

WHO'S
WHO
AMONG
WEREWOLVES

GAROU SAGA



The Garou remember.

The werewolves tell the tales of their greatest heroes, keeping alive the Ways. Stories as old as time and even older, stories stretching back to the dim mists of prehistory and stories as new as yesterday.

The Garou must remember.

For when the stories are no longer told, then the Dying Race will die.

GAROU SAGA

WHO'S WHO AMONG WEREWOLVES



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Author's Dedication

To Vassily Aksyonov, teacher of Gogoliana and author of *The Burn* and *Generations of Winter*.

That night was a very special night in my life, a night like a beacon. After such a night you could go into the wastes of Siberia, you could even go to prison, but the glow of that night would continue to brighten your life for a long time.

— Vassily Aksyonov, *The Burn*



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Because of the mature themes involved, reader discretion is advised.

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Introduction

Listen, Gaia! I am the Bard,
Fianna's great Galliard,
Chosen by my kindred to sing
Songs that the great ancestors bring;
Ancient songs sung to haunting tune
Before this throng below the moon,
Memories of the distant wars
Hallowed to Mother Gaia's cause!
Songs of the warrior blood shed
Which stained the earth like autumn's dead,
Fed to us since Impergium
When men were blind, afraid and dumb,
Before Weaver's cities took bloom
And brought our wild wolf kin doom.
Men attacked, afraid to fail
Before us, before the Veil.

Long was that howling primal fight:
The werewolves in the woods of night,
Men huddled in their towns of clay,
Fearing night, singing hymns to day.
So distant it is to describe
When all Garou were of one tribe.
Here even past lives all but seem
The echo of a vanished dream,
When one tribe ruled the ancient night
Holding Gaia's laws with wolf might.
It is when that first tribe scatters
That we reach the gold that matters:
For one scatters into the throngs,
Making thirteen heroic songs.

Now the old tales I will sing,
The legends that the moon will bring.
I will sing of the noble wolf,
Hunter of man-print and the hoof,
Guardian of the hidden north
Whose howling hurt was driven forth
From their old southern hunting ground.
By Weaver's children wolf brought down,
By Wyrms driven from the old land.
At last Wyld must take a stand,
Break snares and chains and then fight back!
Hunt the Wyrms' tools — Attack! Attack!
Make Gaia's defilers bleed and die
Beneath the moon, beneath the sky!
The claw that digs! The tooth that rips!
The fighters of Apocalypse!

From desert sands to lands frozen
Come the Garou — Gaia's chosen!
Children of the hurt hidden earth,
Bloody in both their death and birth,
Gaia's fighters, our scouts prowling,
The night hears our werewolf howling.
Our foes know that Garou are near.
They taste their death in draughts of fear.
In fear they run with hurried breath,
The sheep that meet the hound of Death.
And throughout the deep nighttime skies,
The howling of a thousand cries
Summoning the tribes to be true,
The thirteen tribes of the Garou.

From the Fianna's master myths,
I bring to you the thirteen gifts,
Gifts of heroes from every age
Written in blood in Gaia's rage.
Ancestral songs from each tribe's lore,
Thirteen tales of Wyld's War,
The wars our people will fight
When comes Apocalypse night.
Thirteen tales we shall sing yet:
From Strider, Walker and the Aet,
From Gnawer and old Wendigo,
The secret that the Gazers know,
Songs of Furies and Glass Walkers,
Songs from the Talon wolf stalkers,
Tales from the old Silver Fang,
And the duel the Fianna sang,
The Uktena shaman of old,
And Gaia's Children, wise and bold —
Told and merged in the bardic spell,
The tales that this bard will tell.

But one tribe we will hear of yet,
The tribe we lost and won't forget.
Lost from the Wyld long ago,
Our dark brother and hated foe,
Gaia's evil growing cancer,
Wyrms embraced Black Spiral Dancer.
Then all wolf songs will have been told,
The great Garou tales of old.
The moot is ready to give ear
To the fourteen songs they will hear
Reflected in midnight's waters,
Gaia's mighty sons and daughters.
Now come forth, kinsmen, and listen —
The tales that will now begin!



Klaital of the Stargazers

Klaital's Journey

I was the seeker of the Garou slain,
Searching for wisdom in the Wyld's pain.

I was the fire of wolf desire — and I
Howled pure with the Talons through the northern sky.

Pondering on lost words left by the wise,
I sought the noble ideal through silver eyes.

Then falling down, I found the fearful road
Carved by the embittered Shadow Lord.

Enough of strife! I found the city stalkers
And learned of men from the old Glass Walkers.

I felt the wrath of Furies, but could not seem
To find those golden shards of my haunting dream.

The dream, shown strong to me in younger days,
When I grasped it turned to ephemeral haze,
A taunting mirage taken by winds blowing
Through my youth. That distant star! That light glowing!

But I did not see my shadow as a man.
I gazed at stars, pondering that night land.

It seemed all Garou paths had but one goal:
Dancing to the tune of a single soul!

Pack and tribe were the Garou's true home,
Yet from pack and tribe I was removed alone.
Tears I wept for the Weaver, Wyrn and Wyld,
And sorrow I held for the human child.

I turned to men, whose ancient troubled tomes
Of wisdom I found under crumbling domes —
The laws of Solon and Zeno's paradox
And the bones of a saint in a wooden box.
Plato's idea of Forms danced before my eyes
Until Aristotle named them noble lies.

The words of Confucius told of the good life,
Yet the Buddha's teachings spoke of sorrow's strife
Of being, the Brahman looked at karma's laws,
Jesus Christ spoke forgiveness of sin's flaws,
The Hebrew books and words of the Prophet read —
And was no nearer my goal than the cold dead.



I reflected then that words writ down were bare
Of experience's harsh awakening snare!
Looking in winter, I saw that each snowflake
Was alone of individual make,
But the Garou seemed to lack the spirit's spell
Of individuals who are free to dwell
In Gaia's realm. I thought some hidden bond
Held them in life and in the dark beyond.
I resolved to go across the moon's highway
To the Umbra Realms, but I was lead astray
By the Faerie Folk with their songs and spells
And wistful fancies sung on sacred dells.

I had seen the Impergium cause much grief
To the race of man; I sought relief.
By the constant killing, we but teach
Our prey to kill. The Garou overreach
Their aim. Already we have slain the Gurahl bears.
Other werebeasts whisper, "Garou! Beware!"
My Kinfolk cannot see the path we tread.
Where light is strong, the shadow causes dread,
Men pushed to the Wyrn and Gaia made to weep.
At wisdom's loss I sought the Harano sleep.
Long had I been removed from my Garou kin.
This I knew: the journey out is the journey in.

From the Harano sleep, none have returned to light
To give report from despair's dark night.
In death does Harano push life beyond
Other paths forsaken to break life's bond.
From the east I came, to no direction go,
To fly to the desert and forge a soul.
What did I see on those shifting sands
Of strange adventures in many lands?
The great lost desert of dried-up tears,
Forlorn of hope and forlorn of fears,

Cinnamon winds reached me on that weary road,
Walking forever under heavy load.

In lush forests young with youth's desire
At last I came and met with eyes afire
King Peorkel of the monkey folk.
Eager to discard my heavy yoke
And be my friend, he was swift to learn
That my load was poison. His hands did burn
Upon touch. He told me to forsake my quest
And stay, but although weary I could not rest
Nor stay in the company of another.
He seemed discouraged, this simian brother!
I left him lonely in his land of trees,
Scenting the riddle in uncharted seas.

Now as my heart began to fill with gloom,
I sought Kresh Fala of the panthers, whose doom
It was to ask and reason each riddle,
A young woman's game. She saw me the middle
Of every question. I pushed forth still
To icy realms where the blizzard devils fill
The howling winds of our empty desires.
Cold their fare after Afric's fires!
Hoorumal their master, wise old devil,
Was given to despair by earth's evil.
I held my own, and in solitude strode
To the World's Edge with weighty load.

I arrived there at the Edge, and alone
Heard the grinding ice of that frozen zone.
Beyond the noise I pushed my sole will
To the furthest reaches where the ice was still.
My dying heart urged me, bloody and torn,
To the desolate place where despair is born.
In Desolation's heart, I despaired at last



And gave up all hope as my life strength passed
At the navel's heart. In wolf form I sought death
When distant light caught my dying breath!
A glowing star, its brilliance shone
In that forlorn place I lay alone!

The deeping lights reached out, and I grasped
At the mysterious star whose light I clasped
And anew was born in that land of woe.
The hidden star within caused my eye to show
Me many things, my form in a crystal lake,
And infused with being, I did forsake
All pack allegiance. I was myself alone
In that icy land where I awoke new born!
Laughing, I leaped onto the ice which mirrors
My fleeting form over fleeing years.
More than myself I saw, many shades,
A multitude mourning as memory fades.

I howled with the wolf shades and laughed with men,
And insight into all hearts began.
The noble wolf I saw driven forth
Before the hunters into the north.
Adam's children improves his tools and weaves
Cities of wonder while the Garou grieves
The open spaces conquered, the death of herds,
The truths then the philosopher's game of words.
The arcane secrets were hidden, and the spells
Become passwords for mages in secret guilds.
The Faerie Folk retreat to their dreaming home.
In man's city, the vampire laughs alone.

With clear vision, I beheld as a child
The ways of the Weaver, Wyrms and Wyld,
The triple riddle of dark infinity,

The answer to ancient harmony.
But the union broke, wild Garou
Attacked Weaver's children and slew and slew.
This smashed to pieces the ancient pattern,
Each shard torn and angry, which further shatters
The original. The wild blind slayers
Drove Weaver mad as her children's prayers
Caused her descent. She then wove dark desires —
Such are Weaver's destructive fires.

Into the heart of the triple Wyrms I stared
And guessed the riddle of the doom ensnared,
Thrashing for release in the old abyss.
From the Garou's hatred we created this:
Our darkest foe, our evil other,
The shadows of our wants, our taboo brother.
The unexamined find the Wyrms without.
Within we must begin the darkest doubt.
And within I stared, then cast my eyes afar
On the bright lights of that distant star!
Finding my faith in that pale fire,
The single star that was my old life's pyre.

I pondered on my race, our numbers thinning
And retreating with our hopes of winning.
War against the Wyrms, gaining Gaia's blessing,
Cause many to await doom and guessing
When that holy war would come and make a-right
The world. Whose tribe would lead the final fight?
I unclasped the broach of despair, and it fell
With the Harano into the dark night's hell.
Awake I stepped and blessed that faithful star
Seen in that crystal ice and reflected far
Off every glinting gleaming arctic strand
Of snow in that enchanted winter land.

One step, and Hoorumal in his despair
Received the spark of light into his care
Given as a Word. The blizzard devils tossed
Aside their white raiment, in colors lost
Their sorrows, and danced and laughed and sang,
That empty land with their echoes rang.
Another step, before me Kresh Fala's form
I touched, and in her panther eye there shown
With sparkling light my gift of the hidden Word.
I stepped and asked Peorkul, "Have you heard?"
The monkey danced with laughter when I spoke
The Word of light to the monkey folk.

Where I walked, the spring flowers grew and bloomed,
Fresh waters fell, and the earth was renewed.
My barren landscape from desert sands
And the pole's fierce ice are but the strands
I saw within, but now the sacred light
Opened my vision to both day and night.

And the light was with me ever after
In deepest solitude or wisdom's laughter.
Awake! I told the Garou, showed them the way
To find the light, I brought Promethian day.
They did not come. I heard in undertone,
"The path of Klaital is the path alone."

So it has proved. Many autumn leaves have died,
And no disciples come to my lonely side.
The seasons change, and the lengthening years
Do not break my hope in this vale of tears.
In solitude I do not regret my goal
That found the star path which made me whole.
I leave for others in code and story
My path. Others will find great glory
In the path of the star, to reach beyond
Ourselves and find wisdom when we break our bonds.
But I grow sad, and even in wisdom's noon,
I long for wolf songs under the autumn moon.





DIT
ERL
IZZI

Shu Horus of the Silent Striders

Exodus

Before the wolf gave Rome her kings,
Ere Troy of old Priam's pride,
Ere Wisdom to Solomon sings,
Stood Egypt where old secrets died.

Beneath the sands of Sakkara
And whispered in old Ashmonein,
The curse they heard in Dendera
Carried by winds from Levantine.

Set came to the Middle Kingdom,
Grandson of lost undying Cain,
Drank blood as he had in Edom,
Spreading Cain's curse to Nile's plane.

Beneath the Valley of the Kings
In western Thebes nigh Luxor,
Set built his catacomb dwellings
Whence spread his dark plague like fever.

The night-laughter by the Nile,
The fear that fell on Pharoah's tomb,
The Embraced Rites, old and vile,
The dead king who laughed at doom.

Words were whispered to priest and scribe
From the Nile's mouth to old Punt.
Osiris heard of Set's night tribe,
And Egypt's priests began their hunt.

So began the war of old night
Fought in the tombs and lonely spots.
Ancient darkness and ancient light
Fought at court with whispered plots.

In Egypt, in the desert sands,
Dwelt the desert Silent Striders,
The wolf-changers of the Pharoah's lands,
Egypt's wizards and pathfinders.

Old Gebel led them long ago
Away from the human slaying.
They did not see man as a foe.
To the Nile they came straying.

Egypt they found a welcome home.
They stayed and grew to love it soon,
Free in Man's stone cities to roam
Or howl beneath the desert moon.

On many lonely paths they tread
And led spirits from this far shore
Passed to the houses of the dead,
Then met those who refused Death's door.

Dead bodies who dared defy death,
Whose dark spirits did not depart,
Blood-glutted ghouls of dark tomb's breath,
Undead living through Cain's black art.

Osiris called them to battle.
They came beneath the new moon strong,
Wolf jackals hunting Cain's cattle,
Hunters hunted by howling song.

Anubis and Bata's wolf folk,
The Silent Striders of the land,
With Osiris they fought the yoke,
Freeing Egypt from Set's hand.

For one hundred years, both sides fought.
Neither side held victory.
Finally the dead king Set sought
To end the strife through treachery.

Set offered peace to the wolf kin.
Anubis agreed to parley.
Shu Horus pleaded him to win
Their battle through victory.

Nephthys, priestess of Isis,
Added voice to Shu Horus:
"Set seeks death or dark alliance.
Do not trust what he has told us."

But brave Anubis went to him
To hear the dead king's offer.
Set's dark palace of replevin
Where tomb's gold spilled from his coffer.

Set said, "We are both rare, wolf kin,
But you wolf-changers are older
Than my first sire's sire Cain,
Than Eve, eldest human mother.

"I learned the dark path in Enoch,
Where Cain ruled with his sacred laws.
Cain, marked by Yahweh, named Moloch
The father of his curse and cause.

"When floods washed over the first earth,
We survived and slew our sires.
In this sand land, I seek new birth,
A king of dark desires.

"I, the secret of night's desert,
Who came here when the gods were men,
I am Set who Embraced Set,
The enemy of Khetamon.

"I am not Set of these places.
I am Set, far more ancient Seth.
Here in Egypt blend all races.
In Egypt, I blend life and death.

"As the Nile's flowing waters
Give the farmer wet earth to seed,
Grown to food for sons and daughters,
On sons and daughters then I feed.

"I am the harvester of men.
Your kind once held that ancient task.
I am the shepherd without sin,
And I need the jackal mask."

Then Set slew brave Anubis
And made a mask of his wolf head,
Walked to the priest of Osiris,
Disguised under the mask of dread.

The priest lead him to the temple
In mystery-shrouded Memphis.
Tossing mask, Set slew the people,
Slew the priest of great Osiris.

Set's men finally gained the ear
Of the Pharaoh Senwosret
With Pharaoh's aid, the end was near.
About Set's foes they cast their net.

"My heart tells me that Set has won,"
said the old Strider Shu Horus.
Bata said, "It has not begun."
Nephthys told them to seek Isis.

Nephthys was a priestess of lore,
A wielder of ancient spells.
She told Shu Horus he must go
By road to where great Isis dwells.

The armies fought by day and night
In the Valley of the Kings.
Set's force the victor of that fight,
His crushed foes scattered to the winds.

Bata was slain on that lost ground
With brave warriors at his side.
The jackal wolves fought and went down.
In Deir el-Bahri died their pride.

The fleeing Silent Striders
Took Shu Horus as their leader.
They begged the old Strider, "Guide us!"
He hid them by Nile's water.

He asked those who knew prophecy
The knowledge of hidden secrets.
They told him, "Break the mystery,
The riddle that the Sphinx keeps,

"The moonlight scroll of Khnum,
The riddle of the silent god,
The serpent spell of old Anum,
The lost word of the Book of Nod

"In the veiled Book of the Dead.
Before you reach the other shore,
Break the Ba which has always fled
The Khat, and find the hidden lore."

Before the Sphinx he went and bowed,
Then guessed its concealed riddle.
The Sphinx called him kin and then vowed
To help all those of the middle.

"For we are middle between man
The builder who always asks why,
And middle between the beast clan
Who hunts and plays beneath the sky."

"I ask the path to the lady's home,
Of Isis, protector of men,"
Shu Horus asked the Sphinx of stone,
Who showed him where the path began.

On road of gods from mortal lands,
The mortal pays in silent tears
Where the old gods enthroned command
Men's brief lives through fleeting years.

Isis beheld him as he went.
She called to Shu Horus, "My son
With head bowed low, with back well-bent,
What fares where Egypt's waters run?"

"You must save my Silent Striders.
Set has proclaimed on them his doom.
He slew the priest of Osiris.
Give me victory's sign, a boon."

Isis' reply fell as rain,
"You cannot kill him, for his fate
Is by a great mage to be slain
When Egypt falls to younger state.

"I shall bless your staff of power.
In it I shall place Set's dark bane.
Placed in the tomb of Sakkara,
It waits to slay the kin of Cain."

Isis showed Shu Horus strange roads,
The gods' mysterious highways
Where ancient arcane knowledge flows
Down turns where time and death decays.



He took to half-form and attacked,
Shredding midnight moonlight pallor,
Ripped through the life which brought her back,
Let her die by Nile's water.

"You can thank me," at last he said.
"You can now serve Isis, not Set."
She scoffed at him, "I may be dead,
But I will not be in your debt.

"I longed for the night's endless life
Which you have torn and seized from me.
O stupid wolf of stupid strife,
You have slain immortality.

"Hear me, Set! Let the wolf kin roam!
Hear me, Egypt! Let them fly!
Let them call no land for long home.
Homeless exiles let them die."

So perished Nephthys, once his friend,
Left dead by the Nile water.
The river made songs of her end,
Isis' priestess and Set's daughter.

Shu Horus to his folk ran back.
They fought the minions of Set.
Shu Horus then aided his pack,
Opened the path beyond regret.

His folk followed the hidden way
Which led them from old Egypt's shores.
Exiles they became that day —
Exiles they were evermore.

From Sinai to old Babylon
Where purifying waters run,
Wanderlust urged them ever on
To all lands beneath the moon and sun.

They are a race of wanderers
Who know all hidden maps and roads.
Wise scouts and faithful messengers
Doomed to depart each new abode.

In shadow-haunted Egypt,
The ancient gods fade away.
Where Osiris died and Isis wept
Lie the tombs of old decay.

Other tongues are now spoken
On the long and winding Nile,
The old ways lost and broken,
Save in the heart of the exile.





Leukippes of the Black Furies

Listen! When the earth moans her secret,
whispers rise from groves sacred to
the Triple Goddess, old Euroynome
worshipped still by the old dwellers of Greece,
the daughters and sons of Crete, Egypt and Attica.
Her tremors are not as loud as those of
Poseidon Earth-Shaker, giver of horses, brother
of Zeus Invincible.
Her tremors are stronger, and the three Fates
bind even the young Olympian gods
to them. Listen to the tale woven
about swift Leukippes, Amazon
leader among the Sauromatae people of
the Black Sea. Renown warrior,
Leukippes, leader among the wolf people,

the change-skins, the Black Furies, daughters of
Artemis and Euryale.

To her the earth, our mother, gave thanks.

She grew to womanhood in the Scythian country,
near the shores of the Black Sea, among the
wolf people of the Amazon race, who fought alongside
and lived with the Sauromatae males, their lovers and friends.
The Scythians speak part-Greek, but the language of the
long-haired Mede is not unknown to them.
Dark was the hair of Leukippes, fierce her eyes.
She led her people, the woman warriors of the wolf,
into the countries of the Mede and the Macedonian.
Many a man's flesh was rent on warrior's raids
as Leukippes howled long under the moon.

Sacrifice of the kill they made and sang to the moon in her three mysteries before Aurora's rosy-tipped fingers set the east afire with the coming dawn. She had dragged down the Geloni chieftain and slew the great warrior Ergotcles of Ephesus, of the line of Herakles, near the Lydian country where the tongues blend.

On a day after the summer's sacrifices some of her distant kinsmen, wolf people of the shadow who dwelt among the Neurians, came before her with a stranger, Ancaeus of Thebes, a wolf brother, a walker of cities. Evadne, the friend of Leukippes, mocked him for his over-civilized ways, saying that a city was no place for any tribe of the wolf people.

He bowed low before the young Amazon. "Tell us your tale. What is wrong in the land of the Greeks?" Leukippes asked, piercing him with her eyes, sharper than an arrow of Artemis. "A new priest of Apollo has arisen at Delphi, Kamisos by name, fairer than a god in form. Some claim Apollo fathered him in secret in Chalcis. He has called for followers from the Greek countryside, men of arms, to rid the country of the wolf children. Strange spells the priest casts, and they slaughtered many of our people in Boeotia and the Peloponnese. Our people whisper that Kamisos is possessed of a terrible power, but not from the god Apollo Lycaeus, wolfish Apollo, originally the friend of the wolf people. No, he was tainted by

the evil fruit of the Wyrn, Gaia's dark shadow. None stand in Greece with the power to slay him, and our kin on the other side of the Hellespont make excuses. I overheard from merchants of Ionia about the Amazons and came to plead our cause."

Long Leukippes thought. Apollo had seized Delphi from the Mother Goddess and absorbed her ancient power of prophecy. He had slain the serpent worm the mother placed there at the world's navel, dark Delphi. Now he built art over the ancient terror and gave music more refined than Pan's to the sons of Greece, soothing them from the harshness of life. From wolves, Apollo moved to civilization. But his dark brother, Dionysus, the god of the reborn and dying vine, still led wild his followers. Apollo's priests approached the priests of Dionysus, god of many forms, and they wished to include him among the Olympians. Leukippes could only guess why Apollo and Dionysus would share power. She did remember that long ago Dionysus had defeated the Amazons in battle, when he returned from India. "I will help," she said, thinking of vengeance on both gods.

Choosing twelve warriors, Leukippes prayed to the goddess with her Scythian moon sickle, then cut the sacrifice for a favorable outcome. Wise as Odysseus, Laertes' son, and his plan to take Priam's city of Troy, she thought about how she could most swiftly reach the Greek country. Before their departure, she played with her little daughter Arine, setting

bright stones in an infant's pattern. Then kissing her daughter, she handed her to old Idyia and was off with her warriors.

Ancaeus and some Neurians took them before a large Greek ship, claiming them captives before the ship captain, who was carrying tin and gold from the Don River from Exampaeus to Byzantium.

A price was reached, and the proud Amazons were taken aboard as slaves and placed with other captives.

On a dark night while the rowers rested, the women changed form into the dreaded half-wolf. They slaughtered the sailors, and dark red stained the pine and tar of the boat. Over the waves of the Black Sea, their victory howls were heard.

"Now free the slaves!" Leukippes ordered, and three were found who knew the ways of the sail and the customs of the Greeks. Great stores of beef, fish and barley bread soaked in olive oil were found. Through the Bosphorus they rowed, giving tribute to the lords of Byzantium and releasing the unhappy slaves. At last they came to Pagasae, in Thessaly. They kept hidden the bronze arms of the slain sailors and inquired where the followers of Dionysus were to be found.

Here wolf allies came and told Leukippes of what transpired in the lands. The Assyrians and Thebes were talking of war. From Ionia, the



followers of the vine god had come, approaching Delphi. The followers of Dionysus, the wild Maenad women, were in train with the masked priest, holding their frenzied orgies in the wild countryside, a madness the Scythian women regarded as horror. The word of Kamisos had found more followers in Corinth and Athens, already in Ionia his war was spreading. Leukippes had told her Amazons to convey to the Greeks that they were followers of the vine god from the wild Black Sea country, but in no way reveal that they were warriors. The star of faithful Sirius, guardian of Icarus, shown fiercely in the night sky.

The Maenads were moving towards serpent-holy Delphi, to join Kamisos, who now held more power than any Greek priest ever had. The wild Dionysus was to be brought in, the god admitted as the long-lost son of Zeus Thunderer and dark Seleme. The Brother of Light would welcome his Dark Brother and their festivals unite.

The Black Furies came across some wolf hunters and noticed the wolf pelts and silver weapons. Raging, the Black Furies fell upon them, breaking bones in teeth of iron, slaying with hate the startled hunters. Some of the Black Furies were injured by



the silver-tipped swords, but no wounds proved fatal. Apollo's hunters they sent to Hades' gloomy realm. Long they howled their victory.

The next day they spotted the followers of Dionysus. Leukippes joined the wine god's women. Many wore masks, and the Amazons had their own as well as sacred gowns. They were well-disguised. Surprised was Leukippes to find two wolf women among the Maenads, from the Ionian country. "Among all Greece, it is safest here," they said, but mentioned that those sisters who strayed too far had been slain by the wolf hunters of Kamisos.

Melanippus, who wore the gold mask of Dionysus, and the skin and horns of the goat god, was the vine god's priest. He performed the goat dance of tragedy, first performed by poor Icarus when he received the gift of wine from his guest, the disguised wine god. He felt something amiss when he looked at Leukippes with her pondering dark eyes. The voice of his god called within him, warning him that this woman was a dark mystery.

On a day after they had passed Mount Olympus in the land of Thessaly, important men from Pagasae and Euboea came, bearing wolf pelts. Riding with them, with bow and arrow, in a long white robe and golden mask came Kamisos, priest of sun guardian Apollo. The smell of the dead wolves struck hard the Amazons, but they hid it well. Apollo's priests threw the bodies of the wolves and burned them. Some

were in human form. He gave an oration to the camp of the wine god's people as the priestess and her servants prepared for celebration.

"This land, children of Dionysus, has been cleared of the wolf-changers," he said, his voice sweet and ringing in their ears. "Hateful beasts, they are the sons of Moeris and once under the care of Apollo and Artemis. But although Apollo cared for them, they forsook him, worshipping the ancient Mother instead of the son of Zeus. They are a terror to the flocks and the countryside. Men they stalked and slew in the Golden Age, if our numbers grew too much. Now we hunt them. The god of music must overcome the beast."

A light sparkled in his eyes.

"It is hoped the beast may die. Dionysus will allow us to become the Wyld, and Orpheus, torn apart by you Maenads, shall teach us longing out of this world and our tired bodies which cannot compare to the beauty of the gods. Orpheus was a priest of Apollo, torn apart by Dionysus' fury."

This he told the mad god's people and removed his mask.

Kamisos was more beautiful than any god. The light fell down his hair like rivers of gold. He smiled and said, "I have learned many mysteries which I shall soon share with you, I who have stared into the depths of Delphi and beheld the serpent worm. Who has done likewise and lived? Even the priests of Babylon and Egypt yield to me their secrets when I speak of the dark worm's blessing. The worm has given me instruction in divine voice.

We are to clear the lands of the wolf children, that cities may grow in the half-wild lands of Macedonia, Scythia and Thrace and be subject to law.”

Leukippes realized that the priest could kill from a distance with a baleful glance. Only the best hunters learn that. Leukippes became silent and thought of the lore her mother taught her.

Melanippus welcomed Apollo's priests, and they went to a place in the hills where ancient stones had been set over a vanished people, a necropolis, an old city of the dead. The dithyramb was begun as songs and dances to Dionysus began. A priestess mixed the wine, and as it was passed, the playing of flutes and the beating of the drums started. Kamisos felt great power among the bones of the dead and smiled. His followers drank with the Maenads, but the priest of Dionysus placed a sacred circle about the hilltop in case the frenzy of the women became too great. Already they tore at their hair and wailed.

Men and women danced intoxicated. The two priests watched behind masks of gold. Leukippes stealthily moved, then began a wild Scythian dance. Her warriors danced about her. Long Kamisos stared at the wild woman, and desire filled his limbs, and he was happy as she approached them on the hilltop. One of his men ran from the hill, pursued by women who tore at his clothes and killed him. The sounds of wild music covered his screams, and he was forgotten in the city of the dead.

The sun was down, and the silver bow moon of Artemis looked down on the revelry. Leukippes smiled at the priests, and Kamisos removed his golden mask. His youthful face and Olympian calm almost stopped her. The afterglow of the sun hung over the hills, and the scents of night reached her. She took his hand, shook her wild hair, and he smiled. Then he saw her, a half-wolf snarling with hate in her eyes, and with one swipe of her clawed hand, she marred his divine face, and with her canine teeth, she bit into his neck. His blood sprayed over the ancient markers of the dead, and he slumped to the earth, a thing broken. Kamisos was stronger than many men. Great had the Wyrms made this priest of Apollo, the god who had usurped the goddess Euroynome, creator of the serpent he declared dead at Delphi. As he attempted to rise, twelve werewolves were upon him. With a powerful glance, he stopped one of them, Marpessa, and she fell over dead. Two more werewolves of the Maenads came, and they tore the body of Kamisos to pieces, thirteen wolves ripping into the dead body.

Now the wolf women and Maenads attacked the warriors of Kamisos, slaying them amidst the city of the dead. On a hill, some made a stand with bronze swords and armor, but they were engulfed by the enraged Maenads and wolf Amazons, the Black Furies. Their bodies were scattered, and the crows ate their remains in the old necropolis. So were avenged the wolf people of Thrace, Thessaly and the Peloponnese, and so were avenged Hera and Medea and many a daughter of man and wolf. The crying

in those haunted hills lasted until the night was old.
Over their work the ancient triple goddess
cast her dark blessing.

Melanippus and his priestess beheld all. Their
fellow priest had fallen by their side.
Yet they did not stir, the children of Dionysus Omadios.
The Maenads were in abandon, but soon
the wolves surrounded them.
Leukippes addressed him in human form.
“You are the priest of Dionysus, the god who
is torn apart and reborn?” she asked, her
wolf warriors about her.
Melanippus was intoxicated by his god, he feared
not death or the drear kingdom of Hades.

“Accept as our sacrifice your brother, the priest of Apollo,”
she said, and she tossed the golden mask of the archer god,
bloodied, at his feet.

Dark shapes disappeared into the night
and the grass, and the dead whispered
to the old set stones: “The Black Furies were here.”
And then they were gone, to the land of the Lemnians,
driven by swift winds to their own country,
out of Greece and into legends.



ARTWORK
BY
DITERIZZI



Oisín Mac Gaelach of the Fianna

Oisín:

After High King Cairbre died,
Lord of Erin's Five Kingdoms,
The Fianna were dispersed.
Great grandson of Finn Mac Cool
was Oisín Mac Gaelach.
Named after his grandfather,
Minstrel as his grandfather,
He had the wolf blood in him,
He had hero blood in him.
Oisín was the Ollave,
Master poet of the land,
Greatest singer of this earth.

In his time, the Fianna
Chose only those of wolf blood.
In old times, the Fianna

Chose men and shapeshins alike.
Since the death of Finn Mac Cool,
They were the secret fighters,
Keeping Erin's foes away,
Sea raiders and Fenris wolf.
Oisín's singing spread his fame
Through the kingdoms of the earth
Even to Tyr-na-nOg,
Undying land of the Danaan.

In Cymru, the Penkerdd,
The chief poet of that land
Aneirin Ap Blaidd, harper,
Great hero and wolf-changer,
Grandson of mighty King Bran.
He had the blood of the crow,
He had the blood of the wolf,

He chose the blood of the wolf.
In Britain joined heroes,
Kinfolk to the Fianna,
The Dyn a drowyd yn flaid,
The werewolves of old Wales.

Aneirin wished to challenge
Oisín for the great title
Of Gaia's greatest minstrel:
Bardd y goron, crowned bard
Of Gaia's many kingdoms,
Of Gaia's many werewolves.
Oisín learned the riddles
Of folk before the Cymru,
Of the land's ancient Druids.
Torna's great son heard the call,
Harping in Tara's mighty hall.

Aneirin:

There came into Tintagel
Ship from Cnucha in Erin.
To Cornwall's shores Oisín came
With cruit harp in his hand.
Aneirin escorted him
With his three Fianna friends:
Cellach, Conn and Caelius
And Siofra from World's End.

Siofra was of Danann's folk,
Ancient gods of Tyr-na-nOg.
She loved Erin's greatest harper.
She loved Oisín Mac Gaelach.

The wolf-changers came to see them
Gathered in the old Roman villa.
Pyll, Bedwyr and Dewi, Aneirin's friends
Were with him, the friends of fair Aneirin.

Awstin of Lyonesse was there;
Myrddion, guard of Mount Snowdon;
From Gwald y Tylwyth Teg came Fair Ones
And old Cadi from Coer de Leon.

They set down rules before wolf prince Dant Hir,
Who fought to contest green Albion
Now that the legions were gone to Gaul.
War was forgotten as sang Aneirin.

Aneirin's Challenge:

I am the cousin of Rome's founder.
I am the slayer of the giant.
I am the wind upon the land.
I am the cattle of the sea.
I am the fighter for the sheep.
I am the rock in Cynfal River.
I am the end of Mabon's youth.
I am the serpent slain by Diancecht.
I am the singer of Amwn.
I am Ilysiav's blaidd.
I am the god who devoured god.
I am the wolf of ancient Gaul.
I am the secret of Ceridwen.
I am A'r Yuh Brych.
I am the beloved of Rhiannon.
I am the kin of wolf and crow.

Oisín's Acceptance:

I am the grandson of the flood.
I am the giver of hospitality.
I am the man of the grove.
I am the establisher of kingship.
I am the beloved of the Goddess Dann.
I am the first man from Hiberia.
I am the first of the Red Branch Heroes.
I am the son of Finn, Bran and Skolawn.
I am the wolf secret of Finn Mac Art.
I am the Stone of Destiny in Cnucha.

Aneirin's Response:

I know why Priam's loss was this land's gain.
I know why Gog Magog feared great Brutus.
I know why the Mother loves us.
I know why old Artos hates us.
I know why the wolf seeks the man.
I know why the man seeks the wolf.
I know why the stag carries the dead.
I know why the horse raises the dead.
I know Arianrhod's secret husband.
I know the alphabet of Cernunnos.
I know Tad Duw's hidden trade route.
I know what the dead whisper to the crows.
I know what the crows tell the trees.
I know the Word that killed the Father.

Oisín's Response:

I know why Priam loved the horse.
I know why Artos dies and lives.
I know the riches of Finegus the Druid.
I know the Undying Word of the boar Twrch Trwyth.
I know the wounds our Mother bled for us.
I know the three secrets of the Morgan.
I know the secret wolf has over man.
I know the secret man has over wolf.
I know the eldest shifter's tree.
I know the fear the autumn crow brings.
I know the way to the Blessed Isles.
I know the gift of tree to man.
I know the riddle of yew and oak.
I know why the snake sheds his skin.
I know the wound Father gave Sulis.
I know the ancient Dagda's triumph.
I know the three names of Brid.
I know the name of Gaia's woman.
I know the sacred duty to her.

Aneirin:

Oisín's splendid singing
In the night air sweetly ringing
Left the judges to declare
Oisín the winner there.
Aneirin was angry then.
He threw down his gwydr gwin,
The red wine spilled down his chin.
He knew a test he could win.
Looking into the warm night,
He asked Oisín to fight.
They changed into half-wolf form
And fought where the night was warm.

Aneirin was the coal of night.
Oisín's snow fur was white.
Yet at last before the dawn,
No warrior won by brawn,
They declared an even match.
Now the fighting must dispatch.
Oisín smiled and told Aneirin,
"Heed the Goddess in your song."
Then a lady with three birds
Asked if she could please be heard.
Rhea Riggantona said,
"The greatest living or dead
Is Oisín Mac Gaelach.
From dawn's light to moonless black,
Your wish for fame finds its way
In seven years and a day."

Oisín:

When almost seven years of the sun,
To Tara's halls a stranger came.
He begged the High King for his aid
To help Cymru against Cawr Tawr Gog,
A giant from the days of Brutus
Allied with Tylluran of the Tylwyth Teg.
Cellach, Conn and Caelius
Went with Oisín Mac Gealach.
They found ship and jumped within
Without the fair maid Siofra Finn.

Aneirin:

Aneirin was still Cymru's greatest minstrel,
But the wars of princes and Sea Saxons
Kept him long from his halls singing.
He had improved on his craft,
Taking the advice Oisín had given.
Aneirin had wed Gwlithyn, Kinfolk
Of the warrior wolf-shapers.
They lived well near Penllyn.
When Aneirin heard of the giant,
He fetched his friends Pyll, Bedwyr and Dewi,
Running in wolf form to find the giant
Roaming the lands near Cader Idris.

Britain had her wars:
The Roman power waning —
The Saxon power growing —
The Celtic power dreaming —
Raids of Picts and Fenris —
The shores were becoming houseless.

The Cymru changers heard howling,
Saw approaching other werewolves,
The Fianna coming to them.
On Aneirin's orders
They embraced their kin.
Happier now to see Oisín
Was Aneirin.
They joined forces, Fianna and Blaidd,
They hunted the giant, Cawr Tawr Gog.

They found the giant,
Closed in for combat,
Great black and gray werewolves
Against the giant's outlaw army:
Picts, Romans and Saxons
Lured by the spell of Tylluran,
The dark Sidhe of his kin.
Cawr Tawr Gog used his club,
His club of blood-stained iron.
He was a fomor from the North,
Fighting foe of Pict-land
Beyond the Roman wall,
Land of the White Howlers,
Ancient kin to the Fianna,
Most now lost to evil ways.

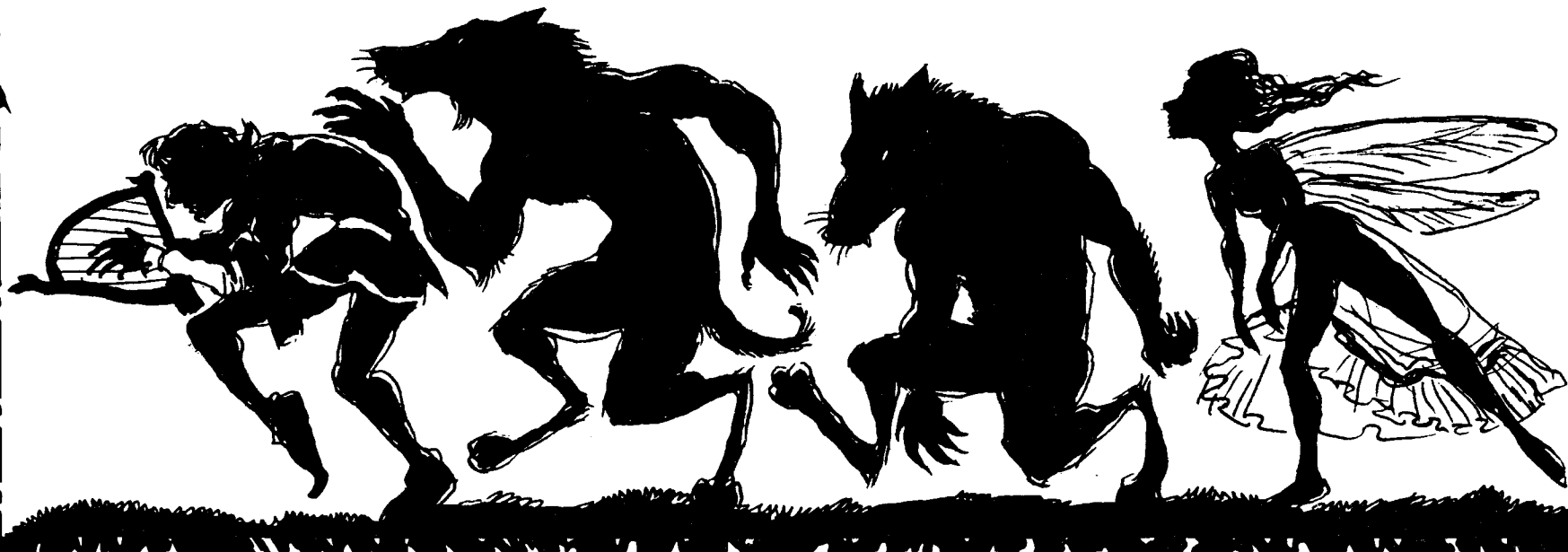
The blood-stained club
Crashed down on brave Oisín,
Smashed him hard into the rocks.
Cellach, Conn and Caelius
Tore deep into Cawr Tawr Gog.
Aneirin lifted the great club
And smashed the giant's head.
Red flowers grew there ever after
On the land he bled.

Oisín suffered his wounds in silence.
Sídhé Tylluran escaped by becoming
An owl who flew off into the night,
The outlaw bandits fled or dead.
They saw a figure approaching:
Finn Siofra of the Fair Folk.

"You cannot be healed here,"
She told Oisín.
"The Danann know great herbs
In Tyr-na-nOg,

In The Land That Never Dies.
There you will be healed,
But lost forever
To this mortal world."
"Take me then," Oisín said
and looked long on Aneirin.
"Now you are the greatest minstrel
of this earth," he said.
Then Finn Siofra opened a hill;
Green light came forth flowing.
"I take you to my land,"

she spoke. "There, there is no dying.
There always will you be singing."
So lost to the world
was the world's greatest minstrel,
Taken by Fair Lady Siofra
Into the Faerie mound.



Aneirin in Later Years:

Aneirin would often go
In the heat or in the snow
To a lone forsaken place
Where died one of Magog's race.
He placed ear up to a hill —
Oisin was singing still,
Playing songs upon his harp,
The Galliard's magic art,
Songs of wolves and old Erin.

Cymru songs by Oisin
With Siofra's folk drumming.
A thousand bee hives humming
Reached his ear and made him weep,
Bowed with magic drowsy sleep.

Faintly he heard the singing,
Arcadia's woods ringing,
Ringing outside that green dell
Songs from the old Faerie hill.
Siofra, he heard sing there.

Siofra with golden hair
Siofra Finn named the Fair,
Daughter of the earth and air.
That magic minstrel's great hand
Strumming harp in Faerie land,
Playing music to the spheres,
The magic of missing years.
Never would Gaia forget
The lost minstrel she begot,
Bard of Olwen and Culhwch,
Oisin Mac Gaelach.






Mockmaw of the Black Spiral Dancers

Down in gloom-haunted forests
Where sad waters drip with tears,
There Death courts his final rest
Where demons plow their fears.
Their harvest is full sorrows
Which they strew about the years,
While wraiths weep for the morrow,
And the morrow never nears.

Where Time casts no shadow
Save the flight of memory,
Here Desire's phantoms grow
In the Garden of Desultory.
Sad shades of that land's daughters
Are the moonlight's lonesome prowlers.
They weep beside sad waters
For the souls of dead White Howlers.

Once the fierce Garou stood guard
And held Caesar's legions firm.
Those who halted Caesar's standard
Could not halt the devouring Wurm.
Wracked on ill-omened winds blown
Over a people brave and strong,
With tenacious hold it had grown,
Choking life and love and song.

Only pale ghosts recall
The old Howlers of the place.
The Wurm caressed them all —
Dark thoughts diseased the race.
They returned with ghastly laughter,
Laughter lost to Wurm's embrace,
Black Spiral Dancers ever after,
And the Abyss was in their face.

Here Mockmaw ruled the wolves of night
In caves hewn from Hell's dark lair.
The glance of Death's undying sight
Guarded the pit of dread despair.
The cries of shattered Seraphim
Trembled —  trembled! in that air.
The bones of broken holy men
Set shadows on the stair.

He thought of his Garou kin,
The tribes who wed the Wyld.
Secrets they had he would win
On raids from the long-exiled.
Thundering from his throne of pain,
Pict-carved from ancient ivory,
His slayers came like countless rain,
His vermin-spawn of victory.



Never shade in Hades or Seraphim
Assembled so hideous a throng.
Mockmaw smiled, his teeth set grim
Over midnight's children strong.
"Our foes know the secret," said he,
"Of the breaking of Wyrms's chain.
Let us catch them, let us see
What we can wrest from Wyld's slain."

Down the hills came drums and rattle,
Then piercing laughter struck the gloom.
The Dancers prepared for battle.
Rites opened the Bridge of the Moon.
The shades of the forest fled
To the Garden of Desultory,
Leaving their tears for the dead
In the dust of Desultory.

Mockmaw called on Wyld's Bane,
And there was war in the night.

Thirteen Garou from thirteen slain,
His packs returned with the sight.
The thirteen tribes which always fought
Were united under foe's breath.
Thirteen tribes which unity sought
Found unity only in death.

Above a shape was nascent,
Forming in celestial skies.
The moon was shining and crescent
On The Lady Who Never Dies.
Her eyes were piercing towards him
From the region of lost cries.
The slain who were his victims
Called to her with phantasmal sighs.

Strange light then fell from the moon,
Bathing them in forgetful sleep.
The Lady Who Never Dies played a tune
On moon-pipes fantastic and deep.

Mockmaw roused his wolves and went
Away from the moonbeam's whisper,
Back to the deep caves descent
Trying to escape Earth's sister.

Koreion's music kept playing.
They heard it far underground.
To her the slain were praying,
And vengeance came with that sound.
The Dancers covered their ears,
But the might of the Moon remained.
They thrashed about in their fears,
Then fought over the thirteen slain.

Mockmaw survived by tooth and claw.
Many fighters died from that dread.
The survivors listened in awe
For song from the Moon overhead.
No far-strange music now played,
Just gentle laughter instead

From that Maid, the Celestial Fey,
Who fed on the souls of the dead.

She revenged her sister's children
And waited still in the night,
Luring with music Wyrms' chosen,
Bathing them in Luna's light.
The survivors left not the dark,
Nor leapt to the moonbeam's lure.
They remained with the Abyss' mark,
Alive in their sepulcher.

Mockmaw hung the pelts on chains
Set before his ivory throne.
Grimbane the loremaster explained
The Rune that ate to the bone.
He stripped the wolf bodies of skin,
Then engraved the Death Rune alone,
Carved on thirteen cadavers,
The script that was harder than stone.

Wailing howls escaped the corpses,
And in tongue ancient and fell,
Grimbane spoke his votaries,
Causing dead their secrets to tell.
Slowly there came through lifeless throats
Old wisdom wracked from the dead.
Mockmaw chuckled and gloated
On the secrets which he was fed.

Between Fianna and Strider,
The thread of old wisdom was found.
The spell they seized, and they bound her,
Brought from the bodies they bound,
Wisdom gathered together
To break through Wyrms' old chains,

Smashing Weaver's old Fetters,
Releasing the greatest of Banes.

Mockmaw prepared for the journey.
He summoned the surviving best:
Four pack brothers, brave and doughty,
Came to the dark demon's test.
No tears wept in high Heaven
Or groans from the pit of Hell
Could help to ever sever
The path that began with a spell.

In bowls the foe's blood was drained.
Grimbane sprinkled it in a sign.
The dead bodies shivered in pain,
Their spirits trapped by design,
Trapped to rotting cadavers
Hung on the Rune-chains that burn,
Mocked by spectral scavengers
As the doorway cleared to the Wyrms.

The Black Spiral Pattern blossomed,
The path they had once walked before,
The Rite of Passage once trodden,
The descent through that labyrinth door.
They remembered the baleful Banes
Who guarded the nethermost regions,
Nine levels of Psyche's fierce pain
Tossed through mind's autumnal seasons.

Dancing the descent into madness,
The truth that is insanity,
They plunged into Stygian darkness
Where music plays discordantly.
The spheres are blessed by nightmares
Where not even the demon "Thought" trods,



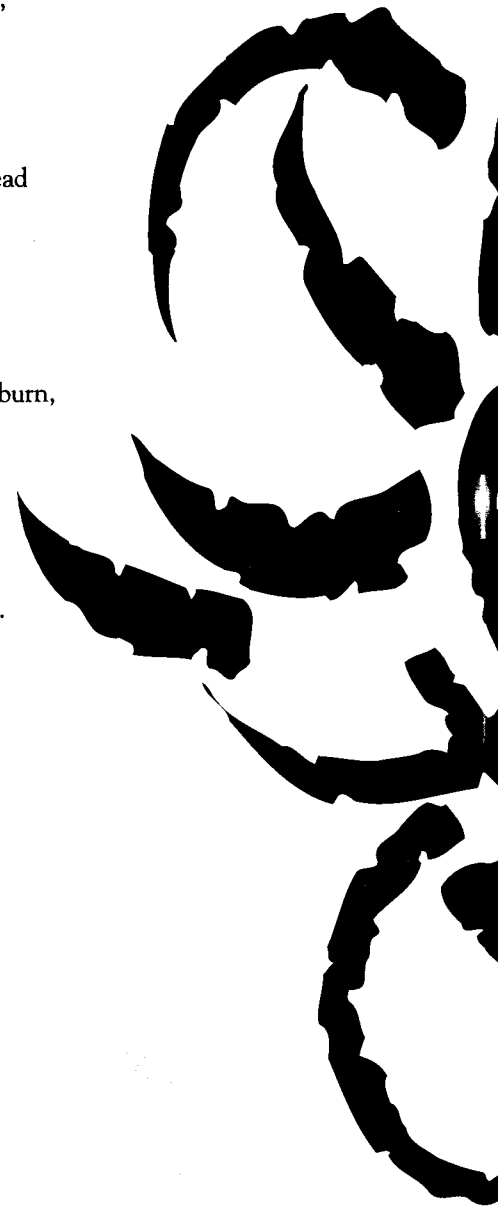
Where even the demons are snares
Caught by nameless and babbling gods.

His fighters eaten by shapes
That bored like worms in the mind,
Mockmaw through circles escaped
The prison of the entwined.
He passed challengers of dread
That he could only find,
Pulled from thoughts buried and dead
Banes forgotten and blind.

Spiraling down, he remembered
The road to the conquering Wyrn.
He kept the key, a bright ember
To melt through the shackles that burn,
That the Wyrn might be released
And spread his dark entropy,
On Weaver and Wyld would feast,
Bringing death to Earth's canopy.

He dispersed the shades with spells.
Deeper he danced spiral's swirl,
Passing all previous hells,
Diving to midnight's pearl.
A last shape went before him,
A chained ghost Dancer of yore.
He said, "You stand on the Rim.
None have gone further before."

"Shade of ancestors, I will,"
Mockmaw sneered to the shade.
The shade said, "You can only till



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On soil where growth pervades.
You cannot resist this pole,
Although you come flying drawn
Towards fire that eats your soul,
A moth seeking sun in the dawn.”

“I will continue,” Mockmaw said.
The shade begged him to return.
He crossed the night’s last threshold,
Beheld the devouring Wyrms
At infinity’s chaos.
Madness sank into his soul.
The key shattered and was lost.
Bound Wyrms devoured him whole.

The chains of memory broke,
Fragments tossed into the wind.
A thousand dead echoes spoke,
Bending shapes that blur and blend.
The visions of reason fled,
Replaced by siren sighings,
Multitude voices dead,
A thousand idiot cryings.

Down in gloom-haunted forests
Where sad waters drip with tears,
There Death courts his final rest
Where demons plow their fears.
In the Garden of Desultory
The sad shades for Howlers yearn,
And lost but to Moon’s memory
Is Mockmaw of the Wyrms.





BV

Gunnar Draugrbane of the Get of Fenris

Excerpt from Gunnar's Saga

A skilled seafarer was Skoll Nifungson.
With warriors he wrecked and plundered from the waves.
Returning before winter with Frankish riches
To his home in Halogaland, hope was high in him.
He set eyes on Eyfura the Fair, kin to Floki Vilgerdaron
Who voyaged to Iceland in his fated vessel.
He brought his bride by boat to his homestead
In wild Halogaland where the wolves run free.
Skoll had the blood of the wolf beast within him,
But could not change skins as later his sons could
Who wore the wolf-skin and became renown warriors
Of the Get of Fenris, the Wyrn's fiercest foes.
Eyfura bore Skoll two sons: Gunnar Skollson, greatest of heroes
Of the Get of Fenris; also Einar, fierce in fighting.
When Gunnar was grown, he was the greatest of Garou,
Strongest of wild werewolves, so his Wyrð willed it.

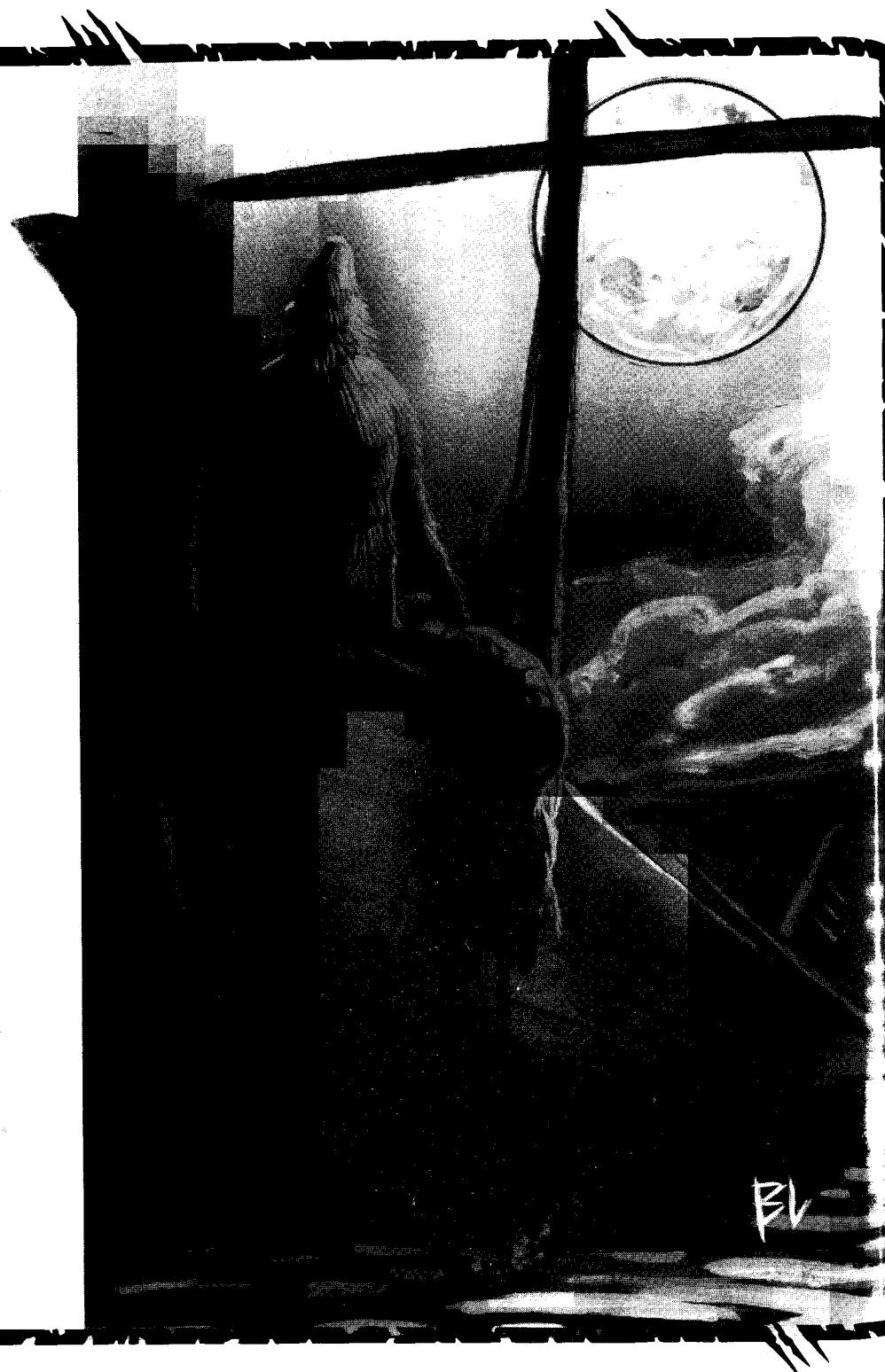
When they first felt the rage of their wolf blood flowing,
Refnir Skoll's brother brought them to the fierce Fenris wolves.
Refnir was learned in wolf lore. He told the two brothers
The tales of Fenris's fury. Both were battle-tested
And given grave tasks by grim-faced Fenris elders:
Sceaf the Slayer, Gerd Myspun and Skekkil Staffirson.
Finally they were fetched and sworn to the family of Fenris,
A fierce band of brothers bound by blood oaths
In bloody battle. All were bewildered
At Gunnar's great strength. He gained a following
Among the young fighters of Fenris. They soon took to sea.
In a great longboat they built then shot the bark out,
On stormy seas set sail out of Stenkjer in Norway.
Brave was the band of bonded wolf brothers,
Gunnar Skollson the fierce Jarl of fury-filled fighters
Seeking blood and battle and hero's great glory.
These are the names of his noble companions:

Asmond the Young, who bore the great axe of Odin;
Vali Vikarson, versed in rune lore;
Thorstein the Giant, thane of renown;
Hati Fairhair, fierce was his fury;
Garm Gothison, grim was his mood;
Einar Skollson, who steered with the stars;
Ulf the Unlucky who gave unfailing to Njorn;
And last Donar Danedog, who they met in Denmark.
A houseless Bone Gnawer, he and Gunnar became
the fastest of friends.

After setting sail, they came by sea to Denmark.
Here they met Danedog, heard news and departed.
They sailed the whale paths before finding Scotland.
They raided the towns but received little reward.
Drawing into the land, they found dread signs
Of the fell Black Spiral Dancers. Here they did battle
and slew four of them, then returned to the sea.
"I had heard of the Wyrn Wolf, of their dark wisdom
cursed by our kin and all the earth's creatures,"
so said Gunnar as they rowed.

They raided the Saxons and sought wealth from Wales.
Great fury they faced when they met three Fianna
Defending their friends. There was fierce fighting.
Gunnar slew two with his great strength.
The other met the axe of Odin.
Sad were the Fenris to see such worthy foes perish.
They set a mark on the land to let their foe-kin know
Here brave heroes did battle and fell, bound for Valhalla.

They took the whale path to Brittany. Here more boats joined.
In strength they fell on the land of the Franks
With sword and fire and berserker fury.
They won great stores of gold and southern riches.
When the fall came, the fleet broke up,



Some bound back home while the others headed south.
Gunnar went north before winter neared.

They lingered too long with kin in Lodose
At the home of Hagbard. He had Fenris blood
From his sire Sigarrd, but the gift of the skin-change
Was not his. His home was open
To many a man. Mead would they drink
When the mood took them. Tales they heard
Of wars at home, Harold Thickhair fighting
For the north against the earls of Norway.
One night while they feasted, the doors flung open.
"It is Hrut Gillison," Hagbard said. "Get him food."
The men dropped their moody ale and moved to help the guest.

"Hrut, what word from the high Oplands?"

"I see Gunnar is here," Hrut said. "That is good.

Woe has come to us. Two winters ago
on the farm of Fjornir, Starkath was found.
Starkath often took ship to sail to Finnmark.
There he traded in wood with the wild bear worshippers,
The Finns and the Lapps of the land of lakes.

Three winters ago, Starkath's son journeyed instead
And went to the forests of the strange Finns.
Starkath followed in winter after waiting long.

He found his son naked in the snows,
Feasting off fresh blood. A wild wasted fire
Was within him. "My son, what happened?"

Starkath said to Hrolf, who screamed in the night.

"You are bleached as bone and lapping blood
Off those slain bodies." Hrolf became silent,

Then attacked his father, but Starkath fought
with his dark sword made by the dwarfs
from Brimir's blood. Dark was that battle.

Finally Starkath slew his only son,
Then vowed vengeance on the very land.
He swore to seek in the silent forest
The slayer of his son. His servants and the Lapps
Begged him forgo it. Only dim ghosts
Haunted that region, hating with rage the day.
Starkath was heedless and headed in.
None knew what happened in that haunted land.

Two winters ago, we saw him in the woods of Opland.
Fire was in his face as he returned to his farm.
His family fled, finding Starkath a fiend
Who feasted on blood after long famish.
The farmers of the region found two fighters
Who said they would slay Starkath. He slaughtered them
And nailed their bodies to the bark of great trees.
Starkath is weaker in summer when his strength wanes.
He is stronger in winter when shadows widen.
The folk of the region are fleeing their homes.
I have come here to find help.
Gladly we will give gold for your aid."

Gunnar was silent after Hrut's story.
Finally he spoke, all strained to hear.

"If we will slay the stalker of life,

He is the enemy of all living.

Great honor will be ours when the Get kill him.

It is a dark course. Who will come with me?"

His men all swore to follow Skoll's son.

Gunnar said to Einar, "Stay here. You have honor.
You have deep wounds inflicted from the Fenris and Franks."

Einar said to Gunnar, "I give the old saying:

'Bare is his back who has no brother.' "

Gunnar clasped the back of his young brother,

Then girded weapons and gear for great battle to come.

They traveled in snows through overcast days,
Guided by Hrut to the grim Oplands.
They finally met farmers from the haunted region
On the day when the sun lingered shortest in the sky.
The people told them where Starkath's place was.
He now had followers, dead fighters of night.
The warriors left into the deep woods,
Then changed into wolves running wild.
Strange scent stung them of spoilt meat.
They ran to a clearing before a farm enclosure.
Two dead warriors walked, guards of winter.
The wolves watched them, and the sentinels wavered,
Feeling the unseen eyes of the Fenris upon them.
One warrior had one eye, the other held fearsome weapons.

"I know him," said Asmond, "Kormac One Eye.
The other is Bersi the Brave. His brother served
As a king's guard to Alfred the Great in Angloland."
Then Gunnar felt the fury of his blood
And yelled, "Freyja's foes! The Get of Fenris are here!"
Then warriors attacked in half-wolf form,
Tearing with claws the cold skin of the dead.
Bersi's swift sword slashed at Vali,
Slaying him in the deep snow.
Asmond and Einar avenged their comrade
While Thorstein the Giant grappled the thing from behind.
So perished Bersi the Brave, bound in death
To Starkath's service, the strong thane of the dead.

Gunnar gripped Kormac, crushing his hand.
With furious strength, he tore the arm from the socket,
Then flung his foe fast into the rocks.
Last, he smashed the skull by seizing granite stone
And dropping it on the head of dead Kormac.
Starkath came to his bondsmen bleeding in battle,
A large gaunt man with one grim servant.

Starkath leapt on Gunnar's back, a cowardly blow,
Biting the neck and bare arms of the Garou.

Einar grabbed knife and gutted the fiend.
Starkath's wounds fast-healed by strange spells,
Then the Draugr drew weapon on Gunnar's brother
With the dark sword forged by the dwarfs.
"Ready for the wet earth, you will be wolf-skin.
Your life I will take as wergild for my warriors,"
Starkath spoke grimly, the night spirit within him.
Three times the sword drank from doomed Einar's body
Before he fell down at the feet of his foe.

Gunnar grasped the gaunt man.
"Never in the world have I witnessed such strength,"
Starkath said. "I am stronger," Gunnar answered,
"Than any man or wolf. I am the wild moon's killer.
I will make pitch for my boat from your crushed bones."
"You are Gunnar of the Get, their greatest warrior.
You walk with your Wyrd, but I am strongest in winter
And am more clever than any crazed werewolf,"
So answered Starkath who fled in the snow,
Leaving no footprints for the Fenris to follow.
Their foe had escaped, so dark fate willed it.
Gunnar turned to his brother broken and dying.
"Without a brother, a man is without bonds,"
Einar said, then spoke strange words, his last:
"My death and your skill will slay undead Starkath."
So vowed Einar, his spirit bound for Valhalla.
Gunnar wept tears of rage and tore the earth in frenzy,
Howling at winter laden with harsh ice.
"No gold can buy Einar's brutal death,"
Gunnar said and swore to the strong winds,
Calling on the spirits of wolf and earth to seek him
And grant him great aid in the grim task ahead.



Danedog brought low Starkath's last bondsman,
Who told the Fenris his master had fled the farm
And dwelt in a mound in the dark earth.
The way to the fiend lay north in the forest.
Then the servant begged the Fenris to spare him.
Gunnar laughed in rage, then lopped off his head
With a stroke of the sword of dark Starkath.

He gathered his folk, the grim Get of Fenris,
And told them that Tyr would tear down Hel's man.
These men had cheated Modgud and must leave Midgard.
To deny death is the darkest crime.
They set forth into the dark forest.
A bird appeared, an omen that brooded good,
for birds are the eyes of Odin and ears to the wolf.
"The deathless denier has disowned the abode of men.
He has found a mound ancient and fell.
I am Rannveig the Wise, a raven skin-changer.
Three times will I grant brave Gunnar advice,"

So spoke the Corax, kin to man and crow.
"Follow my flight to your foe's forsaken lair."
The bird flew off for the Fenris to follow.

Gunnar girt the dwarf sword and said, "Brodorsbane
is your name now. No one save I shall lift you."
He then cradled Einar's body in his bare arms.
His warriors followed into the forsaken woods.
A mist covered the moon, concealing all light.

The slope fell down into the dead vale.
Steam issued forth from fissures in the rock.
The air was damp and dripped with old evil.
"I will enter alone," Gunnar said. "Await me
At camp. If I come not back, kill me or leave.
Alone I claim vengeance. My vow dooms me forward.
I have sworn to the Gods. May the skalds sing of it."
So Gunnar said and set forth by himself.
"Your enemy will return ere the sun rises,"
So foretold Rannveig who flew to the treetops.



The mound was in a clearing, ancient memorial
To forgotten thane of the time of the Etins.
Gunnar forced the entrance dark and fear-bound.
He then placed his brother before the doorway
Dressed in Gunnar's gear, a sleeping guardian.
Then Gunnar gathered wood and worked them into spears
And set them in the dark womb of the mound-dweller,
Starkath's bed where he hid from the sun in barrow.
Old riches were there, Roman coins and runes,
Such spoil that keep the sleeping dead content.

The night was long. Dawn would be nearing.
Gunnar hid behind rocks near the guardian.
Finally he saw a figure come forth silently.
"I have caught Gunnar sleeping," Starkath said.
Then with rage he threw himself on the dead wolf.
Now Gunnar seized him swift from behind.
He crushed the ribs of the writhing Draugr,
Then cast him into hill hallowed for death.

When Gunnar entered, Starkath waylaid him
From the dark doorway of the damp earth.
Though wounded, the wight did him damage.
"You tricked me outside," Starkath said,
"But in the darkness I will drain you, and you
Will wither in winter's darkest night."
Gunnar could not loosen the grip
of the dead man who dwelt in the mound.
Then there was noise outside in the night.
Danedog found the door and dug into Starkath.
Gunnar was freed from his foe's grip.

Gunnar seized Starkath and flung him onto a spear
That he had carved and placed in the mound.
Starkath screamed, the sound echoing,
While Gunnar hurled another spear into his heart.

The body shook, the skin shrank,
And Starkath cursed Gunnar as he died underground.

"You will be killed, abandoned by wolf kin,
Gunnar the Great gone to far country,"

So Starkath prophesied, then he went still.

Gunnar took Starkath into the weak sunlight.

The light burned the body, a bright-lit pyre.

"Why did you come?" Gunnar asked Danedog.

"I pledged loyalty, and you lost a brother.

Let us share blood and be bound kin forever,"

So said Danedog, and Gunnar smiled.

"Alone no one should be, bereft of kin,"

Gunnar said. "Danedog, now I am Gunnar Draugrbane."

Then they swore brotherhood and bound their oath.

"Now let us find fit burial for Einar,"

Gunnar spoke to his friend. They lifted fair

Einar and moved from that place into morning,

To the awaiting Fenris who followed Skollson.

They returned, so their Wyrð willed it.





Old Red Eagle of the Uktena

The Quest of Cleansing

They have said that Old Red Eagle
Was mighty in the earth magic,
one of the great of the Uktena
after Shining Star Umbra Seeker
and Grimscowl Bisonbreath the Brave
whom Old Red Eagle knew in youth
and in youth aided all who asked,
aided all of the land's people.

In The Time When The Corn Is Taken In,
the people saw the dust clouds from the west
stirred up by the figure of a lone man,
a man called Young Trail Dog who asked them,
the wolf people of the encampment,
kin to Navajo and Apache,
"Is Old Red Eagle among you?" he asked

after drinking water, for his throat was
parched from walking such a journey.
A young warrior laughed, then Wind Runner
asked, "Why do you seek him? He lives with
his old woman, Silent Owl, up there
in the hill country. Age has not rested
easy on him. All the young men think
he is half-crazy, dogoyada."
Young Trail Dog was quite astonished,
Saying, "The Hopi and the Zuni
claim he is a great medicine man,
creator of mystic sand wheels,
a healer and fighter who can use
the Earth Power as no one else can."

Wind Runner squinted into the sun
then said to the young messenger,
"In his youth, he flew as an eagle.
He was Digi Saniya. Power chose
him, but still he paid the medicine man
to learn all the great chants since creation.
His mother was of the Zuni people
near to your own Navajo dwellings.
Nye diyin bit, power is with him.
The Hopi and Chocktaw came far
for his aid. He could fly in the air
or remain longest under water.
He could summon the dead back to talk
or travel far in the spirit realm.
A few years ago, he became strange,
performing the ceremonies backwards,



chanting his spells in rambling fashion
laughing at the people who mock him.
He is the greatest shaman among us
from the sacred White Mountain of our folk.”

Young Trail Dog reached the shaman’s home
up long and winding wolf trails.
Old Red Eagle was outside playing,
rolling with his dogs in the wolf form.
“That is not right,” the young man told the wife.
Silent Owl told the young guest to show respect.
Her hatii was strong, she laughed at the guest,
“He is a Diyin, a man of power.
Do not question his acts, he is Diyin.”
In came old Red Eagle in man’s form.
“The dogs, they like it when I am a wolf
and play with them, my tame and trained cousins.”
He looked over his guest, “You are Navajo
and your name is Young Trail Dog,
Now eat with us and say why you have come.”

“I have brought a message from my people.
A blight has fallen on the soil,
the corn will not grow, and ghosts have come.
A village has been abandoned,
and the chief’s daughter has been made sick
by a powerful and angry shaman.”
Old Red Eagle laughed, “Thank you for the news.
I am glad you did not bring me sorrows.”
Young Trail Dog looked in wonder at him.
“Do not worry, great ancient shaman.
The Navajo will reward you greatly.”
Old Red Eagle’s proud eyes looked down.
Although old, he was still strong and handsome.
“For long I practiced the Sideways Power,
learning by breaking old patterns of thinking.

Now I owe the earth my thanks for this gift."
"If you go, remember payment,"
Silent Owl said. "Our stores are quite low."
Old Red Eagle nodded, then he smiled,
looking at his wife with the same love
when years ago he claimed her after
her ceremony into womanhood.

In a week he was ready to leave,
saying farewell to Silent Owl
and setting off alone into the west.
He bound his Incarna in a bag,
the Incarna of cleansing wind gusts,
then his wife gave him some provisions
and he ran out in the night in wolf form.
When the human shape assuming,
he saw a crow above him flying.
Then in the two tongues he began chanting,
Apache and the Navajo tongue,
The following which kept him walking:

"Kintahgoo iiya
Old Crow, I see you.
Kintahgoo iiya
Old Crow, come sit with me.
Winter is on, my wife wants riches.
The grain basket is empty.
Kintahgoo iiya
Come down, Old Crow, your eyes
Also look for grain.

"I carry my god in the purse at my side.
I carry my god in the purse at my side.
I carry my god in the purse at my side.
My feet are hardened, my luck bad,
but I am not unhappy.

I carry my god in the purse at my side.

Kintahgoo iiya

"Sing, Old Crow, the stars will be out soon.
Great night will cover us, two poor wretches
who cannot sing.

Kintahgoo iiya

Remember the father.

Kintahgoo iiya

Old Crow, remember the father and sing with me."

Bright Feather of the Corax wondered.

Bright Feather of the Corax landed.

Bright Feather to the human shape changed.

"Wolf and crow, we will go together,"
teased Bright Feather to the old shaman.

"I have heard you were coming soon.
I heard it from the Old East Wind.
I heard it also from the other birds.
The animals were talking by the creek,
gossiping as usual, so I heard them."

Old Red Eagle laughed at the tale.

"I do not sneak so well anymore.

I do not sneak, and my wife gossips

to her kinfolk. I guess my foes know

I do not sneak well." Then he laughed out loud.

"Well, I will walk with you, old shape-changer,
unless you enter the strange spirit land,"
so spoke the Corax to Old Red Eagle.

Old Red Eagle offered food to his friend.

They heard a howl near Tse bit' a i,
the sacred rock of the Navajo.

Then Bright Feather became crow and flew

over the land for the howler searching.
Over the earth, fast as lightning,
ran a young gray and black wolf howling
"How are you, Older Brother?" he asked,
before Old Red Eagle shape-changing.

"It is good to see you, Middle Brother,"
the old man smiled. "Why are you here,
so far from your distant Croatan kin?"
"Oh, Old Brother Uktena," he said,
"I am Hunter's Eyes. I have heard of you
from the South Wind of your healing journey.
I will join you, if you will have me."

"I do not need warrior's aid, I think,
but welcome if this is your desire.
We are getting quite a hunting party.
Stumbling Kossa, the holy clowns,
is what we are," the old man explained.
Hunter's Eyes looked at Old Red Eagle
Hunter's Eyes said, "You knew my uncle
who came with you, Circling Vulture,
when you followed Grimscowl Bisonbreath."
"That old journey?" recalled Old Red Eagle.
"Circling Vulture was a great fighter,
but when we tried to sleep, a loud snorer."

They came to the Navajo people.

"It is the Apache Old Red Eagle!"

they shouted and brought him to the elders.
"What is the trouble?" asked the old shaman.
They said, "It began with Old Black Singer.
He became sick and asked Ma'ii Bizo
to bring his health back, that old healer.
This the shaman did, before the village
asking in exchange Black Singer's daughter."
The old chief denied the shaman's request,

banishing the shaman from the tribe.
Then the corn began to wither and die,
our sister village became haunted.
The people left, joining us here.
Ma'ii Bizo made his place there with the ghosts.
Ma'ii Bizo received Coyote's power.
Then Rain Water, Black Singer's daughter,
took sick. None of our healers could aid her.
The Hopi and Zuni could not either.
We ask you now to save her and the land."

Old Red Eagle addressed the elders.
"Black Singer should respect the shaman's wishes.
Ma'ii Bizo should have asked another gift.
Bring food to my friends and I. Tomorrow,
I will begin to gather energy."

The Navajo people said the Naiithnii,
the passage to dawn, coming in the east.
Old Red Eagle rose, aided by his friends.
He asked for a hogan, asked for blankets
to cover the entrance, make a sweat lodge.
He purified himself in the Apache way.
He purified himself with steam and heat.
He purified himself chanting old songs,
the Naiyenezgani, so he woke
anew to his great healing power.

Now he asked for an eagle feather,
a blue stone, also strong tupai to drink.
He asked for crushed sandstone and pollen
and charcoal from a tree struck by lightning,
healing objects known to Navajo.
Next he asked for two medicine men,
calling them forth to assist him.
The village watched, looking at them,

looking after young Rain Water.
Old Red Eagle saw that Rain Water
was Kinfolk to the wolf-shapers.
The others could not sense this in their rites,
and the others could not summon power
to save the chief's daughter Rain Water.

Slowly chanting the old healing song,
he drew the sun in grains of sand.
Around the world's four strong winds
he placed the brave feathers of the eagle.
The white feathers pointed to the north.
The yellow feathers pointed to the south.
The red feathers pointed to the west.
The blue feathers pointed to the east.
The sun center was crafted from blue sand.
In the center he drew in yellow
a wolf howling in the center, yellow
symbol of the great wolf power
which was in Rain Water's family.
The Navajo had not seen it before.
Gently he placed young Rain Water,
the sickened Navajo chieftain's daughter,
in the center of the mighty circle
sweating in sickly red-hot fever.
Chanting over her was Old Red Eagle.

The Wolf Power rose at his calling.
The Eagle Power rose at his calling
to battle the possessing spirit.
The evil spirit was strong. The shaman
had to take direct action to save her.
He stepped into the Spirit Land.
There he witnessed the spirit-battle
of wolf, eagle and girl fighting
A hungry devouring spirit.

Old Red Eagle's spirit entered the fray.
The crowd felt the great unseen struggle
of young Rain Water and Old Red Eagle.

He chanted, a spirit weapon creating
a sacred spear of power cleansing.
Again and again he pierced the foe with it
while Eagle and Wolf attacked it. Still
it would not release young Rain Water.
Finally Old Red Eagle called the sun,
called into his spirit the Sun Power,
then leapt with cleansing fire on the foe,
and the dark spirit released the girl
and into the desert winds fled laughing.
Rain Water awoke, fever breaking
"Happily my head becomes cool," she said.
"Pain has fallen from me, a lost stranger."
Old Red Eagle had never fought such a fight.
The old man fainted, his power failing,
and his friends lifted him as a child.

Old Red Eagle awoke at midnight
inside the home of old Black Singer.
He ate, then told his hosts, "I go now
to your corn fields to remove the curse."
Bright Feather and Hunter's Eyes went with him,
telling him of his great victory.
"That was only one victory," he answered.

Over the withered midnight corn he sang,
then opened the bag he long carried.
A howling wind rustled through the deep stalks,
cleansing the fields of Banes and curses,
cleansing all the land before it,
the holy wind of Old Red Eagle.
"That is the Ici biyi, the wind power,



most powerful of Sky's Incarna released from my old bag. No curse stands a chance against him. See, it's rooted out. Now the wind returns." He opened his bag and then shut it fast, holding the winds. "They must say prayer over the soil, then the corn fields will grow again."

Two days later, they went to the shaman. Guides took them to the abandoned village. "It is an odd thing. He is a shaman of the Coyote Power, but none of the coyote shape-changers, the Nuwisha, move to try to save him," said Old Red Eagle. Then he smiled, "He is abandoned."

Over the hill came the sound of laughter, and there was a lone Nuwisha, a coyote shifter from that land, walking in the moonlight, looking at the three. He had the huge form of the Manabozho. "I am Fire Limbs Moon Stealer," he said. "Two Garou and a Corax, this is most unusual company. Where are you going to, my cousins?" "To get the shaman of Coyote. He is a rather poor relative," Old Red Eagle answered the Nuwisha. "Things are odd, a wolf-changer with humor," mused the coyote cousin. "Tell me, friends, does the Corax howl at the moon as well?" "Only because it is shiny and he cannot reach it, he howls in anguish," Old Red Eagle answered the Nuwisha. "We taught you many things, wolf-changer, how to walk the Moon Bridge to far Umbra.



Do not steal our mocking laughter, or I will have to become a grim dull wolf," the coyote said, then at last added "I have a message from Coyote, the great laughing Coyote who made the earth, creator of the Milky Way. He told me to tell the odd shaman, "Think of my power when you meet my former shaman, for I like tricks." Old Red Eagle burst out laughing, "I thank Coyote. Let him know he is welcome to my food when he is hungry." The Nuwisha slipped off, running. Only later did they notice their food bags had been stolen, a feast for Coyote.

They entered the abandoned pueblo. Old Red Eagle blessed their weapons. Drawings of the Star People looked down

from the walls of an ancient cliff side. Bright Feather flew over empty houses and reported that he saw nothing. A lazy scent was in the air, dull summer breath that did not stir. They entered a home and out sprang a young fighter, springing on Old Red Eagle. Hunter's Eyes was swifter, fighting with the fury of the wolf. The man perished beneath the wolf's rage.

Great Banes were summoned to battle them. Old Red Eagle stepped into Spirit Land. The spirits were more powerful there, in the land of their home, the dead country. He drove the Banes off with the drumming of the mystic bone fetish he carried. Then he saw the sacred place of his foe the Diyin dine'e', Ma'ii bizo.

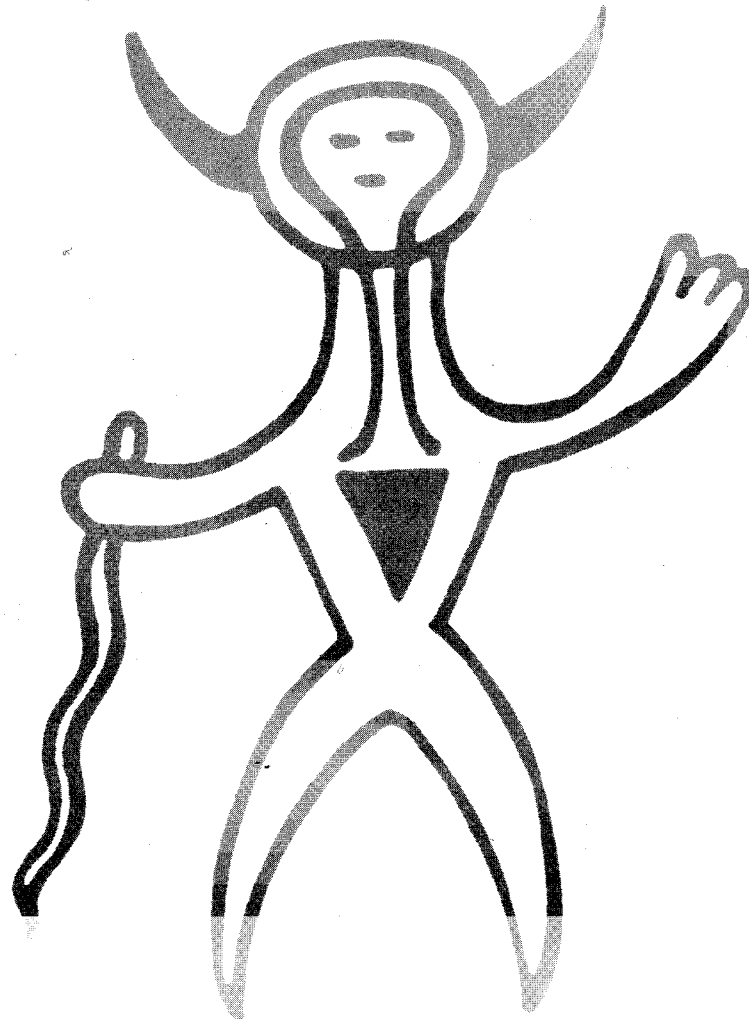
There was the shaman waiting for him. "You are the greatest Ikasn. It would be folly to try to battle you, but now you have come to my home and brought your death with you," said Ma'ii bizo. Old Red Eagle remembered Coyote and said, "You are right. I will die here. I ask you to let me say farewell to the earth, a prayer of parting." His enemy consented. He got down and chanted, then leapt upon Ma'ii bizo in the power of Uktena half-shape.

There he dug talons into the man and Ma'ii bizo struck back, strong growing, absorbing spirit power, rolling locked in Death's grip, in the Ghost Home fighting. Then Old Red Eagle saw the medicine bag

of his enemy and tore into it,
the captive souls of the dead scattering
and living which did the shaman's bidding.
Ghosts attacked Ma'ii bizo in the Ghost Home.
Old Red Eagle stepped back into living
world, then tore into his foe's body
until the shaman coughed up blood and died.

He next said prayers over the body,
summoned Bright Feather and Hunter's Eyes,
and prepared to leave the Navajo land.
"My wife shall be happy I bring her gifts.
We will be fine this winter. You two are
welcome to share with us," the old man said.
Hunter's Eyes begged to depart, asking
Old Red Eagle to help the Croatan

against the enemy of the world
which the Croatan would soon battle.
"I will help Middle Brother in the spring,
just before the summer," he answered.
"Turtle Island was created for
the Pure Ones and the Three Brothers.
Let us be true to one another,
and thank Mother Earth and Father Sky."



Old Red Eagle of the Uktena



BL

Yuri and Sophia Tvarivich of the Silver Fang

He who fears wolves will never go to the woods.
— Russian proverb

i.
"Tsar of the field, Tsaritsa of the field,
Tsar of the woods, Tsaritsa of the woods,
Protect my herd, protect my family.
A monster is loosed upon the land.
Drive him from the holy land of the Rus,"
So chanted a woodsman of the north.

Across the white snows, the wolves were hunting,
led by two noble wolves peering
silent, pacing at distance a lone figure
about the shores of ice-caked Lake Belye.
The gray clouds caressed the white earth,
silencing all but the breath of the pursued,
the monster fomori torn and bleeding,
chased half a night and day by wolves playing.
Biting with steel teeth and chasing
their prey, so played the wolves of holy Russia,
the Silver Fang of holy Russia.

The Tsar of the field, Yuri, turned to his sister. "Let us finish him," he said.
Sophia nodded, and they assumed the wolf form.
Shooting across the snow with speed
ran Yuri and Sophia, brother and sister,
leaders of the Silver Fang, most noble of Garou.

Swiftly they caught the fomori,
brought him low. Sophia assumed her human shape.
"You who have entered our lands,
despoiled the peasants, slaughtered all in your path,
have brought the vengeance of the Silver Fang
upon you.
My brother will kill you swiftly if you reveal your origin."
Beaten and battered by the pack, the fomori answered. "I come
from Sharkala's land, the dragon of the south. North he sent
me to spread his dark workings."
In Crinos shape, Yuri tore his throat out,
leaving black boiling blood to melt the snow.
"We shall go south," Yuri said.
Sophia looked south, across the earth
towards distant golden spiraled Kiev.

ii.
It happened in the city of Kiev,
Kiev the golden, mother of Russia.
The River Denepr flowed by, ceaseless
from the north, bringing her waters into the
Black Sea.
Igor the robber, Igor the boatman, Igor Valkof,
robber wolf-changer of the Bone Gnawers
rowed to the shore of the Denepr.

He had three comrades,
his knife, his wits and his oar.
He heard the bells of St. Cyril
ringing, St. Cyril the church built by
Pyotor the Boyar, Pyotor the Merchant,
Pyotor the Glass Walker,
powerful in Kiev.

"Brother wolf," said Pyotor, waiting on the shore
"You laggard! You know the bell rings
only to summon the secret wolf Kinfolk
of Kiev. Come, we have visitors
arrived from the north. Hurry, you laggard!
The Silver Fang have assembled
to greet Prince Yuri and his sister, the
Princess Sophia."

They went to the church
outside golden Kiev's walls,
There Kinfolk and Garou awaited
in the caern of the Walkers.

A handsome man, dressed in rich furs
from Novgorod, stood before them and addressed
the assembly. He was Prince Yuri.
A girl in white sleeves rustled by,
legends alive in her dusky eyes.
Forgotten happiness caressing her cheeks,
Princess Sophia took the side of her brother.
Her dark hair fell down her back a waterfall.
Some thought a Greek icon of the Virgin had
come to life
to let the sun shine down
on the land of the Rus.

"Friends and kin, I bring news from Novgorod
and Tver," said Yuri, Prince of the Silver Fangs.
"My sister and I have arrived with four fighters,
Boris, Foma, Vassili and Utra,
proud warriors of the Silver Fang.
We come from the forested north
where the language is pure. We have
undertaken a quest



to rid the lands of the Rus of the Zmei,
the dragons summoned long ago by Baba Yaga.
Who will come with us?"

Ragnor spoke, of the Get of Fenris.
Ragnor said, "The Polovsty, the raiders of the steppes,
our old foes, say another tribe is moving towards
great Kiev: the Mongols. At first
we thought them another raiding people,
but already they have broken the Polovsty
and Alan armies. Ulu the Stargazer of
the east is here. He says they have conquered the forty
lands from dawn, China and strange India, and
all those who dwell in tents."

Ulu arose. "It is even so. Their leader Genghis
knows no lord save Tengri. The trees bow before him,
and the mountains tremble as his horse-archers pass."

Sophia shot her eyes at Ragnor and answered,
"My brother and I seek to rid the land
of ancient evils. The dragon has greater
life than any human conqueror.
In ridding Sharkala the Cruel,
destroyer of villages and flocks, we rid
the land of an unwanted guest. Those with
courage may join us."
Katja of the Black Furies pledged herself.
"Long has Sharkala been my people's foe,"
she said. "I accept the offer of the Silver Fang."

Yuri stepped forward. "Brothers, the plight of
Kiev also concerns us. After Sharkala is
defeated, let us come to her defense. May the Falcon Spirit watch
over us!"

Pyotor joined the Silver Fang. Ulu the Stargazer
volunteered, and to everyone's surprise,
Igor the Bone Gnawer did also.
Next came Mehmet of the nomadic
Chernye Klobuky, of the Silent Striders;



Yuri and Sophia Tvarivich of the Silver Fang

then Georges of Armenia, also Silver Fang.
Last, Ragnor offered his services.
Yuri and Sophia led their party out.
A thirteenth walked with them, the spirit of Russia.

Yuri lead them, conversing with Mehmet
the way to the eastern wastelands,
the dragon's lair, the lair of Sharkala.
No villages stood near the lands Sharkala had wasted.
Meadows of ash,
weeping trees, the bones of the dead
and the calling of crows greeted them.
Georges said, "This Sharkala dwelt once in the south.
The Christian princes of Armenia and those
who pay tribute to the Caliph of Bagdad
long have had troubles with him. Others
of his kin have been put into enchanted slumber."

Sophia told Pyotor, "I have a surprise for Sharkala, a gift of
my ancestors which I keep concealed until the right time."

On the fifth night, as they set up camp
among the trees and rock, upon the borders of Sharkala's
kingdom, Pyotor sighed. All day they had been
in wolf form, but at night they returned to
human shape. Sophia stood by a pool.
The moon reflected in deep waters,
her rays falling on Sophia's hair, glistening,
a waterfall of light and dark, a young bride
before the Rowan tree.

More beautiful than a Rusalki maid she looked,
her form small beneath the deep blue
Russian sky, stretching her glory
across the great lands. How vast was that sky,
and how small Sophia looked, furrowing her
black brows beneath it.

Igor saw his friend's plight and laughed.
"You are in love with a lady above you,"

the robber said. "But you cannot see your own worth.
We Gnawers, our faces blasted by the winds,
our hands rough from scavenging,
treated like lepers by our own kindred,
dirty dogs of the clustered cities —
we are purer than the angels of Heaven
singing to the All-Highest.
We know that.
Keep your head high, my friend,
no matter what swill they throw at you.
The thorny crown of justice
you must take in this life, not pine
like some timid virgin for the blessings of saints
who do not hear."
Pyotor was too bound by his people's custom, but he loved her.

The next evening, as they approached the lair of Sharkala,
an old hag approached them after the hour of sunset.
"Stop, noble wolves," she said. "I grant you a gift,
Prince."
Yuri changed form, became human before her.
"I know your quest," the woman said. "Let me give you this:
it is magic seed
from the distant orchards of the south.
Cast before the dragon, it will awaken the
Earth Mother, and she will weaken the serpent's strength."
"What can we do for you in return, old mother?"
he asked.

The hag laughed, "You have done enough.
As for me, long have I been the foe of Baba Yaga
and all her creatures. Go with the
blessings of the Mother."
With that, the old woman vanished in the gloom.

Mehmet went before the party to spy out
the land. He returned before midnight.
"In the ruins of an old temple,
the worm waits," he said. "For Russkaia Zemlin,
let us forward!"

Yuri went to Georges and Ulu.
“You two must chant the song of deep sleep,”
he said. “Ulu knows it, teach Georges.
This will weaken the worm. If we cannot kill it,
at least we will let it slumber
with his brothers until the
day of Resurrection.”

Sharkala awoke, leaving the temple.
He was larger than the great trees.
He spread his wings.
He smelled the wolf.
“Come then!” he yelled. “I can smell you, old wolf,
hiding in the night, creeping up to kill
Sharkala Red, Sharkala Sunset, thinking to
take me down like an old stag. But I have
a better game. I will come to you, a lion
chasing rabbits!”

Sharkala laughed and emerged majestic from the
old ruins. His scales glinted red,
violet and deep blue, the colors
of the evening sky. His eyes were yellow.
His claws were swords.
His teeth were death.

Yuri stood on a knoll outside the ruins.
“We have brought the mole out,” he said.
“I see you, Prince,” Sharkala laughed,
creeping forward.
“Let me prophesy: I have destroyed lands
from here to the city of the Kazans.
I will destroy you. Those who flee
will find death waiting with the Mongols.
The Gnawer will find the cross and hang from it
for petty crimes. The Stargazer will end
cursing at dry parchments in bitter wastes.”



Yuri threw the hag's seeds before Sharkala's feet then changed form into the fleet wolf. He leapt as the worm spit fire over the hilltop. Far back, Ulu and Georges began the chanting spell, using fetishes, making the air thick and sleepy for the serpent.

Yuri lead the others in ambush. From all sides, the half-wolves leapt onto Sharkala, ripping and gnashing. Sophia lashed onto the leathery wings and ripped into them with iron claw. Sharkala screamed, fear fell before him in a mist. His cry echoed across the empty lands of destroyed huts and weed-choked farms.

From the hag's seeds, great choking vines shot forth. They twined around the dragon's legs, rooting them to Mother Earth. Sharkala tore at the vines with giant's strength, but they kept growing, engulfing the proud serpent, the children of the violated earth. "You have your little spells!" the great beast roared. "I have mine."

His great tail rose and lashed out, killing Ragnor and Utra. With his great flames, he destroyed Boris. Sophia howled in mourning over her fallen comrades. She leapt and clung onto the serpent's neck, digging deep with her claws until red blood spilled. Pyotor joined her. Sharkala smashed his neck down onto the earth. They leapt aside from the weight and fury of Sharkala Zmei.

The serpent's eye caught Sophia. His gaze froze her to the spot. Like her foe, she was rooted.

Sophia pulled out a large feather from her leather bag. Suddenly the land was glowing about her like a star. The hues of magical colors cast shadows far into the trees.

"This is a gift from our grandfather, Tsarevich Ivan, the feather of the Golden Firebird, the enchanted bird he brought to his father." She shot the feather with the aim of an arrow into the eye of the evil dragon. Blood splattered, spraying the land. Sharkala howled in great agony, blinded in one eye by pain, by the fierce lights in the other. The Garou renewed their attack.

Igor Bone Gnawer tore at the neck, Mehmet and Pyotor leapt on its side, Katja grappled with the stuck leg, and the others attacked where they would. Yuri attempted to free his sister where she stood stuck in the earth.

The chanting of Ulu and Georges sapped Sharkala more. He knew his life was ending. The earth greedily drank his blood. In rage, he lashed out with dying effort. His claws tore the life from Katja. He blasted fire again, but his foes scattered.

Then, swift as the darting snake, he struck, biting Sophia in his final pain. Sophia fell where flowers grew, and the warm earth welcomed her child. Yuri's screams of revenge were drowned in that dark night.

In anger, her brother Yuri grappled onto the neck, making a ladder of talons and claw to the head.

He took the feather of the Golden Firebird and stabbed it in deeper until the head of the serpent was pierced with the killing blow. With a thundering gasp which shook the land, Sharkala the Cruel died, his great neck crashing into the rocks, crushing Prince Yuri.

Sophia lay dead. Yuri's life began to depart. He beckoned to the survivors, Ulu and Georges, Vassili, Pyotor, Foma, Mehmet and Igor. "I am joining Sophia," he told them. "Place me beside her. I ask that our bodies be burned in the old way and our ashes scattered by the winds across the wide lands of Russia."

They built the pyre, and Pyotor wept, seeing Sophia wed to the flames. All bowed their heads. Far off, sending echoes through the air, the bells of St. Cyril were ceaselessly ringing.





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Jack Debil Tongue of London

The Bone Gnawer's Tale

Whan King Edward 7 of Engolond saide,
"My deer are dying. 7 want the wolf dead,"
He sent Peter Corbet with men into the countree,
Slaying with bow all wolves they could see.
The skin-changers, the Silver Fang and Get,
Are also hunted. Some saye, "Well met,"
Some hide with kin, some to Wales flee.
The others finde succor in the city.
"Come to London," they say, "but be not so bold.
You rule in the country. Here Jack is lord"

Jack was the cleverest of the Bone Gnawers,
Prince of the beggers, the poor and the robbers,
A cunning man, a holee priest,
A mocking foole, a savage beast,
Jack Almsmen, Jack Aleman, Jack Debitongue
Who cried at the moon and laffed at the sune.
Jack Almsmen begged from the Bishop's plate.
"We shal inherit Heaven," he sayde as he ate.
"You those who fall in the worlde's embrace
Now pass the wine and don't forget Grace."

The Bishop sighed, "Jack Almsmen, 7 render unto you
Not the coin of Caesar but the Debil's due."
Jack Aleman sayed later at the London Inn,
Free with the Bishop's coin to his wolf-kin,
"There be four things, 7 like them fine:
Wyemen, riches, fryends and good wine.
Yet wit only one 7 must make do.
7 keep riches and increase the rest by two."
He was a lecherous bastarde of the wyirse sort;
Looking at wood carvings of naked angels was his sporte.

Now King Edward up in his tower plots
War on the French and war on the Scots.
Corbet comes running. The hunting clerk
Sayeth, "My Lord, in London we have debil's work,
For in the countree the wolf meets death.
Here in the city some dwell, so some sayeth,
Shape-changyrs, the Debil's own. Take sword!
Here we shall clean them from your hold."
King Edward sayeth, "Corbet, 7 praye
You guide me true, and it is as you saye."

Now the King grabs sword and sends for John Howard,
Sheriff and Scot-veteran, no coward.
With Corbet, Howard and some trustee knightys,
He walks the city and seeks foes to fight.
Alone near the Thames, he meets a lone man
Dressed in poore rags, the city's orphan.
"Begger," sayeth the King, "what do you here?"
"I am Jack Debiltongue. I'm not poaching deer,"
Sayeth Jack and then to King Edward bows low,
"I herd of a plot that Your Lordship shod know."

Saye on," sayed the King with no great delight.
"Gladly. Whilst drynking, I heard two knightys
And put down my ale and pricked ear," Jack said.
"The knights were from France, they wished you not dead.
They want you alive. Such was their plot
To giff you to Wallace, the rebel Scot.
I had my beggars follow them to an inn.
I can point you there that you might find them."
"It better be as you saye." The king urged them on
And caught knights who would turn a king to a pawn.

Jack's word was true, and Queen Elenor pleaded
The King to find Jack, whose advyce he heeded.
The King found Jack and sayed, "What gift can I give?"
"Call off Corbet's hunt that the wolf may live,"
So Debiltongue answered, then added with smile,
"I can give you the pelts of some wolves in a while."
Edward agreed, for his subject had safed his lyfe.
"Peace, Wolf=King!" he yelled. "Let there be no stryfe."

Jack grew in authority, but those of his foes
Among the Get said, "There the King's Dog goes,"
But not to his face, for Jack was lord.
His many Bone Gnawers made a great horde.
One came to hem, Bob Bleechbone by name,

An old friend of Jack's, now bint and lame.
"I can no longer run with the city pack," Bob sayde.
"I share my home with beggars, the street is my bed.
I canna rest at night. Some young men go wild.
They beet on the poor, man, wyman an childe."

Jack found these villains one nyte and sayed,
"Was not Crist Jhesu poor and for us bled?
We are all Gody's children, sistyrs and broders.
Adam and Eve are our fader and modyr."
They cried, "Seynt George!" and, "Bleysed Virgin!"
Jack Debiltongue laffed as his werewolves fell in.
Into the Thames they dropped their slayn foes
And left the ravens to cry the tale of woes.
A free feeste they offered to the fish and the crows.
Such was their charity, as every wolf knows.

The beggars and poore, all thanked they Jack,
And word got around, no drynk he lacked.
Wyman sang wit him, and other tongues sang
Of his deeds to the wolf kings. The Silver Fang
Phillip de Valence, knighted in France,
was a King of the Fangs. He knew courtlee dance.
He was brave, but oft fooled and vain.
His ancestors from Adam could he all name.

In Normandy his court, he had searched far and wide
To find a lady of good blod to be his bryde.
Fair Constance of Engolond was to hem pledged,
A lady of beauty with sense in her head,
The daughter of old Norman nobility.
To Engolond came Phillip the maid to marry.
He sent word to Jack in London city:
"Escort this fair maid of York to me."

She lived in York, in the north of the realm.
 Jack with his men donned stolen helm
 And rode to the north. Their eyes did see
 Corbet's werk all about, his remedye
 To the poor wolf, and Jack said, "War
 Comes not from Corbet, but Engolond's old sore."
 When they arrived he beheld fair Constance,
 Kin to the werewolf, raised in Engolond and France.

They escorted hir south, as wolfs his folk ran.
 Jack spoke to Constance, desire began.
 Hir hair was golden, sweet and gentle she would syng,
 Hir fair voice roused the finches of spyrnge.
 He taught hir dice games and drynking craft.
 He taught hir new songes, he taught hir to laff.
 When they arrived at London, loathe was he to see
 Phillip waiting by chapel for hir to marry.

At the banquet, Phillip held a great feeste
 For his new bride, for his nobles and beasts
 of the moon. The Gnawers and Silver Fang
 Ate to their fill, none could complain,
 And Jack ordered his frend, John Muttonthef,
 To bring strong drynke of the wine leaf
 And pour into King Phillip's cup.
 "When he falls asleep drunke, then wil I sup."

Philip sang many a bad burgher song
 Of courtly romance. He sang far too long.
 Phillip explained this was the custom of his countree
 To singe to one's guests, it was great courtesy.
 Then ast he Jack, "What thinke you of my art?"
 Jack lifted leg and let loud a fart.
 The assembly was silenced. Jack saide, "My friend,
 In Engolond we show thanks by breaking wind."



Than the feast ended, Constance to bed
To wait for hir husband she wed,
But Phillip drinks of the wine and falls to sleep.
Up the stair Jack with great stealth creeps.
When Phillip awakes, he came to his bryde.
Jack leaps out the window in wolf form, running outside.
Constance is awakened from sleep and sayde,
"Phillip, we already wore out the bed."

The next daye, some Get wold speak with Jack.
"We are from the Mydlands," they sayde, "and things are black.
After Corbet's hunt, scarce our numbers be,
And the Blak Spiryl Dancers come from Scot-country.
We do not like Gnawers, but the Dancers bringe blight.
With you and the Fang, we can drive them back into nyte."
Jack sent word to Phillip, he formed a strategy.
"My gift to Phillip will be the old enemy."

Jack with three friends went to the north,
The wild bleak country that spewed Dancers forth,
The Debil's wulfs, the Wyrms-prayers they be,
The Bane barkers of blak blasfemee.
Mary Latinwiste said, the sept's Theurge and wise,
"I have dreamed of Spyril Rat," and she gaf his advyce.
The Blak Spiryl guards brought them to their lord,
Drededoom the Mighty, kinge of discord.

Lord Drededoom," Jack said, "I come to join packs.
Kinge Phillip of the Fang has invaded from France,
And he and the Get are lodged in my city.
Let us finnis them off with liddle pity.
Then rule you the country in wide Engolond,
And the city of London is mine to command."
Drededoom answered to Jack, "You seek to deceive,
For Phillip's bryde you brought to him, I believe."

That is why I sufferen, sin I love hir true.
I want hir from Phillip. That is my due,"
So sayeth Jack, and Drededoom luffed on his trone,
Thinking Venus's spell drove this Urrah from home
To the lond of madness, to dark hate,
To kill off the Fang, and than share their fate.
For with Corbet and Bone Gnawers his work to do,
All Engolond will fall to the Blak Dancers' rule.

I agree. Than in the morrow, we run to war.
Now come to the pit which contains our lore,"
So he tells Jack and leads him by old spell
Where demons gibber from the gates of Helle.
But the balm in their eyes blinds the Gnawers' site
Of the yawning pit and the Debilwyrms' might.
With beeswax in their ears, they hear not the screams
Of the tortured nytemares that walk in our dreams.

Taking them from the pit, the Dancers with glee
Recite with howls their dark litany.
Jack and his friends join, afraid to show fear.
Seynt Rat saved them, but Seynt Rat was not near,
His balm of which vertu cast them breffe blind.
They acted like Dancers out of their mind.
When ended the Dancers' dark solemnitee,
Jack prayed to all soules to set them soon free.

The next nyte, in wolf shape run they all forth,
Dancers and Gnawers howling from the north.
The power of Mars from celestial spheres
Engaged their blood to Rage without fears.
The dells of the Mydlands and shires hear the crye
Of the howling of death undir the dark skye.
Full ware kept Jack his head, and he told
The Dancers he would lead them by hidden rode.

Before London, Jack led the pack down a vale,
 Then howls he made from the depths of that dale.
 The sign is given, Get and Fang leap to the kille,
 Also come more Gnawers for foe's blod to spille.
 The Gnawers with Jack turn on the Dancers too.
 Jack was false to the Dancers, to the Garou true.
 The ambush attack leaves many slayne,
 Many are left dying, many in payne.

The Dancers fite with fury in slaughter,
 Going down in gory undir blod's water.
 Drededoom, he cries, "I will slaye traitour Jack!"
 Than yells blak magic and leaps to attack.
 Jack was full of luck and blest to survive.
 He dodged the blow than with his foe strived,
 Biting at Drededoom's neck, until with breath,
 He said goodbye to hard lif and welcomed death.

Trusted you," he said, "but lif I cannot undo.
 Jack Debitongue, Debitongue you are named true."
 Than Drededoom died, the Garou had victory,
 The Get and the Fang and the wolfs of the city
 By deed of Jack. He saged, "Phillip King,
 A glorious hunt as a gifte to you I bring.
 That is my wedding gift to you, great glory.
 Leave me the pelts, they have priory."

The pelts he gave to Edward, to prove all wolfs dead,
 Than with thanks he went to his friends and saged,
 "Corbet's werk is don. Tell the Leeches of this town
 Not to recall hem, or next we hunt Leeches down."
 Now as our blith increaseth like leyfes on a tre,
 Remember those old and young who need charity.
 For Jack Debitongue's sake, gif always more.
 Blessed be Seynt Alexis and blessed be all poore!





BRIDGES '94

Shogecka Hunter Moon of the Wendigo

1. The Wendigo in Pure Land

When Pure Land was new, long ago
When grinding ice came from the north,
Came Uktena and Wendigo
Howling across the bridge of snow.
Croatan followed their scent forth,
Three half-wolf brothers fought their foe,
Cleaning the lands of old Wyrms' swath,
Urging the Pure Ones, "Come and grow!"

The Wendigo half-wolves fared wide
When Wyrms returned to the fields.
When the Croatan died, many cried,
Sacrificed to the old Wyrms' pride.
Pure Lands' mighty living shield!
Wendigo thought Uktena lied,
Gazing in his great sand wheel
Had lied — so Middle Brother died.

Then over from Great Salt Water,
The White Men of the distant kings,
First in trade and first in slaughter,
Wars of guns and cannon fodder,
The present that the White Man brings.
English lose to their own daughter,
French driven out, and the word rings:
Washington is Great White Father.

More coming to that sacred place,
Harsh were the newcomer's demands.
The levelers of land and space,
The fallen sons of Adam's race,
The wrath of Europe's angry bands,
The Wendigo their foe embraced,
Gave battle through the untamed lands.
The newcomers the old wolves faced.

11. Shogecka Hunter Moon

The moonlight fell upon the sand,
Bathing the shore in her pure beams.
The light of night lit up the land
Near the mighty Shawnee band.
Gthedowi the woman mused on her dream
Of her far-off Osage clan,
Then held onto her newborn twins,
The mixed children of wolf and man.

Her husband Opawaka's woes
Caused him to hunt and there was fed
Upon the fear of Shawnee foes.
He had the blood of Wendigo.
The Creek and Delaware he led
To war in winter's blinding snows.
The Iroquois braves he bled,
Gifts to the winter wolves and crows.

Gthedowi named her children.
The son was Shomikaci called,
Shogecka her daughter's name chosen.
In Osage their names spoken,
The kin of moon and waterfall,
Raised by father's Shawnee brethren
And old Wendigo ritual —
The fiercest wolves under heaven!

Taught by the Wendigo their skills,
They hunted with Shawnee and Ottawa.
Many are their chosen kills,
Cleansing the Pure Land of her ills.
They heard words from Tenskwatawa.
The Shawnee Prophet's vision spills
To Wyandot and Chippewa,
From Great Lakes to the Catskills.

The Prophet's words flew in the air.
Council was held on Stony Creek.
The Miami and Delaware
Gave ear to his great vision there,
Pleading the scattered tribes to seek
One strong Indian nation where
The mighty could protect the weak
And make war on the White Man's lair.

The Wendigo aided their fight
To cleanse lands and help the Mother.
They howled in council at moonlight.
They helped the Red against the White
Fight against the Pale Other ,
The leader of great Shawnee might,
Tecumseh the Prophet's brother.
Possessed by ancient spirit sight.



BRIDGES.94



When war came on, both twins were grown.
Shomikaci had become a brave,
Yet sorrow on Shogecka shown.
Her features sad, her heart was torn,
Her husband in an early grave.
Swift Night Fox died, bloodied and worn,
The Shawnee town he tried to save,
Brought low by White Man's powder horn.

Ever after she chose the road
Of Tenskwatawa's prophecy.
Under moonlight her fury glowed,
Her claws attacked, her white teeth showed,
The maker of wrath's misery.
Under the night sky dark and bold,
She made her people's history,
Reaping the wind the White Man sowed.

Under autumn's moon came prowling
Seventeen wolves of dire dread.
She looked at her fighters scowling.
They with eerie oaths were vowing
Their lives as she cut arm and bled.
The wolves approached, low and growling.
They binded oath, on her blood fed,
Then ran in wolf circles howling.

Soon Wyandot and Chippewa
Joined with the great Indian.
Shomikaci and Shogecka
And braves from the lake Ottawa
Came with Tecumseh's following.
South they talked to Chickesaw
Where Cherokee were listening
Then taught the Creek the Prophet's law.



BRIDGES '94

Their luck grew when war was brought on
Between Great Britain and the States.
King George the Third in old London,
James Madison in Washington
Prepared their armies for their fates.
Tecumseh's old foe Harrison,
Father beyond the Great Salt Lake,
Armed allied tribes with shot and gun.

Shogeka stood still, listening
For the war howl of the Wendigo.
The forest leaves were rustling,
And in the clearing bustling
The swift feet of Wathigtho.
"Cousin," she called and ran yelling,
"Your noise is the north wind's blow.
What are the wood spirits telling?"

"I studied our foe. All were blind.
Some helped me understand their ways.
I asked the wolf kin I could find
For aid against the human kind
Who cross the land and end our days.
They laughed and told me never mind.
They take our caerns and mock our ways.
We will pay back those kin unkind."

Shogeka then called her people
Off into the black moonless night.
Then seventeen brave Wendigo
Armed with claws and knife and bow
Found the Americans' camp light.
The sentries slain by night shadow,
The werewolves broke the camp with might,
Slaying where the wet grasses grow.

Some men shook at beasts of the moon.
Some men with courage yelled attack.
Some men saw them as Hell's harsh doom.
Others scattered into the gloom,
Thinking of war chief Pontiac.
The half-wolves made the camp a tomb,
The fury of Shogeka's pack
On prey who blush in Death's first bloom.

Wathigtho read the Captain's plans,
"We must run swift to British lands.
We go where Erie's water runs
To save Piqua's mighty sons
From Harrison's Americans."
The Wendigo with red talons
Passed the Yankee sentry bands
Under Fort Malden's mighty guns.

The North was cast into fire,
Five Nations too, tho Seneca
Tecumseh sought to aspire
To halt the westward empire.
Aided by British Canada,
America earned England's ire,
Took Great Lakes with her armada,
Caught their foes in deep war's mire.

First they left new Detroit's walls,
Then they abandoned Fort Malden.
News spread as swift as wood bird calls.
Their foes advanced by creek and falls
On River Thames with Harrison.
Tecumseh knew from war and brawls
The fighting sons of Washington.
He waited for the wolf which mauls.

British General Proctor told men
To fall in rank and their foe seek.
Tecumseh's allies quick fall in,
The Wendigo with Indian
From skirmish at McGregor's Creek.
Their hearts were high as the north wind.
Shogecka to the chief would speak,
"In dark night we can finish them."

"Shogecka, the British show fear,
But my Indians remain strong.
Harrison will be coming here.
His great force is now drawing near.
Here we avenge many a wrong."
Then Shogecka called out quite clear
For the wolves to join the throng
And hid from him a silent tear.

Tecumseh stopped Proctor's retreat,
Meeting the foe bravely standing.
Outnumbered, they began drum-beat.
The Wendigo on half-wolf feet,
Both bestial and commanding,
Fell upon their foes swift and fleet.
The advance scouts they were branding
With claw-marks, scything their red wheat.

The sound of guns beneath the sky
Battle where foes finally meet
Withering smoke, and many die.
Then all there hear that awful cry:
"Tecumseh's dead! Retreat! Retreat!"
Then the Indians break and fly.
They flee and face the long defeat
Of people whom time passes by.

Time gave them many battles yet.
Across the rivers and the plain,
The Shawnee swift gathered their slain.
The Shawnee's foes do not forget
The voice of the great Prophet
Whom they hid under earth and rain.
These words they said without regret,
"Brave Tecumseh will come again!"

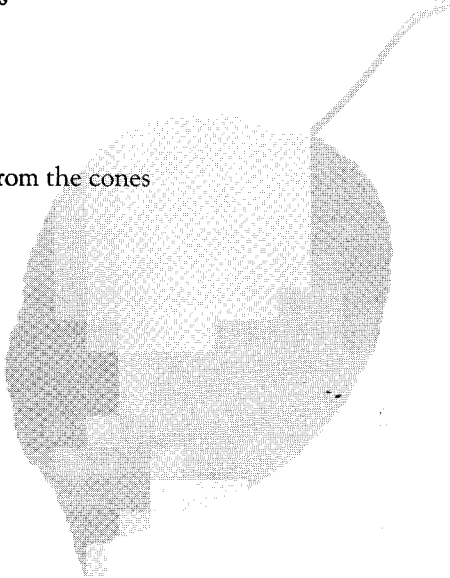
Only two Wendigo died there.
The rest covered their kinsmen's route.
Shogecka rose from her nightmare,
Told her kinfolk, "Be wise! Beware!
Look at these green lands here about.
We must fight undying warfare,
Warfare that will be long drawn-out.
Tell your kin! Be wise! Prepare!"

She said during the war of hate
When silent vision spoke foresight,
"Indians will regain their state,
Claim the living earth's lost estate
When the north wolf returns with might,
The gray wolf hunting with his mate."
The prophecy of Tecumseh's fate
The wolf howls still at night relate.



Kane

Old Wolf of the Woods



Scenter of Whispers knew the legends
from the eldest Garou
of Old Wolf of the Wolves
who oversees the Garou
where the pine needles gather
and the sap from old trees and seeds from the cones
fall onto the forest floor.
Old Wolf of the Woods.
The scent of Mother Gaia
is in his nostrils
The sound of all wolves howling
sing in his ears
The taste of the hunt and kill
is between his teeth
The sight of Garou valor
shines in his eyes
The folly of humanity is in his smile.
The immortal wolf

who cheated death.
The immortal wolf
whose glance shows
aid to his packs, all Wyld's children.
Old Wolf of the Woods,
he howled in his dreams,
singing songs of laughter
which echoed across the mountains,
singing wolven joy in strength and life.

Scenter of Whispers had been born a pup of the wolves.
As a pup, he played in the games of his sisters and brothers.
He was marked.
The others sensed his scent,
his difference,
and although he was strong and swift
and dominant, an Ahroun, he was
almost a scapegoat to the pack wolves.



Yet in their odd fear,
they displayed towards him
an odd deference.

When he was still a pup,
a cougar found him alone
and attacked, then itself was
slain by a great lone wolf.
Never did he forget the sight
of that noble wolf
who vanished into the woods
after nudging him homeward.

When he was a little older
and the Change came on, Blood Tongue
took him away from the wolf pack.
He was different, Garou, a skin-
shifter.

But there were others like him
from the Red Talon tribe.

Scenter of Whispers found
he could leap into different
shapes, the Crinos werewolf
of power or the shape
of the human.

He flexed his strange-fingered hands,
lifted tools, learned something
of their odd tongue.

He preferred his birth-shape:
the wolf of gray color, intense
sight and hearing, and the
powerful scent Mother Gaia gave him.
The humans he thought of as
confused and lost creatures,
killing because they were angry
not having the eyes, ears and nostrils
of the wolf.

In his mind he named them "Mouthsensors,"
because they tried to communicate
all through their tongue,
ignoring smell, and placing sight and
hearing below their language.
How sad to communicate
with just the mouth.

Snow from Skies, another Red Talon,
told him the legends
how Old Wolf of the Woods had tricked the
Gurahl, the bear-changers, from finding
the caerns of the early Talons, the
first changers.

Old Wolf of the Woods had also
outwitted the human hunters,
tricking them with paw-prints
and frightening their dogs.
He also saved the great Garou warrior,
Gnashes at Moon, from drowning
in wild rapids.

The generations pass like leaves,
but Old Wolf of the Woods is
still there.

The sentinel of wolf and Garou,
hidden from all eyes,
emerging from his den at his
own choosing. The first to howl
pure beneath the new moon,
Gaia's first child,
red-coated wolf,
savior and destroyer.

Scenter of Whispers saw him
through the eyes of his ancestors,
a lone figure,

noble and wild,
aiding the wolf children and wolf-
changers.

Scenter of Whispers remained a year
with the Red Talons, then
went back to the wolf pack.

He missed his brothers and sisters
and tired of the Garou.

Soon he was accepted, and thoughts of
his Garou life slipped away,
save in the back of old memory:
Old Wolf of the Woods.

He found a mate in one he named Snow Crest.
They laughed and played and sang
beneath the hunter's moon.

She bore their children, five pups
staring a week after birth
at the wide strange world.

He played with his children
in the long grass and bright sunlight,
taught them the hunt,

knew them by scent, song and sight,
two sons and three daughters.

For seven years he ran with
Snow Crest and loved her,
his mate and friend.

Finally, old age caught up with her,
and she lay down to die
welcoming death and the earth.

Scenter of Whispers was with her,
her sparkling eyes still young.

After she died, he whined
long mourning for her, howling



his lone song to the moon.
He had lost his friend and mate.
The wolf life died for him.

His children were grown. None were
Garou, but their pups might be.
He bid farewell to them
with nudges and song
and left the pack, going to
the ancient caern of the Red Talons.
His brothers and sisters of the
Garou were surprised to see
him return.

"We thought you had forsaken all
but the wolf," they told him.
He spoke of his life among the
wolves. It was his
vision of Old Wolf of the Woods
which brought him here,
he proclaimed.

The Red Talons accepted him,
but still thought him touched
by some strange spell.
They did not like their kind
to leave the tribe.
Yet since he dwelt among wolves
he was readmitted, even considered
wise.

He rose to third in the pack.
Scenter of Whispers stayed with
the Red Talons three years.
He won great respect
for his knowledge of herbs and trails.
Still he desired in his heart to find
Old Wolf of the Woods.

After three years with the pack,
"Where can I find him?" he asked the others.
"That you will have to find yourself,
and he does not like to be
discovered.

Maybe there is a way
in the back of old wolf dreams,
into the north country
which he likes the best."

Scenter of Whispers then bid farewell
to his Red Talon family,
vowing to find the pure path
of the ancient Grandfather.

In a long moot, the Red Talon
howled songs of farewell
for the wandering heart of
Scenter of Whispers.

He called on the Incarna
and Celestines of earth and
Umbra to aid him
and was gifted with strange sight.
He sensed the unseen path
that only certain eyes could spot,
the trail of hidden things.

He followed that trail
through long grasses as wolf
into the wooded northlands.

Thoughts:

Days pass, shadows moving.
Thistles on fur, scent of
pine sap and fresh kill.

Rabbit tracks, droppings, off into
thorn branches.

Gurgling of creek, water cold to lap, good.

Watch the creek,
waiting, afternoon light
falling from great pines,
scent of pine cones and needles.
Noise: walking, hooves.
Sight: antlers among dead branches
dark eye of stag coming to water.
Stomach hungry, strength flows
through body eyes forming plan.
Head stag towards rocks,
tire him, kill.
Leaping out, the stag falls back,
hooves in water, water spraying.
Deer running
towards rocks,
halts to use antlers,
Avoid, pace, tire,
leap, dig teeth into back,
throat, warm blood,
taste and scent of blood, lifeblood,
thrash, struggle of dying deer,
warm meal, bury meat in cold snow.

Halo around the moon.
Countless stars.
Owl hoots.
Passing through the night,
a shadow among
the rocks and trees.

One thought breaks in with the false dawn:
Old Wolf of the Woods.
Thoughts when east-glow-red: Old Wolf of the Woods is calling.
Summoning. I seek him, and he is seeking me.
High howling song, scent of the great wolf.

Thoughts:

Land here is where he would like.

Past life vanishing; light on rippled waters.

Am the wind gusting towards Old Wolf of the Woods.

Scent of Old Wolf of the Woods from north east.

One of many. Fading shadow. Wolf to renew.

Killer. Protector. Guided by the birds of prey, north home. All wolves are his children.

See through his eyes, strength in his movements, hear all world breathe, see, scent all wolves.

Then he heard the dogs howl. Scent of dogs and man.

Dogs: chained cousins, cousins who serve masters.

Approaching. Smell sweet smoke: tobacco.

Hear: four men, seven dogs. Change scent, tracks.

Crinos form. Upright, power. I laugh, gain the crest of the hill. Sight hunters.

Dogs confused by change of scent.

First dog reaches crest. Seize, rip throat, hurl back to others.

Leap down hill, hunters falling back, smell FEAR, HUMAN FEAR, dogs protect them (too good for masters).

Scenter of Whispers drew their fire, outrunning their death shot, laughing when he was hit, ripping into one hunter, killing him in fury.

Damned dogs, next hunter, drag down into the snow, dogs all over, wrestle, rip into chest cavity, he strong, hold head back, finally kill. Man yell, "hellhellhell". More shot entering, hurt, DAMN DOGS ripping into ear, flesh. Cannot concentrate.

Smell him. See yellow wolf eyes from thicket, observing, great wolf.

Old Wolf of the Woods.

Leaping, Old Wolf brought a hunter down,

then turned on another.

Scenter of Whispers gathered courage, met his foe,

fought alongside the Great Wolf.

He chased the dogs into the woods.

All the men dead. Scenter of Whispers took wolf form and howled the song of victory...

Old Wolf did not move, waiting among the bodies.

"Come with me," Old Wolf said in the gulf between hearing, and Scenter of Whispers followed him into the deep wooded hills.

They entered the woods of the Deep Umbra.

There they hunted plentiful.

Great redwoods sighed in warm breezes, and buffalo stretched across distant plains.

Old Wolf gave Scenter of Whispers his red coat and size that all may recognize him.

His watch would not be easy, Old Wolf indicated.

Apocalypse approaching, Garou need aid.

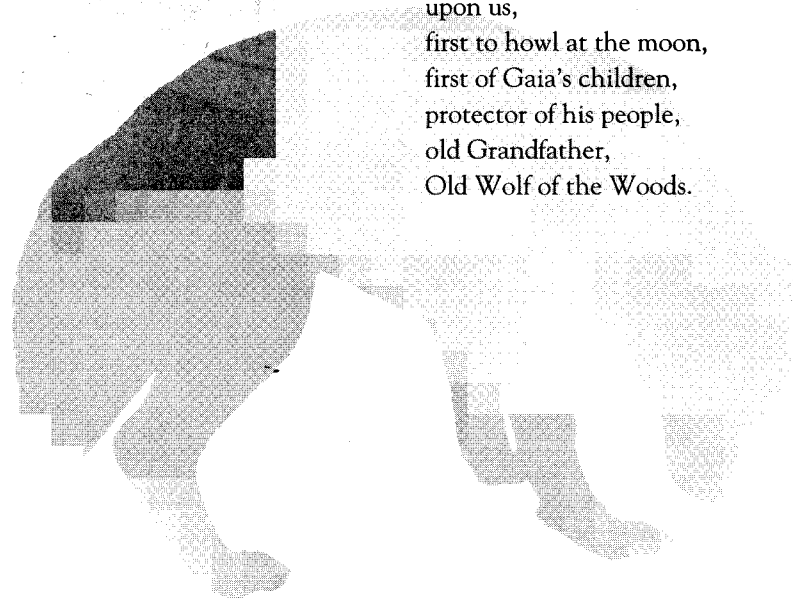
Wolves your first pack.

So he was taught great skill and earth magic, the secret paths of earth and Umbra, the life of many in length, the choice of successor, and when Old Wolf of the Woods lay down to die, Scenter of Whispers dropped his name, remembering only Snow Crest,



her scent, her white form.
He honored his mate in memory
and became
Old Wolf of the Woods,
and the power, his predecessors,
became his.

Through pine branches
where the cones and sap are mixed with leaves,
you can feel his eyes
upon us,
first to howl at the moon,
first of Gaia's children,
protector of his people,
old Grandfather,
Old Wolf of the Woods.





Alexandru ThunderRage of the Shadow Lords

"Alexandru Parvan, Alexandru ThunderRage, you have slain Mihaly. The pack knows it.

They are afraid to condemn you, but it was a petty thing over a petty argument," so said old Pasic, leader of the pack, the only one Alexandru called friend.

"He was too headstrong," Alexandru mumbled, looking at the night sky, the eternal stars reflected deep in silent pool.

He beheld his own face, a phantom unformed mask as of yet not realized. A formless night confronted him. Day had departed, a worn and wasted ghost.

"Look at what you are, what you could be," old Pasic sighed. "You are strongest and

brave, brave enough to be our leader.

You will rule the Shadow Lords of the Tisza River and Transylvanian Alps, all of Banat.

You are too wild, an unformed wind raging without reason, killing for petty purpose our wolf brothers, Petru and Victor. You break our laws because you have the strength. All fear your power, but no one will follow a leader long who is lawless, without restraint.

You are too wild for even the vicious Shadow Lords.

The refinement of cunning is lacking.

I command you, my dark Narcissus, find your enemy in the city beyond the Moon Bridge, in the Umbra Realm. There you will conquer the dull brute within you or perish

a beast.

All in that city mirrors the soul,
it is said. You will see yourself.
There you will fight
for your very life.
Return with a refined mask
or not at all.”

Alexandru laughed, then felt ashamed and
went off into the woods to perform this
strange task. He did not fear the task.
He feared little, but for his old
friend he decided to go. He walked the
Moon Path between the worlds, and
the seasons fell, discarded clothing.

The sensation was strange, when he looked
and smelled late pollen of swollen flowers,
heavy and thick in the air where no
breeze moved.

Unreal city — he beheld fantastic lights mirrored
in still waters. Unreal city — he longed to touch
her reflection for a moment before
the ripples altered her beauty and
took her away.

Alexandru reached the distant mirage at
night, the rain-drenched streets of Behirion
where dim lamps mirrored broken souls on oily asphalt.
It is here the dead huddled, singing their odd dirges.
The trashcans burned, old pyres.
Grinning gargoyles peered through the inky smoke of

night. From some nameless home, music thundered
death. His soul felt the alien oppression
of a thousand unseen things digging like thistles
into his flesh.

The inn, the inn, the inn is here.

The shades of children chanted rhyming nonsense
from darkened alleys. Alexandru avoided the inn,
passing swiftly from the fellowship of the
living and the dead,
the straw men, the flawed men,
wasted scarecrows and skeletons of the Reaper's baggage.
Shadows danced before his eyes.
He heard their chants and empty threats,
braving the nightmarish streets in vain,
leaving the dead to huddle, singing their odd dirges.
Around every turn, he looked for his foe.
Alexandru knew that under some arch
a Garou with his form awaited with
death in his yellow eyes.

Above, the celestial cryings of the angels, music
rising inescapably to these perfected beings
of ancient spheres, lost paradise. He could feel them
in the airs above the slumbering city, and in a
glimpse of longing, he dreamed to breach the barrier
towards these ethereal beings, dancers of high
divinity, to raise them with an animal yell
and proclaim, “You noticed me in your celestial
contemplation, an animal, a thing of the earth,
doomed to death and dust and the wild winds' scatterings.
Go on! My exaltations may not reach you
in the Forgotten City! Go on with your silent



singing of Heaven's hymns. I go on to the night-drenched city, to the ancient hunt." The sighs of angels passed above him. He slunk under an archway, the still airs pregnant with unfocused and old desires.

Silent streets before him, jutting architecture and odd angles, glyphs on the walls, dark windows, empty papers rustling down strange and twisted avenues. Far off, the mocking noise of music reached his ear once, then was gone. Alexandru sniffed in wolf form. No scent was present, but a sudden glance down dark and desolate roads, he knew he was followed by Death, quiet and sure-footed, and he withdrew before his reflection was cast in the Reaper's eye.

A lone dog barked. From a rooftop leaped a Garou, tearing at Alexandru with clawed fingers deep into his wolf neck. Warm blood fell on cobblestone. Alexandru shuddered. His foe was upon him, strong and merciless. Finding strength in the Crinos form, Alexandru struck back. Both bit and tore with savage splendor. Their fight pitted two equal opponents in a death-kill. How long they danced in Death's embrace he could not tell. His foe disengaged and laughed, running into the shadows of the sleeping city, still nameless and faceless, unformed. The laugh was his own, hollow.



The Garou was himself. He feared the nightmare given life, gaining strength, while he wandered lost.

Bleeding and tired, never having fought such a fight, Alexandru retreated. The inn was before him, the bypassed inn.

He froze at his reflection in the window. He entered.

A Glass Walker sneered at him. A Bone Gnawer said, "WE don't serve your kind here." Alexandru shunted past. A Silver Fang sat drunkenly between two painted ladies. He leered at Alexandru, putting down his stein of the Hapsburg Emperor. "I am Dmitri, and I believe we find you too wild for our taste."

A Get and a Strider stood ready to do their drunk lord's bidding. "At least we are hardened," Alexandru answered.

"Touché, old boy," Dmitri yawned, plucking a perfumed cigarette from a silver case. "We are the flawed men, the scarecrow wolves, old tales keeping the other Garou at a respectful distance, keeping you aside. A chore, a chore. At 3 p.m., they serve oysters here. As for you, you only fight yourself, old boy. You await yourself out there."

In the corner, a Stargazer inhaled from a hookah, staring stupidly at a crack in the wall. A Fianna plucked on an old guitar a ballad of some lost Irish cause.

Austrian ghost soldiers sang old Vienna tunes. A Gypsy woman displayed the Chariot and the Devil. It was her glance that halted Alexandru from slaying Dmitri then and there. He flew outside, holding his wrath for a future date.

Howling winds hinted at the hidden horrors beneath every hovel. Out in the weed-choked garden, the vampires feasted under a lone forgotten moon. They laughed as he passed. Turning, he studied them, leeches of life, Death's dance of desire putting on the cloak of the living, but rotting from within, pale eyes empty. They bent over a small bundle. In rage he charged them, forgetting his hunt. They dropped a girl wrapped in blankets. A small child cried and looked into his wild half-wolf eyes.

Brown hair, his image trapped in the gaze of the girl. Swooping her up, he ran from the pollen-caked weeds. A sudden love surged in him, a fire of life driving him. He released her far from the garden, cursing his compassion, and continued. The vampires were gone, waltzing before an ancient pyre, moths driven to dance towards Life's bright fire.

The animal knows, the ancient wolf. Some scent-triggered memory, buried long, rises, a new flower from an old seed. A memory unfolds her gentle petals to the conscious sun. Playing as a child, long shadows on cool mornings beneath

summer trees, the world was magical. Every bird and leaf and shadow moved with a soft humming.

In the center of the spiral city a strange statue stood, surrounded by weeds and the stuff of decay, rubble and abandoned might-have-beens: a noble wolf, eyes gazing forever towards the North Star. Work of marble, clear and crystalline Grecian features of honor glinted off the cool lupine form. "The Hero Who Overcomes," he thought he saw written there. Tears of rage and shame shook Alexandru. He bowed his head, and silent prayer shook his fearful frame. He did not think, as he did at first, that it was the first Shadow Lord; rather the idea that all Garou strove for.

When his eyes dried, he felt strength renewed, a new savage joy tempered with purpose. He had seen the noble idea through the eyes of a beast and could still fathom the mystery of the wolf of the winds who stood sentinel over the scarecrow city of dreaming decay and autumnal death, banshee wails, creaking dead wood, grasses graying against fragment concrete of the plaza into Helltown.

Now a strange unwritten
code had entered his heart,
changing a killer into a warrior.
He set forth, hunting.

Behind an abandoned
abbey, he heard his foe laughing.
Entering the sepulcher of God, a stillness
crept about him, soothing him, then from
Byzantine depths leaped the other Garou,
crashing through stained glass images of angels,
rolling with his prey into old pews,
breaking the icons of saints,
four eyes mirroring one werewolf.

Thundering impact, falling and rolling
with teeth and claws digging,
the two beasts bled, staining the cold
stone floor the color of
smashed berries.
The other seized him by the throat.
His lungs hurt, black spots danced before his
eyes. All was effort.
Frantically he slashed at his foe,
his nails tearing out the left
eye. Up the Garou leapt, screaming.
Alexandru ran after,
passing through grotesque back-streets,
his wounded enemy.
He hunted.
He found his prey.

A mighty leap, they crashed onto old rock.
In the opaque air they grappled until
Alexandru had him by the neck. With
arms straining, harsh breathing, the ticking
of moments into eternities,
he twisted the neck in his hands until
it cracked, the arms of the other
also engaged. Breathing came hard,
victory dear-won.

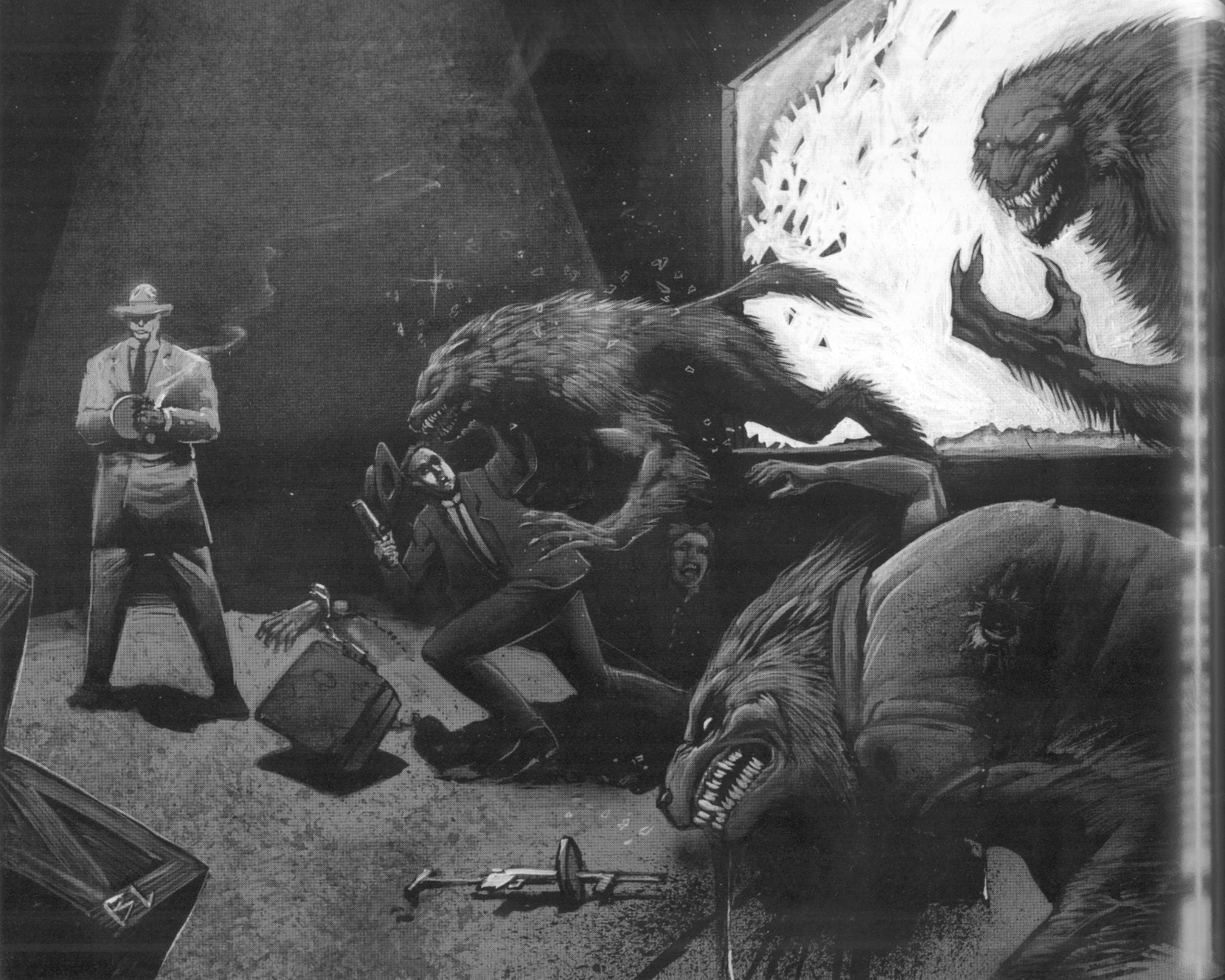
His dying opponent looked at
his face and gave himself a name. "Alexandru,"
he said, and then whispered, "Myself."
His throat rattled, and he died.
Alexandru looked down upon himself, realized
how close he had come to Death's
touch. A different man stood up, dead
before himself, his past ways and life.

Alexandru walked away, ascending
the road of heroes, out of the city
where Life's shadow breathed,
and the bones of saints were cracked
beneath cold stone.

Returning alive, no longer
a beast of impulse, but a man of
cold command and cruel contemplation
The idea burned in his heart.
The others called him "New Thunder."

A great hero of the Shadow Lords he became,
leader wise in strategy. He united
the Shadow Lords against the vampire Mikhail
and broke his power over the Carpathians.
He challenged the Silver Fangs in revolt-
torn Russia.
His name is held in honor with Stephan SlySlayer,
Nikos Router of Turks and Nicole Death Bringer.
Now enough is sung. Let us retire
Ere voices fail us, and we expire.





Lone Wolf Lupo of the Glass Walkers

Molasses Moon

Vince “Hammerhand” de Angelo grabbed the phone, staring through the curtains of the cabin window. He was a big man, dressed in a baggy brown suit, with powerful shoulders and tough hands which had seen more than their share of hard work.

His gut was telling him *they* were out there, slinking in with the growing afternoon shadows. Perspiration covered his hands, and he cursed when he found them shaking. He gathered his nerves and dialed out, needing to concentrate just to grip the phone. He finally got an operator.

“Connect me with Chicago. Frank Cantello.”

Vince forgot for a moment that he was in Canada. The whole hook-up with Chicago was going to take a while. He almost hung up in disgust, but decided against it. He was miles from anywhere and surrounded.

Ducking his large head, he peered out of the kitchen window. The land was still. Late afternoon shadows fell heavy over the tall grass. The presence of death was out there, tangible. He could feel eyes out there, watching from beyond the tree line. And a scent. A wild odor seeping into the isolated cabin.

“How the hell did I get up here?” he thought. “How in Jesus Christ did I get up to this godforsaken dump? I ought to be in Chicago making the collection rounds for Big Al.”

The operator put him through with Frank.

“Hello? Hello, Frankie. Yeah, it’s me, Vince. The connection’s weak... hello?”

“What’s going on? You guys in Toronto?” mumbled Frank.

“Things are bad up here,” Vince found himself saying, the words spilling out too fast. “We got the truck run off the road on the way to Toronto for the pick up. Stafford and his boys weren’t waiting. We called them from this bar in London —”

“London?”

“London, Canada. Wake up, smart guy. Stafford wasn’t waiting. It was raining. We called them from this bar, and they said you changed the delivery date.”

“We didn’t do that, Vince. Stafford’s been straight with us. The juice was scheduled for today.”

“You didn’t? Christ sakes,” moaned Vince. He began to talk in a voice barely audible, “Felt like something was watching us. Jim felt it too... tell Capone I think Irish O’Banion is out to get us.”

He pulled his Browning from the holster, briefly feeling secure. He thought of his wife and daughter, a picture still-framed in his mind which soon fragmented when he thought again of the location. Isolated. Woods for miles. And they’re out there.

Stinkin’ yellow eyes waiting.

He knew the doors of the cabin were locked, secure. He could hear the creaking of old wood, the scampering of the only other occupant, a small mouse. *Wish I was your size*, he found himself thinking, and it almost forced a laugh. Outside, the sun was warm, the day still and quiet. An occasional bird burst into song in the vast forest outside the door, beyond the visible world of the window frame. All the earth was peaceful in that suspended space.

Waiting.

A rustling in the grasses. Time intruded upon eternity. Sweat beaded on his forehead, stung his eyes.

He began talking again, his words racing. “Anyway, we felt like something was watching us, like we was hunted. We all felt it. We

decided to go find a hotel, in New London or wherever. Johnny says 'Is everybody happy?' in his wisass Ted Lewis jazz voice to try and cheer us up, and I wanted to pound him. We go north of the city. I don't how, but we get lost down this old forest road at night. This mangy dog, big ugly dog, is sitting at the road side and I swear it's laughing at us."

"Laughing?" Frank sounded bewildered, despite the bad connection.

"I thought Big John Torrio had this Toronto connection tied up. This screw up wasn't supposed to happen. We were talking about the Yankees-Giants game from last year when, oh, it must have been 2 a.m., something leaps out in front of us. Johnny slams on the brakes, but we coast into a tree, and his De Soto is a pile. We got out... I don't know, maybe they got a problem with wild dogs or wolves up here. Next thing we know, this pack comes after us. I took off into the woods. I heard Johnny yelling and firing his Thompson. I'm tellin' myself, 'Great, the Mounties're on the way.' But I hear him screaming, and Don's screaming, and I kept running. Then these howls just start up. Stopped me cold. Like every dog in Chicago was howlin' at the moon all around me. Christ..." He paused, licking his lips. His knuckles hurt from gripping the phone so hard.

"I found this cabin in the woods. I'm beating on the door, it opens, no one's here. I locked it, then I must have dozed off. Think it belongs to some sportsman, he left some things here. Look, send someone up. I think they're still... Hello? Hello?"

The line was cut. His heart stopped, as if it too had been cut.

He knew they were out there. Their predator eyes gazing beyond the dry yellow grasses out there in the underbrush. They were closing in with the afternoon shadows.

The door shuddered, boards straining with the power of monstrous fists. Vince hit the floor, aiming his gun. The old wood gave way with a shower of splinters. A huge shape appeared, haloed with late afternoon sky.

Mother of God, what the hell is that? he thought, remembering lost childish nightmares. Before him stood a monster of fangs and fur. He fired wildly. Another hell-beast entered, tall, strong, with grinning canine head and oddly human yellow eyes. Gleaming. All he could do was pray, knowing that his death, violent and horrible, was here.

"Lo, though I walk through the valley of..."

Claws ripped through him with white trails of pain. His neck was crushed under monster strength. Two more hell-beasts were on him. Blood soaked the pine floor in a spreading stain. Memory vanished, a wasted ghost. A strong musky scent mingled with the smell of death.

Finally one of the half-beasts halted, gazing down on the body of Vince de Angelo. The great wolf shapeshifted, changing into a human male, thirtyish, with dark hair and wiry slight frame but powerful arms and shoulders. Antonio "Lone Wolf" Lupo summoned the rest of his gang, Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers, who crowded into the small cabin.

"We got their ringleader, boys. I recognize him. We used to do work for Torrio some years back." He laughed at an old memory. Lupo, called by outsiders "Lord" or "Don", disliked both titles. He preferred his name or a nickname. Still, he was always treated with respect. His informality gave him a nice touch among his men, who were extremely loyal.

"Let him squeal to Capone now!" Francesco "Lucky Lobo" de Gubbio spat, Lupo's second-in-command. In the beginning there had been a fierce rivalry between them for leading the Glass Walkers of Chicago, but Francesco finally bit his pride, realizing Lupo had the greater organizational skills and vision. After this they worked together, a well-oiled machine. Francesco, a tall gaunt man with a curiously boyish face, towered over his leader.

"We got them thinking it was O'Banion's Irish boys," Lone Wolf said. "With any luck, Capone and O'Banion will fall into a gang war, and we'll increase our territory in Chicago. I tell you, 1924 is going to be a good year. Now, boys, we have a date in Toronto, and we ain't leaving without our new liquor trade." There was a general round of bestial laughter.

They fell in though, his Glass Walkers of Chicago: Antonio "Radio Wave" Ceranno, Robert "Crushpaw" Vincinio and Michael "Model T" Toledo. Next his Bone Gnawer muscle fell in: Jim "Speakeasy" Sullivan, who in human form resembled the boxer Jack Dempsey, and Danny "Rabies" Henderson, an ugly man of great muscle. Rabies went through Vince's pockets, finding the money and tossing it to Lupo.

"Business expense," he grinned.



“Not bad business for the son of Italian immigrants,” Lupo said. The forest road awaited. He longed to see the lights of Toronto and Chicago. They were, after all, creatures of the city.

It was a good time for them, all of them. Bootlegging had helped the Glass Walkers climb back to a position of city power unknown to that tribe since the days of the Italian Renaissance. Lupo knew that the great Glass Walker Garou families had run guilds and even cities in Italy during the Renaissance, but the wealth passed from the old Chinese trade routes to various Spanish, French and English interests. The great Glass Walker families held onto their wealth while others grew poor, seeking immigration to raise their fortunes. And now the time had come. America had been the land of opportunity. He planned to lead the poorer city Glass Walkers back into positions of wealth and power. So far, he was successful beyond his wildest dreams.

His second plan involved that other Garou city tribe, the Bone Gnawers. Although they were traditionally the pariahs and outcasts of Garou society, Lupo had found them very loyal and helpful. They were clever, knowing the ins and outs of any city that even the Glass Walkers, with all their knowledge of technology, couldn't master. The two tribes had gotten along so well that Lupo spoke up for them at inner



tribal councils. Similar Bone Gnawer and Glass Walker cooperation was happening in Boston, New York and other city gangs. Lupo wanted to merge the tribes. They would be unbeatable. Given ten more years he was certain he could pull it off.

He didn't think much about the Wyrms, though. He paid lip service to it when in the presence of other Garou. He knew other Garou did not trust his tribe, had not since eons ago when they had embraced the city over the woods. They would never understand. He knew that vampires were a reality in cities, and the Black Spiral Dancers posed a danger, but neither of them were a day-to-day reality for him. He figured any vampire lord could be bought off, bartered with for information or, if weak, be destroyed. The Dancers, if numerous, could prove a problem.

A week later in Chicago, the Glass Walkers were laughing over beer and scotch in Lone Wolf's bar. A couple of the local police and a few of Mayor Thompson's boys were enjoying themselves. All were bought, of course. Young women dressed like exiles from the Ziegfeld Follies or Clara Bow moved among them, and a lone musician practiced on a saxophone. Rabies dug up the cash from the trash hauler's racket, a city-wide secret union which respectably paid him

their dues. The young people, workers and businessmen, listened to the soulful music of the saxophone ricocheting off the bar into the night of the new Chicago.

The Glass Walkers ran the place with efficient business sense, electronic skill and killer instinct. The perfect combination. The Canadians were now supplying them with topnotch whiskey since Vince de Angelo and his boys were done in. Lone Wolf Lupo kissed his girlfriend, Sylvia, and laughed. He felt the familiar pumping of animal adrenaline through his veins. He was a power in this city of power, a rising star. Although nominally under Capone's leadership (as were all the gangs), he was carving out his own supply network and territory. Capone's hold was tenuous at best, and Lupo could only gain from any shattering of the central authority in any gang-related warfare. But he must hold his cards close to his hands. He must appear loyal, until the moment (and his strength) was right. This would take time. He found Machiavelli's teachings quite useful. His totem was the Fox, sly and elusive.

"To Prohibition," he toasted the bar. It was called the Fourteen Points, but known as the Fourteen Pints in the neighborhood.

"I think Capone bought that the Irish boys got de Angelo," he told Rabies. "I've given a little extra to Thompson's boys, the orphans, the vets, the hospital and the church."

"The church?" Rabies asked, staring into his whiskey. "I thought your parents were Italian Anarchists."

"I forgot," Lone Wolf said, thinking of his old father and mother as somehow holy creatures. *God, I love this city*, he thought, gripping his drink and listening to the singing of electricity, Edison's child and Tesla's alchemy brought from Zeus into the city. Prometheus is redeemed, and lame Vulcan pounds forges underground. The city, the lit flower pulsating into the soul of night. Toronto, what a place. Closes down on Sunday. Chicago, she never sleeps.

Lucky Lobo rushed in, wild-eyed and unkempt. Pushing patrons out of his way, he made it to Lupo's side.

"Boss, we been hit!" he said. "At Giovanni's bar. Some of O'Banion's boys shot the place up. It was his lieutenant, 'Three Fingers' Malory."

Lupo swore, "How the hell do those bastards always know my plans? I swear, someone's reading my mind in his bunch." It happened every time. For the last four months O'Banion always saw through his

plans, set him back. A spy in his organization? Unlikely. The boys were loyal.

"Come on, boys, it's work!" Lupo yelled, and the pack was rounded up, the Kinfolk guarding the home turf, the full Garou ready for a raid into enemy territory. In the back room of the bar, the Thompsons emerged, and teenagers made sure the long line of sedans was up and running. Radio Waves began to operate his makeshift phone wires, hooking into O'Banion's lines, misplacing calls, an electric warrior using communications as his weapon of demoralization and confusion. There was no machine or communications device Radio Waves could not manipulate. O'Banion's territory was the North Side of Chicago, and its headquarters were the eccentric gang leader's floral shop, Schofield's, at 738 North State Street. The phone lines had long been tapped by Lupo. O'Banion had a reputation as a crazy killer, unpredictable, but he had never run across the Glass Walkers.

Word came to Lupo, as he was cleaning his Thompson, that some of Capone's boys were also at Giovanni's when it was hit. Good. The city would be wide open for the spoils of war. Ever since the Torrio organization had drawn the map of gang territory, and the other gangs had gone along with it, Lupo had trouble with his borders. He had Little Sicily, and he was in constant border disputes with "Dapper" Denny O'Banion. He pulled out a .38 from a shoulder holster. The men climbed into the waiting sedans. It would be a long drive to the warehouse they were going to hit. *Forget stepping sideways, we come with the science and terror of the combustive engine*, he laughed to himself.

The sedans pulled out into the night in single file, to all appearances part of a funeral train.

* * *

Inside a warehouse near the Lake district, "Three Fingers" Malory was playing cards with the boys. They were good men. They had made a hit earlier that evening at Giovanni's under the false assumption that Lupo was spotted there. Malory was a man of average height, with dark curly hair, and an emigrant from Ireland. While many thought O'Banion's organization was strictly Irish, it composed all nationalities.

Malory had special silver bullets made by a Lithuanian craftsman for the hit that evening. He knew what Lone Wolf Lupo was, and he wasn't taking any chances. He both admired and hated Lupo, emotions welling up in him that were hard to explain. He did not tell his men about the bullets. They wouldn't understand. Not that they would need the bullets anyway. They were playing cards at the beer plant. If Lupo retaliated, which was iffy at best, it would be at headquarters.

Malory knew about the Glass Walkers. Of all the tribes, they had to be the oddest. They bent earth's spirits into servants of technology, interacting with their schemes. Too modern and alien. He was the only one who could predict with some accuracy Lupo's motivations and goals. After being in town for a few months, he had been able to prevent that motley gang of werewolves from having everything their way.

And he was the only one who noticed.

You had to give Lupo credit, he thought, looking over his hand. *If I knew where their caern was, I could have some leverage.* As it was, Lupo was sly, real clever on how he did things. Almost unnoticed, slowly gathering wealth and power.

"Hit me," Malory said, exchanging two cards.

The windows overlooking the truck entrances blew out, accompanied by the noise of rapid machine gun fire. Pineapple bombs exploded, raining box splinters and alcoholic liquid across the floor. Outside, there was screaming and more sounds of gunfire. The men ducked, flattening themselves against the floor, behind boxes and sugar sacks.

The lights went out. "Hell," Malory muttered. The return attack was coming. Briefly he saw the moonlight filtering in, reflecting the silver-orange orb in the spilled molasses-mix spreading across the floor.

"Call O'Banion now!" Malory hissed, positioning himself with his gun ready.

"I keep getting Minnesota. What the hell's wrong with this thing?" German Schmidt yelled from across the room.

"It's Lone Wolf. I know it." Malory peered into the darkness towards the entrance. *Any minute now. Silver bullets ready, you son of a bitch.*

Hell entered howling. Dropping through the upper windows and rushing through a side storage passage, mad beasts dredged up from the underside of nightmare made their reappearance. Malory counted them. They seemed to number six. His boys numbered eight.

Malory opened fire, hitting one. The werewolf fell. German Schmidt and McCully opened fire. *Stupid, stupid, such a waste*, Malory thought. Lone Wolf howled, chilling the air. Beer and molasses mixed, splattering the walls.

Rabies and Speakeasy leaped onto Schmidt and Wyman. Screams followed, then two bodies were hurled onto the floor, shredded beyond recognition. One of Malory's men screeched, "This isn't happening!" before Lupo tore into him. The blood now flowed into the molasses, and the reflected moon stared stoically at her children.

Shadows danced in the night, a dance of frenzy and quick death. Soon Malory was all that was left. He retreated behind boxes, firing, then broke for a back exit. Lupo captured his scent. Something familiar about him.

"He's making a break, boss!" Crushpaw yelled.

"Careful, he has silver bullets!" came the voice of Model T, wounded but not finished.

Outside the warehouses, Malory rushed into his Chrysler, escaping moments before a dark sedan containing Lupo, Crushpaw and Rabies followed. Guns flared and blazed between them.

"Smash into him!" Lupo ordered. Crushpaw caught up, and the two cars crashed into a haberdashery. Lone Wolf leaped out in Crinos form, huge and angry.

Malory climbed out of his car, snarling, "You ain't got a corner on the wolf racket!" and before Lupo's eyes transformed into a gigantic Fianna werewolf.

Lone Wolf attacked. The two beasts rolled onto the earth, breaking glass and drawing blood. Lupo gouged Malory, who crushed into Lupo's ribs, his strength bearing down. Black spots danced before Lupo's eyes.

Crushpaw and Rabies converged, and the Fianna disengaged. Malory retreated into the night, leaping over a fence bordering the shopping district. "I can take your ugly mug on one-to-one anytime, but I ain't stupid, Lone Wolf," came Malory's voice.

Both of his werewolves moved to attack. "Let him be," Lupo panted. "We knocked out his men, destroyed their booze factory. If he's smart, he'll join us or leave town." His option to Malory went unanswered, swept by a midnight wind.



The next day the Glass Walkers heard about the killing of O'Banion. On November 24, he was shot in his own florist shop.

"Capone," Lupu muttered. His mind went to Malory. Could he eventually bring him over? A problem for another day. O'Banion's death changed everything. Time for enlarging his territory, making alliances. Lupu swallowed his scotch. "It must have been planned for weeks." O'Banion had openly defied and screwed over Torrio and Capone too many times. He had no proportion. A time for betrayal, a time for trust. Lupu was in the city to stay.

Lucky Lobo emerged from the bar, "Boss, we got word from Capone in Cicero. He wants to deal."

"Later. We'll contact him later." Lupu knew something could be hashed out. He helped Torrio get rid of "Big" Jim Colosmio and cement control of Chicago. Capone had been in on that one too. They could deal later.

Lupu went outside into the dark streets, followed by his lieutenant. *The whole city and we are the unseen, the werewolf gang passing unknown among them*, he mused. He crushed his cigarette. The dying embers were swept away by a harsh autumn wind, perishing stars swallowed by the night.

He mused on his life, staring at the moon's reflection in a puddle. Boyhood street gangs, Uncle Cesaro guiding him through the Garou rites, old parades of Civil War vets — the scent of the night air triggered a lifetime of memories. The struggle for leadership, Prohibition, the uniting of the gangs, he thought about it all and smiled. The city lights of Chicago beckoned him.

The Glass Walkers were made for the city. They walked on, forgetting time. The electronic lights of Chicago were blazing with the life and fury of the heart of the night, the midnight sun of exploration. The city summoned the Glass Walkers from their ancestral forests. It was a live thing, a magic concrete forest of skyscrapers and awe, the breathing of generations, the mixture of peoples.

"We are but bees working in this hive," he said.

"What?" Lucky asked.

"The city. Her."

Lone Wolf Lupu of the Glass Walkers

Lucky nodded. All Glass Walkers felt the same about the city. It could not be explained. They understood their inability, their sheer impossibility of stating just what it was the city meant to them. The hive of humanity, the mathematics of chance, the city was a coral reef blindly being constructed by thousands of tiny organisms, building on the dead bodies of their forebears. It was the warm-cold spirit of the future's hushed promise, the love of culture's fragments, the pulsating machine driven by the soul of desire. Lone Wolf wanted to enlarge his territory in her, protect her, a knight with a fierce band of wolf brothers and weapons. She was the one pure thing he would do anything for.

"You know Harold Spikedriver? He said something to me once..." Lupo started.

Lucky knew Harold to be a Theurge, sometimes around, but given to much introspection. He waited for Lupo to continue.

"He said he saw the city Incarna, the City Father of Chicago. A giant industrial worker, but sick. It came to him sudden. He said we have to help him. He's right, I think, but hell, I don't know how to begin." They looked down Michigan Avenue.

"You figure Malory knew our plans by being Fianna? Or someone in our organization?" Lucky asked, getting to matters at hand.

"He knew about us, but we didn't know about him," Lupo answered. "He even got past our Bone Gnawer information net. That ain't easy to do. Naw, I figure no one's disloyal. We wolves have to stick together in the city. Even Malory didn't tell O'Banion what he was."

Lupo went silent, thinking about the matter. Then he volunteered more. "The way I figure it, our boys are with us 100%, Gnawers and Walkers formin' one hell of a band. Now Malory, he's one of those guys, torn between his Irish roots and his Garou side. He comes to Chicago from somewhere back east. Maybe has a connection with O'Banion, or maybe drifts to him, figurin', 'this guy's Irish, we'll watch over each other.' He chose O'Banion over us, his werewolf cousins. And you know, hell, he may have had every reason to. The tribes, the Garou tribes, they fight each other rough, even with all this talk about, 'Let's grab that Wyrn!' Hell, Lucky, if I gave a damn, I would unite the tribes against the Wyrn."

"Fairy tales," Lucky grumbled. "You think Malory will leave town?"

"He might," said Lupo, fumbling for cigarettes in his pocket. "Be a shame if we can't get him. With his knowledge of O'Banion's organization and western connections, we could grow big. Real big. You know, we're doing a better job of uniting the tribes in the city than those idiots outside. We get him, hey we got a League of Nations of Garou in our organization."

They both laughed. Chicago's lights glowed, shining out the city life amidst the urban decay. They walked, embracing the electronic night, drawn towards its life, entering the forest of the future.

Lupo tried to light his cigarette. A north wind from the lake blew out the small lighter flame.

"Need a light, friend?" a voice asked, and a figure approached them. A lighter was produced, hands cuffed the wind, and Lupo began puffing on the cigarette. He looked into the stranger's face.

"Malory," he said.

"Can we talk, Lupo?" the Irish man asked.

"Sure." Lupo answered, and the three figures emerged from the city shadows, disappearing into the promise of distant lights.



Kelly Still Waters of the Children of Gaia

1960

Kelly Blackford had the vision early in youth, in her old family house in Pine City, Minnesota, before the First Change came upon her. She saw a young sun reflected in quiet still waters. A stillness was also in the air, wolves and men and deer, all were reflective besides the calm lake. She thought of the Biblical passage about the lion lying down with the lamb. She told her family after dinner. Her father laughed, "There is another passage, Kelly: 'Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing.' That's in the Good Book as well." Her grandfather Paavo from Vippurri, Finland, gave her an odd look.

"Let's go outside, Kelly, honey. The night is warm." They walked outside the old house, hearing the old wood creak and the chirping of crickets beyond the meadows. The old man puffed himself up. "Has your father told you?" "Told me what, Granddad?" "Listen, you have questions? You come to me, little blue jay. Soon you will know."

1962

Kelly came to her grandfather. "I feel strange. I have these dreams where I'm running over wild lands and leaving pawprints in snow."



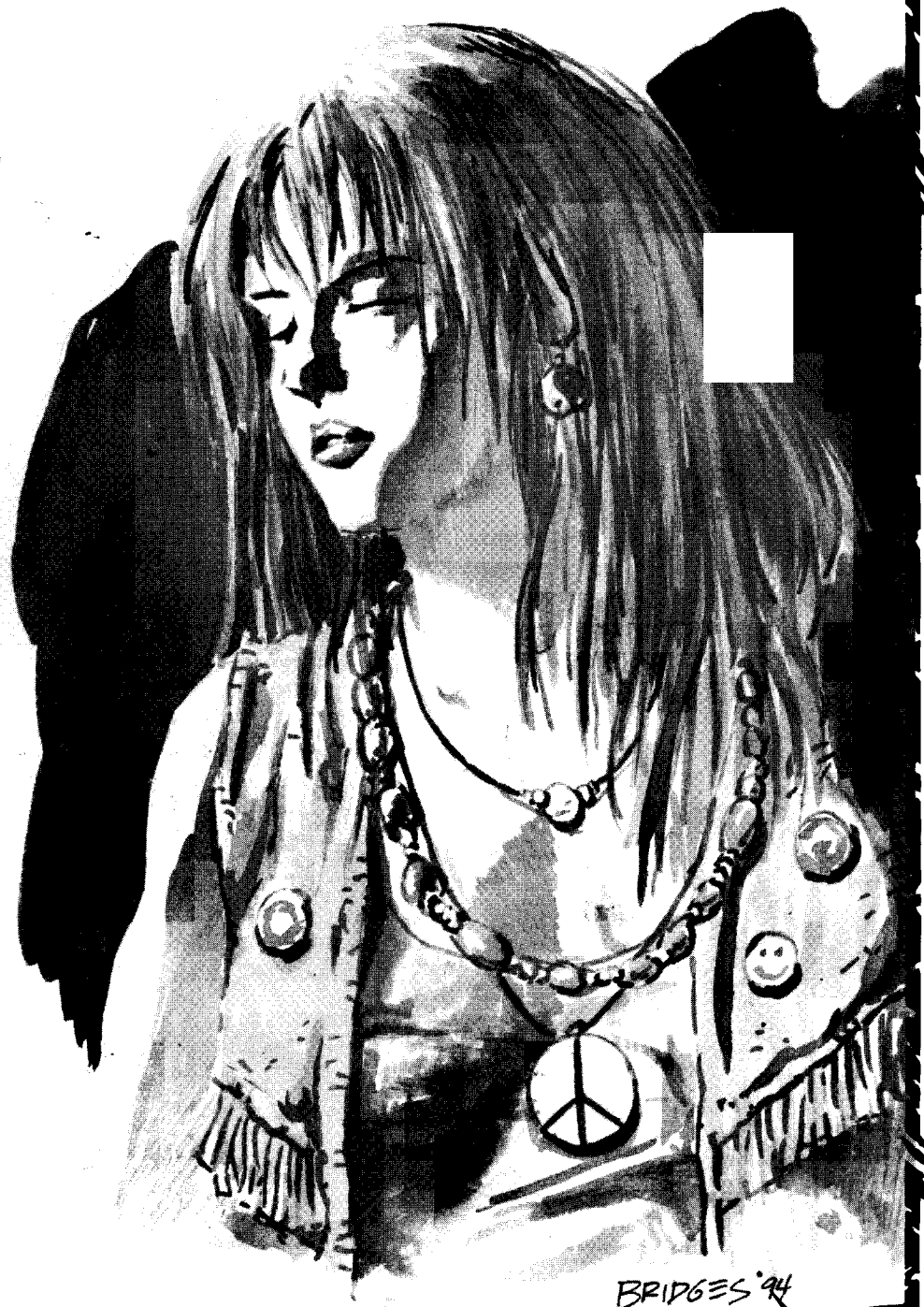
Old Paavo laughed, "Welcome to the Children of Gaia."

He told her many things that day about the Garou and Mother Gaia, about her lineage and her history, her ancestors who chose the path of peace, and she listened as her grandfather repeated the tales of Timno Reaches Eagles and Ilya Hope Through the Night. Then he took her to meet her secret family, her new friends.

Kelly succeeded in the Rite of Passage, told her new friends, the Children of Gaia, her vision she had in her youth. They named her Kelly Still Waters. Other young Garou became her friends: Julie Star Laughter, Paul Awakes Before Sun, Tim Pine Shadow, Stacey Wander Lost, and Robert Torch Bringer and his sister Mary Watches Stone joined them from Chicago from time to time. They were descended from Africans and also claimed the heritage of Gaia and Garou.

1966

The Great Society unraveled. The Red Talons were displeased when more city Garou joined the Children of Gaia in Minnesota. Kelly had become a proud woman, long brown hair and features of Renaissance beauty. Self-assured, aware, she made a commitment of living. She visited Minneapolis,



dug through old city records to discover what was causing the odd blight near the Twin Cities.

She discovered that the Pentex Corporation had established proxy companies in the area, researching biological weapons.

Pentex was tied to the Mother's Foe.

She told the others.

1969-70

Katherine had stepped down as Voice of the Goddess when old Robert Moonfriend, Arm of the Goddess, died, killed on Pentex property — "Authorized Personnel Only." Kelly was young, but saw that attacking an international corporation alone was suicide.

She assumed the mantle of Voice of the Goddess, and Paul became the Arm of the Goddess.

She traveled, made alliances, formed contacts with the Glass Walkers, Bone Gnawers, Fianna and Wendigo. They came forth with a united call to action.

Bone Gnawers infiltrated the plant as janitors, cooks and night laborers.

So did some Wendigo and Fianna.

The Glass Walkers broke the security codes with computers.

Kelly lead the coordinated attack on the plant, the bio-labs and guards outside St. Paul.

The fomori were hideously slain, and the strike teams dispatched

by Garou stealth.

Electricity cut, inside cameras turned off by distant Glass Walkers.

It was a great victory.

1972

Tremors shook the north. The Red Talons and Get of Fenris sent emissaries to the Children, telling them that the north was too crowded. They held discussions but nothing was solved.

Kelly took courses at the University, waitressed part-time,

led the Children with wisdom.

Kelly and Paul drew closer,

drinking wine and discussing Sartre,

arguing Anarchism vs. Utopian Communism,

and laughing at the speeches of

Spiro Agnew.

Nixon and Agnew in '72.

Re-elect the President.

Don't Trust Tricky Dick.

Would You Buy A Used Car From This Man?

Kelly and Paul were happy when

Senator George McGovern ("The Dove")

spoke out on Vietnam:

"I'm fed up with old men

dreaming up wars for young men to die in."

Dialogues late in the night:

"What of the Proletariat? Can they create

a culture when the means of production/communication are controlled by the upper classes?"

"The red rose of revolution blooms on the fertile soil."

"Purity falls from Lenin to Mao to Che to

Ho Chin Mo."



"There is no purity. It is dangerous to think that way. Purity gives you Hitler and the need for impure enemies."

"Let people hold power through democracy, not ruled by a Chairman."

"Power in proportion to ego. At most, one hundred petty egos run a state."

"Money is value — change the value system, shift the world."

"It's 4 AM, more coffee?"

"Ghandi — humanity can produce some good."

"'Love the Earth,' Zarathustra said."

Giddish 4 AM laughter.

"People must have a testimony to the cruelty they inflict on each other. Freud said, 'Man is a wolf to Man,' but no wolf would treat his fellows the way humanity treats its own."

102

They also pierced the Garou legends.

"Were we pups sheltered by Mother Gaia and the World Tree, or Silver Fang who wised up, wanted a balance?"

They saw Neil Armstrong on the moon, followed by others.

"It would be great if he were Kinfolk."

Nixon meets Mao. Nixon and Mao in '72.

Ginsberg's "Howl" always brought them a laugh. So did old Universal horror films of Lon Chaney, Jr.

Each day brought forth new revelations, and the music of generation revolution moved through them, rattled through all things.

They both laughed when the old Finnish Garou Risto showed up, telling them the tale of Avar's Sermon for the umpteenth time while they drank cheap beer in St. Paul. "You're preaching to the converted," Paul said. "I know, but you guys always buy a drink for a friend, goddamn."

1973

For years, the area around Upper Red Lake had been contested between the Get of Fenris and the Red Talons. Bloody skirmishes had taken place twice in the early Sixties.

Tensions rose again.

Heinrich Strong Jaw, Jarl of the Get, sent word to the Children of Gaia to mediate the quarrel.

"He's always been an untrusty bastard," Kelly said to Paul.

"He refused to partake in the Pentex venture unless he led it."

She thought about this.

Later, Red Tail from the Talons arrived.

She had heard her grandfather speak about him frequently, an angry wolf resentful of the other tribes. Still, peace was the goal her people believed in. They agreed in council to mediate.

Kelly and Paul lead the Children to the ancient caern of the vanished Croatan, now claimed by the Get of Fenris. Here beneath the November moon before the ancient Indian gathering site,

they waited.

The Red Talons came, fifteen strong, slinking in with the night.

Their territory was in the woods outside.

They sniffed warily at the visitors before assuming Crinos and human form.

The Get of Fenris arrived, proud, twenty warriors before their Jarl Heinrich.

Kelly Still Waters arose,

"Mother Gaia, we come to make peace between two tribes of your children.

Let our efforts meet with your bountiful blessings."

Heinrich laughed, alone and awful.

Then the nightmare began.

In silent unison, the Red Talons and Get of Fenris fell on the

Children of Gaia with battle and death.

Kelly stood up in human form and yelled,

"What is this? You stain the memory of your ancestors and our common Mother?"

The fighting completely halted.

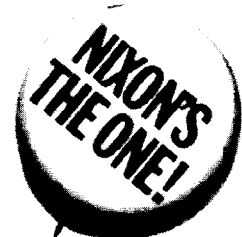
There was deep silence, save far off a lone owl hooted.

All eyes fell upon her.

Heinrich laughed again,

"Are you afraid of her, of her words? She speaks peace but increases her numbers in the north

while the Talons and Get decrease.





BRIDGES '94

Cowards. I shall deal with her."

He leapt at her. Kelly changed form, met the killing attack, rolling and biting her foe.

He tore deep into her throat and stomach, and she felt intense pain.

She called on her Mother.

Her talons dug deep into his neck as her prayer was answered.

She became briefly surrounded by a halo of light and fire.

Heinrich was blinded, then his life perished as she snapped his neck with fingers of fire.

When their Jarl's body fell, the Get fell into a rage. The Talons joined, and battle was resumed. The Children fell back fighting, pursued by the Red Talons and Get of Fenris.

Paul fell before three Red Talons.

A white hate swept over Still Waters' face.

She leapt into the thick of their foes.

She left a trail of blood, but all fell back before her fury.

She lifted her friend with little effort, carrying him through the night of hell.

She struck off alone as snow began to fall.

No one followed her.

She placed Paul down on a pile of leaves.

"Forgive them," she said, and she kissed him one last time.

A brief smile flickered across her face,
memorial to her friend.
"I must save them. We will get you later.
Think of me," she whispered and was gone.

The Children were surrounded on a hilltop.
The snow fell harder, and their enemies attacked.
They were losing too many, their leaders were gone.
Some had escaped in the confusion of that night.
Julie Star Laughter thought the remainder would all
die within the hour.

Kelly held her stomach. Her ears heard a sound.
"Late again. Goddamn."
"Risto!" she shouted, and the old Finn and
Robert, Paavo her grandfather, and six more
Garou, Fianna and Children, came to her.
"Back there, the others," she panted,
pointing east. "And Paul, get Paul."

The newcomers rushed into the backs of
the Talons and Get, led by Kelly.
Then Robert set fire to the old wood
to divert their foes
while the Children scattered into
the night. This saved them.
Kelly told Risto where to get Paul,
organized the escape, then moved to go herself.
The fire spread, engulfing trees
and leaves, carried by swift winds.

Fearful yapping, off in the woods
fearful yapping, and under
a burning log she found

a litter of Red Talon pups,
no mother or father near.
Staring at them, her pain melted away,
and the odd awareness of her childhood
returned:
Every living thing is sacred, infused with
the dance of life, and love spilled out of
her into the universe.

She tossed the log off them, picked up the pups,
then walked with great purpose towards the
Red Talons and Get of Fenris.
They saw her, fur smoldering,
walk alone out of the inferno,
then approach Red Tail and hand him the
pups. "Here," she said.
Then she fell onto the cold earth, dead.
The Talons and Get stared long at the
body, not daring to touch her.

When Paul recovered, he did not press vengeance.
"No, Kelly would not want that," he said.
The Red Talons and Get did not renew
their attack, and Red Tail held her name
in honor after that.
Quiet peace fell on the north,
Kelly's legacy.

Our age will crack, a great stained glass in a church
shattered, splintered, a thousand illuminated pieces, and out
of the ruined streets of a dying civilization, new heroes and
saints will show us how to begin living again.

Garou Saga: Notes on Epic Poetry

by Ryn Ap Bleidd, Fianna Galliard, with commentary by Greid Powell (Kinfolk)

The poetry presented in this book belongs to the tradition of epic poetry, which tells about the deeds of warriors or heroes. In human poetry, epics are broken down into two categories: (a) primary, which is generally oral and from a primitive culture, and (b) secondary, which is literary. Garou poetry does not break down into these categories, being closer to primary epic. The events happened. In human terms, *The Iliad* and *Beowulf* would be considered primary (oral first with some grain of truth in them), and Virgil's *Aeneid* would be secondary (a literary device by the Roman poet produced to please Caesar Augustus, with no oral history).

Indeed, while Garou oral poetry covers more than the deeds of the heroes of the tribes, it is the heroes which take the central place in Garou poetry. There do exist many Garou songs and poems about other subjects, common among them being odes to Gaia, songs about love, the hunt, the pack and sept, heroic doings of the pack and death. Just about any subject can fit into the category. Anyone may craft one, and they are composed all the time. One does not need to be a great Galliard to create Garou poetry. Young initiates and old members of the pack are constantly recording their experiences, although this is a subject for another study.

Being an old Galliard myself, I am often asked advice by young Garou. My advice is: record your feelings and thoughts as honestly as possible. All poetry is open to you as a guideline, and there is no one form to stick to, although some of the more conservative tribes prefer the older forms. While the Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers can be quite experimental in their poetry to say the least, Get of Fenris and the Red Talons tend to be very traditional. It varies.

Before we begin with the commentary on the poems, I shall attempt to address, briefly, the origins of Garou poetry. Was there an original Garou epic created before the tribes split? Garou scholars (we happy few) have been in search of the Ur-Garou Epic for many years, and one has come to light, found during vast travels through the Umbra and meetings with ancestral spirits. I hope to recover it in its entirety soon. To this end I have pledged everything.

As for early Garou poetry, the Red Talons claim with some justification that they alone have preserved it. The Red Talons sing in wolf howls. Several packs will station themselves within a roughly ten mile radius and begin the howling and counter-howling, composing a beautiful melody, haunting and unforgettable to those who listen to it. Wolf howls contain great amounts of information about the pack, such as strength, territory, emotional state, sex ratio, their welcomes and challenges. This was, and still is, the pure wolf poetry practiced by the Red Talons. Other tribes also sing this way. It is just that the Talons, of all the tribes, are closest to lupine nature and affirm this practice the most often in their daily existence.

Somewhere, however, the nature of these songs changed from pure wolf songs when the oral communication skills of humanity arose. The first Garou, no doubt, began the long process of singing their history around the fires. One theory holds that the early humans not only stole fire from the shape-changers, but the oral tale as well. There may have been considerable cross-pollination between the early hunter-gatherer cultures and Garou society.

It is without a doubt that the earliest Garou maintained a unity of culture that was more resilient to change than Garou culture today. These early Garou are called the Proto-

Garou, or Ur-Garou by scholars, and they seem to have first fragmented when certain tribes followed the human-animal migrations into Asia and North America via the Bering Strait in the Pleistocene, and further split over the philosophical issues which occurred towards the end of the Impergium. Each tribe that formed had the task of creating, and then preserving, its own identity. Hence the cultural need of the epic poems which follow.

Commentary: Many Garou tend to look nostalgically at these Ur-Garou as possessing a sort of pre-Edenic purity. This is a dangerous trap. We cannot reclaim the world and lives of our ancestors, but must prepare for what is coming. Mr. Bleidd, while tending to romanticize these noble closer-to-Gaia ancestors, did not fall into the error of looking backwards with regret. He fell a little too heavily into scholarship, however, and the Ur-Garou Epic obsessed him. Ryn himself was a conservative bard, although he did allow for slight modifications in his poetry. He was at heart a scholar, collecting the old tales and epics.

Klaital's Journey

The oldest of the poems presented, "Klaital's Journey" has survived by coded messages since Klaital broke from the Impergium, well before the rising of the Mesopotamian civilizations (some conjecture that this was as far back as 9,000 years ago!). The original was not a poem, but a series of coded messages Klaital left for any who would follow his path, undoubtedly a philosophical speculative game akin to the Glass Bead Game from the Herman Hesse novel of that title. The decoding of the message allowed for loose translation from varying symbols into philosophic constructs, the meaning of which is always in flux, a sort of Garou *I-Ching*. Vast commentaries have been written about this piece by Stargazer elders.

For information about this poem, I am in heavy debt to John Campbell, who revealed that the original was recorded in the Middle East, but survived via cultural transmission up to recent times in Mongolia and Nepal. In any case, it is known to all Stargazers, and several versions are circulating, each differing in content according to the cultural tradition in which it is presented.

To the eyes and ears of the early Garou Stargazers, there was no reference to Mohammed, Jesus, Aristotle, et al. (personages who historically show up centuries after Klaital's journey). Instead there were concepts, perhaps symbolically expressed in terms resembling the teachings of the later philosophers and religious founders. The poem has a dual effect: it appears very contemporary while being very ancient. Two thousand years from now, the same poem may express the same meaning while changing the names of the personages. It is easy to speculate that Derrida or Ghandi may replace earlier names. The poem is an ever-changing mirror which reflects the present as well as the past.

Klaital did not doubt explore the philosophical and religious teachings of his time, and portions of the poem (especially the central journey, like the Buddha's vision under the tree or Christ's temptation by Satan in the desert) are no doubt recorded from personal experience. Young Stargazers repeat the footsteps of their master to this day, a sort of pilgrimage going through Africa to the Antarctic. Lively debate about which was his most likely route continues. A few maintain that he went to the South Pole via India, and here

and there an exasperated Stargazer elder will point out that Klaital never went anywhere, but that he did have to travel far to reach his goal. Just the sort of elusive answer one might expect. I might add that the poem does have a melancholy feel: the wolf identity is forsaken to follow the path of the star, a individualization process not much understood by other Garou.

Tradition maintains that the original message was passed by Klaital himself to a Silent Strider (a tribe which had broken from the Impergium teachings). Later, when others had followed Klaital's path, the symbolic tale was passed over to them. A contrary tradition maintains that Klaital left the message in a sacred area where he foresaw that other like-minded Garou would discover it. This version has a Nabokov influence from his poem and novel *Pale Fire*.

The Exodus of Shu Horus and the Silent Striders

This poem deals with history so ancient that we are entering vast areas of speculation. A Silent Strider, Katib Abd el Asad, maintains that it is true, that the exile from Egypt happened in the way portrayed in the poem, in war with Set. An old Egyptologist, a most fascinating man, stated to me that the poem had some elements correct, but there was only one Set, and the battle between Osiris and Set lasted over many centuries. The man gave me the information on condition I not reveal his name. That he is not generally more known I find astounding. His knowledge of the ancient world, and Egypt in particular, is voluminous.

The identity of Set remains problematical. Here we are entering vampire lore, a field which I have no interest in pursuing. Garou scholars should beware: that road leads down strange and contradictory paths. At any rate, Set seems to be a member of an ancient vampire group acknowledging Cain as its founder. Some maintain that there were two Sets. Perhaps these dark beings have a perverse delight in naming their victims after themselves, a sort of false birth, since Mother Gaia has denied them all powers of natural progeny.

What is fascinating is that Cain is, of course, mentioned in the Old Testament in the Book of Genesis as the son of Adam and Eve who slew his brother Abel and was marked by God. The Garou have long known that the vampiric disease originated in the Middle East, so there is perhaps a grain of truth in calling the eldest vampire Cain, although I think that Cain most likely refers to a powerful clan or nomadic nation on which the first vampiric plague fell. Here vampiric and Hebrew-Christian teachings oddly unite. The *Book of Nod* is mentioned, Nod being the land to which Cain was exiled, adding more speculation. From what little I know, the book is legendary or was compiled in later ages and lost. It probably was composed of vampire traditions, attempting to present vampires as a favored people.

The events in this tale date back roughly to 1880 B.C., or even further back, and are thought to have taken place in the reign of the Pharaoh Senwosret III. Although Set was victorious in driving the Silent Striders out of Egypt, the priesthood and cult of Osiris remained strong. This is an Exodus which occurred at least a century before the Semetic peoples were allowed into Egypt to escape famine.

Shu Horus is a Moses figure. He learned much from Egypt in his esoteric studies and passed the knowledge on to his people. The Striders maintain that they used to aid the Egyptian souls on their departure to the other world and that much of their knowledge of esoteric pathways comes down from this time. They reveal little else. The figures in this tale all have the names of ancient Egyptian deities, although Isis is depicted alone as such. Many Striders to this day bear the names of the gods and goddesses of Egypt.

Commentary: Ryn warns of the perils of studying too much vampire lore, yet that is what he has done here. The name of Shu Horus does crop up in strange places. In the 9th century work of Abn al Hakim ben Aswad, the *Jumanah* (composed originally in Arabic and converted to court Persian), there is the cryptic line: "Can you walk the hidden mile?—Where Shu Horus left the Nile?—and spoke with old gods dark and vile? Dark dog blessed by Isis's guile." The Silent Striders have often been misunderstood as to their origins and intent.

Leukippes of the Black Furies

The events in the poem, as can best be determined, take place about 650 B.C., in between those long centuries after Homer but before Thales. It is the best-preserved of the ancient epics recorded here. It was cast into song before the death of Leukippes. A century later, the Glass Walker Philpolis of Corinth recorded it. The written parchment found its way to Alexandria in the first century B.C., where it and what few other written matters of Garou lore there were under the protection of Kinfolk who worked the archives and museums. Removed in the 5th century A.D., it was discovered to be still orally remembered word-for-word by the Black Furies themselves.

For those who know something of Black Fury lore, a few questions may arise. Who were the Bacchites? They are no doubt the Garou women who had joined with the followers of Dionysus. Bacchus was the Roman name for the god of the dying and reborn vine. Did the Greeks know that these women were werewolves? The legends of the Amazons were found throughout Greece, and some (such as the historian Herodotus) may have guessed, for they record the oral traditions which hint at such. The Amazons were recorded in Greek tradition from Homer on.

A last item of general interest should be pointed out. The Wyrn was not as strong then as it is now in the world. Kamisos, the priest of Apollo, must have been blessed by a dark vision. Some believe Kamisos was Kinfolk, while others maintain that he was a mage who studied in Babylon and Egypt, as he mentioned. He held ideas ahead of his time, ideas which were anathema to the Black Furies. It was almost a holy duty for them to destroy him.

Commentary: The struggle against Apollo is but an early struggle against the rising male power in the heavens. The ancient trinity of the Goddess had been replaced in Greek mythology by the male trinity of Zeus-Poseidon-Hades. The goddess is still present (especially in the form of the Three Fates), but losing ground culturally. Long before the monotheistic religions sought out heretics in the forms of witches, the battle lines were being drawn. Leukippes had the honor of being an early heroine in the centuries-long struggle.

Oisín Mac Gaelach of the Fianna

This is a poem about poetic contests. In human cultures, we can trace these back to the Athenian contests. The Fianna take these seriously, since they are the greatest bards of the Garou. In past times, the Fair Folk, or Faeries, were more numerous on the earth than now. Both Oisín and Aneirin were familiar with them. Indeed, Oisín was beloved by Siofra Finn of the Tuatha de Danann. There have always been close links between the Fair Folk and the Fianna.

An estimated guess as to when this poem takes place would place it about 407–14 A.D. when the Roman power in the West was failing. There are answers to every question posed by the two bards in their competing songs. The only five which will be revealed here are the ones where Oisín begins, "I am the giver of hospitality..." These refer to the five invasions of Ireland. The five races who successively invaded aid in establishing the singer's identity. It might be added that there was a Celtic poet named Aneirin who composed "The Gododin", but this was later, after the Saxon invasion of England had been an established fact. Was he Kinfolk, related to the earlier Aneirin? Tradition states he was. Neither of the Aneirins was better than Taliesin, the master poet of Celtic verse. Out of pride, the Fianna maintain Taliesin was either Garou or Kinfolk.

The Welsh werewolves, in the time of this poem, went by the name "Dryn a drowyd yn flaid," although they were kin to the Fianna. Why their name was different is open to speculation, but a few ideas suggest themselves: 1) Britain had been under Roman rule, and the people of Britain, considering themselves citizens of a world-spanning empire, maintained different forms of address from (in their eyes) cruder Celtic relatives beyond the Irish Sea. 2) The Fianna began as a very exclusive warrior society founded to protect Ireland's five kingdoms. Just because one shared the larger Celtic and Garou heritage did not admit one to its ranks. 3) A sort of rivalry between the British and Irish Garou. At any rate, when the Black Spiral Dancer and Anglo-Saxon Fenris attacks began in earnest, the name Fianna was adopted by all the Celtic Garou to stress unity.

The faerie mound Siofra took Oisín into is in Wales and known to the master bards of the Fianna. Its location is a well-guarded secret. Those who have traveled farthest into the Umbra and those who have had contact with the vanished Fair Ones maintain Oisín still lives and is harping still.

Commentary: Ryn himself knew what it was like to hold the highest Fianna title for poetry and be defeated, in his case by young Cahir Faolan, now recognized as one of the greatest Fianna bards of this century. Ryn took it well, having held the title for two years before Cahir.

Mockmaw of the Black Spiral Dancers

This poem was not sung or written by the Black Spiral Dancers, but serves as a "bogey man" poem of fright for the other thirteen tribes. Prejudices against the Dancers can be found throughout. We can assume that the listening audience felt relief when Mockmaw was devoured at the poem's end. The sentiment goes something like this: "See, they are stupid. They worship a force which devours them." In actuality, Dancer theology can be extremely complex.

Certain knowledge from this poem can be gleaned. It was originally told (ca. 800?) in Wales and Ireland by the Fianna. The Black Spiral Dancers were, in origin, the White Howlers, who dwelt amidst the Pict tribes beyond the Roman Wall in present-day Scotland. They shared some Celtic blood with the Fianna and were allies, although some maintain the Picts were present in the British Isles before the Celts crossed over. When the Howlers embraced the Wyrms, the Fianna took it hard. The Fianna and the invading Fenris were the first tribes to do constant battle with the Dancers.

Was there then a historic Mockmaw? Yes, although it is doubtful if he plunged into the Wyrms or did the deeds ascribed to him here. He probably was a fierce leader, but the Dancers barely remember him, and he would not be in their choice pick of heroes. In Old English, a scrap was found: "æf Mockmaga se... dod... Blæc Spir Wulf begeotan... Scyttnscl..." Probably written by a Fenris who settled with the Danes in England.

How do we place the poem when we do? The Old English reference helps, since the tongue changed by 1100 to Middle English. Old English is a tongue we can place in England from roughly 450 A.D. on. If this was a Fenris who wrote it, and a later one as is thought, we can place it early on in the Viking raids. We are guessing this was a Viking Fenris and not one of the earlier ones who came to Britain via the Kinfolk of the Anglo-Saxons. This is all conjecture.

The poem is surprisingly modern where it calls for Garou unity, a sentiment not to be found in pre-Norman British Isles. This poem reached its final form last century, and I believe the influence of the American poet Edgar Allan Poe is upon it, a suitable poet for a dark theme.

What, then, one may ask, is legitimate Black Spiral Dancer poetry like? If anyone has lost their wits while hearing the Dancers' war chant, the horrifying clanging loud sound of "Ulluh Mulluh" muttered through shrieking throats, one may know. I heard it before battle and will never forget it. Like the Confederate Rebel Yell, it has to be heard. I was lucky to survive the battle but was captured for two days before I made my escape. I will not write their war chant down here.

Commentary: Here Ryn goes too far. The religion of these Wyrms-wolves is not intricate or beautiful, but vile and an abomination. Has Ryn crossed the line? He did not mention, as he did to me in private, that when he was captured he had the fortune (or misfortune) to have as a captor the Black Spiral Dancer scholar Writlish. The two talked for two days while Ryn's other comrades were killed, two days that both used to pump the other for information. They were like dark mirrors staring into each other, and Ryn discovered that many of the problems searching for the origins of Garou poetry were also plaguing Writlish. They formed a comradeship which went beyond the wars of the Wyrms and Wyld, talking as one scholar to another. Garou scholarship is so rare that it was welcome company for both of them. At the end of two days, Writlish released Ryn. They amicably agreed to share information on the origin question when possible. Does this make Ryn Wyrms-tainted? I will suffer the wrath of many when I say no, but I will caution that Ryn is dangerous. Inflamed by the origin question, he has dropped all other considerations.

Gunnar's Saga

Gunnar Skollson was the strongest of the Fenris Garou, maybe the strongest of all Garou. Tales of him lifting ancient pines out of the ground are not exaggerated. We can safely place this poem in the years of Harold Thickhair's rise to kingship over all the Norwegians. Some have placed the action of the poem in the year 910 A.D.

The poem itself, if we take Viking poetry into account, seems to be more Scaldic than Eddaic. Scaldic poetry was usually composed by an individual skald, or poet, and dealt with an individual prince or hero. Eddaic verse usually deals with mythological subjects and is simpler in construct. The rules for Scaldic poetry could be quite formal. This poem was created by Steinolf Ottarson late in Gunnar's life. Steinolf was of the Fenris, but he was with an outlaw band defeated by Gunnar. He saved his life by a "head redemption" poem, used in Norse culture by poets attempting to avoid the axe. It worked. It should be noted that the poem is not a formal Viking poem but a Fenris poem with Norse elements. It is too informal to be a Norse poem, for there is no syllable counting device.

The figure of Starkath is not without predecessors in the Northern culture. Both Grendel from *Beowulf* and Glam from *Grettis Saga* come to mind. Pagan Norse heroes seemed to have a long tradition of fighting undead night monsters. That *Beowulf* was of the Fenris there is no doubt. Many Norse heroes had the power of the skin-change, and the Fenris tell fond tales of them. A full list would read like a Who's Who of Norse heroes and mythology. Starkath resembles Glam and Grendel in that he is the destroyer of life, and as such, Gunnar becomes an agent of life: fierce, strong, drawing power from the earth and the fates.

It should be remarked that Bone Gnawers did frequent the Fenris raiding ships as allies. This unique alliance of the two tribes lasted until the end of the Viking era. It may be that the Bone Gnawers had knowledge of southern cities and defenses that were useful.

Gunnar's saga in its entirety is quite long, but it is one every Fenris knows by heart, from Gunnar's slaying of his kinsman Thorkil to his exile. He traveled the known world with Danedog and his fighters, even defeating a dragon on the shores of the Black Sea. He had direct descendants but his line seems to have died out when Urulf the Unready battled the Silver Fang for control of Muscovy sometime around 1250. There are those who claim descent from him today.

Old Red Eagle's Quest of Cleansing

The Navajo and Apache are thought to have entered the Southwest about 1000 A.D. This poem should be placed in the broadest interpretive scope possible as it is the hardest Garou poem to date. It takes place long before the Europeans came to the American continents, called by some of the natives Turtle Island (perhaps named after the lost Croatan's totem?).

The Uktena did keep their heroes alive through oral tradition, song and ceremony. Old Red Eagle was a high hero to them, not as grand as Dancing Star or Ahroun Grimscowl Bisonbreath, but more approachable. His life was taught as a lesson, his sayings repeated, his shamanistic methods copied or discussed seriously by Uktena elders on the ceremonial occasions they would meet. It is known that in his youth Old Red Eagle

followed Bisonbreath in his quest against the Banes. Some time after that he began practicing the "Sideways Magic" and went off by himself in isolation. Some say he became a Wyld Chyld. Others maintain that the path he took had no name.

It is interesting to speculate on his magic philosophy of "Sideways Magic". One Uktena stated that it is just a method for increasing concentration, making everyday motions into special rituals in order to focus and store power. By breaking lazy patterns of behavior, one is forced to concentrate. Other magical traditions bear this out. Old Red Eagle is akin to the Zen master whose actions are inexplicable to the students until one understands. The western tradition of the Fool is close. The Native Americans long had their trickster Coyote before them as an example.

There is a Croatan in the poem. The Croatan, or Middle Brother, were the Garou Native American tribe who sacrificed themselves to the Wyrms to save the Pure Land before the Europeans arrived. Much-lamented by their Uktena and Wendigo cousins, they are also the cause of the rift between them, the Wendigo in particular holding the Uktena partially responsible for the death of Middle Brother. Legends state that Old Red Eagle may have been involved in the disastrous undertaking of the Uktena to aid the Croatan.

Today, the Native American Indian culture is under assault by the larger forces of Amer-European cultural hegemony. This poem, which is remembered and given oral life, is an Uktena method of preserving a portion of their culture and history (very different from Western History with its sense of Manifest Destiny). By preserving the past, the Uktena hope in some way to shape the future, hence their work with other indigenous peoples around the world.

Commentary: Ryn was interested in the Uktena Skywalkers, those explorers of the Deep Umbra. Ryn himself traveled to the Tribal Homes and beyond in search of the Ur-Garou Epic.

Yuri and Sophia Tovarivich of the Silver Fang

The days of the Silver Fang's glory were in Russia. Despite challenges from the Glass Walkers, Shadow Lords and Get of Fenris, they managed, through their bravery, nobility and cunning, to hold control over that land, even after the disastrous Mongol invasions (1240 A.D.). The Silver Fang were closely allied with the ruling Russian families of the various city-states of Kiev, Novgorod, Moscow and Tver, and came to look upon themselves not only as the leaders of the Garou, but the holy guardians of the land itself.

Sharkala was one of numerous dragons released by Baba Yaga upon Russia. The fate of the other dragons seems to have been that various Garou placed them into enchanted sleep. Information on Russia is hard to obtain these days. I am indebted to Vassily Panovich of San Francisco, a son of White Russians, for much of the information I have obtained.

Yuri and Sophia were twins, both gifted with the Garou ability. In his youth, Yuri became King of his protectorate. He was an Alpha, but all remarked that he did not rule by force or fear, but by example. Others willingly followed him. Sophia was ever by his side. Together they were unbeatable. Sophia pointed out to him the incursions of the

Wyrms into Russia, and Yuri pondered long on what had to be done. He finally gave his Kingship over and formed a pack which would defend all of Russia from the Wyrms. It was a bold move, breaking with tradition, but ensuring by his example a following of brave Silver Fangs. They became the ideal, like the human court of Camelot, seeking to use their strength only against evil. Yuri and Sophia were Prince and Princess, their followers were the *Valerik*, the Brave. Their esteem in the eyes of all Silver Fang grew, even though they had brazenly broken with conservative tradition. The events in this poem take place in the year 1240.

The poem itself has elements of Russian folk poetry, and a copy of Roberta Reeder's excellent translation of Russian folk lyrics can point to the sources of some of these. The poem also has a mixture of Gogoliana (the school of fiction the West calls "magical realism," but in Russia begins with Gogol's folk tales through the works of Bulgakov and Aksyonov). Yet the greatest influence seems to be Russian Silver Age poetry, especially Aleksandr Blok and Vladimir Mayakovsky. It was in the Silver Age that this traditional Silver Fang poem achieved its final form, just prior to World War I.

The Bone Gnawer's Tale: Jack Debitongue

Of all the Garou, Bone Gnawers are the most experimental poetically. Their street poetry is usually ahead of its time, and there are few rules. The Gnawers were the first Garou to unknowingly embrace the Post Modern era. They had a finger in American jazz and the Beat movement of the Fifties. If you are in San Francisco, you may be challenged to poetry contests in Golden Gate Park by Bongos, the resident Bone Gnawer leader. These can go on for hours, with drums playing and people injecting their own verse. He is a sort of poetic Socrates in the marketplace. Yet surprisingly, even the most modern of Bone Gnawer storytellers and poets, who have little use for past stories, know by heart Jack Debitongue.

Written down probably in Chaucer's time during the reign of Richard II of England, although chronicling events from the reign of Edward I (the Hammer of the Scots), this poem tells the story of London's most powerful Bone Gnawer, Jack Debitongue. The Bone Gnawers had risen to a position of power in London after a bloody defeat of the resident Glass Walkers by the Get of Fenris during the previous reign. London remained in Bone Gnawer hands until the defeat of the Yorkist Kings in 1485. Probably no Bone Gnawer before had commanded the power of Jack Debitongue. Even today, the city wolves look back with pride on one of their own.

Basically, Jack did four things of importance to the Bone Gnawers, as represented in this poem. 1.) He made a deal with the civil authority (King Edward I) to leave his people alone by providing the civil authority with valuable information. This was necessary for survival and increased his standing with other tribes. Corbet was a real man with a brutal job. It should be noted that Bone Gnawers always have great intelligence networks. 2.) He avenged the poor by destroying their harassers, thus reinforcing the ideal that the Bone Gnawers are the protectors of the down and out. 3.) He pulled the rug out from the Silver Fang, thus equalizing the tribes despite all the haughty claims the Silver Fang make. The Bone Gnawers, being the most democratic and proletarian tribe, delight in turning the tables on those who style themselves their betters. Through insult, trickery and able

war planning, Jack equalized the high and mighty bastards. The Russian theorist M. M. Bakhtin suggested that modern language was produced by the common people mimicking and mocking the language of the upper classes, breaking their privileged discourse by the leveling force of laughter. This is exactly what the Bone Gnawers do here. 4.) Jack proved himself the strategist and destroyer of the Black Spiral Dancers, and especially Drededoom their leader. This brought him honor from all the tribes as a proven hero against the Wyrms.

Jack Deblongue was real. The Silver Fang records attest to it, ancestral memory does, and so does this poem. The only part open to question is if he did look into the Wyrms Pit and come back sane. It is more likely he betrayed Drededoom some distance from his power base.

Commentary: Why not? If Ryn can survive capture by the Black Spiral Dancers and return all right, why not Jack Deblongue, blessed by Saint Rat, his guardian spirit? The chances of Jack returning sane may be odd, but come now. Any Garou who has experienced the world has more than a few odd tales to tell. On a historical note, the Bone Gnawers remained a force, although not as powerful as before, through Tudor England up to the time of the English Civil War, which was a sad time for the Garou in England.

Shogecka Hunter Moon of the Wendigo

This song has been translated into English from the Shawnee tongue, and it loses much in the translation. Honiahaka Four Fingers proved very useful in the translation. He himself is half-Cheyenne, half-Shawnee and full Garou, with full knowledge of their traditions and histories. Niabi Looks at Moons Reflection, who is the great-great-granddaughter of Shogecka Hunter Moon and the first to have the wolf power in as many generations, was helpful up to a point. "You look too far back," she told me. "It is never enough for you." She is right, I suppose.

Briefly, the Wendigo, or "Little Brother," shared the Americas with Uktena, or "Elder Brother," and Croatan, the "Middle Brother". There was a balance between the three, and when Middle Brother sacrificed himself, Younger Brother grew resentful towards Elder Brother. It did not help matters when the Europeans landed, and the Wendigo bore the brunt of the fighting. And not just against the Europeans, but the Garou who accompanied them. At first the fighting was disorganized. There was no central leader to direct a coordinated resistance, just brush-fire wars swiftly started and just as swiftly put out again. But the Wendigo and their Native American Indian allies were pushed back a little each time.

Tecumseh was a central figure to the Wendigo as well as the Native Americans. He led the resistance against the encroaching United States. His brother, Tenskwatāwa the Prophet, had a vision of a united Indian nation, and this vision was preached from the Great Lakes to the southern Mississippi region. Not all Indians elected to follow their banner. All Wendigo did. Tecumseh united their separate groups into a fierce fighting unit. They had many leaders, but Shogecka rose as the one who directed their councils and was closest to Tecumseh. The poem does not adequately express this. Her warriors were loyal, bound to her by blood oath. Fear fell across any whom they battled.

Tecumseh's death was a major turning point for the Wendigo. They scattered. Some elected to aid the Red Stick Creek and Seminole, some went west and became allied with the Sioux, and a few went south and attempted alliance with the Uktena with some success. But never again were they all allied and united under one leader. Shogecka survived and went west, resisting to the end of her life. The Wendigo have a prophecy that one day Tecumseh will rise again. Shogecka's name and reputation are held highest by the Warpath camp of the Wendigo.

On a historical note, General Harrison later became the ninth President of the United States but died a month after his inauguration on April 4, 1841. His defeat of Tecumseh in the War of 1812 played a major part in the election. Some claim that he was the victim of a Native American curse.

Honiahaka informed me that in longer versions of the poem there is a legend of Garou origins from the Wendigo point of view. The shaman Hobashoge, "the first who howled and talked," blended his form with the wolf. He had three sons, Uktena Spell Prowler, Croatan Killing Flame and Wendigo Power Son, and he pointed the way to the Pure Land. If this is correct, then a shaman used his power to blend man and wolf into a composite hunter. There are many speculations on Garou origins. This one is curious in that it correctly draws the correlation between shaman and wolf.

Old Wolf of the Woods

This is thought to be a recent song, although it is impossible to determine a correct date. Scenter of Whispers was thought to be too lupine even for the Red Talons, but no doubt this quality brought him to the attention of Old Wolf of the Woods. The legends about Old Wolf of the Woods are timeless, going back to the earliest Red Talons. Some of the other tribes make references to him in their tales and songs, but as the wolf stock has grown thinner in some Garou tribes, so has the memory of Old Wolf of the Woods.

This poem is a reminder that not all Red Talon epics are related through their howling songs. The Red Talons are wary of revealing all their lore to other tribes, but Old Wolf of the Woods is one they like to tell and hear. My friend Greid Powell believes this tale takes place in Vancouver Province, Canada, since there are some Wendigo in that region who maintain that they aided Scenter of Whispers on his quest, although they are vague about the dates. "My grandfather's time" seems to be the best they can provide.

Mr. Powell is a competent scholar. I imagine he will edit these hasty notes into some kind of final form. Like Scenter of Whispers and Klaital, I shall soon be off in search of the Ur-poem.

Commentary: And so it has happened, but I fear the knowledge Ryn Ap Bleidd has learned may lead him down dangerous paths. He must be stopped. He is not prepared to plunge after the ancient poems until he has been thoroughly questioned and deemed competent. I fear he may be a tool of the Black Spiral Dancers. Why did they let him go? Are they using him for another purpose? Will he unwittingly lead them somewhere, some sacred place in the Umbra or bring back some gift of power they shall take from him?

Alexandru ThunderRage of the Shadow Lords

This takes place either right before or during World War I. It is an odd piece, reminiscent of the Waste Land poets of the Lost Generation. There have been legends of such a city, which mirrors the soul of those entering it. Here Alexandru sought what he was looking for, the noble ideal. Will I find the Ur-poem in such a place?

Alexandru already was a fierce killer. He sought for skills which would increase his leadership abilities. That the city was Wyrms-tainted is not in doubt. Vampires were present, although they cannot travel in the Umbra. A solution arises: Were they not phantoms produced by Alexandru's mind? The angels and the little girl as well? It is hard with certainty to state. Surely the other Garou encountered at the Inn were a dark reflection from Alexandru's point of view, but it should be added, that of the Shadow Lord's as well. They are aptly named, dwelling too much in the shadows while hungering for the leadership possessed by the Silver Fang. The sad note is that there is a hint of truth to Alexandru's decadent vision of the Silver Fang.

Commentary: Most Shadow Lord epics are exterior themes of bravery in battle. Alexandru's is different in that it involves an interior struggle. During the past two centuries, many Garou tales have had to incorporate themes of change as the world has pushed them to the edges. Now is a time of change, and those who cling too hard to the old ways may become extinct. Alexandru's quest, as well as that of Kelly Still Waters of the Children of Gaia, involve changing relationships with a changing world.

"Molasses Moon": Lone Wolf Lupo of the Glass Walkers

As the Glass Walkers are different from all other tribes, so is their epic, which is rendered into a pulp-style short story rather than an epic poem. While this may offend purists, it is typical of the Glass Walker path to embrace the new. It is worth noting that the love of the city is expressed throughout, almost in Whitmanesque terms. That is, the city is seen as a positive mysterious force, "the forest of the future". Long ago in their history, the Glass Walkers embraced the city of men and for doing so have been held in suspicion by all the other tribes, with the notable exception of the Bone Gnawers.

The positive note about the city is an echo of Whitman's all-embracing Democratic Transcendentalism, in which expanding space is appropriated by the poet of democracy. Whitman took the spirit of Manifest Destiny and applied it to the universe. The Glass Walkers apply it to the city and technology. Even before computers, we see "Radio Waves" manipulating technology for his tribe's ends.

Lone Wolf Lupo was a visionary of sorts. His very name is ironic, because he was always surrounded by his "boys," and operating a high-venture criminal cartel very well. His title seems to relate to an earlier time, when he and Rabies and Radio Waves formed a small-time operation in Chicago's Little Sicily. The then Glass Walker lord of the town, Luciano "Steam-Engine" Arrigo, did not like these independent activities. In 1918, Lone Wolf challenged him and slew him in a duel. The other Glass Walkers took Lupo as their leader. He allied himself with the Torrio-Capone syndicate, seeing the rewards in

criminal unity. He was cautious, and his foes never knew what he was up to until his trap had been set. His years as a major mover in the Chicago underworld lasted until the mid 1930's. He had faced down human and Garou rivals, but his major opponents (and sometime allies) in the later years were the powerful vampires of the city. It cannot be estimated how much money Lupo made, but it was surely in the millions.

Lupo did attempt to unite the Bone Gnawer and Glass Walker tribes. Not just in Chicago, but in other cities as well, the two tribes found themselves in close working associations. The Glass Walkers spoke up for them at inter-tribal councils. The two tribes almost merged. The coming of the Great Depression shattered the dream, and the alliance between the two tribes broke down. Not completely, however. There was still a sense of the city which kept them in contact. Those Bone Gnawers who worked for Lupo ended up quite rich and spoke well of him until the end of their lives.

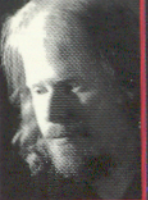
It is hard to state with any accuracy what happened to Lone Wolf Lupo. Dark rumors mention that he was done in by the vampires or a rival tribe. "That ain't true," an ancient Rabies told the author some years ago. "He gave us some loot, handed over Chicago to a successor, and split with his millions. Wonderful man. Mr. Lupo. I ever tell you he try to unite the two tribes, us and the Walkers? He was fair but tough. He hated a dirty tie. You wore a dirty tie, and he would give you such a tongue lashin', you'd wish you was never born."

Kelly Still Waters

The Children do have ancient heroes: Timno Reaches Eagles and Ilya Hope Through the Night are ancient heroes from Finland. Kelly's story is modern. Many of the participants are still around.

For the first time in this collection, we hear about things which Garou have to face today: the Wyrms-infected Pentex Corporation and the need for tribal unity and breaching old hatreds. To this end, Kelly sacrificed herself. She saw the road of sacrifice and took it, although it cost her her life. The Children are generally peacemakers, but too many other tribes have taken this as a sign of weakness. To their regret. The Children are as fierce as any. Some of Kelly's original followers have moved on to San Francisco, and the song moved out there. It is almost an identity song for the Children, reaffirming their place in a changing world of great odds. They feel that Kelly's example may begin a new paradigm, and that when the old ways crack, something will be preserved to bring into the world after the Apocalypse. The old ways are no longer valid. Kelly has given a new language to an old codified system, trapped in its wars of light against darkness.

Commentary: The wars of light against darkness are very real. Does Ryn feel above them now, having spoken with the Black Spiral Dancer scholar and guessing the location of the Ur-epic? It is not the vision of Klaital, or the heroism of Kelly, but the ego of an old scholar desiring one last piece de resistance. I have spoken to others. The hunt is on. In some small part of my soul, I envy Ryn, but then the reality of events floods over my senses as the rising sun. What prayers of strength I have for the Garou hunters I keep to myself. I am only Kinfolk and cannot follow. If only I had the strength and time.



Confederate Necropolis of Richmond, Virginia. His art has been seen in many game products from various companies. He has also penciled for Marvel Comics and he does storyboards and comps for advertising guys in suits.



graduated Magnus Cum Bawdy from the Hellboar Institute of Art and Theocracy, and states that his most intense realization is that he enjoys "working 15 hours a day for months straight on these hallucinations."



known for his work on TSR's Monstrous Manual and the world of Planescape. He draws every day in his townhouse studio in Florida, where a carousing pack of goblins and brownies makes sure his work is on time.



a young age. Besides illustrations for Werewolf, his art is also featured in Metallic Bliss by Silver Tongue, Inc., where he "pours shades of his very soul on the page."



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