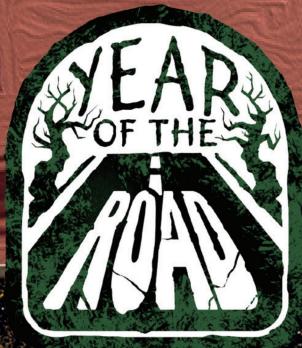


Rage Along

Route 1



Roleplaying Hints: You are a clever wolf. You are the master tactician of the pack. Offer direct guidance and focused answers. Your packmates tend to be overt and impulsive, and you often see strategies that are more oblique and sneaky.

You're much too small to fight by yourself, and will withdraw if you get cornered. Let one of the more aggressive pack members take the focus of an enemy, then come in from behind.

Image: Coy is a white and gray wolf with very large ears. He's particularly thin for a wolf, which is an indication of his coyote heritage. In human form he has curly, tangled blond hair and bright blue eyes.

Tribe: Silent Striders

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Ragabash

Nature/Demeanor: Follower/Judge

Rank: Fostern

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 4 (5/6/7/7), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/0/0)

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4 (Spotting weak points), Athletics 4 (Leaping), Brawl 3, Empathy 2, Primal-urge 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Etiquette 1, Larceny 2, Stealth 4 (Shadowing), Survival 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Investigation 2, Occult 2, Rituals 1

Backgrounds: Kinfolk 3, Pure Breed 2, Totem 4

Rage: 2

Gnosis: 5

Willpower: 6

Gifts: Blur of the Milky Eye, Hare's Leap, Open Seal, Axis Mundi, Blissful Ignorance, Scent of Sight

Rites: Talisman Dedication



The Gifters

Operating out of Georgia, the Gifters are a recently formed pack of Fostern werewolves noted for their secretive nature and their habit of finding and making trouble. Claiming no home Caern, the pack moves up and down the Eastern Seaboard along Route 1 on motorcycles flanking an outsized van that stores their gear and hauls a camper they sleep in by day. The Gifters do not openly declare their purposes and seldom state their business even when they do ask permission to cross a given caern's bawn, other than that they are pursuing a threat of the Wyrm. The Gifters are presented here as advanced ready-made characters, they have approximately 80 experience on their sheets.

Mariika“Shadowblade”

History: Raised by your grandmother in the suburbs of Atlanta because your father was incarcerated for murder and your mother died while serving in the military, you had to learn a lot of self – reliance from an early age. And then your grandmother died when you turned 13. Having no next-of-kin aside from your father, you were stranded in the foster care system. Unsurprisingly, your grades plummeted, and you fell in with a rough crowd, learning all sorts of skills they don't teach in books. When you aged out of foster care, you started couch surfing, stealing to make ends meet. Things went wrong one night and ended with several dead gang members in a back alley with you howling at the moon, black furred and furious. You fled into the night, only to be found by the last person you expected – your mother.

Turns out, 'What doesn't kill you, makes you stronger' should have been the family motto. Your mother had been serving in the armed forces, and was reported killed in action, but the roadside bomb that should have killed her instigated her First Change. Her service to Gaia had kept her far from home, but she checked in when she could, losing track of you when her mother died and she couldn't find any kin to get you out of foster care. Further, your father was sent to prison for a crime he did not commit, and both of you have been looking for evidence to clear his name. Your mother arranged a place for you at a local caern, but after your Rite of Passage, you made your own way as soon as you could sneak off.

Over the course of your misadventures, you gathered

a most unlikely pack around yourself, and when you approached your mother for help binding them together, she sensed what you were really after, and gave you the family Klaive with which to take out an out of control Shadow Lord.

With the help of your pack, you resolved the situation, leaving no trace of your or your pack's involvement. Certain interested parties within the Shadow Lords now look upon your pack with approval, and have been steadily feeding you work, occasionally assisting in covering your tracks. Still, you must keep moving. Doing what must be done has made you many enemies, after all . . .

Roleplaying Hints: It's time to punch back. You understand your experiences have made you strong, and the first and hardest lesson was to look out for yourself first. Listen constantly, eavesdrop as often as possible, and only speak up when no one is pointing out the obvious flaws in a given plan that could get you killed.

Paranoia is a well-honed defense mechanism for you, and sleeping with one eye open comes as second nature. Your only solace is your pack, a group of misfits you have a strange sort of kinship with. You do not expect it to last; good things never do. You love it when people underestimate you – it makes besting them all the more satisfying.

Image: Marika has the look of a perpetual teenager, with her small stature, pixie cut black hair, and perpetual scowl making people prone to underestimate both her age and her physical capabilities. Marika dresses in biker's leathers, with a full trench coat which conceals her many hidden knives, which now include her family Klaive, Shadowblade.



Tribe: Shadow Lords

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ragabash

Nature/Demeanor: Competitor/Rebel

Rank: Fostern

Physical: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5) Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5)

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4 (Half-Truths) (2/1/1/1) Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception (Uncanny Senses) 4, Intelligence (Lateral Thinking) 4, Wits (Cunning) 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 4 (Subtle Threats), Leadership 2, Primal-Urge 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 5 (Planting Poison)

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Larceny 3, Melee 4 (Knives), Stealth 5 (Urban Environments), Survival 2

Knowledges: Academics 1, Computer 1, Enigmas 3, Investigation 2, Law 2, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Rituals 2, Technology 1, Herbalism 2 (Poisons)

Backgrounds: Ancestors 3, Fetish 4, Pure Breed 3, Resources 1, Totem 3

Rage: 3

Gnosis: 4

Willpower: 7

Gifts: Persuasion, Master of Fire, Open Seal, Blur of the Milky Eye, Aura of Confidence, Fatal Flaw, Seizing the Edge, Shadow Weaving, Whisper Catching, Blissful Ignorance, Pulse of the Prey, Taking the Forgotten, Cold Voice of Reason, Luna's Armor

Rites: Rite of Binding, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Song of Silent Death

Fetish: Shadowblade, her family Klaive, so named because of the black tarnish her ancestors applied to the blade to help blend in with the shadows better. Marika always has it on her person, and it is the only knife she carries she doesn't coat in poison.

Gavin “Ceart Crua (Hard Justice)”

Clabach

History: Your mother bore you in secret shame and abandoned you to be raised by a small sept of Fianna in the Appalachian Mountains of Tennessee, never even giving you a name. The sept alpha, Eamonn “Croi Ladir (Strong Heart)” Ardghal, named you for one of his fallen grandsons and for your most obvious physical trait – Calbach means ‘Bald’ in Irish Gaelic, after all, and you have never once grown a hair anywhere on your body.

While the Alpha treated you fairly and punished those who abused you whenever he could catch them, he could not be everywhere and could not protect you from the ceaseless scorn you got from the rest of the Sept. Your life was hard and full of drudgery as every farou above you took advantage of your station to pile work upon your back, but you endured it as best you could, for you knew nothing else. Your only solace was in Eamonn’s house, where in your few moments of respite, the Elder Philodox allowed you to read from his collection of books, a privilege accorded to no other cubs, and one for which you suffered greatly because of their jealousy.

When it came time at last for you to undergo your Rite of Passage, the Master of the Challenge, no friend to you, issued you a much harder test than the other cubs received, and quietly gloated when you failed. In fact, it took you three attempts at the Rite of Passage to succeed, each issued by a different garou, all of whom hated you.

Your time at the Sept came to an end when the alpha was bullied into performing the Rite of the Winter Wolf, but even at the last, his kindness for you surprised you, for he passed over several of his own kin to gift you with two of his prized possessions, his sword Geilleadh Eagorach, a Stinger Blade whose name means Unjust Submission, and his Truth Earring, both gifts which should have gone to his descendants, and you knew it. After the right you slipped away while no one was looking, taking everything you owned with you, and never looking back.

You have been to many other Septs in your travels, and nowhere is a Metis like you ever going to truly be welcomed as an equal. You have made yourself plenty of enemies by calling out Litany Breakers as your Auspice demands, but justice never seems fair to them when it comes from the lips of a walking reminder of the consequences of violating the Litany. After one particularly harsh judgment,

the packmates of the garou you ordered punished decided to take out their frustrations on you, only for you to be rescued by Marika Shadowblade and her friends Gunther, Adsila, and Vera, because Marika liked your style and felt your call was both right and fair.

They have been the only garou to treat you as an equal, and when your group formally joined in a pack, to your surprise and everyone else’s, Marika made you her Beta, though her reasoning may have had something to do with the fact that you were the only one not to challenge her for the Alpha’s job. Now it is your unofficial duty to pronounce sentences on those your pack chooses to ‘Gift’, and you relish every moment of handing out well-deserved punishments.

Roleplaying Hints: Bitterness doesn’t even begin to describe how you feel about the Garou Nation and just about everyone in it. All of them break the Litany, all the time, and Luna had a good laugh at your expense by making it your duty to hold them accountable.

The Law is your sword and Tradition your shield, and you are skilled at putting Litany Breakers on their heels, and you are especially harsh to those who mistreat those ‘beneath them’. But sometimes, formal justice doesn’t allow you to deal with those who deserve punishment – and that’s where you and your pack turn to other methods . . .



Image: Gavin prefers his Homid form to all others – it is where his deformity is least obvious. Aside from his bald head, his most noticeable features are

his piercing blue eyes, which might be attractive if Gavin was not prone to staring at people hard enough to punch through a brick wall. Gunther calls him 'Mr. Clean', and though Gavin doesn't get the reference, with the Truth Earring in his ear, the resemblance is uncanny.

Gavin dresses like his friends, in trenchcoats and biker leathers, though he prefers to drive the van which hauls their gear and the camper they sleep in when they pull off the road for the night. He conceals Geilleadh Eagorach in his trenchcoat, and doesn't poison it out of respect for its purpose, but he has plenty of other big knives as well, and whenever the group plans a job that can be done at range, he will grab his hunting bow and quiver of arrows, some of which are bane arrows, just in case.

Tribe: Fianna

Breed: Metis (Deformity: Hairless)

Auspice: Philodox

Nature/Demeanor: Deviant/Judge

Rank: Fostern

Physical: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5) Dexterity 3

(3/4/5/5) Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 1 (0/0/1/1)

Mental: Perception 5 (Detail Oriented), Intelligence 4 (Creative Logic), Wits 3
Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Expression 2, Intimidation 4 (Invoking Tradition), Leadership 1, Primal-Urge 4 (Shifting Forms), Subterfuge 4 (Planting Evidence)

Skills: Crafts 2 (Bowyer/Fletcher), Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Melee 3, Stealth 4 (Forest), Survival 2, Archery 4 (Quick Shot)

Knowledges: Academics 3, Enigmas 3, Investigation 4 (Finding Evidence), Law 4 (Accusing Litany Breakers), Medicine 2, Occult 2, Rituals 3, Science 1, Herbalism 2

Backgrounds: Fetish 4, Pure Breed 3, Totem 3

Rage: 6

Gnosis: 6

Willpower: 8

Gifts: Primal Anger, Sense Wurm, Fangs of Judgment, Resist Pain, Scent of the True Form, Truth of Gaia, Persuasion, Resist Toxin, Two Tongues, Curse of Hatred, Form Mastery, Sense Silver, Command the Gathering, Howl of the Banshee

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Moot Rite, Rite of Binding, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Song of Silent Death, Rite of Ostracism, Stone of Scorn, Voice of the Jackal,

The Hunt, Breath of Gaia, Greet the Moon, Hunting Prayer, Prayer for the Prey

Fetish: Gavin carries two Fetishes. He wears a Truth Earring at all times, inscribed with the Gaelic phrase "Labhair aon Lui (Speak no Lies)", which he reflexively activates in the presence of any garou not of his pack. The other fetish is called Geilleadh Eagorach (Unjust Submission), a Stinger Blade (Hammer & Klaive, P. 79) that takes the form of a heavy Celtic broadsword, which Gavin uses primarily to chastise other garou who become irrationally violent in his presence, quickly beating them into submission for others to restrain. He never uses it as a killing tool.

Gunther "Thunder's Roar" Halle

History: All your life, you have tried to behave yourself and follow orders, but it just hasn't worked out. An Army brat, you moved everywhere as your father climbed the ranks, but despite it being a rootless childhood, it was a good one, though your temper caused you nothing but trouble. Your father tried to help you channel that anger into sports like football, boxing, and wrestling, and while you were never good at school, you were always good with your hands, and when you graduated, you followed your Dad into the Army, putting in three tours in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Even the Army's discipline wasn't effective against your anger, and a scuffle with a superior netted you a General Discharge, and that only because your father pulled some strings to keep it from being Dishonorable. You came home to Savannah, got an Associate's as an Automotive Technician, and found a good job at a small repair shop, joined the volunteer Firefighters and a couple of local gyms where you boxed and wrestled to stay in shape and keep working out your anger. You even started saving to open a shop of your own specializing in custom motorcycles.

Your First Change came relatively late in your twenties, when you were working late at the shop and the boss was doing inventory. A pair of street toughs stuck a gun in your boss's face, telling him to give them the contents of the safe. They didn't see you, and when you came around the corner to see what was going on, one of them shot first and didn't get to ask questions, because you ripped his face off seconds later. Your boss survived your rampage by hiding behind the parts desk, and when you were finished with those two and their

two friends who came in after them to see what was going on, you came to your senses and back to your human form, your rage spent and the garage splattered with gore. Your boss was kin to another tribe and knew what to do, told you where to go and that someone would find you there, and he would clean up the mess and cover for you. You trusted him, and at the rendezvous point he sent you to, you were greeted by another garou, the Gatekeeper of the local sept, who got you in touch with your real kin, the nearby sept of Shadow Lords.

There you were indoctrinated, trained, and prepared for the war against the Wyrm. The soldier in you was familiar with the discipline, and you never forgot your combat training, but the enemies and the battlefields were new, and for the first time you were really able to cut loose with your anger. You were taken in by a pack and sent on one dirty job after another, but it was for a good cause so you didn't question it – not until the job was to make another garou not of the Wyrm disappear. T

hat's when you took exception to just following orders, and you siding with Marika Shadowblade was how she survived that particular attempt on her life. She took you with her when she skipped town, and you've been running with her and putting an axe, knife, or claw through mutual enemies ever since.

Roleplaying Hints: You are the textbook definition of the strong silent type, keeping your mouth shut and your opinions to yourself. You control your Rage as best you can with discipline and willpower, but you can't stand for injustice or pointless cruelty. The oldest member of your pack, you take on kind of a big brother role, watching out for everyone's needs. You trust your pack, follow your Alpha, and are somewhat leery of your Totem spirit, but you hope you are all on the same side.

You like building things and fixing things better than breaking things, but you're good at doing all three, and you do what has to be done to stick it to the Wyrm. You love nothing better than to cut loose in a chaotic melee, and your howling for the joy of battle earned you your Deed Name, and occasionally, the ire of your packmates, who usually prefer a stealthy approach.

Image: Gunther is over six feet tall and built like a brick wall. His hair is long, black, and wavy, and he often has a half-day's stubble on his square jaw. He dresses like the rest of the pack, in blue jeans and leather jackets, and carries a couple big knives hidden on his person. He keeps a liberated fire axe

strapped to his bike, and has a few saturday night specials collected from Wyrmspawn in the Van, for when the pack needs to make a killing look more like a gang hit and less like an assassination, though out of respect for their totem, he only uses them on targets that are already dead.



Tribe: Shadow Lords

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Nature/Demeanor: Soldier/Builder

Rank: Fostern

Physical: Strength 5 (7/9/8/6) (Powerful Arms), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6) (Steady Hands), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7) (Tireless)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 4 (Observant), Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4 (Ambushes), Athletics 4 (Weightlifting), Brawl 4 (Wrestling), Empathy 1, Intimidation 4 (Physical Presence), Leadership 2, Primal-Urge 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Craft (Automotive Repair) 4, Drive 4 (Motorcycles), Etiquette 1, Firearms 2, Melee 4 (Axes), Stealth 4, Survival 1, Archery 1

Knowledges: Computer 1, Enigmas 1, Investigation 1, Law 1, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Rituals 2, Science 1, Technology 2, Herbalism 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Kinfolk 3, Pure Breed 2, Resources 1, Totem 2

Rage: 7

Gnosis: 4

Willpower: 7

Gifts: Apcraft's Blessing, Master of Fire, Falling Touch, Inspiration, Seizing the Edge, Razor Claws, Spur Claws, Mark of the Wolf, Staredown, Spirit of the Fray, True Fear, Clap of Thunder, Luna's Armor

Rites: Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Song of Silent Death

Vera Boskova "Nightsong"

History: You always knew there was more to the world than meets the eye, but much like Cassandra, no one would ever believe you. You heard the spirits on the other side from an early age. Your parents initially dismissed the voices you heard as overactive imagination, assuming that you had a lot of imaginary friends, to make up for your lack of real ones. They never believed you when you said they really did talk back.

The voices got louder as you got older, and their whispers were disturbing, intense, incomprehensible, and constant, especially at night, which made it hard for you to sleep. This, in turn, made you an irritable, irrational person by day, prone to violent outbursts. After you struck a teacher in a fit of anger after you fell asleep in class, your parents finally took the voices you heard seriously, but the teacher pressed charges, and the only way to keep you out of juvenile hall was for your parents to agree to commit you to a mental institution.

Nothing about the experience was helpful to you. Therapy couldn't make the voices stop. The drugs either put you to sleep or made your agitated state even worse. At one point they even tried electroshock therapy, to no avail. Your 'fits' only got worse, and the voices became more and more insistent, and it culminated in one night where the orderlies had to restrain you, and the rage within you wouldn't be caged anymore.

You don't know exactly how you knew the mirror was the way out, but you did, and found your way to the other side at last, where you met the beings behind the voices. One of them gave you the ability to at last understand what they were saying to you, and they offered to take you away from this place, to meet your real family. The night spirits took you through the Umbra to a hidden grove, with a tree full of stormcrows who spoke with the collective voice of thunder.

What you discussed with Grandfather Thunder is a secret you have never shared. One of the stormcrows delivered you safely to a Sept on the far side of the state. There you learned the ways of garou, of the spirits, and of your duties as a walker between worlds. The Umbra fascinates you endlessly, and you spend as much time there as possible, risking disconnection to sate your urge to explore. The clear favor showed to you by the spirits attracted the attention of older theurges at the sept, including the ritemaster, who taught

you many things in exchange for secrets the spirits shared with you that would support his ambitions.

If he were not clearly using you for your spirit allies' knowledge, you might have almost called it a mentorship. But you bided your time, knowing your putative 'mentor' would one day make a mistake you could capitalize on, and while you were waiting for that day, the opportunity to curry favors with others arose. You were in the right place at the right time to warn Marika of the ambush planned for her, and when she survived it with the help of Gunther, you went with them, and have been traveling with them ever since. The night spirits, your true kin, seem to approve of the arrangement, so long as you keep singing to them.

Roleplaying Hints: The spirits watch, and if you listen carefully, there is nothing you cannot learn. You have harnessed your natural affinity to become a spiritual spymaster for your pack, and you provide them intelligence, advice, and more than a little bit of magic to get the job done, and you open the way to escape through the Umbra afterwards, where you try to persuade your friends to linger just a bit longer each time, so you can keep exploring. Speak softly, wait patiently, listen carefully, and make your move when the time is right.



Image: Vera is the youngest member of her pack, barely beyond a teenager. Tall, thin, and pale, with a long coil of hair black as night, she has the look of a goth girl stereotype with a wardrobe to match. Like most of her pack, she favors black leather that conceals poisoned knives, and travels the 'real' world by motorcycle.

Her spirit heritage manifests most strongly on the other side of the gauntlet, where her hair in all forms looks like a night without stars, her skin goes from pale to the white of moonlight, and her eyes are pools of black without pupils. The effect is most unnerving, especially to garou familiar with night spirits.

Tribe: Shadow Lords

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Nature/Demeanor: Explorer / Lone Wolf

Rank: Fostern

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5) Stamina 2 (4/5/5/4)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4 (2/1/1/1) (Forked Tongue), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

Mental: Perception 5 (Unnatural Awareness), Intelligence 4 (Insightful), Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4 (Paranoia), Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Empathy 4 (Hidden Motives), Expression 2, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Primal-Urge 4 (Reactions), Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 5 (Withholding Information)

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Larceny 2, Melee 2, Performance 3 (Singing), Stealth 5 (Shadowing), Archery 1

Knowledges: Enigmas 4 (Spirit Logic), Investigation 2, Medicine 3, Occult 4 (Spirit Lore), Rituals 4 (Mystic Rites), Herbalism 2

Backgrounds: Ancestors 3, Kinfolk 1, Spirit Heritage 5 (Night Spirits), Spirit Network 4 (Book of Auspices, P. 58-59 – Otherwise substitute Contacts, but specify all are Spirits), Totem 4

Rage: 4

Gnosis: 6

Willpower: 6

Gifts: Persuasion, Mother's Touch, Sense Wyrm, Spirit Snare, Spirit Speech, Umbral Tether, Aura of Confidence, Shadow Weaving, Whisper Catching, Command Spirit, Name the Spirit, Sight from Beyond, Cold Voice of Reason, Luna's Armor, Song of the Earth Mother

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Moot Rite, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of Binding, Rite of the Questing Stone, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Song of Silent Death, Rite of Summoning, Bone Rhythms, Greet the Moon, Hunting Prayer, Prayer for the Prey

Fetish: None, however, Nightsong knows how to create many common Talens, and usually has several talens with her, including Bane Arrows,

Chiropteran Spies, Gaia's Breath, Moon Glow, and especially Nightshade, the latter of which she has on her person at all times, and she regularly creates several vials of it for the pack's stealth missions.

Adsila "Seeks-the-Lost-Past" Passmore

History: Heritage has been impressed upon you from a very early age.

You were born i near the site of New Echota, the last Capital of the Cherokee Nation before their removal. Your father is from the Cherokee Nation in Oklahoma and is a lawyer specializing in tribal law, part of the legal team arguing for the rights of your relatives in the Georgia Tribe of Eastern Cherokee, from which your mother, a history teacher, descends. Both are firm believers in preserving the history and culture of your people, raising you and your three younger brothers speaking Cherokee, traveling to the small reservation in Qualla for Pow-Wows with your cousins in the Eastern Band of Cherokee, and constantly encouraging your interest in learning the traditional ways of your people. For them, it was a passion, but you have always felt it as a calling.

Your whole life, you have had vivid dreams of the old days, so much so that you could swear you lived these experiences. You dreamed – or was it remembered? - traveling on foot from the shores of the great ocean to the forests of the northeast near the great river, to the arid deserts of the southeast and the rainy coasts of the uttermost west. The symbol of the turtle figures prominently in many of your dreams, though you have never known why.

Chasing the feeling you get in your dreams, you immersed yourself in every activity that you experienced, hoping that by doing the things you experienced in your dreams, you might uncover their deeper meaning. You speak Cherokee better than most, have taken up several traditional crafts with varying degrees of success, and you have learned how to play and perform every dance at the Pow-Wow. None of it delivered the experience you were hoping. Instead of the deep, meaningful spiritual experience you were expecting, it was all little more than an empty dance, going through the motions without experiencing the meaning. Pouring your passion into everything you tried, you mastered the skills, but something was lacking.

After spending much of your adolescence chasing this passion, you acquired a reputation as a traditional, respectful youth, and a skilled

dancer much in demand to perform at ceremonial gatherings. It was at one such gathering you met Grandmother Nita, one of the few traditional medicine women still practicing the old ways. You arranged to see her privately to talk about your dreams. The old woman patiently listened, and suggested that your walk with the ancestors had only been physical, when the experience you needed was spiritual. Grandmother Nita suggested you choose a dream to reenact on a night when the moon was full and bright, and see if literally walking in the footsteps of the ancestors might produce the experience you were looking to achieve.

You took her advice, stashing away a bow and a quiver of arrows, preparing for a moonlit hunt in the nearest forest, slipping away under cover of darkness after everyone had gone to bed. You promptly got lost, as your completely unpracticed tracking skills left much to be desired, and it was only through sheer luck you ran across a doe, and immediately gave chase. It was faster than you, and even running as hard as you could, the doe was getting away. At last, you heard the ancestors, speaking loud and clear. "Why run on two legs when you can catch it on four?"

In the blink of an eye you were chasing it on four sleek paws. You howled in elation, calling all who heard it to join the hunt. To your surprise, another wolf joined you, coming in from the side, scaring the doe to bank left, right over a fallen tree, where it tripped and fell. Once you had eaten your fill, the other wolf asked if this was the experience your ancestors told you to find. It was Grandmother Nita, and she explained how to recover your human form, and much more besides.

Grandmother Nita is a Banetender of the Uktena, and she had been waiting for years for an opportunity to provoke your First Change. She knew of your impending change, as she had set a kin fetch upon you when your parents brought you in for a blessing, and she discovered you were trueborn garou. Without an Uktena Sept for several day's travel, she was all alone with her charge, and she was concerned that she was going to die without an apprentice to take over, with potentially disastrous consequences. Grandmother Nita wasted no time in grooming you to replace her. She introduced you to powerful spirits, arranged for your instruction in many Gifts, and taught you every rite you would need to keep the land purified and at peace. She impressed upon you the vital importance of her mission, which would become yours, and how the

monster she sat watch over could never be allowed to escape, and it would be your duty to prevent that from ever happening.

It was far more responsibility than you ever asked for, and you rebelled against her strict training in a way you never did before. It did not go well, but Grandmother Nita understands your youthful yearnings, as she was once a young garou as well, to fight the Wyrm and explore the Realm and Umbra alike, freedoms you will not have once you have taken up your duties as her replacement. At length, you got her to agree to give you two years to explore the world, and, if possible, find a replacement as her apprentice, but you swore a terrible oath on your true name and the sacred name of your tribal totem that if you cannot find such a successor, you will return and resume your apprenticeship.

Free at last, you wasted no time seeking a pack to join, and made common cause with several other young garou. You sometimes feel you may have chosen poorly in your haste to begin your adventuring, as this pack, while it includes many secret seekers not unlike yourself, has less interest in exploration than it does in stalking and slaying the hidden enemies of Gaia. You dare not share with them your secret mission on behalf of Grandmother Nita, and you know that your time to find your replacement is running out.



Roleplaying Hints: You are a woman on a mission – to see all that can be seen, do all that can be done, and find a way to keep doing it once your promise to your Mentor has run its course. You are in the company of many secret keepers, your totem

included, and while this does not discomfit you in the least, as you have become quite adept at keeping secrets yourself, but you find your pack's singular focus somewhat stifling. Your experiences with the Ancestors still tell you there is so much more to life to be experienced than you can imagine, and you want to see it all.

Image: Adsila is a striking Native American woman, with long black hair worn in a traditional braid. She affects a simple, functional wardrobe with small touches of Native decorations and rides a motorcycle to blend in with her packmates. She has added knives to her traditional hunting bow, though she still prefers to hold her opponents at range than to engage hand to hand.

Tribe: Uktena

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Galliard

Nature/Demeanor: Explorer/Traditionalist

Rank: Fostern

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5) Stamina 2 (4/5/5/4)

Social: Charisma 4 (Captivating), Manipulation 3 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 5 (Alluring) (4/0/5/5)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4 (Eavesdropping), Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Empathy 4 (Reading an Audience), Expression 3, Intimidation 1, Leadership 2, Primal-Urge 3, Subterfuge 4 (Seduction)

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Crafts 2 (Weaving), Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Melee 2, Performance 4 (Dancing, Flute, Singing), Stealth 4 (Shadowing), Survival 3, Archery 3

Knowledges: Academics 1, Enigmas 3, Investigation 3, Law 1, Medicine 1, Occult 3, Rituals 4 (Accord), Herbalism 2

Backgrounds: Ancestors 5, Kinfolk 2, Mentor 3, Pure Breed 2, Totem 2

Rage: 4

Gnosis: 5

Willpower: 6

Gifts: Master of Fire, Persuasion, Smell of Man, Beast Speech, Call of the Wyld, Heightened Senses, Perfect Recall, Sense Magic, Sense Wyrm, Shroud, Spirit Speech, Jam Technology, Speech of the World, Call of the Wyrm. Coils of the Serpent, Shadows at Dawn, Spirit of the Bird, Spirit of the Fish

Rites: Rite of Cleansing, Rite of Contrition, Rite of the Opened Sky, Moot Rite, Rite of the Opened Caern, Rite of the Glorious Past, Gathering for the Departed, Last Blessing, Rite of Binding, Rite

of Heritage, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Song of Silent Death, Rite of Summoning, Bone Rhythms, Breath of Gaia, Greet the Moon, Greet the Sun, Hunting Prayer, Prayer for the Prey

Fetish: None, but Adsila has learned to make several common talens, and usually has a few on her person, intended to serve as traditional payment for instruction in Gifts and Rites.



Highwayman

Background Cost: 4

The Highwayman is a singer dressed in pure black, he can be found in various bars, honky tonks, and dive bars. The establishments around Route 1 are his favorites and he can frequently be found along the East Coast. Packs who seek out the Highwayman never find him, he chooses those he wishes to support. The Highwayman sways packs to his service with promises of glory, fame, and strong drink. To catch his eye at least one member of the pack must already have some musical talent. He normally discovers those who are willing to play on a bar's stage for the benefit of the crowd. The Highwayman loves to play alongside his followers and frequently appears for jam sessions with his packs.

Traits: The Highwayman's children must all be musicians and gain 3 dots of Performance (Instruments). They also gain 5 free dots as a pack in Contacts and Allies who are associated with the places the Highwayman can be found.

Ban: All packs who follow the Highwayman must dress in black and play instruments. Most form traveling bar bands so they can follow their totem's ban and make some money along the way.



Deadly Nightshade

Background Cost: 7 Points

Description: An ancient spirit, known to exist since the first poisonous plant was deliberately cultivated by Man, Deadly Nightshade is a secretive and reclusive creature who revels in her role as the Queen of Silent Death. Seldom sought as a totem by most garou, who question both her methods and her allegiances, she is nonetheless quite willing to patronize packs who seek her favor, as long as they obey her will and keep her secrets as well. To find Deadly Nightshade, the pack seeking her must each drink from a common cup of wine into which each has added a drop of their blood. The Ritemaster adds a single drop of a nightshade extract to the wine and mixes it well, and each packmate then drinks from the resulting concoction before crossing into the Umbra. The journey to find Deadly Nightshade is never an easy one, and often leads through dark forests and secret caves no light will penetrate, but the pack must show no fear in going forward, until the Queen of Silent Death appears among them to hear their plea for her favor.

Traits: No natural poison can affect the children of Deadly Nightshade. Her children also gain three dice to any rolls to resist the effects of supernatural poisons, including most Wyrm Toxins, and they halve any damage taken from such sources after their soak is applied. Deadly Nightshade grants her children three dots each of Stealth and Subterfuge, along with two dots of the secondary ability Herbalism as well. Finally, Deadly Nightshade teaches her children a secret version of the Rite of Spirit Awakening called the Song of Silent Death, which can only be used on poisonous plants or on doses of prepared poison, though when used on prepared poison, the difficulty to perform the rite is two higher. Successfully performing this rite will grant supernatural potency, changing the poison's damage from Lethal to Aggravated, and making any poison enhanced with this rite effective against any living creature, even those normally resistant to poisons. Revealing the secrets of the Song of Silent Death to anyone not bound to the service of Deadly Nightshade will invoke a terrible curse on the one who betrays the secret of the Rite, and they will immediately lose her protection from poisons along with all the benefits of having her as a totem, and forever after the betrayer will double all poison damage they suffer, and other allies of Deadly Nightshade will be tasked with their elimination.

Ban: Deadly Nightshade requires that her children kill silently whenever possible, and use no tools to deliver death that cannot be coated in her venom. Packs in her service often poison their weapons and carry vials of poison to coat their claws and fangs, knowing that it can do them no harm. Because no firearms can either carry her poison or deliver truly silent death, no packs in Deadly Nightshade's service will risk using them, and Deadly Nightshade will abandon those who do use firearms when they had any other choice. Other garou aware of the pack's allegiances will consider them cowardly and question their motives, causing them to lose 1 Glory and 1 Honor from any temporary awards they receive. In addition, Deadly Nightshade will sometimes approach the pack to command them to slay a target of her choosing.

