined forces with the Corrupter.

History

The Uktena were late arrivals in Australia. Sings-with-the-Moon, a Theurge, was the first Uktena to set foot on Australian shores. In America he had heard news of the mysterious Bunyip and of the wonders of Australia. Hoping that the Bunyip might sympathize with the plight of the Uktena, fellow victims of European aggression, Sings-with-the-Moon made his way across the Pacific to Sydney Town. Once in Australia, he traveled to the outback in search of Bunyip, but was ignored by them. Sings-with-the-Moon had hoped to learn the Bunyip's secrets in order to return to his tribe in America and drive the invaders back beyond the sea. Instead, he learned only vengeance and the pain of wounded pride. Enraged that the Bunyip would not aid his tribe, let alone speak with him, the Theurge vowed that he would learn Bunyip secrets, no matter what the cost.

Sings-with-the-Moon, a member of the Ghost Dance camp, spent many years in Australia and was gradually joined by others of his tribe. Even had the Uktena wished to prevent the carnage of the War of Tears, their numbers were too small. When the dust had cleared, and the spilt Bunyip blood had soaked into the red outback soil, the Uktena moved in to claim the spoils.

Since the last decades of the 19th century, the Uktena tribe has gradually increased its influence in Australia. A number of the tribe emigrated following the War of Tears, joining the elderly Sings-with-the-Moon and his compatriots and taking control of the Uluru Caern, which was untended and without guardians. The Philodox Cries-to-the-Night and her companions arrived in Australia at this time, but, being rebuffed by the aggrieved and senile Sings-with-the-Moon, founded the Katajuta Caern instead. Despite applying themselves diligently to the task of understanding Uluru and its secrets, the Uktena have been unable to fathom the caern's mysteries.

When the Glass Walkers suggested the formation of the Jindabyne Council, the Uktena threw their support behind the idea only when they were sure that other Garou supported the motion. Such a decision proved wise, for by their presence the Uktena managed to confirm their stewardship of the Sept of the Waking Dream, as well as being granted control of the Kimberley Protectorate.

Organization

Because they are so few in number (some 20 in total) Australian Uktena maintain a strong tribal unity, to the point of xenophobia. Like their American Kinfolk, they have a largely decentralized structure, although all bow to the wishes of their Jindabyne Council representative. Runs-with-Ghosts, the sept leader of Katajuta Caern, is the voice of reason among Australia's Uktena. She is mocked for her open-mindedness by the Uktena of the Kimberleys and by Tjinderi Knowing-Smile, who currently holds the Uktena chair on the Jindabyne Council. Tjinderi is secretly groom-

Boomerangs

The Uktena have taken to using native boomerangs as hunting tools and weapons. There are two main types, given below, and each requires the Skill: Boomerang to use properly. The Uktena have, of course, made a number of fetishes out of their boomerangs.

Boomerang: This is a typical boomerang, about 30 inches long and lightweight. When thrown well, it will return to its user. Boomerangs are not meant to damage foes, but to provide a distraction when hunting small game such as birds. Aboriginals would stretch a net across the trees and then flush birds from their perches. The aim was to get them to fly low into the nets, and they did this by throwing the boomerangs overhead and making hawk noises. The birds, hearing the whirring above and the hawk cries, would assume hawks were near and fly low to escape — right into the waiting nets.

To get a boomerang to return, the thrower must score at least one success on her throwing roll for it to land back at her feet, or three if she wants to catch it in her hand.

Kylie ("Killer Stick"): Shaped like a boomerang, but heavier and longer (four feet), the kylie does not return when thrown. Its spinning action gives it great range, and its four-foot length gives it more hitting area than a spear point. Unlike firearms, a thrown kylie does not add attack successes to the damage Dice Pool. The Kylie may also be used as a club (using either Melee or Boomerang Skill), although it is less effective in this regard than a straight stick.

Type	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Concealment
Boomerang	7	1 die	Str x4	J
Kylie (thrown)	7	Str +4	Str x3	N
Kylie (club)	6	Strength +1		N

ing Bathes-in-Blood, the Gatekeeper of the Katajuta Caern, to succeed Runs-with-Ghosts.

The Uktena have chosen the Aboriginals as Kinfolk. They are the only Garou tribe who have gone out of their way to build ties to the native peoples. They take any incursion against native Aboriginals as an attack on their Kin.

Most Australian Uktena are of the Earth Guide camp. They encourage the Aboriginals to return to their old ways and live in harmony with Gaia's spirit. Many Earth Guides are active in Aboriginal politics and work in Aboriginal community health centers and similar organizations. Skywalkers, Raiders and Bane Tenders are more rare, but are highly honored amongst the tribe, although correspondingly distrusted by non-Uktena Garou. Ghost Dancers are rarest of all among Australian Garou; only Tjinderi Knowing-Smile is a member of this camp, though she uses all the Uktena as a tool to bring the camp's aims closer to fruition. Uktena distrust most tribes, particularly the Glass Walkers. They think Silver Fangs are foolish, and fear that the Shadow Lords may pose a threat to their own influence. Many Uktena ally themselves with Children of Gaia and Black Furies. The Bone Gnawers see the Uktena in a favorable light, as both work with the dispossessed.

Tjinderi Knowing-Smile

Position: Sept Leader, Jindabyne Council member

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ragabash

Tribe: Uktena

Nature/Demeanor: Conniver/Director

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 2 (4/5/5/4)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 3, Empathy 3, Expression 4, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Leadership 2, Survival 5

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Linguistics 3, Medicine 2, Occult 3, Politics 2, Rituals 5



Tjinderi Knowing-Smile

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Kinfolk 5

Gifts: (1) Blur of the Milky Eye, Open Seal, Persuasion, Sense Magic; (2) Taking the Forgotten; (3) Invisibility; (4) Call Elemental, Whelp Body

Rank: 4

Rage 4, Gnosis 5, Willpower 7

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of Binding, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Becoming, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of the Totem, Rite of the Opened Bridge, The Wombat's Burrow (as The Badger's Burrow), Rite of the Shrouded Glen.

Fetishes: Bells of Rain, Tiddalik's Bone (Level 2, Gnosis 6. A Water-spirit is bound into this Bunyip bone. The holder of the bone is guided to the nearest supply of fresh water, even if that water flows underground.)

Image: Tjinderi's Homid form, with which she is most comfortable, is that of a dark-skinned Aboriginal woman in her early 40s, with a mop of light brown hair falling to her shoulders. She dresses unassumingly in floral print sundresses and disdains jewelry. Her eyes are hooded and, even when she smiles broadly, always solemn. In Lupus form Tjinderi appears as a yellow-brown dingo with inquisitive eyes and lolling tongue. Her ears and tail are white-tipped.

Roleplaying Notes: You are one of the most powerful Uktena in Australia. Rather than boast, you adopt a plain, unassuming guise, knowing that people are easier to control when they underestimate you. Smile knowingly at all times. Always seem as if you are considering other people's suggestions; in reality, however, you will do precisely as you have always planned.

History: Tjinderi was stolen away from her family, who lived on a mission station on the outskirts of Alice Springs, when she was five, and raised by an American. Unlike many fostered Aboriginal children, Tjinderi was treated

well. At 14 she discovered the reason for her foster-father's kindness. He was Commanding Howl, Uktena leader of the Kimberley Protectorate. Soon after her first transformation, Tjinderi accompanied Commanding Howl to the U.S.A. Here she learned of the tragedy of the Uktena and the loss of the Pure Lands. Commanding Howl, who had raised her like a father, had ensured long before that her loyalties lay with him and the Uktena. Returning to her homeland, Tjinderi set about systematically learning all she could of the Bunyip and their ways, hoping to use that knowledge for the benefit of the Uktena alone.

Tjinderi came to rule the Kimberley Protectorate when Commanding Howl died. She also took his place on the Jindabyne Council. It is her goal to make the Uktena the most powerful tribe, first in Australia and then in the world. Then let the Wyrmcomers beware...

Tjinderi passes on all Bunyip secrets to the Uktena Great Council, in the hope that they can use the knowledge to reclaim America and Australia. Her ambition for the Uktena as a whole blinds her to the individuals who make up the tribe. Tjinderi still leads the Kimberley Protectorate, although she faces an increasing challenge from Jacky Gecko, her chosen successor. Tjinderi also faces a challenge from Runs-with-Ghosts of the Katajuta Protectorate.

Jacky Gecko

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Galliard

Tribe: Uktena

Nature/Demeanor: Confidant/Maker

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4 (3/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Empathy 3, Primal-Urg 4

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Boomerang 3, Drive 3, Pilot Aircraft 4, Repair 3, Stealth 3, Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Law 3, Linguistics 1, Medicine 5, Occult 1, Rituals 3

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Mentor 3, Resources 2

Gifts: (1) Call of the Wyld, Mother's Touch, Sense Magic, Smell of Man; (2) Call of the Wyrm; (3) Eye of the Cobra

Rank: 3

Rage 4, Gnosis 6, Willpower 8

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of the Fetish

Fetishes: Yongar's Wings (Level 4, Gnosis 7. This is a throwing boomerang — see sidebar — with a spirit servant of Yongar, the kangaroo totem, bound into it. Any kangaroos brought down in a hunt with this weapon are considered to be gifts from Yongar to the tribe. The boomerang does Str +2 aggravated damage and will always return to its user.)

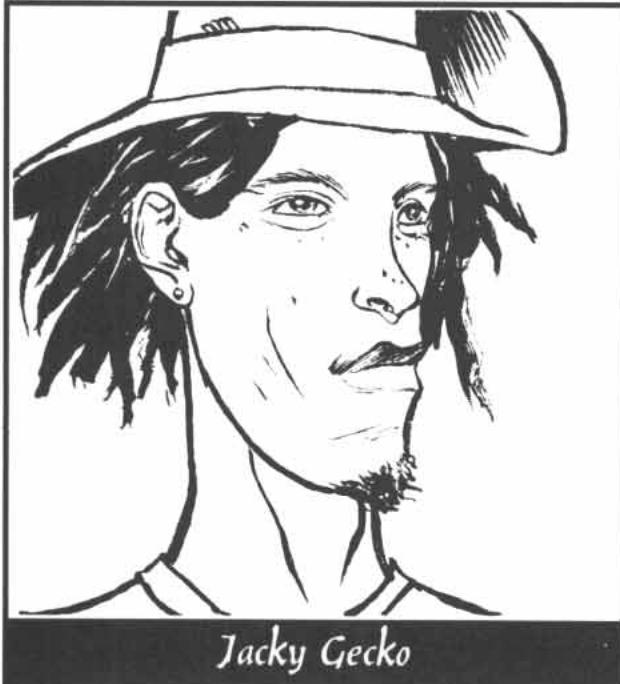


Image: Jacky is a tall and sinewy Aboriginal man of 25. He is never seen without his akubra hat and buffalo-skin boots. He wears faded blue jeans and a T-shirt bearing the Aboriginal flag. In Lupus form he is a sandy-colored dingo with faint, dark-brown markings along his spine. He can stand patient and unmoving for hours on end.

Roleplaying Notes: A closed book to most people, you are always amiable but seldom reveal what you are thinking. Always shake others' hands and call them "mate." You rarely talk, except when pressed, whereupon your banter is loud and empty.

History: Jacky was born on a reservation in the Northern Territory. From an early age he wanted to be a doctor, for he was sickened by the poor standard of health that his people endured. His First Change was watched over by Tjinderi Knowing-Smile. It was relatively painless and did not divert him from his goal. Jacky studied hard and graduated to become a doctor, working in both the Aboriginal Health Service and the Flying Doctors. Tjinderi sponsored him through his studies and ensured that he learned of the Garou as well as the human world. Jacky collected enough money to buy his own plane, and has on occasion saved the lives of stranded, injured and helpless Garou, earning him respect among many tribes. Among those grateful to Jacky is Innana of the Children of Gaia, who taught him the Gift Mother's Touch as a reward for his service.

As he grew, Jacky became more independent of Tjinderi. He has recently formed the opinion that Tjinderi's desires are not necessarily helpful to the Aboriginal people; he knows that her first loyalties are to the Uktena tribe. He has remained a fervent campaigner for Aboriginal rights.

Recently, Jacky has become curious about his origins and ancestry. His mother's background is unknown, although she was assuredly Kinfolk. Jacky has a younger sister, Wayerpuy, who he believes will undergo the Change. He has noticed unusual things about her. Wayerpuy has told him of a voice in her head, speaking in an Aboriginal language she cannot understand. Jacky hopes that by immersing himself in the history of the Uktena in Australia, he may uncover the meaning of such enigmas. He has not yet thought to look more closely at himself.

Wendigo

The strictly Native American Wendigo are largely unknown in Australia except as tourists. Few of the tribe have ever left the Pure Lands.

Joseph Blows-with-the-Wind

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ragabash

Tribe: Wendigo

Nature/Demeanor: Reveler/Cub

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6),
Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)



Joseph Blows-with-the-Wind

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 5, Brawl 1, Empathy 2, Expression 3, Streetwise 3

Skills: Drive 4, Etiquette 3, Performance 3, Repair 3, Stealth 2, Survival 4

Knowledges: Medicine 1

Backgrounds: Allies 1, Past Life 5, Resources 1

Gifts: (1) Call the Breeze, Camouflage, Open Seal, Persuasion; (2) Speak with the Wind-Spirits

Rank: 2

Rage 2, Gnosis 3, Willpower 6

Rites: None

Image: Joseph is a short, bronze-skinned American Indian in his early 20s. He has long, loose black hair and wears cut-off jeans, T-shirts and cheap jewelry. His Lupus form, a large timber wolf, is always impeccably preened and almost looks blow-dried.

Roleplaying Notes: You are relaxed and rather vain, frequently grooming and preening. Little angers or worries you. You are aware of the needs of others and listen to what they have to say, but have a short attention span. You avoid arguments and find it easiest to accept other people's opinions.

History: Born in Montana, Joseph is a Blackfoot Indian. He was awarded a U.S. government scholarship to study in Australia. Joseph enrolled at Bond University, enjoying sunny Queensland so much that he never went home. He is currently hiding from the Immigration Department, which wants to deport him. Joseph lives the life of a roving

surfer, driving his battered van up and down the Gold Coast, following the waves.

Joseph's head is full of his Blackfoot and Garou ancestors. They are constantly trying to make him do something or go somewhere, but Joseph is not interested. His ancestors speak of some great destiny in store for him and have frequently helped him escape Australian immigration officials. Evidently they have some reason for Joseph to remain in the country, although he neither knows nor cares what it might be.

On a recent surfing trip, Joseph was caught in a vicious current and carried out to sea. Stranded on a small coral reef, he saw a school of sharks swim toward him. Joseph's terror turned to amazement when one of the sharks took Homid form and retrieved his surfboard. The creature did not respond when Joseph tried to talk to it, instead diving under the waves. Joseph has determined to find out more about these creatures. The voices of his ancestors, previously so talkative, have not spoken since.

The Jindabyne Council

In 1901 the Glass Walkers, under the leadership of Kanakis and his daughter Cynen, called for the establishment of a multatribal council to coordinate the activities of Australia's Garou. The pair convinced the tribal leaders that such a council was necessary in light of the recent federation of human Australia. In reality, Kanakis and Cynen saw the council as a tool to elevate their tribe's status and increase their power.

The small town of Jindabyne, in the Silver Fang protectorate of Wadbilliga, was chosen as the location for the council because of its proximity to Mount Kosciusko, where the last Bunyip was slain. The creation of such a council, Kanakis claimed, would prevent the recurrence of such a tragedy. Instead, it has allowed the Glass Walkers to boost their prestige and influence by playing on the guilt felt by the other tribes.

The Jindabyne Council's charter codifies the group's theoretical aim: the protection of the spiritual and physical environments. A multatribal pack, the Children of Ngalyod, was formed to assist the council in carrying out this goal. The Ngalyod Pack is uniquely Australian, although similar in many ways to the Silver Packs that serve Concolation moots overseas.

The Jindabyne Council is responsible for defining the boundaries of the protectorates and awarding guardianship of caerns to the tribes. The council's members decide what actions Australia's Garou will take against the Wyrm, and provide a forum for dispute if disagreements cannot be resolved at a sept level. Recent decisions of the Jindabyne Council have included: sending large numbers of Garou and Kinfolk to the Franklin River protests in the early 1980s, settling the dispute between the Tanami and Kimberley Protectorates (although of late this has flared up



again), and calling for an Australian Garou delegation to travel to the war in the Amazon.

The Ngalyod Pack

The Ngalyod Pack exists to enforce the decrees of the Jindabyne Council. The pack is named after Ngalyod the Rainbow Serpent, the most powerful Bunyip totem. Membership in the pack is a rare honor, and not dependent on auspice, unlike the Silver Pack, which it resembles. No Silver Pack exists in Australia, as the Jindabyne Council makes Concolation moots, and thus Silver Packs, irrelevant. (The last Australian Concolation moot was held at the beginning of the War of Tears; many Garou have said that another such moot will not be held until the Bunyip return from the dead.)

Others

Australia is home to all manner of supernatural entities, although relatively few of the Changing Breed. Other enlightened beings present in Australia include mummies, vampires and mages.

The Changing Breed

Since the bloodshed and shame of the War of Rage, others of the Changing Breed have avoided the Garou. Few of their kind live in Australia, save perhaps for the Gumagan, the werecrocodiles of the Northern Territory, and even they may be a myth.

Rokea

In the deep waters off the Australian coast swim the Rokea. They are unapproachable and aloof. The weresharks have taken it upon themselves to protect the Great Barrier Reef, which is under threat from both excessive tourism and a plague of crown-of-thorns starfish. Elsewhere, Rokea angered by the intrusion of humans into their waters plan attacks on the oil and gas platforms of Bass Strait and the Northwest Shelf. Recently the Rokea have made accidental contact with a Garou of the Cape York Protectorate, Joseph Blows-with-the-Wind.

Mummies

Abu Nwole is an African mummy created in a tribal ceremony after a great Zulu triumph in what is now Capetown. Abu was a chieftain, killed in the battle, but responsible for his people's victory. Through sacrificial spilling of captive and Zulu blood, Abu was pulled back from death, becoming an undying mummy. Unlike his Egyptian kin created by the Followers of Horus, he was not restricted to one body, but began an endless cycle of death and rebirth. Abu wandered for almost two centuries, eventually arriving on the shores of Australia 3,000 years ago. He made his home among the Aboriginals and on rare occasions helped the Bunyip in their endeavors. His later incarnations have been Aboriginal men.

Abu remained uninvolved in the War of Tears and has avoided contact with Europeans (as he views all non-Aboriginal Australians). The Garou would never have discovered Nwole's existence were it not for an attack led by the Silver Fang King, Greymane Sleekfur, on an Aboriginal settlement last century. During this raid, Abu's mortal lover was slain. Abu has nursed his hatred of the Silver Fangs ever since. Recently reincarnated, he slew the first Silver Fang he met (an elderly Ahroun by the name of Glory-in-His-Stride) and plots the death of many more. Still a great warrior, the mummy could prove a deadly enemy of the Garou. He possesses more first-hand knowledge of the Bunyip than any other being existing in Australia today.

Mages

Before the Council of Nine, before even the great medieval experiment of the Order of Hermes, there were powerful mages, who would come to be called Dreamspeakers, living among the Aboriginals. These mages were few, but represented some of the most enlightened Dreamspeakers ever to have walked the Earth. Indeed, the very name of the Dreamspeaker Tradition is said to originate from these mages, who trod song-lines between Earth and Dreamtime and spoke its tales to the tribes.

The Bunyip resented these mages, who stole the vitality of Gaia from Bunyip caerns. Despite this, the Australian Garou tolerated them, for their great knowledge of the Dreamtime benefited even the Bunyip. Powerful as these primal Dreamspeakers were, they did not act to stop the European invasion of Australia; they had foreseen that the Europeans would destroy the Bunyip, and they feared the newly arrived Technomancers. But even the Dreamspeakers could not prophesy the depths to which the Europeans would sink, or the degree to which they would ravage Australia. Like many Aboriginals, the Dreamspeakers died in the years after the invasion: poisoned, shot or succumbing to diseases to which they had no resistance. Their deaths were no doubt encouraged by the Nephandi Chantry rumored to lie hidden beneath the sands of the western outback.

There has always been a strong magical presence in Perth, ever since the city was founded by James Stirling, a member of the Order of Hermes. It is rumored that, in return for nonaggression against his burgeoning city, Stirling made a pact long ago with a Nephandi Chantry deep in the outback, and that his soul is now forfeit. The immortal Stirling now regrets the excesses of his early years and seeks to make amends for his past sins. Stirling's rule of Perth is threatened by his love for Jemina Christianson, who has betrayed him to the Technocracy.

The Dreamspeakers maintain a keen interest in Australia, especially in the Silent Striders' collection of Dreamtime legends, while adventurous members of the Verbena go among the remaining Aboriginal tribes to learn their unique ways. The Hollow Ones are perhaps the strongest here in terms of numbers. Otherwise, the rest of the Traditions are poorly represented, and it is only now that mages have recognized the need to combat the might of the Technocracy in Australia.



Chapter Four: Enemies

*Well you know the story of the viper
It's long and lean with a poison tooth.*

— Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, "Jack the Ripper"

The Wyrm has been in Australia longer than any Garou. When the Bunyip arrived in Australia, fleeing the rage of their brethren, they found Wyrm-beasts active in the land. The Bunyip destroyed some such monsters, binding others with the aid of Dreamspeaker mages among the Aboriginal people. Today the Wyrm's most powerful tools are humanity and the resources humans can unwittingly bring to bear against the environment. Numerous other allies exist in Australia to further the Wyrm's cause.

Black Spiral Dancers

Well the night was deep and the night was dark
And I was at the old dance-hall on the edge of town
Some big ceremony was going down
Dancers writhed and squirmed and then
Came apart and then writhed again
Like squirming flies on a pin.

— Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, "John Finn's Wife"

No Garou who has fought a Black Spiral Dancer forgets what it is like to look into the face of the Wyrm and see a Garou staring back. Since the death of the Bunyip, Black Spiral Dancers have become established in Australia, with

packs scattered across the states. They aim to corrupt and ultimately to control the Dreamtime. By doing so, the Dancers will be able to exploit the links between the spirit and physical worlds, thus hastening Gaia's demise. So insane and disordered are the Black Spiral Dancers, however, that they have great difficulty uniting to achieve this aim.

When the Black Spiral Dancers arrived, following in the pawprints of the Garou, they discovered to their delight that the Wyrm's work was already being done in Australia. Black Spiral Dancers spurred the Europeans to greater atrocities in the name of civilization, reveled in the slaughter of the Aboriginal tribes, and laughed as the Garou allowed the Australian environment to be despoiled.

The Dancers soon encountered the Bunyip and immediately realized the threat this peaceful tribe of Garou posed to their domination and destruction of Australia. The first priority of the Black Spiral Dancers became the death of the Bunyip. With the Dreamtime's guardians gone, their conquest would be simple. Thus the Black Spiral Dancers engineered the War of Tears.

Mara the Scream, most manipulative and cunning of her tribe, framed the Bunyip for the death of Greyflank,



a Red Talon. The ensuing carnage surpassed even Mara's warped imaginings. Not only did she ensure the Bunyip tribe's destruction, but she emotionally crippled generations of Australian Garou and estranged them from the land's spirits. The effects of Mara's simple but effective trick are still felt today.

Were the Wyrm-ridden Garou a unified and efficient force, the Dreamtime would have fallen soon after the War of Tears, but the Black Spiral Dancers remain fragmented and disorganized. There is no doubt that the Black Spiral Dancers are capable of far-reaching and sophisticated strategy, but more often their actions are chaotic and contradictory. The one thing uniting Australian Black Dancers is their obsession with the Bunyip. The Dancers fanatically gather all the information they can find about the extinct tribe: fetishes, rumors and anecdotes. Some Garou see this as further evidence of the Black Spirals' insanity; why fear a dead foe? Others, the Stargazers among them, see the Dancers' actions as an attempt to learn enough about Ngalyod, the Bunyip's totem, to claim it for the Wyrm. Were the Black Spiral Dancers to corrupt the Rainbow Serpent, the Dreamtime would be all but destroyed. Bartholomew Wise-in-the-Ways-of-the-Wyrm believes that the Black Spiral Dancers have amassed a library of Bunyip-related material, including many powerful fetishes. He would richly reward any Garou who delivered information confirming the existence or location of such a library.

There are 40 Black Spiral Dancers in Australia. They scuttle through storm drains beneath crowded cities and burrow lightless warrens in the earth of the Dreamtime, searching for imprisoned Wyrm-creatures. They maintain caerns at sites of spiritual corruption, where they spread pollution in their worship of the Wyrm. Australian Black Spiral Dancers are fanatically religious and often kidnap other Garou in order to deprogram them, opening their eyes to the wonders of the Wyrm. Such unwilling converts usually end up dead rather than enlightened. Worshipping the Wyrm as a force of balance, the Black Spiral Dancers present Australia's vast areas of wilderness and plagues of introduced animals as evidence that the Wyld is out of control. The Black Spiral Dancers are agents, not of destruction, but of necessary restraint — or so they claim. They contend that cities, constructs of the Weaver, must be allowed to thrive, supplanting the Wyld so that order may be restored.

The Priests of Pollution: A Sample Australian Black Spiral Pack

Moonscreamer

Position: Hive Leader

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Tribe: Black Spiral Dancers

Nature/Demeanor: Alpha/Fanatic

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6),
Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Empathy 3, Expression 4, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Etiquette 3, Leadership 5

Knowledges: Computer 3, Enigmas 5, Occult 4, Rituals 5

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Past Life 3, Pure Breed 2, Resources 4

Gifts: (1) Bane Protector, Persuasion, Sense Wyrm, Smell of Man; (2) Command Spirit, Ears of the Bat; (3) Pulse of the Invisible; (4) Ultimate Argument of Logic; (5) Balefire, The Malleable Spirit

Rank: 5

Rage 4, Gnosis 8, Willpower 10

Rites: Moot Rite, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of Binding, Baptism of Fire, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of the Totem, Rite of the Opened Bridge, The Rending of the Veil, Rite of Caern Building.

Fetishes: Spirit Net, Greyflank's Heart (Level 2, Gnosis 7. The mummified, glowing heart of Greyflank of the Red Talons, whose murder provoked the Bunyip Wars, beats constantly. The heart obscures the Wyrm-taint of any who carries it.)

Image: Moonscreamer, in Homid form, appears as a dignified old man with gray hair swept back from his temples. He dresses in the dark suit of a priest, complete with white collar, despite the harsh temperatures of the outback. In Lupus form he is a dark gray wolf, with small patches of scales on his upper back.

Roleplaying Notes: You are a born leader and have been known to practice speeches for hours on end until you have the intonation just right. You stare down those younger than you, and speak in a calm, reasonable voice. You remind people of their favorite uncle — elderly, slightly eccentric, but kind and concerned.

History: Moonscreamer's Kinfolk parents raised him according to the strict rules of their religion. His childhood



Moonscreamer

was punctuated by regular beatings, reinforced guilt and long periods of loneliness. When he reached puberty and the Change overtook him, Moonscreamer killed his parents, laughing insanely all the while. From that night on, Moonscreamer has restrained his madness, conducting his life in a cold and rational manner. Moonscreamer appeared unchanged by his initiation rite, if anything becoming more methodical and less disorganized, unlike most Black Spiral Dancers.

Today Moonscreamer leads the small but powerful Ranger Hive, the Priests of Pollution, based in the uranium mine in Kakadu National Park. His cold intellect has welded the usually disorganized Black Spiral Dancers into an efficient and dangerous force. The pack's mission is to recruit Kakadu's spirits to the service of the Wyrm. By capturing and torturing spirits dwelling in the Hive's bawn, the pack has met with some success. Moonscreamer's ambition is such that he believes even the powerful Namarrkon, the Lightning Spirit, may be corrupted. The small pack keeps to itself, avoiding the workers who live in the mine compound. Inquisitive workers soon disappear, and the mine staff has learned not to question the presence of a priest, nun, psychopath and teenage boy on the premises. Ranger is controlled by Pentex, with which the pack cooperates.

Moonscreamer, though safe inside the heavily guarded Ranger mine, harbors a paralyzing fear of the Bunyip. Ever since he stared into the face of the Wyrm and became a Black Spiral Dancer, he has believed that the Bunyip still live. Sometimes Moonscreamer believes that he hears the barks of thylacines echoing across the outback, which only bolsters his neurosis. His paranoia is a closely guarded secret of the Priests of Pollution. The three other pack members are concerned that his fear may affect Moonscreamer's ability to complete their mission.



Darren Mate-of-the-Wyrm

Darren Mate-of-the-Wyrm

Breed: Metis

Auspice: Ahroun

Tribe: Black Spiral Dancers

Nature/Demeanor: Reveler/Gallant

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5),
Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4 (3/1/1/1), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 4, Primal-Urge 5, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 2, Melee 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Law 2, Medicine 3

Backgrounds: Resources 3

Gifts: (1) Bane Protector, Inspiration, The Falling Touch, Sense Wyrm; (2) Curse of Hatred, Horns of the Impaler; (3) Foaming Fury, Silver Claws; (4) Crawling Poison

Rank: 4

Rage 8, Gnosis 5, Willpower 7

Metis Disfigurement: Short-lived

Rites: None

Fetishes: Spirit Whip (Level 3, Gnosis 5. A triple-thonged whip of black sharkhide, the Spirit Whip is capable of flogging spirits in the Penumbra even if they are not Materialized.)

Image: In his Homid form, Darren is a solidly built man of 22. He is always naked from the waist up; his chest is covered in coarse, black hair. He wears kangaroo-skin

boots, and his jeans are held up with a belt of dingo leather. In lupus form, Darren is a hideous horned creature resembling a hooved dingo.

Roleplaying Notes: You are confident to the point of boredom. Nothing excites you and no one threatens you. You strut around the Ranger mine looking for excitement. Should any Garou threaten you, you will be delighted at the thought of a challenge.

History: Darren is the product of a rape. His mother was a Black Fury, his father a Black Spiral Dancer. The young pup, after eating his way out of his mother's womb, trotted up to the gates of the Ranger mine, sensing that the Wyrm would give him a home. Moonscreamer adopted the pup, who grew astonishingly quickly. In two years he was fully grown. Darren unflinchingly walked the Black Spiral, becoming the strong arm of the Priests of Pollution.

Darren continues to age quickly and may only live for another five years. He spends much of his time visiting Darwin and using his Animal Attraction to impregnate rich women, ruining their lives and hopefully providing himself with a Garou heir.

Darren has quickly become bored at the mine. Torturing spirits is not enough to sate his desires. He has taken to baiting local Garou: telling them where to find him, then taking off into the bush when they arrive, in the hope that they will chase him. Even this sport has become dull, for it invariably ends with Darren slaying his pursuers. He has recently heard about Kurpannga, the Devil Dingo, and has determined to seek him out. Aware of his impending death and his aging body, Darren is desperate to find anything that will sate his desire for life.

Sister Mary McMartin/Cavorts-in-Blood

Breed: Metis

Auspice: Galliard

Tribe: Black Spiral Dancers

Nature/Demeanor: Caregiver (Reveler)/Martyr (Predator)

Physical: (Mary/Cavorts-in-Blood) Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 2/3, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0)/1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4/2, Intelligence 3/1, Wits 2/4

Talents: Alertness 0/2, Brawl 1/3, Empathy 2/0, Intimidation 0/3, Primal-Urge 0/2

Skills: Animal Ken 0/2, Etiquette 2/0, Performance 1/0, Stealth 0/3, Survival 0/2

Knowledges: Investigation 1/0, Medicine 2/0, Occult 3/0

Backgrounds: Resources 3

Gifts: (1) Bane Protector, Call of the Wild, Create Element, Mindspeech; (2) Wyrm Hide

Rank: 2

Rage 5, Gnosis 4, Willpower 3

Metis Disfigurement: Neurosis (Split personality)

Rites: None

Fetishes: None

Image: Flowing black hair frames her soft white face; her sympathetic eyes gaze dreamily into the distance. As Mary, she captures her hair beneath her black nun's habit. As Cavorts-in-Blood, she dresses like a street prostitute, in fishnet stockings and a low-cut dress.

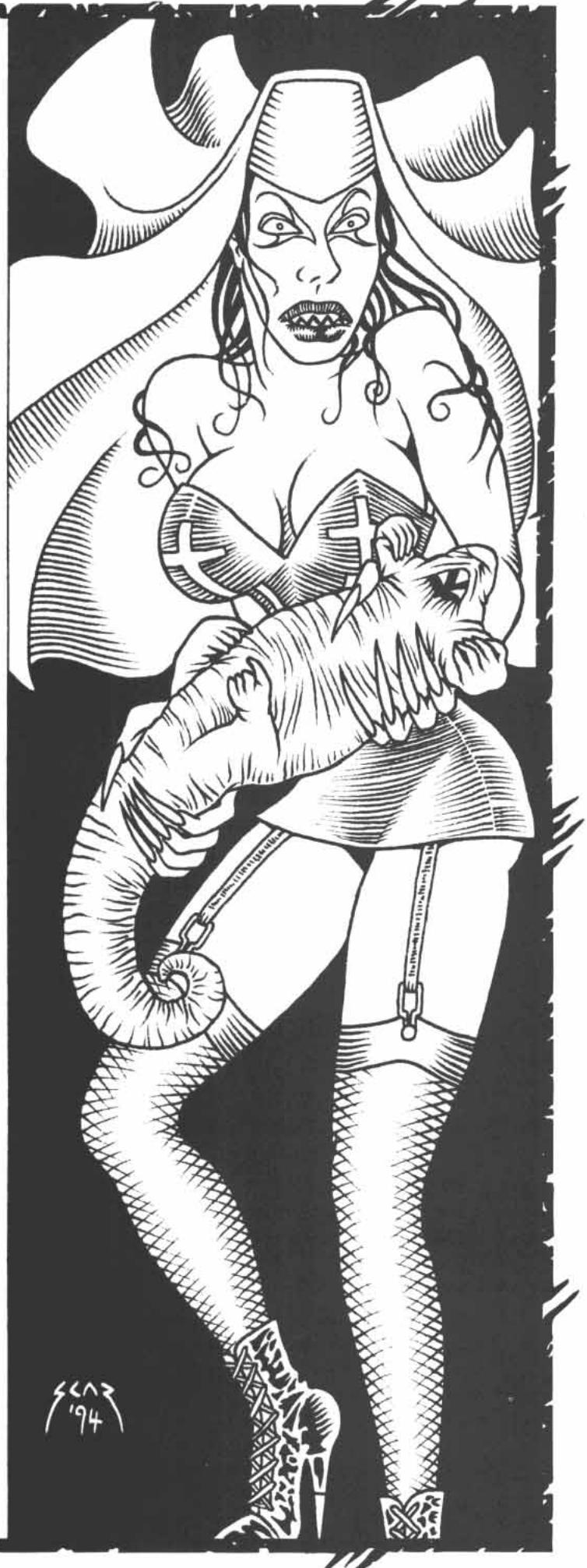
Roleplaying Notes: As Mary, you speak quietly, reserving your opinions in case your views upset others. You believe Father Moonscreamer is never wrong and would not think to contradict him. As Cavorts-in-Blood, you do not speak unless it is to scream in disgust at the actions of others or to seduce a victim within reach of your claws.

History: Cavorts-in-Blood was born to a pair of Sydney Black Spiral Dancers, members of the Hive of the Corrupted Flesh. She soon tired of the endless, lustful games of the Hive, despite being raised to believe that this was all her life could offer. After walking the Black Spiral, Cavorts-in-Blood's already unstable personality fractured. Part of her embraced her parents' creed with perverse joy. Another side of her personality rebelled, determined to find better ways to serve the Wyrm. Thus, Sister Mary was born. Moonscreamer found Mary wandering the streets of Sydney and took her under his wing. She is strongly drawn to the soft-spoken but charismatic Theurge, although Cavorts-in-Blood despises him.

Mary is unaware of Cavorts-in-Blood's existence, although the reverse is not true. Having recently become pregnant as a result of her alter ego's orgiastic reverence of the Wyrm, Mary believes herself to be blessed with an immaculately conceived Wyrm-child, the savior of the Black Spirals. Sister Mary has become the dominant personality, although on her infrequent appearances,



Sister Mary McMartin





Pustulent Claws

Cavorts-in-Blood makes up for her long absences with bestial slaughter.

Pustulent Claws (Bluey)

Breed: Metis

Auspice: Ragabash

Tribe: Black Spiral Dancers

Nature/Demeanor: Cub/Bravo

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4),
Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urges 3

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Melee 3, Stealth 4, Survival 2

Knowledges: None

Backgrounds: Past Lives 2, Resources 3

Gifts: (1) Bane Protector, Open Seal, Sense Wyrm

Rank: 1

Rage 6, Gnosis 3, Willpower 4

Metis Disfigurement: Fragile Claws

Rites: None

Fetishes: None

Image: Bluey, when in Homid form, is a tall, skinny teenager. His acne-scarred face is contorted in a permanent sneer. He has a shock of red hair, pale skin and freckles. He wears dusty jeans, workboots, a blue singlet and a battered akubra hat. In Lupus form he is a powerfully built dingo, his black and tan fur encrusted with mold. His claws are weak and break easily; pus oozes from his paws.



Roleplaying Notes: You are a disgruntled adolescent: angry, stubborn and rebellious. You sneer and scoff at anyone older than you. You criticize everything and everyone, and are never happy.

History: As a child, Bluey delighted in torturing small animals. His Black Spiral parents encouraged his sadistic games, providing creatures for him to maim and kill. After several years they ceased providing him with such sport, believing that Bluey was old enough to capture his own toys, and that it was time for him to learn to kill humans, not mere animals. Bluey, already spoiled, rebelled at this, demanding that he be allowed to continue his games. Rather than pamper him further, his parents forced Bluey to walk the Black Spiral path early. However, Bluey did not complete his rite; unknown to all he kept his eyes tightly closed, and so did not stare into the face of the Wyrm. As a result Bluey is not entirely insane, although his heritage ensures that he is deeply disturbed.

Bluey continues to be a torturer, one reason why Moonscreamer has adopted him into the Priests of Pollution. Moonscreamer believes that under his expert tutelage, the boy could become a skilled inquisitor of spirits. Bluey also serves as the acolyte of the Hive, assisting Moonscreamer and Sister Mary in their rites.

Pentex

It'll love you like a razor, see?

It really does get in

But we don't have a prize for you

Because you didn't win, sorry.

— Headless Chickens, "Million Dollar Dream"

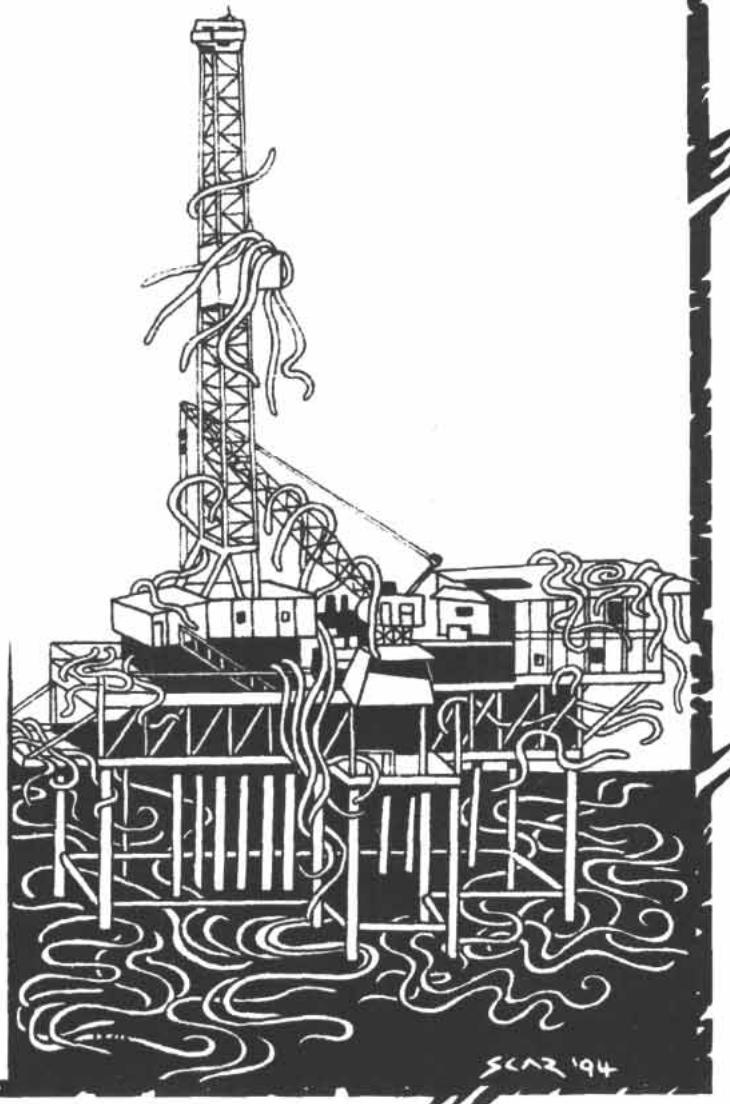
Pentex has maintained a presence in Australia for only 50 years, but in that short space of time has fostered much environmental degradation and spiritual corruption. Pentex-controlled companies have the worst record of job-related accidents in Australia and house their workers in notoriously poor conditions. Unknown to employees, Pentex buildings are constructed over chemical dumps and insulated with asbestos. Air and water supplies are saturated with minute but dangerous concentrations of toxins.

Pentex Australia is involved in woodchipping operations, ensuring that Australia's hardwood forests are turned into low-quality paper bags rather than used for building materials or left unspoiled. Pentex's subsidiary companies run several high-cost, low-efficiency paper mills, pumping mercury and other chemicals into the waterways. Pentex has extensive interests in mining, notably uranium mining in the Northern Territory, iron mining in Western Australia, and silver mining in Queensland. Sludge from these mines pollutes local rivers, eventually finding its way to the sea. Pentex sponsors extensive mineral explorations throughout Australia, falsifying the results of surveys in order to mine unprofitable areas and thus ensure that they are stripped of natural vegetation. The company makes

sizable donations to the gun lobby and hunting groups, pays a secret bounty on dingo scalps, and supports the sheep and cattle industries, which lobby for more grazing in wilderness areas.

Tourism is also supported by Pentex, despite being an area of contention for the company's directors. While exposure to the wild may sway more people toward supporting environmental movements, package tours, such as those Pentex encourage, remove clients from any direct contact to the land save for what is seen through their bus windows. So-called eco-tours, which bring large numbers of people to environmentally sensitive areas, further despoil the environment. Leisure industries that exploit and degrade the environment, such as skiing, fishing, waterskiing and motor racing, receive Pentex sponsorship.

The company has two main offices in Australia, located in Sydney and Perth. The Australian branch of Pentex also oversees the New Zealand arm of the company, based in Wellington.



Jeffery Blight

The Chief of Operations at Pentex Australia is Jeffery Blight, QC. A handsome man in his late 30s, Blight was first noticed by Pentex while studying law at Melbourne University. Ruthless and corrupt, the young Blight would first seduce, then blackmail his lecturers in order to gain the highest possible marks. Blight was also a member of the University debating team; it was Blight's powerful arguments in favor of medical experimentation on prisoners, televised nationally as the final round of an intercampus contest, that alerted Pentex to his potential. Blight went on to become a high-flying corporate lawyer, using bribery and extortion to ensure he never lost a case. Soon Pentex contacted the already corrupt young man. Blight agreed to work for Pentex on the provision that the company use its influence to have him appointed Queen's Counsel, the highest title an Australian lawyer can receive.

At Pentex, Blight found people who appreciated his talents. Appointed head of the Special Projects Division, Blight made this department something for Pentex to be proud of, pioneering genetic manipulation and cybernetics research. After working in SPD for two years, Jeffery decided it was time for him to move up the corporate ladder. After a swift campaign of bribery, political skullduggery and murder, Blight was appointed Chief of Operations in Australia. The members of the Pentex Board of Directors are well aware of Blight's transgressions, but approve of them wholeheartedly. They believe that Jeffery possesses exactly the qualities they seek in their regional managers. Blight seeks an appointment to the Pentex Board, and he actively works toward this goal.

Jemina Christianson

The slender, attractive Miss Christianson is a ruthless mage of the Technocracy. She was the protégé of the deathless James Stirling, founder and ruler of Perth.

Jemina was born to a wealthy, upper-class family and educated in private European schools. In Switzerland, she first encountered the supernatural powers that pervade the World of Darkness, in the form of an elder Ventru. Having read Plato, Machiavelli, Dante, Marx, Kropotkin, Stirner and Nietzsche, Jemina was ready for a lesson in true power.

On her return to Perth she sought out Stirling, having heard of his existence while in Europe. Jemina seduced the mage and learned everything she could from him, including knowledge of the Technomancers. Deciding that the might of an organization feared by one so powerful as Stirling must be great indeed, Jemina left Stirling to join them. The Technocracy boldly demanded the death of Lumley, Perth's Tremere prince and Stirling's pawn (or so they believed), as proof of her loyalty. Rather than risk her own life, Jemina provided Perth's anarchs with information about Lumley's haven and its defenses, and sat back to watch the ensuing flames. The Technocracy duly embraced Jemina and has promised to protect her from her former mentor and lover. The Tremere do not yet know of Jemina's role in the anarch uprising, but when they do, she will need all the power of the Technocracy to protect her from their vengeance.





The Technocracy wishes to infiltrate Pentex and has secretly arranged for Jemina to be employed by the company. The combination of her ambition and her Technomantic might has allowed Jemina to gather considerable corporate influence. Jemina now heads the company's Perth branch, having swept all competitors before her — until now. In Jeffery Blight she has met an opponent of her own caliber. The seemingly passionless rivalry between the pair has a detrimental effect on Pentex's Australian operations, and conceals a growing attraction between the two — which will undoubtedly blossom into deadly love.

The Squattocracy

This organization is now virtually defunct, maintained by conservatives within Pentex's ranks. It spearheaded the initial thrust of the Wyrm into Australia, implemented wholesale deforestation, and contributed to the destruction of the environment. Not all members of the Squattocracy knew of the Wyrm, but those who did zealously embraced its creed. The Squattocracy's members are powerful, wealthy, arrogant and elderly pastoralists. The Squattocracy's outlook was appropriate to the 19th century, but today is seen by Pentex as an anachronism. No longer effective, its dying elite are more concerned with maintaining their wealth and prestige than with serving the Wyrm. Their influence over the more traditional members of Pentex has thus far prevented Jeffery Blight from streamlining the Squattocracy out of existence.

Sir Vivien Winchester

A healthy man in his late 70s, Winchester owns a vast ancestral sheep station in outback New South Wales. His ancestors, the original founders of the Squattocracy, predate Pentex, the members of which he considers brash American upstarts lacking in breeding and gentility.

Sir Vivien is never seen without suit and monocle. His skin is leathery, his eyes bright and hard, and he wears a white hairpiece. Despite his age, Winchester is tough and shrewd. In his youth he shot Aboriginals for sport, and regrets the Aboriginal Protection Board's incarceration of the tribes on reservations, denying him his pleasure.

Sir Vivien spends his days ensconced in the halls of his sprawling homestead, only leaving for Pentex Australia board meetings, to which he flies in his private helicopter. He fiercely hates both Blight and Martina Loupenski, and has sent his florid, heavyset son, George, to Perth in the vain hope of enlisting Jemina Christianson as an ally.

Aboriginal Protection Board

This organization has supplanted the Squattocracy in Australia. Since 1860 the Board has killed more Aboriginals, through dispossession and despair, than the original invaders killed. Rather than killing through direct violence, the Aboriginal Protection Board is expert at the destruction of the spirit, in the guise of cultural assimilation. Initially, the Board was responsible for transplanting Aboriginal children from their mothers to European foster parents, and for moving Aboriginals from their traditional homes to large reservations. On the reservations, Aboriginal people were forbidden their religion and language, and their movements were restricted. In the World of Darkness, such practices continue today. Although the APB is an independent organization, a representative of the Aboriginal Protection Board sits on the Pentex Australia Board of Directors. The APB also monitors the Aboriginal population, constantly searching for any Bunyip Kinfolk.

Martina Loupenski

Born to Polish parents in a working-class suburb of Melbourne, Martina studied as a social worker before joining the Aboriginal Protection Board. Martina is a large, matronly woman with a patronizing bearing. A survivor of incest, she was first ridden, then possessed by a Bane. As a fomor, Martina is immune to the Delirium and possesses the power of Infectious Touch. Easily manipulated, she is an ally of Jeffery Blight. Martina dislikes Sir Vivien for his continual derision of her Slavic heritage. She considers the Squattocracy's methods clumsy and outdated.



Vampires

I've been contemplating suicide,
But it really doesn't suit my style.
So I guess I'll just act bored instead,
And contain the blood I would have shed.

— The Birthday Party, "Shivers"

Australia's geographical isolation prevented the formation of an established vampiric population prior to the arrival of Europeans. Aboriginal legends of creatures called Gurumukas, spirits who came in the night and bit their victims' necks, hint at a vampire presence much earlier in the continent's history. The truth of these rumors, however, has never been confirmed. Even before the First City was built, Australia was divided from Europe and Asia by the Indian Ocean. It may have been possible for a particularly canny Gangrel to cross the widening gulf between Australia and Asia while the seas were lowered during the Ice Age, but such a vampire would still have had to deal with the implacable Bunyip.

The first documented Kindred in Australia arrived in the mid-1500s, traveling in the holds of Portuguese ships whose captains sought a mythical Land of Gold rumored to lie south of Java. These first, adventurous Leeches had fled the turmoil of Europe, then wracked by the Inquisition and the Anarch Revolt, in search of a more peaceful home. The arid lands of Australia's west coast became their domain, and here they hunted largely undisturbed for many years. Australia was rediscovered by Dutch explorers in 1616, who named the continent New Holland. With the Dutch came a handful of Brujah and Malkavians. Most of these did not survive in Australia, falling to the Bunyip or the harsh sun.

Following Captain Cook's navigation of Australia's east coast, England laid claim to the southern land it had supposedly discovered. Unknown to the human settlers dispatched on the First Fleet, six Cainites traveled with them. These powerful vampires had elected to flee England and the Jihad that raged there. Australia and its convict population were to become their private hunting ground. It has been suggested that these six vampires were manipulated in turn by a Methuselah, who saw Australia as his own larder to be stocked with potent Kindred blood in readiness for his awakening.

As Australia's population grew and new settlements were founded, the vampires of the First Fleet spread out across the land, discovering the earlier vampire settlers in the process. Although further Cainite colonists were gradually drawn to Australia over the passing years, it was not until the gold rush of the 1850s that the nation's human population was large enough to support more than a score of Kindred. Today Australia's capital cities are home to the majority of the country's vampire population, although large regional cities such as Wollongong, Geelong and Albany support small numbers of undead.

Following the European invasion, the Bunyip were too busy battling human and Garou settlers to be concerned about a few

Leeches. As a result, Cainites were given time to establish a firm foothold in Australia. By the time the European Garou had exterminated their Australian cousins, vampires had made themselves at home in every city capable of supporting and concealing their presence. Today, an uneasy peace exists between Kindred and Garou. In Sydney and Melbourne, Glass Walkers, Followers of Set and Giovanni have forged an alliance, dividing control of organized crime among them. Bone Gnawers and Nosferatu have achieved a similar peace, as each group has come to realize that it has more in common with one another than with its fellow clans and tribes.

Generally the Garou leave Australia's cities to the Kindred, while the Kindred, save for Clan Gangrel, spurn the outback in turn. Even so, clashes between the two races are unavoidable, as Garou seek to restrict the human population and its spread, while such growth is encouraged by the Kindred, for their continued existence depends upon it.

Melbourne

Melbourne is ruled by the crime boss Squizzy Taylor. She deposed and committed diablerie upon the previous ruler, Prince Montague Lytton. Taylor, a Brujah, was Embraced in the 1920s. A gangster in her mortal life, she has successfully continued her career since becoming a vampire. With a human population of three million, Melbourne is home to approximately 30 Cainites. The city's once powerful Toreador have been thrown into disarray by Lytton's death. Because of Prince Taylor's strict rule, Melbourne's anarchs have no Brujah within their ranks.

Perth

Perth has recently fallen to the anarchs, who successfully deposed Lumley, the city's Tremere prince and one of the Cainites of the First Fleet.Flushed with success, the anarchs have given Perth's other Kindred the choice of joining their cause or dying the Final Death, resulting in a steady eastward stream of refugees. Having overthrown the Cainite ruler of Perth, the anarchs must now face the immortal James Stirling of the Order of Hermes, who still makes Perth his home. The anarchs are aided by an influx of eastern Kindred drawn to Perth by news of the successful revolt. The Final Death of Prince Lumley has angered the Tremere, although what revenge they will take is as yet unknown. Perth's Glass Walkers wait with bated breath for the impending storm.



Sydney

Some four million mortals and more than 40 vampires make Sydney their home. The clan of Sydney's prince is an enigma to most. He claims to be Toreador, but none know his sire. Some dismiss Prince Sarrasine as a Caitiff, while the paranoid suggest that he is a Follower of Set. Prince Sarrasine has influential links with druglords and organized crime, and his court is the most decadent in Australia. It is rumored that some of Sarrasine's courtiers participate in orgiastic rituals at the Black Spiral Dancers' Hive of the Corrupted Flesh. Sydney's Toreador, predominantly Poiseurs, feud with the Artistes of Melbourne. A number of minor princes have declared themselves the rulers of Sydney's sprawling suburbs and satellite cities. To date, Sarrasine has not challenged their rule, either lacking the power to do so or secretly manipulating them toward some unknown goal.



Chapter Five: The Dreamtime

The whole of Australia is Bandaiyan. The front we call wadi, the belly section, because the continent is lying down flat on its back. It is just sticking out from the surface of the ocean. Deep down underneath are the buttocks, wambalma — from where the leg joints run into the pelvis and right across to the other side.

Inside the body is Wungudd, the Snake. She grows all of nature on the outside of her body. The sides are unggnu djullu, rib section. The rib section goes right across the country, above the navel. Uluru is the navel, the center — wangigit.

The part below the navel is wambut, the pubic section. There is a woman's section — njambut, and a man's section — ambut.

Right up on top is the head part, ulangun — Cape York, Arnhem Land, Kimberley, Bathurst and Melville Island... Below the Gulf of Carpentaria are the lungs, wumangnalla.

— Utta Malnic and David Mowarljarlai, *The Spirit of the Kimberley*

The Dreamtime is the name given by the Aboriginal people to their legendary past, when the world was first formed and beasts walked in human form. The Dreamtime is also a real place, the Penumbra, which can be visited by Garou and others wise in spirit. This chapter describes both Dreamtimes (which are in a sense one and the same) and provides inhabitants and residents of the Dreamtime for Garou to encounter. Details concerning the Bunyip, the lost tribe of the Garou, can also be found in this chapter.

The Dreamtime

The Aboriginals speak of the Dreamtime as if it were both their past and a place that can be visited today, a concept that confuses Europeans. The Dreamtime and its stories represent both history and religion to the Aboriginal tribes, tracing more than 50,000 years of tradition. The

Dreamtime and its song cycles represent the longest continual history of any people in the world. There are over 200 Aboriginal tribes in Australia, each with its own tales of the Dreamtime. Names and origins of plants, animals and geographical features are explained in Dreamtime stories, thus allowing Aboriginals to learn about lifestyle and duty.

During the Dreamtime, the totem spirits of the people lived as men and women. As the time of legend ended, however, the spirits had to find a place to live. Some took the forms of animals; others became features of the land itself. Such places as Uluru and the Kakadu escarpment, the sacred sites of the Aboriginal tribes, are the homes of such spirits, and must be maintained to preserve the land. Before the coming of the Europeans, the tribes ceremonially sang and danced at these sites to ensure the land's health. The Europeans forced the tribes off their lands, and so many



sacred sites have not been maintained for over a century. The land is slowly dying, and unless the Aboriginals can reestablish contact with it, Australia will become a lifeless desert.

The Dreamtime is Australia's Penumbra. In the Dreamtime, prehistoric animals such as diprotodon and giant kangaroos live side by side with Aboriginal spirits such as Nargun and Mimi. The boundaries between the Dreamtime and the physical world have always been weak in Australia, as once was true of all the world. The Aboriginals honored their land and its spirit, and so the two were never sundered.

The cause of the severance of Penumbra and Earth has been debated by many Garou. Some see it as the continuing war within the Tellurian, with the Weaver spinning more complex structures to separate the physical world from the spiritual. Others see the cause in humanity's fear and denial of spirituality. In Australia, because spirituality was so integral a part of Aboriginal life, and because the Weaver never got out of hand in Aboriginal life, the Dreamtime and the physical world remained closely linked.

The Umbrandscape

Australia's Dreamtime resembles the natural Australian landscape as it was thousands of years ago. Powerful wards placed by the Bunyip upon the Dreamtime have preserved the Penumbra as it was when they arrived in Australia, and so it remains unfamiliar to the Garou even today. Some

Moon Paths in the Dreamtime lead to the prehistoric Realm of Pangea. Garou may enter Pangea and not realize it until confronted by a grazing herd of dinosaurs. Other Moon Paths lead to the Legendary Realm, and to the Atrocity Realm. In this last Realm, the War of Tears is endlessly replayed, and Aboriginals are endlessly poisoned, raped and shot.

The Dreamtime is bathed in eternal twilight. The setting sun is visible on the western horizon, while the rising moon illuminates the east. Where deserts lie in the physical world, sandscapes shimmer. Penumbra Central Australia is filled by the long-vanished inland sea, where dolphinlike reptiles swim among schools of primitive fish. The physical world's pockets of forest are in the Dreamtime vast rainforests of cycads and tree ferns, interspersed with slender eucalyptuses and ringing with the caroling of currawongs and magpies. Tree kangaroos leap from branch to branch high above the ground, brightly colored birds screech and sing, and wombats and other animals scurry about the forest floor.

The Megafauna of Australia's past live on in the Dreamtime. Giant kangaroos graze from the tops of trees. The great grassy plains are home to huge flightless birds and lumbering ground sloths, which are preyed upon by equally large goannas. Diprotodons and huge wombats waddle through the sprays of ferns, hunted by marsupial lions and thylacines. These Great Beasts can be sometimes be summoned back to the physical world with the *Lupus Gift: Song of the Great Beast*.

In those areas where the physical world has been scarred by the actions of mankind, the Dreamtime is no longer pristine, prehistoric wilderness, although it is not as corrupt as the Penumbra of other lands. While the outback's Dreamtime remains relatively unspoiled, the Penumbra of the coast is thickly scarred by Wyrm and Weaver. The sites of cities are represented by dense stands of black-barked trees, their leaves drooping and blotched with mold. Thick webs spread among the trees, through which scurry Pattern Spiders. In particularly blighted areas even these trees have died, leaving poisonous, shrouded glades, stalked by Banes and other evils. In such places the ground is spongy underfoot and oozes putrescent, stinking slime. Gaping pits lead to the tunnels of the Black Spiral Dancers or to Hellholes and Calumns. Where nuclear weapons have been tested, or where Pentex factories spill their toxins into the physical world, the Dreamtime is warped and terrible. The very soil glows and leaks balefire.

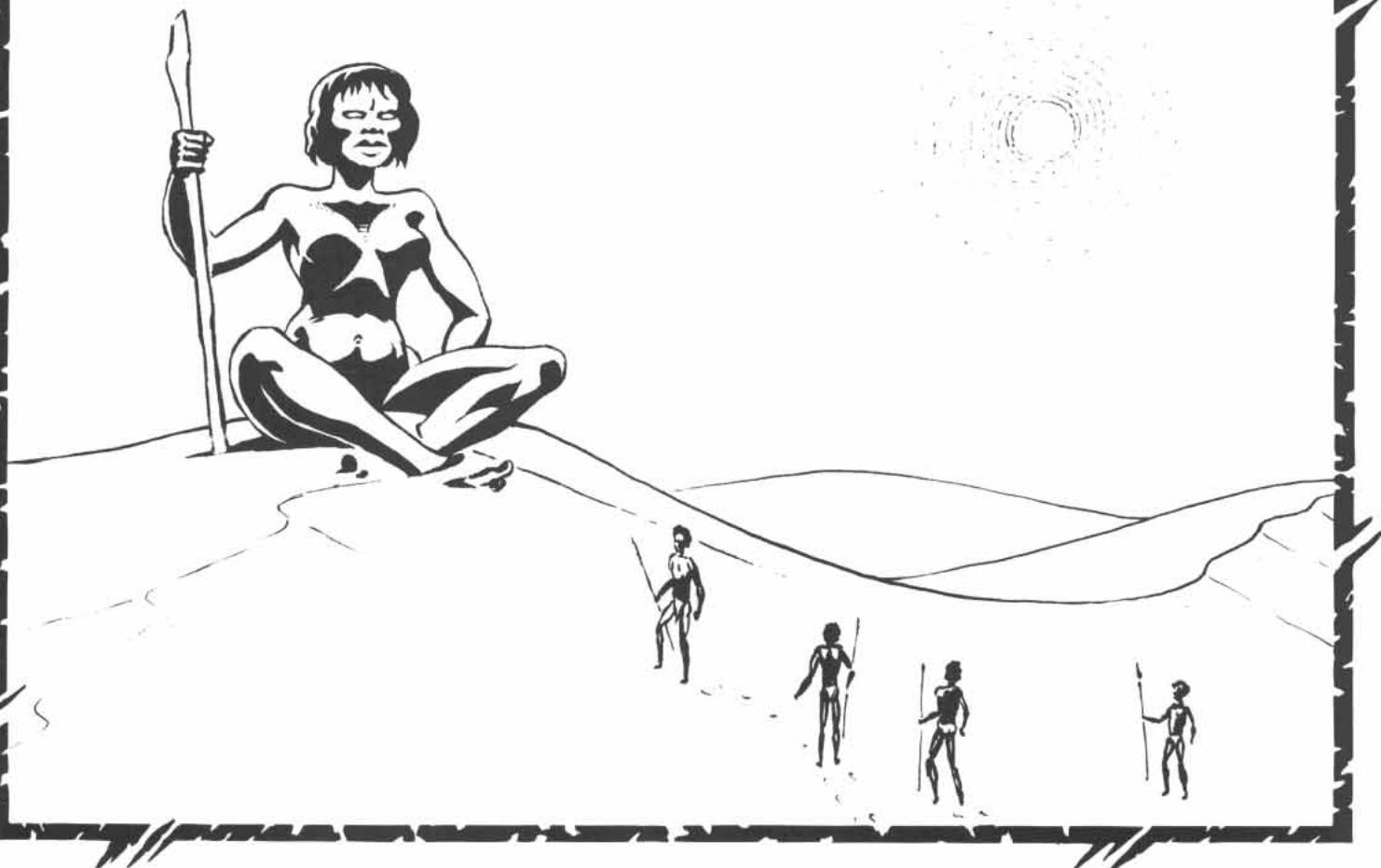
The Dreamtime has been unusually disturbed of late. The spirits seem nervous and unsettled. Strange barks have been heard drifting across the Penumbral outback, and mysterious tracks have appeared and disappeared in the sand. More than one Garou has reported that the Moon Paths are twisting and changing direction, manipulated by something beyond the Garou's understanding. Occasionally a Garou will enter the Dreamtime and never emerge. Australia's Penumbra, always a mystery to the Garou, has become unfriendly and dangerous. Many Garou now step sideways only in desperation; it is as if the spirit world itself has begun to reject them.

Inhabitants of the Dreamtime

The Dreamtime is a place of wonder and terror. The Dreamtime remembers the genocide of the Bunyip and has not forgiven the Garou. Its spirits are unfriendly and must be coerced or threatened into communicating. The Black Spiral Dancers are trying to form alliances with certain Dreamtime spirits, with some success.

The Earth Mother

Gaia is known by many names in Australia: Imberombera, Ungulla, Waramurungundi and Eingana. She is concerned with the health of the people, the animals and the land, and is responsible for the fluctuations of the seasons. She came from over the sea, carrying the Aboriginal tribes within her body. As she moved across the land, she formed the hills and rivers; planted yams, waterlilies, palms and other vegetation; and gave birth to the Aboriginal tribes. The Earth Mother sometimes appears in Australia's Penumbra as an avatar of Gaia, a gigantic woman carrying vegetables, roots and a digging stick. Evidence of the Wyrm's poisoning of Gaia appear as scabs and weeping sores on her great, black-skinned body. She moves through the Dreamtime as she wishes, often stopping to rest in the shade of trees or on the banks of slow-moving rivers.



The Incarna

Gaia employed many powerful spirits to help her create the landscape of Australia and the Dreamtime. No statistics are given for the Incarna. Garou who find themselves in conflict with any of the Incarna face powers of such magnitude that combat would be futile and fatal.

The Rainbow Serpent

The Rainbow Serpent goes by many names, most commonly Ngalyod, Imberombera and Borlung. It is the greatest Incarna in Australia. No one knows what gender the Rainbow Serpent is. According to some tribes, the Rainbow Serpent created the mountains and rivers of the outback with the undulating coils of its body as it slithered across the primal land. In other tales, the Rainbow Serpent, concerned for its creations, swallowed up all life, keeping it safe from harm within its belly. As each creature passed into the Rainbow Serpent's body, it was not destroyed but held in stasis, and each creature added color to Ngalyod's skin. Soon Ngalyod had become all the colors that had ever existed.

Alas, the world, without plants and animals, became a barren wasteland. This concerned the other Dreamtime spirits, and Kookaburra determined to stop the Rainbow Serpent. Flying close to Ngalyod, Kookaburra mesmer-

ized it with his bright wings, until he was able to strike it with his spear. All the life Ngalyod had swallowed flowed out of the wound and across the land, revitalizing the desert. The Rainbow Serpent vowed to find another way to protect life. Gathering up its spilt blood, it fashioned the Bunyip from the precious droplets.

Image: The Rainbow Serpent is a snake of immense size — so vast that no one has ever seen its entirety. Despite its size, the Rainbow Serpent is seen only when it wishes to be.

Habitat: Ngalyod inhabits the permanent waterholes of the Dreamtime. It prefers to rest during the hot afternoons, lying at the bottom of a waterhole. After rain, the Rainbow Serpent can sometimes be seen arcing across the sky from one body of water to another. The Rainbow Serpent has not been seen since the death of the Bunyip.

Notes: The Bunyip were the children of the Rainbow Serpent, and it spent many years mourning their passing. Ngalyod has not forgiven the Garou for the destruction of the Bunyip, but has not yet determined what to do with the Garou. Though it believes that they are invaders and murderers, it has also begun to see the Garou as allies against the Wyrm.

Gnowee the Sun

Once the land was without the light of the sun, and everyone lived in darkness. People hunted by torchlight, and it was always cold. During this time a woman called Gnowee lived with her young son in the darkness at the edge of the world. One day Gnowee left her son asleep while she went out gathering yams. She wandered far in search of food, eventually reaching the end of the world. Passing underneath the Earth, Gnowee walked back the way she had come, reemerging at the world's other end. Unable to find her son, who had gone in search of her, Gnowee climbed into the sky to see him, carrying a torch with her because it was so dark. She wanders the sky to this day, peering down at the earth for her son, only coming down after she has crossed the land from side to side. Each night Gnowee travels beneath the world, beginning her search again when she climbs into the sky in the morning.

Image: A young Aboriginal woman, bearing a blazing torch.

Habitat: Because of Gnowee, the Australian Penumbras has a "sun." During daytime in the physical world, Gnowee's torch can be seen wandering the sky as she peers down, searching for her son. During night in the physical world, the light of the moon shines instead as Gnowee travels the caves underground, moving from west to east, where she will once again take to the sky to resume her search. It is only when Gnowee moves from the land to the sky that she may converse with others.



Meeka the Moon

Meeka is a jealous and greedy man who was tricked into the sky by his nephews, from whom he had stolen food. When the young men went hunting, they invited their uncle with them. They came across a very tall gum tree with many witchetty grubs in it. The young men called Meeka over to the tree, and, being the greedy man that he was, he said that he would collect all the witchetty grubs himself. Meeka climbed higher and higher, collecting the plump grubs as he went. When he reached the topmost branch, Meeka called out to his nephews that he could touch the sky. They shouted back that Meeka should try to pick the stars; perhaps they were good eating too. Greedily, Meeka dug his fingers into the sky, at which point his nephews chopped the tree down, leaving Meeka trapped. The greedy uncle shouted down to his nephews to rescue him, but they told him that he would have to stay in the sky forever.

Image: A greedy, bad-tempered old man. He is round, pale and fat.

Habitat: Meeka lives in the sky and can never come down. None know what happens to Meeka during the day. Some believe he turns into a fish and swims under the earth of the Dreamtime until he returns to the other side, whereupon he leaps back into the sky. The Garou believe Meeka is an Incarna servant of Luna, representing some of her unsavory traits.

Namarrkon the Lightning Spirit

Western Arnhem Land is the home of Namarrkon the Lightning Spirit. Namarrkon causes great storms when he becomes angry. These storms can destroy towns and even kill people. Namarrkon, while not an evil spirit, is an angry one. He enjoys the rain, wind and lightning that accompany him.

Image: Namarrkon always travels with thunder clouds and lightning flashing in the sky around him. Attached to his knees and elbows are stone axes, the tools with which he creates his storms.

Habitat: Namarrkon can be met as he walks along the coast of the Dreamtime. He is often found at the sites of violent storms.

Dreamtime Spirits

Bagini

Bagini are female spirits with sharp claws on their feet and hands. They force men to make love to them, draining their will in the process. Bagini appear as voluptuous young Aboriginal women clad only in their long hair. They rely upon their smiles and rounded figures to distract a victim from their wicked claws.

Bagini are Wyld Gafflings of conception who live in southeastern Australia. They find a lone man and attempt to seduce him. If he resists, the Bagini become enraged,



attacking him with their sharp claws. Wyrm-corrupted Bagini have been known to set nets for men and eat those they capture.

Willpower 6, Rage 5, Gnosis 8, Power 20

Charms: Airt Sense, Materialize (Power cost 10; Str 2, Dex 3, Sta 2, Brawl 3, Claws: Str + 2, Health Levels: 7), Seduce (Power cost 5; this Charm makes the victim believe that the Bagini is the most beautiful creature he has ever seen), Passion Drain (Power cost 2 per point drained; for this Charm to work, the victim must be enclosed in the Bagini's arms. The Charm drains Willpower points from the victim.)



Jannok

Jannoks are Wyrm-spirits, ferocious hunters that travel in small flocks and pursue their quarry relentlessly. Jannoks appear as bipedal humanoids with batlike wings. These wings may not be used for flight *per se*, but they allow gliding. Jannoks have weak hands, scarcely more than three twiglike fingers and a long, clawed thumb. The talons on their feet, however, are wickedly strong. Jannoks use these claws to make one raking pass at a victim before gliding away to find another tree from which to launch a new attack. A Jannok's head resembles a bird's skull.

Made in mockery of the birds of prey, Jannoks are an early Wyrm experiment. They dwell where great sorrow has occurred, often haunting the sites of past Aboriginal massacres. They take particular delight in haunting the graves of the Bunyip.

Willpower 6, Rage 7, Gnosis 5, Power 20

Charms: Airt Sense, Materialize (Power cost 12; Str 2, Dex 4, Sta 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Claws: Str + 2, Health Levels: 7), Call the Wind (Power cost 2; summons a localized wind upon which the Jannok can glide, enabling them to make their attacks from above.)

Koala

Some Aboriginal tribes believe koala bears to be the spirits of lost children. Koala spirits can be found in the Dreamtime, slowly munching the ephemeral eucalyptus leaves. They are wary of Garou, but if treated kindly they will consent to teach Gifts. They can teach most Theurge Gifts and many Children of Gaia Gifts.

Willpower 4, Rage 3, Gnosis 8, Power 15

Charms: Airt Sense, Cleanse the Blight

Kurpannga

Kurpannga is a monstrous, hairless dingo. His howls can often be heard drifting eerily across the outback. He is only encountered in the physical world at night, spending the day in the Dreamtime.

Kurpannga is truly horrid, a giant devil dingo larger than a bull. Tendons and veins ripple across his bare skin. His teeth are long and wickedly sharp. Bloody red saliva drips constantly from his jaws.

Kurpannga is Wyld incarnate, a powerful Jaggling of revenge created by the medicine men of the Mulga-seed tribe. The Hare-wallaby people, the Mala, had arrived at Uluru to initiate their young men into manhood. The Wintalyka, or Mulga-seed men, heard of this. They sent their messenger, the bellbird Panpanpanala, to invite the Mala to a ceremonial dance, and asked them to bring some material for body painting. The Mala, angered by this request, sent only white ash and an uncivil reply. The Mulga-seed people urged their medicine men to take revenge for this slight. Thus Kurpannga was created, and went and slew many of the Mala. Today, Kurpannga haunts the Dreamtime around Uluru. He bears a passionate hatred

for all strangers. His anger toward the Garou has inexplicably intensified in recent years.

Rage 10, Gnosis 9, Willpower 9, Power 70

Charms: Airt Sense, Frenzy (Power cost 0; Kurpannga can frenzy as a Garou, gaining all benefits and disadvantages), Lupus Gifts (Power cost: 2 per level of Gift; Kurpannga may employ any lupus breed Gifts), Materialize (Power cost 30; Str 6, Dex 5, Sta 5, Brawl 5, Dodge 3, Bite: Str +1, Claws: Str +2, Health Levels: 14), Reform

Mimi

Tall, thin earth-spirits, the Mimi are so fragile that they dwell within rocks least they be swept away and broken by the wind. They are a shy and secretive race of hunters, creeping out of their rocks on still days to dig for yams and slay small game. The Fianna believe that the Mimi are of the Fey folk and only act like spirits.

Mimi stands approximately eight feet tall. They have stick-thin bodies, long arms and legs, and large eyes and ears. Their fingers are reminiscent of a bunch of twigs. Their eyesight and hearing are exceptional. They resemble elongated caricatures of Aboriginal people.

The Mimi live in tribes in Northern Australia, favoring for their homes rocky areas with many gullies and caves. Their paintings can be found adorning many rock art galleries in the area. Skilled trackers and hunters, they employ spears and shields to great effect. They live inside rocks and caves, which shelter them from the wind.

Willpower 6, Rage 4, Gnosis 8, Power 30

Charms: Airt Sense, Earth Swimming (Power cost 5; the Mimi can pass through earth and stone. If attacked, or if the wind blows, a Mimi uses this Charm to conceal itself in a handy boulder.), Materialize (Power cost: 10; Str 2, Dex 4, Sta 2, Spears: Str +2, Health Levels: 7)

Nadubi

Nadubi are Wyrm-spirits who steal children and poison trespassers and wrongdoers with their spines, inflicting a slow and painful death.

If the Nadubi are feared by the Garou, it is not because of their imposing physical stature. Nadubi are four feet tall, with long, spindly arms and legs. Their skin is coal black, resembling charcoal. A Nadubi's face is a featureless expanse of wrinkled skin. Nadubi emit a rattling, coughlike cry despite having no mouth. Sometimes a Nadubi will carry a wooden spear and bark shield. Long spines protrude from a Nadubi's elbows and knees. Nothing remains of a slain Nadubi's body but a pile of charcoal.

Nadubi congregate about Wyrm caerns and places where the Wyrm has won a great victory (or where the Garou have suffered a great loss). Aboriginal medicine men created wards to keep Nadubi away from the tribes in years past, although today such knowledge is lost.

Willpower 7, Rage 8, Gnosis 7, Power 30

Charms: Airt Sense, Materialize (Power cost: 12; Str 3, Dex 2, Sta 3, Brawl 4, Spear: Str +1, Shield: +2 soak, Health





Levels: 7), Poison Spines (Power cost: 5 per attack; the poison injected by a Nadubi's spine after a successful Brawl attack is fatal, even to Garou. The Garou may be cured with the Gift: Resist Toxin, or if she can somehow gain the favor of a major spirit with healing powers, but otherwise the poison is invariably fatal.)

Nargun

Nargun are earth-spirits, formed of rock yet alive. They are immensely strong and, despite their ponderous appearance, are capable of surprisingly rapid movement.

Nargun appear as large boulders when still or asleep, but when angered or active can be seen to have short, powerful limbs, dark, hollow eyesockets, and strong jaws. When angry, a Nargun moves as quickly as the elemental fire that gave birth to it. The cry of a Nargun is lonely and terrible, and can sometimes be heard ringing out in the night across the plains of the Dreamtime.

When the Dreamtime was formed, the Nargun were the first creatures to be born. Fire is their dreaming, and attracts Nargun. Unwary travelers in the Dreamtime who light fires may find a boulder hunched by their campfire in the morning. Nargun are slow to anger and spend thousands of years asleep or listening to the pulse of the earth. They are enemies of the Ninja, and have more than once melted the Ice Men or sent them shrieking back to their windswept caverns.

Rage 9, Gnosis 7, Willpower 9, Power 40

Charms: Airt Sense, Cry of the Nargun (Power cost 5; all who hear this cry lose Willpower equal to the Power cost), Fire Armor (Power cost 10; the Nargun raises the temperature of the rock from which it is formed. Flammable objects such as grass and fur touching the Nargun will begin to burn, while enemies striking it with natural weapons, such as fists or claws, will suffer three Health Levels of aggravated damage.), Materialize (Power cost 14; Str 5, Dex 2, Sta 6, Brawl 2, Health Levels: 10), Reform

Ngarang

Ngarang are malevolent spirits that dwell in the roots of ancient trees. Malicious and dangerous, Ngarang are the Wyrm-corrupted kin of the Turongs.

Ngarang are tall and emaciated, with long hair and beards. Their arms, though wiry, are hideously strong. Their blackened skin resembles bark that has been scorched by fire.

Ngarang live in the swellings of large trees in southeastern Australia. Their long arms reach out and pull unwary hunters into the boles of their homes, so they can feast upon the sweet flesh of man. The Ngarang were once Turongs, but were seduced by Black Spiral Dancers, who fed them human flesh.

Willpower 7, Rage 7, Gnosis 3, Power 25

Charms: Airt Sense, Materialize (Power cost 14; Str 4, Dex 3, Sta 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Claws: Str +1, Health Levels: 7), Ringbark (Power cost 10; the Ngarang slowly

kills the tree in which it lives. Over a period of weeks the tree will wither, lose its leaves and die. The bare skeletons of trees killed in this way are always twisted into painful shapes.)

Ninya

The Ninya are a race of Ice Men, once Wyld Jagglings, but long since corrupted by the Wyrm. When the great glaciers crept over Gaia, the Ninya roamed across Australia. Here, they were captured by the Wyrm.

The Ice Men resemble Aboriginals, but have pale skin and ice crystals for beards and hair. All Ninya are male. They speak in angry, grinding voices like glaciers grating over rock, and have white blood. Ninya are made of ice and scatter frost about them as they walk. Fierce heat melts them, leaving behind only a slowly evaporating puddle. Ninya live in terror of the Nargun, whose fires can melt them.

The Ninya were birthed by the Earth Mother when the world was formed. They dwell in a network of caverns beneath Mount Connor, near Uluru. Long ago the Ninya were corrupted by the Wyrm, and they are now in league with the Black Spiral Dancers. The Ninya hope that when the world has fallen to the Wyrm, they will be allowed to build glittering mountains of ice and frost like those that covered the earth in the Ice Age. When one of their number dies, the Ninya mourn his passing greatly, for no new Ninya have been born since the world began.

Willpower 6, Rage 7, Gnosis 4, Power 30

Charms: Airt Sense, Materialize (Power cost 12; Str 2, Dex 3, Sta 3, Brawl 3, Ice Spear: Str +2, Health Levels: 7), North Wind (Power cost 5; summons a swirling, disconcerting gale, which gusts about the Ninya's opponents, distracting them and causing them to lose two dice from all actions), Hoarfrost (Power cost 8; this powerful Charm creates a freezing blast of arctic air, causing thick frost to grow on nearby surfaces; a victim attacked with Hoarfrost loses two dice from any action involving Physical Attributes, as she becomes numb with cold. Used by several Ninya at once, over a prolonged period, this Charm can bury victims, or an area, in thick ice.)

Potkurok

Potkurok are mischievous frog-spirits who delight in playing tricks on the unwary. They inhabit all manner of waterways.

Potkurok stand shoulder-high to most humans. Their emerald-green skin is moist like that of an amphibian. Potkurok have wide faces, wise yellow eyes, and enormous, constantly smiling mouths.

Potkurok inhabit springs, streams and any place where the water is clean and flowing. These Gafflings are inquisitive and often seek the company of others. They enjoy playing jokes upon anyone and everything, but have a particular fancy for tricking the Garou, and are always





SB/TW

delighted if they can drive a Garou to frenzy. They are not malicious and never try to injure their victims, although their pranks against Garou have become increasingly cruel. Potkurok are becoming rarer as Australia's waterways become polluted. Their totem is Tiddalik, the Frog Spirit.

Willpower 3, Rage 3, Gnosis 6, Power 15

Charms: Airt Sense, Disappear (Power cost 3; similar to the Ragabash Gift: Blissful Ignorance, allowing the Potkurok to become invisible at will), Ignorant Dreaming (Power cost 5; the Potkurok can create illusions to fool those who are not specifically on their guard against the spirits), Materialize (Power cost: 6; Str 1, Dex 2, Sta 1, Dodge 4, Health Levels: 7)

Turong

Turongs are Wyld, whimsical tree-spirits that dwell along Australia's east coast. On windy nights their high-pitched, trilling calls may be heard, and the Turongs themselves may be glimpsed leaping from tree to tree, long limbs outstretched and gray beards floating.

Turongs resemble gnarled, ancient men, although they are no taller than children. Their beards and hair are gray and flowing; their limbs are long and knotted. Turongs have skin like rough, peeling bark, and bright, mischievous eyes.

Turongs dwell in trees all along Australia's east coast. They live in the branches and leap from tree to tree like monkeys. They hiss and throw twigs at unwelcome visitors who walk beneath their boughs, and, if especially angry, may drop heavy branches onto those below. Turongs are tricksters, although not especially efficient ones. They hate Ngarang with a passion. Possums are their allies, and Moodai the Possum is their totem. The Fianna speculate that the Turongs, like the Mimi, are Fey.

Willpower 7, Rage 7, Gnosis 3, Power 25

Charms: Airt Sense, Forest Sense, Materialize (Power cost 12; Str 2, Dex 4, Sta 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 4, Spear: Str +1, Health Levels: 7), Vengeance (Power cost 10; the Turong can unerringly track down anyone who cuts down the tree in which it lived)

Wa-tha-gun-darl

The Wa-tha-gun-darl are diminutive Bulldog-ant people. Great builders, they are among the few Weaver-spirits found in the Dreamtime.

Standing 16 inches high, the Wa-tha-gun-darl are antlike, with glossy black skin and thin limbs. They have dark eyes and heavy brows, and speak in short grunts. Wa-tha-gun-darl carry small hunting clubs and hunt in swarms.

The Wa-tha-gun-darl dwell in sprawling tunnels close beneath the surface, usually in the Dreamtime's areas of temperate bushland. Their constricted tunnels wind through tree roots and the warrens of rabbits and wombats. Wa-tha-gun-darl are Weaver-spirits, and employ small traps and snares to catch prey. Larger animals are overcome by furious

swarms of the Bulldog-ant people. They have a hivelike society, share a mass mind, and are aggressive in defense. When a single Wa-tha-gun-darl is in danger, all members of its community are instantly aware of the peril, and rush to their comrade's rescue.

Willpower 6, Rage 5, Gnosis 4, Power 10

Charms: Airt Sense, Materialize (Power cost 1; Sta 1, Health Levels: 1), Swarm (Power cost 1; to use this Charm, there must be many Wa-tha-gun-darl present. For each Wa-tha-gun-darl who spends the required Power, the group gains a cumulative Strength and Dexterity of 1. This Charm is usually used to pull large targets down to where the Bulldog-ant people can restrain them. Often, the hapless victim is dragged to a Bulldog-ant nest, to be held down and slowly and painfully bitten to death), Tunnel (Power cost 1; the Wa-tha-gun-darl can dig complex tunnels and build elaborate underground homes using this Charm.)

Wyrm-Beasts of the Dreamtime

When Australia was formed by the Incarna of the Dreamtime, several great Wyrm-creatures worked with them. Before the breaking of the Triat, these Wyrm-beasts maintained the balance between Weaver and Wyld. With the Wyrm changed from the restorer of the balance to the unmaker, these emissaries of the Wyrm also became destroyers. Many of the Wyrm-beasts could not be slain, despite the valiant efforts of the Bunyip and their Aboriginal allies. These monsters still live, entombed beneath the Nullarbor by the magic of the Bunyip and Aboriginal Dreamspeakers. Now that the Bunyip are gone, the chains of sorcery that bind the Wyrm-beasts begin to fray.

Animals of the Dreamtime

The Dreamtime is home to many animals. A variety of species extinct in the physical world still thrive in the Dreamtime. These animals are spirits and cannot manifest in the physical world (except for the Great Beasts, which may be called through the *lupus* Gift). As well as the creatures described below, the Dreamtime is also home to huge crocodiles, 30-foot-long pythons, marsupial lions, and giant penguins and flamingoes, as well as numerous native species described in the Geography chapter.

Diprotodon

Diprotodons are hippopotamus-sized herbivores from the Pleistocene epoch. They have immensely strong claws, which they use to dig for plants and uproot small trees. Diprotodons inhabit lightly forested areas where there is ample food and some shelter. Adult diprotodons fear no predator, for there are none of sufficient size to tackle them.

Willpower 5, Rage 4, Gnosis 3, Power 15

Charms: Airt Sense, Armor



Dromornis

Dromornis are enormous, flightless birds resembling emus. They stand over four meters tall. Also from the Pleistocene, dromornis dwell on open plains where they have a clear view of approaching predators. The birds live in small family groups of up to five adults and three young. When threatened, a dromornis stands its ground and attacks with beak and 12-inch claws.

Willpower 5, Rage 7, Gnosis 3, Power 15

Charms: Airt Sense

Giant Kangaroos (Great Beast)

These giant versions of modern kangaroos can stand over 12 feet tall when balanced on their tails. Giant kangaroos inhabited Australia at the same time as the diprotodon and dromornis, but now exist only in the Dreamtime. Giant kangaroos are herbivores, but, when threatened, kick with their hind legs.

Willpower 6, Rage 7, Gnosis 5, Power 25

Charms: Airt Sense, The Great Leap (as the Silent Strider Gift)

- **Materialized Form** (when summoned with the Gift: Song of the Great Beast):

Attributes: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5, Perception 1

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 3

Attacks: Bite (Str; diff. 6), Hind Leg Kick (Str +2; difficulty 6)

Health Levels: 10

Megalania (Great Beast)

A true monster, the megalania is a huge, heavyset lizard that grows up to 25 feet long. The reptile lies in ambush beside waterholes, making a short dash and hamstringing its prey, which it then devours at leisure. Also a scavenger, the megalania will eat almost anything, rending it with muscular jaws.

Willpower 7, Rage 10, Gnosis 4, Power 30

Charms: Airt Sense, Armor

- Materialized Form (when summoned with the Gift: Song of the Great Beast):

Attributes: Strength 6, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5, Perception 2

Abilities: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Stealth 3

Attacks: Bite (Str +2; diff. 5), Claws (Str +2; diff. 6), Grapple (as the Garou maneuver)

Armor: +4 to soak dice

Health Levels: 12

Thylacine

Thylacines are described in great detail in the Geography chapter. They are found throughout the Dreamtime, except for desert regions. They have remained prolific in the Dreamtime because of the complete absence of introduced spirit species (including dingos).

Willpower 5, Rage 6, Gnosis 4, Power 15

Charms: Airt Sense, Bite (Power cost: 1; because of the tremendous width to which thylacines can open their jaws, they do +2 damage when attacking with their Rage), Grapple (as the Garou maneuver; use the thylacine's Willpower to hit and Rage as Strength. This represents the thylacine's jaw lock with its immensely wide jaws), Sneak (Power cost: 2; the thylacine is hard to see. Roll the thylacine's Willpower against a difficulty of 6. Anyone trying to find the thylacine must beat the thylacine's successes.)

The Bunyip

The Lost Tribe

They are weaker than we. They are lost children, hardly closer to their mother than the other lost children whose names we do not speak. What is a Garou that does not howl? The name of Bunyip should not be spoken here.

— Wyrmainter, Red Talon

They are stronger than we. They have been here for a long time and know much that we do not. There is a great deal they can teach us, yet much that they know we will never understand. Do not be frightened of them, and yet do not believe that you are always safe with a Bunyip.

— Trust, Stargazer

The European Garou were correct in claiming that the Bunyip were different from them, but their assertion that the Bunyip were not Garou could not have been more



wrong. Australia's indigenous Garou were closer to Gaia than were their immigrant cousins. The Bunyip, in their centuries of solitude, had become peaceful creatures. Far from participating in the atrocities of the War of Rage, the Bunyip rarely fought or argued. They were more solitary than other Garou, shunning a pack existence and living in isolation. They met occasionally for moots, or corroborees, and these they often shared with their human Kinfolk, another custom that shocked the European Garou. The Bunyip did not revere Luna, but sang of Meeka the Moon. They wandered the Dreamtime freely and entrusted its legends to the Aboriginals. The Bunyip were the authors of many Australian Aboriginal myths, and guardians of the Aboriginal spirit.

The Bunyip were physically different from their European brethren, which also caused the Europeans to fear them. Their Lupus form was that of the thylacine: smaller and slower than a wolf, but more agile. In Crinos form, the Bunyip were large, but not so muscular as other Garou, being more sinewy and lean. The dark stripes on their backs were particularly vivid, as were their strong jaws and heavy, muscular tails. Ever alert, the Bunyip were able to stand still and calm for hours on end, even in their Rage-filled Crinos form. The Homid forms of the Bunyip were usually dark-skinned Australian Aboriginals, their hair deep brown to black, their eyes dark. The Bunyip were uneasy with their Rage, and although they were capable (as are all Garou) of channeling its force into constructive aggression, they believed their Rage to represent the Wyrm's corruption of their spirit. Every Bunyip spent her life in isolation, wrestling with her Beast and attempting to control or at least understand it.

The Bunyip stepped freely in and out of the Penumbra, allying with many spirits and creatures of the Dreamtime. European Garou who tracked the Bunyip were surprised to find their trail meandering in and out of the Penumbra seemingly at random. Indeed, some Bunyip were confused by the concept of a Gauntlet at all, being unable to understand the Garou's distinctions between Dreamtime and Gaia.

Being peaceful creatures, and unaccustomed to war, the Bunyip avoided those foreigners who sought them out. When the Bunyip could avoid them no longer and had to fight, their Rage, held back for so long, surprised even themselves with its ferocity. If the Europeans had found the Bunyip frightening in times of peace, nothing had prepared them for the Bunyip enraged.

Gifts of the Bunyip

The European Garou who fought the Bunyip found them clever and elusive foes, in part because of the unique Gifts the Bunyip possessed. It may be possible for Garou to learn these Gifts during the course of a chronicle, if they can placate and ally with a Dreamtime spirit powerful enough to teach them.



• **Dreamwalk (Level One)** — The Bunyip's connection to the Dreaming is great, allowing them to enter and exit the Penumbra with ease. This Gift was taught by any Dreamtime-spirit.

System: At night, under the moon, the Bunyip can temporarily reduce the Gauntlet in her immediate area by two, for herself only, if given an uninterrupted minute of concentration. Any Bunyip with this Gift has no need of a reflective surface to step sideways.

• **Leap of the Kangaroo (Level One)** — as the lupus Gift.

• **Surface Attunement (Level Two)** — as the Stargazer Gift.

• **Possum's Feet (Level Two)** — This Gift is identical to the Lupus Gift: Catfeet, except that it is learned from possum-spirits. This Gift may explain the athletic feats performed by captive thylacines.

• **Bunyip's Boom (Level Three)** — The Bunyip is able to emit a loud, mournful, booming call that echoes through the surrounding countryside. This Gift is taught by servants of Mu-ru-bul Tu-ru-dun the Bunyip.

System: The Bunyip spends on Gnosis point and rolls Charisma + Performance (difficulty 7). Those in earshot of the call are cowed, losing Willpower points equal to the Bunyip's successes (and probably fleeing the area). This Gift may only be used once per scene against each target.

• **Landspeak (Level Three)** — The Aboriginal people of Australia are said to sing the land; an explanation for such stories is the Bunyip's ability to hear the speech of the Earth. This Gift was taught by servants of the Rainbow Serpent.

System: The Bunyip must crouch and put his ear to the ground, making a Gnosis roll (difficulty 6). The number of successes indicates the radius in miles inside which the Bunyip hears what is happening on the land's surface. If the Bunyip also spends a Gnosis point and makes a successful Past Life roll (difficulty 8), he can hear sounds from the land's past. The information available will be scant at best, but it is possible to listen to sounds of many years ago if the land has some reason to remember them.

• **Gnaw (Level Four)** — as the Lupus Gift.

• **Guardians of the Dreamtime (Level Four)** — As Australia's guardians, the Bunyip were given special powers over the land. This Gift is one of the reasons the outback Gauntlet remained low in Australia for a longer time than in the rest of the world. This Gift is taught by a servant of the Rainbow Serpent.

System: The Bunyip can automatically step sideways at night, without the need for any reflective surface. Furthermore, the difficulty of any attempt to step sideways is one lower than normal. Also, for each point of Gnosis the Bunyip spends, he may reduce the Gauntlet in an area by one for a number of hours equal to his Intelligence + Rituals Dice Pool. In the past, Bunyip would lead foes into the Penumbra (by lowering the Gauntlet to nonexistence), then abandon them there.

• **Bloody-Mindedness (Level Five)** — The Bunyip gains the ability to dedicate himself to one particular task, be it combat or an artistic endeavor. Nothing will sway the Bunyip from that task. This Gift is taught by servants of Mu-ru-bul Tu-ru-dun the Bunyip.

System: The Bunyip spends two Willpower points. Afterward, nothing save death can distract or dissuade the Bunyip from her chosen task. She need not eat or sleep. If the power is used in combat, the Bunyip becomes oblivious to any other opponents and consequently may not dodge their attacks. Her soak Dice Pool versus these attacks, however, is doubled. Versus the chosen opponent, the Bunyip gains one extra attack per round, and the difficulties of all actions against that target are reduced by one. She also becomes immune to supernatural attempts to dissuade her.

• **Billabong Stride (Level Five)** — The Bunyip may enter any body of fresh water and, after completely submerging herself, emerge from the waters of an utterly different lake, stream or river. The destination must be known to the Bunyip, and she must have actually bathed in that water before. This Gift is taught by servants of Mu-ru-bul Tu-ru-dun the Bunyip.

System: The Bunyip must spend two Gnosis points.

The Spirit Tribe

The brutal destruction of the Bunyip tore Australia's indigenous Garou from the cycle of life and death. So great was their anger and shock at being slain that many Bunyip believed Gaia had abandoned them. Instead of passing on to her womb to be reborn, the Bunyip remained in the Dreamtime, vindictive spirits haunting the Penumbra.

Ghost Bunyip's power is drawn from the Underworld, the Dark Umbra where the spirits of humans go after their death. The Bunyip, however, are not wraiths, but a unique spirit tribe. Rather than dwelling in the Underworld, they feed upon the death energies emitted by it, allowing them to exist as ghosts in a Realm at the edge of the Penumbra. Their great anger over their unjust destruction poisons the Dreamtime, turning the spirits and the land itself against the Garou.

Ghost Bunyip, despite the atrocities committed against them, have not turned to the Wyrm. Nonetheless, the Bunyip have lost much of their peaceful nature. They prowl the Dreamtime in Lupus, Hispo and Crinos forms, gaunt, pale and transparent. Their eyes burn with spectral fire, and their mouths gape frighteningly wide, hungry for revenge. They rarely speak save to emit their coughing bark, a dirgelike cry of suffering and hatred. Solitary creatures even in life, the Bunyip now shun their own kind lest they be reminded of what they have lost and confronted with what they have become. They prowl the Moon Paths of the Penumbra, slaying or driving mad those Garou they encounter. Sometimes Bunyip will form a temporary pack in order to raid a caern, stealing the spiritual energy they once guarded in order to warm their cold hearts.



The Bunyip Ghost Garou

Willpower 8, Rage 10, Gnosis 8, Power 50

Charms: Airt Sense, Materialize (see below), Reform, Tracking, and the Bunyip Charms listed below.

• **Materialized Forms:** When a Bunyip Materializes, it retains some of the shapeshifting abilities it had in life. The Trait changes listed in parentheses correspond to the different Garou forms (Glabro/Crinos/Hispo/Lupus), and it costs the Bunyip only one Power point to shift forms.

Attributes: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Abilities: Brawl 4, Dodge 5, Intimidation 4, Stealth 5

Attacks: Bite (Str +1; diff. 5), Claws (Str + 2; diff. 6), Jaw Lock (as the Garou combat maneuver)

Health Levels: 7 (the Bunyip may spend one Power point per turn to regenerate Health Level damage)

New Bunyip Charms

As well as retaining the tribal Gifts they possessed in life (usable at a Power cost equal to the level of the Gift), Ghost Bunyip, because of their wraithlike existence, may employ the following charms. They also possess the traditional spirit Charms of Airt Sense, Materialize and Reform.

- **Control Dreamtime:** This is not so much a Charm as a consequence of the Bunyip's innate connection with the Dreamtime. Even when they were alive, the Bunyip were closer to the Penumbra than were other Garou; as spirits, they are now virtually one with the spirit world. When a Bunyip ghost is near, Dreamtime plants, animals and the earth itself become agitated and hostile, expressing and amplifying the rage and loss of the Bunyip. Garou will be attacked by maddened beasts and lashed by foliage; even the landscape will rise up against them in the form of earthquakes, sandstorms and sudden torrential rain. This does not cost Power.

- **Drain Gnosis:** This is the Charm the Bunyip ghosts use to attack caerns that were once theirs but are now in the hands of other Garou. It takes many spirit Bunyip to affect a caern. Given time, Bunyip can lower the level of a caern through a direct appeal to the caern's totem. This takes a total of 25 Power points per level drained.

With this Charm, an individual Bunyip can also steal Gnosis points from Garou they encounter in the Dreamtime, at a Power cost of 10 (the Gnosis points then become Power points for the Bunyip).

- **Induce Harano:** Not all Bunyip ghosts possess this Charm; many are too full of Rage to utilize this power effectively. The calmer Bunyip spirits, however, especially those who were murdered in particularly brutal ways, are able to express the injustice and folly of the War of Tears to any who will listen. Garou hearing their heart-rending moaning must succeed in a Willpower roll (difficulty 8) or be overcome by a sense of guilt and futility, losing all temporary Willpower and motivation. Those already close to Harano tip over the edge into an abyss of hopelessness and self-hatred from which death is the only escape. This costs 10 Power points.

- **Shape Moon Path:** The Bunyip can make Moon Paths disappear, stop dead, change direction, turn in circles, and otherwise alter. Garou who find themselves on a Moon Path affected by this Charm are liable to become lost in the Penumbra, but can make Intelligence + Enigmas rolls (difficulty 8) to recognize the tampering and retrace their path. Nothing can make the Moon Path return to its original direction until the Charm has expired. Ghost Bunyip use this power to lead Garou astray, and sometimes lure them into obscure Umbrial Realms, such as the Atrocity Realm, where they are abandoned. This costs five Power points per hour the path is warped.

- **Reverse Gauntlet:** Power cost 10. Ghost Bunyip can reverse the effects of the Gauntlet with this Charm, effectively trapping Garou in the Penumbra. The Gauntlet to return to the physical world is raised by three for Garou targets of this Charm. Garou at the mercy of the combined Bunyip Charms: Reverse Gauntlet, Control Dreamtime and Shape Moon Path find themselves helpless and trapped in a hostile Penumbra. Few Garou survive such a fate once the ghost Bunyip come for them.



SCAR
'94

Chapter Six: *Dreaming the Dawn*

The Bunyip are gone. The Garou constantly war against the agents of the Wyrm. Pentex and its subsidiaries despoil the environment, Banes breed in the cities, Leeches run riot, mages conduct dark experiments in their secluded enclaves. Gaia is under attack on all fronts. What can the Garou do? This chapter presents the outline of an Australian chronicle, "Dreaming the Dawn," while also allowing Storytellers to incorporate their own scenes and ideas in the drama.

"Dreaming the Dawn": An Australian Chronicle

Drinking deep of heady waters
By his Kosciusko home,
All his kindlier creed he slaughters
When mad Snowy starts to roam.

—C.J. Dennis, "Snowy on the Spree"

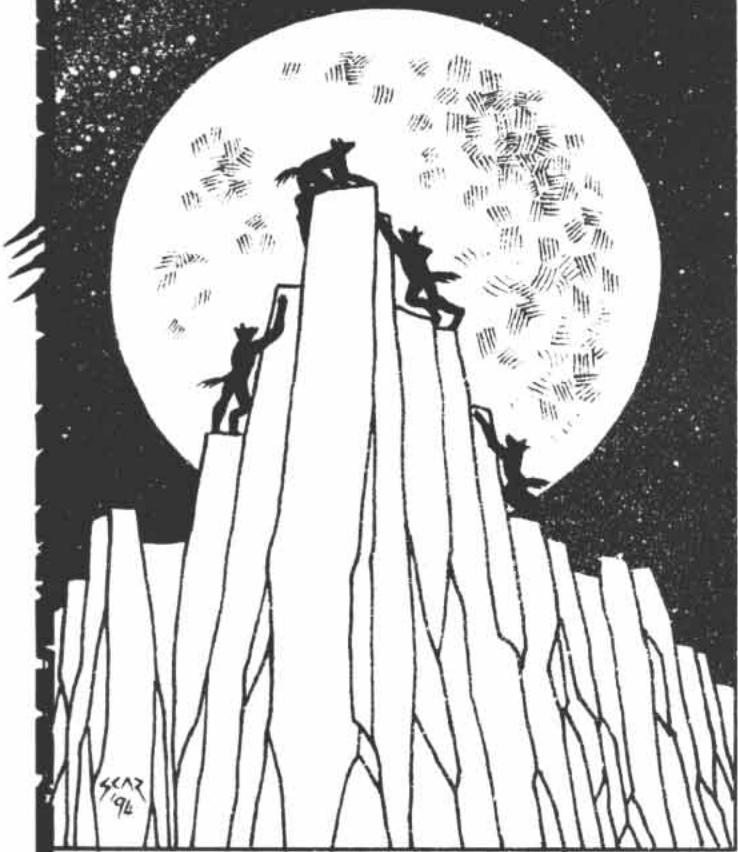
"Dreaming the Dawn" is designed for a pack of new Garou who have not yet undergone their Rite of Passage. Initially based in the Wadbilliga Protectorate, as the chronicle progresses the characters will travel to remote areas of the continent in service to the Jindabyne Council. In the process they will create an opportunity for Australia's Garou to reconcile themselves with the spirits of the land and with their own haunted past.

Mood and Theme

"Dreaming the Dawn" employs the overall theme of *Rage Across Australia*, "Strangers in a Strange Land." The characters play a pivotal role in gaining the trust and acceptance of Australia's alienated spirits. Without an alliance between the Garou and Dreamtime spirits, the Wyrm will triumph. A secondary theme is the gaining of independence, as the pack and Australia's Garou come of age. The overall mood of "Dreaming the Dawn" is the guilt that pervades Australian Garou. A secondary mood, counterpoised to this, is hope, for the characters are the Garou's last chance for redemption.

Setting

The Wadbilliga Protectorate, described in Chapter Three: Geography, is home to the Silver Fangs and their king. It is also the meeting place of the Jindabyne Council. Wadbilliga lies in rural New South Wales, extending over the state border into Victoria. It stretches from Mallacoota Inlet in the south to the suburbs of Sydney in the north, a distance of some 400 miles. Wadbilliga's eastern boundary is delineated by the Pacific coast, dotted with fishing villages and tourist resorts. The Kosciusko National Park forms the protectorate's western border. The cities of Canberra and Wollongong lie within Wadbilliga. Smaller towns include coastal Bateman's Bay; Eden, center of a logging industry; and Jindabyne itself.



Much of Wadbilliga consists of mountainous terrain, granite peaks formed millions of years ago. The effects of erosion and weathering, coupled with glacial action, sculpted the mountains into their current form. The high alpine plains were laid down by boulders, silt and sand eroded from the mountains, which were exposed as the ice melted. This melting also formed the protectorate's many lakes.

Heavy, dependable rainfall and frequent snowfalls have birthed numerous rivers in Wadbilliga. Their chill waters rush down precipitous slopes carpeted in gnarled and twisted snow gums, many of them over 400 years old. In Kosciusko National Park, snow may fall in any month of the year, although mainly between June and October. During these months many roads are closed by snow. The area is Australia's most popular snow field, and tourists flock to the six ski resorts, including Thredbo and Smiggin Holes. In summer the high plains are grazed by cattle and explored by bush walkers.

History

Wadbilliga has been the domain of the Silver Fangs ever since their pastoral Kinfolk settled the area in 1821. Squatters drove great herds of cattle south from Sydney Town into the high plains as early as 1815, when drought and famine at Port Jackson forced settlers to seek further afield for grazing land. By 1851 the area was home to 3689 people, 100,000 cattle and 33,000 sheep. Tobacco, wheat and other grains were also being grown.

One of the first Garou into Wadbilliga was the Shadow Lord and mystic, Doctor Lhotsky, who led an expedition into the Alps in 1834. Here he attempted to communicate with the Bunyip, using members of the Wiradjuri and Krauatungalung tribes as translators, but to no avail. Angered, the Shadow Lord slew the Aboriginals, blaming them for his failure to contact the Bunyip. The Bunyip slew him in return.

The Silver Fangs moved into Wadbilliga in force during the Gold Rush of the 1860s. After the War of Tears, the Silver Fangs claimed Wadbilliga's Bunyip caern as their own. The caern, which stands on 1500-meter Crackenback Peak, overlooks the township of Jindabyne and the artificial lake that flooded the valley during the creation of the Snowy River Scheme. The bulk of the Snowy River's waters now flow inland, through tunnels large enough to accommodate double-decker buses, and hydroelectric generators 1000 feet underground, to the headwaters of the Murray, thence to irrigate the arid lands of the Riverina, another Silver Fang protectorate. Despite outrage from many Garou, the Silver Fangs and their human Kinfolk pushed the Snowy River Scheme through federal Parliament. The village of Jindabyne grew considerably, becoming a small city of tents and corrugated iron huts, the base camp for workers from across the world. Many men died blasting tunnels through the Snowy Mountains, and their ghosts still haunt Wadbilliga.

Wadbilliga's other claim to fame is that it is home to Canberra, the Australian national capital. Canberra was founded in 1913, 12 years after Federation. Even before Canberra's first foundations were laid, Wadbilliga was home to a national assembly. Jindabyne had become the site of a Garou council whose members represented all the Australian tribes, save for the Bunyip. Like the Silver Fangs whose caern they shared, the members of the Jindabyne Council saw themselves as the leaders of the nation's Garou.

Jindabyne

The township of Jindabyne is perched on the shores of Lake Jindabyne, approximately three kilometers from the dam holding back the waters of the Snowy River. The previous site of Jindabyne now lies underwater; Jindabyne was moved in 1960. Although the gravestones from the original town's cemetery were moved, the bodies of its dead were not. They lie beneath the lake's rippling surface to this day. Jindabyne's population is 1,700, many of whom are Kinfolk. During winter, because of its proximity to popular ski resorts, the population can grow as high as 25,000, housed in Jindabyne's three motels, many caravan parks, and surrounding ski lodges and resorts.

The Crackenback Sept

Caern: Mount Crackenback, Kosciusko National Park

Level: 3

Gauntlet: 4

Type: Honor

Tribal Structure: Shared between Silver Fangs and the Jindabyne Council

Totem: Kanau the Wedge-tailed Eagle

Home to King Darius Winchester and his Silver Fang court, the Crackenback Sept consists entirely of Silver Fangs. The Silver Fangs are extremely protective of their caern and have more than once urged that the Council be driven out, although without success. The caern stands upon Crackenback Peak, a steep, granite mountain with a commanding view of the Jindabyne Valley. The mountain's southern face is sheer, plunging steeply down to Crackenback Swamp and Wollondibby Creek. The gentler northern slopes contain the only path to the summit, where lies the caern proper and the meeting place of the Council.

Bawn

The sept's bawn extends in a rough circle with an approximately 15-mile radius (35 kilometers), centered on Crackenback Peak. Lake Jindabyne and the township itself, as well as the glacial Lake Bullanbalong, Cascade Falls, Mount Kosciusko, and the Jindabyne Pumping Station and tunnels (part of the Snowy River Scheme) all lie within the bawn.

Center

The caern centers around the bare height of Crackenback Peak, a windswept expanse of crevassed, weathered granite 50 feet across, surrounded by a fringe of snow gums bowed by the ferocity of the alpine storms. The remains of a bonfire, kindled whenever the sept or the Council meet, lie at the bottom of the largest crevasse. The peak is often obscured by clouds in winter. No snow falls within the ring of gums circling the summit. Large drifts pile up against the boles of the trees beyond this circle.

Landmarks

Cub Island

Formerly Cub Hill, this small island was formed with the creation of Lake Jindabyne. Cub Island is the initiation ground of the Ngalyod Pack. To receive their Rite of Accomplishment, initiates must swim out to the island from the shores of the lake, a kilometer through the cold alpine waters—the final trial of many they must face as part of their Rite of Passage.

Mount Kosciusko

The tallest mountain in Australia, 2228 meters high, Mount Kosciusko marks the western edge of both the bawn and Wadbilliga. Its peak reaches above the tree line. Snow lies on its upper slopes for much of the year. Once, Aboriginal tribes journeyed here to gather bogong moths, which hibernate in the mountain's clefts and caverns during winter. Mount Kosciusko is today a pilgrimage site for many Garou, who come to mourn the passing of the Bunyip, for it was within a cave on the upper slopes of the mountain that the last Bunyip died at Wyrmainter's hand.

Tiger's Hill

On the northeast slope of Crackenback Peak, Tiger's Hill seems, in the physical world, to be an unassuming knoll forested in snow gums. In the Penumbra it is a memorial to the War of Tears. A 10-foot-high pile of thylacine and Bunyip skulls stands here, ringed about by Aboriginal burial poles adorned with ochre and clay.

Umbrandscape

The Crackenback Caern's Umbrandscape is a glade atop a perilously high mountain, of which the real world's mountain is but a weathered shadow. In the Penumbra, the peak stands taller than Mount Kosciusko and affords an unparalleled view across the alpine plains. Sharp-eyed Garou claim to be able to glimpse the sea from the Penumbral peak. The moot fire blazes constantly in the Penumbra, its



sheets of flame leaping wildly and crackling in the ferocious wind. The gum trees ringing the mountaintop lean inward to warm their gnarled limbs over the fire, while beyond them, the mountain's slopes drop precipitously to the forest below. No sign of Lake Jindabyne is visible, only the white waters of the Snowy River, a fine thread winding through the bushland many thousands of feet below.

Personalities of Wadbilliga

The Silver Fang Court

The Wadbilliga Protectorate is the home of the Australian Silver Fang court, approximately 10 individuals. Of these, the most important are described below. Visitors from the three other Australian Silver Fang protectorates are common.

Michelle Leaps-beyond-the-Reach-of-the-Wyrm

The current seneschal of King Winchester's court, Michelle Leaps-beyond-the-Reach-of-the-Wyrm is a metis Ragabash. She is the only offspring of an illicit liaison between her Silver Fang parents. In Homid form, she is a tall, well-built woman of middle age, with dancing eyes and rosy cheeks. Her Lupus form is that of a thick-set silver wolf with black muzzle and paws. Michelle's claws are weak: her metis disfigurement.

Although she seems faithful to her king, Michelle secretly lusts after the throne. A member of the Renewal Camp, she feels that the current Silver Fang leaders are weak and inbred, and that despite his lineage, Darius Winchester is unfit to rule Australia's Silver Fangs. Michelle, of course, believes herself more suited to the task. The Silver Fangs, however, would never accept a metis queen, making Michelle all the more bitter.

As seneschal, Leaps-beyond-the-Reach-of-the-Wyrm is in charge of ensuring that King Winchester's orders are carried out quickly and efficiently. She is the most influential member of the court save for the king himself. Michelle ensures that those of Darius's commands she finds distasteful are lost or forgotten. She is a skilled diplomat and tactician. Were she to become queen, Michelle would do her best to revitalize the Silver Fang bloodline and ensure that her fellow metis are no longer shunned. In these times, she believes, the Garou need every warrior they can get, regardless of their breed.

Tames-Spirits-with-her-Snarl

Tames-Spirits-with-her-Snarl, lupus Theurge and Shaman of the Lodge of the Moon, is a frustrated Garou whose Rage is always close to the surface. In Lupus form her pedigree shows clearly; she is slender and fine-boned, with pale, silky fur. Tames-Spirits-with-her-Snarl rarely shifts into Homid, but is exquisitely beautiful when she does.

She was born in Canada, where she learned to speak with spirits of all kinds. Such skills came easily to her, and she was sent to Australia to solve the problem that Australian Silver Fangs had in communicating with the spirits of the Dreamtime. Arriving in Wadbilliga five years ago, Tames-Spirits-with-her-Snarl roamed the Penumbra in search of spirits. Those she found shunned her, refusing to communicate with the haughty lupus. She became more and more enraged, finally resorting to violence and coercion to get her way. Tames-Spirits-with-her-Snarl has succeeded in terrorizing some minor spirits into speaking with her, but real progress eludes her. Recently she has had several fits of frenzy. During these fits she has slain several Turongs, causing the Penumbra to become even more hostile toward Wadbilliga's Garou.

Duke Anthony Pierce

Steward of the Lodge of the Moon, Duke Anthony Pierce is a homid Philodox with the insane plan of wiping out Australia's entire dingo population. When in Lupus, the Duke appears as a white-furred wolf flecked with silver, a great ruff of fur about his thick neck. In Homid, he is a middle-aged man with long white hair and beard. Although born in Australia, Duke Anthony fancies himself as English and speaks of all things Australian with contempt. He considers himself superior to all Garou save other Philodox, and believes those who have interbred with dingos are unworthy of the name Garou. Duke Anthony takes particular care to be called to the Riverina or Gippsland Protectorates whenever Mamu is present in Jindabyne.

M'lady Kathryn Hope

The elegant and fashionable M'lady Kathryn Hope is the homid Steward of the Lodge of the Sun. A Philodox, she despises blacks, Asians and all foreigners save the English, and makes no attempt to hide her racism. Subconsciously, she fears that the Silver Fangs have been weakened by inbreeding, but manifests this fear as loathing of all other tribes and "lesser races." M'lady deeply distrusts the Uktena, who in her eyes have lowered themselves by breeding with Aboriginals, and believes that Tjinderi Knowing-Smile lusts after the leadership of the Jindabyne Council. Kathryn Hope seeks to ally herself with Carla, leader of the Get of Fenris, and cannot understand why her advances have been rebuffed. Her family is established Kinfolk and has spawned many Silver Fang heroes in the past, of which she is quick to remind those who doubt or belittle her.

Nick Meads

Stubbornly referred to as Nicholas by the other Silver Fangs at court, Nick is a homid Galliard and the Squire of the Lodge of the Sun. Responsible for the sept's defense, Nick is an able warrior, fit and muscular. A thrill-seeker and risk-taker, he delights in human pursuits such as bungee-jumping and hang-gliding, using his Garou abilities to



excel at these activities. Nick loves Wadbilliga, spending much of his time skiing and white-water canoeing in the protectorate. He is irritated by his Silver Fang comrades, considering them boring and arrogant. Nick often teases the members of Darius's court to the point of frenzy, vanishing into the Penumbra when they become enraged. He looks forward to Jindabyne Council meetings, as he is deeply attracted to Tjinderi Knowing-Smile, his opposite in so many ways, finding her secretiveness irresistible. Nick has vowed to protect her from Mamu should the Red Talon ever attack her.

Others

Wadbilliga is home to others beside the court of the Silver Fangs and the Jindabyne Council. These wild cards are discussed below.

Diana Wentworth

Diana Wentworth is a 12th-generation vampire of Clan Gangrel. Always a headstrong girl, she took great delight in slipping away from her family and her chaperone when mortal. Diana grew up in the late 1800s, when a belief in Spiritualism and faeries was common among educated people. Having read Arthur Conan Doyle's works on the subject, Diana was quite sure that she would encounter faeries in the Australian bush. Instead, one night in the

Blue Mountains, to which her parents had come for a holiday, she met a vampire.

For the last century Diana has roamed the high country, gradually making her way south toward Jindabyne, feeding upon cattlemen, skiers, bushwalkers, and animals as she went. Free of the restrictions of Victorian society, she revels in her vampiric nature. Diana despairs clothes as a mortal affectation. She is slender and pale, with long, blond hair. Her skin, while flawless, is smeared with moss and dirt. Diana has climbed Mount Kosciusko by starlight and swum naked in icy alpine streams. As a wolf she has howled her joy to the moon from the highest peaks of the Snowy Mountains.

It was in wolf form that Diana encountered Darius Winchester, the Silver Fang king, one frosty winter night. Unknown to all, the pair have become lovers, although Darius cares more for her than she does for him. At first Darius truly believed Diana was another werewolf, and even as his suspicions grew, his growing infatuation blinded him to the truth. When Diana finally revealed her true nature to him, Darius had gone too far to care. If their secret were ever revealed, Darius would be humiliated and might even be forced to abdicate. Diana would be amused. Because of her affection toward Darius, Diana has promised not to feed upon any Silver Fang Kinfolk, nor to embrace any fledglings within Wadbilliga's borders. Despite the

years that have passed since she became a vampire, Diana is still willful. She begins to entertain the prospect of Embracing a Garou.

Snarls-at-Shadows

A lupus Ahroun, this rogue Shadow Lord is rarely seen by any other Garou save for those in her small, multatribal pack. Snarls-at-Shadows was exiled from the Tasmania Protectorate after arguing with Vlad Volaschky over the beauty of the Australian wilderness, which he despises unless it mimics the terrain of Europe. She fled to the mainland, taking refuge in the rugged terrain of the Snowy Mountains. In Lupus form Snarls-at-Shadows is a jet-black wolf, with muscular forequarters and blazing green eyes. Her Homid form, on the rare occasions she assumes it, is that of a tall, tanned woman in her early 20s, with thick black hair falling to her waist.

Snarls-at-Shadows has taken it upon herself to keep the high country free from the incursions of apes and their tame beasts. In particular, she preys upon the mountain cattle-men and their herds. Her attacks upon cattle have been blamed on dingos, and local herders have taken to shooting dingos on sight. She and her pack: Blood-in-the-Snow, a Red Talon Theurge; the homid Ragabash Gift-of-Death, a renegade Child of Gaia; and Nyx Sporades, an outcast metis Black Fury Ahroun, have also begun to harry skiers and their communities, going so far as to destroy construction equipment destined for the building of new ski resorts.

Radical ecoterrorists have been blamed for these increasingly violent attacks.

Recently, Snarls-at-Shadows and her pack have become aware of the suffering spirit of the Snowy River, bound and weakened by Weaver-spirits. Although Snarls-at-Shadows has been unable to communicate with the river spirit, she believes it is close to death. Her true purpose in keeping the Snowy Mountains free of humans is the hope that the Snowy River's spirit will ally itself with her and her pack. Even in its weakened state, Snarls-at-Shadows believes that the river spirit could greatly increase her power, perhaps even allowing her to oust Vlad Volaschky from the Jindabyne Council and take his place.

The Jindabyne Council

Council Members

Black Furies: Wungala Rose has sat on the Council for more than 20 years. Her concerns are for humanity, especially women, and she supports the Glass Walkers implicitly. She is a close friend of Innana; although she considers some of the Child of Gaia's actions foolish, Wungala is quick to defend her. Wungala is considering approaching Tjinderi Knowing-Smile to consult her about the Namarrkon Caern, but still hesitates to do so, due to certain disturbing rumors she has heard concerning the Uktena.



Bone Gnawers: Mother Pasta is proud of her tribe's position and does little to endanger her seat on the Council. She is the most conservative member, giving her opinion only when she sees where the majority opinion lies. The Shadow Lords wish her gone, and she feels the safest course is supporting suggestions made by the Glass Walkers. Mother Pasta has offered her support to young Monash End-to-the-Darkness, and always arranges to sit beside him at Council meetings.

Children of Gaia: Cernonus and Innana alternate as representatives on the Council. Neither is a particularly active member; Innana is often distracted by her visions, while Cernonus has more important things to do with his time. Both are outspoken in their support of the Glass Walkers and quick to remind others that, apart from themselves, only the Glass Walkers' claws are free of Bunyip blood. The two Children do not see eye to eye, and their often contradictory positions on issues have frustrated the other Councilors.

Fianna: Fingal Flashing-Claws is growing senile, and most Council members are waiting for him to die. He wastes much time in bitter dispute with Darius Winchester and will never support any motion the Silver Fang suggests, even if he secretly agrees with it. His strong influence over human political affairs is well known, and Don Mephisto does his best not to antagonize him. Fingal considers all Stargazers tainted with corruption and demands that Monash be impeached from the Council. He is supported in this by Vlad Volaschky.

Get of Fenris: Although Carla Grimsson resents being labeled a racist, she grits her teeth and bears any insults. She is intelligent enough to see the importance of the Jindabyne Council. Although Carla is disliked by Wungala Rose and Innana, all respect her intellect. She respects the two women and has considered informing them of her true beliefs. Carla often sides with Mamu against the Uktena, which adds to her reputation as a hothead, but she considers all arguments carefully.

Glass Walkers: Don Mephisto is the eyes and ears of the Glass Walker Board and manipulates the Council to further his tribe's aims. He is likable, and offsets the traditional prejudices many hold against his tribe with his open demeanor and ready smile. He is a master of diffusing tension, and puts an end to most arguments with a joke and a soft word. He plays Fingal Flashing-Claws against Darius, Darius against Vlad, and Vlad against Mamu, Mother Pasta and Darius, the better to further his power.

Red Talons: Mamu's sole reason for continuing to attend Council meetings is to convince his peers of the need for Total War against humanity. Aggressive and rude, he belittles and abuses Tjinderi Knowing-Smile constantly, and tries to bully the young Monash into supporting him. Mamu is insecure at Council meetings, for he knows that his position is constantly threatened by others of his tribe. Mamu is the only lupus on the Council.

Shadow Lords: Those rare Council meetings Vlad attends are tense and angry events. Vlad constantly derides the Council for being weak and ineffectual, notably Mother Pasta, who he believes should not be on the council at all. The other Garou respond by arguing that Vlad does not spend sufficient time in Australia to justify his Council seat. Only the threat of losing his position forces Vlad to attend meetings. Vlad considers the youthful Monash End-to-the-Darkness an upstart pup. He supports Fingal Flashing-Claws in this, and lends his weight to Mamu's words when the Red Talon belittles the Stargazer.

Silent Striders: Grek Twice-Tongue, thrust onto the Council by spirits, seems to serve some unknown destiny. His decisions are unpredictable and frustrate other Council members, save for Innana. He has no clear agenda that the other Councilors can determine. He attends every Council meeting but does not always speak. He has begun to harass Tjinderi Knowing-Smile concerning the wandering Wendigo, Joseph Blows-with-the-Wind, and has more than once suggested that, being the only Wendigo in Australia, the youth should be given a Council seat. This proposal has been met with horror by Carla and Mamu, with joy by Mother Pasta and Monash, and with tentative approval by Don Mephisto.

Silver Fangs: Darius Winchester treats his Council position very seriously. He is involved in every discussion, never missing an opportunity to express his opinion. Darius believes that only Cernonus, of the two Children of Gaia, should attend future Council meetings. He is well aware that Fingal Flashing-Claws and Vlad Volaschky despise him. He trusts Don Mephisto as a strong ally. Darius spends much of his time attempting to draw Grek Twice-Tongue out, privately believing that the spirits must have chosen Grek to further Darius' own goal.

Stargazers: Monash End-to-the-Darkness is still finding his paws on the Council. Buffeted by the arguments of his political superiors, he has weathered his first year well, thanks to the somewhat vague guidance of Innana, Voice of the Goddess. Monash is disturbed by Mother Pasta's attentions, although he does not know why. He spends much of his time at meetings fending off Fingal and Vlad, who wish him gone, and defending his tribe against those who claim the Stargazers no longer deserve a protectorate of their own.

Uktena: Tjinderi Knowing-Smile knows that her position is tenuous. She must defend herself from members of her own tribe, particularly her chosen successor, as well as her rivals on the Council. Mamu and Carla both despise her, for Uktena lands border protectorates of both their tribes. Tjinderi argues that the Glass Walkers and Stargazers should surrender their protectorates to more responsible management, and points out that the Uktena have demonstrated themselves capable of such care.

Council Meetings

The Jindabyne Council meets every season, although emergency meetings may be called at short notice. An empty place is left at each Council meeting in honor of the Bunyip. Council members are chosen by their tribes, and only tribal members may dismiss a Council representative. Decisions are reached by consensus, which means that Council meetings are protracted affairs, punctuated by arguments and barely repressed rage. Disputes are invariably won by the Garou with the loudest voice. Only the presence of opposing Garou of similar strength prevents Council meeting from complete domination by any one member. It is forbidden for Council members to fight one another while the Council sits. To date no member has been killed during a Council session. The Jindabyne Council has the power to call any Garou in Australia to give evidence before it. Each representative vows before Gaia to enforce the Council's decisions in his or her own protectorate, from which comes the Jindabyne Council's power. Of late, the Council has made few decisions, and has failed to ensure that the decisions it has made have been adhered to in the continent's remoter areas.

The Ngalyod Pack

The Ngalyod Pack is named in honor of Ngalyod, the great totem spirit of the Bunyip. Its existence symbolizes the role of the Bunyip as guardians of the land, a role the Jindabyne Council has inherited by default. The members of the Ngalyod Pack are chosen from among Australia's many Garou. Honor, Glory and Wisdom all influence the Council's decision when choosing new members of the Ngalyod Pack, although Glory is least valued. In the eyes of the Council, Honor and Wisdom matter more than vain-glorious deeds.

Traditionally, Garou are chosen to serve the Ngalyod Pack for 10 years. At the end of this time, a new pack is formed. If pack members are killed, replacements are chosen by a special meeting of the Council. Appointments to the Ngalyod Pack have sometimes been made more for political reasons than because of the skill and renown of the appointees, weakening the pack's effectiveness.

The pack is invested in a complicated ritual that takes place on Cub Island, in Lake Jindabyne. The new members must swim a kilometer through icy water to the island, where the Council members await them, seated around a ceremonial fire. The investiture takes the form of an Aboriginal initiation, beginning with the extinguishing of the fire. Next, the ritemaster daubs the pack members with blood and ochre, and cuts them with a shard of bone. Charcoal is rubbed into the wounds to ensure that they heal as raised scars. The ritemaster then uses a large stone to knock out a front tooth of each pack member. This symbol-

lizes the coming of age of the pack members, and the loss to Gaia of the Bunyip. It is considered unseemly to show any pain during any part of the initiation.

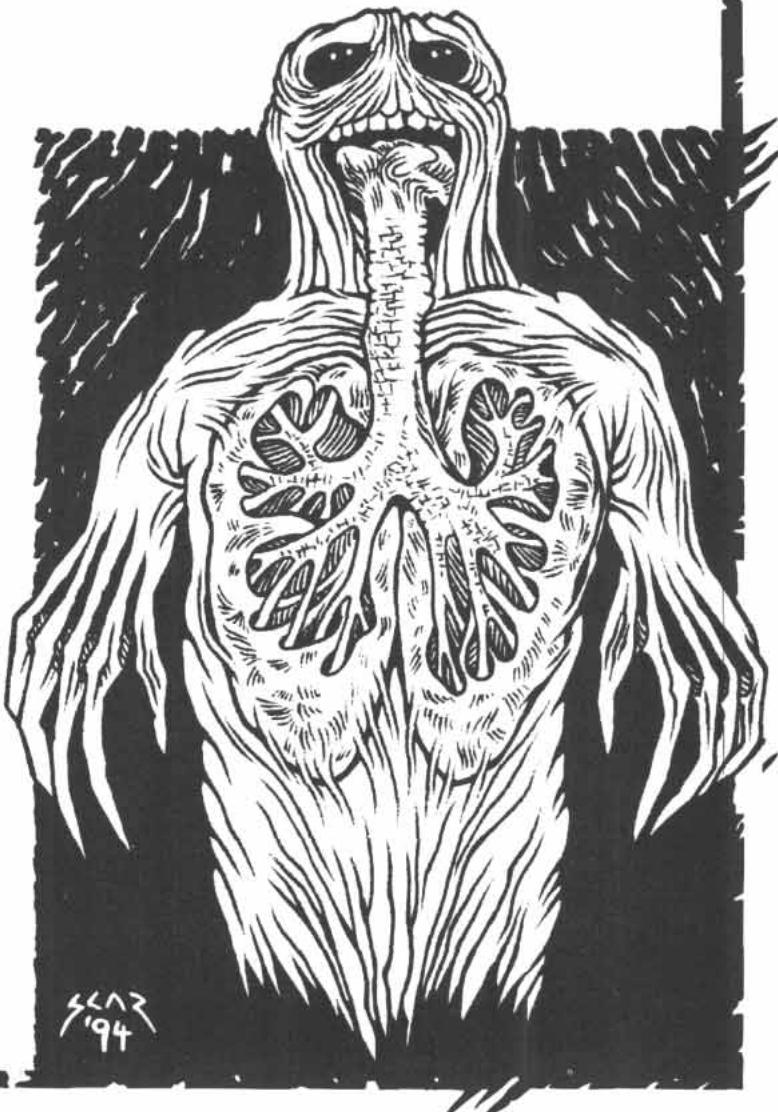
Next, the story of the War of Tears is retold, with the new Ngalyod Pack taking the part of the wronged Bunyip. At the end of the initiation the bonfire is rekindled, and each pack member is given a brand to carry, as all present dance wildly about the island, howling Ngalyod's name to the stars.

After its members have been invested, the Ngalyod Pack is sent to do the bidding of the Council and to ensure that its edicts are followed. In "Dreaming the Dawn," the characters become the Ngalyod Pack, traveling on Council missions from Tasmania to Cape York.

Members of the Ngalyod Pack traditionally carry fetishes, made many years ago by a powerful Theurge, as a sign of their authority. In addition, various Bunyip fetishes are ritually passed from pack to pack. These include:

The Shield of Kurburu: (Level 2, Gnosis 6) This bark shield allows its bearer to seem more impressive and threatening while it is carried, adding two points to her Expression, Intimidation and Leadership.

Bulun-Bulun's Spear: (Level 4, Gnosis 4) Fashioned from the wood of the ironbark tree, this spear inflicts



aggravated damage upon its target. In addition, Materialized spirits struck by the spear will be thrown back into the Umbra and must spend their Power cost to use the Materialize Charm again.

Narran-Ngembas Sticks: (Level 2, Gnosis 5) These two simple sticks, when tapped together, rhythmically drown out other sounds. Supernatural Gifts and abilities that must be heard to be effective are useless while these sticks are being played.

Djarada's Heart: (Level 4, Gnosis 6) This small lump of fossilized sap is blood-colored and vaguely heart-shaped. It is kept wrapped in a cord of possum-fur. When tightly held, it increases the bearer's Empathy and Appearance by two, making him desirable to all, regardless of age or sexual preference. It also heals aggravated damage when passed across a wound, at the cost of one Gnosis point per level.

A Nameless Stone: (Level unknown, Gnosis unknown) This flat, fist-sized stone is of an unknown rock. Its smooth face is carved on one side with a representation of the Rainbow Serpent. Its origin and purpose are mysteries, but tradition demands that it be carried by the Ngalyod Pack at all times.

The Stories

The nine stories below form the framework for "Dreaming the Dawn." Storytellers are encouraged to include their own stories and encounters, set in Wadbilliga and elsewhere, in between those provided.

Introduction: The Visions of Grek Twice-Tongue

A special meeting of the Jindabyne Council is called to choose members for a new Ngalyod Pack. The old pack has disappeared. They traveled into the Penumbra on a council mission six months ago and have not returned. The previous pack, composed almost entirely of Ahroun, had seen its role as a military one, fighting Pentex subsidiaries and Black Spiral Dancers. During its tenure, relationships with Dreamtime spirits worsened. For days the Jindabyne Council's members have argued about the membership of the new pack without reaching a decision. Late last night Grek Twice-Tongue arrived in Jindabyne. He has been sent a vision in which the identities of the new pack members — all young Garou, all untried — were revealed to him. Desperate for resolution, and sick of argument, the Council agreed to Grek's nominees. These Garou pups are the player characters.

Spirits of Vengeance

This adventure introduces the characters to Australia's Garou and the attitude of the spirits toward them. The characters are summoned by the leaders of their respective septs and told that they must present themselves to the

Jindabyne Council. No explanation is forthcoming. When they arrive at Crackenback Caern, Grek Twice-Tongue hints that some great destiny lies before them, although he cannot see it clearly. Before they are invested with the rites and fetishes of the Ngalyod Pack, the characters must undergo their Rite of Passage. This mission is given to them by Darius Winchester. He explains that the spirits of Thorpdale, a small town in eastern Victoria, are angry. Garou traveling through the area have been harried and harassed. The characters are commanded to journey to Thorpdale and determine what has disturbed the spirits.

Thorpdale is a sleepy town nestled in a steep-sided valley in the Strzelecki Ranges, in the Silver Fang protectorate of Gippsland. Its population is 500. Thorpdale's Aboriginal people, of the Kurnai tribe, were massacred by white settlers early in the region's history, leaving few survivors. A short time ago the last member of the tribe, Alice Utemara Price, was murdered by her husband, Doug, the owner of Thorpdale's main hotel. Doug Price, a white Australian, is a surly alcoholic. He killed Alice in a drunken rage. Her body is buried in the hotel's basement. Price has told the regulars who drink in his bar that Alice has "gone walkabout." He acts the role of the betrayed husband, claiming he took Alice in and treated her with love, when in reality she was no more to him than a slave and a body on which to slake his lust.

Alice meant far more to Thorpdale's spirits; they are enraged by Alice's death. They flit through the town, and their howls echo in the Dreamtime. They have stirred up the spirits of the Kurnai, who previously lay peacefully on their corpse platforms in the Penumbra (they are not wraiths, but ephemeral shadows of the Kurnai who once lived, left behind by their unrest). The Garou must reinter Alice's corpse in the traditional manner of her people and avenge her murder by killing Doug Price. Their task is complicated by the presence of Sir Rodney Snipe, an insane Silver Fang living in his family home on a hill overlooking Thorpdale; and Murulami, an Aboriginal Dreamspeaker with a passionate hatred of Garou.

Sir Rodney Snipe spends most of his time talking to his dead mother. He occasionally drives his Rolls-Royce into Thorpdale to drink gin and tonics at the Price Hotel, where he may be met by the characters. Once he realizes there are other Garou in town, Sir Rodney invites the characters to his home. The walls are hung with guns and trophies. Sir Rodney proudly tells the characters that his ancestors were the first settlers in the Thorpdale area. In the process of bringing the benefits of civilization to the district, many Aboriginals were killed, and the most rebellious spirits were imprisoned in a spirit drum, which he still owns. Characters with the Gift: Spirit Speech will be able to hear the trapped spirits moaning within the drum, but communication with them is unless the drum is broken, thus releasing them. The freed spirits will gratefully lead the Garou to the Dreamtime grove of ancient gum trees where the spirit-bodies of the dead Kurnai lie upon their corpse platforms, cradled in the

boughs of the trees. The Aboriginal ghosts still bear the wounds of their violent deaths.

The Dreamspeaker mage Murulami has sworn an oath to destroy the Garou. To this end, he uses his magicks to enhance the distrust spirits feel toward the Garou. He hopes to create open warfare between spirits and Garou. In Thorpdale, Murulami has persuaded the spirits to attack any Garou that enter the region. The Dreamspeaker does not enter the town, but lurks in an area of swamp and thick trees on its outskirts. Using his extensive bushcraft, he avoids all who would speak with him. Murulami plans to kill Sir Rodney, confronting him with the ghosts of the dead Aboriginals and driving the already unstable Silver Fang completely mad. It is his hope that Sir Rodney will frenzy, openly attack the people of Thorpdale, and be killed in the process.

The Weeping Sun

This story introduces the characters to a major Dreamtime figure and intimates the close connection between the physical and spiritual realms. Returning to Jindabyne, the characters are formally invested as the Ngalyod Pack. At the end of the ceremony, they are given the pack's traditional fetishes. Many are missing, lost with the previous incarnation of the Ngalyod Pack. Those remaining are the weakest, spurned by the missing Ahroun, who favored weapons of might. Among the fetishes is a small, flat stone bearing a carving of the Rainbow Serpent. As one character takes the stone, she is assailed by a powerful vision. She sees a thylacine fleeing from a huge, black wolf. It runs into a cave whose walls are adorned with Aboriginal art. The vision ends as the thylacine turns at bay to confront the wolf. Fingal Flashing-Claws suggests that Bartholomew Wise-in-the-Ways-of-the-Wyrm, a scholarly Fianna of the Hunter Valley Protectorate, may be able to interpret the vision.

Arriving at Bartholomew's isolated Blue Mountains cabin during a sudden, unexpected total eclipse, the characters find him readying to leave. Bartholomew agrees to listen to their tale if the pack accompanies him on a Penumbral journey, which, he casually mentions, involves "rescuing the sun." The Ngalyod Pack travels with the enigmatic Fianna into the fossil-rich Jenolan Caves, which run deep beneath the Blue Mountains. Gnowee the Sun has become lost in the Dreamtime reflection of the caves, led astray by Black Spiral Dancers, who lured her from her nightly path by lying to her that her son is trapped in a far cavern. The Dancers hope to lead the Sun into a distant tunnel, where a vast, sluglike Wyrm beast slumbers. The arrival of Gnowee will break the enchanted sleep placed upon the creature by the Bunyip centuries before the European invasion, unleashing it upon the world.

Bartholomew and the pack must navigate the twisting Penumbral caves, avoiding guardian Banes and Black Spiral Dancers, and find Gnowee as she enters the beast's lair.

They must convince her of the Black Spiral Dancers' ruse, perhaps suggesting another place where she might look for her son, in order to turn her back. Upon realizing that she has been tricked, Gnowee's anger knows no bounds. Flame leaps from her torch, incinerating the Black Spiral Dancers. The Ngalyod Pack must calm Gnowee's rage, and lead her to the surface of the Dreamtime, whereupon she climbs back into the sky to continue her search. As she does, the eclipse ends. The pack has made a useful ally in Bartholomew, and he promises to look into the matter of their vision.

A Tiger by the Tail

The characters are given the opportunity to reopen an old Bunyip caern. This story demonstrates the lack of cooperation among Australia's tribes and shows that the Jindabyne Council is not an absolute force in Garou politics.

Bartholomew Wise-in-the-Ways-of-the-Wyrm contacts the pack with information regarding the vision. He believes that it has some link to Tasmania's southwest, specifically the rainforests of the Franklin River. Hearing this, Grek Twice-Tongue commands the pack to travel to Tasmania and investigate. Vlad Volaschky, however, becomes enraged, claiming that Tasmania is his domain and that he will not allow outsiders on the island. He threatens the characters, but backs down when the Council, led by Wungala Rose, unites against him. Vlad departs muttering dark threats, leaving the Ngalyod Pack free to make their way south to the Shadow Lord's protectorate. In Tasmania the pack receives minimal cooperation from any Shadow Lords they meet. Younger members of the tribe will bait them, trying to goad the characters into attacking. Elder Shadow Lords ignore the pack entirely, unless they are needed to call off their hot-headed pups.

As the characters seek for the meaning of their vision among the rugged wilderness of the Franklin River, they discover a recently abandoned training camp, littered with spent cartridges. The ground is marked by the prints of many booted feet. Silver bullets are found embedded in tree trunks. The Shadow Lords deny all knowledge of the installation.

Murulami, the Dreamspeaker, is also in Tasmania. He will try to avoid the characters, but the pack may be led to his camp by magical symbols painted onto the rocks and trees, hear the sounds of Murulami's chanting, or simply stumble across the camp by blind chance. Murulami is attempting to contact Boobook the Owl, totem spirit of the lost caern. He will be hostile toward Garou who discover his rituals, but will withdraw rather than fight. A path leads from Murulami's camp to the cave that appeared in the character's vision. The cavern walls are daubed with pictures of Boobook. From Murulami's notes, the pack will be able to learn that the caern cannot be reopened until the skull of its long-dead Bunyip guardian, now a trophy of the Shadow Lords, is returned to the cave.



Traveling to Cradle Mountain, the characters are greeted aggressively by Vlad Volaschky. He rants and raves, making it clear that he would slay the characters as trespassers were they not on Council business. He grudgingly allows them to remain in the Shadow Lord protectorate. However, he assigns Fyodr Krashevts, a slow-witted but burly young Ahroun, to watch over them. From Fyodr, the pack learns that the Bunyip skull is kept at the Shadow Lord caern on the peak of Cradle Mountain. The pack must distract Fyodr long enough to sneak into the caern and steal the skull. When they return the skull to the cave, the caern becomes active, and Boobook appears. Boobook the Owl will become the Ngalyod Pack's totem in gratitude for their resurrection of her caern.

Her parting words are to warn the characters that many spirits will mistrust and perhaps even attack them, for the memory of the death of the Bunyip is still strong in the Dreamtime. Boobook tells the characters that they are servants of Ngalyod and bear the Rainbow Serpent's seal; that, and that alone, may save them.

Newfound Caern

Caern: Franklin River, Tasmania

Level: 2

Gauntlet: 5

Type: Wisdom

Tribal structure: Jindabyne Council

Totem: Boobook the Owl

Back in Jindabyne, the Council will hotly debate as to who should take responsibility for the Franklin River Caern. Eventually they decide, perhaps at the pack's suggestion, that it will be administered directly by the Council themselves. This unprecedented decision earns the pack Vlad's undying enmity.

Lightning Dreaming

This story is primarily one of conflict and action. The Council sends the Ngalyod Pack to Arnhem Land, protectorate of the Black Furies, at the request of Wungala Rose. Arriving characters are met by Climonestra, a lupus Theurge; Wungala has been called to Kangaroo Island by Aphrodite Delphius of the Outer Calyx. The pack is warmly welcomed, but warned that only female characters are allowed into the center of the Black Fury caern. Climonestra explains that the Namarrkon Caern is inactive and that its guardian spirit will not speak to the Black Furies. She asks the characters to try to contact Namarrkon. Climonestra will be their guide during their stay in Arnhem Land, and proves an outgoing, passionate and idealistic companion.

The pack has no success in contacting the lightning spirit until the outbreak of a fierce tropical storm. During the tempest, Namarrkon manifests, but speaks only to male characters. He is a fickle spirit, emotional and unpredictable. He agrees to reopen his caern on the provision that the characters help him destroy a blight on the landscape of Kakadu: the Ranger Uranium Mine. When the characters present this demand to the Black Furies, the tribe is thrown into turmoil. The older members of the sept argue against force to achieve this goal, suggesting that a peaceful protest and petitions would be appropriate. The younger Black Furies, led by Climonestra, believe the mine has been tolerated too long. The argument rages all night around a huge bonfire, but eventually the peaceful Furies prevail. Climonestra frenzies and charges off to attack the mine single-handedly. Torn apart by the Priests of Pollution, Climonestra's cadaver is delivered to the characters the next day in a truck from Ranger. The sight of her ravaged corpse enrages even the most peaceful among the Black Furies.

The mine is well defended by the Priests of Pollution, a Black Spiral Dancer pack, as well as by numerous fomori and trained security personnel. They are equipped with sophisticated weaponry, and some carry silver bullets. Because of the peaceful nature of the Black Furies, the Priests of Pollution are not expecting an attack. Possible allies in the assault upon Ranger include the local dingo population, who may be recruited by a lupus character. A Black Fury will bitterly suggest the Gumagan, mythical crocodile men, saying that a task as impossible as closing the mine can only be achieved with the help of nonexistent creatures. If the characters take it upon themselves to look for the Gumagan, they find none, only sullen Aboriginals who say they have heard of the Gumagan but do not believe they



exist. One might as well believe in shapechanging dingos, they add.

Namarrkon will aid the Garou as they attack, sending a supernatural storm to pound the open-cut mine. The battle will be fierce, causing the deaths of many Black Furies. The characters must battle Darren Mate-of-the-Wyrm, who personally seeks them out amid the chaos. If he is bested, he dies defiant. "This is just a skirmish," he coughs. "The real battle is yet to come — the sleeper will fall to the Wyrm." At the height of the fray, the characters see Father Moonscreamer, who has so far combated the ravages of Namarrkon with his own Gifts and bound spirits, fall victim to a huge crocodile (or is it a dinosaur?), which pulls him under the waters of the tailings dam. The characters find no evidence of his body, and are left to ponder the legends of the Gumagan.

The Ghost Who Howls

As the characters prepare to depart Arnhem Land, a message from the Council arrives for them. The Sept of the Waking Dream has been attacked. (Details on this sept can be found in the Werewolf sourcebook, *Caerns: Places of Power*.) Several of its members are dead, another hopelessly insane. The Ngalyod Pack is commanded to travel to Katajuta with all haste. This story pits the characters against a fearsome Dreamtime foe, and hints at the involvement of something even more sinister. Young members of the Sept of the Waking Dream, the guardian pack led by the

lupus Biting Fang, have been attempting to awaken the Rainbow Serpent, guided by the spirits of the Wintalyka, the Mulga-seed people. Unknown to them, the Wintalyka, suspicious of outsiders, have tricked the pack into reenacting the rites with which they created Kurpannga, the vengeful Devil Dingo. Now Kurpannga stalks the Dreamtime and the outback near Katajuta. He has already slain the pack who summoned him, and more will die unless the characters can lay him to rest.

Runs-with-Ghosts, leader of the Katajuta Protectorate, greets the pack cordially but with reserve upon their arrival. A solemn young Aboriginal woman in Homid form, Runs-with-Ghosts is one of the few Uktena who welcome outsiders. She is a strong leader; once she has decided on a course of action, she cannot be swayed. Runs-with-Ghosts offers the pack the hospitality and freedom of her sept. Not all the Uktena agree with her. In particular, the Gatekeeper, Bathes-in-Blood, is notably hostile toward the pack. She was a close friend of Biting Fang, now dead, and the pack must gain her trust in order to piece together the mystery. Bathes-in-Blood despises Shadow Lords, and condemnation of this tribe by the characters goes some way toward impressing her. She is also a staunch believer in the sanctity of caern and sept, and will be less suspicious of Garou who uphold such values. If the pack cannot impress her in any other way, Bathes-in-Blood will respect any who can best her in a fight. Once they have gained her trust, she will tell them of Biting Fang's hope of awakening Ngalyod. It was a secret they shared, she says, and now that secret has killed him, although she cannot imagine where he would have gained the knowledge to attempt such an action.

The sole surviving member of Biting Fang's pack is the lupus Ragabash Wanambi. She is completely mad and can no longer shift out of her dingo form. When the characters visit Wanambi, they find a broken shell of a Garou, her tawny hide covered in countless wounds, many of them self-inflicted. The sight of her own reflection, or the appearance of any dingo Garou, drives Wanambi into a terrified frenzy. If the pack attempts to force her into speaking, Wanambi snaps and flees into the desert. Under no circumstances will she enter the Dreamtime. Unless the pack follow her, Wanambi soon falls victim to Kurpannga. Her half-eaten corpse is found the next morning by Leaps-the-Wind, the remaining sept guardian. The body is surrounded by huge dingo tracks, which disappear into the Dreamtime. If any of the sept members are questioned about such tracks, they tell the pack that many strange tracks have been found in recent months. Runs-with-Ghosts believes that such tracks are the spoor of the Bunyip, whose revenants, she says, haunt the outback, although few have seen them.

In the Dreamtime, the Uluru cave where Biting Fang was slain is inhabited by the spirits of the Wintalyka. These Aboriginal ghosts are bitter and angry, for their land has been taken from them. If the characters promise the Mulga-seed people that their caves will not be used by other tribes, notably their traditional foes the Mala, the Wintalyka may

tell the Ngalyod Pack about Kurpannga. If the pack angers the Mulga-seed people, they will call Kurpannga to attack. Only if the characters hold up the stone bearing the carving of the Ngalyod and brandish it before Kurpannga will the Devil Dingo back down.

The pack may be able to negotiate some settlement between Runs-with-Ghosts and the Wintalyka. Promises by the Uktena to forbid anyone entering their cave, tourists and Garou alike, will pacify the spirits. If the Mulga-seed people are appeased, they will call Kurpannga and enact the ritual to dismiss him.

As the pack rests following their success, Runs-with-Ghosts comes to them angrily, telling them that Kurpannga has slain again. The more hot-headed Uktena, Bathes-in-Blood among them, are set to march upon the Wintalyka's cave. Kwik-Kwik, the diminutive lupus Keeper of the Land, has been killed, and his body dumped in the Glade of Ancestors, the center of the Katajuta Caern. Runs-with-Ghosts begs the pack to reenter the Dreamtime and confront Kurpannga. When they return to the cave, they hear snuffling and whining coming from within. The glow of baleful eyes can be seen in the darkness. The characters discover that it is not Kurpannga they face, but the ghost of a Bunyip in thylacine form, fresh blood on its impossibly gaping jaws. It leers at them, hate and sorrow strong in its eyes. As the ghost dissolves into the darkness, it whispers, "Watch for the Rainbow," then is gone.

When the characters return to inform the Uktena of Kwik-Kwik's fate, they are told that one of the Devil's Marbles, rumored to be the eggs of the Rainbow Serpent, is missing from its site near Tennant Creek. The Uktena are frantic and furious, and the characters depart with no thanks from the sept. If they investigate the Devil's Marbles, they find Garou-like pawprints dotting the area, and may sense the corruption of the Wyrm lingering at the site. Tire marks lead south. Black Spiral Dancers, working with Pentex operatives, have stolen the boulder as part of a plan to awaken the Rainbow Serpent, as the characters will soon learn.

Shadows on the Mountain

This story involves the pack in the struggle to save the spirit of the Snowy River itself. Back in Wadbilliga, the characters are summoned by Don Mephisto to a special meeting of the Council. No'iri'n Ni'Dhonail has challenged Fingal Flashing-Claws for his seat on the Council. The Council members sit in grim silence as the fight ensues. The battle is short but bloody. No'iri'n's youthful vigor proves stronger than Fingal's wisdom and experience. With a blow of her klaw, the young Fianna splits Fingal's jaw, and his corpse lands at Innana Voice-of-the-Goddess's feet. Don Mephisto, in a strained tone, accepts No'iri'n as the new Fianna member of the Jindabyne Council, but derides her for spilling Garou blood at Crackenback Caern.

As Fingal's body is dragged away, Grek Twice-Tongue explodes into a rare rage, deriding the Council as posturing fools who would bicker with one another in the face of the Wyrm. If no other Garou will attempt to save Wadbilliga and the Snowy River, he screams, he will do it alone. This said, Grek turns and limps down the mountain. A shaken Darius Winchester orders the pack to follow and protect the elderly Silent Strider.

Grek leads the pack into the heart of Kosciusko National Park. This is the territory of Katya Snarls-at-Shadows and her small pack. They surprise the Ngalyod Pack and Grek, rising out of the snow to surround them. Katya greets the pack coldly, making it clear that she does not recognize the authority of the Jindabyne Council. She then asks them their business. Grek, silent until now, reveals himself as a Council representative and demands that Katya let them pass. A challenge may ensue, with one of the characters standing in for Grek. Nyx Sporades fights on Katya's behalf. If the characters are victorious, Katya and her pack will listen to Grek Twice-Tongue's story.

Grek recently returned from the tunnels of the Snowy River Scheme. The extensive tunnels, a complex system stretching for more than 100 miles, are infested with Black Spiral Dancers. They are killing the spirit of the Snowy, already weakened by the many turbines and irrigation systems through which it flows. The Black Spiral Dancers have dammed the Dreamtime reflection of the Snowy



River, choking it with the webs of the Weaver and polluting it with their own foul effluents. "While we Garou sit by," Grek says bitterly, "one of Australia's greatest rivers is dying." Katya sullenly apologizes to Grek Twice-Tongue, dedicating her pack to his service in this matter. Impatiently, Grek leads the combined packs to the nearest entrance to the tunnels, the Murray 1 Hydro-Electric Power Station. The human guards are no match for the Garou and will suffer the effects of the Delirium.

Once in the tunnels, Grek steps sideways, urging the characters to follow him. In the Penumbra, the Garou are confronted by Weaver-spirits, spawned by the huge turbines that generate electricity from the Snowy. At Grek's direction, the characters sweep away many of the blockages in the river, eventually reaching the huge dam, which is built and defended by Black Spiral Dancers. The servants of the Wyrm hide in side tunnels, charging out to ambush the Garou as they reach the blockage. As the uneven battle progresses (the Garou are outnumbered two to one by the Black Spiral Dancers), a member of the Ngalyod Pack notices a rock within the dam hunch closer to the earth, as if disturbed by the combat. The rock is a sleeping Nargun, and if the Garou can wake it, the ancient spirit will fight the Black Spiral Dancers, lumbering toward them and crushing them beneath its bulk. However, the dam, weakened by the Nargun's absence, begins to collapse during the combat, possibly with deadly results. At the height of the combat, the spirit of the Snowy River itself rises up, roaring and

wild, sweeping all before it. Grek urges the characters to flee before all are drowned. They emerge, blinking, into the sunlight, to discover that the Snowy River has burst its banks, flooding the upper stretch of the Murray. Many humans have drowned, and countless farms lie submerged beneath the river's muddy waters.

Hope in Delirium

In this story, the pack confronts Leeches and Pentex, who are manipulating a Garou for their own ends. The Jindabyne Council, shaken by recent events, questions the Ngalyod Pack closely regarding its contacts with Dreamtime spirits. The Council may even demand that the pack manifest its totem, or other spirit allies it has gained, in order that all the Council may benefit from the pack's activities. After this close scrutiny, the Ngalyod Pack is asked to handle a simple matter for the Council, while the Councilors consider what the pack has told them.

Publicly, the Jindabyne Council asks the Ngalyod Pack to journey to Brisbane to find the Red Talon Rage-in-the-Streets and bring him before the Council, that he may be questioned as to his involvement in the drug trade, which risks the Veil. After the meeting, Mamu privately asks the pack to kill Rage-in-the-Streets, for he has brought dishonor upon his tribe. He should, Mamu snarls, be allowed to die with honor, even if he has lived with none. Just before they leave, Innana, Voice of the Goddess takes the characters aside and asks them to take Rage-in-the-Streets to Nimbin, that the Children of Gaia may heal and purify him, before bringing him to Jindabyne.

In Brisbane, the Ngalyod Pack will have difficulty finding the errant Red Talon. More than likely, they will seek him as a Lupus, sniffing around Brisbane's wild dog packs and hunting in parks and gardens. Not until they look for him in nightclubs and live music venues will the pack succeed in finding Rage-in-the Streets, although the trail leading to him is convoluted. In Homid, Rage-in-the-Streets goes by the name Martin Rage; it is common knowledge among punks and clubbers that he deals in drugs. He has a reputation for high-quality merchandise and a foul temper. Of late, "Martin Rage" has been dealing a new designer drug, Space. A powerful hallucinogen, Space seems similar to LSD, but far stronger. Users claim that Space allows them to see their lives as if from orbit. If the characters think to Sense Wyrm while talking to a Space user, they will detect a low, but definite trace of corruption. Persistent inquiries about Space allow the pack to discover that frequent or heavy Space users are catapulted into a violent and self-destructive frenzy.

Although the pack will not initially find Rage-in-the-Streets, they will make contact with a small and nervous Brisbane pack, led by Felicia Quest-for-the-Moon, a homid Philodox and Child of Gaia. She tells the pack all she knows about Space. The drug creates a bridge to a Wyrm Anchorhead Calumn in the Near Umbra. The Wyrm's



influence then gradually pollutes the user, driving him to depraved acts. Felicia believes Space is manufactured by Pentex, but has no proof, although she suggests that Brisbane's Sabbat may know more, as that sect has allied itself with Pentex in the past. Of late, she says, the two have fallen out. Felicia Quest-for-the-Moon asks the Ngalyod Pack, once it has completed its task in Brisbane, to travel north to Eungella. The Stargazers are dying, she says. Bereft of Gaia's love and abandoned by the spirits, one by one they fall victim to Harano. Of all Australia's Garou, only the Ngalyod Pack can save them.

Garou who roam Brisbane's nightclubs inquiring about drugs will attract the attention of the police, and through them the Sabbat. These anarchic young vampires will present themselves before the characters peacefully, but threateningly. They are not looking for a fight, but will throw their full strength against the Garou if need be. Leather-clad, pierced and tattooed, the Sabbat are every parent's nightmare taken to an extreme. They are led by Skin-Job, who delights in wearing human faces as masks. Among the questions they ask is why the pack are looking for Rage-in-the-Streets. The Sabbat talk about the Red Talon almost as if he were a friend, or at least a business partner. Depending on whether the characters choose to fight the Sabbat or agree to a tense discussion, the vampires will take the Ngalyod Pack before their archbishop, Camille of Clan Lasombra.

Archbishop Camille explains that she made a deal with Pentex Australia's Chief of Operations, Jeffery Blight. Pentex would manufacture Space, and the Sabbat would distribute it in return for Pentex helping the Sabbat to conquer Perth's Camarilla. Pentex has gone back on its word, and Camille is eager for revenge. She tells the pack that Rage-in-the-Streets is Pentex's Space dealer, and that he can be found at Pentex's Gold Coast headquarters, where the drug is manufactured. In addition, Archbishop Camille warns the Ngalyod Pack that, through Pentex, she has learned that the Black Spiral Dancers are up to something big. Ordinarily she dismisses the Spiral Dancers as harmless religious lunatics, but this time, she says, whatever they're planning is about to hatch.

Pentex's Gold Coast headquarters is a moderately tall office building of glass and steel. In the Dreamtime, it rears as a tower of sinew and bone, oozing pus onto the surrounding landscape. The building is guarded by a Pentex First Team, supported by a human security force. If these defenses are penetrated, the pack find Rage-in-the-Streets in a drugged state, unable to move. The building is also a manufacturing plant for Space. Having defeated the security forces, the Garou should be able to destroy the Space plant and escape with the drugged Red Talon. Depending on what they do with the wretched lupus, the pack will gain the gratitude and enmity of various Council members. Felicia is grateful for the pack's help and offers to escort them to the Web of the Dreaming Hands, caern of the Stargazers. Perhaps there they may learn more of the Black Spiral plot.

The Edge of Despair

In this story the Ngalyod Pack has the opportunity both to rescue an entire tribe from the brink of destruction, and to learn more of its fate, foreseen by Grek Twice-Tongue. Arriving at Carnavon Gorge, the Ngalyod Pack is met by Monash End-to-the-Darkness. Monash is grateful for the pack's arrival, for his tribe is full of despair. It is all he can do to keep them from Harano. When the characters tell Monash what the Sabbat told them, he suggests they sleep in the Web of Dreaming Hands during a new moon. The next Ragabash moon is in three days time. Monash asks the characters to stay until then, and to help him raise the morale of his tribe. As Monash falls silent, a gunshot rings out. Rushing to the Stargazers' den, the characters and Monash find that Cherri Backward-Glance has killed herself, blowing her brains out with a shotgun. Indira Songs-of-Sorrow begins wailing, and Chisolm There-is-no-Hope runs out of the camp, crying that he will be dead by dawn.

To save the Stargazers, the Ngalyod Pack must use the special trust they have gained among Australia's spirits to contact Fog, the caern's totem. If the Garou talk to Fog, convince the spirit of the hopeless state of the tribe, and show Fog that the Stargazers mean the spirits no harm, the totem spirit will begin to speak with the Garou again. Fog will return some purpose to the Stargazers' existence by dedicating them to defend nearby Hinchinbrook Island from tourist development. On the third night of the pack's sojourn in Eungella, Monash leads them to the twin trees of the Web of Dreaming Hands. Nestled in the caern, they quickly fall into a comfortable sleep. As the night passes they share a series of strong and powerful visions.

They see: a stone falling from a black hand toward a still lake, but shattering upon the water's surface rather than sinking; the same hand squeezing life from a river; a rock red as the desert, red as blood, bursting open to birth a vile worm; a rainbow arcing over Mount Kosciusko, but turning black as it reaches its zenith and falling as a foul rain upon the alpine plains; a great white wolf slain by a dagger hurled from the dark; the snow gums that ring Crackenback Caern wilting and dying before a southern gale. The Storyteller may add other visions as she sees fit.

If the Ngalyod Pack cannot understand these visions, Indira Sings-of-Sorrow can help them gain understanding. She interprets the visions as a cry from Gaia, arising from a Black Spiral Dancer plot to corrupt the land. The Dancers are near their goal. Whatever it is they plan, it seems closely linked with Jindabyne. She urges the Ngalyod Pack to return to Jindabyne with all speed.

The Awakening

This story is the final chapter in "Dreaming the Dawn." It culminates the plots of the Black Spiral Dancers and Vlad Volaschky. When the Ngalyod Pack returns to Jindabyne,

it finds the Council as before save for the absence of Vlad Volaschky. The Councilors are working together better than ever, now that the disruptive influence of Fingal Flashing-Claws has been removed. Even Mamu begins to see advantages to some of the plans formulated by Darius, No'irin and Don Mephisto, which include coordinated, multatribal attacks upon Wyrm infestations in the Dreamtime. The Ngalyod Pack is to perform a major role in the coming seasons, first negotiating peace, then communication and understanding, and finally establishing cooperation between the long-estranged Dreamtime spirits and the Garou. The Council swears to give the pack every possible assistance it can provide. All present are disturbed by the Ngalyod Pack's news of the Black Spiral Dancers' plot, but agree that, in light of this new spirit of cooperation, whatever the Wyrm-spawn plan cannot possibly stand up to the combined might of the tribes.

Adding to this mood of hope is the Wendigo Joseph Blows-with-the-Wind, who calmly asks to be given a seat on the Jindabyne Council. He is greeted courteously, and it seems that he will have his wish. This may be because Vlad is once again absent from the council meeting. The Shadow Lord has sent an apology, claiming that Kinfolk business in Europe has called him away. He indicates that he will attend when this has been cleared up, whereupon he will address the Jindabyne Council concerning radical changes to Council operations. Most Councilors take this to mean he is disposing of another potential rival.

Suddenly, machine gun fire erupts nearby, and howls of pain and rage echo through the alpine air. On the slopes below, the pack beholds a scene of madness. Garou fight Garou with klaives and claws, while black-clad, machine gun-wielding humans fire rounds at the Silver Fang court with deadly accuracy. The attacking force, armed with silver, is advancing on the council. It is led by Vlad Volaschky and an elite guard of Shadow Lords.

The ensuing fight is bloody in the extreme, with neither side able to gain an advantage. At the height of the battle, with Vlad and his Kinfolk close to the caern itself, Boobook the Owl appears before the characters, fanning them with her wings. She screams at them to follow her into the Dreamtime, because the Rainbow Serpent itself is in danger. Boobook is accompanied by Kanau the Wedge-Tailed Eagle, Fog, and any other spirits the pack has befriended. This mass appearance of spirits temporarily halts the battle, as all the Garou stare in wonder. If the characters seize the initiative and call upon the Shadow Lords to join them in Ngalyod's defense, all but Vlad do so. If not, Vlad's forces surge forward, taking advantage of the confusion to cut down the forces arrayed against them. Should the characters linger, torn between helping the Jindabyne Council and the Rainbow Serpent, a terrible scream rings out. This cry is so loud and terrible that all drop to their knees, clutching their ears and screaming in agony. Overhead, a vast rainbow begins to arc through the clouds. Don Mephisto begs the pack to guide them.



In the Dreamtime, Boobook transports the pack to the upper slopes of Mount Kosciusko. Characters who have traveled to the cave where the last Bunyip died will recognize the site. Below them lies a small alpine lake, its waters boiling and hissing. A horde of Black Spiral Dancers stand around its shores, singing, howling and slashing themselves with klawes. Their black blood falls into the lake, turning its waters the color of night. From the center of the pool, a huge, round boulder (recognizable as the missing Devil's Marble) protrudes from the rippling surface, and a rainbow arcs from a cleft in the rock. It is Ngalyod, the Rainbow Serpent, awakened by the Black Spiral Dancers.

As the pack watches in horror, Ngalyod begins to turn black. Blackness comes from the egg and slowly consumes the serpent. Ringed about the lake, the ghosts of the Bunyip, in various forms, watch impassively. The pack become aware of another figure watching the ritual, and recognize Murulami the Dreamspeaker. He gestures wildly, running up to the Garou. Murulami, although bearing a deep hatred for all Garou, cannot stand to see Ngalyod corrupted and will help the Garou prevent it if he can. He tells the characters that the nameless stone fetish they possess is a scale of the original Rainbow Serpent, uncorrupted by the Black Spiral Dancers' ritual. If they affix it to the great snake, they can halt its contamination and purify Ngalyod.

The characters must fight their way to their beleaguered namesake and touch the stone to its side. If they succeed, Ngalyod regains a rainbow hue and rears into the sky, scattering and destroying the Black Spiral Dancers.

The Storyteller must decide how "Dreaming the Dawn" will end. If the pack fails to affix the scale or does not listen to Murulami, then the Black Spiral Dancers may succeed in bringing the Apocalypse nearer. The corrupted Rainbow Serpent will ravage the Dreamtime, and such destruction will inevitably spill over into the physical world. If the characters succeed in saving Ngalyod, they will have averted a great threat to the spiritual and physical realms. Perhaps the purified Ngalyod swallows the surviving Black Spiral Dancers, vomiting them out as White Howlers. If Ngalyod is wounded, its blood may splash onto the gathered Bunyip spirits, causing them to be reborn as Bunyip Garou. Ngalyod may be so angry that it attacks the physical world, destroying many European towns and settlements. The characters might gain Ngalyod as their true totem. If any members of the Jindabyne Council survive Vlad's treachery, the pack may be asked to fill the empty seats.

Although a great victory has been won (or defeat suffered), "Dreaming the Dawn" does not conclude the Garou's struggle to make peace with the spirits of this ancient land. Australia's Garou must still seek reconciliation with the ghosts of the Bunyip before the impending Apocalypse.



Appendix: *Dreamtime Totems*

Australia is a unique land, and its totems are equally unique. Australian Garou rarely follow American or European totem spirits, save for the Silver Fangs and Shadow Lords, who cling stubbornly to their old ways. Some of Australia's tribal totems are described below.

A few of the totems listed below are considered lost totems; they haven't been contacted since the death of the Bunyip. It would be considered a great honor to find one of these totems and ally with it. All members of the first pack to do so successfully will gain seven points of Wisdom. As yet, however, no Garou has even been able to find these totems, let alone ally with them.

Totems of Respect

Ngalyod the Rainbow Serpent (Lost Totem)

Background Cost: 8

The Rainbow Serpent was the Bunyip's chief totem and the major Australian Incarna. Since the tribe's extinction, Ngalyod has not contacted any other Garou. Indeed, it may be possible that Ngalyod is now bereft of power in Gaia's Realm and exists only as a ghost in the Umbra. The Rainbow Serpent appears as a vast, impossibly long snake; its scales are every color of the rainbow. No one has ever been tall or high enough to see Ngalyod's head and tail at

the same time. After a rain, the Rainbow Serpent could once be seen arcing from one pool of water to another in the Dreamtime. Today Ngalyod sleeps, exhausted from its grief over the death of the Bunyip. No one knows how the Rainbow Serpent will react if awakened.

Traits: Ngalyod gives each of her Children one permanent Honor and two permanent Gnosis dots. Any pack chosen by her will be greatly respected by Australian Garou, although they may well earn the enmity and envy of the Uktena, who have been trying to awaken Ngalyod for many years. Ngalyod's Children will never be attacked by Dreamtime spirits, although such spirits can and will defend themselves if they are attacked.

Ban: Children of the Rainbow Serpent must become parents as soon as possible, for the Rainbow Serpent is a spirit of creation and birth.

Mu-ru-bul Tu-ru-dun the Bunyip (Lost Totem)

Background Cost: 7

Bunyip was another favored totem of the Bunyip tribe, although little known by most European Garou. Settlers, hearing tales of Bunyip from the Aboriginals of Victoria and New South Wales, were terrified.

Bunyip is a fearsome beast: furred, flippered and scaled, with a long mane or beard and burning eyes. His bellow strikes terror into the boldest of hearts. Like Ngalyod, Mu-



ru-bul Tu-ru-dun has been neither seen nor heard since the death of the Bunyip tribe. When he appeared in the past, Bunyip was glimpsed in rivers or billabongs, his whiskered face staring mournfully up at the moon.

Traits: Bunyip teaches his Children two Gifts: Surface Attunement (as the Stargazer Gift) and Bunyip Boom (see Bunyip Gifts in Chapter Five). It was Bunyip who taught the Bunyip tribe these Gifts, as well as Billabong Stride.

Ban: Bunyip asks that his Children honor him by drowning one enemy each year in fresh water.

Kanau the Wedge-Tailed Eagle

Background Cost: 4

Kanau soars high over the mountains and outback on powerful wings. Nothing escapes his sharp eyes, and the wind whispers secrets to him as he roosts in his aerie. With powerful claws Kanau rends his prey, hurtling down upon it from on high.

Traits: Kanau teaches his Children Alertness 3 and the Level Two lupus Gift: Sense the Unnatural.

Ban: Kanau demands that his Children punish all who destroy his nests or those of his offspring.

Totems of War

I'wai the Crocodile

Background Cost: 5

I'wai the Crocodile is an old and patient Totem of War. He prefers to lie in wait for his prey rather than exert himself in a chase. I'wai is swift in the kill, holding his prey underwater with his strong jaws until it drowns.

I'wai is a friend of Otchout the Barramundi. Although I'wai's offspring eat Otchout's schools, humans who fish for barramundi are often taken by crocodiles.

Traits: I'wai has a tough hide, and his Children gain an extra die to their soak Dice Pools for each Rank they hold. I'wai also teaches his Children Primal-Urg 3. Mokolé will always be well disposed toward the Children of I'wai. The Gumagan of Arnhem Land, if they exist, reputedly revere I'wai as their totem.

Ban: As well as being forbidden to wear crocodile skin, I'wai's Children must always help those people seeking revenge against a foe.

Piggi-Billa the Echidna

Background Cost: 6

A totem of stubbornness and self-defense, spiny, ant-eating Piggi-Billa is particularly loved by metis Garou, who admire his self-sufficient character.

Traits: Piggi-Billa teaches his Children the metis Gifts of Burrow and Spines of the Echidna (as Gift of the Porcupine). Metis Garou who suffer the disfigurement of Weak Claws will, upon sacrificing a point of permanent Gnosis to Piggi-Billa, find their claws strong and healthy.



Des. #44.

Ban: Non-metis followers of Echidna must never ridicule or ostracize metis Garou. Metis Children of Piggi-Billa have no ban.

Yongar the Kangaroo

Background Cost: 7

Yongar is an athletic totem, valuing physical prowess and speed. He is alert and intimidating. Children of Yongar are energetic and brave, protecting those weaker than themselves.

Traits: Yongar teaches his Children Leap of the Kangaroo (as the lupus Gift). Children also learn Survival 3 and Intimidation 4.

Ban: Yongar's Children must always protect pups and elders from any threat.

Totems of Wisdom

Boobook the Owl

Background Cost: 4

Boobook is a versatile bird, small and dark, with golden eyes. Unlike other owls, she is active in the daytime as well as at night. Boobook is difficult to see, for her plumage allows her to blend into the foliage of the trees in which she roosts. Her flight is swift and silent.



Traits: Boobook teaches her Children adaptability; they may gain temporary aptitude with any Ability, at two dots, once per story. She also teaches her Children Stealth 3.

Ban: Boobook's Children must be adaptable and versatile, never becoming set in their habits or ways.

Note: Boobook is the only Owl totem in Australia; followers of the Owl totem (such as the Silent Striders) will gain alliance with Boobook instead.

Bougodoogahdah the Lyrebird

Background Cost: 5

Bougodoogahdah is a secretive bird who mimics the cries of other Dreamtime dwellers. He has a drab, brown body but a spectacular tail, shaped like a lyre.

Traits: Children who follow Bougodoogahdah gain Expression 2 and Subterfuge 2. They also learn the Skill Mimic, which allows them (with a successful Manipulation + Mimic roll) to duplicate a variety of sounds. The difficulty varies according to the nature of the sound: 6 for another voice, 9 for a car engine.

Ban: Children of Bougodoogahdah must never be flamboyant. They must dress in drab colors and may never be centers of attention. Their performances should be modest, always hidden from view.

Totems of Cunning

Moodai the Possum

Background Cost: 4

Moodai the Possum is an urban totem followed by many Bone Gnawers. A nimble and cautious spirit, Moodai adapts well to any environment, as do his Children. The Children of Moodai, although not respected, are often called upon to perform tasks unsuited to other Garou.

Traits: Moodai teaches his Children Stealth 3 and Survival 3. His Children also become adept climbers, subtracting three from the difficulties of all climbing actions.

Ban: Children of Moodai must leave fruit and other food for the many possums that forage in city parks.

Tulu the Kookaburra

Background Cost: 7

A staunch foe of the Wyrm, Tulu is always in good humor, laughing in the face of death. Tulu is an intelligent warrior and swoops down upon his prey, breaking their backs with a flick of his powerful beak. His manic laughter echoes across the Dreamtime. Tulu is sometimes called the Father of the Bunyip, for it was he who spilt the Rainbow Serpent's blood, from which the Bunyip were formed.

Traits: Children of Tulu have an irrepressible sense of humor and never suffer from Harano. Tulu teaches his Children Subterfuge 3 and the Gift of Laughter:

- **Laughter (Level Three)** — Children of Tulu can cause others to realize the humor of any situation — in fact, the uproarious hilarity of any situation.

System: The Child spends one Gnosis point and rolls Charisma + Expression (difficulty of the target's Willpower). If successful, the target is struck by how funny the situation is and breaks into peals of laughter. Any attack made by the target against the Tulu Child suffers a penalty of three to the Dice Pool (just looking at the Child is enough to cause the target to erupt into painfully spasmodic belly laughs).

Note: A character does not have to be Rank Three to receive this Gift; any Child of Tulu, regardless of Rank, can use it.)

Ban: Children of Tulu must kill any snake they see, symbolic of their battle against the Wyrm. The exception to this rule is any servant of the Rainbow Serpent.





Wyrm Totems

Ngadu-dagali the Brolga

Background Cost: 4

A totem of Cunning, the Brolga, an elegant dancing bird, is beloved by the Black Spiral Dancers. Ngadu-dagali is a great seducer, and Black Spiral packs who follow Ngadu-dagali are often involved in recruitment for the Wyrm.

Traits: Bastards of the Brolga are beautiful and may diminish the effects of a disfigurement. The Bastards are able to entrance enemies by rolling Charisma + Performance (difficulty of the opponent's Perception + Subterfuge) while performing an elaborate and graceful dance.

Ban: Bastards of Ngadu-dagali must never destroy objects of beauty.

Kendi the Frill-Necked Lizard

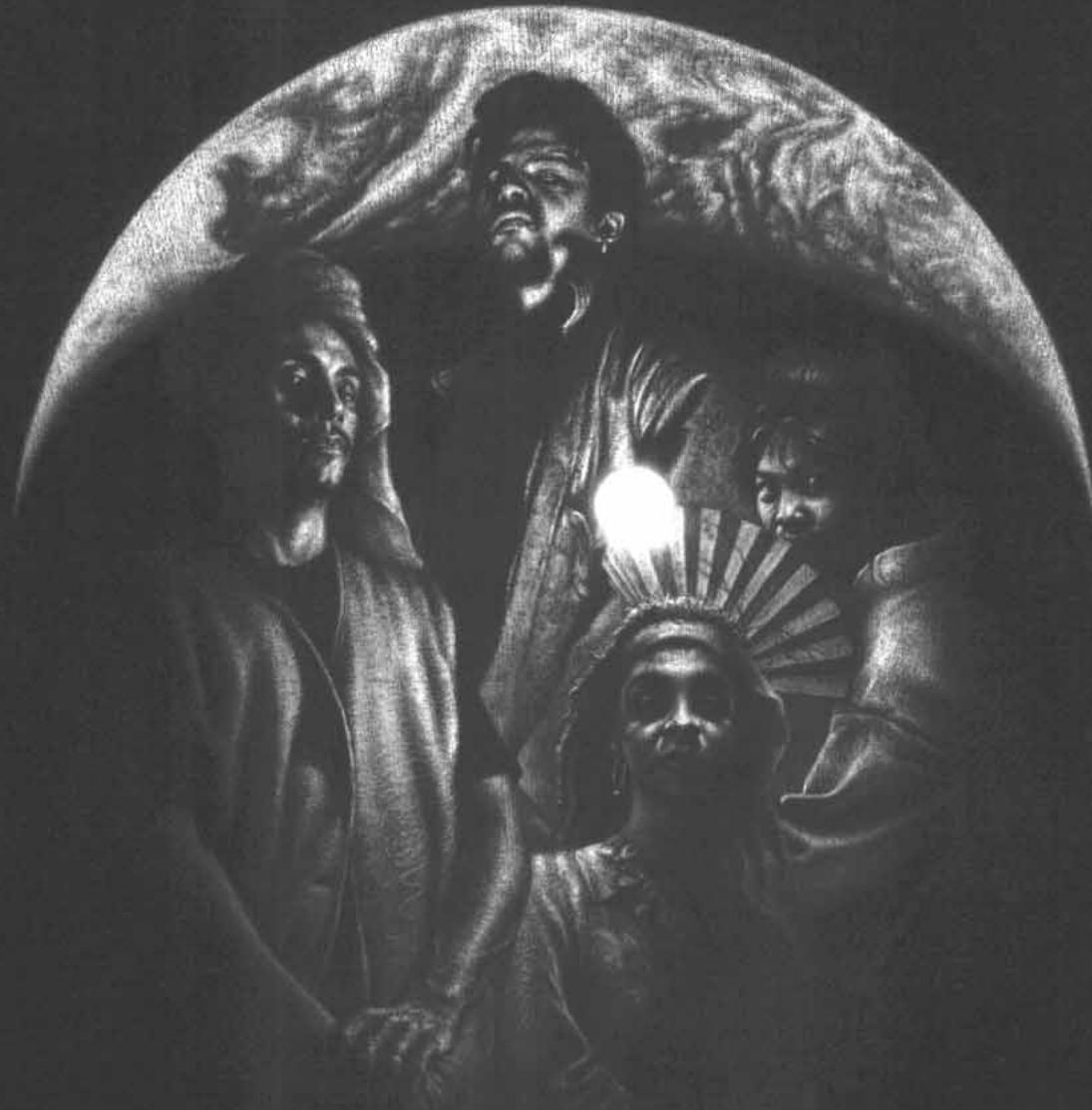
Background Cost: 8

Cruel Kendi is a totem of Strength. He lives in the harsh deserts of the Dreamtime and is jealous of all those who have more comfortable homes. His Bastards are sadistic and posturing.

Traits: Kendi teaches his Bastards Intimidation 5 and Survival 4. They also gain a spined neck-ruff of bone and scale, completely protecting their throats (three extra soak dice to attacks aimed at this area). Like reptiles, they may regulate their metabolism by absorbing heat, acting at up to double speed (two actions per turn) for a number of turns equal to their Homid form's Stamina. They may only do this once per scene, however.

Ban: Bastards of Kendi are forbidden material pleasures and must live in harsh conditions, never taking shelter from sun or rain.

FIVE YEARS IS A LONG TIME IN THE DARK.



WORLD OF
DARKNESS

Available Fall 1996

WORLD OF DARKNESS SECOND EDITION

When we started the Black Dog Game Factory line of horror game books, we were a little nervous. We'd stretched the conventional limits before, almost to the breaking point. We'd had books banned from GENCon® and dropped by retailers and distributors nationwide. We'd had trouble explaining our rather gory work to our maiden aunts and in-laws. We had to ask ourselves a few tough questions.

How would the "For Adults Only" rating affect sales?

Would we alienate younger players?

Would we offend older players?

Should we censor our products to "give the hobby a good image?"

Couldn't we accomplish the same level of horror and storytelling in a milder format?

Would this "new level" of horror gaming merely shock, or would it be what we really wanted: artistic exploration of disturbing themes and stories. In other words, would the new series be *Art*?

There were no easy answers. We decided to risk it (because that's how we think around here).

First HöL appeared on your shelves, then Giovanni Chronicles I: The Last Supper. Freak Legion, Dark Reflections: Spectres, Destiny's Price and Giovanni Chronicles II: Blood and Fire soon joined them. And all this time, we're still a little nervous. The books were popular, it didn't seem we'd offended or alienated anybody (no more than usual, anyway) and we were certain that these stories and issues needed that level of depth and terror. But we still weren't sure if it was... *Art*.



This July, to our immense relief and overwhelming pride, the Academy of Adventure Gaming Arts and Design presented us with the ORIGINS Award for Best Role-playing Adventure — for Giovanni Chronicles I: The Last Supper.*

Vindication at last.

Because even if we still doubt occasionally, we can look up at the plaque in our reception area and be reassured:

Whether these books are *Art* or not, they're good.

*(Mage: The Ascension Second Edition and the Mage Tarot Deck won awards, too, but we weren't worried about them.)